

1931

1931

# Folia Montana

Mount Saint Vincent  
Halifax, Nova Scotia

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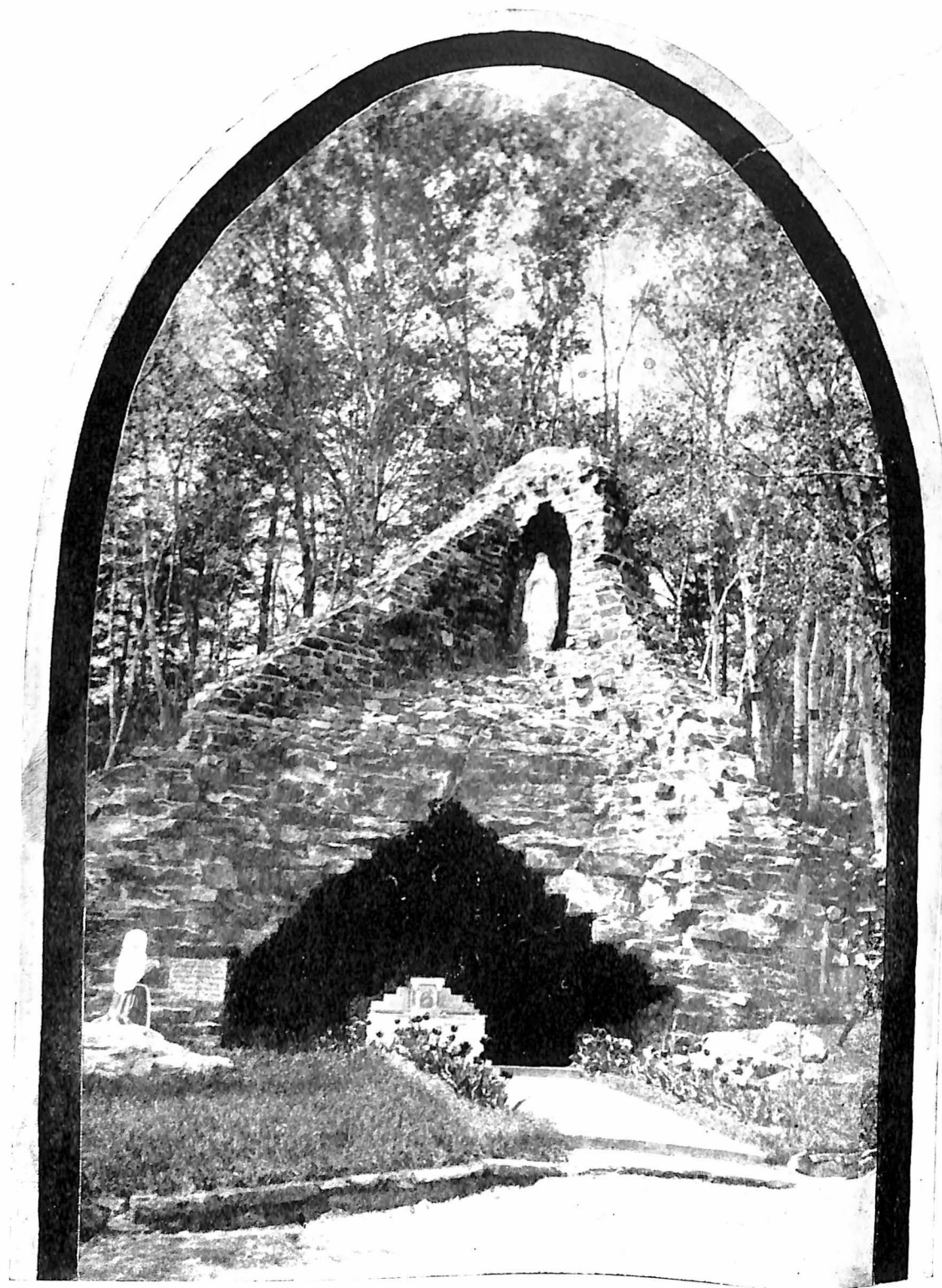
## ART

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## ACTIVITIES

JANET MACNEILL.



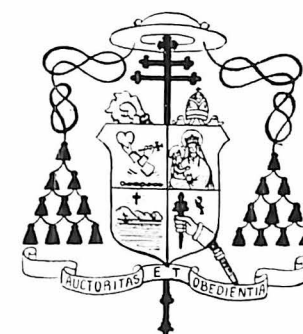


GROTTO OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES  
 This grotto commemorates the Golden Jubilee of Reverend Mother Mary Berchmans  
 First Mother General of The Halifax Sisters of Charity

To Our Mothers



THE MOST REVEREND THOMAS O'DONNELL, D.D.



## OUR NEW ARCHBISHOP

THE appointment of an archbishop is an event in the history of the Church, and especially in the history of an archdiocese. Such an event has brought happily into our midst a man who for some years has been recognized as a leader among men and one of the brightest lights of the Canadian hierarchy.

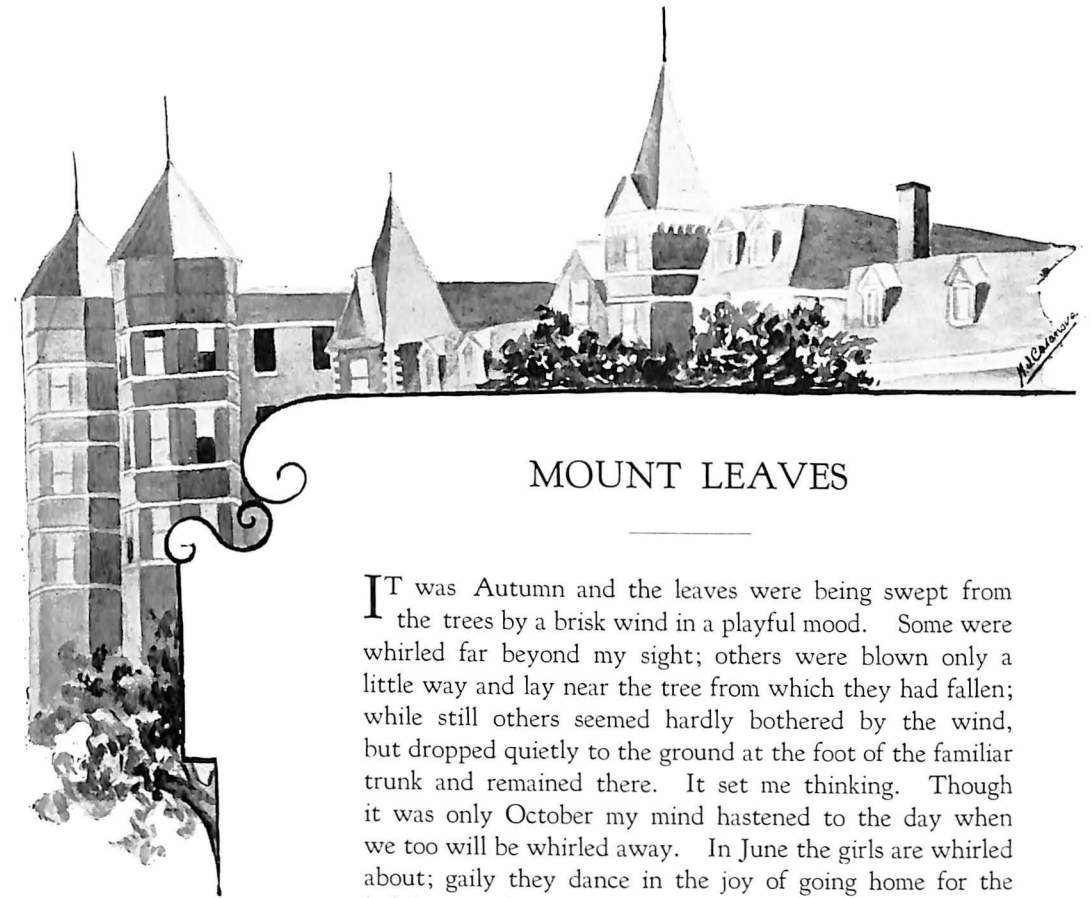
Archbishop O'Donnell came to this country from Ireland when he was eight years of age. His family made their home in Toronto, in which city he received his early training at St. Michael's College. Later he entered the Grand Seminary at Montreal and was ordained priest on December 23, 1899. As pastor of St. Anne's parish, Toronto, the young priest displayed that energy and zeal which a few years later shone so resplendently when he became President of the Catholic Church Extension Society in Canada. The arduous tasks implied by such a responsibility filled the years between 1915 and 1923, during which time also he was made a Domestic Prelate. The exceptional ability and rare spiritual qualities of this zealous priest soon drew the attention of the Holy See, and on December 23, 1923, he was appointed Bishop of Victoria, British Columbia. He was consecrated in Toronto on February 14, 1924, to the great joy of his former parishioners and his many friends among the clergy and laity of the city.

Bishop O'Donnell's intense activity found ample scope in the field of Western Canada. With his experience of the Catholic Church Extension Society he was able to understand and handle the problems of a missionary district. Struggling pastors and religious communities found in his sympathy and support a source of encouragement that meant new zest and even stronger endeavor in the quest for souls. It was here through the Mission at Ladysmith on the Island of Vancouver, that the Halifax Sisters of Charity first experienced the kindness of the zealous pastor of souls, who was soon to become Archbishop of the diocese of the Mother-House. The appointment came in May 1929, when Bishop O'Donnell of Victoria was made Titular Archbishop of Methymna and Coadjutor Archbishop of Halifax with the right of succession. The summer of 1929 was filled with demonstrations on the part of the people of the Halifax Archdiocese of their welcome to Archbishop O'Donnell. In January, 1931, the Most Reverend Thomas O'Donnell, D.D. became eighth Bishop and sixth Archbishop of Halifax, and on his return from Rome, whither he had proceeded shortly after Christmas, was warmly welcomed by his faithful flock. The formal reception of His Excellency at the Mount took place on April 16th, an account of which is found elsewhere in this book.



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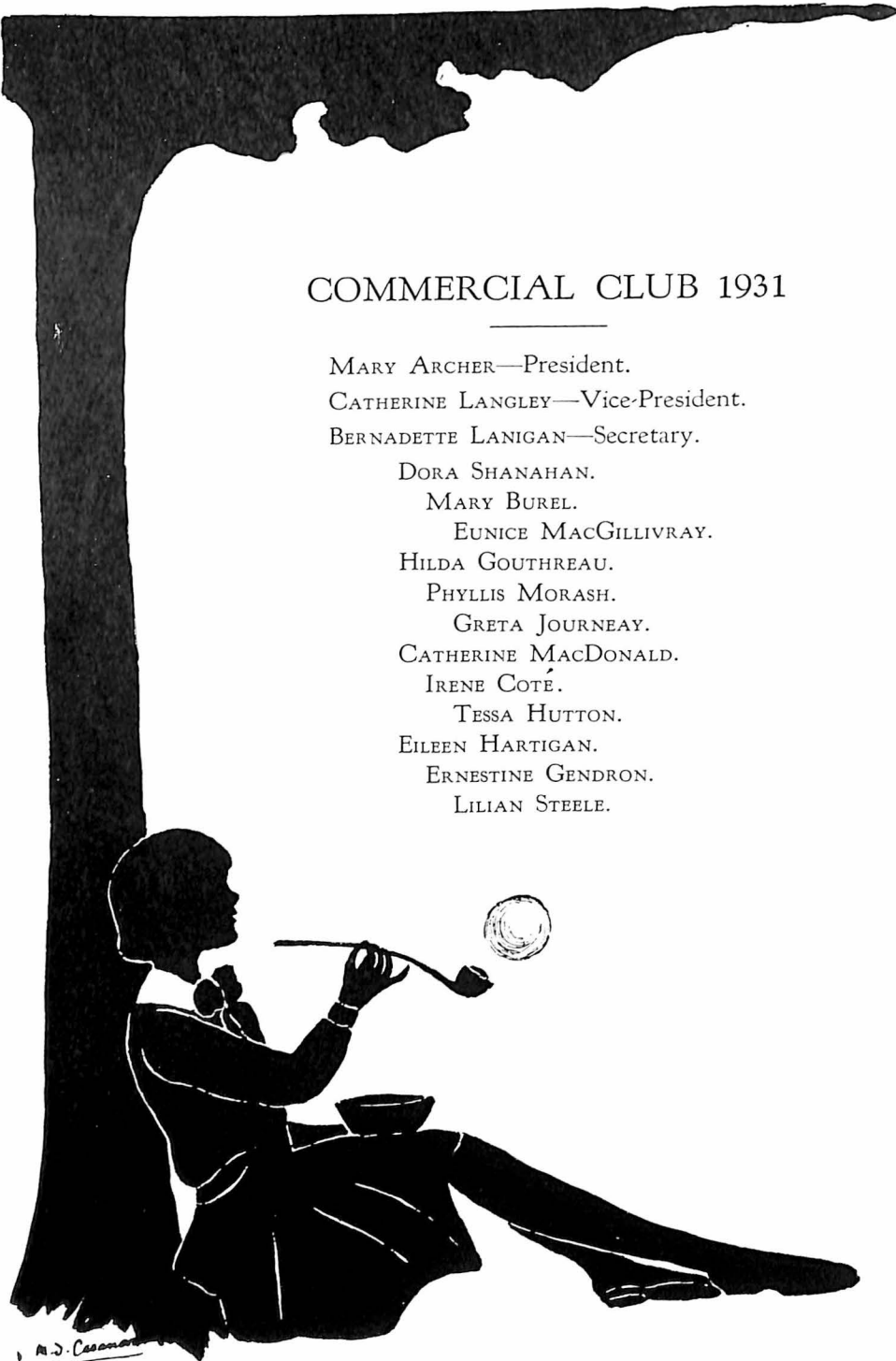
### MOUNT LEAVES

IT was Autumn and the leaves were being swept from the trees by a brisk wind in a playful mood. Some were whirled far beyond my sight; others were blown only a little way and lay near the tree from which they had fallen; while still others seemed hardly bothered by the wind, but dropped quietly to the ground at the foot of the familiar trunk and remained there. It set me thinking. Though it was only October my mind hastened to the day when we too will be whirled away. In June the girls are whirled about; gaily they dance in the joy of going home for the holidays. They go, and like the leaves some are whirled away never to return. Far from the sheltering tree they are borne on winds over which they have no control, and many more rough breezes they must meet before they are wafted to their everlasting home. Others are blown but a short distance; a breeze that is playful but determined sweeps them back again, back to school and study—and fun! Happy they! And others quietly drop down, flutter only a little way,—across the court-yard to the shadow of the Novitiate. Happiest they? I sat wondering.

GENEVIEVE O'KEEFE.

## COMMERCIAL CLUB 1931

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 IRENE COTÉ.  
 TESSA HUTTON.  
 EILEEN HARTIGAN.  
 ERNESTINE GENDRON.  
 LILIAN STEELE.



## THE COMMERCIAL PICNIC

September days were fleeting fast  
 When up St. Joseph's Hill there passed  
 Merry groups in twos and threes  
 Under ripe old apple trees.

That day we had a holiday,  
 'Twas filled with fun galore,  
 Each happy group you met would say  
 There was jollity in store.

We roamed about the woods and when  
 The signal came to turn,  
 We hurried to the Hill again  
 And we began to learn. . . .

For here were all the tasty things,  
 No wonder we'd returned!  
 We sat in groups beneath the trees  
 And not one item spurned.

At last the twilight fell,—too soon!  
 But all things have an end;  
 With pockets full of fragments we  
 Our homeward way did wend.

Now let us sing, God save the King  
 And God save every lass  
 That planned that picnic afternoon,  
 The gay Commercial Class!

J. M.



## AN AFTERNOON WITH SHAKESPEARE

ON Monday, October 13th, we were privileged indeed. A treat was in store for both Academy and College, as the "old girls" well knew when it was announced that Robert Southwick, President of the Emerson School of Expression was to give us a reading of "Twelfth Night". Before beginning the play, Professor Southwick gave us an interesting description of the Hall of the Middle Temple in London, the only place we can visit to-day where we may say for a certainty that Shakespeare's work was presented during his lifetime, and where in all probability the great dramatist himself saw the performance of his own plays.

Professor Southwick is a tall, white-haired gentleman, with an expression of geniality that promises a humour worth listening to; and so it proved. The five acts of the play he made into three for convenience' sake, and we became convinced, if we had never been convinced before, that the best way to become acquainted with Shakespeare is through the medium of the stage.

The characterizations which pleased us most were Captain Antonio, Sir Toby, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and most delightful of all, the testy Malvolio and his direct antithesis, the Fool. To quote our lecturer, "Sir Andrew is probably the most complete ass in all Shakespeare," but we would award the title to Olivia's steward.

It is a source of amazement to most of us that one person can, by gesture, or voice intonation, bring vividly before our minds so many and varied characters. The senile Sir Andrew, the tipsy, jovial Sir Toby, and the clown so foolishly wise, were superbly portrayed. The women of the play, though well impersonated, did not, it seems, impress us as forcibly as the men.

We hope that it may be our good fortune to hear Professor Southwick again some day. We are sure that whatever he chooses as his subject will be both instructive and entertaining.

Selected from the "Kappa Kronicle".

## MISSION WEEK

Mission Sunday, October 19, opened the annual drive for the Missions with the presentation of a charming one-act play, "The Feast of the Moon." On Monday afternoon the Freshman Class invited everyone to take the "trip around the world" and visit the missions of China, Japan, Hawaii, Alaska and British Columbia. A fine dance programme was interspersed with the singing of the Crusade rally songs, and a lively entertainment by the natives which was much enjoyed.

On Tuesday morning Reverend Charles Curran, D.D., Director of the Halifax Units of the C. C. S. M. C. addressed the Crusaders, and gave an interesting account of his various contacts with mission activities in Montreal, Toronto, Scarboro Bluffs and Cincinnati.

## THE GOVERNOR GENERAL'S VISIT

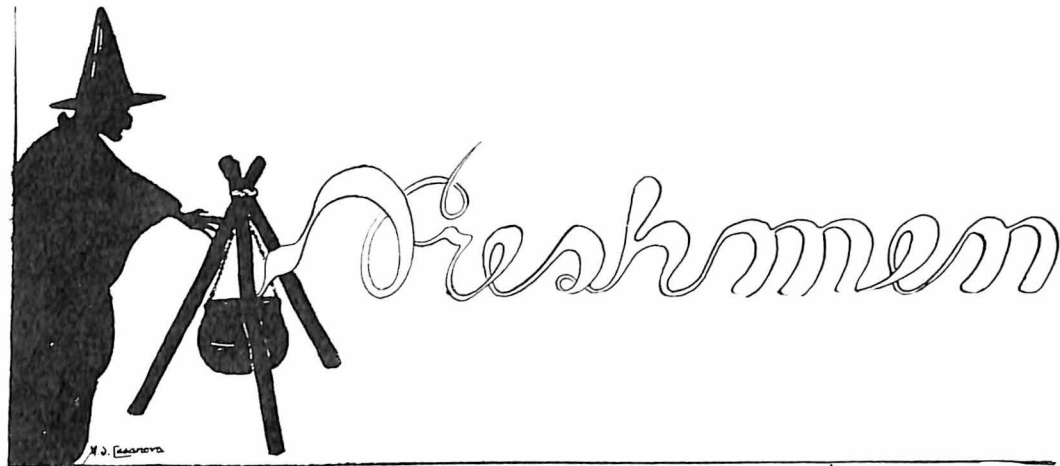
HOW well we remember that day! It was Sunday, the nineteenth of October that we all gathered in the music hall to receive Lord and Lady Willingdon and their suite. Expectation was at a high pitch, and if we had to spend two hours in anticipation, that fact did not, however, spoil the realization. The main entrance to the Mount was aglow with autumn color, the balcony appropriately decked with maple boughs and gay bunting. The College Girls in cap and gown and the Professed Sisters greeted the vice-regal party in the marble hall. White-veiled novices lined the long corridor to the music hall, where the Academy girls awaited their Excellencies.

Then entertainment was short, but well rendered. After the opening orchestral selection, Lady Willingdon was presented with a bouquet of roses. The address to their Excellencies was read by Mary Egan of the College. Hilda Durney sang Gounod-Bach's "Ave Maria" with violin and organ accompaniment.

The the Governor-General made a delightful little speech, thanking us for our reception, and giving us a holiday. (This was afterwards added to our Thanksgiving Vacation). The vice-regal party was then entertained by Reverend Mother Superior and her Assistants. Tea was served and "good-byes" were not said till after five o'clock. Since that day the title of Earl has been conferred on Viscount Willingdon, and we have received news of his appointment to India as the representative of the British Crown; but we hope that even though he has left our country he will come back some day and perhaps visit the Mount again. A very acceptable souvenir of this memorable occasion arrived on the day following the visit of their Excellencies, in the form of separate autographed photos of Lord and Lady Willingdon. These have been handsomely framed and are at present hanging in our library.

## THE DEAN'S FEAST-DAY

OCTOBER 26th being the feast day of Sister M. Evaristus, Dean of the College, we were invited to attend a delightful programme given in her honor by the students of the cap and gown. The Glee Club opened this enjoyable entertainment with a spirited selection, "Happy Days". Florence Houlihan, Arts '31, delivered the address of congratulation and presented Sister with a basket of roses. Mary Parsons '32, gave two vocal selections, "Happy Birds" and "Lilies of Lorraine", both of which were heartily applauded. The one-act play, entitled "The Portrait of the Madonna" was splendidly acted by a group of four—Mary House, Mary Egan, Annie Mancini and Astrid Buckley. Mary Egan made a striking figure as the artist, Brentano, and Mary House was appealing as the artist's wife. Annie Mancini was very good as the king's jester. The play was indeed a striking one, and was very well staged. Norma Buckley afterwards sang the always popular "Kashmiri Song", and the programme closed with a pretty setting of "Cavalleria Rusticana" sung by the Glee Club Chorus.



BETTY KELLEY / / / / / President.

MARY MERCHANT / / / / / Vice-President.

MARY K. MACDOUGALL / / / / / Secretary.

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ISABEL CHISHOLM.

JOSEPHINE MACLENNAN.

GENEVIEVE O'KEEFE.

PAULINE MELANSON.

## HALLOWE'EN

Boil and bubble,  
Toil and trouble,  
The witches are giving a tea.  
Helter skelter,  
Find your shelter  
In the dim refectory.

Candles lighted,  
Witches sighted,  
The pumpkins' grin we see;  
Cats meowing,  
Ghosties howling,  
Yes, this is the Freshman Tea.

Soon we're seated,  
Then we're treated,  
There's delicious pie à la mode;  
The cauldron boiling  
Witches toiling,  
Foretelling by their code.

Now there's dancing,  
Gayest prancing  
Though skeletons hang nigh,  
Freshmen singing,  
Laughter ringing,  
Revelry runs high.

Every school mate  
As it grows late  
Must leave this merry sight;  
The party's over,  
And we moreover  
To Freshmen say "Goodnight".

J. M.





### AROUND THE WORLD FOR 35c. A TRIP TO THE FOREIGN MISSIONS

October 20th

(Sponsored by the Freshman Class).

Entertainment of guests and lunch at each stopping-place.

#### INDIANS

(War Dance)

G. O'KEEFE.

M. K. MACDOUGALL.

M. LONG.

B. KELLEY.

#### HAWAIIANS

Song and Dance: "We're just little Hottentots"

E. MACGILLIVRAY.

M. BUREL.

B. LANIGAN.

#### ESQUIMAUX

Song and Dance: "Eskimo from the Land of Snow"

H. MYERS.

M. MERCHANT.

C. LANGLEY.

#### CHINESE

Song and Pantomime: "Chong"

P. MELANSON.

H. CARPENTER.

C. VENIOT.

#### JAPANESE

(Geisha Girls)

D. SHANAHAN.

A. VENIOT.

M. DESMOND.

I. COTE.

M. MCNEIL.

#### MENU

Frankfurter and rolls	served at	Indian encampment.
Sandwiches	"	" Hawaiian hut.
Ice Cream	"	" Esquimaux igloo.
Cakes	"	" Japan.
Tea	"	" China.

## THE THANKSGIVING HOLIDAY

Oh, those four days of holiday! How quickly they sped! They were precious because they were so short. Brimful they were—of so many things. There was so much to do, and to see, and to say, in those four days! Dances, and theatres—and what would you? Which one of us did not carry out at last the long cherished idea—"My kingdom for a sleep!" Those who remained at the Mount were entertained on the last evening at a very enjoyable party given by a group of College Girls.

Thus Thanksgiving came and went, the first of our month-ends, and as such made memorable; a holiday for which we even now give thanks.

## SISTER DE CHANTAL'S FEAST-DAY

OWING to the protracted illness of our dear Mistress General, we were unable to celebrate her feast day on the regular day appointed. Saturday, November 29th was therefore chosen as our congé in honor of Sister de Chantal. A long sleep, a morning of leisure, "high" dinner in our white uniforms—these are some of the recollections we retain of that most important event. In the afternoon a concert was given, and two plays presented, one by the Academy, and the other by the College. Since the date nearly coincided with the Feast of the Miraculous Medal, and since 1930 is the centenary of the establishment of that beautiful devotion, the day's dramatic presentation took its keynote from the simple but beautiful story of Zoe Labouré, the young French Sister of Charity to whom Our Lady revealed the Miraculous Medal, with instructions to spread the devotion in honor of the Immaculate Conception. The play ended with a beautiful tableau of Zoe Labouré before the image of the Miraculous Medal. The College Girls gave a repetition of "The Portrait of the Madonna" which was much enjoyed by our dear Mistress, who had not seen the first performance. The orchestra was excellent in two selections, "Minuet" by Haydn, and "Humoresque" by Lacome.

The guests of the afternoon were the Alumnae, who came on special invitation to share in the celebration of the centenary of the Miraculous Medal, so dear to the hearts of the Children of Mary, especially in convents and schools conducted by the Sisters of Charity. A souvenir card with the image of the Medal and a tiny medal which had touched the chair of the vision in the Rue de Bac Mother House of the Sisters of Charity in Paris, were the gifts of Reverend Mother General. Afternoon tea was served, after which all assembled in the chapel for followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

In the evening when our guests were gone, we assembled again to offer dear Sister de Chantal our felicitations, and to thank her for all she has done and is daily doing for us. A spiritual bouquet gathered from the students conveyed fittingly the affection of the Girls of '31 for their dear Mistress General.





## THAT BASKET-BALL GAME

(January 22nd).

RADIO listeners, at last the big night has arrived, and we are all excited about the hit of the year. You are now listening in to Station M.S.V. broadcasting the College-Academy basket-ball game, direct from the gymnasium. The gym presents a very gay sight this evening. A lively group of Academy girls has taken possession of the South Tower, and we are now awaiting the arrival of the College girls. I regret to say that owing to illness two members of the Academy All-Star team, Mary K. MacDougall and Irene Coté, are unable to take part in to-night's game. "Mary K." is the famous Academy defence, and Irene Coté is a swift forward. We hope that their substitutes will "do their stuff".

I do not know if my radio audience can hear the sound of music that seems to be drawing nearer every minute. Yes, my suspicions were correct, for the College girls are entering the gym. They are, with the exception of the team, arrayed in cap and gown. Now they are marching down the centre of the gym in double file, where sword in hand they are forming a guard of honor through which their team must pass. Each one is announced as she passes under the arching sword and takes her place before the enemy's camp, the South Tower. Norma Buckley, right forward, is now leading their line-up; now Pat Clancey, left forward; now Florence Houlihan, jumping centre; now Margaret Lauder, side centre; now Bernice Chisholm, right defence, and last of all, Jean Chisholm, left defence. Now they are singing their song of challenge to the Academy Tower. Do you hear it? The Academy answers with a rousing cheer (for themselves, I notice) and the College is now marching to the North Tower. I notice the Sisters have taken their places, the Academy Mistress of Discipline in the South Tower, and the College Dean and her assistant in the North Tower. The Academy Mistress General, I am sorry to say, is unable to attend on account of illness. Other Sisters occupy the balcony; it is understood that their opinion varies as to the results predicted.

There goes the whistle! The ball is tossed up. The ball goes out. Whistle again. The referee gives the ball to the Academy. Toss up again. A pass is made from Betty Lynch to Nan Rice (forward). Nan tosses it to Kay MacMillan who tries for the basket. She almost gets it. There is a wild cheer from the Academy, but it changes to a groan. The ball is passed swiftly down from the College defence to the College Right Forward. Norma Buckley. There is a moment of weak guarding, and Norma makes a basket. Wild cheering from the College. The score is 2-0, and four minutes to go. The toss up ends in Florence Houlihan's getting the ball. She passes to Margaret Lauder, side centre; then it is in Pat Clancey's hands, who passes to Norma. Norma tries the basket, misses it amid the cheering of the Academy, tries it again. This time it tumbles through the net. The score is 4-0 and one minute to go. Another toss-up. Catherine Langley secures the ball, passes forward to Kay MacMillan, but Kay is too well guarded; she passes to Nan, who aims and misses. The whistle sounds. The first period is ended and the score is 4-0 in favor of the College.

My audience may picture the players gathered into groups, all excited, talking it over, and being coached a little for the next period. You may be sure that both teams are on their metal, and every girl has put her best into the play. Meanwhile the Academy and College supporters are giving their yells, singing their songs, and doing everything possible to convince their girls that victory is on their side. There goes the whistle for the Second Period. I notice that Catherine Comerford has come in as right Academy guard.

The Centres jump for the toss-up. Margaret Lauder gets it and passes to Pat Clancey, but Pat is too well guarded. Tessa Hutton secures the ball and passes to Betty Lynch, who tosses to Nan Rice. The College guard tosses it out again. Jean Chisholm passes to Margaret Lauder. The ball goes out of bounds and the whistle sounds. The score is still 4-0 and there are only two minutes to go. The College secures the ball. Florence Houlihan passes to Pat Clancey. Pat is checked and passes to Norma. Norma, checked, passes back to Pat. Pat throws for the basket. The ball is in! The score is 6-0 in favor of the College, and a split minute to go. Toss-up. The ball makes again for the College goal, but is sent swiftly back again. There goes the whistle. Time's up! The score is 6-0 in favor of the College.

Hear the cheering! College for Academy and Academy for College. Well, friends, that was a fine game. Isn't it too bad that both sides couldn't win? Well, there will be another chance after Easter, and you shall be the judges. So, don't disappoint us, athletes!

LILIAN WHETEN.

## TRAVEL TALK

On Sunday evening, February eighth, Miss Peryl Daly, a former graduate, took us all over Europe in a delightful travelogue. We were in Paris for the celebration of July 14th, at Geneva, so beautiful amid the Swiss mountains, at Munich and at Nuremburg, where all the Seven Electors popped out of the wonderful old town clock to tell us it was noon. Most of all we enjoyed the Passion Play at Oberammegau where we arrived in the evening, found a lodging in a home in the village, and went early next morning to church, where visitors from all over the world were gathered at Mass. The play began at eight o'clock and continued all day in the open-air theatre, stopping only for a short time at noon. Each act was introduced by a prologue telling us what was to happen, and by a tableau showing the story prefigured in the Old Testament. The play was in German, but of course, there were scores in different languages. After Oberammegau we went to London and Edinburgh, then to France, where we finally embarked for home. The trip was most delightful and we take this opportunity of expressing our appreciation to Miss Daly.

J. M.



### THE CANADIAN LITERARY CLUB

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AGATHA FULTZ (Secretary).

CLARE CRAGG.

EILEEN MULLINS.

GLADYS FELLOWS.

JANET MACNEILL.

MARY THOMAS.

BETTY LYNCH.

SHEILA O'NEILL.

LORETTA WARREN.

SIMONE THERIAULT.

DORIS BLENKHORN.

LILIAN WHETEN.

NAN RICE.

### THE VALENTINE PARTY

The Queens of Hearts  
Used all their arts  
Upon a winter's day;  
They played their parts  
And won our hearts  
And chased our cares away.

'Neath red and white  
Balloons so bright  
We gathered one and all;  
We danced and sang  
Till the echoes rang  
Through the festive Music Hall.

From colored folks  
We heard some jokes  
And Mary's lamb so white  
Came to school  
Against the rule  
Once more upon that night.

Of neighbors' noise  
We heard the joys  
And all the air was bright  
With streamers gay,  
While bon café  
Brought all our hearts delight.

The hours sped  
And then to bed  
We toddled happily,  
Thanks to the arts  
Of the Queens of hearts,  
The jolly C. L. C's.

J. M.





### THREE ONE ACT PLAYS

Presented by the College Dramatic Club for the  
benefit of the Canadian Missions.

(February 13th)

#### THE DIABOLICAL CIRCLE

Betty, a Puritan damsel	/	/	/	NORMA BUCKLEY.
Her father	/	/	/	FLORENCE HOULIHAN.
Charles, her lover	/	/	/	MARY HOUSE.
Adonijah Wigglesworth	/	/	/	CATHERINE MARKHAM.

#### THE SHAKESPEARE CLUB

Maria	/	/	/	/	/	MAUDE MACDONALD.
Caroline Gushington	/	/	/	/	/	BERNICE CHISHOLM.
Nan Giddy	/	/	/	/	/	MARGARET LAUDER.
Merrie Weathervane	/	/	/	/	/	PATRICIA CLANCEY.
Rose Budd	/	/	/	/	/	MARGARET PRESTON.
Daisy Lightfoot	/	/	/	/	/	IRENE MCQUILLAN.

#### FAN AND TWO CANDLESTICKS

Hugh	/	/	/	/	/	/	MARY HOUSE.
Ralph	/	/	/	/	/	/	ASTRID BUCKLEY.
Nancy	/	/	/	/	/	/	ANNIE MANCINI.



### SAINT PATRICK'S DAY

#### SPREADING THE NEWS

A one-act farce by Lady Gregory.

Presented by the College Dramatic Club.

#### CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Mrs. Fallon	/	/	/	/	/	FLORENCE HOULIHAN.
Mr. Fallon	/	/	/	/	/	PATRICIA CLANCEY.
Mrs. Tarpey	/	/	/	/	/	DELPHINE STOKES.
Jack Smith	/	/	/	/	/	CATHERINE MARKHAM.
Tim Casey	/	/	/	/	/	MAUDE MACDONALD.
James Ryan	/	/	/	/	/	MARGARET LAUDER.
Mrs. Tully	/	/	/	/	/	BERNICE CHISHOLM.
Shane Early	/	/	/	/	/	CORINNE VENIOT.
Magistrate	/	/	/	/	/	ASTRID BUCKLEY.
Joe Muldoon (policeman)	/	/	/	/	/	ALBERTA VENIOT.



RECEPTION OF HIS EXCELLENCY  
THE MOST REVEREND THOMAS O'DONNELL, D. D.

Archbishop of Halifax

THURSDAY, APRIL SIXTEENTH  
NINETEEN HUNDRED THIRTY ONE

## PROGRAMME

Kleine Symphonie (Op. 1) / / / / / / / / / *Eschmanns.*

ORCHESTRA

### Greeting and Presentation of Flowers.

ADDRESS TO HIS EXCELLENCY

MISS IRENE McQUILLAN

Songs: The Singer / / / / / / / / / / Maxwell.  
 Parla! / / / / / / / / / / Ardit.

MISS PAULINE MELANSON

Humoresque / / / / / / / / / / / / / Lacome.

ORCHESTRA

## THE APPEAL TO CAESAR

(A One-Act Biblical Play)

Laudate Dominum (from "The Creation")     Haydn.  
Choral

GOD SAVE THE KING



THE APPEAL TO CAESAR

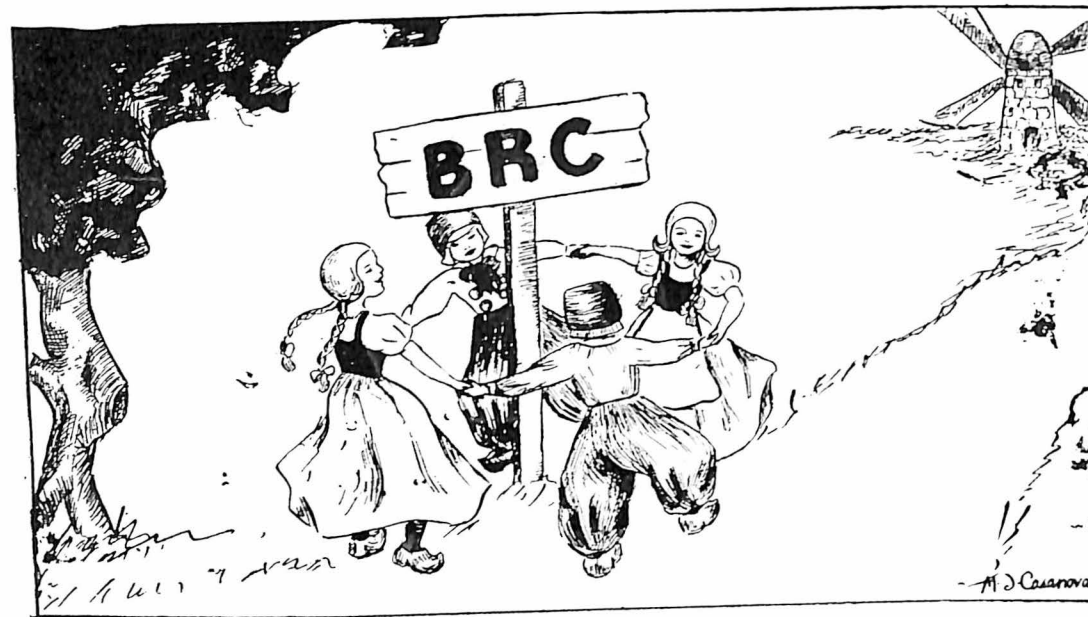
A One-Act Biblical Play

Time: A. D. 61.

*Scene:* The Audience chamber of Festus, Procurator of Judea, at Caesarea.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Paul, Apostle of the Gentiles	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	MARY HOUSE.
Festus, Procurator of Judea	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	MAUDE MACDONALD.
Herod Agrippa II, King of Judea	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	SHEILA O'NEILL.
Berenice, Sister of Herod and Co-ruler	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	AGATHA FULTZ.
Euphemia, a Greek lady-in-waiting	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	EILEEN HARTIGAN.
Thodosia, another lady-in-waiting	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	MARY MERCHANT.
Delphina, a maiden in attendance	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	FLORENCE HOULIHAN.
Zira, a Hebrew damsel	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	NORMA BUCKLEY.
Sabina, a Syrian dancer	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	JANET MACNEILL.
Junius, a soldier of the Roman Guard	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	PATRICIA CLANCY.
Gaius, another soldier	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	CATHERINE MARKHAM.
A centurion	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	MARY CUNNINGHAM.
Timothy	} Disciples of Paul	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	ANNIE MANCINI.
Luke							EILEEN CARROLL.
Aristarchus							HARRIET MYERS.
Trophimus							SIMONE MARTHELEUR.
Soldiers, Courtiers, Etc.							



## THE BENSON READING CIRCLE

SIMONE MATHELEUR, President.

CATHERINE COMERFORD, Vice-President.

EILEEN CARROLL, Secretary.

DORIS OTTO.

JANE THORUP.

KATHLEEN MACMILLAN.

ROSEMARY MALONEY.

MARIA CASANOVA.

EMILY NOWLAN.

GWENDOLYN MONTAGUE.

MARGARET CUMMINGS.

## "COME TIP-TOE THROUGH THE TULIPS WITH THE B.R.Cs."

April 21, 1931

On an April eve by the Zudder Zee  
We danced in Dutch with the B. R. C.

The tulip garden and windmill gay  
Rang with laughter that congé day.

Plump little Dutchmen in wooden clogs  
And pig-tailed lasses in gala togs

Welcomed the guests with flowers fair  
And made them match off pair by pair.

Beside the windmill a lad and lass  
Danced neath the moon upon the grass,

And tulips gay with nodding heads  
Awoke and danced in the flower beds.

A supper and oh! such tasty things!  
Sandwiches, cake, ice-cream took wings.

Then we danced till 'twas time to stop  
Because nobody thought to set back the clock.

Our thanks to the C's for the happy day,  
It couldn't be spent in a merrier way.

Whene'er we now shall tulips see,  
Our thoughts run back to the B. R. C.

J. M.





# Seton Club

## THE SETON CLUB

FLORA KEARNEY, President.

FLORENCE MACDONALD, (Vice-President).

HELEN MELITIDES, (Secretary)

MARGUERITE KEENAN.

GERALDINE BELLIVEAU.

RITA MANCINI.

HELEN HALL,

EILEEN JOYCE.

FLORA MCNEIL.

BEVERLEY GERTRIDGE.

AMADITA OLAND.

JEAN BARNABY.

MARION NOWLAN.

DOROTHY ISNOR.

MARY QUINN.

## THE GYPSY PICNIC

MAY 25, 1931

*Yo Ho for the life of the Gypsy man  
As he follows the sign of the patteran!  
His trail leads over the windy hill  
And he pitches his tent beside the rill.*

We followed the trail of the caravan  
Over the hills we jumped and ran;  
We watched the gypsy maids at play  
Dancing to tambourines so gay.

A captive maid we tried to save,  
But she was rescued by gypsy brave;  
Fortunes told, we joined in games  
And prizes were called for lucky names.

The Marathon was a winding way  
But a handsome prize at the end of it lay;  
We hopped for supper, gay and free  
In a charmed circle around a tree.

Supper ended, with dance and song  
We wound our happy way along,  
Through the woods and down the hill  
Till at the door we all stood still.

Then three cheers for the gypsy band so gay!  
Three cheers for a glorious holiday!  
So ended the caravan picnic's glee,  
An afternoon full of jollity.



## DEBATES

### FRESHMAN CLUB.

*Resolved:* That greater culture is derived from reading the essay rather than the short story.  
Affirmative.

### CANADIAN LITERARY CLUB.

*Resolved:* That the recent change of government has not been for the betterment of the country. Negative.

*Resolved:* That girls should go on for higher education. Negative.

### COMMERCIAL CLUB.

*Resolved:* That the man in the office has a greater responsibility than the woman in the home. Affirmative.

*Resolved:* That girls should begin Commercial studies in College rather than in high school.  
Affirmative.

### BENSON CIRCLE.

*Resolved:* That women should not occupy business positions in offices. Negative.

*Resolved:* That Science has done more for the world than Literature. Affirmative.

### SETON CLUB.

*Resolved:* That a boarding school education is more efficient than that of the public school.  
Affirmative.

*Resolved:* That travelling by automobile is more pleasant than travelling by train. Negative.



## GYM NOTES

INDOOR MEET, FEBRUARY 14, 1931.

### PROGRAMME

1. Points for Posture.
2. Danish Drill.
3. Tactics.
4. Parallell Bar Exercise.
5. Broad Jump (running).

Class total scores: Class I, 465. Class II, 613.

Cup awarded to Class II.

Pin awarded: Class I, Janet Macneill, (40 points).

Class II, Margaret Cummings, (35 points).

OUTDOOR MEET, MAY 25, 1931

### PROGRAMME

1. 25 yard dash.
2. Hurdle Race.
3. Standing Broad Jump.
4. High Jump.
5. Shot Put.
6. Relay Race.

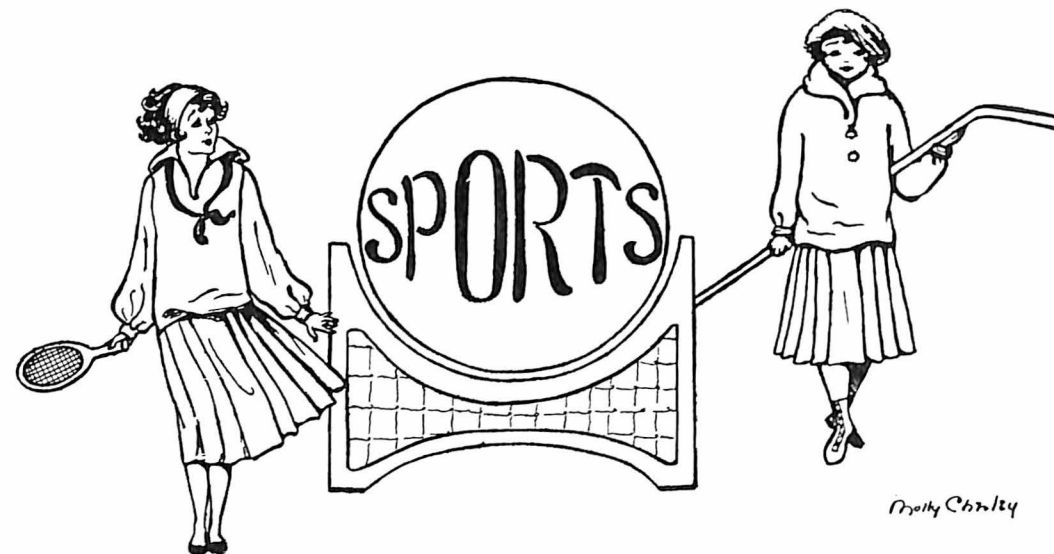
Class total Scores: Class I, 270. Class II, 266.

Cup awarded to Class I.

Pin awarded: Class I, Tessa Hutton, (51 points).

Class II, Sheila O'Neill, (32 points).

Team Scores: Halifax 80. Nova Scotia 80. New Brunswick 102.  
Cape Breton 94. Newfoundland 205.



With the new tennis courts in excellent shape, cool weather and plenty of energy, the season opened with a goodly display of racquets. When October days made the air keener, basket-ball was practiced out of doors and the teams formed for the year.

During the winter basket-ball was played inter-class every Thursday evening. Badminton was also a favorite sport, especially during Lent when dancing was refrained from. The badminton tournament held at the end of March occupied three evenings and a part of one morning. Those entering were, Rosemary Maloney, Mary Archer, Eileen Carroll, Kathleen McMillan, Genevieve O'Keefe, Florence McDonald, Mary Merchant, Simone Martheleur. The finals (singles) were won by Rosemary Maloney against Florence MacDonald with a score of 11-6 and 13-12.

Out of doors there was good winter sport during January. The skating was excellent, and we enjoyed several good skates at night. The toboggans were kept busy, and a few attempted skiing.

Spring has once more brought back tennis and out-door basket-ball, while base-ball is reviving. The tennis tournament is set for the week of June 1st.

#### BASKET-BALL TEAMS

FRESHMAN (Black)	COMMERCIAL (Red)	B. CLASS (Purple)
Rt. For., J. MACLENNAN.	N. Rice.	M. BUREL.
Lt. For., N. KELLY.	C. CRAGG, (Capt.).	I. COTE.
Cen., H. CARPENTER.	D. BLENKHORN.	M. ARCHER, (Capt.).
Rt. Cen., I. CHISHOLM.	E. MULLINS.	C. LANGLEY.
Lt. Cen., M. MERCHANT.	M. THOMAS.	E. GENDRON.
Rt. Def., M. MACDOUGALL, (Capt.).	S. THERIAULT.	T. HUTTON.
Lt. Def., M. MORLEY.	B. LYNCH.	C. MACDONALD.



#### BASKET-BALL TEAMS

C. CLASS (Blue)	D. CLASS (Yellow)
Rt. For., C. COMERFORD, Capt.	B. GERTRIDGE.
Lt. For., E. NOWLAN.	F. MACDONALD, Capt.
Cen., S. MARTHELEUR.	H. MILITIDES.
Rt. Cen., J. THORUP.	D. ISNOR.
Lt. Cen., M. CUMMINGS.	A. OLAND.
Rt. Def., K. MACMILLAN.	F. KEARNEY.
Lt. Def., E. CARROLL.	E. JOYCE.

FINAL SCORES: Black 18 Red 38 Purple 8 Blue 38 Yellow 14.

#### COLLEGE-ACADEMY GAMES

January 22nd

COLLEGE	ACADEMY
Rt. For., N. BUCKLEY.	K. MACMILLAN.
Lt. For., P. CLANCEY.	N. RICE (sub).
Jumping Centre, F. HOULIHAN.	B. LYNCH.
Side Centre, M. LAUDER.	C. LANGLEY.
Rt. Def., B. CHISHOLM.	E. JOYCE (sub first half).
	C. COMERFORD (sub second half).
Lt. Def., J. CHISHOLM.	T. HUTTON.
Score:—College 6. Academy 0.	
SCORE:—College 6. Academy 0.	

May 11th

COLLEGE	ACADEMY
Rt. For., N. BUCKLEY.	K. MACMILLAN.
Lt. For., P. CLANCEY.	I. COTE.
Jumping Centre, C. MARKHAM.	B. LYNCH.
Side Centre, M. LAUDER.	C. LANGLEY.
Rt. Def., B. CHISHOLM.	M. K. MACDOUGALL.
Lt. Def., J. CHISHOLM.	T. HUTTON.
SCORE:—College 5 Academy 2	



## GRADUATING RECITAL

of

PAULINE MELANSON, Lyric Mezzo Soprano.

Assisted by

MARGUERITE McNEIL, B.M., Pianist.

MARY MONTAGUE, Violinist.

and the members of the Mt. St. Vincent Orchestra.

Saturday, May 23, 1931.

## PROGRAMME

The Salutation of the Dawn	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	Stevenson.
(Violin obligato)									
Alleluia from motet Exultate Jubilate	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	Mozart.
"L'Amour est un Oiseau Rebelle" from Carmen	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	Bizet.
VIOLIN:									
A Love Scene, Op. 30, No. 1	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	Miersch.
Songs My Mother Taught Me	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	Dvorak.
MISS MARY MONTAGUE									
IN COSTUME:									
One Spring Morning	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	Nevin.
(orchestral accompaniment)									
Chanson de Florian	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	Godard.
Staccato Polka	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	Mulder.
"Un bel di Vedremo" from Madame Butterfly	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	Puccini.
Break, Break, Break	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	C. Burleigh.
The Wren	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	Benedict.
(Violin obligato)									
PIANO:									
Caprice from "Alceste"	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	Saint-Saens.
La Danse d'Olaf	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	Mangiagalli.
MISS MARGARET McNEIL									
Parla!	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	Arditi.
Ave Maria	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	Mascagni.
(Orchestra accompaniment)									
GOD SAVE THE KING.									

SODALITY OF  
OUR LADY IMMACULATE AND ST. AGNES

The first Sodality meeting was held on the morning of September 15. After the singing of the Veni Creator, the following officers were elected.

Prefect	/	/	/	/	/	PAULINE MELANSON.
First Assistant	/	/	/	/	/	SHEILA McSWEENEY.
Second Assistant	/	/	/	/	/	CATHERINE LANGLEY.
Secretary	/	/	/	/	/	BERNADETTE LANIGAN.
Treasurer	/	/	/	/	/	MARY ARCHER.
Mistress of Candidates	/	/	/	/	/	EUNICE MACGILLIVRAY.
Stamp Section	/	/	/	/	/	BETTY KELLY.
						MARY K. MACDOUGALL.
Librarians	/	/	/	/	/	IRENE COTÉ.
						MARY MERCHANT.

A reception of Children of Mary was held on September 17th.

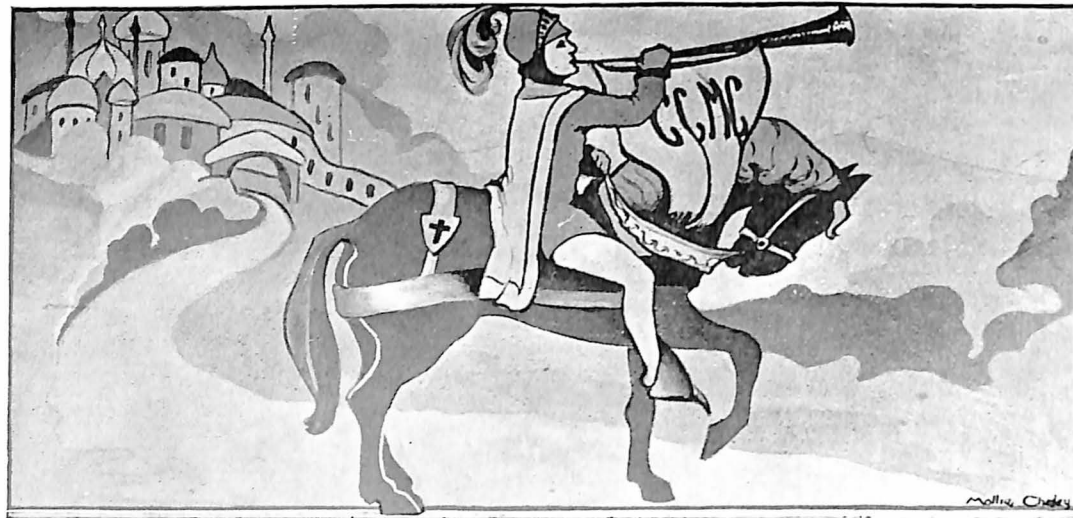
October 25th, began the Forty Hours' Devotion. Three High Masses were celebrated and the beautiful feast of Christ the King fittingly observed. During these days with the Mount Chapel aglow with soft lights and garnished with choicest flowers, many were the visits of love paid to our Eucharistic King.

December 4-8 the Annual Three Day Retreat was held. It was given by Reverend Father O'Sullivan, a Redemptorist of the Mission of Saint John, New Brunswick. The instructions were based on life, and were very impressive.

On December the eighth the usual procession in honor of Our Lady of Perpetual Help was held, in thanksgiving for a miracle wrought through her intercession. The route commenced from the Chapel, where we sang the Hymn to Our Lady of Perpetual Help, and said the first part of the Triduum. Thence we went to the College Classroom where a new shrine to the Blessed Virgin has been placed. Here the second part of the Triduum was said. From here we made our way to the Music Hall where the third part of the Triduum was recited. On our return to the Chapel, Benediction was given. Our Lady's favorite hymns were chanted as we traversed the Mount corridors so dear to all its pupils, old girls and new alike.

This year the candidates have formed a special sodality. These follow their own exercises each evening after night prayers. The regular meetings of the Sodality are held each Sunday, and every evening we assemble for points of meditation. All appreciate the efforts of our devoted Mistress and do their best to correspond with her ideals. The twenty-fourth of May will probably see the admission of a large number to the privileges of the Sodality.

BERNADETTE LANIGAN, Secretary.



## CATHOLIC STUDENT'S MISSION CRUSADE

### THE SEVENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION

OF THE

HALIFAX UNITS

OF THE

CANADIAN CATHOLIC STUDENT'S MISSION CRUSADE

ST. PATRICK'S BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL,

Halifax, Nova Scotia

SUNDAY, MAY 10, 1931

"God Wills It"

### PROGRAMME

#### I. REUNION IN THE ASSEMBLY HALL

- (a) Singing of Hymn "God Wills It."
- (b) Opening Remarks: Reverend Diocesan Director.

- (c) Presentation of Reports on the activities of the year
    - Mount Saint Vincent College and Academy  
(presented by Eunice MacGillivray, '31)
    - Academy of the Sacred Heart
    - St. Patrick's Girls' High School
    - St. Mary's College.
    - St. Patrick's Boys' High School.
  - (d) Reading of Papers.
    1. "Catholic Action."  
(Mount Saint Vincent).  
Read by Delphine Stokes, B.A. '31.
    2. "Theophane Venard and the Foreign Mission Seminary of Paris."  
(Academy of the Sacred Heart).
    3. "The Ukranian College at Yorkton, Sask."  
(St. Patrick's Girls' High School).
    4. "A study of the Eastern Churches in Union with the Holy See."  
(St. Mary's College).
    5. "The Original Crusaders."  
(St. Patrick's Boys' High School).
  - (c) Presentation of Resolutions.
  - (d) Short Addresses by Visitors.
  - (e) Concluding Remarks by the Director.
- II. SOCIAL HALF HOUR in the Assembly Hall.
- III. SOLEMN BENEDICTION of Blessed Sacrament in St. Patrick's Church.

### MT. ST. VINCENT MISSION ACTIVITIES

1. Distribution of Mission Literature through the remailing department.
2. Stamp collection (former pupils contributing).
3. Gifts of altar linens and church accessories to needy priests.

FINANCIAL REPORT FOR THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR

MAY, 1930—MAY, 1931.

RECEIPTS

Balance from last year	\$ 12.65
Mite Box offerings	166.77
Mission Entertainments (Academy)	60.00
Mission Entertainments (College)	45.00
Donations	932.02
Miscellaneous	4.25
Total	\$1,220.69

EXPENDITURES

Donation towards Seminarian (Western Canada)	\$ 250.00
Propagation of the Faith	66.80
Catholic Church Extension and Home Missions	539.96
Mission Literature	19.50
Holy Land	10.00
Father Fraser and China Missions	116.30
Father Gavan Duffy and Hindoo Missions	45.00
Mother Kevin and African Missions	52.00
Philippine Islands and Austrian Missions	53.00
Canadian and Local Mission Crusade	17.60
Various Mission Charities	47.75
Postage and Exchange	2.18
Total	1,220.09
Balance on hand May 1, 1931	.60

\$1,220.69

SPIRITUAL OFFERING FOR THE MISSIONS

September, 1930—May, 1930.

Masses	1,678
Communions	1,687
Visits	2,563
Beads	1,757
Stations	436
Acts of Charity	1,544
Acts of Mortification	2,638
Office of Our Lady	360
Aspirations	46,668
Benedictions	608

Academic Graduates



FRANCES ROMKEY.

WEST DUBLIN, N. S.

FRANCES was a member of last year's Freshman Class, and has now completed her Sophomore year in the College. Although her work was brilliant, Frances had not fulfilled the residence requirements for graduation, and so made application for graduating honors this year. She is indeed a splendid acquisition to our group of '31. With a lively sense of humour, a generous disposition, and a keen intelligence, Frances bids fair to be a success in any walk of life. Her aim at present is to obtain her B. A. We wish her all happiness in her college career.

PAULINE MELANSON.

WEYMOUTH, N. S.

FOR four years Pauline has filled the school with her music. Last year she obtained graduating honors in pianoforte and now takes her laurels for vocal music. But not only for her musical talents and her sweet voice is Pauline appreciated. Her own personality and especially her love of fun makes her a favorite everywhere. In every school activity she has taken part, and has acquitted herself well. Above all she deserves our highest esteem as the worthy Prefect of the Sodality of the Children of Mary, an office which, conferred by the students, testifies their admiration and confidence.





BETTY KELLEY.  
SYDNEY, CAPE BRETON.

WHERE there is fun, there is Betty. Six years ago a little brown-eyed girl came from Buffalo, New York. We may say that she has grown up at the Mount, and has won the affection of everybody by her merry ways and sunny disposition. For the past year she has been President of her class, an honor conferred on her by the votes of her classmates. She is fond of mathematics, reading, and music. Her chief characteristic is her generosity. We hope that Betty will return to the College next year.

MARY MACDOUGALL.  
STELLARTON, NOVA SCOTIA.

THIS bright student, familiarly known as "Mary K." came to the Mount five years ago. Besides being a mathematical star, Mary is the acknowledged athlete of the school, famous for her fast work in basket-ball, her tennis championship, and her skill in winter sports, especially in skiing. She has also been a member of the orchestra for four years and is a lover of the violin. We wish her all good luck in her future career, whether she returns to M. S. V. for the completion of her college course, or finds an immediate use for her many talents.



MOIRA DESMOND.  
NEWCASTLE, N. B.

MOIRA received her early education at Newcastle, N.B. Since her arrival at the Mount two years ago, she has earned the reputation of being not only a good student, but a very companionable girl, kind and sympathetic and ready to help in any emergency. At recreation she enjoys a game of bridge in which she has proved herself an expert. Tennis is her favorite outdoor sport. While illness has obstructed her path several times, Moira has shown pluck in surmounting every difficulty and now graduates with honor.



GLADYS HOOK.  
DARTMOUTH, N. S.

QUIET and unassuming, Gladys has won a place in the hearts of all her schoolmates. For three years she has applied herself diligently to her studies, and her name has been often on the Honor Roll. Her gentleness and sweetness have a way of making themselves felt, and her presence is always welcome. At recreation she is always much sought after as a dancing partner, and in the gymnasium her work is excellent. Her pleasant ways and her sense of humour will be an asset in the future, if Gladys achieves her ambition of being a teacher.







MARGARET LONG.  
EAST DALHOUSIE, N. S.

MARGARET came to the Mount two years ago and during her school career has proved a model girl in every respect. Diligent in her studies, faithful to her duties, she has carried the honor medal of the Freshman Class from September, a feat worthy of our respect. Generous and thoughtful, Margaret is frequently found undertaking voluntary tasks and helping others in their work. Thoroughly reliable, pleasant and quiet, she is well equipped for teaching, and we feel sure she will be a success in the classroom, whether that classroom be at M. S. V. or elsewhere.

HARRIET MYERS.  
MONCTON, N. B.

HARRIET has been at the Mount for four years and has been a diligent student from her earliest days. Her special talent is for dramatics. She has taken part in many plays, besides entertaining us in our Saturday evening concerts, and always has found an appreciative audience. During her Freshman year she has put forth strenuous efforts and has frequently merited Honorable Mention in the monthly class reports. Whatever course Harriet undertakes in the future, her mental and personal qualities will contribute greatly to her success.



MARY MERCHANT.  
SYDNEY, C. B.

MARY is noted for many things, her beautiful hair, her perfect complexion, her taste in dress, but above all for her sweetness of manner and disposition. Her amiability is equalled only by her love of fun. She has taken an active part in all school activities, but is especially conspicuous in dramatics and in all sports. Mary has applied herself diligently to her studies, and shines in Mathematics. Her inclination, however, is toward Household Science, and we hope that she will return to College next year to continue the course which she has already begun.



EUNICE MacGILLIVRAY.  
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

EUNICE comes from St. John, N. B. and naturally has a high regard for her home town. She came to the Mount three years ago, entering the C. class. Her friendship with "Bernie" is the model of school-girl ties. Eunice's curly auburn hair is a source of admiration to many. Her accomplishments are many and she enlivens the recreations by her music as well as by her dancing. Both in piano and violin she has frequently merited honors. What her future course will be, who shall say? Whatever it may be, we wish her success.





BERNADETTE LANIGAN.

SO this is "Bernie"! A lively young lady with a happy smile, Bernie has made many friendships during her three years at school. She holds the position of Secretary to the Children of Mary and of the Commercial Club. Happy and care-free, she never loses her good nature. Because of a badly sprained ankle before Christmas, she has been deprived of many a dance and game of basketball, and her companions deprived of a merry partner and a good sport. For this loss, however, we may well believe Bernie has made up in other directions. Her heart is set on a commercial career, and she carries the good wishes of the girls of '31 with her.

MARY BUREL.

SYDNEY, CAPE BRETON.

MARY, or "Duckie" as she is popularly called, holds the Mount in long acquaintance. She has been in the school five years, and in that time has made steady progress up to graduation. After winning her B certificate she elected the Commercial Course for Graduation. Although her heart is in her work, Mary has given much time to the development of her beautiful voice and has delighted us in many a Saturday night recital. She strenuously upholds the honor of the Commercial Class especially in basket-ball. Her pleasant disposition and love of fun have made her many friends, who all wish her success.



DORA SHANAHAN.

NORTH SYDNEY, CAPE BRETON.

ALTHOUGH Dora has been at the Mount two years she has won the respect of her teachers and classmates, who have found her good-natured and helpful at all times. Though quiet, she has a lively sense of fun, as some of her nearer acquaintances will attest. She has shown great interest in Commercial work and merited honorable mention. With her ability and steadfastness of purpose, we feel that Dora will attain to success in the business world.



## A SONG FOR M. S. V.

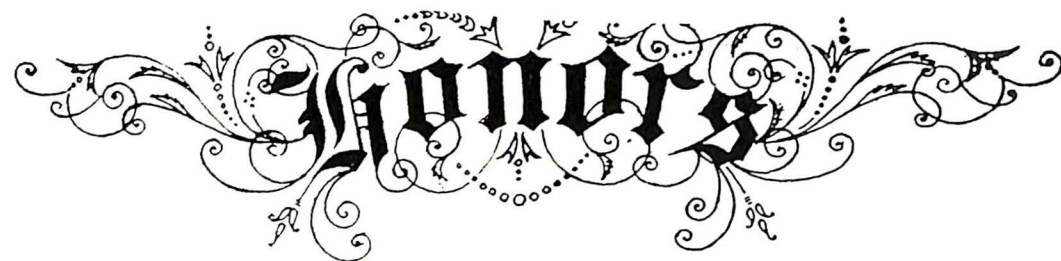
You may roam the whole world over  
There are many schools you'll see;  
But of them all, there's only one,  
It's M. S. V. for me!

It's the dark blue and the light blue  
That shines so bright and clear  
Happy hours and friendship true  
Are linked in memory dear.

## Chorus

M. S. V. so dear to me,  
Our loyal hearts beat true for you,  
And loyal deeds we'll do for you;  
M. S. V. beside the sea,  
Our loyal thoughts turn back to you;  
Where'er we roam our hearts find home  
With Alma Mater dear.

ROSEMARY MALONEY.



## HONORS FOR SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER.

Freshmen.	Commercial.	B. Class.	C. Class.	D. Class.	Middle Classes.
*M. Long.	I. Cote. M. Archer. *C. Langley. *P. Morash. M. Burel.	*G. Fellows. L. Wheton. E. Mullins.	*M. Cummings. *M. Armour. *M. Casanova.		
M. Morley. G. O'Keefe. R. Parsons.	B. Lanigan. E. MacGillivray.	HONORABLE MENTION. M. Kingsley. J. MacNeill. M. Thomas. N. Rice.	E. Carroll. E. Nowlan.	B. Gertridge. M. Keenan.	F. McNeil. C. Owen. M. Nowlan. D. Isnor. E. Joyce. J. Barnaby.
*M. Long. H. Carpenter.	*C. Langley. *P. Morash. G. Journey.	HONORS FOR NOVEMBER. N. Rice. M. Kingsley. *G. Fellows. M. Thomas.	*M. Casanova. *M. Cummings. *M. Armour. D. Otto.	R. Mancini. M. Keenan. G. Belliveau. F. MacDonald.	A. Oland. C. Owen.
M. Morley. G. Hook. H. Myers.	M. Burel. E. MacGillivray. E. Hartigan.	HONORABLE MENTION. J. MacNeill. E. Mullins. S. Theriault. E. Melanson. S. McSweeney.	J. Thorup. E. Nowlan. R. Maloney. K. McMillan.	L. Steele.	M. Burke. F. McNeil.
G. O'Keefe. H. Carpenter. M. Morley. *M. Long. M. Cunningham. H. Myers. J. McLennan.	*P. Morash. M. Archer. *C. Langley. E. Hartigan. G. Journey.	HONORS FOR DECEMBER. *G. Fellows. E. Mullins. J. MacNeill. N. Rice. M. Kingsley. E. Melanson. M. Thomas.	*M. Casanova. *M. Cummings. J. Thorup. *M. Armour.	M. Keenan. G. Belliveau. L. Steele. R. Mancini. F. MacDonald.	C. Owen. A. Oland.
R. Parsons. M. Desmond. G. Hook. M. Merchant.		HONORABLE MENTION. L. Wheton. S. Theriault. D. Walsh. S. McSweeney.	E. Nowlan. D. Otto. K. McMillan.	H. Melitides.	M. Burle.
*M. Long.	*P. Morash. M. Archer. I. Cote.	HONORS FOR JANUARY. J. MacNeill. *G. Fellows. *M. Thomas.	*M. Casanova. J. Thorup.	L. Steele. *G. Belliveau. R. Mancini.	C. Owen.
M. Morley. G. O'Keefe. H. Carpenter.	C. Langley. G. Journey. C. McDonald. T. Hutton. M. Burel.	HONORABLE MENTION. E. Mullins. N. Rice. S. Theriault.	M. Cummings. D. Otto. K. McMillan. E. Nowlan.	M. Keenan. B. Gertridge.	J. Barnaby. F. McNeil. D. Isnor. M. Nowlan. E. Joyce. A. Oland. M. Nowlan. D. Isnor.
*M. Long.	*P. Morash. M. Burel. C. Langley. M. Archer. E. Hartigan.	HONORS FOR FEBRUARY. *G. Fellows. N. Rice. J. MacNeill. *M. Thomas.	*M. Casanova. M. Cummings. J. Thorup.	M. Keenan. *G. Belliveau. B. Gertridge.	
G. O'Keefe. M. Cunningham. J. MacLennan. H. Carpenter. M. Morley. H. Myers. B. Kelly.	D. Shanahan. H. Gouthreau. T. Hutton. C. McDonald. G. Journey.	HONORABLE MENTION. E. Mullins. D. Otto.		L. Steele. F. MacDonald.	
*M. Long. M. Morley. G. O'Keefe. J. MacLennan. H. Carpenter.	*P. Morash. M. Burel. T. Hutton.	HONORS FOR MARCH. *G. Fellows. M. Kingsley. *M. Thomas. N. Rice.	*M. Casanova. M. Cummings.	*G. Belliveau. R. Mancini.	J. Barnaby. D. Isnor. A. Oland.

\*Asterisk marks Honor Medal students.

Freshmen.	Commercial.	B. Class.	C. Class.	D. Class.	Middle Classes.
R. Parsons. B. Kelley. M. Cunningham. H. Myers.	E. MacGillivray. D. Shanahan. C. Langley.	HONORABLE MENTION. E. Mullins. L. Warren. S. Theriault.		L. Steele. F. MacDonald.	
*M. Long. M. Morley. G. O'Keefe. H. Carpenter. B. Kelley.	M. Archer. *P. Morash. I. Cote. C. Langley. M. Burel. D. Shanahan. B. Lanigan.	HONORS FOR APRIL. *G. Fellows. N. Rice. M. Thomas.	*M. Casanova. M. Cummings. J. Thorup. D. Otto.	R. Mancini. *G. Belliveau. L. Steele.	
R. Parsons. H. Myers. M. Desmond.	E. Hartigan. H. Gouthreau. C. MacDonald.	HONORABLE MENTION. L. Wheton. S. Theriault. L. Warren.		H. Melitides.	

## MUSIC HONORS

## HONORS FOR SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER.

\*D. Blenkhorn, \*M. McNeil, \*G. Fellows, J. Thorup, E. MacGillivray, \*M. Jones, \*J. Covey, Patsy Jones, M. Kingsley, \*B. Gillis, C. Comerford, Patricia M. Jones.

## HONORS FOR NOVEMBER.

\*D. Blenkhorn, \*M. McNeil, \*G. Fellows, \*B. Lynch, \*M. Jones, M. Kingsley, E. MacGillivray, J. Thorup, E. Melanson, \*B. Gillis, J. Covey, T. Hutton, M. Bayer, C. Comerford.

## HONORABLE MENTION.

S. O'Neill, M. Quinn, Margaret P. Jones, M. Bayer.

## VIOLIN HONORS.

E. Joyce, A. Sullivan, R. Mancini, J. Barnaby, E. MacGillivray.

## HONORS FOR DECEMBER.

\*D. Blenkhorn, \*G. Fellows, \*M. Jones, N. Rice, \*B. Lynch, M. McNeil, J. Thorup, \*J. Covey, E. Mullins, T. Hutton, S. O'Neill, E. MacGillivray, M. Quinn, M. Bayer, M. Kingsley, J. MacLennan.

## VIOLIN HONORS.

\*E. MacGillivray, M. MacDougall, J. Barnaby, \*A. Sullivan, I. Parker, R. Mancini.

## HONORS FOR JANUARY.

\*D. Blenkhorn, \*M. McNeil, \*G. Fellows, \*M. Jones, \*J. Covey, \*B. Lynch, T. Hutton, B. Gillis.

## HONORABLE MENTION.

E. MacGillivray, E. Mullins, S. O'Neill, J. Thorup, M. Quinn.

## HONORS FOR FEBRUARY.

\*B. Lynch, S. O'Neill, \*M. McNeil, \*G. Fellows, J. Thorup, \*M. Jones, E. MacGillivray, \*B. Gillis, S. Theriault, J. Covey, N. Rice.

## HONORABLE MENTION.

B. Lanigan, M. Quinn, T. Hutton.

## VIOLIN HONORS.

\*E. MacGillivray, \*A. Sullivan.

## HONORS FOR MARCH.

\*D. Blenkhorn, M. McNeil, S. O'Neill, \*G. Fellows, J. Thorup, P. Jones, \*M. Jones, \*J. Covey, N. Rice, M. Quinn, \*B. Gillis, \*B. Lynch, S. Theriault.

## VIOLIN HONORS.

\*A. Sullivan, J. Barnaby, R. Mancini, E. Joyce, \*E. MacGillivray.

\*Asterisk marks Honor Medal Students.



## COMMERCIAL CLASS

IN this very busy department, where typewriters click all day and anxious stenographers and accountants are bent over their books, we find various groups, each aiming at a Commercial diploma, but all in different stages of Commercial training. There are College Girls who are working for a B.Sc.; Academy Graduates, who take their Academic diploma this year; and others who, not having completed the residence requirements, are looking forward to graduation next year. The work for the beginners is, however, the same for all, and a very interesting course it is.

By Christmas we had completed our course in Filing with the Office Specialty Company and had won our certificates from them. It may sound easy, but the work entailed was not so simple. The same day we visited the Office Specialty we were invited to inspect the files at Moir's. There was a mixture of pleasure and anxiety in the anticipation. We shivered a little in anticipation of the questions which might be asked us, but our fears proved vain. At Moir's we made the acquaintance of Mr. Monaghan, who banished all our fears, and after an inspection of the files showed the complete inner workings of this wonderful plant. Soon we were the sweetest girls in the world, for you must not believe that we were permitted merely to look at the sweets! I am sure that that visit will never be forgotten by any of us.

Our Correspondence course won for us the certificate granted by the White Business College of Chicago.

The Commercial Text Book Company of Toronto awarded twenty certificates for their course in bookkeeping.

The Junior O. A. T. was won by the majority. The Senior A. O. T. which calls for perfect accuracy and speed of 40 words per minute has also been awarded to many of the pupils.

Up to the time that the FOLIA goes to press, the following certificates have been received from the Gregg Writer, New York: 20 for Theory of Shorthand, 20 for Style, 25 for Speed. For Artistic Typing 38 certificates have been received, and 4 gold emblems have been awarded as class prizes. 39 bronze, silver and gold emblems have also been received from the Woodstock Typewriting Company, Illinois for work in typewriting.

This is the best report at this time of year that has ever been merited by a Commercial Class, since the course has been taught in its entirety at the Mount. It is, all in all, a hundred per cent. rating for every pupil, and marks the group of '31 as a Record Class.

Now we are drawing near to the close of the school year. For us it has been an eventful one, full of new interests and experiences. For many it is the stepping-stone to higher things. It takes us from the realm of girlhood to the borderland of womanhood, where we shall meet responsibilities which will test our worth. Our year's work has been but an introduction to the business life, but if we carry out the many useful instructions and follow the good example of our dear teacher, we shall step forth into the business world, equipped and ready for any emergency.

MARY ARCHER.

## THE VOICE FROM THE VATICAN

FOR Catholics, one of the outstanding events of the year 1931 will be the message of our Holy Father to the whole world. In this, our Year-Book, therefore, we place the chronicle of this stirring event:

On February twelfth the world was in expectation, for word had gone out from Rome, not that the whole world should be enrolled, but that all nations should be privileged to hear the voice of the Vicar of Christ addressing all men. In preparation for this great event gigantic efforts had been made by scientists in every land into which the radio has penetrated, and the result was the most perfect mechanism ever devised by human genius. February twelfth of this year is a day which will go down in the History of the Church as the day on which Pope Pius XI, Vicar of Christ on earth, speaking from the Vatican, was heard by millions of his children over the whole globe, giving glory to God and exhorting not only those of His flock, but those who wander without the Fold, to strive for peace and sanctity on earth. That day the words of the Holy Father fell on millions of hearts and His Apostolic Blessing entered millions of homes.

On that day, also, the ambition of the world-famous Marconi was at last crowned, when in presence of the "father" of wireless telephony, the great Father of all nations spoke through the microphone to all His children and with a speed that defied time-measurement sent His words echoing in sonorous Latin all over the world.

Even we, on our little peninsula of Nova Scotia, on the outskirts of Canada, were privileged to hear the clear, vibrating voice that uncounted pilgrims have journeyed uncounted miles to Rome to hear. At eleven o'clock on that eventful morning we assembled in the music hall, each thrilled with expectancy. There seemed slight hope that we should get the Holy Father's message, for a bad snow storm was raging. Great credit is due the Maritime Telephone Company, which by its efficient service and untiring efforts worked for long hours through sleet and wind that we too, might participate in this glorious event. Encouraging reports reached us now and again, that the work was progressing, and as a matter of fact it was completed just in time for His Holiness' message. We missed the blare of the silver trumpets, but when the Holy Father began to speak, each tongue was tied, each eye was still, each one was attentive and filled with awe. Everyone who heard the rich, mellow tones of that voice felt the earnestness and sincerity that vibrated every syllable; each one was fascinated by the personality behind that voice so distant and yet so near. Few of us, indeed, understood the text of the address but familiar phrases now and again thrilled us; we felt the intense unity that binds the members of the Church, and our hearts beat faster at the thought of the millions who heard with us that wonderful "Gloria in Excelsis".

It is said that the sun does not set on British possessions; what then can be said of the Catholic Church? It was noon at Halifax when the Pontiff spoke; to Catholics listening in Vancouver it was early morning. In England it was late afternoon. Encircling the globe the Dominions which bow in humble submission to the Successor of Saint Peter spread far and wide. How wonderfully was this manifested when Pope Pius opened His address with the words once spoken to the Israelites by Moses:



"Hear, O Heavens, that which I shall say, and listen, O earth,  
to the words of My mouth"!

In these words came the authentic echo of the Divine Teacher and of the Great Shepherd of the Flock.

The entire radio address of the Holy Father made it clear that the Catholic Church possesses not only the theory, but the actual fact of a universal auxiliary language. Latin is not a dead language, but the medium of communication in all parts of the globe with the great centre of Catholicism. The Latin of the Church is not a corrupt Latin, as many suppose. Since the Renaissance, the Latin of the Church has been strictly in keeping with the best models. The Latin of our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI has been pronounced by learned critics not only classical, but beautifully so. The great obstacle in the use of Latin to-day, is held by many to be the variety of pronunciations. But here is where the Church leads the way. By her corporate existence, through her world-wide organization, with her historical traditions, she and she alone is a power to overcome these discrepancies and give the world a universal language of intercommunication between nations, not in print alone, but actually in speech, through the official Italian pronunciation of Latin.

There never was a Pope before whose voice was heard at one and the same time by near and far, Catholic and Non-Catholic, in every land, though oceans intervene. There never was a Pope before whose intonation so thrilled His listeners that tears started from their eyes, while their faces beamed with a look of satisfaction. And we, who shared in this glorious event,—what can we say, except that we were satisfied?

MARY MORLEY.

#### MUSIC OF THE TREES.

When summer has departed in the autumn eventide,  
Pause and listen to the music of the trees  
That lingers on the night wind as the leaves drift slowly round:  
Softly, sweetly comes a piping,  
Here and there a deeper sound,  
As they drift from golden maple  
And the kingly oak,  
From silvery birch or russet beeches . . .  
Mystic, soothing notes.

JOAN COVEY.

#### IN MEMORIAM

MOST REVEREND EDWARD MCCARTHY, D.D.  
Archbishop of Halifax.

THE life of our late Archbishop was closely linked with Mount St. Vincent. As a young priest, with the oil of anointing still fresh on his hands, he came to offer the Holy Sacrifice in the Chapel of the Academy, then in the first year of its existence. A generation passed, and the young Levite became the Metropolitan Bishop of an archdiocese, while Mount St. Vincent grew into the great Mother-House of the Sisters of Charity. The years had, however, only drawn more closely the bonds of mutual esteem and friendship, and among the gala days of the Academy and the Mother-House were those occasions when His Grace favored us with a visit. His death on January twenty-seventh of this year was a sorrow to all who had known his charming personality and appreciated his genuine worth.

Archbishop McCarthy was born in Halifax and attended St. Mary's College. Later he received his ecclesiastical training at the Montreal Seminary, whence he returned in 1874 to Halifax. As a young priest he was noted for his fervor, his energy, and above all for his kindliness, which won him friends wherever he went. In Chester and Yarmouth he achieved great success, endearing himself to the people, and promoting everywhere the cause of education. At Yarmouth the church and presbytery are monuments of his zeal and practical administration.

From Yarmouth Father McCarthy was transferred to Halifax, to St. Patrick's Church. Later he became Rector of St. Mary's Cathedral and from there paid many visits to the Mount. He was a great lover of art and frequently lectured to the students, who always hailed his visits with delight. He was also a mathematician of note, and was especially interested in astronomy. In 1905 St. Francis Xavier University conferred on him the honorary degree of LL.D.

In 1906 the burden of episcopal government was laid upon his shoulders. No choice could have been happier. Long years of pastoral labor had endeared His Grace to the whole Province; his unvarying kindness, his tact, and his great-heartedness, as well as his firm support of every movement which made for the spread of education and the welfare of Nova Scotia, had won him the admiration and respect of all classes and professions. Men of all creeds have attested their appreciation of his worth and their admiration of his principles.

His ready wit betrayed his Celtic ancestry. His charming affability and his paternal charity endeared him to both rich and poor; but he was especially beloved and venerated by the Community of Mount St. Vincent, on which he lavished his kindness. His strong support and far-sighted wisdom helped to a speedy fulfilment its brightest hopes, and his blessing on its undertakings made development sure and constant. Our debt to him will remain and his memory will be venerated as long as the Community shall live to the Glory of God and the service of the Church in Canada. Humbly we pray,

*Pie Jesu, dona ei requiem!*

## THE LIE

"I guess I'd better go home now."

"Why, will your father scold you for staying out so late?"

The blue eyes of the tiny girl turned away and looked into space; they could picture the stern father with the cutting word on his lips. Still, she sighed merely a little sigh, and said,

"Oh, no."

The slim little figure in dark pants and shabby shirt beside her, stirred as with an air of triumph.

"Then, don't go yet," he said.

"Oh, but I really have to, Ivan; he *might* scold, you know."

"You said he wouldn't just now; and besides, what are you going to do if he does scold?"

"Well, I don't know. I'll tell him that I was kept at school late, and then I went skating in the park."

"But we haven't been skating," he interrupted.

"That's just an excuse, you see."

"Still, it would be a lie."

She shrugged her shoulders. "It's the only way out."

There was silence for a few minutes as they walked along; she busy planning out her excuse, he wondering if the girl would really tell the lie.

"Are you really going to lie, Marlene?" he asked suddenly.

"I'll have to."

He bent his head forward in disappointment. "I didn't know you told lies."

"Oh, but I don't."

He appeared not to have heard her. "... although", he continued, "most women do, I suppose. I have heard they do. I might have known before. You might have lied to me, too, sometime."

"Oh, no, Ivan, I wouldn't lie to *you*!" The blue eyes were lifted to meet his. "You *know* I couldn't lie to you."

He did not look at her. After a while he said between his teeth, "All women are like that. I don't believe them. I don't believe you, either."

"Oh, Ivan," she sobbed. "How can you say such a cruel thing?" Her pride was hurt. She bit her lips and brushed a tear from her eyelid. Then, with sudden impulse, she ran.

Ivan looked up, startled. She was running away from him, leaving him behind. He could not let her go like that, he told himself. He had started after her before he had finished his thought.

"Marlene!" he cried, "Marlene!" But he had to run to catch up with her, because she would not stop.

"Marlene, wait!" he said at last, grasping her by the wrist. "Wait!"

She turned away her head, still sobbing.

"I didn't mean to hurt you, Marlene," he apologized. "I really didn't. And I do believe you always."

Her sobs gradually stopped; she was looking at him now. He released the little hand and said half ashamed, "I was only teasing."

"Are you sorry?" she asked in one breath.

"Yes."

That was all that was needed for a treaty of peace. They took hands and looked at each other smiling.

"Now let me take you home," he said.

Now they started walking again, side by side. They were already at the street where Marlene lived. After a rather long silence he said.

"Marlene, you love me, don't you?"

"Yes," she confessed simply, with the frankness of her few years.

"And you won't marry anyone else when you grow up?"

"No, Ivan."

"But you won't tell lies to me when we're married, will you?"

"No, never."

"You don't tell lies now, either."

"No."

"You have never told me a lie, have you?"

"Of course not!"

He gave a delighted little laugh and put his hands into his pockets with satisfaction.

They were near the house now.

"All right, Ivan. I'll go alone from here."

"All right. Good-bye, Marlene!"

"I'll see you to-morrow," she said, and hurried along, waving her hand.

"Oh, Marlene!" he called again, catching up to her. "Marlene, are you going to tell that lie to your father?"

"But Ivan, I'll *have* to! Don't you see?"

"I suppose." He seemed to think for a moment; then he said.

"I really wish you wouldn't *have* to, Marlene." Then his face brightened with a new thought. "But you won't if your father doesn't scold, will you?"

"No."

"Promise?"

She hesitated. "I promise!" she whispered.

"All right. You'll tell me about it to-morrow, won't you? And remember, you *always* tell *me* the truth; I know by your eyes."

Marlene looked up at him quickly. Did he believe it or was he teasing again? "Good bye," she said hastily.

"Good-bye."

Ivan watched her out of sight, and when she had disappeared into the doorway, he gave a fancy little turn on one leg, such as he was accustomed to do on his skates, and went down the side street whistling.

Meanwhile Marlene had come into the cramped little dining-room and met the frown of her father. He *did* scold, and she *did* tell the false story. By this time she had worked

it up so that she could not resist the temptation of reciting it. She even enlarged on the imaginary little girl whom she had to take home from school. She was afraid, facing her father; he was hard to convince, and so she produced excuse after excuse, so that the lie grew much bigger than she had expected it would. When she was going up the stairs to bed that night by the light of the candle, her eyes were big, bigger than ever, scared, wondering. . . .

Ivan had been waiting longer than usual the next afternoon when he saw Marlene coming through the park. She looked tired and serious.

"Hello, Marlene," he called. "I have a new game to-day. We can play it by the pond, and you'll like it. But, what's the matter?" he added, as he looked more closely into the white little face.

"Oh, nothing," she answered, and smiled to make him sure. But, really, she had not slept all the night before.

Ivan went right to the point.

"Marlene, how did you get along last night?"

She had hoped he wouldn't ask that so soon; she had feared as much.

"Pretty well," she said.

But Ivan was interested; he wanted to know more.

"Did your father scold?"

Marlene thought it better not to tell the story to Ivan, because she knew he would not like it, so she tried to finish it with,

"No, he didn't scold."

"So you didn't tell the lie after all?"

"No." She couldn't go back now.

"Oh, I'm so glad! You know, Marlene, there's never any need to telling a lie; my mother used always to say that. And it makes you so miserable after."

"Yes."

He laughed in glee, and she tried to laugh, too. She was sorry she had lied to Ivan, but really she could not help it. They were going towards the pond now. Suddenly Ivan stopped.

"Marlene, you're not lying to me now, are you?"

Marlene looked down to her shoes; she was afraid he would know "by her eyes."

"No," she said.

"Of course!" he said. "You wouldn't lie to me."

And throwing back his head he laughed contentedly. "I guess I know women!"

MARIA CASANOVA.

## VERGIL AND THE MODERNS

DURING the past year—1930, the world of letters celebrated the "Bimillennium of Publius Vergilius Maro"—best beloved of Latin poets. He was born at Andes, a village near Mantua, in 70 B. C., and, like Burns might be termed a "child of the soil". However, unlike the Scotch poet's, Vergil's education was in no way defective, having been pursued at Milan and in Rome, and there is abundant evidence, both in the "Georgics" and in the "Aeneid" that Vergil knew the splendor and luxury of courts every bit as well as he did the better beloved rural peace he craves.

Vergil everywhere reveals the most delicate, loftiest refinement and lifelong familiarity with literature and art. But like Lucretius, and far more heartily than worldly-minded Horace, Vergil turns away from the splendor and noisy throng in ministerial palaces, to seek refreshment on nature's heart.

The Latin poet early gained favor with Augustus, who was then at the apex of his power, and he retained this favor throughout his lifetime. This was, of course the "golden age" of Rome, and it was mainly to account for this present glory that Vergil wrote his "Aeneid," that great national epic which is, in reality, a mythical history of the founding of Rome. There are very few who are not familiar with this tale of the wanderings of Aeneas, son of Venus and Anchises, who has been doomed, after the capture of Troy by Odysseus and Neoptolemus, to wander about the world "until he should found a city, and bring in the gods to Latium." It is from this demigod, Aeneas, that the Julii were supposed to be directly descended.

Long before this "History" was written, Augustus foresaw the fall of the Roman Empire—saw that Rome had reached the peak of its glory, and that this glory could not last much more than a few hundred years, if, indeed, that long. For the national character was being rapidly undermined by foreign wealth, and by culture too easily and too swiftly won from without—not bred steadily from within. Rome had conquered nearly all the known world, and these conquered peoples brought into Rome all the raw materials she needed for her own use. This meant that the Roman people could give themselves up to their own pleasure. Thus it was that the Italian farms became deserted while their occupants flocked to the cities in great numbers where they could obtain more than a sufficient means of livelihood without any great labour, and where they could indulge themselves to excess; in fine, where their lives were one continual round of eating, drinking, and attending "the games."

Augustus seeing all this, knew that his great empire lacked stability. He saw that underneath the glorious exterior ran an undercurrent of rottenness, and that it could not continue as it was. If the people could be only made to realize the value of employment and how great a curse is idleness. And so tradition runs that Augustus prompted Vergil's writing of the Georgics—the poem to which Vergil devoted seven years of his life—37-30 B. C. The general purpose of these four books seems to be the revival of agriculture in Italy; or, as Merrivale and Conington agree to put it, "The Glorification of Labor." The four sections treat of tillage of grain, of tree culture, of cattle breeding, and the care of bees. Mythological digressions are gracefully introduced and the poetic



and religious tone of the whole work is most perfect and harmonious. However, it is highly improbable that it attained the end for which the author planned it.

One begins to wonder what part "The Moderns" play in this article. Well, does it not seem that the problems of Vergil's time are the problems of to-day? Particularly the problem of unemployment. Although the description of affairs during the reign of Augustus may be, and undoubtedly is, a great exaggeration of the state of affairs to-day, still, the principle underlying it is identical with that of Augustus' time. The numerous wars, foreign and civil, had furnished easy means of gathering rich booty. Wealth so readily acquired was lavishly spent, and each succeeding generation grew more inclined to turn for riches where they could be had most quickly. Steady, earnest toil was a thing of the past; the cultivation of the soil that renders so sure and so plentiful a store to him who will tend it perseveringly, became the most undesirable of employments.

And to-day there would seem to be that same stretching out of the hand for ready money; a yearning for such employment as will yield high salaries; and that failing, there comes the complaint that times are hard—that need and want are laying hold of the masses.

Have we too, then, turned our backs on Nature's open palm? Is not our Canada's soil calling more of her children to put their hope in her and she will not fail them? If Mussolini has made Italy bright with the hope of a revived greatness, it is because he has caught something of that power of vividly realizing and enjoying the familiar sights and work of the farm, and with Vergil, he has sounded the call to Italy's sons:

"Quare agite, O proprios generatim discite cultus,  
Agricolae."

"Come then, ye tillers of the soil, learn the special modes of husbandry, each according to its kind."

EUNICE MACGILIVRAY, '31.

## SCUTCHEON

*In Commemoration of the Centenary of the Miraculous Medal.*

Shrined in an oval jewel-wise,  
(Wealth of my heart, light of my eyes)  
The image of my mother lies.

The legend none could ever win,  
(Cry of my heart in battle's din)  
"O Maria conceived without sin!"

Cross-crowned that monogram so fair,  
(Shield of my heart those two hearts rare,  
Sword-pierced, thorn-wreathed, on my own I wear).

The stars proclaim her glory far,  
(Voice of my heart their voices are)  
Heralding Her, the Morning Star.

Queen, by thy scutcheon ever bright,  
Aegis of all within the fight,  
Beacon us unto eternal light.

Be with us, Lady of Victory,  
Guide us, Mary, Star of the Sea,  
Till we are thine everlastingly.

## FREDERICTON

THERE are four main aspects to this city I know so well; it is historical, it is scholastic, it is fashionable, it is Fredericton. As for the first three, I have nothing to say just now. There are adequate circulars obtainable and an excellent University calendar to supply food for interesting study. The fashionable section, or aspect, you may not come in contact with; but concerning the last-mentioned of Fredericton's charms no complete handbook has been or ever will be published. In this city there is a singularly home-like atmosphere which retains the residents and casts its spell over those who may become such. To the observer, then, this is a place one can learn to know with the familiarity that comes only after long acquaintance; it is a place which one can learn to love and to be happy in; a place that will long retain friendly memories.

Go down to the A and B Club. Go out on the water and up the Saint John River. As you return, drift down the river; watch the sun sink behind the forest, and the moon, gliding to its zenith, send magic rays on the calm stream. Or walk through Wilmot Park where the juniper trees, arranged symmetrically, stand like wooden soldiers on the qui vive. Go there on a day with the sun pouring down and a soft breeze playing among the leaves, and the birds hopping on the grass. Do you not rejoice in the sparkling of the fountain? Do you not feel happy to be alive in the Spring sunshine?

Or better still, climb College Hill. Go into one of the buildings where hundreds of men and women are busy with study for the benefit of our country; foresters who work day after day that they may know how to help the preservation of our wood supply; electrical engineers who are preparing to take their place in the world of machinery, as operators, superintendents, or even inventors, art students who are cultivating a love for the beautiful in literature, architecture, painting and music, or storing up a knowledge of history. How necessary are these sources of culture and information! Our University claims as its sons two of Canada's foremost poets—the cousins, Bliss Carman and Charles G. D. Roberts.

From the University drive along the river bank to the Experimental Station with its neat gravel walks bordered with shrubs and trees, its huge, geometric beds of flowers and its modern agricultural buildings, and returning to the city observe the comfortable-looking homes with their spacious lawns and well-kept gardens. Notice how broad the streets are, how shady with dignified elms.

Cross the bridge to Devon on the left bank, where now stands a cairn on the site of old Fort Nashwaak. In colonial times the fort was mounted with guns and enclosed by a palisade, beyond which was a ditch. Our forefathers fought here against the Indians. View from here our own city, now, with its parliamentary buildings and its curved shore line. Is it not a beautiful city to behold? How well it has stood the test of time and has fulfilled the hopes of our Loyalist forefathers! Are we as "loyal" as they? We are proud of our little capital, gay in Autumn in its scarlet and gold, fresh in the Spring-time with the flush of new hope. Always you will find that the chief point in our little city's favor is simply that it is—Fredericton.

MARJORIE KINGSLEY.



## CAR N. S. 1236

"HELLO, central, give me the police station! Yes, quick! Hello! Police Station? This is E. L. Calvin speaking from the Besco office. Yes. My car has been stolen. Sometime between ten and twelve o'clock this morning. Just outside the General Office. Yes, a Nash, standard six, blue with white spike wheels. Yes, all right."

E. L. Calvin turned and nodded to his secretary:

"All right, Mary, you run along to lunch. I'll have to wait till I've settled this."

He took up the receiver again:

"Give me 1743 please. Hello! Alice? This is Ed. Yep! No, I don't think so. What's that? Sorry, dear, but my car has been stolen. Yep! No, I didn't lock it! Well, it's gone. In broad daylight, too. I've telephoned the police and they're out looking for it now. I'll have to wait here till I get word. Bye-bye."

The Chief Engineer frowned as he put down the receiver and strolled over to his secretary's desk. He picked up a few letters, read them, signed them, and went back to his swivel chair. He tilted back to a comfortable angle, took up the daily paper, and was soon absorbed in the stock market.

Ten minutes later the telephone rang. He leaned forward and grasped it.

"Yes, speaking! You've found him? Good! No, I don't feel like walking down there. Told a neat story, did he? Well, bring him up and I'll listen to it!"

He closed the 'phone with a bang of satisfaction. Just then Miss Brady entered the room, returning from lunch.

"Hm, Miss Mary, we're going to see who the smart lad was!"

"Oh! They've found him, Mr. Calvin?"

"Yes. I've asked the officer to bring him up here."

"Perhaps you'd rather see him alone. Do you wish me to go, sir?"

"No, indeed. You might as well enjoy it, too," said E. L. sitting bolt upright in his chair and looking his stiffest as he heard footsteps approaching the office. "Come in!" he thundered in answer to the knock.

The door was thrown open and two policemen entered with a man between them. He was handcuffed, but the officers were trying hard not to grin. It was the Traffic Manager!

E. L. Calvin stood up and stared. Then he burst into a laugh.

"George!" he exclaimed. "What does this mean?"

"I'll explain, Ed," replied George with a big smile on his face. "You see, my car is a Nash like yours. This morning about ten-thirty I looked out and saw that my car had a flat, so I telephoned the Nash garage and asked them to come up and take my car and meanwhile to lend me another, so I could get home to lunch. Well, when I went out a little before twelve, there was only one Nash standing there, so I stepped into it and drove home. In the middle of my lunch I was summoned to the front hall to meet my two friends here, who accused me of stealing your car. So, here I am."

E. L. Calvin began an apology, but the Traffic Manager held up his manacled wrists:

"Here, Jim," he said to one of the officers. "Free me! I'm acquitted. They only did it in fun," he added. "No offence, Ed. Come on, man I'm starved. Let's finish lunch together."

SIMONE MARTHELEUR.

## THE POET OF MINIATURES

IN this world of ours there are two other worlds, both beyond our view; two worlds which one may enter only if he possesses the magic cloak of imagination or of science. These worlds, almost infinite in their greatness, are open to the poet and to the scientist, but veiled to the vulgar eye, and only years of study or of contemplation can bring them within reach. They are the telescopic world and the microscopic world. Both are equally wonderful to lovers of nature and science, but even they only partly realize their greatness.

In the telescopic world the astronomer gazes at the vast expanse above. He studies the universe in all its immensity and tries to comprehend its meaning. Here he discovers new worlds. In the microscopic world the student of nature gazes upon the most delicate beauties of creation; he studies atoms too small to be discerned by the naked eye, perceives the exquisite texture of the rose petal and learns the heart of a flower. He too, finds new worlds.

But the scientist is not the only one to penetrate such mysteries. The poet, too, is a discoverer. To him likewise, there are two worlds, symbolized by two kinds of poetry; the one vast and wide, reaching to the ends of the universe, such as Milton's "Paradise Lost," and Dante's "Divine Comedy"; the other delicate and of smallest range, yet equally wonderful.

Nowadays the busy, worried life of every day affords no time to read long epics. Only scholars do that, and the busy man or woman of the world looks for simpler verse. And there are poets who write such verse, poets who express in a single word a whole world, who find a universe in a single line. Such a poet was Father Tabb. His ambition is found in a few words:

"O little bird I'd be  
A poet like to thee,  
Singing my native song  
Brief to the ear, but long  
To Love and Memory."

A critic says: "Father Tabb was the author of several volumes of exquisite verse, that suggest the beauty of Keats, the imagination of Shelley, and the love of nature which was the distinguishing charm of Wordsworth." He wrote on many themes, Nature, Love, Sorrow, Memory, Silence, and oftenest simply God. One which I like best is that called "Evolution:"

"Out of the dusk shadow  
Then a spark:  
And out of a cloud a silence  
Then a lark.  
Out of a heart a rapture  
Then a pain;  
Out of the dead cold ashes  
Life again."

Another beautiful one is that called "Silence", which is suggestive of vast spaces:



"Why the warning finger tip  
 Pressed forever on thy lip?  
 To remind the pilgrim Sound  
 That he moves on holy ground  
 In a breathing place to be  
 Hushed for all eternity."

But Father Tabb is not always serious. He had a keen sense of humor, and often wrote very witty things, rollicking, happy rhymes, bubbling over with fun. Only he could write like this:

#### THE SQUIRREL

"Who combs you, little squirrel?  
 And do you twist and twirl  
 When someone puts the papers on  
 To keep your tail in curl?"

Father Tabb wrote religious verses too, and they are gems of their kind. Here is a tiny one on the very greatest subject—

#### GOD

"I see Thee in the distant blue,  
 But in the violet dell of dew  
 Behold I breathe and touch Thee too."

"The Pastor" gives us a beautiful picture of an old priest:

How long, O Lord, to wait  
 Beside the open gate!  
 My sheep with many a lamb  
 Have entered, and I am  
 Alone, and it is late.

This one is lovely, too, and is liked by old and young:

#### A LITTLE CHILD'S PRAYER

Make me, dear Lord, polite and kind  
 To everyone, I pray;  
 And may I ask you how you find  
 Yourself, dear Lord, to-day?

Towards the end of his life, Father Tabb's eyes, always weak, failed him, and he became totally blind. The following poem shows his beautiful resignation:

#### THE SMITER

"They bound Thine eyes and questioned,  
 "Tell us now  
 Who smote Thee? Thou wast silent.  
 When to-day  
 Mine eyes are holden, and again they say,  
 "Who smote thee?" Lord, I tell them  
 It is Thou."

Father Tabb died in 1909, but his name will live long as "the poet of miniatures," for his ambition has been fulfilled and his songs are universally proclaimed,

"Brief to the ear, but long  
 To Love and Memory."

MARGUERITE KEENAN, Senior D.

## THE GIRL AND THE MACHINE

If ever there lived a Cape Breton lass  
 Know-all or all-nose, bold as brass,  
 Who seeing the sewing-machine in motion  
 Didn't try to acquire of the art a notion,  
 With or without her mother's direction,  
 Scorning to profit by any correction,  
 Even though the patch would flap and flutter  
 And the needle would jump or sew a pucker—  
 If ever you knew a country girl  
 Whose brain at sight of a machine didn't whirl,  
 All I can say is, that it's time  
 You should read this little rhyme.

A promising girl was Miss Kathleen,  
 Who came to the Mount aged seventeen;  
 Her fingers were long and lank and lean,  
 Just right for sewing as will be seen.  
 She had two bright eyes, grey or green,  
 And a freckled nose that grew between,  
 A little snub; but I must mention  
 That she had fixed her attention  
 Upon mastering the latest sewing invention.  
 The first time she ever fingered a bobbin  
 Her head and her heart were both a-throbbin'  
 She watched her teacher whirl, wheel and thread,  
 Craning her neck and twisting her head.

Now that she knew what a beginner must do,  
 She might practice, she thought, for an hour or two.  
 Says Kathleen one day, "Sister's away,  
 There's nobody round to watch or see;  
 The thing looks simple enough to me."  
 And if you doubt it,  
 Hear how she reasoned about it:  
 "My mother can sew,  
 Why can't I know?  
 Must I give in?"  
 Says she with a grin.

And she said to herself, "I'll make my own clothes,  
 Dresses and coats and kimonas—who knows?"

P'raps I'll become a fashion creator  
 Like those folks you read in *The Delineator*.  
 So she flew upstairs  
 To get several pairs  
 Of scissors, some cloth and some thread.  
 The coast was clear,  
 The sewing room near,  
 "Now or never!" was all she said.

She sat herself down at the sewing table  
 And pondered as long as she was able  
 On the fashion book with ladies fair;  
 At length her eyes came to rest  
 On the style that she thought suited her best:  
 "Oh, won't I look stunning in that one there!"  
 Said she, "I'll make it like that."  
 And then her heart went pit-a-pat.

She cut her cloth, the edges to sew;  
 Said she to herself, "Now watch me go!"  
 She pressed on the pedal and twisted the thread;  
 Why didn't the material move ahead?  
 It ruffled instead. . . .

Now she arranged the cloth again,  
 (This machine was enough to give one a pain)  
 She started the wheel a-whirling once more  
 And pressed the pedal to the floor  
 She kept her eye on the presser—alack!  
 The stitches were coming not white but black!

Now over her work she bent,  
 For to finish it straight she meant;  
 Everything was going well,  
 'Twas almost time for the five o'clock bell,  
 When (says she) "It's getting dark;  
 I guess I'll have to start a spark;"  
 But when she tried to move from the spot  
 Alas! by the neck she was firmly caught:  
 She had sewed up her tie in the seam!  
 There was nothing she could do but scream  
 For help; for what could a poor girl do,  
 Who was all sewed up but an inch or two?  
 The shears out of reach,  
 She could only screech. . . . .

The door opened wide  
 And Sister cried,  
 "My dear, what a plight!  
 What a fine sight!  
 Things are always coming to light."

Alas! alack! for poor Kathleen,  
 The maid from Cape Breton, aged seventeen!  
 She could scarce get her breath,  
 For she near met her death  
 In the jaws of a sewing machine.

K. MACMILLAN.

## A CATASTROPHE

IF ever you went berry-picking in the very warm weather, you will perhaps know what an awful thing it is to disturb a hornet's nest in the course of your wanderings. Such a catastrophe befell me once when I was a very small girl (a long, long time ago). At the time it terrified me exceedingly, but now I can look back and get quite a laugh out of the experience.

One summer's day I was taken by my sisters to pick berries in a pasture not far from home. I was the youngest and the smallest, and, of course, a nuisance. My little legs got easily tired and this meant a rest every few steps. At last Fanny found a nice large patch of blueberries and she told me to pick from the under side of the bushes and not to move from there or go home, because they would not take me till they had filled their pails. I nodded obediently and we all started to work. Suddenly there was a sound of a terrible buzzing. Not knowing what it was, I stopped picking and sat perfectly still, shivering with fright. In another moment I saw both girls brushing their faces and madly waving their hands over their heads. I do not know how long I sat there before I realized that I was alone. Fanny and Marie had forgotten me; they had fled and left me.

I soon toddled home, and there I found Mother bathing Fanny's eyes, while Marie was sitting in a corner with her thumb wrapped up, crying bitterly and holding her nose out for me to see. It was indeed a swollen decoration, fiery red in the middle of her pale little face.

Mother amazed at my calmness, asked me where I was while the hornets were stinging the other two. Then Fanny spoke up for the first time since I had entered the room and told Mother that I was the cause of all the trouble. She had seen me sitting right on top of the hornet's nest, while the creatures flew all around me. Indeed it was I who had caused all the commotion!

GWENDOLYN MONTAGUE.



# THE DAILY DOZEN

(Being an account of the stunts of the Student Body).

VOL. XX, No. 16

MOUNT SAINT VINCENT ACADEMY.

MARCH, 1931.

(Editor-in-Chief, C. CRAGG).

## NEW FLIGHT ON SCHEDULE

On Friday afternoon, February 27, the plane "Honor Girls" of the M. S. V. airdrome took off for the flight of the month-end. Formerly this flight did not start until 10.20 Saturday morning, but the Board of Directors after long deliberation have decided to have the plane leave earlier in order to see if the passenger list would fill up. Judging by comments from distinguished citizens, the experiment has proved a success, and reservations are already being made for the next trip, which will be made at Easter. The hour before taking off was spent in preparations to ensure a safe landing on the return trip. This safe landing, we might add, is essential to the whole enterprise, for if disaster should follow on Monday, others besides the passengers would be affected. The Board of Directors have not yet publicly expressed their opinion, but it is to be hoped that they will see fit to continue this trip, as it is very satisfactory to the passengers. The fee at present is very high, and while popular opinion is strongly in favor of reducing it, it is feared that it may go yet higher.

## PERSONALS

Miss Doris Otto, who has been taking an electrician's course, has successfully passed all tests and has attained her degree (the third)! To use Miss Otto's apt expression, she has at last "pulled the plug".

Miss Kay McMillan of Saint Agnesville has been for the past year specializing in Athletics and English. Rumor has it that she will return next year to specialize in History.

## FIVE KIDNAPPED

On Wednesday, March 4, a startling announcement appeared on the study-hall board: *Where are*

the Five Kidnapped? Large crowds gathered to read and remained to exclaim. An inquiry was made and it was discovered that all five belonged to the B. Class. The B. English teacher, nearly frantic, organized a search party, and anxious inquiries and messages of sympathy could not soothe her. At half past eight the Kidnapped were still missing. Great was the amazement of the B. English teacher on entering the study-hall on Thursday morning, to behold the Five sitting peacefully on the platform. Her relief was so great that she asked no explanation, but clasped them to her heart and made haste to call in the neighbors to rejoice that the lost were found. The search party was recalled and the matter hushed up. The police were not informed.

## NEW BOOKS

Two of the season's best sellers are "The Lab" by Bernadette Lanigan, and "Basket-ball" by Irene Coté.

"The Ghost of the Top Flat" is a thrilling mystery story written in collaboration by Janet Macneill and Lilian Wheten.

Miss Marjorie Kingsley, the brilliant female lawyer from St. Marysville broke her record of success when she was defeated at the bar in "The Choral Case".

Monthly lectures are given by Miss Sheila McSweeney on "Recognizing and Following your Vocation". Miss McSweeney is an authority on this subject and her lectures are always well attended.

## WHERE TO GO

(A Survey of our Local Theatres).

"The Study-Hall Corridor" presents Miss Mary K. MacDougall in "To the Community Door".

(Continued on page 2)

(Continued from page 64)

Miss MacDougall carries the picture by her superb performance. There have been performances nightly and it is expected that it will run for the rest of the season, if not longer.

To the "Imperial Caesar" this week comes the much-talked-of picture, "The Rivals", starring Miss Norberta Kelly, Miss Eunice MacGillivray, and Miss Eileen Mullins.

At the "Elocutioner" this week is the famous talkie "Make Up". The cast includes Miss Agatha Fultz, Miss Sheila McSweeney, Miss Doris Otto, Miss Constance Owen, and Miss Jane Thorup. The theme song, "I Still Get a Thrill Thinking of You" changes in the second half to "Happy Days are Here Again."

The musical comedy, "Six o'Clock in the Morning" is coming again next week. The principal roles are taken by Miss Dora Shanahan, Miss Rhoda Parsons, Miss Harriet Myers, and Miss Kay McMillan.

At "The Immaculate" this week we find "Snow-bound." This picture with its thrilling portrayal of life amid the northern snows and with its magnificent cast, which includes Gladys Fellows, Lilian Wheten, Tessa Hutton, Phyllis Morash and Doris Blenkhorn, caused much excitement in the making.

## THE PEPPER POT

(We may remark that this section has been reserved for discussion through the medium of letters, of the many and various difficulties which young ladies must face in the course of an academic career).

Dear Editor:—

Ever since my arrival at M. S. V. I have been struck by the peculiar shade of hair exhibited by one of my schoolmates. The other day, a friend of this young lady informed me that until a year ago, when she began to use vinegar on it, the red hair of this person had been coal black. You have probably heard of this method of beautifying the hair, and I would be very grateful if you would send me directions for the application of the vinegar.

Anxiously,

MARY MORLEY.

Dear Miss Morley:—

Miss MacGillivray of St. John has recently published a booklet on "The Vinegar Treatment". If you will send her a stamped envelope, self-addressed and enclosing ten cents in postage stamps (or half a bus ticket) she will send you a copy of her valuable pamphlet.

THE EDITOR.

Dear Editor:—

After much consideration and not a little worry, I have decided to make folk-dancing my profession. I have practiced, but with no very great success. In fact, my last attempt ended disastrously. Had I better choose some other profession? What would you advise? Any helpful hint will be gratefully received by,

SHEILA MCSWEENEY.

Dear Miss McSweeney:—

Your case is not as hopeless as you would think. Try again, and remember—much depends on the running step!

THE EDITOR.

Dear Editor:—

Of late I have engaged in numerous debates concerning the qualities of the French, of whom I am a great admirer. My opponents refuse, however, to be convinced. Could you send me some points in favor of my argument?

Hopefully,

CATHERINE LANGLEY.

Dear Miss Langley:—

The French are very charming people, as you probably know, especially the male sex; and are famous for their politeness. By cultivating their society you will improve your manners and no doubt find further matter for argument with your opponents.

THE EDITOR.

Eileen Joyce: Did anybody see my belt around the house?

Beverly: Not, but—

Eileen: But what?

Beverly: If you keep on getting fat, it will go around the house.

The following lyrics were sent us as samples:

1.

There was a young lady named Carroll  
Who grew as round as a barrel;  
Her uniform was so tight that she spent half the night

In trying to get out of her apparel.

2.

Mary had a bag of peanuts  
Because, you know, 'twas Lent;  
And everywhere that Mary'd go  
The peanuts also went.



## A GLIMPSE OF THE MODERN SPANISH STAGE

IT is not easy to discuss such a general subject as Spanish Playwrights of the Present Day. Spain's theatre is too broad, too rich, to be set forth in a brief article. We could not dismiss it with a few words, because the idea would be too confused, and many important points would be touched too lightly. So let us bring our compass down to a small circle of a few leading lights of the Spanish stage of to-day.

Let us make the acquaintance of the best known of the modern dramatists of Spain, whose brilliant talent has raised him to the apex of literary power and popularity. Don Jacinto Benavente, perhaps the greatest of the moderns, was born in Madrid in 1886, and there he lives, at the height of his career, producing real literary gems, in which are found all the excellencies of true comedy—psychological depth, loftiness of thought, realism and character, all marked by firmness of touch and perfect balance. Benevente's dramas are chapters from life, pictures of the bare soul. He uncovers all hypocrisy, all fiction, all fancy. Sometimes he takes for subject such elements of life as tear human hearts and destroy men's honor, and transfers them to the stage; but faithfully, sincerely, terrible though they be. At other times he delineates a beautiful soul, a magnanimous character, but one not too supernatural to be true to life. He finds his characters everywhere, in the rich hall or in the byways of the poor, and they are always human, interesting, realistic. As a psychologist he pours his deep thoughts into the dialogue of his plays. In one, for example, the theme is expressed in the words: "The harm that is done us is the punishment for the harm that we have done." In his plea for realism he declares that the theatre so far has been only illusion, fancy, unreality; yet he concedes that the effect of this farce upon the tired imagination of men is something refreshing, and beneficial. In the Prologue of his famous play "Created Interests", he says: "Many times at the pageant, the serious laugh at seeing the jolly; and the wise ones seeing the fool; and the poor because they see the rich, who look ordinarily so stern, laughing; and the rich because, at seeing the poor laugh, they quiet their consciences and think 'The poor also laugh' . . . . . " Benevente is now, as we have said, at his best. He is continually offering stimulus to the imagination of the play-goer under new, strong, and attractive forms, exposing the profound problems of life, and provoking thought by such dramas as "Self-Estimation," "Crossed Lives," and "The Honor of Men."

Martinez Sierra is another great name on our actual stage. His drama is refined, and his plots are woven with the fine needle of an aristocratic wit. They are deep and beautiful in their conception of life. There is a trick of exquisiteness in his productions, and all his work bears the seal of intelligence and beauty. Among his plays perhaps the most famous is "The Butterfly that Flew Over the Sea". Even the title of this piece, metaphorical as it is, discloses a delicate, poetic imagination and prepares us for the exquisite prose of the whole play. Martinez Sierra lives in Madrid at present, still producing his best plays on the best stage, with the best actors and the best audience in the theatre world.

Lighter comedy is cultivated with exceptional success by Joaquin and Serafin Alvarez Quintero. Their name is a trade-mark of the most enjoyable comedies and lighter plays of the Spanish speaking stage. There is wit in their plays, there is color, there is action, feeling, beauty—everything that could make a play attractive. Some of them, as, for example, "Las Flores" (The Flowers) and "El Huerto de las Campanillas", (The Garden of Blue-bells) are delightful melodramas, sprinkled with humour and bedewed with tears, in which the Quinto brothers bring out the beauty of Nature and the loveliness concealed in the little hidden towns of Spain, where simple hearts live amid sunshine and flowers. They are known, too, for their faithful and vivid representation of the Spanish spirit, bright, passionate and gay. Some of their comedies, such as "Amores y Amorios" (Love and Flirts) "Malvaloca" (Wild Flower), "Tambor y Cascabel" (Drum and Tinklebell), "El mundo es tuyo!" (The World is Yours)! lead up from a light, care-free beginning, full of the happy spirit of Spain, to a very impressive catastrophe, which finally flows into a natural, easy conclusion. "Malvaloca", one of the best, is the story of a girl, a flower of the streets, in a town in Spain. The bell of the old church of the town, which has been cracked for many years, is taken down and the bronze recast into a new bell. On the feast of Corpus Christi, as the procession goes by, Malvaloca repents in the sight of the Lord Crucified and the man she loves. Then, she hears a voice from without, singing,

"You deserve Malvaloca,  
To be cast again,  
Even as they have recast our bell."

And she answers softly,

"Don't they see that my life  
Clearer is than the sun?  
That I am indeed recast,  
That HE was my crucible."

"Tambor y Cascabel" is of a lighter character. The story is built upon a humorous situation. An old, aristocratic Duchess of Spain lives with her only son in a severe old mansion where for many years the sound of a merry laugh has not been heard. The lady's motherless niece then appears on the scene, and makes her home with her sour aunt. It happens that the little girl is of very lively disposition, and her merry ways gradually open an entrance into the hearts of both mother and son, changing them completely, though at first they appear disgusted with her cheerfulness. The contrast between the young man, always serious and dignified, and the merry, noisy girl, gives us the explanation of the title, "Drum and Tinklebell."

And now I have mentioned only a few of our dramatic writers and I have scarcely begun. You will, however, note that the Spanish stage is very much alive, that its best traditions are not dead, and that we have to-day writers of whom we are justly proud.

MARIA CASANOVA.



## STEPHEN LEACOCK

IF I were asked who is the best known among Canadian writers of to-day, I think I would answer Stephen Leacock. The "Mark Twain" of Canada is, doubtless, familiar to a greater variety of readers than any of our poets, novelists, or playwrights; his reputation has reached England and the United States, where he is known as a journalist, but above all as a humorist. Mr. Leacock, indeed, possesses the qualities which make a rare humorist, and we may add, his humor is genuine and simple. The humor of Mark Twain may be beyond the grasp of many readers, but even school girls can enjoy Leacock. Who does not know his Boarding House Geometry, or his famous personification of A, B and C?

Perhaps it will be enlightening to give a brief sketch of the life of our famous Canadian. He was not born in Canada, but in England, at Swanmoor in 1869. His parents came out to Canada a few years later and the boy's early life was spent on an Ontario farm. He was educated at Upper Canada College and later at the University of Toronto. He writes of himself, "At the University I spent my entire time in the acquisition of languages, living, dead, and half dead, and knew nothing of the outside world. . . . Very soon after graduation I had forgotten the languages and found myself intellectually bankrupt. In other words, I was what is called a distinguished graduate, and as such, I took to the only trade I could find that needed neither experience nor intellect." In other words, Mr. Leacock took to school teaching, which he calls elsewhere "the most dreary, worst paid profession in the world." Later he seems to have changed his opinion of the profession, for after a course in Economics and Political Science at the University of Chicago he devoted himself to teaching these subjects in McGill University and is to-day the head of these departments.

Leacock has expressed himself on every possible subject, and he has expressed himself with delightful humor. He retains the spirit of youth, and all his sketches are flashes of the boy in him. Recall, for example, his definition: "The landlady of a boarding house is a parallelogram; that is, an oblong figure which cannot be described, but is equal to anything." Or, "Any two meals at a boarding house are together less than two square meals." His best work is the series of "Sunshine Sketches" in which he depicts life in a small town. Such things as are said and done in the town of Mariposa are the things that are said and done in small towns the world over. Canadians enjoy his skits on Canadian politics, especially his description of the election in Missinaba County. Mr. Leacock says that everybody in Missinaba County is either a Liberal or a Conservative, or both. The one thing that no one in Missinaba County is permitted, is to have no politics. Although the clergy are not supposed to take interest in such things, yet Dean Drone around election time always gives this text: "What ho! Is it not time for a change?" or "There is not one righteous man in Israel"; and that is a signal for all Liberal members of the congregation to get up and leave their pews.

"Education Made Agreeable" is a delightful farce. Mr. Leacock's experience as a teacher gives him ample material here. He proceeds to use "Lord Ullin's Daughter" as a problem in Trigonometry. The concluding stanza is thus expressed:

"The boat advanced to  $(x + 2)$   
Lord Ullin reached the fixed point Q  
The boat then sank from human eye,  
OY, OY<sup>2</sup>, OGY!

Taking Euclid for an example, he points out the dullness of letting a perpendicular fall on a straight line BC and bisect it at D, as if this were a common occurrence. Why not try the reporter's method: "AWFUL CATASTROPHE! Perpendicular falls headlong on Given Point. Line Completely Bisected at D—. President makes statement, etc."

It must not be supposed, however, that Leacock is merely a literary cartoonist. He has written ably on Canadian History, on Politics, Prohibition, and Political Science. Indeed this author is so versatile that he can turn his pen to almost any kind of writing. He has crossed swords with England's great humorist, G. K. Chesterton, by writing "My Discovery of England" in reply to Mr. Chesterton's "My Discovery of America". To express it briefly, Mr. Leacock has a genius for fun, and this perhaps accounts for his immense popularity in this present age.

EILEEN MULLINS.

## THE MARCH OF THE ONE HUNDRED

A few more steps, a few more steps,  
A few more steps onward,  
Out on the road  
March the One Hundred.  
Forward the Academy line;  
Slowly two at a time  
Out on the road  
Trail the One Hundred.

Forward the Academy line  
With a Sister behind.  
Who dare disobey?  
Forward in close array  
March the One Hundred.  
Theirs not to make reply  
Theirs not to reason why,  
No excuse or alibi  
Can save from the road  
The valiant One Hundred.



A Sister in front of them  
 A Sister behind them  
 As the cars flash past them,  
 Spatter and splash them,  
 March the One Hundred.  
 In hail, or snow, or rain,  
 In sickness or in pain,  
 In slush to their knees,  
 Even though their faces freeze,  
 March the One Hundred.

Flash all their smiles so rare,  
 Rend all their cries the air,  
 Moving towards Bedford,  
 Obeying Sister's every word,  
 Even when she thundered;  
 Or perhaps towards Halifax,  
 Like figures wrought in wax,  
 Perished with cold,  
 Loyal and brave and bold  
 March the One Hundred.

Sister behind them,  
 Sister in front of them,  
 One at each end of them,  
 Has someone blundered?  
 Forward and back again,  
 Forward through snow and rain,  
 More dead than alive  
 Prompt on the stroke of five  
 Back from their itinerary  
 Back safe at M. S. V.  
 March the One Hundred.

When will their troubles end?  
 Ah, the rough ways they wend!  
 In weather foul or fine  
 Can aught beat the Academy line?  
 Noble One Hundred!

GENEVIEVE O'KEEFE.

## THE MOUNT

(With all rights conceded to Harriet Monroe).

THE long, endless (!) corridors, the shining parlors with waiting visitors in them.  
 The Library with its shelves and volumes, row on row, like an army of soldiers, and college girls in black gowns poring over books.

The Social Room with its carpet rolled up and the radio going.

The Music Hall all red and blue and yellow from the sun's rays through the colored glass windows, with its empty stage and straight stiff-backed chairs waiting for the next assembly.

The recreation room with its grand piano, its big chairs all occupied, its bright-colored tables surrounded by chattering groups.

The back stairs leading upward to mysterious regions . . .

The refectory with its round tables and friendly buzz of voices and tinkle of silver and glass; the white aproned novices flitting about with tea pots.

The gymnasium where squads of girls in smart middies and white sneakers move about to orders of "Forward!" and "Column Right!"

The dormitories lined with alcoves curtained off from public view.

"Prime" with its rows of meek, silent girls, anxiously watching the Mistress of Discipline; the Faculty with their note-books watching the girls.

The classes with desks littered with books and girls standing and sitting alternately as they recite.

The music corridor where midst the jangle of sounds girls are seen through the glass doors, sitting at pianos.

The gouter line with the waiting plate-holders pretending not to heed the signs of starvation in the line before them.

The study-hall on Sunday afternoon with the portress's assistants entering and summoning lucky ones to parlor.

The refreshment room with its mob of patrons and nerve racked attendants doling out peanuts and candy.

The cocoa tray surrounded by frail invalids all in need of warmth and nourishment.

The red-tiled pantry with its shining zinc and white sinks and warming oven.

The cold storage with its tiled compartments for various foods.

The power house sending forth light and heat through burrowing tunnels under the terraced lawns, its tall chimney emitting volumes of smoke.

The lights twinkling from every window on a frosty night.

The great sheltering roof, the strong brick walls.

The cheerful private rooms with snug white beds.

The girls tucked in the beds, surrounded by strong brick walls, sheltered by the great roof.

The brains within the heads of the girls tucked into bed, surrounded by strong brick walls, sheltered by the great roof.

The thoughts within the brains, some still whirling with geometry problems and historical dates, some merely dreaming, others revolving the experiences of the day.

But in all brains, in all heads, in all beds, one IDEA: Home was never like this!

JANE THORUP.

## THE BIRTHDAY CAKE

IT was a cold, damp day in early spring, with the frost not yet out of the ground, and a piercing, bitter east wind. Two small figures were pressed against a shop window on Main Street, and two pairs of eyes were peering wistfully into the interior of "The Cake Box", gazing hungrily at the dainties therein. There the glories of the pastry cook were spread out temptingly, and with noses against the glass they were "choosing" the dainties that appealed to them.

"Buster, I want those jelly rolls and the apple pie, an' the jam tarts, an' . . ."

"No, Maisie, you can't have the tarts. Don't you 'member? I took them a long time ago."

"Aw, Buster, I want them—please—All right, then, I'll take the cream puffs,—see?—over in that corner."

"Oh, oh! Maisie! Look!"

This exclamation drawn from Buster was caused by the appearance of the lady-proprietor in the window with a huge cake—a birthday cake.

"Oh, Buster! Did you ever see anything so grand! See all the pink icing! and oh! it's Mummie's birthday to-morrow and we haven't got any money. Oh, I wish we could get her even a little, tiny present!"

"Maisie, I've got ten cents. A man gave it to me for running after his hat."

"Oh, do you 'spose we could get that cake? Dare me to go in and ask how much it is? Come on, let's go."

Arm in arm they entered the warm shop, and happily drew near the counter. It smelled good in there, and besides, weren't they going to get dear Mummie a cake? A smiling, buxom lady met them.

"Well, children?" she questioned.

Buster, being the man though the younger, spoke.

"Please, ma'am, could you tell us the price of the be-au-ti-ful cake in the window?"

Pityingly Mrs. Ross eyed their shabby attire.

"I'm sorry, children, but we don't sell big cakes like that. How much money have you?"

"Ten cents," said Buster; "We thought we could buy a cake for that."

"I am sorry, but we don't sell cakes for that price; but if you tell me where you live I'll bake you a tiny cake to-night and send it to you in the morning."

"We live at 257 West Street," said Buster promptly.

Hitherto Maisie had remained silent, but now she broke out eagerly,

"Oh, thank you! Thank you! But you won't forget the candles?—'cause you know it's Mummie's birthday to-morrow!"

"How many, dear?"

"How many, Buster?"

"Maisie! You ought to know better'n me. But Daddy always says Mamma's jus' sweet sixteen, so there! But"—Buster became confidential—"Daddy,—he's Mister

John Acton, you know,"—(here a man standing by the children at the counter started and looked at them curiously) Daddy's different somehow since he hasn't got a job. But everything's different now, though, "Buster sighed, "Mamma doesn't joke or laugh any more and we never have cream puffs or anything now."

"We must go now, Buster," said Maisie. "Thank you, ma'am and please don't forget to put the candles on."

In a moment the children were gone, and the man at the counter leaned over and spoke to Mrs. Ross. He had a pleasant face, but as he spoke his eyes looked worried.

"Nice children, those. And the boy said his father's name was Acton—John Acton. . . . I wonder. . . ." Here he lapsed into silence and Mrs. Ross merely waited for him to go on.

"I've been ill, you know," he continued, "and during my illness there have been some changes in my silk mill. Before I was sick we had a young man by the name of Acton as assistant manager—a fine fellow—he had children, too. When I came back he was gone. Jones said he was dismissed for dishonesty, but I didn't believe a word of it (I distrust Jones). I've been trying to get the rights of it ever since, and trying to locate Acton. He moved from where he used to live and no one could tell me where he went. Would you mind giving me the address the boy gave you?"

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Ross. "Here it is. 257 West Street."

"Thanks. I'll take that big cake with me in my car. And by the way, I nearly forgot. . . . Make up a nice birthday cake with ten candles on it for my little girl. . . . her mother's dead, you know," he added half apologetically. "Send it to Mr. Henry Wickham, 65 Spring Road."

In a few moments the big cake was out of the shop window and bundled into the car that stood waiting outside.

Ten o'clock next day came, and Buster and Maisie were waiting still. All morning long they had been running to the door under one pretext or another, and now the bell rang again. Buster ran to the door, with Maisie at his heels.

"Is it the cake?" she breathed.

"No such luck. It's the butcher's bundle. Gosh! Won't it ever come?"

"Come, Maisie, help me set the table," called her mother. "Daddy'll be coming home soon."

Daddy arrived, and still no cake. The two children looked disappointed. Just as they were sitting down to the table the door bell rang. Maisie flew to the door and opened it. There stood a tall, well-dressed gentleman on the threshold; and in his arms he carried a large parcel—a parcel which looked very much like a cake box! He looked kindly down at the little girl and said,

"Does Mr. John Acton live here?"

"Yes, sir," said Maisie timidly.

"Could I see him for a moment? Just say it's a friend of his."

"Surely," said Maisie as she led the way to their little parlor.

While Daddy, Mother and the gentleman held conference, Buster whispered to Maisie, "Did the cake come?"

"No, but that man had a big box in his arms. Do you 'spose it would be the cake?"



"No, I don't think so. What would he be doing with a cake? And the lady said it would be little."

"That's true," sighed Maisie.

"Do you know who that man is, Maisie?"

"I don't know. But, Oh Buster, wasn't he in the cake shop yesterday afternoon? I'm sure I saw him—'member, he was standing by me at the counter?"

At last Mother emerged from the parlor. She hugged Maisie and Buster and choked out, "You darlings! Come! Mr. Wickham wants to see you."

Wonderingly they went into the room, there to find the gentleman of the cake shop talking to Daddy, a new, transformed Daddy, smiling in the old way. Mr. Wickham turned to the children.

"And now, kiddies," he said smiling, "I've something for you. Look in that box over there."

Quickly they undid the wrappings.

"Oh! Oh! Maisie, it's the big cake we saw in the window! Oh boy!" exclaimed Buster.

"Buster, see all the hearts on it! Oh, isn't it grand!"

"Come on! Let's bring it to Mummie. Won't she be tickled?"

Happily they carried the big box out into the kitchen where Mummie was crying her eyes out.

"Mummie, dear," whispered Maisie, throwing her arms around her, "the cake hasn't any candles—but you won't mind, will you, Mummie dear?"

MARGUERITE KEENAN, Senior D.

## WINTER

Winter now her cold pall spreads  
Over all the flower beds;  
Soft and glistening white it lies  
Underneath the starry skies.

Sepulchred beneath, the rose  
Waits the time when the warm wind blows;  
The lily-bud prepares to bring  
Winter's whiteness to the Spring.  
Overhead the poplar bare  
Shivers in the icy air;  
The regal pine tree clad in green  
Proudly stands, the Winter's queen.

The cold blue stars in squadrons bright  
Match spears throughout the silver night,  
And icicles like shining knights  
Send back their changeful, glancing lights.

MARGARET CUMMINGS, Senior C.

## THE TALISMAN RESET

WE are told by professors of English literature that Scott's chief claim to greatness lies in the fact that he was the first novelist to recreate the past. By his ability to make the dead live, he changed our whole conception of the Middle Ages, changing it from a record of dry facts to a stage whereon living men and women played their parts. In "Marmion," "The Lady of the Lake," in the classic "Ivanhoe" he has left us striking pictures. But it is in "The Talisman" that he has created scenes which make the Crusades live again. Scott's Crusading scenes are drawn entirely from his imagination, which colors the historical events and creates a background of desert sands, whose monotony is broken only by hastily pitched tents and ugly mountain ranges. What a difference would there have been, what an impression of beauty, richness, and luxury, would Scott have made, had he actually visited the scene of his novel!

One has only to examine the March number of *The National Geographic* to find a score of settings in which Scott would have revelled. It is surprising to find that the knights who claim our admiration for their brave defense of the Holy Land built for themselves in Asia Minor and Palestine lordly castles and huge fortresses. To-day, when historical research concerning the Crusades has brought scholars to the scenes once peopled by the armies of Richard the Lion-hearted and Saladin, discoveries are being made which bring a great deal of new material before us. With the armor clad knights of the twelfth century we must associate a series of fully equipped castles, brilliant with social life and established in commercial and political usage.

Near Arsuf, for example, a little village in the land of Palestine, all that is left of a grand feudal castle looks down upon the quiet fields now dotted with sombre shepherds and their sheep. Hundreds of years ago this same scene echoed with the cry, "God and the Holy Sepulchre aid us!" Had Scott suspected that such a castle existed, would he not have represented the Diamond of the Desert as a precious jewel set within the walls of a magnificent establishment rather than a solitary fount in the midst of sun-baked sands? Would he not have pictured St. George's Mound as a secure and well-guarded fortress rather than a steep incline overlooking a city of tents? What would he not have made of a background of military architecture, if the facts had been known in his day?

On the plains surrounding the city of Acre many of the contests between Richard and Saladin took place. In the background may be seen to-day the crumbling remains of the castle of Margab, or "The Watch Tower." Situated twelve hundred feet above the blue waters of the Mediterranean, it stands a striking relic of the days that are no more. This castle is one of the three in the county of Tripoli which are associated with the name of the Lion-Hearted King of England. The County of Tripoli, a small feudal principality, lying midway between Antioch and Jerusalem, was established by Raymond of Toulouse, and existed until the end of the Crusades. In this territory we find to-day the best-preserved examples of the military architectural genius of the age. The castles of Jubail, Tripoli, Tartius, Safita, Margab, and queen of all, Kalat-el-Husn, are all within the boundaries of this district. Here King, lords, knights, Templars, Hospitalers, performed not only military exploits, but engineering feats which are a marvel to the architect of to-day.



At Margab the road leads up through olive orchards, past a village, and along a steep hillside, till we find ourselves in the midst of a deserted fortress;—deserted, yet the ghosts of the warriors of by-gone days seem to hover about us. The Angelus tolls from the belfry of a neighboring church. We raise our eyes, expecting to see a group of black-robed monks kneeling in prayer. The walls of the chapel are complete; but no priest enters the sanctuary. We follow the guide into the Tower itself. We stop and listen, as if to reassure ourselves that we do not hear the clanking of chains, and as the massive iron door closes, we tell ourselves that the pathetic face behind the bars is only a fancied vision. For here, many years ago, Richard the Lion-Hearted sentenced the ruler of Cyprus to life imprisonment for failing to receive the shipwrecked Queen of England with fitting hospitality.

Great indeed is our wonder at these impregnable strongholds when we consider the inadequate machinery of that day; but the men who undertook the Crusades were no weaklings. With their cause that of "God and the right", they triumphed over all obstacles and built their best for the keeping of the Holy Land. A study of the very enlightening article by William H. Hall in the March *Geographic* merely sets one musing, what a book would have been created—if Scott had but known!

MARGARET LONG, '31.

## TOPICS IN BRIEF

Any girl can keep a secret until she meets another girl.

Bells and prayer lines wait for no one.

"Listening in" isn't very nice—especially when the ones you're listening to don't speak distinctly.

Never put off till to-morrow the sleep you can get to-day.

Long hair can be obtained on the instalment plan—"a little down each week."

Something we hear about but seldom see—frosted cake.

There is time for nothing and no time for anything.

If some girls did all they say they're going to do, the Faculty would have heart trouble.

There's many a brain wave that is not permanent.

Definition of a "good girl"—a creature that somehow just can't go wrong.

There's quite a difference between apples and "apple sauce."

There's many a mile between the algebra question and the answer.

Between the buzz and the bus there's many a girl goes broke.

A slice in the hand is worth two on the gouter plate.

Girls may come and girls may go, but rules go on forever.

Even a quarrelsome girl will make up.

K. MACMILLAN

## A MODERN ULYSSES

POSSIBLY one of the most fascinating figures of old Greek Mythology is that of Ulysses, "the man of many devices", the world wanderer in search of experience. Tennyson represents the ancient hero, returned from his travels, restless and discontented amid the quiet surroundings of his home:

"I am a part of all that I have met,  
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'  
Gleams that untravell'd world whose margin fades  
Forever and forever when I move.  
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,  
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!  
As though to breathe were life! Life piled on life  
Were all too little and of one to me  
Little remains; but every hour is saved  
From that eternal silence, something more,  
A bringer of new things."

Thus spoke the typical Greek. But there is something of Ulysses in every adventurer the world has ever known. The spirit that leads to discovery is a part of the spirit of mankind; and our modern age affords examples as striking as those of any time in the world's history. We take for example the man whose activities during two years held the world amazed:—Commander Richard Evelyn Byrd.

Byrd's career as an explorer did not begin with his trip to Little America. When he was twelve he went on a trip around the world alone. On graduating from Annapolis he planned a naval career, but owing to an injury to his foot he had to retire from active service. With the World War he took up aviation and made his first trial flight after six hours' training. Byrd first felt the lure of the polar regions when he went to Alaska in 1924. After two years' preparation he flew over the North Pole, and here he proved himself a careful scientist.

A leader of men is this hero of the new Odyssey. With great care he began his preparations for an Antarctic expedition, choosing his companions, ordering supplies, fitting out ships. Here we recall the "man of many devices". No detail was too small, nothing too costly if it would help to the end and insure safety and comfort to his men. Like the Greek hero, this Commander is slightly past middle-age, wise with a well-tryed wisdom, resourceful, persistent, "much enduring". Money for his expeditions was something old Ulysses never had to think of. Byrd had to raise over a million dollars, part of it by private subscriptions from his friends. He was much criticized for the cost of the outfit, but he had to have the best of modern equipment if he was to succeed in the interests of science, to say nothing of the safety of his men. It speaks highly of the Commander's foresight and efficiency that he lost not a single man.

Problems of all sorts faced him. He had to make out ration lists for men and dogs, make his air-craft as light and yet as strong as possible, fit out two ships, and plan a radio



station which was to be his only link with civilization for two years. In the choice of his ships Byrd showed himself a true seaman. "The City of New York" was a full rigged wooden ship, slow, but very strong. The Eleanor Bolling had greater speed and loading capacity, but it had metal sides and was not to be trusted to fight through the ice pack.

Ulysses faced the unknown. Besides the unknown, Byrd had to face dangers he knew from former experience, such as the unloading at the Great Barrier, the fearful cracks in the ice, the difficulty of finding a base that would not turn out to be floating ice. There was the worry when his ships did not keep up to schedule and ran low in coal, when the Fokker plane crashed in the Rockefeller Mountains, and when the Geological sledge party failed to communicate with the base regularly.

A great factor in Byrd's success was his skilful management of his men. He was a leader and not a driver. Had his men not co-operated with him at every turn success would have been impossible; but they did co-operate magnificently. Next in command was Laurence Gould, the geologist, who was well liked; in third place stood A. C. McKinley, a retired army officer and a popular leader. Bernt Balchan was head of the aviation department; Martin Ronne, a Norwegian veteran of Amundsen and the oldest man on the expedition, was very necessary as a skilled maker of polar clothing. Every man had his duty, and through the long Antarctic year that duty must at times have been monotonous. Byrd points out in his book that at any rate it was anything but "romantic" shovelling snow, building houses, feeding "huskies" and taking measurements.

Discouraging hours were plentiful, as, for example, when the dogs got sick in New Zealand, when a plane was lost in the Rockefeller Mountains, and when at the very last they were nearly caught by the ice and forced to spend another winter in the Antarctic. Even the compass went astray when they neared the Pole. The simplest method of recreation was reading, and it is interesting to note that of all the books in the small, well-thumbed library, the most popular was W. H. Hudson's "Green Mansions"—a story of the tropics!

The most amazing thing to the public mind, is perhaps the safe return of the whole party, but to me even more amazing is the fact that this indefatigable man is planning another expedition. With his bills paid, and his hard won credit secure, it is rumoured that Commander Byrd is about to set out once more for the Antarctic. The spirit of old Ulysses is strong in him still. For the Greek hero there was no rest, nor is there rest for Byrd. To an amazed world, which for two years has been according him hero-worship he announces a new expedition. Surely we might credit him with the motto of the old Greek:

"To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield".

MOIRA DESMOND, '31.

## JOHNSON THE CHRISTIAN

"Intellect, criticism—Pah! A donkey who has more character is more useful."  
Marshal Foch, 1929.

THE best proof that Sam Johnson was really an extraordinary man is that the general impression of his character, instead of being degraded, has been decidedly raised by a work in which all his faults and weaknesses are exposed without mercy. I refer to Macaulay's Life of Johnson. In order to know and appreciate the subject of this biography, it would be well to make a study of Macaulay's work by the side of that of Boswell, Johnson's friend and admirer, who lived in close association with him and who paints a vivid picture of a truly great man.

Macaulay gives an unfair impression of Johnson. He lays stress on his slovenly habits, his ill-kept person, his peculiar mannerisms. The picture of the old philosopher in a brown coat with metal buttons, and shirt which ought to be at the wash, blinking, puffing, rolling his head, drumming with his fingers, tearing his meat like a tiger and swallowing his tea in oceans, is all that most people remember of him. To them Johnson was a tyrant, and a very unmannerly one at that. Politeness has been defined as benevolence in small things. Johnson may have had bad manners, but he was not impolite, for he was ever benevolent at heart. Into his character was woven the greatest tenderness and sympathy for the unfortunate. When he gave, he gave munificently, because he certainly had known misery himself.

He was eccentric all his life. Besides many infirmities of body he has an exceedingly irritable temper. He had strong prejudices and an intense dislike, almost a hatred for the Scotch and the Whig Party. His pride was extreme. When offered help after his father's death he showed resentment, and on one occasion, being offered a pair of shoes, he spurned them away in fury. When Chesterfield wished to patronize him Johnson wrote him his famous letter, refusing the patronage. Yet he received his pension with gratitude and never thought himself above his less fortunate friends. On the contrary he showed them great generosity and kindness. When people spoke or wrote belittling things about him he made it a point never to give them a haughty speech in reply, and he refused to be drawn into controversy. All during his friendship with the Thrales he showed a noble love, and when Mrs. Thrale ceased to be friendly toward him he never said a word against her. To her husband he showed great gratitude, and never forgot the benefits he had received.

Was James Boswell so weak a character that it was only his vulgar vanity that attracted him to Johnson? When Johnson was only a poor scholar struggling for an existence, Boswell was living among prime ministers and noblemen; yet he esteemed the poor scholar more than them all. Had there been nothing more than vanity, Johnson and Boswell would never have stuck together and the famous biography would never have been written. In an age of society with highly polished surface manners, an age of Deism and irreligion, James Boswell found in Johnson a man who differed from his



contemporaries. He was almost the only definite Christian among the great English writers of his day. Under his tyranny and pomposity of style, the Scotch lawyer perceived a true man. Some of Johnson's essays are little less than sermons; when he spoke he spoke sincerely and from the depths of his soul. His inner life was Johnson's true life the source of his strength, and of that strange attraction which he exercised over his own circle. Charles Kingsley wrote: "More and more I see daily the tremendous truth that all our vaunted intellect is nothing—nothing but a noble mechanism, and that the source of feeling is the soul." It was not the literary dictator, the man of intellect, but the sincere, humble Christian who wrote in "The Rambler":

"The completion and sum of repentance is a change of life. That sorrow which dictates no caution, that fear which does not quicken our escape, that austerity which fails to rectify our affections, are vain and unavailing. But sorrow and terror must naturally precede reformation; for what other cause can produce it? He, therefore, that feels himself alarmed by his conscience, anxious for attainment of a better state, and afflicted by the memory of his past faults, may justly conclude that the great work of repentance is begun, and hope by retirement and prayer, the natural and religious means of strengthening his conviction, to impress upon his mind such a sense of the divine presence as may overpower the blandishments of secular delights, and enable him to advance from one degree of holiness to another, till death shall set him free from doubt and contest, misery and temptation."

GLADYS FELLOWS.

## NEW YORK

Magnificent city, piled high, dug deep,  
Where is your corner for youth to weep?  
Where at the foot of your walls to the sky  
Is there a place for a dog to die?

Where are your flowers and where your trees?  
What child can know of God without these?  
Magnificent city of riches untold,  
What do you buy with your silver and gold?

What do you pay for the silence you break?  
What do you hide with the shadows you make?  
Magnificent city, piled high, dug deep,  
Where is your corner for youth to weep?

MOLLIE CHESLEY, '27.

## "THREE KNOCKS"

(That's me!)

### A ONE-ACT FARCE TAKEN FROM LIFE

BY

PAULINE MELANSON

#### CAST OF CHARACTERS

MR. WEATHERBY, magistrate of the town of Belleville.  
MR. POTTS, the defendant.  
MRS. POTTS, his wife (Edny).  
MRS. PRINGLE, his mother-in-law, and the Plaintiff.  
TWO POLICEMEN.  
MRS. ANNABELLE GREENE, a grass widow.  
SPECTATORS.

*Time: The present.*

*Scene: The furniture store of Mr. Weatherby, pro tem court-room for petty offences in the town of Belleville. The Magistrate's desk, a huge oak table, stands in the centre of the room, while directly beside it, facing the Magistrate, is the witness-box, a Victorian chair of comfortable dimensions. The so-called court-room is cluttered with various articles of furniture, such as beds, bureaus, tables and chairs, upon which the spectators recline or sit or lean, until aroused by the warning looks of the Magistrate, who keeps an eye on his furniture. Mr. Weatherby, let the audience understand, is known to be keenly interested in Mrs. Annabelle Greene, a widow of Belleville of comfortable means, who frequents the furniture store in her leisure moments. The case concerns Mr. Potts, a resident of Belleville recently married, who has been arrested on the charge of Mrs. Pringle, his mother-in-law, of breaking the best china in a fit of anger, the said china being a wedding gift of the bride's mother herself. Nevertheless, Mrs. Pringle regrets the fact that she has started trouble in the family by having her son-in-law arrested. Still, being in so deep, she is at a loss how to extract herself, and is depending on the prompting of the defendant for a solution of the difficulty.*

*When the curtain rises Mrs. Pringle, the chief and only witness, is occupying the Victorian Chair (in other words, the witness-box). Her son-in-law, the prisoner, is standing immediately behind her. The two police officers occupy chairs on the opposite side of the room and are taken up with writing and asking each other's opinion or advice.*

## THE CURTAIN RISES

MAGISTRATE: (looking over his goggles) Your age, madam?

MRS. P. What concern is it of yours how old I am? Well! I'm fifty-two. I might have known you'd get personal.

MAGISTRATE: Your occupation, please?

MRS. P. My occupation? My stars! As if you don't know I'm kept busy keepin' house for Edny and Hank ever since they got married. *(Just then Mrs. P. receives a violent knock in the back from Mr. Potts. This escapes the notice of all except one or two of the spectators—and Mrs. Pringle).*

MAGISTRATE: *(Advancing in his chair).* Is this the first time Mr. Potts has been in court?

MRS. P. No, it ain't! another time. . . .

*(But at this juncture she is cut short by another knock in the back).*

MAGISTRATE: *(Looking up).* Answer my question!

MRS. P. Yes, yes, it is! *(After which affirmation she shifts to an easier position).*

MAGISTRATE: Now Mrs. Pringle, give us an account of your story in full detail.

MRS. P. *turns full around and gazes at her son-in-law, who scowls at her. She stirs uneasily in her chair.*

MAGISTRATE: Well, madam, proceed.

MRS. P. Well, you know, it was like this. Hank ain't such a bad livin' man. He goes to church on Sundays, but he has a fashion of breakin' up things when he gets mad, and when he broke the butter dish of that chiny set I jes' couldn't. . . . *(another love-tap from the rear this times does not escape the notice of one of the policemen. Mr. Potts is forthwith conducted by the said officer to the other side of the room where he takes his stand before a mahogany bureau with a large mirror. He puts his hands behind his back, and when convenient shakes his fist at Mrs. P. who is thus guided in her narrative. This passes unnoticed by the Magistrate and officers, but sets the spectators off into fits of silent laughter. The Magistrate calls for order and the case proceeds).*

MAGISTRATE: You say your son-in-law is in the habit of breaking things in a fit of anger?

MRS. P. Yes! Yes! *(glancing at mirror).* No! No! At least not exactly.

MAGISTRATE: Answer my question. Yes or No?

MRS. P. No!

MAGISTRATE: Did you know Mr. Potts very well previous to his marriage to your daughter?

MRS. P. Well enough!

MAGISTRATE: Is this Mr. Potts first serious outbreak of temper since his marriage?

MRS. P. No! *(glancing at mirror)* I mean Yes!

MAGISTRATE: Is Mr. Potts a good provider?

MRS. P. I reckon there are better.

*The Magistrate glances anxiously at his watch. The time is fast approaching for Mrs. Greene's daily call. He has forgotten to inform her. He replaces the watch in his pocket and looks nervously at the door.*

MAGISTRATE: Now, Mrs. Pringle, we must come down to facts. Kindly proceed with your story, for as yet we have nothing against the accused except that on one occasion in a fit of anger he broke a set of china.

MRS. P. *(getting excited).* Which I gave them!

MAGISTRATE: I now ask you the cause of Mr. Pott's anger?

MRS. P. *(glancing towards the mirror).* Well, it was this way. I says to Edny last Monday morning (we bein' busy with the washin). Edny, says I, we ain't got time to cook a dinner. Hank'll jes' have to take some o' them baked beans warmed over from Saturday night and Edny.

MAGISTRATE: *(impatiently)* What was the cause of this violence? Come to the point.

MRS. P. Oh! I'm comin'. Well, I says to Edny, says I, Hank'll have to be satisfied with them baked beans warmed over and Edny started to set the table.

*The audience groans some of them yawn. Mr. Potts leans against the bureau and closes his eyes.*

MAGISTRATE: Come to the point, madam.

MRS. P. Yes! I'm comin'. Well, I put the beans in the oven and made some tea and Edny. . . .

*At this point Mrs. P.'s narrative is interrupted. On the door of the court room three knocks are heard distinctly and a high-pitched voice pipes up, "Three knocks, that's me!" Everybody starts. All eyes are turned to the door which now bursts open. There on the threshold stands Mrs. Annabelle Greene, gaily attired, her expression startled. Mr. Weatherby's high color recedes from his face. The dignity of the court is forgotten. it is once more a plain furniture store. There is amazement on the face of the lady in the doorway. She hesitates only two seconds, and then with "Oh, my salts!" she hastily closes the door. The policemen grin at Mr. Weatherby. Mrs. Pringle eyes him sharply. Mr. Potts crosses his arms and looks down on him. Edny giggles. Mr. Weatherby seems to shrink. He looks a good twenty pounds lighter and six inches shorter.*

TO AVOID THE FURTHER EMBARRASSMENT OF MR. WEATHERBY AND TO SAVE MRS. PRINGLE'S SITUATION, WE DROP THE CURTAIN.

## HEARD AT STUDY.

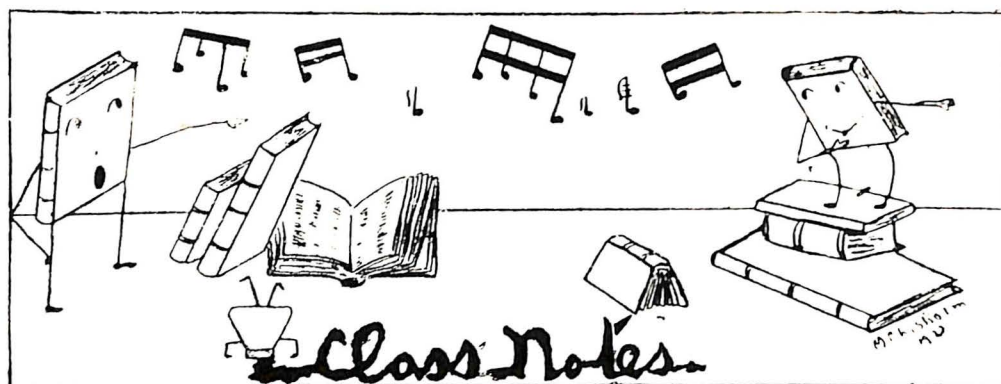
Emily: (in a whisper), Eileen, what's that noise?

Eileen: I don't know.

Emily: Sounds like a saw-mill.

Eileen: Sh! The girls are thinking!





### FRESHMAN STARS

The planet *Silencium* is identified with MARGARET LONG. Its peaceful rays illuminate the night study and eventually extinguish the classroom lights at 9.30. It appears regularly most brilliantly on Sunday mornings during Prime, and when Honor medals are distributed, eclipses all lesser lights.

MARY K. MACDOUGALL may be identified with a planet which can be observed nightly at 8.30, just before and after Sodality. Though not large, it is easily observable without the aid of glasses and seems to have a magnetic power. It has a strong influence in Education and at times affects Economics.

NORBERTA KELLY seems affected by the atmosphere of *Latium*, which planet appears on winter afternoons between four and five o'clock on the road, and occasionally between 6.30 and 7.30 in the evening.

HAZEL CARPENTER is supposed to be familiar with the planet *Lacrymarum*, but perhaps this is a mistake. During the Easter holidays it was seen in connection with dramatic stars in a certain quarter and then was quite bright. It is brightest at History, Religion and Gym.

From the sun itself MARY MERCHANT borrows her golden aureole. Her rays are powerful in the studio, lose their brightness during French Class, but shine undimmed in the atmosphere of Mathematics.

The planet *Infantium*, which moves in a perfectly regular course, is identified with GLADYS HOOK. Its "violet rays" betoken modesty and shyness, and it is seldom seen clearly except in the atmosphere of the Studio Corridor.

MOIRA DESMOND, if one would judge by her name, should be identified with *Hibernia*, but such is not the case, for we find her in close conjunction with *Jupiter* and this we ascribe to her proficiency in Ancient History and her interest in Religion.

Some have tried to identify MARY MORLEY with the planet *Coalum Dustum*, but her brilliance in all directions makes this doubtful. A classical influence seems to envelope her and her serenity is undisturbed by storms which quench the light of neighboring stars.

One has only to stray into the A. Classroom during Trig to observe one of the brightest stars in its glory. Mathematical problems come easy to BETTY and the solution of an equation is as simple as the opening of her vanity case.

*Harmonium* is the star for MARGUERITE McNEIL. With this star is associated the music of the spheres. It is most brilliant in the Music Hall on Saturday nights between seven and eight o'clock.

The planet *Venus* is the star of the golden-haired HARRIET. It leads her to shine on the Academy stage, where she is particularly brilliant. Elsewhere her rays are serene and steady.

MARY CUNNINGHAM has been observed in the neighborhood of *Stellarton*. This star is seen with the aid of a powerful telescope in conjunction with other stars of the "A" Class, hovering around St. Joseph's Dormitory. It rises early each morning and is generally seen in the vicinity of St. Agnes' Classroom about eight o'clock.

Anyone who has walked in the direction of the Elocution Room may well have wondered at the strange star shining there. JOSEPHINE MACLENNAN is a faithful satellite and is brightest when among the dramatic stars. She also shines in the Chemistry room in the early hours of the morning.

ISABEL CHISHOLM holds a place in a bright group of stars known as the Cape Breton Constellation. This group is observed in the latitude of the cupboard or the Pharmacy kitchen and can generally be traced by certain signs known to the confectioner. It appears every evening between 6.45 and 7.30 o'clock.

RHODA PARSONS is a peaceful star that shines every night amidst a galaxy of Collegians. This star is frequently found in close conjunction with the constellation *Aquarius* and is famous for its association with a certain watering pot. The phenomenon may be observed at eight o'clock every second morning.

GENEVIEVE O'KEEFE.

### THE RHYME OF THE SENIOR C's

M is for Margaret Cummings, whose question is WHY?  
 R is for Rosemary with a smile and a sigh  
 J is for Jane, who on cupboards is keen,  
 C is for Catherine, who looks always so clean;  
 D is for Doris, who has nothing to say,  
 K is Kathleen, who yawns through the day;  
 E is for Eileen, who smiles through her part  
 E, too, for Emily who takes Latin to heart;  
 M is for Maria who adores "parlez vous?"  
 G is for Gwen, who has so much to do;  
 S is for Simone, who can't concentrate;  
 And now there is nothing left to relate.

## COMMERCIAL GIRLS

OUR class of '31 is composed of thirty-two pupils. Of this number seven are College students and six are Academy Graduates. It is my pleasant task to tell you about the remaining eight. Let me give you a sketch of this jolly, hard-working group:

CATHERINE LANGLEY, better known as Caddy, is our Vice-President. Though a dreamer, Caddy is always lively at recreation and is a good sport. Her good sense, reliability, and capacity for steady work have made her one of the foremost Commercial Girls. Caddy, by the way, comes from Port Hood.

EILEEN HARTIGAN from North Sydney, is always ready for fun. Although late in arriving, she has applied herself vigorously and with success in the Commercial Department. Nor do her triumphs end here. She is a good elocutionist and appears frequently on our stage.

TESSA HUTTON, from St. John's, Nfld. is a splendid type of girl. She is interested in everything and has a part in all activities. Her name is always on the music Honor Roll and she is prominent in the All Star team.

PHYLLIS MORASH represents Kentville in our class. Phyllis has shown herself capable and earnest in all she does. Her capacity for work has brought her marked success and has placed her name high on the Honor Roll.

GRETA JOURNAY from Weymouth is that little girl sitting in the second last seat. She is seldom heard from except when practicing her vocal scales, but when it comes to hard work Greta is thoroughly in earnest. Her good humour and unchangeable pleasantness have won her many friends.

IRENE COTE from Boston is our star short-hand pupil. She is always happy and care-free and is one of our star basket-ball players.

HILDA GOUTHREAU is a native of North Sydney. Hilda has a sunny disposition and is always ready for a good time. She has done very good work in the Commercial department and has gained the esteem of all her classmates.

CATHERINE McDONALD comes from Inverness. She is a good student and is apparently very quiet, but "looks are deceiving" at times. Her sweet disposition and earnestness have made this little Scotch lassie many friends.

ERNESTINE GENDRON is our one and only French girl. She has won our admiration for the patience and perseverance she has shown in mastering not only English but the technicalities of Shorthand.

MARY ARCHER.

## DO YOU KNOW THAT

(among the B's).

SHEILA MCSWEENEY loves to sew, I am told,  
Just ask her to show you a flat-felled fold;  
She embroiders on flowers  
For hours and hours,  
And now she is making a seam that is rolled.

AGATHA FULTZ is one of those girls  
Who display on occasion any number of curls,  
And truth to say  
She is never so gay  
As when a rôle for a play unfurls.

That dashing young lady named CLARE  
Is reported to have "an affair";  
When she strives to speak  
Her voice is so meek  
"Elocution", we fear needs her care.

A certain young lady named LORETTA  
Has hair of a wonderful glittah;  
She tucks it up snug  
Into a neat pug  
And for beauty no style could be bettah.

There is a young miss named THOMAS,  
A student of very great promise,  
When exams cloud our skies  
She looks oh so wise!  
This clever young lady named Thomas.

A certain young lady named DORIS  
Just loves to recite in a chorus  
But when asked for alone  
In a very low tone,  
She remarks that she fears she will bore us.

There is a young miss named FELLOWS  
Whose praises are heard as in bellows  
At prime every week,  
Yet we find her quite meek  
When the honors all fall on Miss Fellows.

A jolly young girl is NAN RICE,  
I am sure everyone thinks her nice;  
When her music box plays  
We don't mind rainy days  
But are dancing a jig in a trice.

The gay Senior B named LILY  
Doth think it exceedingly silly  
To scream in the night  
And give all a fright,  
For it near caused the end of our Lily.

JANET for the dance is renowned,  
A more nimble young lass is not found,  
She trips on her way  
Like a fairy so gay,  
And her feet seem to scarce touch the ground.

EILEEN is so fond of singing  
That her voice through the house is e'er ringing  
Do, re, mi, fa!  
Tra la la la!  
While her friends to their ears are still clinging.

BETTY LYNCH is our pianist so good,  
She plays when we're wishing she would,  
To her rhythm we dance  
At every odd chance,  
And would dance even more if we could.

SIMONE is a pleasant young lass  
Whose one aim in life is "to pass";  
She studies quite hard,  
Gets her tres bien card,  
And is happiest when in French Class

SHEILA O'NEILL has stage presence rare,  
Whenever she acts we are sure to be there;  
On Saturday nights  
She often recites  
Or plays us a delicate air.

MARJORIE KINGSLEY.



## THE SENIOR D'S ON THE AIR

THIS is Station M.S.V. announcing from the Seton Club. Before we close our series of broadcasts, we want to give you one last programme, and so we have gathered all our artists here to-night:

The opening number will be a duet by Helen Hall and Helen Melitides, "Have you done your Algebra yet?"

Miss Marguerite Keenan will next give a short talk on "Books and Vocal Expression." As Miss Keenan has had wide experience, I am sure her talk will be helpful.

The third number will be a violin solo by our famous Eileen Joyce, entitled, "Dance of the Candy Cupboard". This is a selection from the "pop" concerts which were given during the winter season, and to which Miss Joyce owes her reputation. Accompanying Miss Joyce is Miss Flora McNeil. This is nothing extraordinary, for Miss Flora generally accompanies the famous violinist both on the violin and the piano and otherwise.

Miss Florence MacDonald will next give what I am sure will be a splendid talk on Badminton. Her ambition is to be some day a champion in this game of "push-feather."

The next number will be a vocal solo by Miss Quinn, which however, will be followed by a political speech. Be on your guard, lest she win you over to her opinions!

Next Miss Flora Kearney will give a little talk on the Foreign Missions and the purpose of the Mite box. She has composed a ditty for the occasion and will sing for you, "Go right by the Mite box!"

Geraldine Belliveau will give a short lesson on Domestic Economy and will instruct her hearers in the art of gathering cups after supper. Miss Beverly Gertridg will assist Miss Belliveau and supply any omissions which that young lady may make through shyness.

Miss Amadita Oland will now recite, "Week-ends at Home."

Jean Barnaby will sing a few popular airs for you, and by special request will favor us with "O dry those tears!" She will conclude by a few remarks on "The Gentle Art of Bed-making."

Miss Marion Nowlan will demonstrate the value of tone and the rising inflection as aids to a successful elocution lesson; but you must not be surprised if she becomes distracted and ends by singing, "Moonlight and Roses."

Dorothy Isnor will give some useful information on an interesting subject, "Love at First Sight."

Now, folks, stand by for a moment. This is Rita Mancini announcing from M.S.V. Station, introducing the "Seton" Hour.

## In Memoriam

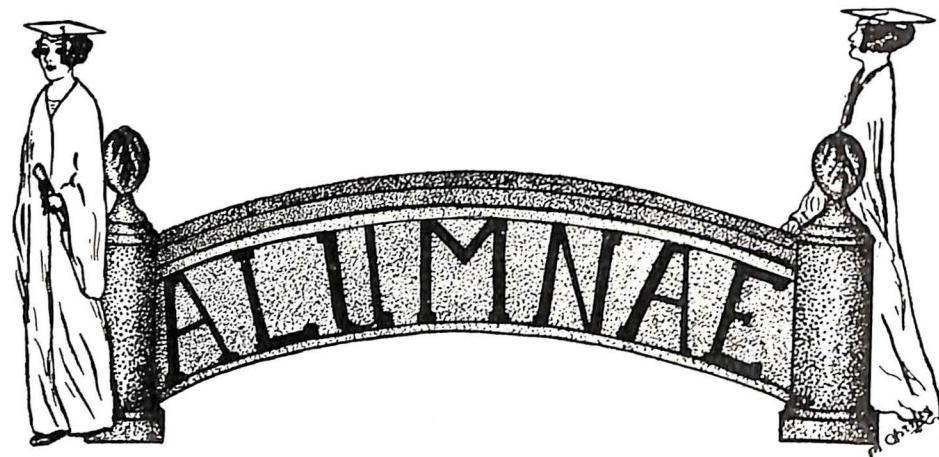
GRIEF was in every heart when on February fourth we learned of the death of Sister Maria Gratia. Only ten days had passed since we had seen her full of energy, smiling and pleasant, fulfilling her duties amongst us. There was a hush in the school when the news went around. Everyone spoke of her kindness, her spirit of genuine service, her geniality. Numerous spiritual bouquets and Mass offerings evidenced the high esteem in which she was held. On Thursday afternoon February fifth, the Academy went in a body to Saint Mary's Convent to pay their last respects to one whom all had loved. The Requiem Mass was celebrated on Friday morning at Saint Mary's Convent and on Saturday morning High Mass was sung at the Mount for the repose of her soul. Among those who attended the funeral were the two religious sisters of the dear departed, both Sisters of the Order of Saint Joseph, Boston, Massachusetts. From loving hearts we utter the prayer,

*Eternal rest give unto her, O Lord  
and let the Everlasting Light Shine upon her!*

*May she rest in peace*

AMEN!





## MOUNT SAINT VINCENT ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

ALMA Mater's children are about to celebrate the tenth birthday of the Alumnae Association. Ten years seems a short time in the history of any corporation, and the organization of an Alumnae Association is a big and arduous task. So that to the casual observer very little may seem to have been accomplished. In reality, however, we have not done too badly. Each year we have moved onward; which proves that our Alumnae are at least active. Each year we are receiving new members. "Sweet girl graduates" mean increased membership for our association.

The four presidents who have held office since the beginning have all contributed notably to our society's progress; each on introducing and carrying out new ideas, which have helped to build up an Alumnae Association of which we are all justly proud. The work of Mrs. O. P. Cormier has upheld the standard reached in previous years, and we take this opportunity to express our appreciation of her efforts.

The activities of the association fall into three groups: Spiritual, Social and Financial.

The Spiritual life of the Alumnae is under the auspices of the Children of Mary Sodality. At the monthly meetings of the Sodality we find always a cordial welcome from our zealous directress, who really devotes the whole day to us, seeing that she is obliged to come into the city from the Mount in the morning, and does not return until late afternoon. We are especially fortunate inasmuch as, following the spiritual talk of our Directress, we have the privilege of Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and a discourse from Dean McManus, who generally takes as theme for his instruction a subject which will deepen our piety and strengthen our spiritual life. We are not only fortunate; we are grateful indeed, for such helps.

The inauguration of Mary's Day has met with good response. This spiritual activity calls for sacrifice and service in honor of the Mother of God, whose day is now celebrated throughout the Catholic Alumnae world, immediately preceding our earthly mothers' special day. We make a small offering of money and we receive Holy Communion in a

body in St. Mary's Cathedral on Mary's Day, honoring our Blessed Mother most by the love we show to Her Divine Son in the Blessed Sacrament and in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. On that day, too, we wear conspicuously the Miraculous Medal. Miss Mary Neville is convenor of this beautiful spiritual activity, and indeed no one could be better qualified to fill this noble position.

Mrs. Dwyer, the zealous Prefect of the Sodality, is convenor of the First Saturday Communion and on the Saturday following the First Friday of each month the Alumnae receive Holy Communion at their respective parish churches. This alone makes our Alumnae Association worth while, for on such efforts the blessing of God falls, bringing untold benefits to the individual as well as to the Society. And indeed, the spirit of Charity animates all the members, as is seen by their generosity to the orphans each year during the Christmas season. The responsibility for this work is undertaken by Mrs. J. S. Sage.

Next we must mention our educational interests and efforts. At present we are working for a scholarship fund. This is not yet completed; for, when there are so many calls for charity, we must give where the need is most pressing. We are moving slowly; but we are glad to state that the fund at present has reached thirty-five hundred dollars. Possibly by the end of the season we shall need but a thousand dollars more to make it a working reality. Miss Mary Reardon, Convenor of the Scholarship Fund, is capable of carrying this rather heavy responsibility, and has shown herself not only efficient but untiring, in her efforts to further this good work.

Chief among our educational interests and social events is the Literary Circle under the capable direction of Mrs. Emerson, who has stressed the fact many times, that the success of the Literary Circle has been due to the co-operation of its members. Still, we are quite sure that such co-operation is largely the result of Mrs. Emerson's own activity. The hostesses for the past season have been: Miss Mary Neville, Miss Hilda Durney (assisted by Mrs. O. P. Cormier), Miss Mary Montague and Miss Muriel Donahoe. The idea of this Circle is to unite the social life of the members and to keep in touch with the best in Literature, Music and Art; especially stressing the work of Canadian poets, musicians, and artists. This year an interesting study of Canadian Civics and Current Events has been introduced, together with a "Question Box." The members have showed great interest and all look forward to the answer of their questions. These meetings are generally accompanied by the bestowal of some favour or souvenir appropriate to the occasion, and are much enjoyed.

The *Bulletin* of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae is received with interest by the members. Through the efforts of Mrs. H. St. George Woodill, the number of subscriptions has increased.

Our Historian is Miss Mary Thompson, whose interest in Alumnae doings is manifested by her eagerness in collecting news of interest to our members and in keeping records of importance.

The Press Reports have been especially well written by Miss Marion Haliburton, who has proved herself an admirable Press Convenor.

The Annual Bridge for the benefit of the Scholarship Fund was held on November twenty-second at the Nova Scotian Hotel, under the able convenorship of Mrs. H. St. George Woodill, who directed the undertaking. The affair was judged to be not only a social but a financial success, contributing as it did, one hundred and eighty dollars to our fund.

MARGUERITE MACKEY, B. A., Secretary.



## ALUMNIANA

THE FOLIA MONTANA voices the feelings of both Sisters and pupils of the Mount in offering heartfelt sympathy to the following:

- To GENEVIEVE GILLIS, on the death of her mother.
- To GLADYS McCORMAC PINEAU, on the death of her little daughter, Betty.
- To MARGARET MACDONALD (Dartmouth), on the death of her mother.
- To MARY KINNEY HAGARTY, on the death of her eight year old son, John.
- To SISTER M. ELEANOR and CARMEL O'REILLY, on the death of their mother.
- To BESSIE McGAFFIGAN, on the death of her father.
- To SISTER M. FLAVIA and LORETTE DONOHUE CRAGG, on the death of their mother.
- To DORA and ADA DAVISON, on the death of their father.
- To KATHRYN MacKENZIE and GERTRUDE MacKENZIE PAGE, on the death of their mother.
- To MARY McSWEEN, who lost her sister in October.
- To GLADYS HOOK, on the death of her father in March.
- To MRS. W. HEALY, on the death of her mother.
- To ELISE, KATHLEEN and CHRISTINE O'LEARY, on the death of their uncle, the Right Reverend Louis O'Leary, Bishop of Charlottetown, P. E. I.
- To MRS. L. X. McDONALD, on the death of her sister, Bertha McManus Walsh, a former Mount pupil.
- To ALMA PENNY and FLORENCE PENNY McINTYRE, on the death of their mother.
- To MARY RILEY, of Charlottetown, on the death of her mother.
- To DORILDA GASTONGUAY AFFLECK, on the death of her brother.
- To LOUISE and JOSEPHINE MUNRO, on the death of their father.
- To MARY O'REILLY ORGAN, on the death of her husband.
- To KATIE AUSTEN MUNROE, on the death of her husband.
- To LEXINA MACDOUGALL, on the death of her mother.
- To BESSIE McGAFFIGAN, on the death of her mother.

## WELCOME!

- To MAY McCORMAC BILODEAU, a son, George Edwin, born in February.
- To MARY McISAAC POULIN, a son, Fabian Kenneth, born in February.
- To MARJORIE SCRIVEN ELLS, a son, James, born in December.
- To FLORENCE MARTIN MIELKE, a daughter.
- To MARCELLE SAMSON BEZANI, a son.
- To WINIFRED BURNS MUISE, a son.
- To GENEVA MURRAY COUGHLAN, a son.
- To WEEDA DAIGLE WILKES, a son.
- To GRETA OGLE McDOWELL, a daughter, Paula Frances.

## CONGRATULATIONS!

All loyal Alumnae will rejoice to hear that Mary T. Walsh, affectionately known as "Mame", has been elected President of the International Catholic Federation of Nurses. All her friends will agree that none could wear the honor and bear the responsibility more worthily. Heartfelt congratulations, Mamie!

Our congratulations go out to Madeline Dubé, who was married early in the summer to Mr. J. P. Cloutier.

On August 27, the parish church at Saint Peter's, Cape Breton was the scene of a triple wedding. Three of the Kyte sisters, of whom Muriel was one, were married the same day. Muriel and her husband, Mr. Gerald Patrick Connor, spent an afternoon at the Mount. Mr. Connor is named for the celebrated Irish writer, Gerald Griffin, who was a first cousin of his maternal grandfather. Mr. Connor's mother is well known in Canadian letters. Mr. and Mrs. Connor will reside in Ottawa.

NORAH WHELPLEY was married last summer to Mr. Charles Crandall of Moncton, N. B. where the young couple have made their home.

BARBARA SKERRY has announced her engagement to Mr. Alfred Bourque.

MARION McLELLAN is to be married in June to Mr. Jerry Horner of Halifax.

NORA FITZRANDOLPH was married in April to Capt. Percy Flynn, of the Royal 22nd Regiment, Quebec. The honeymoon was spent in New York and Bermuda whence the young couple returned to make their home in Quebec.

## NOVITIATE

ANNIE MANTIN, our pianoforte graduate of two years ago entered the novitiate in July and is now Sister Marion Carmel.

MARY GALLANT, a brilliant Commercial of '30 is now Sister Agnes Grace.

MARY DEVINE is now Sister Mary Mercedes.

TERESA MONAHAN now bears the name of Sister Teresa Mary.

ALICE RUSSELL is known as Sister Anna Leo.

PEARL SUTHERLAND is now Sister Mary Margaret

AGNES GARNIER, a graduate of '29, who was pursuing a B.Sc. course in the College, entered the Postulate in February.

SISTER JOHN STEPHEN (formerly Stephanie McIsaac) pronounced her first Vows in August and is now teaching in St. Patrick's High School, Roxbury, Mass.

## VISITORS FROM NEAR AND FAR AWAY

During the summer of 1930 a large number of "old girls" paid us visits, and not a few came to spend a few hours with Alma Mater during the school year. Among others, we were glad to welcome,

MAME and MARGUERITE WALSH, all the way from Indiana. They had motored down in August and were spending a few weeks in Halifax with relatives and friends.

MARGARET JEFFERS came from Calgary to visit her old home at Oxford, and of course came to see us.

We enjoyed a visit in July from ANNIE McISAAC KIRBY, who with her six year old son, Michael, and four year old Kathleen, spent the day with us. SARAH McISAAC accompanied her, and the group was completed by SISTER JOHN STEPHEN, who was then still a novice.

GRACE BALCOM BRADLEY with her little son spent an afternoon with us in November, accompanied by her sister Madge (Mrs. Clary Reardon) who brought her lovely infant daughter. Grace had come from her home in New York, and was spending a few weeks with her sisters in Halifax.

HILDA GLAWSON LEVENS gave us a pleasant surprise by arriving one day in July with her husband and six year old daughter.

JOSIE WYMAN DAVISON spent a few hours with us one afternoon in the fall.

MARY HOLMES was home from New York for a while and so came down from Stellarton to see us. Her sister Norberta is here at school.

RITA LeBLANC has paid us several visits. During February she took a holiday in Halifax, and we were glad to welcome her.

MARJORIE O'BRIEN, who is a student at Acadia, came down over the week end of the first of March, and spent several days with us.

AGNES MacLENNAN, who received her B. A. from the College last year and had been teaching in Digby after Christmas, came to pay us a visit early in March.

JOSEPHINE MUNRO visited the Mount during the Christmas holidays.

EILEEN RYAN and LUCILLE THERIAULT are frequent visitors. Both have excellent secretarial positions in Halifax.

PERYL DALEY came up one Sunday evening and gave us a very interesting account of her sojourn in Europe last summer.

COLINE CLANCEY called on her way to Montreal to continue her studies in Social Service at McGill University.

ISABEL MACNEILL is an occasional visitor. Her sister Janet is now a pupil.

JOAN VANBUSKIRK SILVER came with her little daughter to see us in August. She brought with her LILLIAN KELLY GREER and her little girl.

MOLLIE CHESLEY, home for a holiday, called one evening in August.

MATILDA CASANOVA Y IGLESIAS, with her daughters, Maria and Yolanda, arrived from Havana in July and were frequent visitors to the Mount during the summer. Maria remained as a pupil of the Academy when her mother returned home in September.

EILEEN and KATHLEEN KINNEY, and their cousin, EILEEN O'LEARY CLUNEY, spent a day at the Mount in August.

MARY McHUGH RICH with her husband and little son were visitors at the Mount last summer.

VERA CURRIE ERWOOD with her husband and her sister Mary paid us a visit in August. Vera is now living in New York.

LOUISE MUNRO, MARJORIE MacDOUGALL ARCHIBALD and HELEN KELLY CORMIER, a famous trio of the old days, had a reunion in August and visited the Mount together.

GERTRUDE MacKENZIE PAGE who was visiting her mother in Halifax, came to see us in company with her sister Kathryn.

MRS. T. KENNEDY, who was visiting her sons at their universities, paid us a visit early in October, and gave us first hand news of Madeline's baby.

MARGARET DULHANTY called at the Mount in September. She and her sisters are holding good positions in New York.

BRENDA McFATRIDGE with her husband Doctor Richard Henry Balz spent a pleasant afternoon at the Mount in September. Their home is in Altonia, New Jersey.

AGNES DOLAN and a party of friends from St. John spent a morning at the Mount last summer.

MARY and IDA MARSLAND were at the Mount in September.

MARGARET NOWLAN motored from Moncton in September, bringing her two younger sisters to the Academy.

MONA MAHAR is a regular visitor, and shows her continued loyalty by being ready at a moment's notice for any service needed.

LOTTIE HOLLOWAY, who is taking a post-graduate course in nursing in Chicago visited us during her holiday in Halifax.

JOSEPHINE CAHILL, who holds a very good position in Boston, visited Halifax this summer and spent an afternoon at the Mount.

PAULINE MARSDEN, who is training in a New York hospital, while on a visit to her home here, called one afternoon to see her old friends.

OLIVE GOUTHREAU was a visitor in September, bringing her younger sister to school.

ETHEL TOBIN spent two afternoons at the Mount in early May. She has a good position in Boston and gave us news of many of the old girls.

VIOLA McLEAN also visited us in May.

## PERSONALS

CATHERINE CHESLEY is now with her mother in Montreal where the family now have their home. Her sister Mollie is doing Art work in New York.

MARION BOURGEOIS is employed as stenographer in the Denver State Hospital, in Massachusetts.

MARGARET FARRELL wrote us that she has left Sears Roebuck and is now travelling with her father. The letter was written from New Orleans, where Margaret, having had a holiday, intended to take up a position.

BERNADETTE RUEL writes that she is enjoying a life of leisure at her home in Levis, Quebec.

CHRISTINE O'LEARY, we are glad to say, was able to be present at the Alumnae Reunion in June along with her sister Tena. Her summer was spent at Richibucto, as she wrote, "...between domestic duties and chasing a golf ball."

KATIE W. SKINNER has given us a very interesting account of her work with the Mutual Life Assurance Company. We hope to hear more very soon, as she promised to come up and give the Commercial Class a few tips on Insurance.

HILDA DURNEY takes an occasional singing lesson and favors us once in a while with a song or two. She had a very pleasant holiday in Bermuda in the Spring.

JEAN PAQUET writes that she is now une demoiselle du Monde, and is kept very busy at home in Quebec, but we are glad to find that she occasionally finds time to write us a letter.

JOYCE ROOP is in Toronto working with the Customs Excise Preventive Service, which is the investigation branch of the Canadian Customs. The work, she says, is very interesting; but she intends to take up Flying in the summer. This makes three of the Secretarial Girls who have "taken to the air", so to speak.

MARY FLACK is still working at Insurance in New York and has made splendid progress.

RUTH ADAMS is at home in Lunenburg and has a very good position.

KATHLEEN RYALL writes from St. John's, Newfoundland that she is planning a summer in Germany, where she will continue her musical studies.

KATHLEEN ALLISON is living in Winnipeg and was delighted to entertain two Mount Sisters who were passing through that city last August.

TERESA CLEARY is at home in North Sydney.

AGNES DALLAS has returned to her former home in Bermuda.

SISTER JOSEPHINE (Miss Alice Hayes of former times) a Presentation nun in St. John's, Nfld. died last summer. Sister Josephine will be missed by her community, as she was active in educational interests and a very successful teacher.

HAZEL FRANCIS writes occasionally from New York where she has a commercial position.

DOROTHY McNEIL is living in Hartford, Connecticut, where she has a business position.

VERA GREENE of St. John's, Nfld. has had an almost miraculous recovery from a severe illness and writes that she is now quite well.

ALICE SMITH is training at St. Vincent's Hospital, Brooklyn, New York.

KATHRYN OWEN is training in the same hospital, which she entered in company with Alice in February.

HELEN POWER CARTER has become a business woman and is working for Sir William Coaker. She visited the Mount two years ago with her father, and expects to see us again this summer.

MARGARET and LILIAN ROMKEY are both at home in West Dublin. Frances is now a Sophomore in the College.

KATHERINE WHITE McGRATH is very happy in her home at Milton, Massachusetts, with her four lovely children. She hopes to visit the Mount this year.

HELEN LeBRUN is at home in D'Escousse.

GWENDOLYN HARNISH is working for her father in Hubbard's.

RITA LeBLANC is holding a very good position in the Royal Bank of Canada in Moncton.

EVELYN CAMPBELL, who took her B. A. from the College two years ago, is following a librarian's course at McGill.

COLINE CLANCEY and ROSE ORLANDO, both Mount College graduates, are finishing work in Sociology at McGill this Spring. Both have made an excellent record.

AGNES McLENNAN, one of the Mount B.A.'s of '30, held a responsible position substituting in the Digby High School for several months this winter. Her sister Josephine is in the Freshman Class this year.

AGNES POWER, a former Commercial graduate, is holding a very good position as secretary to Hon. F. B. McCurdy in Halifax.

HELEN COPELAND is back at her old position in Kentville, after a six month's rest in the country.

AILEEN MACAULAY who took her M.Sc. from Dalhousie last year, has been working all winter in Halifax.

MARIE KELLY writes that she likes her work with the C. N. R. at Moncton. During the winter she enjoyed a trip to Boston.

CLARA MacKENZIE is doing stenographic work at St. Rita's Hospital in Sydney and finds her work very interesting. She asks to be remembered to all her former teachers and school friends.

BLUEBELL CUMBERFORD (Mrs. Kenneth Grove) is living in Newhall, California.

BEATRICE ADAMS spent a part of the year in Omaha, Nebraska, but early in the winter came up for a visit to Newfoundland.

MARIE ACKERMANN has a secretarial position with the Maritime Telephone Company in Halifax.

CLARA McNEIL writes from Glace Bay that her health is much improved. We were so glad to hear that. Her sister, Marguerite, the first B. M. of the Mount College, is teaching music at the Convent School in Reserve, C. B.

EULA RICE writes occasionally from Edmundston, N. B. where she is teaching school.

LOUISE and ELEANOR McNAMARA, "the twins," are at school in England, where they were visited by their parents in the Spring.

NORA HARES DALY is still in Trinidad, B. W. I. and writes that she is taking a course in journalism.

JEAN MacDONALD has been living with her parents in Toronto. She was of the Ottawa debutantes of the season and was to be presented at the first drawing room reception of the new Governor-General.

GRETA OGLE MacDOWELL is a regular correspondent. She writes that at a recent badminton tournament in Kingston, Ontario, she was delighted to meet Blossom Davison Agneau and her husband. Greta's home is in Brockville, Ontario. She has three lovely children, Marjorie, Joan and Paula Frances.

MARGARET NOTT has finished her course in Arts at Hunter College, and has a position in New York.

FLORENCE KELLY HANLEY, writes occasionally from her home in Wilmette, Illinois, where her three lovely girls and one boy are fast growing up.

EDITH EISNOR is living at home in Lunenburg. She is a faithful correspondent with her old friends at the Mount.

MARIE AMIRALT, one of the Mount B.A.'s of '30 has become a very successful and enthusiastic school teacher in Belliveau's Cove, N. S.



EILEEN RYAN, B.Sc. '30 has a good secretarial position with the Eastern Trust Company in Halifax.

JOSEPHINE MUNRO is living with her mother in Amherst, N. S.

POLLY BRYNE O'REILLY writes occasionally, giving news of the Newfoundland girls. She has taken a position with the Montreal Life Insurance Company, of which A. E. Heckman Co. are the Newfoundland agents.

MARY OWENS is secretary to the Mayor of Saint John, N. B. and to the City Commissioner of the Saint John Airport. She was previously employed with the Junior Red Cross.

KATHLEEN SHEA has a civil service position—stenographer grade 2—and is working at the Dominion Experimental Station three miles outside of Fredericton. She has held this position for four years now, and ascribes much of her success to the splendid training she received at M. S. V.

MARJORIE WAKELY WOODIL is a very active member of the Mount Alumnae, and was convenor of the successful bridge given by the Alumnae at the Nova Scotian Hotel in November. Her sister, Helen, Mrs. O'Regan, is living in Montreal, and has recently recovered from a severe illness.

MARIE POWER LANCASTER has left her former home in Kingston, N. S. to reside in North Carolina. The trip to the South was made by motor.

ALICE MURPHY is now living in Sydney, where she is working for the Dominion Steel and Coal Corporation in the office of the chief electrical engineer.

MARGARET MEAGHER has an excellent position in Halifax. She is a frequent visitor at the Mount.

NORA McLAUGHLIN is actively employed in Fall River, Massachusetts.

CATHERINE BROWN is at present living with her mother in Chicago.

GENNIE MACDONALD is still with the Canadian Bank of Commerce in North Sydney. Her younger sister, Maude, is a Sophomore student for Secretarial Science in the College this year.

CHARLOTTE MacKENZIE is the senior nurse in the West Coast General Hospital at Port Alberni, Vancouver Island. She came to see two of the Mount Sisters who were visiting Vancouver last summer, and spent a happy hour talking over old times.

ANNIE RITCHIE, B.A., '30 is teaching in Lunenburg County.

MARGUERITE PHELAN, after a long illness borne with beautiful resignation and fortitude, passed away very quietly last summer.

MARY HACHE, one of the happy group of '30, is now secretary to Mr. J. H. Storer and has spent most of the year in Atlantic City.

## THE INTERNATIONAL FEDERATION OF CATHOLIC ALUMNAE



### CEREMONIES

FOR THE

### CAUSE OF MOTHER SETON'S CANONIZATION

HIS EMINENCE, PATRICK CARDINAL HAYES  
Archbishop of New York  
Presiding

SAINT PETER'S CHURCH  
Barclay Street, New York City

Mary's Day, Saturday the Ninth of May  
Nineteen Hundred and Thirty-one  
at nine o'clock

## LOW MASS

His Eminence, Patrick Cardinal Hayes  
Archbishop of New York  
celebrant

## WELCOME TO ST. PETER'S

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## SERMON

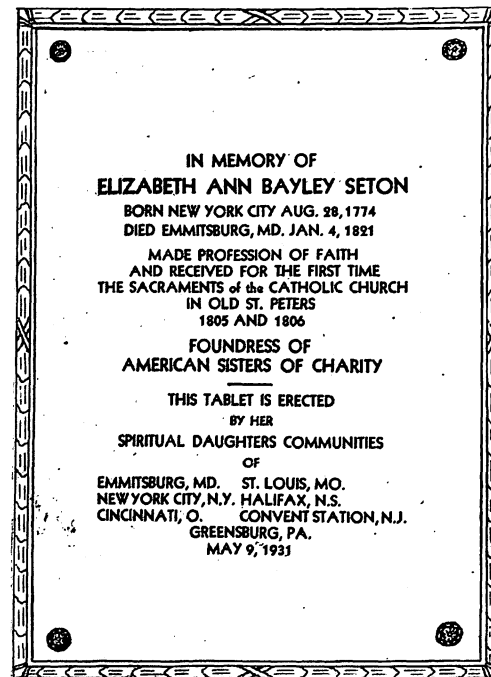
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## TOASTMASTER:

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## SPEAKERS:

MRS. PHILIP A. BRENNAN, President I. F. C. A.  
RT. REV. EDWARD A. PACE, Director I. F. C. A.  
MISS MARY E. BRENNAN, St. Gabriel's Alumnae, N. Y. C.  
MRS. LAWRENCE KELLY, Seton Hill Alumnae, Greensburg, Pa.  
MISS MARION HENNION, St. Elizabeth's Alumnae, N. J.  
DR. ELLEN RYAN JOLLY, Author, "Nuns of the Battlefield."  
VERY REV. JOHN J. CLOONAN, C.M., President, St. John's College, Brooklyn.  
A Representative of Mt. St. Joseph, Ohio.  
MISS ANGELA GEELE, Mount St. Vincent Alumnae, Halifax, Nova Scotia.  
REV. JOHN J. WYNNE, S. J., Editor of Catholic Encyclopedia.  
MR. ARTHUR BURNS, a descendant of William Seton.  
DR. JAMES J. WALSH, K. of S. G., K.M.  
MRS. JAMES J. SHEERAN, St. Joseph's College, Emmitsburg, Md.

Governor Roosevelt of New York in a very cordial letter expressed his regret at not being able to be present at the celebration in honor of the inauguration of the proceedings for the canonization of Mother Seton. The Governor recalled the fact of his own family connection with Mother Seton and mentioned the reverence in which her name is held in the family traditions.

Angela Geele, Secretary of the New York Alumnae paid a graceful tribute to Mother Seton at the Communion Breakfast at Hotel McAlpin. Miss Florence Kelly, a faithful member of the New York Chapter, was also present in behalf of the Nova Scotia branch of Mother Seton's vast work. At the Mass in St. Peter's a group of the Halifax Sisters from various houses in New York and Brooklyn were present. In July a pilgrimage of the I. F. C. A. members will be made to Rome to present the petition for canonization of the venerable Foundress of the American Sisters of Charity. To this petition 100,000 signatures have been appended. Mrs. M. Scanlon, former President of the Alumnae will be one of the pilgrims, and will represent the Mount.

All our loyal Alumnae are earnestly asked to pray that the cause of Mother Seton's canonization may go forward, for the glory of God and the edification of the Church, especially in America.

## MOUNT ST. VINCENT COLLEGE

(From the Halifax Evening Mail)

THE progress and development of Mount St. Vincent College in the six years that have elapsed since its inauguration have justified the high hopes and fulfilled the expectations of its most enthusiastic supporters in 1925. The growth of such an institution must of necessity be slow, but the gradually increasing number of those in Nova Scotia who realize that higher education for women is no fad but a real need of the age, is evident in the increased enrollment of students at this splendidly equipped and splendidly managed institution.

The West wing, erected in 1927 has added facilities for the college work, affording compactness for systematic arrangement of lecture rooms, and providing for the convenience of both students and teachers. Three laboratories with most modern equipment have been opened, one for Chemistry, one for Physics, and one for Household Science. The well stocked library of ten thousand volumes is well patronized during study hours, and the adjoining social room with its comfortable and artistic furnishings, its magazines and shelves of fiction, and its orthophonic victrola and radio combination, offers relaxation and recreation during free time.

Clubs and societies occupy many spare hours and afford cultural opportunities that help to develop talent and taste in the students, while at the same time affording recreation for guests and entertainers. Dramatic Club, Glee Club, Folk-dancing, and inter-class sports provide for enjoyment as well as instruction. These are the diversions (apart from shopping expeditions, concerts, theatre, etc. which Halifax affords) of College life at Mount St. Vincent. Meanwhile a strenuous course of studies is pursued under most favorable conditions and under the supervision of professors of excellent training.

A classical course embraces all studies necessary for obtaining the degree of B. A. in any university. The degree of Bachelor of Music demands a specialization in musical studies and in addition, the usual requirements in philosophy, history, English literature and modern languages.

The course in Secretarial Science, leading to the degree of Bachelor, in addition to the fundamental studies of the Arts course, requires expert training in the various branches of the Commercial Department. Special certificates are obtainable by students taking a partial business course.

The development and organization of the Department of Household Science has been fascinating to watch. This course has its appeal not only for the ordinary home-loving girl, but especially for those who are interested in medical science and the study of dietetics. The full course, leading to a degree, occupies four years, and embraces besides the main curriculum in philosophy, history, and modern languages, special courses in cooking, garment construction, costume designing, chemistry, dietetics, bacteriology, interior decorating, home-nursing, and physiology. These courses are open as electives and extras to College students of other departments. A diploma in this department can be obtained after two years of training in special subjects.

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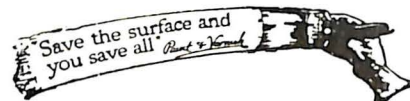




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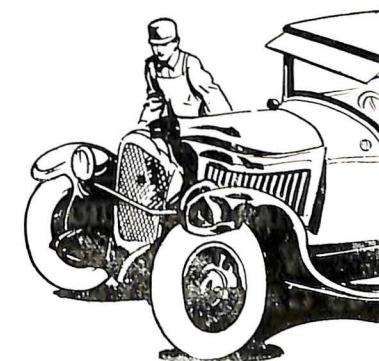
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