



**Folia
Montana**



Folia Montana

Mount Saint Vincent
Halifax, Nova Scotia

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RECEPTION HALL

PROLOGUE

BEHOLD, once more
our actors find an
audience:

(Blessed boon!)—'tis pati-
ence that we crave;

Encouragement, not scorn,
—for that we dare

To part the curtains once
again and stand

Before our friends, whose
flowering knowledge
sprang,

We've heard, from sources
not unlike our own.

So when upon the stage
we strut and talk

("Flat, unraised spirits,"
school-girl-wise), be
kind

And pardon what of
crudeness you observe.

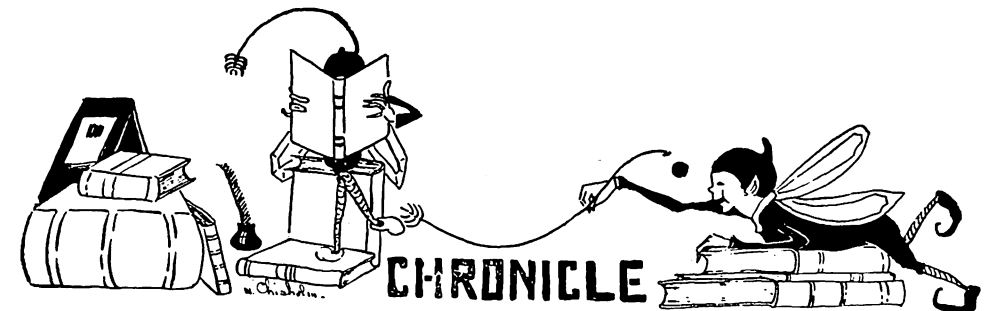
So gentles, all! look now
upon the days

Of '23, and give us a kind
hearing.



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SEPTEMBER

I sat beneath the orchard trees,—
'Twas September, bright September,—
And watched the groups go strolling by;
The apples stirred in a little breeze,
Then I heard the same old cry:

WELCOME back! Why, you're here again! Did you ever see anything like it? I do believe I'll be going to school at ninety! Think you'll graduate this year? Really, now, that's a rather delicate question—"premature" as Sister——would say! By the way, have you seen Sr——r.——rr——?? How do you like my uniform?

I sat beneath the great pine trees,—
'Twas September, gay September,—
On the path that winds up the steep hill
New boarders stood in twos and threes;
I heard, for now the air seemed still:

HOW do you like it? Don't see how I'm going to stay a week. Just imagine! nothing to do but study! No, I don't play tennis. Basketball?? Horrors! My only consolation is we have movies every fortnight. I'll change my mind? You felt like me once? Never!!

I sat beneath the ivied walls,—
'Twas September, sad September,—
And thought upon the many feet
Have trod, these years, the dear old halls;
When, hark! a bell tolled soft and sweet:

COME home! Come home! Come home! 'Tis vesper hour! Thy Lord awaits thee! His Benediction to bestow! Come in! Come back! Come home! His Blessing on thy year!

And so they passed, the new, the old,
Like lambs into a well-loved fold:
For though the outside sweet had been,
'Twas brighter, sweeter far, within.

HALLOWEEN

THE first Senior reception of the year was given by the A and B Club on October thirty-first. Dim lanterns, ubiquitous cats, ghostly trees, so transfigured the Music Hall that we thought we had been spirited into Goblin Land. Indeed, a goblin and a ghost made us welcome, and immediately presented us to Mother Goose, whose very long nose and very peaked hat were a source of amazement. The dance began, in and out and round about the ghostly trees and bobbing Jack o'Lanterns which nodded in time with the music to the ubiquitous grinning cats.

Refreshments were served and games followed. Strange shadows and grotesque were thrown upon the curtain in the Atrium, and it was our task to guess. Then there were candle-blowing and apple-eating contests, and best of all, "Earth, Water or Air", wherein one's future state in life was clearly foreshown by one's luck in putting her finger into a dish of earth, a dish of water, or an empty dish. As a number of young ladies stuck their fingers into earth, we look to a big novitiate next year!

Truly the hours flew; but bed-time arrived, and we took leave of our hostesses: Mary Arbing, Florine Wright, Fannie Hayes, Ena Barberie, Helen Byalin, Muriel Donahoe, Catherine Chesley, Mercedes Finn, Miriam Allison, Ruth Hayes, Catherine Campbell.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

OUR first real congé! What should we do with it? We were not long in deciding. The visit to the Orphanage last year was such a success that it was quite plain we could not do better than to repeat the experiment. So, after an early lunch, we set out, a score of girls to whom "Home Sweet Home" means somewhere far away, too far at any rate for a week-end trip. Fruit and candy made us welcome visitors to our little friends, and they in

turn entertained us royally, while the good Sisters set forth a tempting lunch. After a few more songs and dances, we bade them farewell, and returned to the Mount, where an evening's entertainment was provided in a whist party of five tables, with real prizes, and lemonade and cake! So sped Thanksgiving Day.

FORTY HOURS' DEVOTION AT MT. ST. VINCENT

(From the Halifax Gazette)

ON Saturday, October twenty-eighth, the Devotion of the Forty Hours opened at Mt. St. Vincent with Solemn High Mass, and a procession of the Blessed Sacrament. The celebrant was the Mount chaplain, the Rev. J. B. O'Reilly, C.J.M; the deacon, Rev. T. Delaney; and the sub-deacon, Rev. G. Courtney. The ceremonies, impressive in themselves, were enhanced by the beauty of the Roman chapel and especially of the sanctuary with its imposing altar ablaze with lights and laden with flowers. In the procession of the Blessed Sacrament walked the Children of Mary followed by the Sisters, postulants and novices, all chanting the Pange Lingua and bearing lighted candles. The Mount chapel windows are now complete, and their rich coloring added to the splendor of the scene.

The safe delivery of these windows from Munich and their installment in the chapel is a source of satisfaction to friends of the Mount. The storied panes represent the life of the Blessed Virgin as shown in the Joyful Mysteries. The sanctuary window pictures Our Lady Immaculate. In the nave we find, on the Gospel side, the Presentation of Our Lady in the Temple, the Annunciation, and the Visitation. On the Epistle side, starting from the rear end of the Chapel, the series continues with the Nativity of Our Saviour, the presentation of the Christ Child in the temple, and the coronation of Our Lady. The triple windows at the end of the transept, on the Gospel side, show Saint Vincent de Paul, in three episodes of his life; first relieving a galley slave of his chains, second, healing a sick boy; third, bringing orphans to the hospice of the Sisters of Charity. In the Epistle transept, three windows represent the spirit and works of Mother Seton's community; the work of education, the animating spirit of the Daughters of Charity, and the Holy Vows.

Above, on either side are represented St. Michael, Angel of the Blessed Sacrament, and St. Raphael, protector against fire. The clerestory and tribune windows are conventional, and beautifully designed.

The coloring and artistic grouping of the figures in these windows cannot be surpassed on this side of the Atlantic. They are truly art treasures.

THE CHRISTMAS CONCERT.

EXAMS were over and the calendar pointed close to the longed-for twenty-first, when all at once we had a Christmas concert. A one-act play was provided in which a motley assemblage of persons from history and fiction found themselves upon our stage. The cast of The Key was as follows:

Marjorie, a little school girl	- - - - -	MARGARET DAVIDSON.
Arabella, her doll	- - - - -	MADLINE DAVISON
The Blue-bird	- - - - -	GERTRUDE LEAHY.
Japanese ladies	- - - - -	JOAN TEMPLE, HELEN STOKES
Admiral Nelson	- - - - -	HELEN WAKELY.
Priscilla	- - - - -	MARGARET CARNELL.
Jeanne d'Arc	- - - - -	ADA DAVISON.
James Fitz-James	- - - - -	KATHLEEN PERY.
Roderick Dhu	- - - - -	CATHERINE BELLIVEAU.
Jack-in-the-Box	- - - - -	MARIE ACKERMAN.
Santa Claus	- - - - -	FLORINE WRIGHT

After various antics, in which the toys around the Christmas tree indulged, Santa was ready to distribute the contents of his bulging pack. With sundry remarks and a few apologies for his slowness in extricating the right article at the right moment (due, of course to Mrs. Santa's scientific packing) and with the help of Jack (now out of his box, but in his element) the old gentleman managed to find the Christmas gifts which the following verses accompanied:

To Vivian Power old Santa knows
How a useful gift to send;
For watering precious plants, this hose
Will surely prove a friend.

For Kathleen Hagen this Chemistry
Will be a gift of use;
A few extra lessons, you will see.
We've had to introduce.

As over our Christmas list we look,
For Dot Zwicker we find a Palmer book.

To Helen, a lady of taste and art,
We present a copy of Brenda's heart.

To Brenda McFatridge, our singing bird sweet
We give high heeled slippers for dainty feet.

Mary McNeil is much inclined
A peculiar delight in Trig to find;
Trig days, alas, are past, and so
We offer this Murray as a memento.

Fanny Hayes is bound to win;
We give her a recipe for getting thin.

A match for Coline Clancey
Will surely take her fancy.

For Helen McAleenan pale,
We've brought a bottle of ginger ale.

Mary Marsland, 'tis understood,
Is just as bright as she is good;
In the Commercial class she takes the lead,
We give this medal to her for speed.

For Margaret Davidson so frail,
We've brought this beautiful black veil.

Margaret Nowlan is always prowlin'
Round the sewing room;
So that her work she may not shirk,
We give her this nice broom.

Margaret Smith has learned to smile
So we offer her this glass;
Just hang it in the Commercial room
And practise after class.

This card's for Lucy Foley,
That she may be more holy.

Ena Kyte is rather shy;
A bottle of courage for her we'll try.

Now what have we for Helen Grant?
A curler it seems to be;
Just try it once, dear Helen,
And see what the effect will be.

A lollypop for Miss Dunlop
Would be the very thing;
But instead, some knowledge
That will serve for college
To her in this box we bring.

K. Pery, take this cushion of down;
'Twill save at night your curled crown.

Isabel Kennedy will not weep
If we give her a potion to put her to sleep.

Here's a stick for Mary Kane;
Quite in keeping with her name.

Here's a pen for little Ruth Hayes
She'll find good use for it on Sundays.

Some note-paper and stamps I bring
To Helen Almolky,—the very thing.

A très bien here for Margaret Nott;
I found it by the way.
If I don't give it as a present,
She'll be without it till Judgment Day.

For Ida here's a kerchief
To wipe the tears away.
Just carry it in your pocket
And use it every day.

For Marie Power, I've an air-tight box
To keep her temper in.
For if she lost her temper
'Twould surely cause a din.

Dorothy McNeil, you study so deep,
I've decided to give you a very long sleep.

For Helen Casey here's a case;
It suits well with her name;
That a case should have a Casey,
Is our sole end and aim.

Catherine Campbell, you're so sweet,
A box of candy is most meet.

Petronilla will surely like a broom
With which to dust a certain class-room.

A record for Margaret Ross we've found;
To take down her speeches so she'll hear how
they sound.

To Alice Ward so bright and gay,
We give a doll so she can play.

Now Marguerite Phelan, do not blush;
I've brought you, dear, a nice paint-brush.

A prescription here for Frances Stokes;
And pray, what does it say?
"If you really want to decrease, Miss Stokes,
Work harder every day."

To Rose Orlando, so sweet and good,
We give a medal of leather:
For during the term that's just gone by,
Keeping her lips together.

For Florence Leary here's a book of short-
hand;
Just read it through, and you'll understand.

Mona Mahar has the name of a star,
Here's some "shine" that will make her
gleam from afar.

Eva Abbis is so quiet a mouse
We scarcely know that she's in the house;
And so that we can always tell,
We'll hang round her neck this little bell.

Mary Hogan so slim and high,
Here's a duster with which you can dust the
sky.

Robina's thoughts are roamin'
To the music room down stairs;
There you'll find her in the gloamin'
With this little book of airs.

A piece of Scotch plaid
To Ena Barberie we give,
And we hope that in Scotland
Her dreams may yet live.

Helen Wakely here's a basket-ball;
Just play the game in spite of all.

For Muriel Donahoe sails we find;
You can spread them Muriel, in the wind.
We hope they will always bring good cheer,
And dry up many a salty tear.

Mary Lyons had a little cat;
 Its name was Imogen;
 And every time that Mary spoke,
 'Twas of the cat again.
 To Mary then we give advice—
 (She takes it by the peck)
 Just tie this little halter
 Around dear Imogen's neck.

For Marjorie Arthur here's a puff,
 Of powder she surely has enough.

A road ticket for Monday's we give to K. Shaw
 It's good during freezing, and good during
 thaw.

Margaret Dulhanty so tall and thin
 Strives to show off her knowledge of gym.
 A dumb-bell we give to aid in the art
 Which we know is the dearest of all to her
 heart.

Studious looking is Mollie Wood
 In the refectory long years of service she's
 stood;
 So now when this first term is nearly up
 We offer for Christmas a dainty cup.

To Elizabeth's loving heart
 We offer just a Cupid's dart.

Marjorie Haverstock sometimes can balk;
 So here's a megaphone to help her talk.

For Kathleen Allison a studious B
 We give these spectacles to help her see.

To F. Connors we give a map of Mars,
 So she can stay up at night and study the stars.

I have for Joyce a thing of choice;
 It is a record book;
 So when a case you wish to trace
 Just open this and look.

As Mercedes gives us tin-a-ling;
 I've brought to her a very loud ring.

"I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls,"
 Ah, Miriam, 'twas no dream;
 With this spy-glass you can stand afar,
 And through it on Her beam.

THE MID-YEAR PLAY

TO celebrate Reverend Mother's feast-day, the drama "Lumen Christi" was presented on February Twelfth. The cast was as follows:

Nemesius, Commander of the Imperial Legions	-	-	-	KATHLEEN NEVILLE
Fabian, his friend	-	-	-	ADA DAVISON
Claudia, his little daughter	-	-	-	MARIE ACKERMAN
Zilla, her attendant	-	-	-	KATHLEEN HAGEN
Princess Vivian	-	-	-	ENA BARBERIE
Laodice, a Roman lady	-	-	-	EVELYN COLWELL
The Sibyl of the mountain	-	-	-	IDA MARSLAND
The Cypriot, slave to Laodice	-	-	-	FLORINE WRIGHT
Roman Emperor	-	-	-	VIVIAN POWER
Roman Pontiff	-	-	-	MARY ARBING
Soldiers, Maidens, Slaves, Christians.				

The play was pronounced by all a success. The musical programme rendered by the orchestra was, as usual, excellent, especially the Selections from Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" and the exquisite "Princesse Juanne" of St. Sæns. The pupils and teachers were warmly congratulated by Reverend Mother on the general excellence of the work done during the first half year, as testified by the afternoon's performance. Our felicitations were offered and our presentation of flowers made by Miss Margaret Davidson.

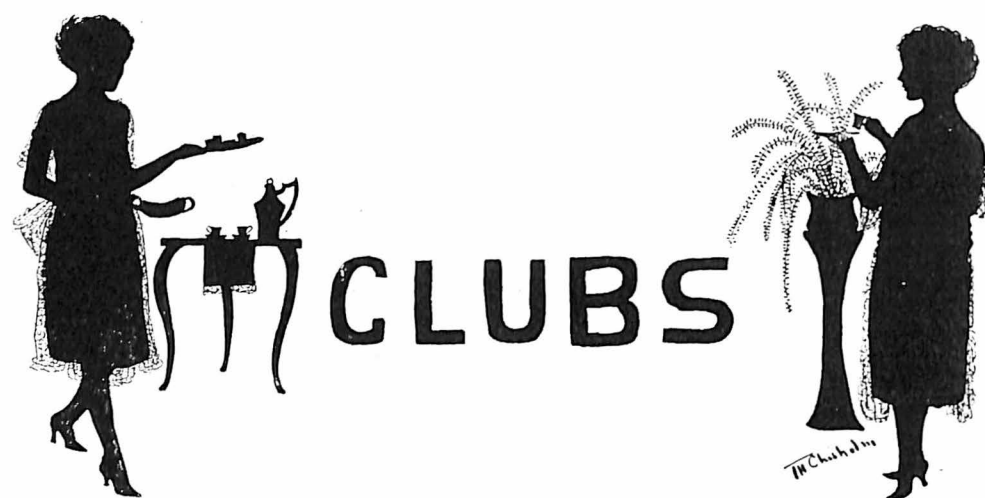
MARDI GRAS

A congé on the day succeeding the mid-year play!—a consummation devoutly to be wished! Yet so it was, and it turned out to be a congé in the real old style, with an eight o'clock sleep, sausages for breakfast, high dinner, high tea,—n'everything!

Instead, however, of the usual masquerade ball, we were invited by the members of the Alphakaibeta Club to an evening whist and dance. The music hall, that chamber of transformations, was now luxurious under the softened glow of drop lights shaded with orchid and gold. The stage was a dainty bower where tall jonquils on the serving tables blended softly with the intertwinings of lilac and gold. It was a beautiful place to talk and play in, and under the low lights the groups at the card tables were both animated and subdued. The game over, prizes were awarded; to Miss Petronilla Commins, first prize; to Miss Christianne Morazé, second prize; to Miss Elizabeth Cavanaugh, consolation! Though all the prizes were beautiful and useful, Miss Cavanaugh's, we hope, will be carefully preserved for future use.

Refreshments were served and dancing followed. The evening was altogether delightful, and to our kind hostesses we rendered hearty thanks. The members of the Alphakaibeta Debating Society are: The Misses Mary McNeil, Dorothy Zwicker, Kathryn Shaw, Kathleen Allison, Kathleen Hagen, Isabel Dunlop, Coline Clancey, Vivian Power, Marjorie Haverstock, Rose Orlando.





CLUBS

ALPHAKAIBETA

President	-	-	-	-	-	KATHLEEN HAGEN
Secretary	-	-	-	-	-	KATHRYN SHAW

A AND B

President	-	-	-	-	-	MARY ARBING
Secretary	-	-	-	-	-	MURIEL DONAHOE
Treasurer	-	-	-	-	-	CATHERINE CHESLEY

COMMERCIAL

President	-	-	-	-	-	MOLLY WOOD
Vice-President	-	-	-	-	-	PETRONILLA COMMINS
Secretary	-	-	-	-	-	MARY MARSLAND

BENSON CIRCLE.

President	-	-	-	-	-	IDA MARSLAND
Vice-President	-	-	-	-	-	MARGARET ROSS
Secretary	-	-	-	-	-	MARY LYONS
Treasurer	-	-	-	-	-	LOUISE GRASSBY

SENIOR D

President	-	-	-	-	-	MARGARET REARDON
Secretary	-	-	-	-	-	KATHLEEN PERY
Treasurer	-	-	-	-	-	MARY HOGAN

SAINT PATRICK'S DAY

ABOUT a week before March seventeenth, the Benson Reading Circle sent out the following invitation to the Senior Clubs:

"On St. Patrick's Day in the evenin'
We'll be servin' a high Green Tea;
Let every colleen wear a ribbon of green
And join in the jollity."

The following are the answers:

"On the night ye'll be givin' yer high Green Tea
Sure, we'll be merry as colleens can be:
With our ribbons of green we'll be proud to be seen
And glad to be served at yer high Green Tea."
The Senior D. Club.

"That we'd like to come to your party
We are very glad to say;
For we know you'll make us all merry
On good St. Patrick's Day."

The Alphakaibeta Club.

"On St. Patrick's Day at your high Green Tea
The Commercials will join in the jollity;
And every colleen is sure to be seen
Decked in her shamrock and ribbon of green."
The Commercial Club.

"We're just after receivin' yer card, me dears,
And there's nothin' we'd like more
Than to go to your high Green Tea, . . . three cheers!
For we're green right through to the core."
The A and B Club.

"On St. Patrick's Day in the evenin' " the gymnasium was a fairy land of green and white, with shamrocks scattered everywhere, and butterflies perching at odd angles as if they were the fairies' horses just waiting for their wee owners to mount them to fly away again to the Emerald Isle. The Harp occupied, of course, the place of honor. The tables, dainty and inviting, were soon surrounded by merry guests who wore the prescribed ribbon of green. A pompous little butler in green livery afforded great amusement while announcing the honorable ladies and ushering them to their places. The hostesses presented themselves as waitresses in white uniforms and green and white caps. The supper they served was delicious, and during the course of it the orchestra played Irish airs, alternating with songs and dances suitable for the occasion.

The programme was as follows:

Reading:—The Miraculous Medal	-	-	-	MISS IDA MARSLAND
Irish Lilt	-	-	-	MISS M. PHELAN AND MISS M. NOTT
Song—The Kerry Dancing	-	-	-	MISS KATHERINE WHITE
The Irish Washwoman	-	-	-	MISS GERTRUDE LEAHY
Song—"Pat"	-	-	-	MISS KATHERINE WHITE
Reading—"The Fighting Ninth"	-	-	-	MISS ADA DAVISON

Supper was followed by dancing, and truly all joined in the jollity. The evening closed with the singing of the school song: "O Hills and Halls of M. S. V."

The members of the Benson Reading Circle are: Mary Lyons, Louise Grassby, Ida Marsland, Margaret Ross, Marguerite Phelan, Florence Connors, Margaret Nott, Alice Ward, Helen Wakely, Robina Romans, and Elizabeth Cavanaugh.

THE COMMERCIAL CLUB.

THE Commercial of '23 have been dubbed "brilliant", and rightly so. Of their efficiency in class we have had weekly testimony at prime; of their general good-nature and helpfulness, the whole staff bears witness; of their love of fun and real jollity, their school companions testify. Their "theatre party" and supper on May 19th was a most enjoyable event; and their Court Session held on May 20th provided one of the best and heartiest laughs of the year. May their "esprit de corps" be handed on to the next generation of Commercial girls, along with the "beloved teacher" and many other "precious things" willed to the class of '24!

PHOTOPLAYS

AMONG the interesting entertainments provided during the year, we reckon the following photoplays:

The Career of Nelson, Our Mutual Friend (Dickens), The Single Man, The Kentuckians, Ever Since Eve, Over the Hill, Straight from the Shoulder, Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford, Three Live Ghosts, The Jail Bird, Bachelor Daddy, Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush, The Little Minister.

The Saturday fortnightly recitals were held as usual.

INTERESTING VISITS AND TALKS

EARLY in October, Mr. Edward Brigham of New York gave the student body an afternoon's programme in readings and songs. The most familiar and probably the best appreciated of the selections were: The River of Stars, Gunga Din, and The Erl Konig.

In February, one of the teaching staff of St. Patrick's High School gave us a treat in the form of a very interesting talk on Tennyson, His Personality, and His Works. Illustrations of the power and sweetness of Tennyson's verse were furnished by three excellent readers from St. Patrick's. They interpreted for us, "Dora", "Tomorrow", and "The Northern Farmer". Several of the songs from The Princess were beautifully rendered by the St. Mary's Children's

Choir, under the direction of one of the Sisters. "Crossing the Bar", a solo by a boy soprano, appropriately ended this very pleasing programme.

During the winter Miss Irene Keoghan, a graduate of Simmon's College, Boston, gave some useful lectures on Household Science.

On Wednesday May 9th, the pupils had the pleasure of entertaining the Champion Typist of Canada, Mr. Fred Jarrett of Toronto.

Mr. Jarrett, in his turn, gave a very fine exhibition of his skill on the machine, writing at the rate of 107 words a minute for five minutes and giving several one minute tests at the rate of 182 words a minute without error. He then demonstrated the fine points of the Underwood machine, thereby giving us a very interesting lesson in the technique of typewriting.

Mr. Jarrett enjoyed his visit to the Mount and we enjoyed having him with us.

THE CHAPEL

THE beautiful chapel of the Immaculate Conception is now almost complete in its furnishings; and we note with pleasure that most of these are the gifts of generous friends. The striking statue of our Lady Immaculate which stands over the altar was donated some years ago. The altar itself, of pure Carrara and Pavonazzetto marble, is another donation; such also are the oak pews. During the past year, other gifts have been offered: a three manual organ, a beautiful sanctuary lamp, and the Stations of the Cross. The Stations are the work of an Italian artist, Ferdinando Palla and were sculptured at Pietrasanta, Italy. The framework of each Station is white Carrara marble, delicately chiselled; the reliefs are in ivory finish. They have been set into the chapel walls and are strikingly ornamental as well as devotional. The stained glass windows have already received mention in another part of this book. Three beautifully carved sanctuary chairs have been recently added. The chapel needs only the side altars to make its furnishing complete.

THE LIBRARY

OLD pupils visiting the Mount will be surprised to find that the library is no longer opposite the Music Hall. To find our book-shelves, you must travel upstairs to the study hall; for thither all books have been transferred, so that the long room now presents a very scholarly appearance, lined as it is with volumes. With immense labor, the whole library has been re-catalogued according to the Dewey Decimal System, and a filing cabinet has been installed. This systematic arrangement of our collection provides for the future enlargement of the library.

A library fund was started with a gift of fifty dollars from Mrs. T. H. McDonnell of Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts. The new book-shelves were

purchased through the generous contributions of friends who filled slips for chances on a luncheon set. The set was won by Miss Eleanor Le Mesurier of Montreal.

His Grace Archbishop McCarthy has contributed eighteen volumes. Miss Kitty Power has presented the library of her father, the late Senator Power; a large collection. During the past year from Mrs. Andrew Aprea we have received 15 vols; from Mrs. T. H. McDonnell, 6 vols; from Miss Ethel Harvey, 6 vols; from Miss Alexia Kyte, 2 vols; from Miss Ena Kyte, 7 vols; from the A and B Club, 10 vols; from the Senior D Club, 5 vols; from the Alphakaibeta Society, 3 vols; from the Benson Circle 3 vols. Miss Mary Arbing and Miss Greta Brunt have each presented 2 vols; Miss Catherine Chesley and Miss Gladys McCormac, each 3 vols. From the following we have received 1 vol: Miss Margaret Kelly, Katherine C. White, Muriel Donahoe, Catherine Campbell, Helen Byalin, Brenda McFatridge, Marguerite Bellivau, Evelyn MacNeill, Louise Munro, Marie Power, Kathryn Shaw. Subscriptions to magazines have been given by Mr. M. R. Kelly, Mr. W. D. Kelly, Miss Evelyn MacNeill.

TO CARDINAL NEWMAN

"Keep Thou my feet!"—thus didst thou pray,
Ah, years ago; and now to-day
Dear Father, I commit my way
To thee;—lead thou me on!

On thee "those angel faces smile";
May thine among the rest beguile
The dulness of life's lonely while
For me;—"till night is gone."

M. L.



VIOLINS

B. DAVISON
R. HAGEN
K. ALLISON
F. CONNORS
M. MONTAGUE

H. GRANT
E. BARBERIE
R. FINN
H. STOKES
A. NOTT

M. MORSON

PIANOS

M. ARTHUR
K. HAGEN
E. ANDREWS

K. SHAW
M. ALLISON
F. WRIGHT

CELLOS

M. EGAN

M. FITCH

GRADUATION RECITAL

MISS MARJORIE ARTHUR, PIANIST.
May 12, 1923.

- Variationen - - - - - Op. 2. Christian Sinding
Second Piano—MISS GERTRUDE MACKENZIE.
- Valse Langoureuse - - - - - C. Saint-Saens
Rigaudon - - - - - Op. 49, No. 2. E. A. MacDowell
Concert d'Etude - - - - - Op. 36. E. A. MacDowell
MISS MARJORIE ARTHUR.
- Song—Vissi D'Arte, Vissi D'Amore - (Tosca) G. Puccini
The Answer - - - - - Robert Huntington Terry
MISS BRENDA MACFATRIDGE
- Violin—Hymn to the Sun - - - Rimsky-Korsawkow-Kreisler
Concerto—Allegro Molto Vivace Op. 64. Mendelssohn
MISS BLOSSOM DAVISON
- Rhapsody - - - - - Op. 79. No. 2, Brahms
Caprice - - - - - Op. 74. No. 7, Cyril Scott
Triana - - - - - I. Albeniz
MISS MARJORIE ARTHUR.
- Concertante - - - - - Op. 17, C. Von Hampeln
1st Violin—MISS BLOSSOM DAVISON
2nd Violin—MISS RACHEL HAGEN
3rd Violin—MISS KATHLEEN ALLISON
4th Violin—MISS FLORENCE CONNORS
- Winged Winds - - - - - Op. 26, No. 2 Cecil Burleigh
Solfeggio - - - - - Bach
Theme with Variations - - - - - Op. 16, No. 3. I. J. Paderewski
MISS MARJORIE ARTHUR
- GOD SAVE THE KING

GYMNASIUM EXHIBITION

May 19, 1923.

1. Marching Tactics - - - - - First and Second Classes
Dance of Greeting (Danish) - - - First and Second Classes
2. Club Swinging - - - - - Advanced Class
3. Dumb-bell Drill - - - - - Second Class
4. Fencing - - - - - Advanced Class
5. Club Swinging - - - - - Second Class
6. Mountain Polka (Swedish) - - - Advanced Class
Highland Fling - - - - - Advanced Class
7. Wand Drill - - - - - Second Class
8. Varsovienne - - - - - First and Second Classes
9. Ball Throwing - - - - - Basket-ball Teams
10. Free Exercises, Vaulting, Rings, High Jump.
- Distribution of honors.
- Certificates awarded to: Helen Byalin, Margaret Reardon, Ruth Hayes, Frances Stokes, Kathleen Pery, Robina Romans, Louise Grassby, Marguerite Phelan, Florence Connors, Molly Wood.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

GRADUATING RECITAL

MISS BRENDA MACFATRIDGE, SOPRANO

June 2, 1923

Elsa's Dream - - - - - Wagner
 Daybreak (Summertime Cycle) - - - Ronald
 Down in the Forest (Cycle of Life) - - - Ronald
 Mon Coeur s'ouvre à ta voix - - - Saint-Saëns

Duet. Quis est Homo? (Stabat Mater) Rossini

MISS MACFATRIDGE and MISS JOAN VAN BUSKIRK.

Violin—Chant Elegaique - - - Barnes
 Alla Zingarisca - - - Agnes Tschetschulin

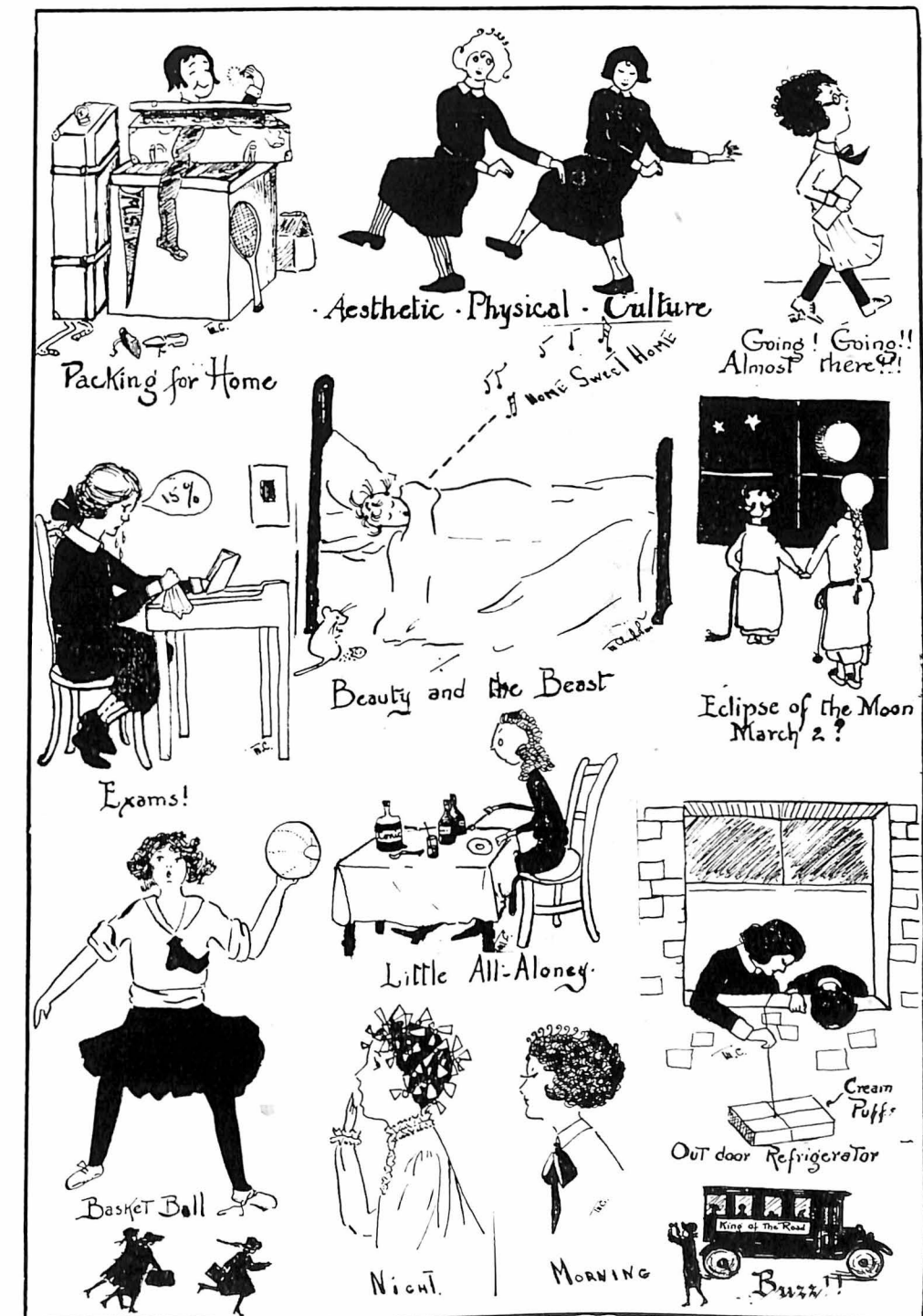
MISS RACHEL HAGEN

Aria—Ah, fors a lui—(La Traviata) - - - Verdi
 The Answer - - - - - Terry
 Ecstasy - - - - - Rogers
 A Birthday - - - - - Woodman
 Piano—Concert d'Etude - - - Op. 36, E. A. MacDowell
 Rigaudon - - - - - Op. 49, No. 2, MacDowell

MISS MARJORIE ARTHUR

My Peace Thou Art - - - - - Schubert
 Ave Maria - - - - - Gounod-Bach
 (Violin and Harmonium accompaniment)

GOD SAVE THE KING.



FAMILIAR SCENES

OUR GRADUATES



MARY McNEIL

(SOPHOMORE)

MARY comes from Glace Bay. She arrived at the Mount two years ago and has since won a reputation for studiousness and gentleness. Her graceful head with its bobbing brown curls is usually bent over a book, and her blue eyes occasionally show the abstraction of the student. Her forte is mathematics, but she has given evidence of talent in other directions, especially in music. The oracles say that Mary is destined for something great in life; may we interpret it that she is to follow a higher calling than school teaching? Now that she has won second year Dalhousie credits, and has attained to graduation, she can look to wider ambitions.



KATHRYN SHAW

(SOPHOMORE)

KATHRYN is one of our charming Kentville girls. During her three years at the Mount, she has obtained her B license, her A license and the graduating honors of the school. Kathryn is an all round girl. She can play and sing and dance and sew, as well as study. As captain of the First Blue Team, she shows a keen interest in basketball and ground hockey. Her specialty, however, is tennis; in last year's tournament she missed the championship by only two games. May her success in the game of Life be as noteworthy!



BRENDA McFATRIDGE

(VOICE)

BRENDA, our little singing bird, has been with us since her pinafore days. Her ambition long ago was to sing a song at a Saturday evening recital; but that was before her vocal powers had really made themselves apparent. Now after four years of hard study, her voice is really golden in its sweetness and richness of tone. It is one of the joys of life to hear Brenda sing. With a charming manner and gentle disposition, our little graduate cannot but make a success of her professional career.



HELEN BYALIN

(PAINTING)

HELEN is our artist graduate. She is one of the girls who can look back through the last generation of Mount pupils to the far-off days when she was an Aloysian, and girls now married were graduates. Her ambition through all these years has been to perfect herself in art, and this she has at last realized. With her keen wit and generous heart, she has won many friends. In the gymnasium she has proved an able leader in both classes, and is at home in apparatus work. As yet the Terpsichorean art has failed to attract her, though she actually took part in one dance at the exhibition. All her friends wish Helen success and happiness.



MARY MARSLAND

(COMMERCIAL)

TO hear the way Mary Marsland defends the English, no one would ever think she was born under the Stars and Stripes. Nevertheless, it is true, for West Virginia is her birth-place. She has done a great deal of traveling through the United States and Canada and has been to England.

She received her early education at St. Michael's Academy, Chatham, and later went to the Sacred Heart Academy in Bathurst. In September, 1921, she came to the Mount. She did excellent work in all her studies and obtained her "C" certificate. Then all thought that Mary was going to follow the Classical Course and take "B" this year; but to the surprise of all her friends, she announced that she would take up the Commercial branches to study.

Mary has accomplished great things in that class and has won fame in overcoming all the difficulties of shorthand, bookkeeping and filing. Her only fear is that she will ever do anything wrong, or omit anything she has been told to do.

It is hoped that she will return next year and take the Secretarial Course to fit her for the high position she intends to occupy. Perhaps she is to take her teacher's place later on!



PETRONILLA COMMINS

(COMMERCIAL)

ST. Stephen, N. B., may well be proud of having as one of its citizens, our charming, witty "Pet". In June, 1922, she was graduated from the High School of that town, and in September the Commercial class was honoured with her presence. In our Debating Society she holds the position of Vice-President and has contributed her share to making the debates a success.

Pet plays on the first Blue Team in Basket Ball and has displayed some skill at Ground Hockey; yet her talents lie in another field—the class room. She has worked hard in all her subjects and it is with difficulty that we could decide in which subject she is most proficient until she won the Isaac Pitman Theory medal for Shorthand.

Pet is a very motherly person; we mean with regard to her adopted family, which consists of motherless dogs and cats. When she received the sad news of "Tiny's" death, it almost broke her heart.

Wherever Pet may go she carries with her presence, joy and sunshine in that radiant smile of hers.

Her friends and classmates of 1923 wish her success and happiness in the future, and hope that eventually someone will fill Tiny's place.



MARY KANE

(COMMERCIAL)

SAINT JOHN is the home of this little lass whom we had the pleasure to welcome to the Mount in 1922.

Mary graduated from Saint Vincent's High School in June and came to the Commercial Class in September. She has proved herself studious in each line of the work. Her excellent composition on "Contentment" gives a definition of her own kind and aimable disposition. Mary, or Kaney, as she is sometimes called, is a clever debater and it is here she has proved to us her ability to express her ready wit.

At recreation, she is always found with the Athletic Club and may be seen striving to score a point for the Blues. We also see her gracefully whirling a tennis racket, but a glimpse of her on the Courts tells us she is doing more than giving an exhibition of her grace.

Her congenial manner has won for her many friends. May her sunny smile make her future companions cherish her as we have during her stay at the Mount!



MARGARET SMITH

(COMMERCIAL)

"PEGGY", as she is sometimes called, is one of the Commercial "stars". One might say she is a fixed star; for it is remarkable how fond Margaret is of the vicinity of the Commercial Room; whether she has a leaning for Number 8 Underwood or not, we cannot say.

Margaret is a loyal citizen of North Sydney. To her, "there is no place like home." She came to us last September with the intention of disliking the Mount as much as she could, and determined never to smile again till she reached North Sydney. Strange to say, she recovered completely from her nostalgia, and has learned to smile. She is particularly efficient in typewriting and "leads the class in accuracy and speed", as we have so often heard. In other ways, too, she has proved herself thoroughly capable; and North Sydney will soon confirm our opinion that Margaret is a real business woman.



MARGARET DULHANTY

(COMMERCIAL)

SPRINGHILL is honoured in being the birthplace of our tall and witty Commercial Graduate, Margaret Dulhanty. Later the family moved to Bridgewater, where Margaret received her education, finishing at the Bridgewater High School where she took a three year course. The year 1921 found Margaret at M. S. V., with the strong resolution to become a business woman.

The Lower Floor is one of Margaret's favorite haunts; and if, as Thomas Bailey aptly puts it, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder", we cannot blame Margaret for her desire ever to be near the "Pharmacy Door."

Margaret displays some talent in the Studio, while her ability as an athlete has not yet been surpassed. Here she excels in club swinging, vaulting and fencing (!)

Our hearts all join in wishing Margaret health, peace and happiness in her future business career and we all hope some day to see her name as the champion woman athlete of the world.



FLORENCE LEARY

(COMMERCIAL)

FLORENCE'S early life blossomed in the midst of St. John fog; but we feel she would have blossomed quite as beautifully anywhere else. Florence actually spent a year of her babyhood in Boston without being changed by it! In St. John she attended the school of the Sisters of Charity, and was graduated from their high school in 1922. From St. Vincent's in St. John she came to Mt. St. Vincent, Halifax, to take up the commercial course. She has proved herself an untiring though a quiet worker. Though naturally gentle and shy, Florence shows good mettle on the basket-ball field and in the gymnasium.

She has one peculiarity, which we mention in passing; and that is her inability to restrain the rosy color from her cheeks each day at 1.30 in the Commercial Room. Still, this only draws to her the genuine sympathy of the other members of the class, and adds to the general interest.

Whether in business or the home life, we feel sure that Florence will be a credit to her school and class, and a woman of genuine worth.



EVA ABBIS

(COMMERCIAL)

EVA is a happy lass from Edmundston, N. B., where she received her early education at the French convent. Later she went to Windsor, Ontario, to learn English, and finally arrived at the Mount in September to take the business course. Success has been with her from the first.

No one was ever blessed with such a quiet manner as our little graduate. With her winning smile and care-free fickleness, she has won many friends.

Eva has felt the attraction of the Sewing Room, but, being a business woman, she cannot spend much time there. Her chief delight is to work on No. 1 Remington, and in typewriting she excels. Wherever she goes, and whatever she does, we feel she will make a success of her work.



MARIE POWER

(COMMERCIAL)

"OUR Would-Be American" comes from Kingston, N. S. Five years ago she came to the Mount, and her friendly manner towards all with whom she came in contact has won for her many friends.

Marie is very earnest and studious in the Commercial-room, and we feel sure she is going to make a good business woman.

Once upon a time we used to see Marie with a mandolin, but those days are over. Commercial work is her life now; setting-side, of course, Elocution.

The loud applause which greets her when she appears on the stage to "Speak a Piece" gives evidence to her popularity in the school. Her chief characteristics are always being in love with some one, and keeping her temper.

May the skies of her future be ever bright as summer skies, when summer skies are bluest.



HELEN McALEENAN

(COMMERCIAL)

HELEN, our blue-eyed graduate, claims St. Stephen as her native town. Her early training was received at St. Stephen's High School from which she was graduated in 1922.

Helen has shown us, in spite of her slowness of speech, that she has a keenness of mind and an aptitude for speed in Type-writing. She is a very earnest member of our Commercial Class.

We wish her all success in her future work, and we hope she will always remember that the lights should be out when she leaves the office!



FANNIE HAYES

(ACADEMIC)

FANNIE has spent five years at the Mount, and her stay among us has been marked by steady work and sure progress. Though quiet and studious, Fannie enjoys a good dance at recreation. In the gymnasium she has proved herself efficient, and in this department she won a diploma last year. For perseverance and steadiness few can excel her. Surely these qualities will bring her success in the future!

THE LAND OF HOURS

Once I dreamed of the Land where Hours go.
My thoughts turn there as I write,
Where Hours of Gladness, hours loved so,
Met the Sorrowful Hours of night;
Where the Hours of Love illumined the place
And Hours of Pain found a beautiful grace.

Where Hours of Playtime went running about;
Their eyes were like beams of the sun.
Ah, how they danced with frolic and shout
All having the greatest fun;
Yes, these hours were golden, they always seemed fleet,—
The fleetest and sweetest of all hours sweet.

And there, too, were hours with faces not bright,
Their eyes were not happy or glad;
For these were the Hours of Selfish Delight,
The Hours which make many sad.
There, legions of lost hours were standing forlorn,
Unclaimed and unheeded—objects of scorn.

There, also, the Hours of Prayer might be seen,
And these were the happiest hours;
They carried fair garlands of unfading green
Where prayers were entwined as flowers
By angels who watched and guarded the way
Of those who sought guidance for every day.

I woke from my dream and found it was day.
They had fled, those Hours of the Past;
But the memory of them has passed not away,
And the lesson they gave was to last.
The Hours of the Future will be better, I know,
For my dream of the Land where all Hours go.

MARGARET ROSS, Senior C.

THE QUEBEC BASILICA

IT was but yesterday that it stood, the image of strength and power, an impressive mass of heavy grey stone, towering from the very heart of old Quebec. For three centuries thus it had stood, keeping watch over the ancient city, Champlain's city, so quaint and full of that charm that belongs only to things very old and very dear; keeping watch over the hearths and homes nestled at its feet, and more over the souls where faith and love dwell in happy confidence; keeping watch faithfully, and looking towards the horizon, over the stately river; far over golden hills, green or snowy mountains and velvety plains; under blue skies and blazing suns; under frosty dawns or starlit nights. watching, watching. . . . looking for coming friends or rising foes; for the white sails of joy, or the dark wings of sorrow. Through Spring's soft breezes, or Winter's roaring winds, through Summer's warm caresses, and Autumn's crystal days, it stood forever watching over the city, like the great quiet heart of a people. It was but yesterday! and to-day, alas! to-day!

In a few hours of agonizing pain, the great writhing, monsterlike, flames devastated that stronghold, destroyed the work of centuries, ruined the most precious treasure of the nation, and left but ashes, cinders, and grime of what was but yesterday a beautiful monument of the art-loving souls and hard-working hands of our forefathers!

The first chapel in Quebec was built in 1633 by Champlain himself on the very site where our basilica stood for three centuries. He called it "Notre Dame de la Recouvrance", in thankfulness for the recovery by France of his so cherished Canada. But that first chapel was soon too small for the rapidly increasing population. Enlarged in 1635, and consecrated to the Immaculate Conception, it was burned down on July 14, 1640, and could not be rebuilt before 1647.

The corner stone of the very basilica that stood in our modern days was blessed and laid in September, 1647, by Father Jerome Lallemant, uncle of the young Gabriel Lallemant, the Jesuit missionary who was tortured and killed by the Iroquois. Here is the official text, giving the date and describing the ceremony:

"Le 23 septembre, 1647, le R. P. Lallemant, superieur de la mission des Jésuites de Quebec, et M. Montmagny, le gouverneur, posèrent la pierre angulaire de l'église de Notre Dame de la Conception à Quebec, sous le vocable de Notre Dame de la Paix. La dite pierre est à l'angle du cadre du chassiss, à main gauche en entrant dans l'église, du côté et dans le coin le plus près du Maître Autel. Les noms Jesus et Marie sont inscrits dans la pierre sur une plaque de plombe."

B. VIMONT.

That new church was really finished only in 1657, but the first Mass was celebrated in it on Christmas Day, 1650, by Father Lallemant. It measured 100 feet by 33. It was enlarged once in 1689, and a second time in 1745, a full hundred years after its construction. The wooden part of the Basilica was burned by the firing guns of the English army in 1759; but it was repaired again in 1768, and enlarged again, so that it now had 216 feet by 94. It was restored again in 1771 and 1843, and in 1849 the high tower was commenced. Lastly, in 1922 the Basilica was entirely restored at the cost of \$90,000. It had received the title of Basilique Mineure in 1874.

Under the Basilica were the tombs of all the bishops of Quebec, from Mgr. Laval down. Within it were treasures of priceless worth, precious gifts from the kings of France, and works and paintings of great artists. Among these treasures was the famous "Crucifixion" by Van Dyck. Rich ornaments and sacred vessels of pure gold and silver, beautifully wrought and inlaid with precious stones, presents of Louis XIV and Louis XV, were saved from the fire, as they were kept always in the vault, but many rare relics and incomparable riches were lost forever.

The new Basilica will be built on the same lines as the old one. It will cost about \$500,000 collected by subscriptions and charities. The people of Quebec, so attached to their past, want to have everything just the same as it was; for they are lovers of beautiful old things, and the Basilica handed down to them by Champlain and his successors was very dear to their faithful hearts; for faithfulness is the very essence of their souls, as expressed in their quaint and romantic motto: "Je me souviens."

GABRIELLE ST. P. DUGAL.

MOTHER

Two arms have held me in sweet embrace
While the fire-light shone on that upturned face;
In those eyes of blue was a twinkle or two,
And pearls of heaven came shining through.

Those thick gold locks just tinged with gray,
How they haunt my thoughts at work and play!
On that golden head I have placed a crest,
For, Mother darling, I love you best.

That heart, all burning with mother-love,
Is truer gold than the locks above;
Its love never wavers, nor alters with time,
For you are my Mother, and you are all mine!

MARGARET DAVIDSON, Senior D.

POLICEMAN NO. IX

FOUR o'clock was just chiming, and out from the big iron gates the school children came trooping into the busy, bustling street. Little boys and big boys, chubby boys and lean boys, boys of all sizes, with only one attribute in common, and that was written in their patched jackets and ragged caps. Still school was over for the day, and it was therefore joy to be alive. They skipped and hopped, threw slushy March snowballs, and chased promising looking teams going their way. Then there were the girls! How can we describe the girls?—especially the girls of a down-town grammar school! Pig-tails and curls, and saucy Dutch clips bobbed down the crowded street, darting in and out among the shoppers in desperate attempts to have "last tag" or "last look".

No one would have picked out Sally Ann either for beauty or for fashion, but she certainly was among the most dexterous of the group. No one could get "last look", or "last tag," or above all,—last word over Sally! She was, perhaps, seven or eight years old and belonged to the pig-tail class. The two black braids stuck saucily out from either side of a red cap which inclined perceptibly towards the right ear; the face, framed by cap and braids, was white and thin; the eyes, dark. It would have been a pathetic face, had it not been for the saucy tilt of the nose and the expressive-sharpness about the thin lips. A faded calico dress showed where a lost button left her coat free to the winds. But Sally Ann cared naught for buttons; she skipped nimbly in and out between the shoppers, and was at last rewarded by giving Maisie Johnson a farewell slap; whereupon, she turned back two blocks and waited at the corner of her street, for Policeman No. IX to pilot her across the way. Not that Sally had much fear of traffic, but it pleased her to have made a devoted servant of this officer of the law. A stop for an instant, a wave of her hand, and he was at her side.

A sturdy man was officer McFadden, big of brawn, but bigger of heart, and there was good reason for his solicitous care of the children of the down-town school. His own little girl, an only child, had met a tragic death on the car track of a busy street; and so Policeman No. IX had an eye for every child that crossed the boundaries of his beat. Sally Ann was his special pet. Something in the swagger of her short skirt, and more in the glance of her black eyes, had won his Irish heart. To-day he came forward as usual in answer to the small maid's signal.

"Hello!" he said, taking the grimy little hand in his big palm, "How was it I didn't see yer this mornin'? Look out! here's a team!"

Scrambling across, one hand holding tightly to her guide's, Sally Ann chatted and giggled, rehearsing the day's incidents, while her attentive escort,

with his ears open to her talk, kept his eyes on the traffic. At last they were safe. The small maiden released her hold on her guide, and looked up into his face.

"Thank you, Mr. McFadden" she said. It was her daily act of gratitude, but to Policeman No. IX it was ample reward. When the thin lips parted, the pinched little face looked almost beautiful.

She passed on, but in a moment came running back. "Oh, Mr. McFadden, I almost forgot! Mrs. Casey said I can have the baby carriage this afternoon; I'm going for it now. Bye-bye! I'll be back in about ten minutes!"

With a wave of her hand she darted down the street, and McFadden again took his station in the middle of the way. Trucks thundered by, women with babies hurried back and forth, the shopping crowd grew dense. Policeman No. IX was so occupied with eyes and ears and hands for the next half hour that he quite forgot Sally Ann and her promise to return. Suddenly a great truck came swinging around the corner. There was a sudden cry. McFadden looked up in horror just in time to see Sally Ann making for the sidewalk, while the front wheels of the Juggernaut crashed into a covered baby carriage. In an instant, the policeman was on the spot. The truck driver leaped from his seat, and amid the gathering crowd helped McFadden extricate the remains of the perambulator from under the wheels. It was a moment of agony. The spectators gasped; women fainted. Sally Ann stood on the sidewalk, and wrung her hands. The two front wheels were gone from the baby carriage; the hood was smashed down tight. There was a second of suspense, and McFadden wrenched off the broken cover, and held up to the white-faced crowd,—a dingy, mangled rag-doll! There was another second of suspense, and then out of sheer relief, the women fainted again.

With a bound, Sally Ann sprang through the crowd, and they parted respectfully before her. Weeping and wailing, the fond mother snatched her battered baby, and turned to look for McFadden. He was trying to disperse the crowd, and she threw out her arms in a dramatic appeal:

"Oh, oh!" she wailed, "What am I going to do? Mrs. Casey only lent me the carriage for an hour, and she'll be wantin' to take her Johnnie out!"

Then McFadden came back. The crowd was now falling away, and he strode forward indignantly.

"Look here!" he said to the truck driver, "aren't you going to make this young lady any compensation?"

"Sure thing" he answered with a grin, "I'll pay the youngster anything as long as there wasn't a baby in that carriage!"

That evening, Policeman No. IX in civilian clothes, called on Mrs. Casey; and after a brief conference, handed over to that delighted matron the sum of fifteen dollars, for a new baby carriage!

MARY LYONS, SENIOR C.

THE HERITAGE AND THE LEGACY OF THE RENAISSANCE

JOHN Addington Symonds has defined the Renaissance as "a comprehensive movement of the European intellect toward self-emancipation; toward the reassertion of the natural rights of reason and the senses; toward the conquest of the planet as a place of human occupation, and toward the formation of regulated theories for states and individuals."

This great movement began in Italy as early as the fourteenth century, and spread from there throughout Europe. England was late in responding to the new impulse, and the sixteenth century was almost over before the English Renaissance had fairly begun.

One great factor in the "rebirth", or awakening, of Europe was the enthusiastic study of the classics in Roman and Greek literature and art. For a thousand years, Europe had known and cared little for the pagan civilization of ancient times; and all the beautiful world of the Greeks with its masterpieces of art, poetry and philosophy, had been almost forgotten. At most, it was a dim, far-off tradition. A great stimulus was needed to recall that forgotten time; and the man who first brought to the notice of modern Europe the treasures it was neglecting, was Francis Petrarch. With all the enthusiasm of which his race is capable, he read and delved, and before long he enkindled a fire of enthusiasm. Europe came suddenly into a great inheritance; a treasure of which she could but partly guess the value, but which, as the years rolled on, unfolded a marvellous wealth of culture;—Greek, Roman, Arabic, and Mediaeval.

Petrarch was an Italian, and Italy led the way. Architecture, painting and sculpture were transformed. Nicola Pisano and his son Giovanni opened up a new era in sculpture; Michelangelo and Raphael followed. Italy became the teacher of Europe, and while the rediscovered civilization of the ancients took possession of France, Spain, Holland and England, these lands sent out their explorers to distant fields of adventure. Early in the fifteenth century, Portugal began the work of exploration. Diaz discovered the Cape of Good Hope, Columbus showed Europe a new world in the West, and five years later, Vasco da Gama rounded Africa's southernmost point and John Cabot set foot on the American continent. These were wonderful days: El Dorado was a name to conjure with.

While the Italians were widening the view and refining the taste of Europe and mariners were travelling new seas, the art of printing was invented in Germany. As with everything else in those days, the new art gained its greatest perfection in Italy, and truly it was welcome; new ideas were more rapidly diffused, and the effect of the new culture became permanent.

England was slow to respond to the spirit of the Renaissance, and this was due to a variety of causes. One reason was the unquiet state of the people;

the War of the Roses had followed upon the Hundred Years' War, leaving the country in a state of exhaustion. Again, after Wycliff's death, the University of Oxford sank into a lethargy which lasted nearly a century. Literature and learning were in need of a fresh inspiration: this inspiration was supplied a few years after the accession of Henry VIII by a group of men known as the Oxford Reformers. Of these the most important were Erasmus, Colet, and Blessed Thomas More. Under the inspiration of this trio of thinkers, learning advanced until, by the end of the sixteenth century, the full significance of the Renaissance had dawned upon the English mind.

Lifted by the wave of common thought and emotion, England found outlet for richer and deeper experience in the creation of innumerable works in every branch of literature. The English Renaissance produced three great geniuses,—Spenser, Shakespeare, and Bacon; the poet's poet, the king of dramatists, and the great inductive philosopher.

Thus the nations of Europe were roused to an extraordinary activity by a series of great events and great men. The result was a marked change in the spirit of Europe; a sign that the leaders in thought and action had outgrown the restrictions of the Middle Ages, and in every way were reaching out to a new intellectual development in art, literature, philosophy and government.

The legacy of the Renaissance is of great value; its heritage from Greeks, Romans, Mohammedans, and Christian Mediaevalism had not been wasted or squandered. All that had been received by the men of the Renaissance in law, philosophy, medicine, literature, art, and science has been handed down to us, not only intact, but enriched by the contributions to the original store. In short, the Renaissance paved the way for modern culture.

M. McNEIL, '23.

THE ONE LONE STAR.

As I gaze from my window at M.S.V.
I see it shining afar;
What is it that gleams o'er the tall pine tree?
It is the One Lone Star.

How often do my memories drift
Watching the One Lone Star!
When clouds gather, it shines through a rift,
Like a shepherd that keeps guard afar.

God is watching over His sheep;
I think He has lost one,
And like the Lone Star watch will keep
Till the long, long night is done.

GERTRUDE LEAHY, Middle Division B.

LE RELIQUAIRE

A ceux qui sont partis!

(Taken from D'Azur, De Lys, De Flamme)

Mon cœur est comme un reliquaire d'or
Où j'ai pieusement enfermé le trésor
Des heures achevées!
Je le tiens, quelquefois, dans mes mains élevées,
Ainsi qu'un prêtre tient, aux adorations,
Le ciboire sacré des immolations!
Seul, à genoux, souvent encor, je l'ouvre:
Mes doigts impatients, du voile qui les couvre
Soulevant les plis lourds,
Je vois épanouis, au doux éclat des jours,
Tous les chers souvenirs qui furent de la joie!
Tout le bonheur d'hier à mes regards chatoie!
Fermant les yeux, je revois le passé! . . .
Pendant des courts instants, le présent effacé
—Minute enchanteresse! . . .
Mon âme ressuscite à l'ancienne allégresse!
Mais l'heure sonne, hélas! et meurtrit mon désir!
Je me retrouve seul, pour le long avenir!
Et je ferme en pleurant
Le coffret odorant!

GABRIELLE ST. PIERRE-DUGAL

TROIS ACTES

(Selected from D'Azur, De Lys, De Flamme)

Pour que toujours soumis, Seigneur, à votre loi
J'évite les écueils de l'erreur et du doute,
Comme une étoile d'or pour éclairer ma route,
Seigneur, ah! donnez-moi la foi!
Lorsque sur mon chemin vous mettez la souffrance,
Afin que dans les pleurs, je sache vous bénir,
Embrasser votre croix, à vos douleurs réunir,
Ah! Donnez-moi, Seigneur, donnez-moi l'espérance!
Mais ces dons passeront, quand finira le jour
Pour mon éternité, Hôte du tabernacle,
Je veux un cœur de feu,—cœur de Jean au cenacle!
Seigneur, ah! donnez-moi l'amour!

GABRIELLE ST. PIERRE-DUGAL.

THE PASSER-BY

THE shrill siren of a great factory has just announced respite from the day's toil, and other whistles and bells are joining gleefully in the increasing din. Within two minutes, the swaying horde of humanity that ever hurries and jostles to and fro in the busiest section of the city is doubled by the stream of weary workers that comes pouring out of department stores and offices in the vicinity. Courtesy, if it ever existed in this busy thoroughfare, has long since passed to its grave, unhonored and unsung; and the tide of human beings rushes on; each intent on his own affairs has no thought of his neighbor; "self" is the absorbing interest.

At the corner of B . . . Street, stands an old negro selling papers. He is well known to the business people of the section, many of whom are customers of his. He has been blind for many years; yet this is not apparent to one seeing him for the first time. He walks easily, so well is the district known to him. But what is the matter? A crowd seems to be gathering around old Sam. Has an accident happened? No, it is only a group of giddy college boys out on a hazing expedition, dressed as tramps and ragamuffins and bent on getting some fun.

"Hi, Sam! What's the subject of to-day's sermon?"

"Say, fellows, we get enough of preaching; let's move on!"

"No, let's stay—"

Sam's sightless eyes close for a moment; then he begins on his favorite theme:

"Once dar was a lil' black sheep—"

"Sure it was black, Sam?"

"Aw, come on, Sam, make it white for a change!"

But the old man is not to be disturbed. He begins again, and this time they let him go on. The melodious voice rises and falls, as he recites with all the ardor of his race the story of the lil' black sheep that ran away from 'is Mammy It is the old, old tale, that has never lost its appeal to the erring heart of humanity, the story of the lost sheep.

The group is quiet a few minutes later when Jimmie Blake comes whistling down the street. Jimmie, the newsboy, is one of Sam's friends, a lad of twelve with shrewd face and merry eyes, and a voice that charms all listeners. It is his voice that has brought him into touch with Father Graham, director of the Boys' Choir at St. James's; and with that marvellous high soprano, he has been told he will make a name for himself some day. Some day! Ah, but there's bread to be earned here and now

While Jimmie approaches the group about his old friend, a man stands at

the entrance of the drug-store across the way. Well-dressed, but careless, he seems irresolute. Despair is written on his face; this day has brought at last the financial ruin he has long evaded; stocks have dropped so far that his fate is settled; the market claims one more victim. As he leans against the shop corner, the hopelessness of the situation comes over him again, and for the fiftieth time that day, he asks himself the question: What will Marion say? He knows what she will say. He realizes now what he did not realize two years ago, that the brilliant society girl sought in him only a purveyor to her extravagant hobbies and expensive tastes. Well, she has had her bargain, and it has made him an old man before his time. How different it might be, if only she would help him up! But she. . . ! Well, he might just as well end it all now. With a decisive movement, he turns the swinging door of the shop and approaches a clerk. The man stares rather curiously as he gives him his purchase, but it is none of his business to direct his customers, so with a shrug he turns away.

It is now a half-hour after six, and the street is becoming quieter, but still Sam holds his audience. The man issues from the drug-store, crosses the street, and passes close to the little group. Mechanically he stops, not interested, but curious to know what the old negro can be saying that can keep his hearers so quiet. Sam is just at the conclusion of his discourse, and the newcomer hears only the end: "For, my dear brudders, the lost sheep was brought home at last, and there was peace and rest everlastin'." The passer-by stands surprised. He cannot know that faith and love stronger than life, and the burning desire to share them with all mankind, is the magnet that holds Sam's listeners.

"And now," he concludes, "we'll have a hymn by Jimmie Blake. Are you there, Jim?"

"Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide
The darkness deepens,—Lord, with me abide!"

The listeners are motionless, the passer-by is touched. It is long since he has heard those words, longer since he has spoken them. Now with the young singer he repeats them from his heart:

"When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, Oh, abide with me!"

The song ends and the crowd moves slowly away, not without leaving a generous collection of silver dropped into a hat. "Help of the helpless! Oh, abide with me!" Over and over again the passer-by repeats the words as he goes his way. Suddenly at the turn of a corner, he takes from his pocket a small phial. With a swift twist of his hand he sends it spinning across the street, and hears it smash on the opposite curbstone; and as he turns his steps homeward, the last lines of the hymn are still ringing in his ears:

"In life and death, O Lord,
Abide with me!"

MOLLIE WOOD, Commercial.

CHAUCER'S PROLOGUE OF A PICTURE OF ENGLISH LIFE

"Whan that Aprille with his shoures soote
The droghte of Marche hath perced to the roote
And bathed every veyne in swich licour,
Of which vertu engendered is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eek with his swete breeth
Inspired hath in every holt and heeth
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours y-ronne,
Whan the smale fowles maken melodye,
That slepen al the night with open ye,
(So priketh hem nature in hir corages):
Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages.

CHAUCER strikes the keynote of his age in the exquisite Spring lyric of the opening lines of his Prologue. He is going to paint for us late fourteenth century English life in all its freshness and gladness and joyous independence, born of the growing national unity and national pride still quickened by the victories of Crécy and Poitiers. It is an age of gayety and talk.

"For trewely confort ne mirth is noon
To ryde by the weye doumb as a stoon."

Since English life is the subject of this picture, it naturally follows that every class of English society has its representative on this canvas. Between the "gentils" represented by the Knight, the Squire, and the Lady Prioress, and the lowest working class pictured in the Ploughman, we have a graded social scale embracing ecclesiastical, professional, and industrial life. The brush of a genius paints each character with masterful strokes,—for there is not a superfluous detail in the Prologue,—and gives to each character a vividness and individuality while maintaining the balance and symmetry of the whole.

These Canterbury pilgrims are living men and women. The poet as a fellow traveller describes their dress and speech, manner and doings as he observes them, admiring their good qualities, tolerating their weaknesses, yet giving the complete picture, good and bad, for you to like or dislike as you wish. You get the truth at any rate. A good picture is not one that flatters. Chaucer does not hesitate to show just that detail which distinguishes his man most clearly from the rest, or that trait of character that gives the secret note of the whole person. We are told of the miller:

"Upon the cop right of his nose he hade
A wart and there on stood a tuft of heres
Red as the bristles of sowes eres"

Surely we know the miller's physiognomy from that description of three short lines.

There is no monotony in the descriptions of twenty-nine characters one after another. The shrewdness of observation and the sunny humor of the poet have found something in each to interest and amuse. The contrasts are frequently very effective, as in the case of the feminine members of the pilgrimage. The Lady Prioress is strong where the worthy Wife of Bath is weak. There is a reverence in the treatment of the gentle prioress that indicates in the poet, a high ideal of womanhood.

Evidently, the men and women of England of the time thought much of their dress. The Knight, it is true, was "not gay", but he may be considered typical of the previous age of feudalism, whose extremes had passed away, yet whose noblest elements were enduring in this "verray parfit gentil Knight." For the rest, we have the young Squire with "lokkes crulle, as they were laid in presse" and he was "embrouded as it were a mede, all ful of freshe floures, white and rede." The Yeoman is particularly picturesque in cote and hood of green, with his peacock arrows, his silver Christofre and his bright equipment. The Doctor in sangwin and pers, the Wife of Bath with her ten pounds of coverchiefs and scarlet hose; aye, even the Churchmen were not beyond the vanities of dress while the tradefolk were in their best "liverree."

One is tempted to quote the various ways of describing the hair or beards of the pilgrims, to show the prevalent fondness for jewelry, to trace the mounts of the cavalcade and note their creator's evident love of a good horse, and to dally over a dozen such interesting character correlations. What especially interested me was the fondness for song and music. The miller's bag pipes enliven the first mile of the pilgrimage; and when their shrill piping ceases, the jingling of the monk's bridle is heard and the melodies of the little birds bursting with joyousness of Spring. "So priketh hem nature in her corages." The Somnour sang a good bass to the Pardoner's tenor, the Squire was "singing and floytinge al the day."; the friar could not only sing well but play upon the fiddle and even the Lady Prioress, must have sung while on the road,—for how else could the poet know her ability to entune the Divine Service most becomingly though in a somewhat nasal fashion? From internal evidence, therefore, we are led to believe that not only the tales beguiled the way but that the excessive good humour of the company found outlet in song and we can imagine that all joined in with a right good will, for such is the spirit of their holiday.

WHAT BEFELL A MICROBE

IT all came out of a geography question. Mary's pencil lay on her desk and would have remained there, had not a particularly knotty query been put to the pencil-owner at the critical moment when a saucy young Germ alighted on the pencil-end. In desperation, Mary grasped her pencil and tried to bite off an idea. Instead, she took in Mr. Germ. A bright answer came to her lips; she drew the pencil out to enlighten the class, but the harm was done.

Mr. Germ, finding himself in a strange place, looked about. He looked at the door through which he had entered, and saw a white ivory gate. He looked at the red slide which supported him. "Ah!" thought he, "what a cozy little room!" But no sooner had he spoken when the red floor began to move, and he was suddenly drenched by an inundation from a hidden fountain. Then he began to slip, back and back! He was so frightened that for a moment he lost consciousness, and when he recovered his senses he was no longer alone. Two or three other germs had arrived, and he felt relieved. "Dear friends", he said, "how glad I am to see you! How did you ever get here?"

"Oh, don't you know?" answered the biggest of the newcomers, "Mr. Fission sees that no Germ ever travels long alone. Look where we are!"

They had arrived at a little station called Epiglottis, and immediately began to speed down a narrow tunnel. "Gracious!" thought Willie Germ, "I hope there are no speed laws here. We'll be arrested in a minute!"

"By the way" cried one of the new-comers behind him, "what's your name, Grandpa?"

"Grandpa!" thought our friend, "Am I that old already?" "My name," he said aloud, "is William."

"Then," said the saucy young Germ, "I suppose we may call you Father William. You know, 'You're old, Father William'; at any rate you're the oldest of the crowd. My name, "he continued sidling up confidentially," is Mike; short for Microbe, you know."

"Indeed!" murmured Father William. "But isn't the walking very slippery?"

At length they arrived at a junction from which two tracks branched, one to the right, the other to the left.

"What does this mean?" exclaimed a self-important Germ, who had been in existence just five minutes.

"Stupid!" said the fellow called Mike, "This is the town of Bronchi. It is here we must divide our forces."

For a moment they halted. Then the first division took the road to the right; and the second, the road to the left.

Father William clung to Mike who seemed to know the way. "How smooth this road is!" he whispered, as if afraid of being overheard.

Scarcely had he said the words, when a little fellow dressed in white suddenly shot out from the side of the road and hit him in the back with a broom.

"Who are you?" exclaimed the old Germ angrily.

"My name is Cilia," returned the other, "and my duty is to keep the street clean. It's my opinion you had better get out of here pretty quick, or the White Corpuscles will be after you."

All the Germs laughed him to scorn and pushed boldly forward. When they were but a short distance from the great city called Lung, lo! a troop of soldiers dressed in white came towards them on the run. Then began the pursuit. Captain Mike thought that it would be wiser to look for a larger space in which to fight, so the army of Germs turned northward. Alas! they came suddenly upon a swiftly flowing river, and not a ship in sight except a small tug which flew the signal "Oxygen".

"We can't board that," said Mike in desperation; "we'd be burnt up in a minute. Come fellows! we've got to swim for it!"

So they all plunged into the red tide, (the name of the river was Blood.) But the Corpuscles seemed to surround them, and seizing some of the cargo of tug "Oxygen", began to bombard the Germs. On and on they swept, carried by the force of the current, until at last they reached what looked very much like a pumping station. Here the current was stronger than ever, and they were carried forcibly from one lock into another.

"Auricle and Ventricle! "puffed Mike. "The worst is over now. Come boys! to the land!"

They hurriedly put in to the nearest port, but in a moment the White Corpuscles were upon them. It was plain to see that they had made up their minds that not a Germ was going to get out alive. The Germs fought hard, but the younger members were not yet strong enough for battle, and the old ones were worn out. Captain Mike was the last to fall, but when he saw his men lying dead all around him, he gave up at last in despair. The victory had gone to the Corpuscles.

The morning light revealed the pale face of Mary Smith, who awoke to find the infirmarian standing beside her bed.

"I hope you're better this morning, my dear," said Sister.

"Oh yes, Sister, but I had the queerest feeling all night of something running around inside me!"

Sister smiled. She knew something of the Germ family.

IDA B. MARSLAND, Senior C.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION IN ENGLISH FICTION

THE French Revolution has been a fertile source for fiction, both as a dramatic setting and for a description of the times. Three English novels in which the French Revolution is used as a background are: *The Tale of Two Cities* by Charles Dickens, *The Scarlet Pimpernel* by Baroness Orckzy, and *The Queen's Fillet* by Canon Sheehan.

The Tale of Two Cities deals with the oppression of the poor by the upper classes. It relates the awful sufferings of the peasantry and describes with bitter irony the luxuries of the rich who have deprived them of the commonest pleasures, nay, the very necessities of life. With great deliberation, Dickens traces the growing discontent of the poor and their rising vengeance, until at last the storm bursts, destroying the innocent along with the guilty. Still, the rage of the populace of Paris is but a means to Dickens for weaving his plot, wherein Charles Darnay, an aristocrat, is saved from the Guillotine by the self-sacrifice of an apparently worthless Englishman.

The Scarlet Pimpernel likewise uses the French Revolution merely as a means by which to portray how a daring and adventurous Englishman proves his friendly sympathy towards the aristocracy by risking his life many times in rescuing them from France and conveying them to England. The disguises which he takes and the manner in which he plans his escapes show how close was the spy system then existing in France. The tale is full of interest; the reader's sympathies are not, however, with the victims of the Revolution, but with the impossible Sir Percy.

The Queen's Fillet is more historical than either *The Tale of Two Cities* or *The Scarlet Pimpernel*. It sticks closer to fact and emphasizes the views of the various classes regarding the Revolution; the stupidity and cowardice of the nobility in their persistent refusal to believe in their own overthrow; the anger and hatred of the people increasing unto madness; the blind trust of the Royal Family in their dependants and subjects; the devotion of the Vendean peasants to the cause of the King and the Church. The subject chosen by Canon Sheehan is the tragedy of the French Revolution as a political movement. He endeavors to analyze the psychological forces at work among the masses, and his explanation of the Reign of Terror is simply—Fear. The story of *The Queen's Fillet* is merely a thread running through twenty-five years of French history, 1789—1815. Various leaders of that period are introduced: Talleyrand, Mirabeau, Danton, Robespierre, André Chenier, and Marshal Ney. Maurice de Brignon, the hero of the story, is a nobleman who has been disinherited by his father, the Count de Brignon, in favor of his younger brother Claude. Maurice is forced into a monastery by his father; but imagining he has no vocation

for the priesthood, leaves on the day he is to be ordained and, yielding to his natural love of honor and show, enters the National Guard at Paris. He discards all claims to title and rank, and throws in his lot with the people. Still, in his heart, Maurice is strongly in favor of the Royal Family. Several times he disguises himself and strives to save the Queen during her incarceration in La Conciergerie. The reader's sympathies are thus roused for the royal victims and especially for the Queen, Marie Antonette, whose sufferings are so vividly described.

The character of each of these three novels is distinct and marked. The Tale of Two Cities appeals to the heart, and is sentimental; The Scarlet Pimpernel is sensational, its appeal is to the imagination; The Queen's Fillet is intellectual and philosophical. It arouses indignation at the excesses of both sides, and spurs the will to noble effort. The moral points out the nothingness of this world where such injustice abounds.

MARY A. LYCNS, Senior C.

ODE TO MY FOUNTAIN PEN

O thou of Mount-girls' friends the best,
Without thee could I do?
Ah no! For often-times you've helped
Me see a knotty problem through.

When love's smooth wave was ruffled o'er
And all seemed dark and drear,
I've turned to thee, my Fountain Pen,
And soon made all most clear.

Thou most inspired of all my friends,
Thou hast known what to say,
When in a tumult of regret,
I've mourned an ill-spent day.

Sometimes, of course, you're out of sorts
And nothing give but mud,
And spurt and spit and gurgle so,
I drain out all your blood.

But taken all in all, you've been
A most consoling friend;
And so my dear old Fountain Pen,
I'll keep you till the end.

KATHLEEN ALLISON, Prov. B.

LEGENDS OF NOVA SCOTIA

"Once as they sat by their evening fire there entered
Into the little camp an Indian woman."

Evangeline.

IT was just thus that there came into our camp one evening in late September a Micmac woman, soft in speech and silent in motion, with that fascination about her which is found in many of her race. We made her welcome to our circle of story-tellers, and she sat quietly listening as one after another recalled thrilling experiences and old tales of the forest and the river. High above us towered Blomidon, chequered with shadow in the moonlight, and across the water a track of light led out into the Gap. At last it was the Indian's turn for a story, and we listened eagerly for first words. Once she began, no one heeded the other; each followed intently the low quiet voice, as it repeated the old, old tale that can be properly told only by an Indian. I cannot bring back the atmosphere of that mysterious September night, but this is the substance of her story:

Before the White Men came, the Indians inhabited Eastern Canada. They were called the Children of Light, and their great lord and creator was Glooscap. Where he was born no one knows, but he came across the sea in a great stone canoe. When he was not using his canoe, it became an island. For a long time he ruled alone, and then he began to create. First he made the Fairies and Elves; and from Aspen trees, the Indians. Next he made the animals. At first these were very much larger than the Indians; but lest his people should be endangered by them, Glooscap afterwards made them smaller and weaker. Two great wolves were his dogs; the loons were his messengers, the foxes brought him news of the forest; the rabbits served as guides for men; Old Bunny was his scout of the woods; Partridge built canoes for him; Old Blob, the whale, was his carrier, and the great eagle made the winds for him. His enemies were Beaver, Badger, and Bull-Frog. One day Glooscap angered by the Beaver, threw great handfuls of earth at him. Beaver fled in terror, and the earth fell into Minas Basin and formed the Five Islands. Here in the Basin was Beaver's dam which stretched from Cape Blomidon to the Parrsboro shore; but the dam caused the high tides of the sea to overflow the valleys, so Glooscap broke the dam and pushed one part of it out into the sea. Thus was formed Cape Split.

Bull-Frog when first created, had power over all fresh water streams; but because he was jealous of Glooscap's control, he dried up all the brooks from which the people got their water. The Indians were parched with thirst, and Glooscap begged Bull-Frog to open up the streams, but he refused. Then

the great creator in a rage, grasped Bull-frog in his mighty hand and crumpled and crushed his back, and threw him far out into the mud, saying: "Henceforth, you shall always live in muddy water, and shall croak with a dry throat." From that time Bull-Frog has dwelt in muddy pools; he still croaks, and to this day his back is crumpled and bears the marks of Glooscap's mighty fingers.

Glooscap taught the Indians to hunt and to build canoes. He told them the names of the stars and what plants are useful to man. He had a magic belt which gave him power over sickness, hunger, danger and death. Once when the snow covered the ground, his people could not build fires, and the air was very cold. Glooscap did all in his power to make the snow depart, and even went to Winter's tent to plead for his people; but it was of no avail. Then, through one of the loons, his messengers, he learnt that far in the Southland, Summer dwelt; and that she, and she alone, could make the snow disappear. So he journeyed far into the South and brought back the beautiful Summer, Daughter of the Dawn, and she promised to live with his people six months of the year. So Summer dwells in the Northland six months out of twelve, and when she departs, Old Winter resumes his sway.

For many ages Glooscap exercised his power, but as he grew old, his control seemed to slip from him. He had done many wonderful things and had been a mighty father to his people, but they were ungrateful. When he lost his strength they grew evil, and even the animals became treacherous. His dogs, once so loyal, now stubbornly refused to do his bidding, and in his wrath he turned them into a stone island. Often he was in great sorrow at the ingratitude of his people and thought upon his younger days. While he was sitting on the beach one day, musing on all these things, he heard the voice of his faithful loons coming over the waters with a strange lamentation. When they reached him they said, "O Master, we bring you sad tidings. From far over the sea a race of men is coming, smaller in size than our people but more powerful." Then Glooscap knew that his time was come. Far out in the sea was another hunting ground to which he must sail to join his fathers; his reign on earth was ended. So he returned silently to his tent and began to get ready for his long journey. That night he called his people together and told them he must go away. He offered as a parting gift to grant the dearest wish of each of those who had been faithful to him. When evening came again, just at the turning of the tide, as the sun went down behind the distant hills, he embarked in the great stone canoe and sailed far out to sea. The Great Owl departed in sorrow and hid himself in the forest; and since that time he seldom appears by day, but at night he cries "Koo-koo-koo", which in the Indian means "I am sad, I am sad!" And the loons, Glooscap's messengers, wander up and down the beach calling for their master with loud wild cries. His people still in patience and in hope await his return, and look to the day when all things will be restored to their ancient order, and Glooscap will reign again in peace.

ROBINA ROMANS, Senior C.

THE SIGN

THE hospital of St. Joseph stood at the top of Pine Hill, overlooking the prosperous town of Newton. Broad gardens stretched around it, gay with the thousand hues of July. All was perfectly still in the noon-day heat; save that a locust buzzing through the air, foretold heat, and more heat. The two stone lions that guarded the broad stair-case seemed asleep, and the great oak doors at the top of the steps looked as though they had never once swung back on their hinges. Yet they often swung back, to admit quiet stretcher-bearers with quieter burdens.

Within, the coolness and silence of the hall gave a sense of restfulness. The air was heavy with the odor of anaesthetics; nurses passed up and down the stair-case; doctors, intent on the day's business, came and went; and the great clock tolled the passing hours, tolled them for some within these walls, for the last time.

In a room at the top of the stairs, where the partly closed shutters kept out the glaring sunshine, a nurse was bending over a long form that was stretched out upon the bed. The figure was that of a man, to all appearances about fifty years old. The thin face was almost ghastly in the dim light, and the lines about the eyes and mouth spoke of utter weariness. The dark hair streaked with grey, was pushed back from the high forehead. The eyes fluttered at times and then closed again, as he sank back into unconsciousness. He had been brought in the day before, struck down in the street by a millionaire's heavy touring car. It was the magnificent owner of the car that had had him brought here.

The nurse, Margaret Murrant, was a Canadian girl of about twenty-three. With her sweet intelligent face and quiet manners, she had won the esteem of the hospital staff and especially the confidence of Doctor Haines, the most capable and the most crotchety surgeon in the city. This was his case; consequently, Miss Murrant was in attendance.

Having determined now that her patient was still unconscious, Margaret sat down by the bed and watched him. She had watched similar cases many times, but this man seemed to have a fascination for her. She wondered who he was: whether he was a stranger in the city or whether he had a home and a family; perhaps he had a daughter like herself. . . . These thoughts carried her back to her childhood in the far-off Canadian town; to her mother, whose tender smile always turned to sadness in answer to her little daughter's question: "Mother, where is Daddy?" The reply was always the same: "Some day, Margaret, he will come!" Wearied at last with the years of waiting, the little mother had at last been laid to rest; and Margaret now alone in the world, had decided to carry out her childhood dream of "playing nurse". The four years passed at St. Joseph's under the supervision of the gentle Franciscans

had been interesting and happy, and she had grown to love the great hospital that seemed so strange at first.

Her thoughts were interrupted now by a movement on the part of the patient. He stirred restlessly, and muttered something; then he opened his eyes and looked at her. But the eyes were dull and listless; there was no intelligence in their glance. Then the door opened and Doctor Haines came in. In a moment Margaret was skilfully unbinding the bandages and assisting in dressing the wounds. The doctor seemed satisfied with the work he had done, but he shook his head as he glanced at the man's face.

"There's not much chance for him, I guess. That knock on his head has had a bad effect. However, if he regains consciousness, send for Father O'Connor; the man's a Catholic, I take it, from the Sacred Heart badge on the inside of his coat." With a nod to the nurse, the doctor passed out of the room.

About five o'clock, Margaret noticed a change in the patient. Moving gently to the bed, so as not to disturb him, she perceived that his eyes were now open and seemed clearer than before. It was evident that reason was returning. She rang for the priest; and when he arrived, put the patient's case quietly before him, adding, "There is no time to be lost, Father; he may lose consciousness within a half-hour."

She took up her station outside the door, and found herself repeating fervent Hail Marys with unaccountable earnestness that was almost anxiety. Twenty minutes passed, and then a ring of the bell brought her quickly to the bedside.

"He's gone again, nurse. Poor fellow!" said Father O'Connor. Then, seeing that his assistance was no longer needed, he left the patient to Margaret's care. All was silent except for the ticking of the great clock in hallway and the labored breathing of the patient. Margaret knelt almost as motionless as the figure on the bed. Presently she arose, lit a blessed candle by the bedside and rang for Doctor Haines. One glance at the patient assured the doctor that the end was near, and he knelt simply with Margaret in the presence of death. Father O'Connor had left the hospital, and there was no time to summon him. There was a last gasp, and then no more. . . . Doctor Haines rose and closed the stranger's eyes.

All the next day Margaret was filled with a strange sense of loss. It was foolish, she told herself, yet she could not shake it off. Early in the afternoon Father O'Connor met her in the hall, and from him she learned the stranger's story. The man was a Canadian. He had left his wife and child about twenty years before. There had been a family misunderstanding, and he had left home in anger. He had always intended to return; but somehow, the longer he put it off, the harder it got. . . .

Margaret was breathless with attention. "Oh, what was his name, Father? Surely you found that out!"

"His name? Oh, by the way, it's the same as yours,—Murrant. That's a strange coincidence, isn't it?"

"No Father," she answered very low. "I am sure now that it was my father."

"Your father, Miss Murrant! How could it be?"

"I do not know. I only know that my father's story, if it were told, would be the same as his, and that in my heart I feel satisfied that I have seen him pass to a happier life where all mysteries are clear, and where my mother will give him what I could not. "You know, Father," she added, "I asked our Blessed Mother for a sign of my vocation to the religious life, and I think this is the sign."

DOROTHY MACNEILL, Prov. A.

THE CANADIAN MARTYRS

(Written for the diocesan Gazette)

They to the West once turned their eyes, as we
To the far East now look towards pagan land.
They braved the forest and the desert sand,
The crashing rapid and tempestuous sea,
A myriad lurking foes,—dauntless, free.
Ah, resolute in heart, that with strong hand
Broke ties that bound! ah, bold, indomitable band
That left all things! What was their destiny?
Hunters of souls that tireless tracked their prey
And were themselves beset, betrayed, and slain;
(Fire and tomahawk barred not their way)
Torture their guerdon, and unutterable pain,—
Jogues, Lalemant, Brebeuf, and all their band
Look back from Heaven and smile on conquered land.

E. DE M.

REQUIESCAT.

(In memory of Beatrice Lawrence Hornsby, Alumna)
Died September, 1922, in Cuba.

The following lines were sent from her Alma Mater to her husband:

Back to the northern isle they bear
The Flower of the North to the soil whence she sprung;
Back to the land of her childhood's prayer
Where her childhood's happy songs were sung.

"Sweetly she'll rest", they fondly say,
"In the isle where the heart of her memory lies."
Foolish and slow of heart are they!—
Her soul is at home in paradise.

Ah, but our eyes with tears are wet
For the life that is gone,—the dearest and best!—
God is her Keeper, and in Him
Alone our hearts and hers find rest.

In answer to our proffered sympathy, Beatrice Mercita Hornsby,
true daughter of her worthy mother, sent the following acknowl-
edgement:

FRIENDSHIP.

True friendship is a gift of wondrous worth;
With gold 'tis often sought but never found.
Ambition, power, and greed that stalk the earth
Can ne'er give rise to bonds of friendship sound.
A friend is one who gives for no return,
Who loves the more in suffering pain or woe,
Encourages and helps in trial to learn
The road to duty often shunned by foe.
Oh! happy then is he in times of strife
Who has a friend to comfort and give aid;
Who knows he does not fight alone in life,
And that from one his memory will not fade.
Then let him say, ere he has reached the end.
"I thank Thee, dearest Lord, for one true friend."

The window of the Presentation in the Mount Chapel will always
be a memorial of Beatrice Lawrence Hornsby and her devoted husband.

In Memoriam

OF

Our dear friend and benefactor,

DOCTOR E. A. BLACKADDER,

DIED OCTOBER 22, 1922

Passed is he from death and pain
And all this world accounted gain;
Passed to the gates of everlasting day;
The busy brain
That toiled to make a better way
For men of weaker mould, the stay
Of countless hearts, is passed away.

Passed is he amid the gray
Of gathering clouds,—ah, but a ray
Of solace follows soft in Sorrow's train:
Not for aye
Bid we farewell, and not in vain
Our loving prayers seek heaven; again
We'll meet where life will never wane.

THE PERENNIAL DOCTOR JOHNSON

IT is by their works that most writers have lived. Gibbon is remembered by his *Fall of Rome*; Shakespere by his dramas; Milton by his *Paradise Lost*. If Samuel Johnson's fame rested on his works, he would be practically unknown; even in his own day, neither his publishers nor his friends placed much value on his literary productions. Of his edition of Shakespere, Macaulay has said: "It would be difficult to find a more slovenly, a more worthless edition of any great classic." The famous Dictionary is full of absurdities. Johnson carried his personal prejudices even into his definitions; so that "oats" is "something they give horses to eat in England, and people in Scotland." The dictionary author knew nothing of any Teutonic language, nor would he exert himself to acquire the necessary knowledge. And yet, with all its faults, the book was enthusiastically received. Indeed, Macaulay says, "It was the first dictionary that could be read with pleasure." *Rasselas*, likewise full of improprieties, is little known. The *Rambler* was somewhat popular in spite of its monotonous and artificial diction. All Johnson's works are characterized by a certain heaviness, most distressing to the reader. And yet—Johnson is one of the most popular of men. "No one who has been more than seventy years in the grave is so well known to us," says Macaulay. And George Hill adds, "Of all men, he is the best known." Is it his literary power that has won for Samuel Johnson his unique place in English Letters? Decidedly, no! It is the character of the man, his personality as portrayed by a faithful friend, that has lived and undoubtedly will live as long as English literature will last in this world.

There must have been something extraordinarily attractive about this man, despite "the gigantic body, the huge massy face seamed with the scars of disease, the brown coat, the black worsted stockings, the gray wig with the scarlet foretop, the dirty hands, the nails bitten and pared to the quick, the heavy puffing form, and the convulsive movement of the eyes and mouth." One wonders how men such as Burke, Gibbon, Goldsmith, Reynolds, and Garrick, could recognize Johnson as the leader of their coterie, the principal figure of their club, composed as it was of the most distinguished men of the day. Yet Johnson was their acknowledged leader, and his will was law. Even to-day, that assembly is known as "Johnson's Club." How his constant wheezing, puffing and rolling must have contrasted with the smooth self-possession of Edmund Burke! How, ungainly, too, must that huge form have appeared beside the handsome Garrick! Yet Burke and Garrick, petted and admired by all London, were the sincere admirers of Samuel Johnson. Wherever Johnson went, he made friends. Especially did he enjoy those conversations at the Mitre Tavern; his place was always reserved; his coming, always welcomed. Of these hours among his friends, he said: "There I have free conversation and

interchange of discourse with those whom I most love; I dogmatize and am contradicted, and in this conflict of opinions with opinions I find delight."

Macaulay emphasizes the outward appearance and defects of the man Johnson; he says nothing of the strong noble character. Happily, we have Boswell's biography, where the man's personality colours every incident, and leaves an impression as distinct and vivid as if we ourselves had sat in that favored company and heard the great dictator give forth his oracular utterances to the sympathetic group. Macaulay has condemned Boswell as "a coxcomb, vain, pushing, curious, garrulous." He further declares that "It is impossible that there should have been perfect harmony between two such companions." Yet he tells us that "during twenty years, the disciple continued to worship the master." Let us glance at a letter written by Johnson to Boswell in July, 1779, wherein he chides his friend for not having written sooner: "No ill, I hope, has happened; and if ill should happen, why should it be concealed from one who loves you? My thoughts at present are employed in guessing the reason of your silence." One cannot easily imagine Johnson worrying over a man's silence, unless he had great affection for that man. Since, as Macaulay assures us, "Boswell filled quarto note-books with the minutes of what Johnson had done," he must have studied his master through and through. Boswell himself says in his introduction to his Biography, "I had the honour and happiness of enjoying his friendship for upwards of twenty years; I had the scheme of writing his life constantly in view." The picture, then, is from life.

Numerous proofs are given of Johnson's respect and courtesy towards women. His generosity was remarkable. For a number of years he sheltered in his own home, such people as Miss Williams, Miss Carmichael, Doctor Levett and Mrs. Desmoulins, from whom he could expect nothing in return, from whom he received nothing but ingratitude. Yet we never hear of Johnson uttering a word against these poor unfortunates. His heart went out to the needy and the suffering, and while he gave vent to the most astonishing insults against such people as Lord Chesterfield, he had nothing but kindness for the poor. Macaulay says, "He who was generally the haughtiest and most irritable of mankind, who was but too prompt to resent anything which looked like a slight on the part of a noble and powerful patron, bore patiently from mendicants, insults more provoking than those for which he had knocked down Osborne, and bidden defiance to Chesterfield." His lovable attention to his aged mother is pathetic. He never forgot to send her every possible comfort. His last letter to her bespeaks the filial devotion of a great man:

"Dear Honoured Mother:—Neither your condition nor your character makes it fit for me to say much. You have been the best mother, and I believe the best woman, in the world. I thank you for your indulgence to me, and beg forgiveness of all that I have done ill, and all that I have omitted to do well. God grant you his Holy Spirit, and receive you to everlasting happiness, for Jesus Christ's sake, Amen. Lord Jesus receive your spirit. Amen.

I am, dear Mother,

Your dutiful Son,

SAM JOHNSON.

Jan. 20, 1759.

Such words, coming from the pen of a man of fifty, are surprising. Although some may say that he showed a lack of judgment in marrying such an inferior woman as Mrs. Porter, nevertheless, all will admit that his faith in her was remarkable. He firmly believed that in his wife were all those virtues, all that grace and beauty, which are to be found in the perfect lady. The picture Macaulay gives of Johnson needs to be supplemented by Boswell's "Life of Johnson". Therein the much beloved "Titty" is a woman fully capable of appreciating her husband's genius.

Johnson's last days were unhappy. Forsaken by his greatest friend, Mrs. Thrale, who, since her husband's death, had been shocking the world by her conduct, he was obliged to return to his home in Fleet Street. The people whom he had so kindly sheltered had died. His mother and his wife had been dead for some years. Assuredly the poor old man suffered during the last lonely days. The thought of death terrified him. He became very weak, and practically nothing could be done to relieve his pain, although the most learned physicians attended him, happy to be able to render free service to such a man. Burke and Langton, besides others who had known and loved the peculiar old man, were very kind and attentive during those last days. From Boswell's account, we learn that Johnson gradually overcame that intense horror of death, so that on December 13, 1784, when the end came at last, he was perfectly calm and resigned. His last act was typical of his whole life and character. Imagining that Mr. Windham might require his services, he dismissed the man Cawston who had been sent to watch with him during the night, saying, "You should not detain Mr. Windham's servant." Surely the prayer uttered for his dying mother was granted in his own last moments, and God "sent him His Holy Spirit and received him into everlasting happiness."

KATHLEEN ALLISON.

THE ENCHANTMENT OF DISTANCE

WHAT is the enchantment of distance? Is there such a thing, or is it only an idle fancy? It is no idle fancy, but a psychological fact which has its influence in the life of every man, woman, and child in this world. There is truly a fascination in distance and in distant things that is found in nothing else. We all have seen our mirage, and have met with some disappointment; not vainly was the proverb framed: "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view!"

It is partly imagination and partly the limitations of our powers of sight that makes the far-off vision so alluring. Watch that distant sail that dips and rises over the sea; it is a dazzling spot on the horizon line, like a gull floating over the waves. Wait for it on the quay, and you will not recognize the weather-beaten old fishing smack with streaked sides and patched grey sails.

Walk in the Autumn among the hills, and gaze across the blue of Bedford Basin at the heights that rise from its shores. The gorgeous red, yellow, orange, purple, russet, and brown hues make a streak of flame against the sky. But pluck some clusters of those same gay leaves, and alas! the brilliant reds are full of holes; the yellows that shone like gold are dull and spotted.

These are simple examples, but they illustrate the point. The great things in life, as well as the small, have this same quality, if it may be called a quality,—that they attract us from a distance, and that once possessed, they lose their charm. Even the clouds and the stars that now delight us would, if we could grasp them, fail to please our fancy. One alone exists, the nearer whom we draw the greater is our joy; therefore has Saint Augustine written: "For Thyself, O God, Thou hast made us; therefore our hearts will be restless until they rest in Thee."

MOLLIE WOOD, Commercial.



VIEW FROM SOUTH PIAZZA

A STENOGRAPHER'S SYMPOSIUM

As the train rattled onward through the valley and the scene became more and more beautiful, I was forced to put aside my unfinished story and feast my eyes on the great work of God that lay before me.

As I sat there musing, my ear caught the sound of mellow voices; and turning my chair about, I became interested in the little group on the other side of the car.

There were four young women dressed in travelling suits of dark material. The very expression on their faces told me that they belonged to the professional class. Evidently they were talking on a subject that was of great interest to them; and as I did not know them, I had to judge them by the topic under discussion. To my great surprise, they were talking about Stenography.

The eldest of the group was a nurse. This I knew when she said, "You know when I first began the course, I did not think I would find much use for it; but after I secured my diploma I decided to take up nursing. I easily managed the theoretical part of my work, for I took down the lectures; and in my free moments used to transcribe the matter, so that I always had it for reference."

"Were you able to take the lectures word for word?" asked the little college student who occupied the chair at her right.

"Yes, and I am almost sure I have my notes yet."

"How convenient that will be for me at College next year! I never thought last year when I was learning Shorthand that it would be just the thing for me now. That should be very easy to you after your daily practice in taking court reports"; she added turning to the third member of the group.

"Yes, indeed,—I only hope you will enjoy taking down the lectures as much as I enjoy my occupation in the Court Room. Sometimes it is very difficult, as I have to understand the different dialects and voices; and then I must write very quickly for I cannot miss a word. Indeed I am sometimes called upon to read back my notes, if the jury is unable to understand the witness.

"That must be rather provoking," responded the little business woman who was seated opposite. "My position is very different from the one you hold. Now that I am accustomed to my employer's voice, I find it very easy to "catch" his carefully worded dictation. Then, too, I do not have to write so long, for I have a change; being private secretary, I have bookkeeping and recording to do also. When my hours are over, your work at the typewriter has only just begun, as you must stay up until you have transcribed the matter that you gathered so carefully during the Court Session."

"Worse than being on night duty," said the nurse.

"Not at all! My work is a pleasure and I find it easy to write my reports. You know I always liked Shorthand more than anything else, and now I have the position I most desired."

"Yes, I found it fascinating; but I shall be satisfied to use the art in taking down lectures. After I finish my College Course it will not be a lost study, for I shall always find use for it, even if it is only to take down my husband's telephone messages."

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the little group.

"So you have your future all arranged? I suppose you will also do your husband's book-keeping?" said the witty little Stenographer.

"Indeed I find use for book-keeping even now," responded the girl, "but I am pleased to think I have learned Commercial Law as it has given me a 'stepping-stone' to my College Course."

"Though I only studied Law in order to take my position as a Private Secretary, I have found my knowledge of great use to me in other ways besides those that were for the interests of my employer."

"Yes, I should imagine, but your interests are chiefly concerned in the 'Mercantile Whirl' and you were just made for a business woman. As for me, I could never picture myself in an office; but since my training is not lost I shall never be sorry for the hours I spent puzzling over my 'hieroglyphics' as I used to call my Shorthand exercises. In fact, nothing will go to waste in the various allied subjects that went to make up my Commercial Course."

After this I went back to my reading, not amused but well pleased to note that there are women in the world who are able to appreciate the value of a business education, and whose time and talents are employed with the earnestness I had observed in this interesting group.

MARIE POWER, Commercial, '23.

THE WAY OF THE SHAMBLES.

Which is the Way of the Shambles?

Let me go

That way of thorn, where the scorn and the blow

Fall fast,—for lo!

Christ went the Way of the Shambles.

Which is the Way of the Shambles?

I cannot know

But must be led that way of woe

Like a sheep,—for so

Christ went the Way of the Shambles.

Is *this* the Way of the Shambles?

Not lone I go;

The path is lit by Love's own glow,

And pain . . . ? Ah, no!

Christ goes the Way of the Shambles.

F. DE M.

FILING

THIS year we have added a new diploma to those of the previous years. The Office Specialty Company invited the Commercial Class to take the Course in Filing and Card Indexing with them, promising to supply the Bulletins which made up the Course and to award diplomas to those pupils who should pass their examination satisfactorily. All the pupils with one exception merited the diploma. The work appealed to us and we all enjoyed it, so I am going to tell you something about it now.

Filing is the art of arranging papers in an accurate and systematic way so that they may be found immediately when wanted.

As people, places, and inventions have a history, so have our modern ways of Filing a very interesting history. We find from the Stone Ages that man kept his records on the walls of caves or carved on the bones and tusks of animals.

The Egyptians were the first to write their characters with a pen or brush and this made it easy to keep records on parchment: it was less laborious too, than to carve characters on stone, clay, or ivory. They wrote on parchment not only the very important events but business transactions also, and stored them away in boxes and in stone jars or chests, for future reference.

The Babylonians developed a banking system in which they deposited and issued brick cheques and bills of exchange. These people would bake their cheques and records and take off duplicates while the clay was hot and before it became hard. These duplicates were filed away on shelves and could be seen any time on the payment of a certain fee. The Bankers of that age were the "Rothschilds of the Ancient World."

The public records of Greece were inscribed on marble and these were attached to theaters, temples, public cross-roads and other public places. Greek records written on parchment scrolls were usually stored in cylinders for future reference.

When the Chinese first began to write, they traced their characters on tablets of wood with ink and a frayed bamboo stick. Movable blocks of clay were used as far back as 1000 A. D., also type blocks of copper and lead. These methods contained the germs of the present art of printing.

The making and keeping of records was almost entirely in the hands of the monks during the so-called "Dark Ages". They copied books, bound them in metal and wooden covers and simply stored them on shelves horizontally and vertically divided, or in chests lined to keep out the damp.

The English system of "Tally Sticks" was devised when but few people could read or write. Their records were marked on these sticks by means of notches of varying length and shape. The stick was then split in two, one half being kept by the Sheriff and the other half by the debtor as his receipt.

The letters of the early English trader were kept in leather cases secured by straps and buckles. Record-keeping during war-time was not for compactness and convenience, but for safety. The North American Indian kept his records of battles fought and victories won by painting pictures on deer skin. He had a simple way of keeping account of sales or purchases by means of a series of straight strokes to represent the number, followed by a picture of the object; a deer, for example.

In the 18th century, papers of great importance were filed in tin boxes which were labelled and fastened with padlocks. To-day filing is brought to a science for saving time and protecting documents by means of cabinets of wood or fire-proof ones of steel.

The most important methods of filing to-day are:—The Shannon or horizontal method and the Vertical. The three fundamental ways of indexing are by; name, place, and subject. The Vertical way of filing may be divided into five classes, namely: Alphabetically, Numerically, Direct Name System, Geographically and according to Subject.

With a Numerical or Direct Name file, a card index is used. This card index has advantages over a book index: for, a card is more easily handled than a book; no margin or binding is needed on a card; it takes up very little room in the office and the system can be extended or diminished as desired.

MARY M. MARSLAND, Commercial '23.

"For Thyself, O Lord, Thou hast made us and so our hearts will be restless until they rest in Thee."—St. Augustine.

I gave my love to a lady fair,
My love as sweet as a wild song-bird;
But she caged it in from the light and air,
Held it in bands till it dropped in her hands,
And its wings no longer stirred.

I gave my love to a scholar wise,
My love like a thrush so lowly;
But he had no thought for the earth and the skies;
He cared but for gain, never heeded its pain,
Till it languished and perished slowly.

I gave my love to a thorn-crowned King;
Like a lark it soared to His heaven high;
And He listens and waits to hear it sing
A song of earth's tears and of fleeting years—
For my love is at home in the sky.



IT is rumoured that Helen Wakely is studying for her M. A. We hear that Mary Lyons gives Hygiene lectures in the refectory, and that all are cordially invited.

It is really interesting to hear Miriam Allison converse on Art and Literature. We understand she has made a special study of the decorations in the marble hall and the spiritual section of the library.

It has been noticed that Florine has turned dumb waiter for the pharmacy. Is it possible that she can be so quiet?

C. Belliveau celebrated St. Patrick's Day most hilariously. We wonder why!

Margaret Nowlan has developed a peculiar affection for ginger cookies (the kind you put under your pillow at night to dream on).

The amount of grape-fruit produced by Ida Marsland is really astonishing. The Senior C class begs for the recipe.

Helen Byalin's room-mate is worried by the fact that our budding artist quotes Tennyson in her sleep. We are inclined to think that this is merely another symptom of the artistic temperament which manifests itself occasionally.

It has been said that the teacher of the Commercial Class has never seen the inside of Marie Power's tin box. What would happen if Marie some day let the cover slip, we dread to think on.

It has been decided by the savants that life at M.S.V. is decidedly geometric in its character. It is made up chiefly of lines controlled by rules, and the whole thing is a problem.

The school is surprised to learn that Senior C possesses an orchestra which is made up entirely of "fiddlers."

Lectures on "The Disadvantages of Married Life" are given free every evening in the recreation hall by Miss Ena Barberie and are well attended.

It is an established fact that a "tea-party" in the refectory is always followed by a sojourn at the medicine table.

It is a source of anxiety to the occupants of St. Agnes' Dormitory where Dorothy MacNeill keeps herself so late every evening.

Miss Nott, it is observed, is letting her hair grow in anticipation of her young-ladyship. It is an open secret that she "sales" for A and B next year.

Rumour has it that Margaret Smith is going to Salt Lake City; but then again we hear that she may remain at the Mount as assistant Mathematics teacher.

Miss Florence Leary has acquired the difficult art of reading upside down.

There is no doubt that Ena Kyte deserves a medal for speed; we only hope she will never be arrested.

To prove the strength of their convictions, the upholders of the affirmative in the debate, "Resolved: that the comic section should be abolished from the newspapers", went to bed that same evening each with a comic section to be perused at leisure.

Now that Robina has become so musically inclined, we understand how painful it must be to her to "lose her notes."

Elizabeth: (reciting) "The ladies were reading, writing....and er...."
Prompter: 'Rithmetic!

Sister at head of stairs (watching line pass up) "Hands off the woodwork, please!"

Margaret Nowlan: (smoothing her hair) "Do you mean me, Sister?"

Pupil: (reciting) Scott was very fond of old Scotch.....
Voice from the rear: "You're right; he was."

Mary Marsland has offered to execute musical selections on the typewriter at any time at all.

Christian Morazé has moved to St. Agnes' dormitory. It is said she talked English in her sleep.

Mary Walsh delights in giving out veils. We wonder when she will get her own (?)

Vivian Power volunteers to water any plant, provided it is brought to St. Cecilia's Classroom.

A CANADIAN WOMAN VOTER

(Published in the Quarterly Bulletin of the
International Federation of Catholic Alumnae)

By AGNES HAYES MACKENNA.

Mt. St. Vincent Alumnae, Halifax, N. S.

If by my vote I help my Maker, God,
To plant a flower on some barren sod,
To lift the burden of a sister's load,
To make for little feet a smoother road—
Then let me vote.

If by my vote I cause my state
To throw its arm around a weaker
Till it grow in loyal trust, to weld
The bond that holds the Union Jack
Within one common fold—
Then let me vote.

If by my vote my home becomes a part
Of that great home where dwells the Father's heart,
If from its window broader shine
The gleam of love until it broadens to a stream—
Then let me vote.

If by my vote I faithful prove
To God and to my Land,
Then fearless take this ballot from my hand
And count my vote.

A SCOTCHMAN'S VIEW OF A SCOTCHMAN

IN almost any account of the life of Tennyson, one is sure to find the statement made by Carlyle that Alfred was "a lifeguardsman spoiled by writing poetry." In his letter to Tennyson commenting on the volume of 1842, Carlyle makes no pretence of being a lover of poetry, for he says: "If you knew what my relation has been to the thing called 'English poetry' for many years back, you would think the fact that I have read certain of your poems over again, and mean to do so over and over till they become my poems, almost surprising." Then, how comes it that Thomas Carlyle, professed skeptic in "the thing called English poetry," took the trouble to write a long essay on the poet Robert Burns?

Carlyle's avowed reason for writing the essay on Burns was because, according to his definition of biography, no one had as yet written one of Burns. A good biography, according to Carlyle, is one which gives the true effect of society on the man, and the true effect of the man on society. Again he says, "If a man be of consequence enough to have his life and character recorded for public remembrance, we have always been of the opinion that the public ought to be made acquainted with the inward spring and relations of his character." In the Essay on Burns, Carlyle thinks he has done what a biographer ought to do.

The Essay as a whole is rambling and diffuse, full of repetitions and digressions. As Professor Morley wrote: "It is as a sermon on life rather than as a criticism of literature that the Essay must be judged: the text was one that strongly appealed to Carlyle." Perhaps the real reason for this Scotchman's biography of his fellow countryman is his intense sympathy with that life of fragments which very much resembled his own. Burns had to struggle; so had Carlyle. Both were born of Scottish peasant stock, pious, simple, God-fearing folk. Carlyle knew the drawbacks of adverse circumstances; his privations and persistent application to work indeed brought on dyspepsia, which, tormenting him as it did during his whole life, was probably the cause of his irritability and ill-humor. He found it very hard to bear lack of recognition and appreciation of his work, for he was keenly aware that he might have won popularity had he catered to others' weaknesses, and shaped his work to suit public opinion. But he felt he had a definite message to deliver and a mission to fulfill, and he was determined to do his appointed work "with all his might", as he preached to others, as became a man.

From bitter experience, then, Carlyle could appreciate the worth of the Scottish peasant who rose above the cramping circumstances which surrounded his early life. Burns' father, like Carlyle's, was a poor working man who tried to do many things and succeeded in nothing; yet the village schoolmaster declared he had never enjoyed in London better discourse than at the hearth

of this peasant. And when the boy Robert grew to manhood, his patch of clay farm yielded him no better profit; nothing he tried as a means of livelihood prospered. He had, as Carlyle says, "a sore, unequal battle all his days." Yet he "stood it valiantly, swallowing down many sore sufferings in silence like a hero." But though poverty held down both, it is noteworthy that Burns proved less strong than his admirer, for throughout his whole life he wavered between money-making schemes and a literary career. In the end he had chosen neither. Carlyle, when once he discovered the bent of his genius, spent his whole life toiling with his pen; and in the end could rest satisfied that his work was accomplished.

Carlyle's most striking characteristic was his love of Truth. Nothing must stand in its way; hence he spared neither time nor labour in the service of what he regarded as Truth. He hated the least appearance of hypocrisy and sham; sincerity was a passion with him. For this reason, if for no other, Carlyle was attracted to Robert Burns, because he saw that the poet possessed "a certain noble, rough genuineness; homely, rustic, honest; true simplicity of strength with its lightning fire, and soft, dewy pity like the old Norse Thor,—the peasant god."

The poems of Burns Carlyle called "mere occasional effusions" poured forth with little premeditation, expressing the passion, the opinion, or the humour of the hour. He considers them imperfect fragments, to judge which by the strict canons of Art would be unprofitable and unfair. They were written in a dialect incomprehensible to Englishmen; and this, Carlyle thinks, is the only reason that Burns was not recognized as "one of our greatest men." Still, his poems, understood or not, come straight from the heart of the man; and it is their truth, their sincerity, their simplicity, which appealed to Carlyle. Burns uttered the conviction of his honest thought, and wrote simply of the humble scenes he knew and loved. What the poet termed "a homely, rustic jingle" has taken rank with the best in English literature.

The great merit of the work of Burns, according to Carlyle, is "his choice of subjects, or rather, his indifference to subjects, and the power he has of making all subjects interesting." Many poets have done great things, but had they not all their material to work with? Burns had neither material nor tools, and had to seek for both in the most unlikely places. That the ploughman found what he sought is, to the mind of his critic, the unmistakable sign of his genius.

All will agree with Carlyle when he says that Burns' popularity rests on his songs. As he wrote them for the glory of Scotland, he would take no money for them; his sole aim was to do a little service to his "ain countree." His songs are brilliant with patriotic fire. They are his most finished, complete, and truly inspired pieces. They are written on various subjects, ranging from the loud revel of "Willie Brewed a Beck o' Malt" to the still, calm "Mary in Heaven"; from the glad fellowship of "Auld Lang Syne" to the comic archness of "Duncan Grey" and the fighting vigor of "Scots Wha Hae!" Carlyle, an

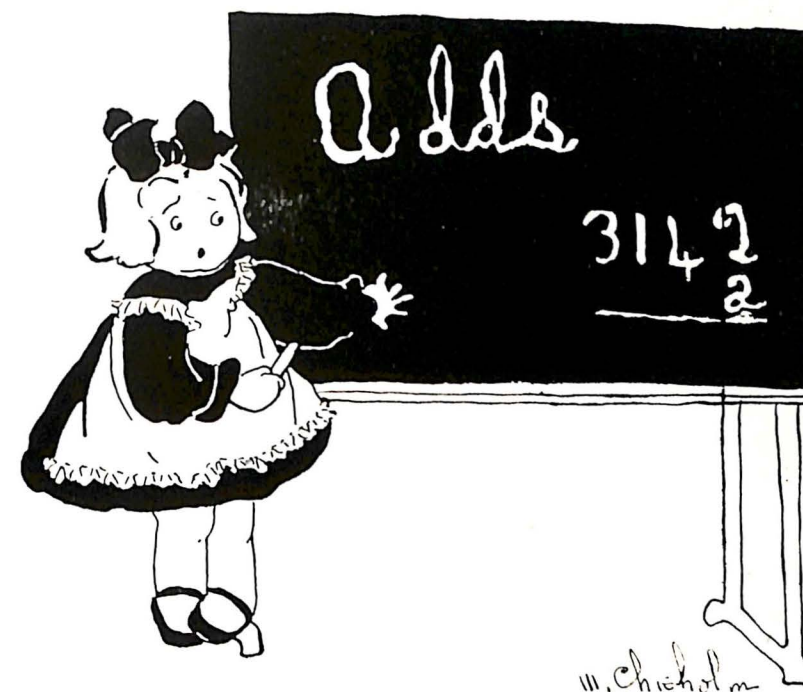
ardent Scotchman, says, "It seems small praise if we rank him first, for we know not where to find one worthy of being second to him."

It is true, as many assert, that Carlyle's criticism is not final, and that he has not uttered the last word on Burns. Augustine Birrell says most aptly, "But reserving last words to the last man (to whom they would appear to belong) it is surely something to have said the first sensible thing on the subject." Carlyle's verdict on Burns has been accepted by many as substantially just and fair. To those who think that he has made out too good a case for his poor compatriot, Augustine Birrell would say: "Brother dunces, lend me your ears!—not to crop, but that I may whisper into their furry depths—Do not quarrel with genius. We have none ourselves, and yet are so constituted that we cannot do without it."

MURIEL DONAHOE, Senior A.



AN EVENING SCENE



Wanted—Some matches to kindle old flames. M. Power.

For Sale—A revised edition of "Rose of My Heart." Apply to Pet Commins.

Reward Offered—To any person who can give detailed information concerning M. Smith's "Mabel".

Wanted—By M. Donahoe, an armed policeman to guard the traffic from St. Ignatius' classroom to the study-hall.

Lost—A heart badly bent, but capable of repair. Finder please return to H. Al-Molky.

Wanted—A printer who will publish "Will you do this for me, Dearie?" Miss E. Kyte's latest song hit.

For Sale—A perennial scowl. Apply to Lucy Foley.

Lost—An epistle from St. Paul. Finder please leave it in the sewing-room where it will be called for by M. Lyons.

For Sale—A few red and yellow congés, of the species eaten with forks. Apply to A. Smith.

Anyone Interested—in sea products, apply to L. Grassby, the local fish-dealer.

Wanted—By R. Orlando, a reserved seat in the sewing room, on every afternoon but Wednesday.

Situation Wanted—As chemist's assistant. Address K. Hagen, College Corridor.

Wanted—A reliable person to turn off Commercial Room light. Apply to M. Marsland.

Auction—Of a few medium-sized cases, almost as good as new. Specifications given beforehand. Come early and avoid the rush. E. Abbis.

Wanted—By M. Dulhanty, a few extra lessons in "gym"; club-swinging, high jumping and dancing preferred.

Wanted—A docile man who doesn't mind being stepped on, and who will do odd jobs, such as hanging pictures moving furniture, etc. H. McAleenan.

Wanted—Some lubricating oil for over-tired jaws. Notify M. Nott.

Wanted Immediately—A remedy for "suffering cats". Notify M. McCormac.

Loan Easily Procured—My ear is at the disposal of anyone in difficult circumstances. Advice given free. M. Lyons.

Lost—A poem referring to St. Ignatius' room. Information will be gladly received by Mary Kane.

Found—A few rose-colored dreams. We suspect they belong to Florence Leary.

Information Wanted—Concerning the disappearance of four olives from the graduates' table. Kindly communicate with the distracted owner, Kathryn Shaw.

Wanted—By M. Walsh, a favourable site on which to build a Chinese laundry.

Auction—Powder-puffs found in St. Cecilia's class-room.



THE Alphakaibeta Club presents the following results of debates held during the year:

Resolved: that a wheelbarrow is of more use on a farm than a woman.
Score:—Affirmative, 86; Negative, 90.

Resolved: that it is better to speak well than to write well.
Score:—Affirmative, 106; Negative, 114.

Resolved: that a tidy ill-natured woman is to be preferred to a slovenly, good-natured woman.
Score:—Affirmative, 112; Negative, 111.

Sec. K. SHAW, '23.

From the A and B Club we have the following:

Resolved: that our prisons need reform.
Score:—Affirmative, 55; Negative, 68.

Resolved: that it pays to advertise.
Score:—Affirmative, 73; Negative, 57.

Resolved: that a thorough knowledge of a few good books is more beneficial than a superficial knowledge of many.
Score:—Affirmative, 60; Negative, 58.

Sec. M. DONAHOE.

From the Commercial Club, the following:

Resolved: that the modern girl makes a better wife and companion than the young lady of former times.

Score:—Affirmative, 138; Negative 131.

Resolved: that Prime is a benefit to the school.

Score:—Affirmative, 111; Negative, 123.

Resolved: that it is better to love than to be loved.

Score:—Affirmative, 89; Negative, 103.

Resolved: that it is better to entertain than to be entertained.

Score:—Affirmative, 148; Negative, 154.

Sec. M. MARSLAND '23.

The Benson Reading Circle announces the following results:

Resolved: that the poets have had a greater influence in English literature than the prose-writers.

Score:—Affirmative, 73; Negative, 71.

Resolved: that Prohibition has effected a good for society.

Score:—Affirmative, 72; Negative, 89.

Resolved: that the single woman does more good in the world than the married woman.

Score:—Affirmative, 109; Negative, 127.

Resolved: that capital punishment should be abolished.

Score:—Affirmative, 115; Negative, 106.

Resolved: that the comic section should be abolished from the newspaper.

Score:—Affirmative, 106; Negative, 96.

Sec. M. LYONS.

The Senior D Club announces its debates as follows:

Resolved: that reading is more beneficial than travelling.

Decision in favor of the Negative, by one point.

Resolved: that newspapers do more harm than good.

Decision in favor of the Affirmative by one half point.

Resolved: that the telegraph is a more useful invention than the telephone.

Decision in favor of the Affirmative, by four points.

Resolved: that the pleasures of hope are greater than those of memory.

Decision in favor of the Negative, by one point.

Sec. K. PERY,

BENSON CIRCLE DEBATE

Resolved: that the comic section should be abolished from the newspapers.

AFFIRMATIVE

MARGARET NOTT
MARGUERITE PHELAN
IDA MARSLAND

NEGATIVE

MARGARET ROSS
LOUISE GRASSBY
HELEN WAKELY

I. MISS MARGARET NOTT.

ARE there any reasons why the comic section of the newspapers should be abolished? Let me tell you some. First of all—of what good is the comic section? Does it elevate the mind? True it furnishes a laugh, but does it lift the thoughts to a higher plane? Why give people the comics to read, and fill their minds with foolishness? During the time they waste in this trash, they could be profiting by some useful reading, learning choice language and acquiring useful knowledge. Suppose the book were an historical novel like "Oddsfish!" From such a book they would obtain a vivid picture of English life at the end of the seventeenth century, together with a clear idea of the reign of Charles II. Is not this much better than reading foolish jokes and looking at vulgar buffoonery?

Truly, the Comic section is the death of a taste for good literature in growing children. Where do the majority of our slang expressions arise? From the comics. Briggs has invented a number of expressions which do not add to the elegance of an English vocabulary, and every comic writer has done likewise. It is the tendency of the human mind to repeat what it has heard, and it is thus we pick up slang expressions so easily. Lately I heard an expression which I recalled having seen somewhere in print. I racked my brain to think from what source it could have come, and at last decided that it came from "Freckles", or "Tagalong". Now well-bred people, who do not indulge in slang, can find no pleasure in the comics, for the vocabulary of the comics consists chiefly of cheap expressions. But, you will say, what of the poor and uneducated? Could not an education of a sort be given them by putting into their hands a book of good English instead of the newspaper? Let us take Dickens' novels for an example. The language is simple, and the story interesting, and the uneducated person will certainly profit more by reading it than by indulging in comics.

In short, what is the Comic section? It is a series of pictures wherein grotesque actors carry on a conversation consisting chiefly of exclamations expressed in bad grammar. And this is what people waste time reading; this is what is preferred to the book of the master author. Indeed it is true that the generation is degenerating! There were no comics in the 19th century, because the old people would not be bothered with such nonsense. And do

we see this century producing men as great as their grandfathers? Did the poets read the comics? Why, no; that was an age of common sense and high ideals, and this is an age of frivolity. Perhaps if the Comic section were abolished from the newspaper, this age could show a little more common sense.

Why should the Comic section *not* be abolished? It provides amusement for the younger folk! But is this amusement healthful? Is it a means by which they may become better? It is neither. The joke is nearly always a vulgar one expressed in ungrammatical English. Young children will adopt this rude way of speaking; and so the Comic section not only does no good, but actually does harm. If this section were extracted from the newspapers, its departure would not be felt by the student, or by young people, or even by society as a whole.

II. MISS MARGARET ROSS.

Resolved: that the comic section should *not* be abolished from the newspapers.

ABOLISH the comic section? Of course not! Although the reading of the comics should not take up time that should be devoted to other more serious pursuits, yet, it too should have its time and place; for without a little fun, how should we endure the hustle, bustle, hurry and worry of this life of ours? Is there any harm in spending a few moments of our busy day in innocent amusement?

I suppose you will say that the comics are vulgar. But where is the vulgarity? They are simply amusing pictures of the ups and downs of every day life, and who does not experience these? We are not angels,—we are mere human beings and will act according to nature. We do not agree with one another on every point and will have things our own way. What is your objection? The only thing I can see is that you do not care to have your actions transferred to paper by the artistic pen of our "Comic" friend.

What better remedy for a fit of the blues than a good laugh? And where can you find a wider source of fun and laughter than in the Comics? The Comic section affords diversion to the mind. You may say that everyone buys the daily newspaper, but few the real "funny paper". May I ask you whether it is not better to spend your leisure moments reading the comic section than in devouring the scandals of the past few days, weeks, or months, or, what is worse, to sit discussing the failings of your neighbor? Your time is not wasted and the comic section has not proved useless if you can substitute it for harmful, nay, sinful gossip.

Again, the comics have an instructive value. In studying the little episodes, children learn to connect ideas and words, thus forming sentences; and thus the comic section serves as well as the object lesson of a teacher. These little harmless pictures are a good substitute for descriptive readings. They serve as a training for the imagination, because they portray actions;

so that when the little tots are old enough to read books, they will already have formed some association between the picture of the act and the word which represents it. Moreover, pictures do not require the strain on the eyes which is exacted by print.

Sometimes, too, children cut out the figures from the funny paper for paper dolls, and use them for tracing. Thus their little minds are trained in methods and knowledge of drawing. And they owe all this to the comic section!

You may urge the point that the comic section is a waste of paper, but I have just proved to you that it is not. And moreover, what about the other sections of the paper? All gossip and scandal is exaggerated to fill space and attract the attention of the public; the editor all the while ignorant that he commits the heinous faults of circumlocution, redundancy, tautology and verbosity! If the comic section is "trash", so is the rest of the newspapers.

III. MISS MARGUERITE PHELAN

Resolved: that the comic section should be abolished.

OF what good, and of what value is the comic section? None. It puts only more foolish notions into the heads of its readers; and, goodness knows, we have enough foolishness in our heads already without putting any more in by reading such nonsense. The people who spend most money on the comics are the very ones, I am sure, who need it most to buy their children the necessities of life.

Again, what learning, what knowledge do you get out of Jiggs, Freckles, Mutt and Jeff, and the like? Nothing but slang; nothing to help develop the mind. And how far will slang bring you? Not very far; certainly not into good society, where slang is not tolerated. As far as mind development goes, the comic section is often the source where children find new kinds of mischief; and when you ask with wonder, "Why, where did you learn that?" the answer is, "Oh, I saw Slim Jim do that in the funny paper."

If very young children are allowed to read the comics, their taste for solid and refined reading is destroyed, and they acquire a liking for vulgar books. When we ourselves ask advice on the subject of reading, it is not to the comics we are referred. Is not this sufficient proof that there is nothing educating and instructive in the comics?

Besides, it takes a clever man to think out these things, foolish as they are; and isn't it a shame when you think of the good that man might be doing with his talent, if he would only turn it to something more profitable than the comic section?

Again, the comics are a hindrance in the education of children. The teacher spends long hours trying to instruct her pupils in the proper use of words. The child goes home, and after all the hard work of the teacher, imitates the language of the "funny people" who do not observe the rules of

grammar. In school, children are taught to respect their parents; and in the comics there are always cracks on the parents: naturally, children who enjoy such things are going to lose respect for Father and Mother.

I hope I have convinced you that the comic section really should be abolished.

IV. MISS LOUISE GRASSBY

Resolved: that the comic section should *not* be abolished.

THERE are many reasons for this resolution. First, let us consider it from an educational point of view. The comics themselves have no very great value, but they attract people to reading, and create a desire for more helpful reading.

Then take it from the child's point of view. It is surprising to note the pleasure a child gets out of reading the funny papers. Even very young children enjoy the comics. Children will get hold of the papers somehow; and as long as they have the comic section, they will pay no attention to the gruesome things the daily journals contain. Can you imagine a child growing up with nothing but serious things to read? If you can, he will not be like other children, I assure you.

Humour is a thing one needs very much in this world; in fact, we cannot get along without a certain amount of it. Where are we going to find humour? You may say there are really humorous books, written for the purpose of amusement; but what of the younger folks? They naturally have no appreciation of books, and they cannot acquire a taste for literature in a day. Why should they not start in as soon as they can, to see the sunny side of life, so that they may have the natural virtue of cheerfulness when they grow up?

You must remember that the comic section does not mean only the single page of the daily paper, but the colored supplement of the Sunday papers as well. If any of you has seen anything in these funny pictures that would be harmful to children, I wish you would say what it is. We have all read the funny papers since our babyhood, and have enjoyed them, too; but did any one of us confine our reading solely to these? I think not.

Again, the comics show us nothing but real life, and young people see only the funny side of them. If when we are old enough, we see harm in them, we are also old enough to know better. Moreover, there is nothing like ridicule for correcting faults; and when people see their faults and failings in pictures, they begin to think about a change of conduct.

We often find the sick, looking at the funny papers. They are not capable of reading books, and can get enjoyment out of the clever speeches and real nonsense of the comics. Again, you can be sure that while people sick or well, are reading the comic section they are at least out of mischief.

Lastly, by the comic section, humour is kept in circulation, and humour is one of the greatest forces for social good.

V. MISS IDA MARSLAND

Resolved: that the comic section should be abolished from the newspapers.

ONE often hears the remark, "They haven't enough to fill the newspaper, so they put in the comic section." If such is the truth, and news is scarce, it would be much better to make the paper smaller by omitting the comic section. Thus useless expense would be avoided, and everybody just as well off without such trash. If, however, a good essay could be inserted for the comic section the change would be truly beneficial. Think of all the space used by the comic section every week! Think of the waste of paper! People buy the papers, and after a single reading throw them into the fire and never think of them again. Whereas, if the space taken by the comic section were filled with a good essay, there might be some profit drawn from the paper.

Think, again, of the wrong notions children sometimes get from the comics. For instance what edification is to be got from the Jiggs family? Maggie is always waiting behind the door with a rolling-pin, ready to come down on her husband when he enters the house. Some children may be led to think that this is the case with most families, and their notion of home peace and happiness may be corrupted by such vulgarities. Sometimes, too, children waste precious study time in reading the comic section, when they should be learning something profitable; and fearing to be detected and punished, they conceal the paper and act deceitfully.

Again, the funny papers lead children to do mischief. Take, for example, the Katzenjammer Kids. These two little boys are always doing the wrong thing. Children reading of the doings of these youngsters are apt to copy their smartness. Above all, the comics frequently make the parent ridiculous. Children who enjoy these pictures run the risk of losing filial piety, simply because they see the children in the pictures making light of parental authority.

Think of all the money that is paid to the funny-paper writers! Their wages alone, if put together, would make a goodly sum to further some useful work. At present it is given to men who might use their artistic talent in a much better fashion. It is true, large sums are wasted on the comic section.

To-day the comics are considered a necessity. Why were they not so regarded in the days of Addison and Steele? These men published newspapers, and if they had filled them with nonsensical comic sections their names would not have come down to us as great essayists who benefitted the nation at large. People read their essays with delight, and their paper was renowned for its real literary value as well as for its sound common sense. It is much to be doubted that the names of our comic section writers will go down to posterity.

What is the use of making children read Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson, Longfellow, and other standard authors during school hours, if when they return home they are going to forget this choice literature and content themselves with the comic section?

Lastly, let me make an appeal to my fellow opponents. Surely, whatever injures the minds and morals of the rising generation should be banished from

our midst. I have already shown you that besides preventing real progress in education, the comic section does actual moral harm by teaching children to defy and ridicule their parents. What will the world come to if the comic section be not abolished?

VI. MISS HELEN WAKELY

Resolved: that the comic section should *not* be abolished.

THERE are many reasons for this statement. First, why should not a child be allowed a few moments amusement, as afforded by the funny papers? Perhaps if he were not occupied in reading what after all is harmless nonsense, he might be doing something worse; and to grown-ups the same argument might be applied. People who are engaged in reading the comic section are, at least, not reading fiction of a doubtful character.

Besides all this, it does one good to laugh once in a while. Of course, my worthy opponents may think it more in accordance with their argument to go about with a long face. Still, I clearly recollect having seen quite recently, these very worthy opponents very much interested in a comic paper; which seems to show that either they do not believe their own arguments, or haven't the will power to resist what they think is harmful.

It is natural that there should be joy-killers in the world, and in this class we may count those who wish to take away all kinds of innocent amusement. The comic section, however, serves not only as a source of amusement, but as a remedy for ridiculous faults. If anyone suspects he is making himself absurd, the comic paper may help him detect his folly; and if he has any sense of the ridiculous, he will soon mend his ways.

Perhaps, we may admit that the comic section could be improved. But what is there in this world that could not be better? In all literature, pictures, and plays, faults are to be seen. Suppose then, my worthy opponents instead of abolishing the comic section should content themselves with just improving it?

Again the comics provide a living for gifted men whose talent otherwise would be wasted. Why begrudge these hard-working artists their only means of subsistence? Their cartoons are harmless pictures of the absurdities of life; and we can be sure that the space devoted to them would otherwise be filled with the scandals of the big cities. Surely anyone with common sense would prefer to see the funny papers in the hands of children or even of grown-ups, rather than the tragedies and horrors that occupy detectives and police courts.

If the comic artists are clever, as my worthy opponents admit, the cartoons cannot be altogether silly. And if they do harm by their pictures, many novelists, playwrights and reporters have done and do worse. Why select the people who are doing the least harm? Why not abolish first the scandalous productions of the reporters, playwrights, and novelists? If we abolish the comics, we are giving these people greater scope.

THE CHILDREN OF MARY OF OUR LADY IMMACULATE AND ST. AGNES

A NEW year of interest and zeal in the Sodality of Our Lady, opened with an election of the following officers:—

Prefect - - - - -	VIVIAN POWER
First Assistant - - - - -	KATHLEEN HAGEN
Second Assistant - - - - -	MARY MCNEIL
Secretary - - - - -	COLINA CLANCY
Mistress of Candidates - - - - -	MARY HOGAN

On the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, four candidates were received as Children of Mary, while twenty-two approved candidates were admitted into the Sodality. This increased the membership, which previously had been small, since many of the older members did not return. The solemn Act of Consecration was read by the First Assistant, and renewed by the members of the Alumnae Sodality, and by the resident members. Reverend J. B. O'Reilly, C. J. M., delivered a most impressive discourse on Our Lady as "The Mystical Rose."

On December seventeenth, at the last meeting held before the Christmas holidays, the Sodality presented Mother General with the yearly offering of altar linens, to be distributed among the needy churches far and near. An address having been read by the Prefect, Reverend Mother responded in her usual pleasing manner.

The annual Retreat opened on February twenty-third. It was conducted by the Reverend J. Milway Filion, S. J., Provincial of the Jesuits in Canada. The Children of Mary entered into the spirit of the Retreat with earnestness, and great spiritual benefit was derived from the meditations and instructions. From the opening meditation on Whence? Why? Where? to the closing one on Heaven, the Reverend Father held the undivided attention of the retreatants. After the Retreat, a Novena of Masses and Communions was made by all the pupils, and a Spiritual Bouquet sent to Father Filion, who expressed his appreciation of this in a letter to the Prefect.

At the time of writing, twenty-eight meetings have been held. The instructions given by the Directress, were appropriate for the Sunday, or for some approaching feast of Our Lady. The points for daily meditation were prepared every evening and reviewed in the morning before entering the Chapel.

As in former years, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered up for the Sodalists on the second Sunday of each month. The Head of this Section, Molly Wood, showed great fidelity in securing the necessary offering from the members.

The Librarian, Margaret Nowlan, reports that, judging by the number of books given out, the Children of Mary have persevered in the practice of daily Spiritual Reading. As she was in charge of the Stamp Section also, she states that several pounds of collected stamps have been forwarded to a Missionary House.

The Shrines of Our Lady and St. Agnes have been devotedly cared for by the Prefect.

During the past year the Sodality has been honored in a very special manner by having some of its members called to the higher life. Among these who are now in the Novitiate here at the Mount are three of last year's officers, Mary Emerson, whose religious name is Sister Maria Genevieve; Frances Kelly, Sister Frances Josephine; Emmie Frecker, Sister Agnes Thérèse; the others are Cornelia Gardner, Sister Alma de Lourdes; Rita Kyte and Ethel Reardon who are still postulating, hence have not received their religious names.

Aileen Skerry, who was Prefect in 1919-20, entered the Monastery of the Good Shepherd and is now Soeur Marie du Saint Esprit. Two more of our Sodalists are members of the Novitiate: Marion Glassey, Sister Marion de Sales, and Gladys C'Reilly who is now known as Sister Mary Eleanor.

The resident Sodalists very gratefully acknowledge and deeply appreciate the liberal offerings of the following non-resident members whose generosity aided so materially to extend the work done in the interest of poor churches.

Stella Girroir, \$7.00; Marion McPartland, Lillian Kennedy Costigan, Kathleen O'Leary, Christine O'Leary, Katherine White, Jean Heffernan, Mary Jeffers, Margaret Jeffers, each \$5.00; Marie Thompson, Gertrude Thompson, \$2.50; Ethel Tobin, May Tobin, Polly Byrne-O'Reilly, Muriel Kyte, Alexia Kyte, Elsie Williamson, Madeline Dubé, Kathleen Walsh, Laura Franey, each \$2.00; Alice Reardon, Dorothy Casey, Mary McElroy, Mary O'Brien, Eleanor Tapley, Mary McHugh, Elizabeth LeBlanc, Vera Townsend-White, Mabel Comeau, Mildred Gardner, Pearl Butler, Gladys McCormac, Madeline Kelly, Nora Hares, Constance Gard, Gertrude Smith, each \$1.00.

MARY ARBING, E. de M., Secretary.

THE ALUMNAE SODALITY OF OUR LADY IMMACULATE.

ON the first Sunday of each month the Alumnae Sodalists have an opportunity of proving that their love for the Blessed Mother increases as they grow older, for it is on this day that they assemble to hold a special meeting in her honor. Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament always opens the little ceremony and impressive instructions are given by a Reverend Father from the Cathedral. Little talks on spiritual life of the members are held, plans for Charitable work are formulated and in this way is renewed the fervor of the spirit of former years. The Sodality is deeply indebted to Right Reverend

Monsignor Foley for the fatherly interest he has always shown in its regard and for the many helpful instructions given by him. Reverend Doctor Curran also has shown great interest in this, the spiritual branch of the Mount Alumnae, and has many times favored the members with instructive talks.

At the last election the following officers were appointed and will hold the positions until May 1924.

Prefect	-	-	-	-	-	MRS. B. STEVENS
1st Assistant	-	-	-	-	-	MISS MARY NEVILLE
2nd Assistant	-	-	-	-	-	MISS MARY REARDON
Secretary	-	-	-	-	-	MISS CATHERINE BROWN
Treasurer	-	-	-	-	-	MISS AGNES FOLEY

CONSULTORS:

MRS. D. DOOLEY	-	-	-	-	MISS MARY DENCE
MRS. W. AFFLECK	-	-	-	-	MISS MARY BURKE
MISS PERYL DALEY	-	-	-	-	MISS MARJORIE HAWES

SECTIONS:

Mass Section	-	-	-	-	GERTRUDE SKERRY
Souls of Purgatory	-	-	-	-	KATHLEEN HAGERTY
Stamps	-	-	-	-	BARBARA JOHNSON

SEWING:

MRS. R. C. MCLEOD	-	-	-	-	MRS. G. KINNEY
MRS. W. HEALY	-	-	-	-	MRS. O. EMERSON

The December meeting was held at the Mount when forty-three members assembled to assist at a Reception of the Children of Mary and to renew the promise made by them on such an occasion in former years. A very impressive lecture was delivered by the Reverend Chaplain, John B. O'Reilly on "Our Blessed Lady," whose feast we were honoring.

At the October meeting a very instructive and devotional paper was read by Majorie Hawes, on "The Devotion of the Holy Rosary."

Margaret Donahoe read an interesting paper on the "Doctrine of Purgatory and Devotion to the Holy Souls."

"New Year's Resolutions, Their Necessity and Nature" was the subject of the splendid paper prepared and read by Mary Dence.

In a paper entitled "The Catholic's Work in the World," Gertrude Sheehan ably defined the duties of the members as Catholics and clearly pointed out their obligations as active social workers.

CATHERINE BROWN,
E. de M. Secretary.





ATHLETICS

The officers for the M.A.C. for 1923 are:

President - - - - -	KATHRYN SHAW
Vice-President - - - - -	VIVIAN POWER
Secretary - - - - -	MARY MARSLAND
Treasurer - - - - -	KATHLEEN ALLISON

BASKET-BALL TEAMS

REDS I.		BLUES I
Rt. Forward -	D. ZWICKER	K. SHAW (Capt.)
Lt. Forward -	M. REARDON	C. CAMPBELL
Rt. Centre -	H. CASEY	E. BARBERIE
Centre -	M. FINN	K. ALLISON
Rt. Defence -	V. POWER (Capt.)	C. CLANCEY
Lt. Defence -	E. CAVANAUGH	P. COMMINS
REDS II		BLUES II
Rt. Forward -	F. STOKES	H. BYALIN (Capt.)
Lt. Forward -	K. PERY	M. KANE
Rt. Centre -	H. WAKELY	H. MCALEENAN
Lt. Centre -	M. WOOD	C. BELLIVEAU
Centre -	R. HAYES	M. MARSLAND
Rt. Defence -	M. McCORMAC (Capt.)	F. LEARY
Lt. Defense -	F. WRIGHT	M. MAHER

BASKET-BALL SCORES

Reds I 111	Blues I 55
Reds II 67	Blues II 58
Total 178	Total 113

GROUND HOCKEY TEAMS

	REDS	BLUES
Centre Forward	M. REARDON	K. SHAW
Rt. Inside -	V. POWER	M. KANE
Lt. Inside -	M. WOOD	D. McNEIL
Rt. Wing -	M. NOTT	F. LEARY
Lt. Wing -	R. HAYES	H. MCALEENAN
Centre Half-back	D. ZWICKER	E. BARBERIE
Rt. Half back -	K. PERY	K. ALLISON
Lt. Half-back -	I. MARSLAND	M. MARSLAND
Rt. Defense -	H. CASEY	P. COMMINS
Lt. Defense -	F. STOKES	C. BELLIVEAU
Goal - -	E. CAVANAUGH	M. MAHER

HOCKEY SCORE

REDS	BLUES
1	0
1	0
2	0
—	—
4	0

Tennis was played vigorously all through the autumn, and again in the spring. Owing to the fact that the Folia had gone to print before June last year, we were unable to announce the result of the tennis tournament. The prize in the final set of singles was carried off by Ruth Parsons, who defeated Kathryn Shaw 6-4.

The cup for basket-ball was won by the second Blue team, and was inscribed with the name of the captain, Claire Murray.





MOUNT ST. VINCENT ALUMNAE SOCIETY GENERAL MEETING.
(1922)

From "The Halifax Herald."

THE first general meeting of the Mount St. Vincent Alumnae Society, organized in December, was held at the Academy, Saturday, June 3rd. A large number of old pupils were present, many coming from a distance. The guests were welcomed by the Sisters from early morning until after eleven o'clock. At twelve, a luncheon was served in the school refectory which was decorated very artistically in the Academy colors of light and dark blue. The color scheme was carried out in the last details of the table decorations, with candles of the two tones of blue, and bluebirds, symbol of happiness, appearing here and there upon the snowy linen. The Mount Chaplain, Rev. J. B. O'Reilly was the guest of honor. The President, Mrs. Otto Emerson presided. At the central table sat the officers of the association elected temporarily in December. At the beginning of the luncheon, the Mount orchestra gave great pleasure to the guests by some brilliant selections. At its close, the President, Mrs. Otto Emerson addressed the assembly with eloquence and grace. Her subject was "Our Alumnae." A floral offering on behalf of the Alumnae was presented to Mother Berchmans, after which Mrs. Aprea, of Savannah, a member of the association, charmed the audience with three beautiful songs. Miss Mary Reardon, of Halifax, then addressed the members on "The International Federation of Catholic Alumnae", and gave a brief and clear exposition of the ends and aims of this association. Her speech was followed by "A Song of the Olden Days", composed by one of the Sisters and set to music by another, both members of the Alumnae. The guests then withdrew to the gymnasium where the business meeting began at 2 o'clock.

Telegrams of congratulation were read and a brief account of organization of various chapters were given. Since December, a chapter was organized in

St. John's Nfld., also in New York, Sydney, New Brunswick, Havana, Cuba and Quebec. The election of officers for the coming year then took place. Mrs. Otto Emerson, who has done very good work for the society, was re-elected by acclamation, as was also Mrs. L. Fraser, as Vice-President. In the same way Miss Mary Neville was elected second Vice-President. Mrs. W. A. Affleck was elected 3rd Vice-President, Miss Marjorie Wakely, Treasurer; Miss Peryl Daly, Recording Secretary; and Mrs. Cormier, Corresponding Secretary.

The business over, the guests proceeded to the music hall where they were delightfully entertained by Miss Helen Gorman who gave her graduating recital in violin.

After the recital, the guests repaired to the dining hall where tea was served. The collation was brought to a close by singing the school song to the air of Auld Lang Syne.

After tea, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given in the Mount chapel, and guests retired, declaring the day one of the most happy and memorable in their lives.

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEDURE.

(Speech delivered by Miss Mary Reardon at the Alumnae Meeting, October, 1922.)

IT has been the experience of those coming in close touch with women's meetings of various kinds that, sometimes, on account of lack of proper system, a great deal of time, energy and ability is wasted. Mistakes and much annoyance often result when the accepted way of doing things is disregarded. Sir John Bournoit, one of the best authorities on the subject says, "that laxity of procedure is antagonistic to the successful prosecution of business."

Imperial Parliament had its origin in early Anglo-Saxon times. Later, the Parliament called together by Edward I, in 1295 and known as the "model parliament" has ever since served as a model for all parliaments in Britain and throughout the British Empire. Parliamentary procedure, then, is the law both written and unwritten for the proper and orderly conduct of the business of a nation and is the accepted ruling which should be adopted at all meetings whether small or large. Mrs. Lydia Parsons in her Manual for Women's Meetings, says, that Parliamentary Law is a combination of common sense and common courtesy.

This evening I have selected some of the most important rules which must be followed if we wish to carry on our work successfully.

Punctuality is the first law of order.

Members when speaking shall stand, address the chair and endeavor to be terse and audible.

It is hardly necessary to add that the chairman of a meeting stands when

addressing the members and putting a question to the meeting, although she must remain seated while the question is being discussed.

It is a sound rule that the President or Chairman should not take part in debate or in discussion of a question pending. Sometimes, however, she may be in possession of information which would be of use to the members in forming a decision. With the permission of the Society she may give such information to the meeting but not in a controversial way.

All business is brought before a meeting by means of a motion. Legally there can be no discussion whatever, unless there is something to discuss, and there is nothing until the question has been stated. When a motion has been proposed, duly seconded and stated, by the Chairman, it is then in possession of the meeting and open for consideration and discussion.

The Chair shall state all questions and motions to the meeting before they are open to discussion.

Every motion except to nominate and adjourn shall have a seconder.

No member shall speak more than once to the same motion without the consent of the Chair, but the mover may reply before the vote is taken. The mover may have the privilege of speaking first to a motion, and the Secunder next. A Motion may be withdrawn by unanimous consent.

These are some of the fundamental rules governing all meetings and are recognized lines along which we should work.

In getting our Alumnae in working order we must expect to encounter difficulties. There will be many mistakes and misunderstandings, but we must have patience. Nothing of real value is ever accomplished without meeting and overcoming obstacles. People not accustomed to cooperation often mistake differences of opinion for personal opposition. It is quite possible for two or more people to hold different opinions on a subject and yet be perfectly good friends. We must try to eliminate the personal element in all Alumnae matters. Membership in any Society means responsibility, interest and loyalty. We must be loyal to our Society.

We must be loyal to our Officers and cooperate with them in every way possible. For instance, when the Secretary asks to be notified of our attendance at meetings she has a very good reason for so doing, and ordinary courtesy demands an immediate response. The same courtesy that distinguishes a member in her home life and personal intercourse with friends should be extended to her fellow members of the Alumnae. I think at one time I heard someone remark, it may have been our Reverend Directress, that the predominant characteristic of our girls is Humility. Each one feels that she will not be missed. That she can be done without. Humility in this case, ceases to be a virtue. We want everyone in this organization to feel that she is absolutely necessary to its existence.

Be interested, I beg of you, every one! Surely the Alumnae of Mt. St. Vincent will uphold the standard of their Alma Mater, that standard which is second to none in this Canada of ours.

MOUNT SAINT VINCENT ALUMNAE SOCIETY

THE first of the quarterly meetings was held in October at the Mount, the others were conducted during the winter months in the city at Saint Theresa's Retreat.

The following account has been taken from the newspaper:

The quarterly meeting of the Mount St. Vincent Alumnae was held at the Mount in October and the number who attended showed how popular this association has become among its members. Special buses were hired for the occasion, while many motored in private cars. The meeting was held in the spacious music hall at the Mount. The stage, occupied by the executive, was appropriately fitted for the occasion. At the Mount, the visitors were very warmly welcomed by the Sister Superior and Sister Directress.

The meeting opened with the usual prayer, and before taking up the order of business the President tendered, on behalf of the association, deepest sympathy on the death of Mrs. Oswald Hornsby (née Beatrice Lawrence). Having paid a tribute to the deceased Alumna, a resolution of condolence was passed and ordered to be placed on the records of the association, and a copy together with a letter of sympathy sent to the relatives of the deceased. A program consisting of Philanthropic, Special and Literary work for the winter, was outlined; and, judging from the number of volunteers offering to work on the various committees, the Alumnae promises to be worthy of the institution it represents. Such works as hospital visiting, Braille work, helping orphans, small amounts for prizes for orphans, and Christmas shower, all met with the approval of the members.

Miss Mary Reardon read an admirable paper on "Parliamentary Procedure and Etiquette." There was reported, to the delight of those present, the formation of a Literary Circle which will be known as The Mount Saint Vincent Reading Circle. The President reported amid applause, that to her great gratification and pride, the Rector of St. Mary's Cathedral, Right Reverend Monsignor Foley, had consented to address them. The members feel they have in him a strong friend and champion, for he has constantly, from pulpit and platform, urged the importance of reading good literature.

The enthusiasm of the Entertainment Committee justifies the confidence that this year's "At Home" will prove even a greater success than that of last year, and it was also announced that the organization of the Alumnae Orchestra had been effected. During the afternoon the Misses Haggarty, members of this orchestra gave some delightful violin and piano selections—a foretaste of what is to be expected of the full orchestra. The song "The Old Mount Days" was sung with great enthusiasm and was followed by the National Anthem, after which the meeting adjourned.

ALUMNAE DANCE

(From the Acadian Recorder)

ON the 19th of April there was held in the Auditorium, under the auspices of the Mount St. Vincent Alumnae Association, a dance which was wonderfully successful, both from the social and financial points of view. There were present more than two hundred and fifty guests, and the dance went forward with a spontaneity and verve which made it noteworthy. The chaperones of the evening were Mrs. O. Emerson, and Mrs. J. L. Fraser. The decoration of the building was most effective, the colors of the Mount—dark and light blue—being beautifully blended in the scheme. Myriad Mount pennants and banners added spirit and life to the artistic arrangement. The Auditorium orchestra furnished a very good musical program; the members of the Alumnae did the catering. Special mention should be made of the supper room and table, the decoration of the latter being strikingly effective. The flowers used were daffodils, and they were used lavishly. Here and there on the tables done in light and dark blue was the inscription "M.S.V. 1923". The menu was delicious, and altogether the evening's entertainment was one on which the committee is to be very heartily congratulated.

ALUMNAE READING CIRCLE.

THE opening meeting of the Mount St. Vincent Reading Circle was but another proof of how quickly this association is growing. The numbers there were quite large, and the whole programme, one of much interest.

The following account has been taken from the newspaper:—

The Assembly Hall at St. Theresa's Retreat was tastefully decorated for the occasion. The meeting opened with musical selections rendered by the Misses Haggarty and Mrs. Affleck. The Convener of the Reading Circle, Miss M. C. Reardon, then invited Rev. Monsignor Foley to the platform and having explained to those present the object of the meeting, called on the Monsignor to address the gathering.

Monsignor Foley spoke on Literature, on the reading of books that will do good, and those that will improve the mind. He then gave very many suggestions for which the convener and committee were grateful.

At the conclusion of the address, Miss Hawes in a very graceful speech moved a vote of thanks to the Monsignor. This was ably seconded by Miss Margaret Donahoe. The Convener then asked Miss Vera Currie to favor the meeting with a song. Miss Ethel Reardon charmed the audience with a violin solo and was ably accompanied by Miss Haggarty.

Miss Hawes read a cleverly compiled paper on Authors and Their Books which was well written and well delivered. Miss Agnes Foley was to have read

a paper on Margarie Picthall, but owing to illness was unable to attend. Miss Reardon, who is convener of this committee, is to be congratulated on the success of the first meeting of the Mount Saint Vincent Alumnae Reading Circle. The President being called on to address the meeting, thanked Monsignor on behalf of Mother General and Sisters of Mount Saint Vincent for having honored the meeting with his presence.

NEW YORK CHAPTER OF THE ALUMNAE.

The New York Chapter, of which Mrs. W. J. Wilgus is the Convener, has shown great interest in the Alumnae from its inauguration. Meetings have been held regularly during the past year and at these a spirit of enthusiasm has been displayed that gives substantial proof of real loyalty to Alma Mater. The following informal account of one of the meetings held at the home of Mrs. Stanley Greene has been copied from a letter written to the Directress by the Convener:

Your letter came a day or two before we were to meet for our Autumn reunion, which was held last night at Mrs. Stanley Greene's, so I delayed answering until I could tell you of it. In number we were quite few perhaps because of the late hour for our Brooklyn members; or rather, some of them, as Katherine Manley, a Brooklynite, came. Florence Kelly, Alexia Kyte, Virginia Wells, Constance and myself completed the number. Mr. O'Hagen, (Eliza Sinnot) wrote that she regretted being unable to attend, but a thick silence surrounds the others.

A very delightful supper was served at eleven at which we were joined by Mr. Greene and his son, Mr. Stanley, Junior, and Mr. Beserly.

Our next meeting will be during the winter when we hope to have Mrs. Wyner, Mrs. McKee and others with us. Several of the members inquired for Miss Elsie Doyle. We cannot find Miss Doyle at her last address and would be glad if you could send us some news of her since her very serious illness of last spring. Miss Wells looks much better than when last I saw her and tells me she likes her position at Carnegie Hall very much. All the girls looked well and happy. We shall elect a Secretary at the next meeting so that the minutes may be properly recorded.

The Meeting itself was just an informal chat of old times and old places and best of all, old friends. To Rita Kyte we send our loving congratulations and to you our thanks for your continued interest in this Chapter.

SAINT JOHN CHAPTER.

Mrs. C. Cassidy, who, as Convener of the Chapter, took a very great interest in all that relates to her Alma Mater, has since the fall, been in the far West where she is enjoying her new home in Los Angeles.

The one meeting of which we have received any account was held at the home of Mrs. F. O'Regan who, we are pleased to hear, has taken up the duties of Convener of the Chapter. Under her direction and inspired by her loyalty to the Mount, we look to the Saint John Chapter to do great things in the interests of the Alumnae.

GLACE BAY CHAPTER.

During the winter a Sacred Concert was held under the auspices of this Chapter, the proceeds to be devoted in part to the general funds of the Alumnae. Several of the Mount Alumnae were among those who took part in the programme.

THE CUBAN CHAPTER.

By the unlooked-for death of our dear Alumna, Mrs. Oswald Hornsby, the Cuban Chapter was left without a Convener for some months, hence, the regular meetings have not been reported.

Now that Mrs. Alfred de Casanova (Matilda Iglesias) has agreed to act as Convener, we expect the work that was so enthusiastically begun by this Chapter, will be continued under the direction of the new Convener.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND CHAPTER.

No report has come from this Chapter but the annual fees are being forwarded; this is material proof of the activity of its Convener and members.

THE QUEBEC CHAPTER.

Madame Jules Girouard (Anna Poirier) has shown her loyalty to Alma Mater by her untiring efforts to establish a Chapter of the former Mount pupils in Quebec. So many have married and made their homes elsewhere that she numbers only five who have registered as members of the Alumnae. These are Muriel McNaughton, Eugenie Pouliot, Mrs. W. M. Dunn, Mrs. J. G. Perrault and the Convener, Mrs. Girouard.

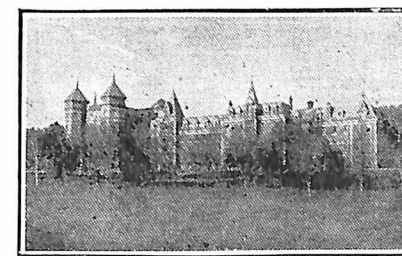
HELEN KELLY-CORMIER,
Cor. Secretary.

DR. MCDONALD APPOINTED GOVERNOR FOR NOVA SCOTIA.

The following is taken from a Halifax paper:

"Mt. St. Vincent Alumnae has had the distinction of providing from its membership the first Governor for Nova Scotia. On Monday word was received that the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae had chosen for this position Dr. Margaret MacDonald, R.R.C., of Bailey's Brook, Pictou County.

"Dr. Margaret MacDonald is an outstanding figure in the ranks of Catholic womanhood, not only in the province, but also in Canada. She was graduated from Mt. St. Vincent, and later trained for a nurse. During the war, she occupied the responsible position of Nurse-in-Charge of the Canadian nursing forces overseas. She filled this difficult and arduous position with competent ability and distinguished herself in such an outstanding manner that she was honored by the King and received the Royal Red Cross. After her return to Canada when the Armistice was signed, she still retained her position as head of the Canadian nurses until the work necessitated by the returning forces was finished. Then Dr. MacDonald resigned, and returned to her old home in Bailey's Brook, where she is enjoying a well merited rest. About a year ago, Dr. MacDonald was honored by the University of St. Francis Xavier, being given the honorary degree of doctor. Her appointment by the Federation is bound to be a most popular one, for Dr. MacDonald is beloved by all with whom she comes in contact, and her influence is widely felt. She is a fine type of Catholic womanhood."



ALUMINIANA

ADA KOPF is studying voice work in New York. Her letters are enthusiastic and interesting, and show that Ada is giving to her talents that care and training that will secure success in the professional world.

✓EILEEN HALISSEY who was appointed last year instructor in drawing and industrial art at the Truro Provincial Normal School, has obtained a year's leave of absence in order to finish her studies in Boston.

✓MARY MCISAAC (Mrs. Fabian Poulin) has another little daughter, Betty. A snapshot of her eldest born, Mary Louise, shows a merry little lass of two.

GERTRUDE LITHGOW is now Mrs. J. W. Perley. She is still living in New Glasgow, where Eloise (Mrs. McDonald) also resides with her children.

CARMEL O'REILLY is teaching school in Newfoundland. Her sister Gladys has entered the Novitiate at the Mount and is now Sister Mary Eleanor.

GERTRUDE MCKENZIE is to be married in June to Mr. Gordon Paige. She has continued to make use of her musical education and is one of the most popular pianists in Halifax musical circles.

CHRISTINE O'LEARY has returned to her home in Richibucto where she enjoys life in company with her sisters Kathleen and Elise.

✓AMELIA GREEN (Mrs. I. A. Wyner) is the happy mother of a little boy and a little girl. She has made her home in New York. *deceased*

MAY LANNIGAN, we are glad to hear, has recovered from a rather severe illness. A very artistic photograph arrived this Spring from Niagara, and holds a place of honor in the sewing-room.

MEG BROWN (Mrs. Ernest McKay) visited Halifax this year in company with her mother and father. She brought her charming little daughter Joan to see her old friends at the Mount.

PEARL BUTLER occasionally visits her school chum, Florence Penny, in Halifax, and while on such visits, always calls at the Mount.

MADLINE O'DEA is now Mrs. Jack O'Driscoll.

HELEN FLOOD (Mrs. Nagle) resides in St. John.

WINIFRED MCEVOY, who for the past four years was a kindergarten teacher in Boston, was married this winter to Mr. Richard Lyon, a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and of Leland Stanford University. Miss Margaret McEvoy was bridesmaid at the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Lyon will reside in Los Angeles. *Ethel - deceased*

✓ETHEL REARDON, after two years spent at the Academy of the Assumption at Wellesley Hills, has entered the Novitiate.

✓EVELYN JENKS is engaged to be married to Mr. Leo Currie. *deceased*

✓MARJORIE McDOUGALL (Mrs. Archibald) left Halifax last Spring and is at present in Alberta, where Dr. Archibald has an established practice.

CONSTANCE ANDREWS is teaching school at Liverpool, N. S.

MARY BURKE has a stenographic position with the Massachusetts—Halifax Health Commission.

✓EDNA PITTS is training at St. Mary's Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y., and is very enthusiastic over her work. *deceased*

MAY MORRIS has a clerical position in Ottawa.

✓MAY and ETHEL TOBIN lost their dear father just before Christmas. All their friends are in sympathy with them in their sorrow. Ethel writes that she is teaching in St. Anne's School, Glace Bay.

JOSEPHINE HENDERSON is private secretary to Mayor Chesley of Kentville.

POLLIE BYRNE became Mrs. Richard O'Reilly last September.

MARY DOYLE is doing excellent work for Child Welfare in St. John's, Nfld.

✓MARGARET KNEE and ANNA GAETZ are nurses at the Halifax Infirmary. We trust that Anna has entirely recovered from the serious illness from which she suffered during the winter.

TERESA McNALLY, Sister Mary Phillip of the Order of Mercy, is very ill in a hospital in Providence, R. I. Her nurse writes the Mount of her condition, and also tells us that Sister Mary Philip's sister has received the habit of the same order with the name Sister Assisium.

✓EMMIE FRECKER is now Sister Agnes Thérèse in the Novitiate at M.S.V.

✓LEXINA McDOUGALL is principal of Sterling School, Glace Bay.

✓GERTRUDE SMITH spent a week at the Mount this winter and was happy to assist the members of the Alphakaibeta Club in entertaining the Seniors on Shrove Tuesday.

✓MARGARET CHISHOLM is following a course at the Art School in Halifax.

✓AILEEN SKERRY has entered the Order of the Good Shepherd in Montreal and is known as Sister Marie du Saint Esprit. *deceased*

GERALDINE HAYDEN who left Halifax several years ago to reside in Winnipeg, paid us a visit last summer.

✓MARGARET CURREN (Mrs. Cyril Courtney) is living in Halifax.

✓LILIAN KENNEDY (Mrs. Rivelyn Costigan) still resides in Bell Isle. We were sorry to hear she had lost her little girl.

✓MARGARET DONAHUE has announced her engagement to Mr. Thomas Hanrahan of Halifax.

- ✓CAMILLA and JEAN GLASSEY spent the winter in California where they met a number of old friends, among them Ruth Elliott who entertained them at her home.
- ✓FRANCES KELLY is a novice at M.S.V. and is known as Sister Frances Josephine.
- CONSTANCE McCLEOD (Mrs. Dooley) is the proud mother of a growing boy.
- ✓KATHLEEN MURRAY is teaching school at Sackville, N. S.
- IRENE WENTZELL (Mrs. Graham) has a little son, Howard, and a daughter, Joan. She resides in New Glasgow. *deceased*
- ✓KATHERINE WHITE has announced her engagement to Mr. D. F. McGrath, a graduate of Boston University Law School. We offer our condolences on the loss of her father, mother and brother. *deceased*
- ✓MARGARET MAHONEY, Sister Mary Denis, pronounced her religious vows last August, and is at present stationed at the Academy of the Assumption, Wellesley, Mass.
- KATHLEEN FRASER is making good use of her elocutional training by taking part in amateur theatricals. Her impersonation of Leah in Pilate's Daughter played this winter in St. John's, received very high praise from critics.
- MARIE THOMPSON has become interested in the hospital work of the Hotel Dieu nuns in Campbellton, and has worked untiringly in aid of their institution. She is still the same care-free Marie, as fond as ever of outdoor life, and very popular in Campbellton society.
- ✓LEOLA MCKAY visited the Mount this winter. She is staying at home at present with her parents in Truro.
- ✓MARY EMERSON entered the Novitiate last August and is now Sister Marie Genevieve. *deceased*
- ✓ANNA SMITH is teaching at the Alexander School in Halifax. *deceased*
- ✓ELMA PENNY has a position at the Nurses' Institute in connection with the Massachusetts—Halifax Health Commission.
- BERTHA and HELENA BENNING have bank positions in Montreal.
- MARJORIE MARSHALL was graduated this year from Dalhousie University, and has gone to Truro to obtain a teacher's certificate. Marjorie still retains her love of gymnastics, and played basket-ball with the Dalhousie team.
- FLO HAGERTY (Mrs. Hines) has sent us a picture of her plump little son, Charles Henry, who resembles his mother.
- ✓ALEXIA KYTE paid us a visit just before Christmas, when her sister Rita entered the Novitiate. After a few pleasant days Alexia returned to her professional nursing in New York.
- ROSE O'DONNELL is teaching school in Cape Breton.

- ANNIE ENGLISH is at home in Newfoundland. We offer her our sincere sympathy on the death of her father.
- MADELINE DUFÉ, who was training at a hospital in Quebec, was obliged to return to her home in Rivière de Loup for a rest.
- ANNIE MORISSEY took the advanced Civil Service examination in Moncton last year and was successful.
- ✓MARIE CROSBY, Sister Madeline Marie, teaches music at M. S. V.
- ✓MONICA NEARING, Sister Maria Vincentia, is also teaching at the Mount.
- EULA RICE is going to school in Edmundston, N. B. She writes lively and interesting letters to her old Mount friends.
- ANNIE MURPHY (Mrs. Erney) is living in Montreal. She visited the Mount last summer with her husband.
- To MARY HAGERTY, Flo and Kathleen, we offer sincere sympathy on the death of their father. *deceased*
- MARY HOLMES is studying at the Emerson School of Oratory in Boston.
- BETH CRAIG paid us an afternoon call one Saturday in March. She is still holding a stenographic position in Truro, and likes the work very much.
- ANNA POIRIER (Mrs. Jules Girouard) is convener for the Quebec chapter of Alumnae, and keeps in touch with her Alma Mater.
- ✓HERLINDA DE BEDIA (Mrs. Oland) is living in St. John, N. B. With her husband and three children she spent some time last year in her old home in Cuba. *deceased*
- THERESE RENAULT (Mrs. Cartier) has a dear little boy. She is still living in Beauceville, P. Q., but has lost her devoted mother. All her old friends feel deep sympathy for her in loss.
- KATHLEEN ASHE is living in St. John with her husband and three lovely children.
- STELLA GIROIR is teaching school in St. Edouard, Alberta.
- MARY O'BRIEN is teaching with the Dominican Sisters at Malone, outside New York.
- MARY KINNEY (Mrs. Hagerty,) has a darling little boy. She resides in Halifax.
- ✓MARJORIE SCRIVEN has announced her engagement to Mr. Thomas Moulton of Halifax.
- KATHLEEN WALSH is staying at present at Ayer, Massachusetts.
- LOTTIE HALLOWAY paid us a visit last summer before returning to the Boston City Hospital to finish her training.
- JENNIE DULHANTY is a clerical typist in the Halifax and South Western office in Bridgewater.
- MILDRED RATCHFORD was stenographer in the law office of McKenzie and McMillan, in Sydney; but has given up her business career to train for the nursing profession in Somerville, Mass.

EDNA McCORMACK, one of the most enthusiastic attendants at the 1922 Alumnae meeting, died of pneumonia this winter. Our sympathy goes out to her husband, Mr. Connors, and to her little daughter, Bernardine.

VERONICA LOASBY (Mrs. George McKee) is living in New York.

TESSIE WHEELER (Mrs. Gerbourg) is living in Upper Canada.

LILIAN McCULLOUGH, one of Higginson's expert stenographers, is now Mrs. Henry Fitzgerald, and resides in Cambridge, Mass. She has a darling little daughter whom we may one day see at the Mount.

✓ MARION GLASSEY, Sister Marion de Sales, pronounces her first vows in August of this year.

EVELYN COLWELL has announced her engagement to Mr. Bryce Climo, a Halifax dentist.

✓ KATHLEEN FOLEY has accompanied her uncle, Monsignor Foley, to California whither he was ordered in the hope of improving his health.

MARJORIE McLEOD (Mrs. Cloutier) is living in Quebec.

✓ GERALDINE DONAHOE is enjoying life at her home in Halifax. She occasionally visits the Mount.

GABRIELLE ST. PIERRE (Mrs. Dugal) is living in Rivière du Loup with her husband and three lovely children. She has recently published a book of verse entitled D'Azur, De Lys, de Flamme, which has met with very favorable criticism.

CLAIRE MURPHY visited the Mount on her way to New York whither she went in March to train for professional nursing.

✓ GLADYS McCORMAC has a responsible position with an insurance company in Charlottetown.

GRETA BRUNT is training in a hospital in Baltimore.

MARION McPARTLAND took a position in Bermuda whither she went to recuperate her strength.

MARIE WALTON has a clerical position in Boston.

REGIS CAMUS has taken a position in Detroit.

ISABEL SOY, after a year at school in Montreal, has returned to her home in Amherst. Her sister Alberta is training for the nursing profession.

MARY RUTLEDGE is a Sister of St. Joseph in Boston.

MARY KELLEHER holds a very good Civil Service position in Boston.

JESSIE McINTYRE is following the Arts course at Dalhousie.

GERTRUDE THOMPSON is at home in Campbellton, where she entertained her old school chum, Annie McIsaac, last summer.

✓ MADELINE FITCH and MARJORIE EGAN are following a special course at Dalhousie.

BARBARA JOHNSON is engaged to be married to Mr. Thomas Holland of this city.

KITTY POWER and her mother spent the winter at Wellesley, Mass. During the sessions at Ottawa, however, Kitty was the guest of Lady Fiset in the Canadian capital.

ALICE GREEN was married this winter and is touring Europe with her husband.

✓ DOROTHY BRADSHAW is training at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal.

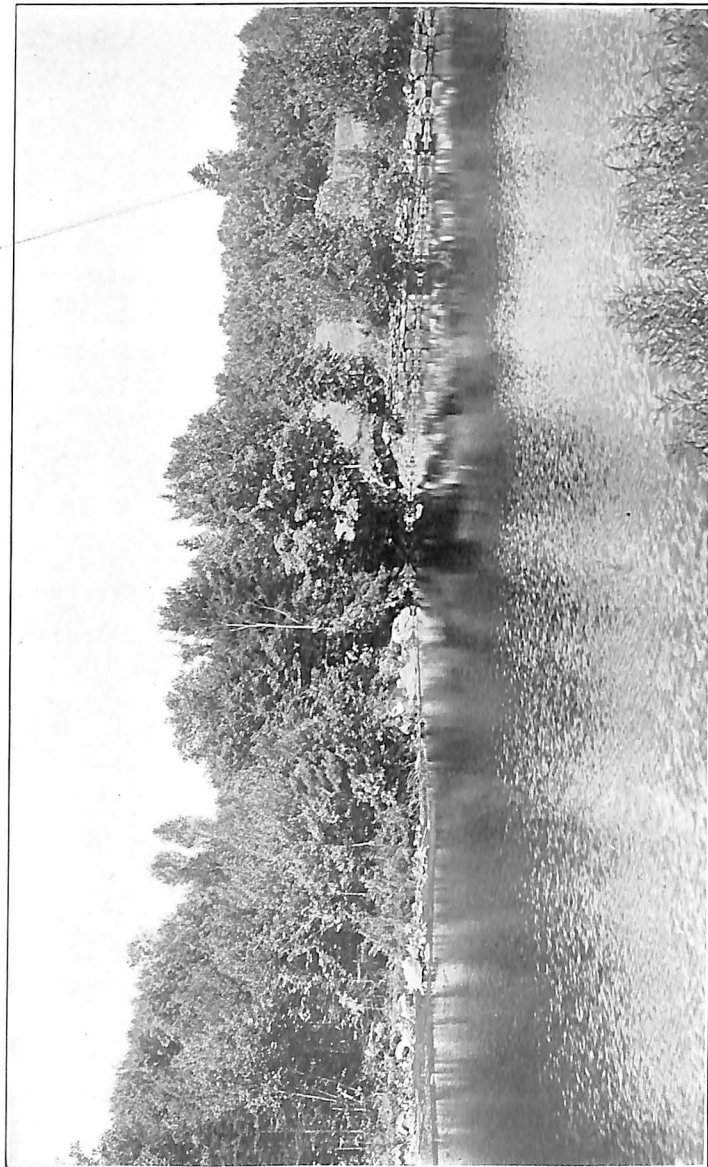
FRANCES RIORDAN DOYLE is the happy mother of two boys, Jerome, aged 3 years, and Robert Philip, aged 1 year. She still resides at Granville Ferry.

KITTY MCGOLDRICK MULLIN has seven lovely children. She is an active member of the St. John Chapter of Alumnae.

FREDA and NORMA WALSH are both married in Hartford, Connecticut.

JEANNE BEAUBIEN (Soeur Etienne) has recently returned from the mission field in Africa where she has worked for the past ten years. Her friends in Quebec are proud of her, as are also her old associates at the Mount.





THE RESERVOIR

NOTICE

AS NEXT YEAR WILL BE
THE MOUNT GOLDEN JUBILEE YEAR
THERE WILL BE NO REGULAR
FOLIA MONTANA.

Instead
The Jubilee Book
will be published

AS THE NUMBER OF COPIES
OF THIS PUBLICATION WILL
BE LIMITED, WE ADVISE AN
EARLY SUBSCRIPTION.

ALUMNAE IN RELIGION

(Asterisk marks those dead)

*Agnes Walsh	Catherine McSweeney	Gertrude Baker
Mary Hurley	Frances Corbin	(Good Shepherd)
Annie Bauld	*Eva Precourt	*Cassie McDonald
Nellie Hurley	Mary McInnis	(Good Shepherd)
Susie Dalton	Della McInnis	Kathleen Kearney
Fanny Doulong	Eva Martin	(Good Shepherd)
*Susie Orr	Catherine Viguers	Cleophas Wheeler
May Donahoe	Lilian Power	Louise Roche
Mary Delaney	Mary Webb	Catherine McManus
*Eliza Brown	May Conlon	(Sacred Heart)
*Teresa Devereux	Bertie Doran	Gertrude Baldwin
*Mary Tobin	Mary Keltie	Marie Kelly
Alice Burns	*Margaret Baldwin	Rose Davison
Sarah Gillispie	Helen Edens	*Lottie Devereux
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Katie Mullins	Ella Amirault	Susie Cox
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Murilla Devereux	Florence Alsop	Marie Brown
Mary A. Connors	Bride Slattery	Margaret Sullivan
(Hotel Dieu)	Alice Hayes	Laura L'Esperance
Mary Conwell	(Presentation)	Julia Hallissey
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*Mary D'arcy	Teresa McNally	Teresa Roche
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Mary Savage	Bessie Bellwood	Mary Lyons
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