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MOUNT ST. VINCENT

HALIFAX, N. S.

VOLUME II.

NO. 1.

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MARJORIE McDOUGALL
CHRISTINE O'LEARY, '17

BETH CRAIG
MARY McISAAC, '17

NORA PRUD'HOMME, '18



T A B L E O F C O N T E N T S	
A Christmas Sonnet	S. M.
Christmas—A Joy Forever	S. de S.
The Graduates of 1916	The Graduates
The Library	Grace McMullin
History of the A Class	Beth Craig
Somewhere in France	Margaret Doyle
An Epic	Mary Berk
My Little Flower	S. I. P.
The Commercials	S. A.
Echoes from the Music Press	Beth Craig
Shakespeare versus Milton	Marie Louise, Class of 1912
Class Prophecy	Mary O'Brien
Our A. B. C.	Beth Craig
Children of Mary	Sodalist of 1916
Louisbourg	Mary McIsaac
Athletics	
Who and Where	The Staff
Word from the Khaki-Clads	
Chronicle of the Year	Marjorie McDougall
A Delightful Hour	S. F. Dales
A Distinguished Visitor	S. M. Atine
School-Room Experiences	Mary Lyons
Mary	
Forty-Second Annual Closing	

A Christmas Sonnet to the Infant Jesus.

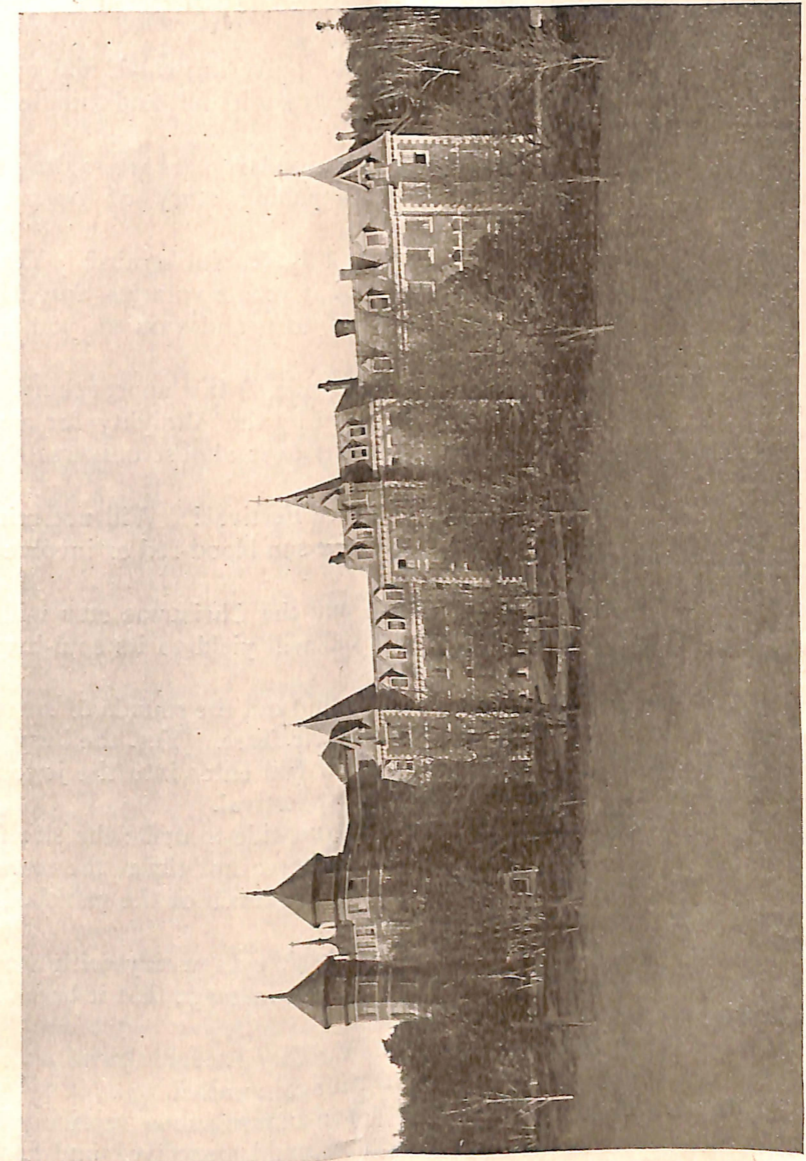
A *DEATHLESS* song is hushed upon the air,
 Eternal brightness pales within the sky;
 The simple shepherds, eager hurrying by,
 In kindled hearts both song and brightness bear.

*Let's haste with them in glowing love to where,
 Like wee, white lamb, the Infant God doth lie
 In His dear mother's arms and standing by
 Is faithful Joseph, wrapped in silent prayer.*

*O grant to us, dear little Lord, that we,
 In single-hearted, lowly love may be,
 Like these good shepherds, very close to Thee.*

*Heal the poor wounded world by thine Own Blood,
 By the dear Rood, and, as Thou'st said Thou would,
 Out of a cruel evil, bring forth good."*

S. M.



OUTSIDE VIEW OF MOUNT

Christmas—A Joy Forever.

DARK and heavy hangs the pall over a sorrow stricken world, from the Monarch's palace to the humble hamlet tribute is exacted to meet the vengeance of an outraged Creator.

The sword of justice is balanced over the quivering earth and our best and noblest, our youths of every class, rush to grasp its hilt and mingle in the general fray of carnage.

Is there no rift in those dark and low'ring clouds? Are we to drag along the weary winter and read each day the appalling story of horror and destruction?

Can the human mind survive and bear this fearful strain? Yes! the world still goes its accustomed way, pleasure has yet its votaries, forgetful of the wails and mourning that do not reach us, men and women, youths and maidens still keep up the dance of life.

The great Festival of the year, Christmas-tide, is fast approaching. The anniversary of the great Council of Peace held by the Almighty for a sinful and restless world—and now! behold it dawns over almost universal hatred and destruction.

Is this a fitting world to celebrate a Peace Festival? Will not crime in all its horrors cry out to the heavens or turn the sun blood-red or involve us in utter darkness?

No, no, God's mercy is still the same, and the Christmas star will soon rise above our horizon, and young and old will yield to its soul-inspiring influence.

We need the merry voices of children to shut out the sounds of surrounding and distant distress, and it is essentially their feast. Yes, the busy marts will soon assume their best attractions, and all will enter into the joyousness of the hour and celebrate again the world's best festival.

But, what halo shall we fling around this yule-tide to make the sire forget his martyred boy, the mother to calmly view the vacant chair, the sister, the young wife, and the betrothed who yearn for 'the touch of the vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still.'

Oh! yes, saddened hearts, be consoled, and, eyes weary with weeping, dry those tears, and find in the Christmas star the message that it bears a sorrowing world.

Look up and see the curtain that veiled the City Eternal drawn aside, and in the birth of Christ behold heaven and earth again united.

See in that Court resplendent those you mourn now rejoicing in the eternal joys that no tongue can utter and no mind conceive, and so let us welcome the Christmas star of 1916, and may from the open gates of Heaven issue pardon and peace for an afflicted people, and may the Eternal Sovereign utter a mandate that will vibrate through the world and put at rest forever all discord and hate, while the chorus of Angels and the songs of earth unite and proclaim in one grand chorus

*"Gloria in Excelsis Deo,
Et in terrapax hominibus."*

The Graduates of 1916.

MARJORIE McDUGALL.

KENTVILLE, Nova Scotia, was the birthplace of our graduate Marjorie McDougall, but, although frequent visits are now made there, Dartmouth is at present Marjorie's place of residence.

Having obtained her "B" Certificate at the Halifax County Academy in June, 1913, the following September she entered Mount St. Vincent as a pupil of the "A" Class. As she was to spend two years in this class, the first year was not spent in hard study.

The following autumn Marjorie, feeling determined to obtain her "A," her efforts were duly repaid by her excellent marks at the Provincial Examination.

Her favourite study was English, and on Distribution Day of 1915, she was the winner of the Governor-General's bronze medal for English Literature.

Although an excellent student, Marjorie was a believer in the axiom, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and she was often found numbered among those who were in mischief.

Outdoor games, but especially tennis, had a great attraction for her. No matter how hot the day she would be found at the courts.

Her greatest fault was the persistent hugging of a red sweater. Whether it were 90° in the shade or 40° below zero the sweater was to be seen, hanging gracefully from her shoulders.

In April of this year she passed successfully the second year examinations of the Arts Course of Dalhousie University, and she has returned to her Alma Mater to continue her studies.

Keep up your ambitions, Marjorie, and in 1918 you will be addressed as Marjorie Claudine McDougall, B. A.

HELEN KELLY, '16.



MARY DENCE.

THE City of Halifax may lay claim to Mary Dence—and be proud to assert its claim.

Mary's scholastic careers was followed uninterruptedly until the twelfth grade when, after obtaining her "B," she devoted herself to commercial work at St. Patrick's High School. In this course, she proved very successful. The following year she came to M. S. V. where she obtained her "A" and completed the work of the Sophomore year of Dalhousie University. During her course of study, Mary also found time for the pursuit of the musical art.

Mary will always be remembered at the Mount for her constant amiability. With a countenance serene and unruffled, she cheerfully encountered all the difficulties and peacefully smiled until the clouds passed over. It was against Mary's principles to hurry. A few minutes after the bell would be amply sufficient for her—no matter how urgent her prompt attendance might be.

The girls of '16 who return this year will all miss Mary's cheerful presence. Her laugh was peculiarly infectious and her acute sense of humor was always in evidence.

Her future career is still an open question, but, probably, after a year spent at home she will be able to decide what she should undertake.

Always preserve your cheerfulness, Mary, it will be appreciated in the future as it has hitherto been, and you will always be a joy to those you meet when you have bidden farewell to your Alma Mater.

M. McDougall.



HELEN KELLY.

HELEN is a good illustration of the expression, "Precious goods done up in small parcels."

Born in Halifax, she is a most enthusiastic partisan of her native city, and "home industries" are strongly advocated by her, whenever imported goods are discussed.

St. Patrick's saw Helen daily for several years, then, in September, 1913, she came to the Mount. The "A" work kept her quite busy, but she seemed to prefer advanced theology to all profane learning, and was generally seen in the study-hall, accompanied either by a Catechism or a Church History. In 1915 she won the gold medal for what one might term these branches of theology.

In gymnasium work, Helen was particularly proficient. She never seemed to forget any particular exercise nor the order in which exercises came. When it was a question of "O! what comes next?" all eyes would for a brief moment rest upon Helen, to observe her next move—so to speak—and, then, operations would be temporarily renewed.

Her capacity for argument was one of our little graduate's distinguishing characteristics, and, upon most subjects, she displayed an accurate knowledge. It is really a pity that Helen can not be a politician—strange to say, she does not advocate Women's Suffrage—but in such a capacity, her talents for discussion would be given ample opportunities for expression.

Never mind, Helen, it is better to have an opinion and stick to it than to have none at all. No matter what course in life you are called upon to pursue, you will undoubtedly prove faithful to and in all respects worthy of your dear old M. S. V.

MARJORIE MacDOUGALL, '16.



VERA CURRIE.

THE neighboring City of Halifax may also lay claim to Vera Currie, our only elocution graduate of '16. For many years Vera has been a pupil par at the Mount, and the year 1916-17 seems strange indeed without her.

As prefect of the Children of Mary, Vera proved herself worthy of assuming all honors due to her appointment. But it is not only in Sodality circles that she is missed.

Saturday evenings, Vera was usually prepared to take part in concert programs, always meeting an appreciative audience. Her attention was not confined solely to elocution, for vocal and instrumental numbers were rendered equally well. Though she often thought failure inevitable, such a disaster was never known to befall her actually! Conscientious to a degree, Vera made a thorough study of minute details, and the result would be the finished rendition of chosen selections, as was well displayed in her final recital.

Undoubtedly our talented graduate will continue the pursuit of her chosen art, and all knowing her feel confident of assured success, and advance most hearty good wishes for the future.

MARJORIE McDougall, '16.

The Library.

IN its primary sense, a library signifies a collection of books, but to all true lovers of literature, it means something more. Truly a sincere delight and appreciation of good books is one of the greatest pleasures offered to man, for, in books we may read of by-gone days—of all that has been, and is today—most heroic in the lives of men and women. Indeed, it may be said that the whole history of a nation and its people is enfolded in its literature.

Our library at M. S. V. embraces all that is best in our English world of letters—history, travel, and pure fiction are represented there by numerous volumes, together with encyclopædias and other books of reference.

Our library is always open to inspection, and it is shown with great pride to visitors at the Mount, and we are justly confident that their opinion of it could not be but of the highest.

GRACE McMULLIN,

Librarian 1916-17.



THE LIBRARY

History of the "A" Class, 1915-16.

THE beginning of the Autumn term at Mount St. Vincent saw seven assembled in St. Agnes' class-room, prepared to digest the various subjects offered in the "A" course.

These were all strangers to the Mount. Halifax was represented by Geneva Murray, Gertrude Skerry and Annie McNeil; of these, Gertrude Skerry and Geneva Murray plan on taking two years to complete their "A." From Glace Bay came Sady O'Keefe, Emma Melanson from Weymouth, Yarmouth Co., and Marjorie Welch from Auburn, Kings Co. Later in the term Mary O'Brien arrived from Joggins Mines, Cumberland Co., and Elizabeth Craig from Truro. Last of all, Leontine Chase from Sheffield Mills, Kings Co.

The subjects taken by the majority were English, French, Latin, Geometry, Trigonometry, Botany, Greek and History, while a few substituted Algebra for one of the languages. Besides the "A's" proper, several pupils attended the "A" classes in English and French.

After the work was fairly started we were glad to hear the good news that both in Greek and Latin a book had been omitted from the course this year. The majority were first year "A's," and we were all beginners in Greek.

Before the Christmas holidays our work went on steadily, with the exception of a break at Thanksgiving day and one or two half congés.

Perhaps it would be well to say a word or two of our various classes. The History Class and the Laboratory work in Botany have been especially interesting throughout the year. In the former we have had many lively arguments on the questions of the day. And in this class we celebrated St. Andrew's Day by reading on the Scotch patriots, and the dancing of the Highland Fling by a lassie of Scotch descent. St. Patrick's Day was celebrated by green flags and bows galore, and reading from Irish authors.

In the Botany Class many marvels have been brought to light by Sister B., and, when the girls descend from that chamber of wonders, the Science Room, they all wear the expression of "I know something you don't know" on their faces.

In Trigonometry, the skilled mathematicians wing in airy flight through the mazy realms of sines, cosines and the mysteries of the spheres; their less gifted classmates follow more slowly. In Latin Class we have picked out the faults and virtues of the hero, Aeneas and lamented with him the fall of Troy. The fortunes of Monsieur Poirier's daughter, and the happy-ended experiences of Gaston and Laure afforded us much pleasure though we followed them somewhat laboriously in French. We have acquired, too, a certain facility in ourselves using that polished language.

The term up to Easter passed with few interruptions for the "A" Class, in view of the "May Tests." Easter holidays came and went, and from this time on, "Provincial Exams" became engraved on our minds. The whole course was completed shortly after Easter, and from this time on, our efforts were employed in systematic review, which achieved almost entire success at the fateful examinations.

BETH CRAIG.

"Somewhere in France".

THE Motherland called, he was ready to answer,
He shouldered his rifle, and glad of the chance
To stand in the ranks of the khaki-clad legions,
He crossed o'er the Channel to "Somewhere in France."

The shell shrieked and screamed over long lines of trenches,
When quickly and sharply the word came "Advance!"
Success crowned the day, but a soldier lay dead on
A red, sun-scorched battlefield "Somewhere in France."

He died, and you live, far away from the turmoil,
The clashing of arms—Does it strike you, perchance,
That from out his lone grave, in the shade of the elms,
He is calling to YOU, Sonny, "Somewhere in France?"

Are his pleadings in vain? Unavenged shall his death be?
A thousand times no! To the fight! A l'outrance!
Up! forward to battle! On, onward to glory—
Go, stand in his place, Sonny, "Somewhere in France."

MARGARET DOYLE,
St. John's, Nfld., July, '16.

An Epic.

THE Epic poem has ever been regarded, as in its nature the most noble of all poetic performances. Its essential properties were laid down by Aristotle in the Poetics more than two thousand years ago and they have not varied since.

The Epic Proper is the poetical recital of a marvelous and heroic enterprise—an enterprise vast, great and important, either in itself or in its results. The measure must be of a sonorous dignity befitting the subject; the action is developed by a mixture of dialogue, soliloquy and narrative.

English literature possesses one great epic poem,—“Milton's Paradise Lost.” Glover's “Leonidas,” Pope's Translation of the Iliad, and Blackmore's “Davidies,” are epics possessing in themselves many excellencies, yet they are far inferior to Milton's poems.

“Paradise Lost” has been compared with the great epics of the Italian, Greek, and Latin literatures: Dante's “Divina Commedia,” Homer's “Iliad,” and Virgil's “Aeneid.” With regard to the choice of subject, Milton's poem has been repeatedly commended in the highest terms. Coleridge comparing the English Epic with that of Homer says that the interest of the “Iliad,” such as it is, derived from the events themselves, as distinguished from the manner of representing them, is very languid to all but Greeks—it is a Greek poem—whereas the interest of “Paradise Lost” transcends the limits of a

nation. Addison places Milton's poem above the “Iliad” and the “Aeneid,” both in regard to choice of subject and the mode of treatment. Mr. Hallam, in the History of European Literature, points out several defects in “Paradise Lost,” which Addison and other critics had overlooked, yet he inclines to place the poem as a whole above the “Divina Commedia.” Macaulay has made a detailed comparison of Milton's poem and that of Dante, but refrains from settling precedence between the two writers. “Each,” he says, “in his own department is incomparable; and each has wisely or fortunately taken a subject adapted to exhibit his peculiar talent to the greatest advantage.

The subject of “Paradise Lost” as given in the opening lines of Book I is the temptation and fall of man, that is, his deterioration from the state of perfect goodness and evil, of happiness and unhappiness; this “fall” being symbolized by the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise.

The first two books of the poem are considered much the finest of the twelve. The Rebel Angels are depicted lying stunned on the lake after their fall; they are roused by Satan, and after a consultation of their chiefs how best to carry on war with God, Satan resolves to go forth and tempt newly created man to fall.

Satan's passage from Hell to Chaos and thence to Eden gives some idea of Milton's geographical conception of Space. At first Space consisted of two parts, Heaven or the Empyrean and Chaos. Chaos, “the Abyss” is the name which Milton gives to that portion of space which is outside of Heaven. Its nature is inconceivable and indescribable, for it consists of that which has not yet been organized into matter,—neither earth, air, fire or water. The whole region is utterly devoid of life and light; it is left by the Almighty in utter confusion and darkness—to the sway of Anarchy and Night. This division of space continues until the revolt of the Angels, which leads to their expulsion; the floor of Heaven opens, and they are driven out through the gap, and fall through “the Abyss.” They come to a place which the Almighty has prepared for them. This new abode of theirs is called Hell; it is situated in the part of Space remotest from Heaven, in “the bottomless pit, and is partitioned off from Chaos by walls and roof of fire. Its shape is not described, but the roof is said to be vaulted. Within it was indeed a place of torment, “created evil, for evil only good,” “a place of fierce extremes,” “with many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,” “a universe of death.” A means of exit into Chaos is discovered, through a gateway, guarded by two beings named Sin and Death. These open the gate for Satan, but cannot close it again, so that the Infernals can henceforth pass out and in at will.

It has often been said, and it seems somewhat true, that the hero of “Paradise Lost” is Satan. Throughout the first two books, the interest centers upon him. Milton presents him in grand outlines, possessing massive strength. When marshalling the host of his followers, he appears,

“above the rest

In shape and gesture proudly eminent:

his form had not yet lost

All its original brightness, nor appeared
Less than archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured;

He consoles himself for his banishment from Heaven with reflections worthy of a Stoic philosopher:

—“Farewell, happy fields,

Where joy forever dwells! Hail, horrors, hail,
Infernal world, and thou profoundest hell,
Receive thy new possessor; one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time;
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.”

Milton has often been censured for ascribing to spirits many functions of which spirits must be incapable; yet the placing of actual material, spades, pick-axes in their hands when building Pandemonium does not lessen the interest in the spirits. Milton's spirits are unlike those of almost all other writers: His fiends are not wicked men—they are not ugly beasts—they have no horns nor tails. They have just enough in common with human nature to be intelligible to human beings.

The language of the poem does not come up to the standard of the purest English writers of the period. Such Latinisms as “horrid” for “bristling”; “afflicted” for “crushed,” and “urges” in the sense of “torments,” disfigure the poem. Nor does he import Latin words only, but Latin and Greek constructions.

These defects are, however, only slight when the grandeur and nobleness of the style is considered, and even after a study of the first two books it is not difficult to see why “Paradise Lost” ranks with the “Divina Commedia,” and why it is accepted as the greatest poem in our literature.

MARY BERK.

My Little flower.

I know a stately garden where
No earthly foot may tread.
I know a tender Gardener Who
For every flower has bled.

I know all flowers that blossom there,
In that fair bower apart,
Yet one with strange and gentle grace
Has crept into my heart.

The whiteness of the lily pure,
The splendor of the rose,
The beauty of our gardens rare—
All these my flower knows.

The petals of her grace and love
Float down on perfumed breezes.
She is my heavenly fairy sweet—
The Little Flower of Jesus.

S. I. P.



CHILDREN OF MARY.

The Commercial.

AS the proverbial "busy bees," we continue our work, and in noting the success of the former Commercial, we, too, are spurred on to the mastery of the books and curves, the touch method, and the rapid calculation of the bookkeeper.

When we recall the numbers receiving diplomas and graduating from the Business Departments, we wonder if there will be anything left for us to do when we shall have completed our course, and are able to take dictation at one hundred per minute, and on the machine transcribe with lightning speed and perfect accuracy. Such perfection, we understand, is demanded by the man of business.

Looking out into the Commercial world of today, we see that there is not only the possibility, but, more than that, the probability that there are many places that will be waiting for the young lady well trained to fill the posts made vacant by heroes who are fighting in our cause across the water.

We, now, the pupils of 1916, looking on your Roll of Honor, framed in our Commercial Room, hope, that ennobled by the success that you have achieved, to win the same laurels.

May the same principles, the same high standard, that have carried you onward to victory, be our clarion call as we too go forth on the battlefield of business life.

To continue the sketch of our former Commercial graduates, I have now to introduce those of the year 1907.

The class of this year, though small in the number of its graduates, made up in proficiency what it lacked in quantity.



BLANCHE STUART.

On coming to the Mount, Blanche was scarcely able to do more than slightly interpret English. During the first year, as far as the Commercial work was concerned, she devoted a part of her time to the study of the typewriter, which instrument, in due time, she managed with ease. Her fingers being well skilled in the technique of the piano, found little difficulty in mastering the keyboard.

She did not attempt Stenograph the first year as her energies had to be concentrated on acquiring a working knowledge of the rudiments of English; so, at the beginning of her second year, we find her ready to take up Short-hand and Bookkeeping, while continuing her course in the English and Mathematics. At this stage, we pronounce her an adept in manipulating the writer, in understanding well the mechanism of the machine, and able then to write at a speed of 47.9 words net per minute.

Her work as a Stenographer was splendid, and she produced excellent results and graduated with honors.

Returning to the Mount again, we find her devoting most of her time now to the piano. In June of 1910, she graduated in Instrumental Music, and gave a musical recital to her friends. Needless to say, Blanche acquitted her-

self with honors here as elsewhere, and brought much credit to her Alma Mater.

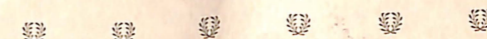
Since her return to her home in Church Point, she has not figured particularly as a Stenographer, but has done splendid work as an Instructor of Music.

May your future be as prosperous, Blanche, as your sojourn was while with us. May the same standards of uprightness and honor, candor and piety, be in use now in your worldly career as when a student at M. S. V.



MARGARET CROFT.

Margaret Croft was our next graduate who successfully acquitted herself of all the work required in the several branches. She was with us only one year, and after securing her diploma set out on the battlefield of life as a full-fledged Stenographer. I cannot say anything about her career, since Margaret has not kept in touch with the Mount and her whereabouts are unknown, but certainly she was well able to cope with the business world and its surroundings.



PAULINE WHITE.

Pauline White of Bathurst, N. B., did not enter the Commercial Class until after Christmas of this year. But on becoming a member, she was full of determination to win and a "stick-at-it-ness" that caused much surprise. She was bright, full of fun, but her desire to win her diploma in the month of June, only beginning January 6, made work for that portion of the year her uppermost thought.

Well did she accomplish her design, too, for when June twentieth came, Pauline passed her first test and prepared for the final ones. Successful, too, in these we find her leaving for home with her laurels won, and in September of that year, we learned that she had begun her work as a public reporter.

Later on she accepted an invitation to Winona, Ontario, where she received a first-class position. Good reports of her successful work found their way to the Mount during many years. Meeting with illness, Pauline returned to New Brunswick where she remained for some time on vacation. Her father's sudden death, followed so closely by her sister Marie's, of whom we spoke in a former issue, made Pauline decide to give up her public work and devote her time and society to her good mother.

Her friends at the Mount had the pleasure of entertaining her for a few short hours recently, and they hope that another such pleasure will be theirs before she returns to her home in Bathurst.

(CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT NUMBER)

Front Entrance.

THE front entrance which introduces us into the interior of Mount St. Vincent is really palatial in its grandeur. The first sight of the visitor cannot but be directed to the magnificent palms and fernery which are so suggestive of the sunny South, for nature here is at her best.

Square and spacious the hall certainly is with its ceiling and walls panelled in well polished oak, and the floor a pavement of white marble.



FRONT ENTRANCE TO MOUNT.

Directly opposite the door is the portal opening into the presence of the Most Holy, and even before ascending the steps to the Chapel one beholds the marble statue of Our Lady Immaculate guarding, as it were, the sanctuary of her Divine Son.

Art, too, is represented here in the many beautiful painting on the walls. On either side of the wide hall are large parlors.

Echoes from the Music Press.

IT was evening, and as I passed the Music Press, I imagined I heard a faint rustle, I came nearer just in time to hear "Macushla" say I have not "Forgotten" the "Sunshine of your Smile," and "I'm Alongin' fo' you." Don't be sentimental said "One of England's Roses." "Till the Boys come Home," at least, ventured "Mother Machree." I believe "I hear a Whisper," said "Christine," and it sounds like "Little Boy Blue." It was "Donald coming over the Heather" you heard the last time, said "Daddy," teasingly.

Ah! me, sighed "Mary of Argyle," I long for "My Little Gray Home in the West." Never mind, "I Love you Truly," said "Bonny Sweet Bessie," so "Dry Those Tears" and "Good Night, Little Girl, Good Night"!

BETH CRAIG.

Shakespeare versus Milton.

"What needs my honoured Shakespeare for his bones—
The labors of an age in piled stones,
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a star-pointing pyramid?"

NO weak witness, the man who wrote those lines—an epitaph worthy of the admirable poet, William Shakespeare, and of the great Milton who inscribed it. It is a glory to Shakespeare to have the appreciation of Milton, and a glory to Milton that he could appreciate Shakespeare. These names are illustrious both by association and contrast; each speaks of a special work and a special genius, but the two are joined in the glories of the English literature.

Shakespeare was typically Elizabethan with all the golden-throated ease of the century of song. Milton was Puritanical; but not essentially so, in the widest sense of Puritanism. He seemed out of his element in the 17th century; as Wordsworth says, this "soul was like a star and dwelt apart." Shakespeare lived in a time when England reaped the first harvest of the Renaissance, when poetry was first and free, the very outcome of the buoyancy of spirit that was the life of the 15th century. It was a glorious era for England: the dark ages were past; the Crusades had opened up the East; the explorers had gained new fields in the West; Spain was humbled; everything pointed to a glorious future. The Kingdom was torn by party strife; tyranny was overthrown only to give way to a sterner despotism; men quarrelled in words, levelled pamphlets at each other, and forgot the art of poetry and music. And in the midst of these broils Milton lived, and produced his masterpieces.

The times were favorable for Shakespeare's genius; his mighty mind expanded till it embraced humanity, not only of the age but of all times. Shakespeare's genius was essentially dramatic; he had a keenness for perceiving the intensity of other men's lives. Milton termed his day "a barbarous age"; he found little sympathy though he fought valiantly for the defence of the English people. He could not grasp the meaning of other men's lives, but he lived his own with dramatic intensity. In this lies the chief difference between the two men.

Shakespeare knew the human heart as few writers have known it before or since. It was a natural gift with him. He could go out of his own circle of ideas and feelings and live, as it were, in another man. That Milton could never do. He knew the category of vices and virtues as well as Shakespeare, but to analyse the intricate workings of a soul in other circumstances than his own was to him impossible. This contrast is shown in the works of the two men. All the passions, all the emotions, all the motive powers that sway the human heart are set forth in Shakespeare's plays, not in a stiff anatomical fashion, but living and real, breathing through all the varied circumstances of the lives of men and women.

Milton diffused himself into a world, equally wonderful it is true, but not as interesting as this foolish world of ours. He, too, has his passions and emotions; but if they are intense, they are few; and in all his legions of angels and demons, gods and men, it is the one man we see, a man with a mighty mind and a chained spirit like Prometheus or Samson. The man Shakespeare is lost in the plays, but the man Milton shapes himself as we go from one to another of his works. In the end we have a gigantic figure which indeed "doth bestride the world like a Colossus"; men look upon it in awe and admiration and exclaim "Milton";—but when one finishes reading Shakespeare, it is the world that seems bigger, and men and women on a higher plane.

Milton's one drama failed in its purpose, although it is a wonderful work. "Samson" is rather a drama of words than of action, words which work and weave into a grand harmony like an organ symphony in "full-voiced quire" of melodious verse.

Shakespeare's art lay in another field. He is the word sculptor rather than painter, and his masterpieces shape themselves into living forms from the moulding of his words. Shakespeare's characters can be touched and handled, but Milton's must be viewed in perspective, as things made up of light and shade and colour.

There is one point of view from which Milton and Shakespeare can be seen together, and that is in regard to their sonnets. It is a mooted question whether Shakespeare wrote his sonnets merely to follow the fashion of the day or through personal motives. If they were written for mere amusement or to indulge in the prevailing hobby they are wonderfully consistent, and show a depth of personal feeling that belies this supposition. Milton's sonnets are without doubt his own, written for his own satisfaction or to show his appreciation of his friends. They are personal, with a purity and rigidity of contour peculiar to Milton's style. Milton himself contrasts his slow-endeavoring art with Shakespeare's easy numbers, but his sonnets have a majesty of their own, and are worthy types of Milton's genius.

Milton's classic education shows itself everywhere. His works are replete with treasures gained from other hands and other tongues. He had a powerful intellect and was a profound scholar. Shakespeare, on the other hand, knew "little Latin and less Greek." After a rudimentary education at Stratford, he set out to make his fortune on the English. But book-education was not necessary for Shakespeare. He made a study of men, and his mind and heart were such as could grasp the subject.

There is a difference, too, in the estimate each of these men formed of his own work. From his earliest years, Milton promised the world something

it would value, and he toiled until that promise was fulfilled. Shakespeare seemed to write freely, and gladly, giving no thought whether his work would outlive him or not. He was careless about his manuscripts, some of which were lost, others almost ruined by actors and publishers. Yet in the sonnets he says—

"Not marble nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme."

Whether this is mere poetic sentiment or the poet's conviction, it is difficult to tell, but his works stand for a testimony of the truth of the statement,—a star-pointing pyramid to the fame of the man who wrote them; a tomb for which, as Milton says, "kings would wish to die."

MARIE LOUISE, '12.

Class Prophecy.

AS I think of the far distant future,
And ponder o'er all that may be,
I see into things that are hidden,
The future is opened to me.

I see as a learned mathematician,
Geneva with flaxen curls,
Introducing the sines and the cosines;
To the next generation of girls.

And Emma, in cape and in bonnet,
Back at dear M. S. V. by the way,
Is imparting to other young ladies,
The wisdom she learned as an "A."

And Beth, with health fully recovered,
Is caring for other folks' ills;
I see her, a nurse, finished training,
And charging her patients large bills.

Marjorie's dignified bearing,
Has made her a millionaire's wife;
'Tis true he appears rather old,
But what's that to sweet comfort for life?

Leontine, with a grand education,
Has chosen a literary career,
And, by putting her thoughts down in writing,
Makes thousands of dollars per year.

And then the golden-haired Gertrude,—
As even her school-days foretold,
Is professor of languages foreign,
Modern, medieval, and old.

Next the raven-haired Gertrude,—
Her in single bliss do I find;
On her coat of arms sines "Votes for Women,"
Showing clearly the trend of her mind.

And Sadie, who folks thought would enter,—
Though 'tis something that I never saw—
Instead of a Sister of Charity,
Is some mother's daughter-in-law.

Now, Ruth, steady Ruth, comes before me,
And with what amazement I see
That instead of a settled-down matron,
She's enlight'ning the heathen Chinese.

When we have finished our journeys,
And traversed these different ways,
May they lead us to meet then in Heaven,
As we've met here while M. S. V. "A's."

MARY O'BRIEN.

Our A. B. C.

A is for Annie at sports she's not slow;
 B stands for Beatrice from far Mexico;
 C is for Curren, in other words Jean;
 D is for Dorothy who prefers white to green;
 E is for Elizabeth and we won't forget Mary;
 F is for Frances who's always so cheery;
 G is for Gertrude our little musician;
 H is for Helen I believe I might mention;
 I for industrious which all of us are;
 J stands for Julia, from Yarmouth she came;
 K stands for Kathleen, each one has gained fame;
 L is for Laziness from here very far;
 M stands for Marie, the best girl in the school;
 N is for Nora who ne'er breaks a rule;
 O stands for Our School which we all think is grand;
 P stands for Penny who's from Newfoundland;
 Q is for question you ask when your new;
 R is for Ruth known as Parsons by few;
 S is for Skerry of whom we know three;
 T stands for Thérèse, "ne comprend pas" says she;
 U stands for Una whose clock often sings;
 V is for visitors Saturday brings;
 W is for Welche with the real curly hair;
 X is for "Xmas and home, we'll be there!"
 Y is for You, welcomed when you reach it;
 Z is the Mount Zoo, we've a bird and a rabbit!

BETH CRAIG.

Children of Mary.

THE members of the Sodality of the Children of Mary send grateful greetings to their sister Sodalists, and in anticipation wish them a very happy Christmas.

Will you be pleased to learn that we are perhaps procuring blessings for you by our daily morning sacrifice in presenting ourselves in the Chapel at 6.15 a. m. for a quarter of an hour's meditation? Shall we not all be philosophers as a result? We are certainly learning to think, and you know well that the present school girl is not given to that intellectual operation.

In our daily round of work, we fully realize that we have to lead; although the keeping of the rules is more noticeable in the breach than in the observance. However, the striving counts and, no doubt, we shall when launched on the great sea of life keep our sails ever set towards the Eternal Shore, still guided by the star that now beckons us heavenward.

Rumors come to us from time to time of the great good done by some of our distant members, and this is what we expect each Child of Mary from the Mount to accomplish.

Our first Sodality meeting of this year was held on September seventeenth. On the following Sunday the election of officers took place. On the same occasion the sections were arranged and the "Heads of Sections"

The standing of the Sodality now is:—

President—Grace McMullin
 First Assistant—Mary McIsaac Secretary—Mary McElroy
 Second Assistant—Hilda Clawson Treasurer—Annie McIsaac

HEADS OF SECTIONS.

Souls in Purgatory..... Eileen Hallisey
 Lamp Section..... Dora Davison
 Foreign Missions..... Marie Thompson
 Visits to Statues of our Lady and of St. Agnes.. Dorothy Casey
 Monthly Mass..... Mary McElroy

The members of the Section for the souls in Purgatory offer two Masses and Communion every week, besides saying the Rosary, De Profundis, Stations of the Cross, etc., for the relief of the suffering souls. The report which the head, Eileen Hallisey, submitted for the past three months is as follows:—

Masses	160
Communions	160
De Profundis	300
Beads	240
Stations of the Cross.....	150
Aspirations	30,000

The Lamp Section provides for the continual burning of a lamp before the Sodality's statues of our Lady and of our secondary patroness, St. Agnes.

The Monthly Mass Section supplies the offering once a month for our sister Sodalists in the world.

The work of the Foreign Mission Section is to collect cancelled postage stamps to secure funds for Missionaries. Mass and Holy Communion are offered weekly by the members for the Propagation of the Faith.

Another Section under the direction of Dorothy Casey makes a certain number of visits to the statues of Our Lady and St. Agnes every day, during which they pray for their sister Sodalists in the world.

The various Sections will be happy to number among their members any of our sister Sodalists who would be interested in the various works. We would suggest the collecting of stamps, which might be forwarded to us.

A SODALIST, 1916.

Louisburg—A Personal Association.

THE fortress-town of Louisbourg, Nova Scotia, is indissolubly linked with the past of our beloved Canada, for it was at Louisbourg, no less than on the Plains of Abraham, that the question of British supremacy in North America was finally settled.

A visit to Louisbourg often results in disappointment, as very little remains of the former Dunkirk of America, yet nearby one can still find many places of interest.

The first reminder of the past that greets a visitor upon his arrival, is two French cannon, relics of man-of-war sunk at the mouth of the harbor during the siege.

The present Louisbourg bears no relation to the past, but the site of the old town where the ruins of the fortifications may be traced, is not far away. As a result of the demolition of the fortifications after the last siege, very little now remains to be seen, for the stones and bricks have been appropriated for use in the construction of cellars and chimneys in the neighboring town.

Ruins of the bastions, casements, tunnels, and of the entrance to an underground passage leading to the sea, together with the foundation of the buildings of the citadel, and the streets can be traced with the aid of documents still extant.

The land bordering on the sea is low and marshy, but as we go inland it rises, and from the top of the hills a splendid view may be obtained of the marshy surrounding country. The ruins are on one side; the blue ocean dotted here and there with ships, and the breakers thundering in upon the shore on the other.

Standing amid these ruins, it is not difficult to fancy the barrier of years rolled away, and Louisbourg once more peopled with courtly soldiers and fair daughters of France, living over again the many gay scenes enacted under the fleur-de-lis, the emblem of that brave nation.

Near the site of the old French convent now stand the Marconi Towers, brought into great prominence during the present war.

A monument, consisting of a shaft of granite, to the memory of brave General Peperell and "Our Heroic Dead" who gave up their lives during the siege, has been erected on the battlefield.

Louisbourg is indeed a memento of a glorious past, and it is to be deeply deplored that what remains in ruins, has not been more carefully preserved for the glory of future generations.

MARY McISAAC.

Athletics.

DURING the sunny days of September the tennis courts were well filled. Some hard sets were played by Eileen Hallisey with Dora Davison (both champions) versus Camilla Glassey with Pearl Butler.

The "younger sets" gained experience at least, which we hope will be of use when Spring comes.

The first assembly of the M. A. A. was held on Sept. 30th. Many new girls registered, and in the election of officers the lot fell as follows:—

President, Eileen Hallisey; Vice-President, Marjorie Scriven; Secretary, Nellie Power; Treasurer, Annie McIsaac.

The captains for the several teams are:—Reds, Annie McIsaac; Blues, Kathleen Neville; Greens, Ethel Reardon; Yellows, Marjorie Scriven.

We regret that the Blue team has lost its captain by "doctor's orders." Marie Marley has been elected to fill the position. Miss Marley is an efficient pitcher, and has elsewhere had strenuous experience at ice hockey.

Baseball began the first week of October, and is played three times a week according to schedule. On the day when there is no regular game the teams go in for practice.

The standing in baseball is as follows:—

Reds	52
Blues	41
Yellows	37
Greens	27

Basketball has been played on Friday evenings. On November 1st there were two good games played.

Editor's Page.

WITH this issue of the FOLIA MONTANA, we begin our second year. May it bring as much interest and as many pleasant reminiscences to our Friends and Alumnæ as many of our former pupils testify to have received from other numbers of "Leaves from the Mount."

It is a great satisfaction to the members of the staff to know that the mission of our little "Messenger" has been so far fulfilled.

We greet you, Alumnæ, and send loving Christmas wishes to each and every one, and despite the present calamity that is hanging over the whole world like a pall, may your year be one of blessing and peace which God gives to those of good will.

We wish to thank all our subscribers for contributions of last year, and hope that they may be equally generous this year.

We also wish to thank our friends who have advertised and have helped to make our magazine a financial success. We recommend them to the patronage of our readers, and we trust that those who have been generous with us may meet with due appreciation.

In the next issue, the subscriptions for 1916 will be acknowledged.

Who and Where.

A

Alma Miles, though an expert in typewriting work, spent only a few months as a busy stenographer. Later, returning to M. S. V., she donned the white cap and is now preparing for all the responsibilities of a competent school-marm.

Alice Egan, now Mrs. Hagan, visited the Mount this year after being away for some time.

Alice Reardon, who was with us a few years ago, has now graduated from Sargent's School of Physical Training.

Agnes McGonagle wears as sunny an expression as ever, though one would think her responsibilities as stenographer would make her look worried.

B

Bella Chisholm of Antigonish, who was for four years a pupil of the Mount, paid us a visit this year. She has proved a great success in the business world.

Babe Burns is now in Egypt, nurse in a Military hospital there.

C

Carmencita Rafecas, who, with her father, paid us a welcome visit last summer, is now Senora Tonareli. All happiness be hers!

Consuelo Careras now holds a bank position in New York.

Catherine Cummings, who paid us a visit this summer, is a busy stenographer in Boston. She is not neglecting her music altogether as she plays frequently at Miss McKee's concerts.

D

Dorilda Gastonguay Affleck is now on a rest cure. I am sure all our old girls will offer a little prayer for Doe and the little Dorilda.

E

Emma Burns of Bathurst called with her sister, Mrs. Fraser.

Evelyn MacNeil, who paid us many welcome visits this summer, has returned to Emerson College to resume her study of elocution. We wish her all success!

Edna Leary, who was with us for several years as a Junior and then finished her course, obtaining her "B" license at St. Patrick's High School, has returned and the pupils now see her in the Chapel wearing the white cap of the Postulant.

Eva Renault, now Madame Boisvert, is still living in Quebec. Her youngest sister, Thérèse, is a pupil in the Academy this year.

F

Florrie Kirwin, now thinner than of yore, is a busy stenographer in her native St. John.

Florence Kelly, now Mrs. Hanley, has another daughter, Dorothy Margaret. A picture of the mother and her two little ones, a truly charming group, reached the Mount not long ago.

G

Gertie Oland, who was out West for some time at a Sanatorium, has now returned to her home in Halifax.

Grace Mahoney, who, as some one said, "knows what she wants and does it," is practising the profession of nursing in Boston.

Geraldine Hayden, who carried off the Athletic medal a few years ago, is now living in Winnipeg.

Georgina Murphy is now living in Roxbury. She still excels in the art of needle-work.

H

Herlinda de Bedia, now wife of Major S. Oland, who with her young son, paid a flying visit to her home in Havana, has sailed for England, where her husband is stationed with his regiment.

Mrs. Hanley has been entertaining some old Mount friends of late. The first was Jean McIntyre, who stopped off in Chicago on her way to New York where she is to take a course in art. Naturally, everyone was delighted to see Jean—they always are; but she disappointed them in making a very short visit. Then, Kathleen Taylor is spending the winter in Chicago with her sister Anna, Mrs. Lemont, who also has a lovely little girl. The three friends often meet to talk over old times, and perhaps future days when their daughters will be together at the Mount as they once were.

I

Isabel Rafecas, whose health is weak, is living quietly at her home in Havana.

J

Jeanne Renault, now Madame Saint Laurent, resides in Quebec.

K

Kathleen Foley is on a lengthy visit to New York. She expects to be in Halifax for Xmas.

Kathleen Ashe, is now a bride, having recently married T. J. O'Rourke of St. John. They will make their home in Yarmouth, N. S.

L

Lauré Renault, Mrs. Brady, has her home in Saint George, P. Q. Lauré says "The Irish are alright." Good for you, Lauré!

On September eighth lively Lauré L'Esperance returned to don the white cap of the Sister of Charity.

Lizzie Howley, who for the past few years has found an outlet for her superfluous energies in conducting a private school in St. John's, stayed in Halifax for several weeks last summer with her brother, Commander Howley. She spent several afternoons at her Alma Mater, after which she took a flying trip to Montreal.

Lillian Balcolm, who was with us as a Junior, expects to return again after getting her "B" license in her native place.

Lena Firlotte, now Mrs. Munroe, is living in Upsolguitch, N. B. Your kind offer to send information concerning some of the old pupils is much appreciated and we expectantly await same, Lena.

M

Mary Slattery and Madeline O'Dea paid us a flying visit while on their way to New York, where they are both studying the nursing profession.

Marion Balcolm, now Mrs. Clarence Reardon, is living in Halifax.

Mary C. Reardon is in the business world. She has lately returned from a visit to Boston where she was entertained by many former Mount pupils.

Maria Theresa Rafescas is a member of her father's business firm, and lightens considerably the burden of his responsibility.

Matilda Yglesias, Senora de Casanora, is the happy mother of a pretty baby girl.

Mamie Walsh has lately taken the Post-Graduate Nurses Examinations of New York State. Her marks averaged ninety-six and she won the purple ribbon.

Mary Hayden, who is now acting as Military nurse in Halifax, visited the Mount last fall.

Margaret Brown, now Mrs. Fogarty of Montreal, visited the Mount this summer. She has three interesting boys.

Mary McHugh, who is bookkeeper and stenographer in a large wholesale firm in Moncton, was at the Mount for Distribution.

Maude Dooley looks remarkably well, despite the fact that she is kept busy by her employment in a Boston firm. She still takes a keen and very intelligent interest in all important question of the day.

Mary McInnes, of the Commercial Class of 1914, paid a visit to the Mount this autumn. She still longs to be back with us. You are welcome, Mary!

Marie Walton, who graduated from Sargent's last year, devoted the past summer to play-ground work. She taught swimming, games and dancing. The children under her care saved their pennies, and at the close of the season, presented her with a two dollar and a half gold piece. She is now an instructor in Norwood Club House.

Mary Lyons is as energetic, cheery and whole-hearted now, as a postulant, as she ever was when an efficient teacher in St. Mary's Boys' School.

N

Nora O'Regan, who successfully passed the Civil Service Examinations of Canada, is now in the Auditor-General's office at Ottawa.

O

Orrie Fishe, now Mrs. Vossnach, is living in Halifax.

S

Susie McInnes, though she has changed her name, has still retained the good old Scotch prefix and is now McKinnon, residing in Bridgeport, C. B.

T

Tessie Wheeler spent a few weeks in Halifax this summer and paid us several welcome visits. She is at present on a business trip to Boston, Mass.

Toots Burns, now Mrs. Frazer, visited the Mount last summer. Her three children were with her. Donald, a manly yet boyish lad of eleven, is now at college in Chatham. Mona and Ian returned with their mother to Saskatoon.

V

Veronica Loasby has continually advanced in her stenographic career. She is now one of the head stenographers in Ottawa.

W

Winifred Hall is still at her home in Dartmouth. She visits the Mount occasionally, and always pays a visit to the Commercial Room.

Winnie Burke, Mrs. Frank F. Fitzgerald, is living in Glace Bay. She has three children, and hope to send some of them to the Mount later.

Item of Interest.

Rev. Gavan Duffy, the famous missionary priest, visited the Mount last summer. He promises to return during the winter and give us a lecture.

Word from the Ibaki-Clads.

REV. (CAPTAIN) P. McQUILLAN wrote from camp in England:é
 "The good old 64th are all in France. They have gone from time to time in drafts, and are on the firing line. I am with the 4th Division. We leave for the front in a few weeks. There are three priests in this camp, and we have about 3,000 Catholics to look after. The men are all good fellows, and there are many communicants every morning at mass."

REV. (CAPTAIN) D. McPHERSON wrote from Salonika:é

"The letters of St. Paul to the Thessalonians take on an added interest now, and the seventeenth chapter of the Acts can be read near the house of Jason.

"It is nearly a year since I went to the Mount to see my cousins, the McIsaacs, and the other Cape Breton students. I must write to my godchild before Christmas."

DURING the month of September, our patriotic impulse was given a spiritual stimulus by the Rev. J. O'Reilly, chaplain of the Mount, who lectured on that subject which never fails to arouse the noblest feelings of the heart—"Jeanne D'Arc." The subject was well suited to the spirit of the times, for the Maid of Orleans with her lily-white banner stands as a model for the women at home, as well as protectress for the men in the field. During these days, darkened by discord and stained with bloodshed, may we not join in humble reparation offered to God by the Sisters of Jeanne d'Arc for the crimes committed in the frenzy of war; and with them pray to Blessed Jeanne that each of our boys, through her intercession, may repeat with truth the words of a knight of old:

"My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."

Chronicle of the Year.

DURING the year 1915-16 several interesting lectures were given at the Mount, always so fortunate in procuring able speakers.

An appreciative audience is always awaiting Dr. Blackadder. He delivered three lectures here last year, two on the present war—of unusual interest—and a third a scientific subject, the invention of the spectroscope. As appropriate to St. Patrick's Day, he related several good jokes, not always, however, at the expense of the Irish, who are somewhat unjustly treated in that respect.

Professor Fraser Harris, on the thirtieth of January, gave a very instructive and interesting discourse on Edinburgh Society, during the latter part of the Eighteenth Century. Illustrative lantern slides and the personal associations of the speaker with places of interest made it unusually pleasing. Dr. Fraser Harris wore the gown of the University of Birmingham. He brought a copy of the Edinburgh Review, the famous blue and buff of Byron's English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

On the thirteenth of February, Commander Howley gave a vivid account of his exciting experiences in the Dardanelles while he was in command of the "Irresistible." The incident referred to took place in the early part of 1915. Relics of the engagement in the form of pieces of shrapnel and a pair of damaged eye-glasses afforded unusual interest.

Father O'Reilly favored us with a lecture on the second of April. The subject was "Islamism and Arabia," and was much enjoyed by all.

The usual congés, Thanksgiving, Rev. Mother's Feast Day, Shrove Tuesday, and the day following the annual retreat were spent enjoyably. Entertaining programmes were provided, and when the weather permitted matches in outdoor sports were held. The Yellows won the final games in both basketball and baseball last year.

Every alternate Saturday evening a recital took place, and the pupils taking part were always sure of hearty acclamation.

Now another school year is under way, and all are hoping for the entertaining diversions so often procured in 1915-16.

—MARJORIE MCDUGALL.

A Delightful Hour.

ON Sunday evening, October the twenty-second, Mr. John Dwyer of Halifax, formerly aide-de-camp to Lord Aberdeen, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, gave a most interesting and instructive talk on his travels while with the Imperial army. As each step of the journey was illustrated with stereoptican views, we felt that we, too, were making the journey.

With Mr. Dwyer, we embarked at Quebec, after seeing there the Chateau Frontenac, with its magnificent outlook, and then, some of the city's noted monuments. On the voyage, a huge iceberg was passed; and as the continent was neared, several English men-of-war were sighted. When Gibraltar was reached, we were given a short but complete sketch of its eventful history. From there, we went on to the rocky stronghold of Malta; thence to the Balkans. Here we saw several of the armies of the nations now warring in that vicinity; some of the battleships used in storming the Dardanelles; then the guns on them; and finally the forts of Salonica, and glimpses of the surrounding neighborhood. When we had seen the wild mountainous character of the country, we realized why the progress of the allies has there been so difficult and slow.

Leaving the eastern theatre of the war, we visited Egypt, the land of the Nile and the pyramids, and then passed on to the Holy Land, where we saw the Cave of the Nativity and the Church of the Saviour, now much dilapidated. We next travelled onward through the Suez Canal. Here there was an interesting digression. We were spirited far away in order to visit that newest canal—the Panama. We saw the work in its earlier stages, the enormous dredging machines, the wonderful locks, and finally two large ships steaming through—evidently fearless of land slides.

When India was reached, our course was a northly one. We saw in turn Lucknow, Cawnpore, Delhi, cities which witnessed such terrible scenes during the Indian Mutiny. In other cities and throughout the country we were shown the crowded and insanitary homes of the poor as well as the magnificent palaces, tombs, and temples of the Parsees, the Rajahs and the Moguls.

We were introduced, also, to types of the different castes of the nation, and to the splendid Indian cavalry which was called into service in the earlier part of the war.

At last, Simla, that delightful resort high up among the mountains, was reached; and we, like many travellers before us, left it with regret. Our journey was over.

S. F. DALES.

A Distinguished Visitor.

ON the afternoon of Friday, October twentieth, Henry Lawrence Southwick, President of the Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, Mass., was greeted by a very enthusiastic audience at Mount St. Vincent, where he gave a very delightful Interpretive Recital. His programme was divided into two parts. The first, devoted to Humorous sketches from Dickens, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Sheridan and others; the second, to the reading of the Forum Scene from Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar. It is difficult to say in which he proved himself the greater artist. In the Humorous sketches from Harriet Beecher Stowe's "New England Back Country Life," all the quaint characteristics of the village folk were touched with a master hand. His Animal Impersonation in "The Camel's Lament," caused repeated outbursts of merriment and will prove a never-to-be-forgotten memory. In the Forum Scene from Julius Cæsar, where he makes his audience see Cæsar slain, and Antony conquering the mob, Professor Southwick held his audience spellbound under the power of his matchless genius. His versatility in portraying so many parts, coupled with his marvelous facial expression, renders him a perfect Proteus on the stage, every emotion of the human heart being plainly read upon his countenance. Professor Southwick lacks none of the essential qualities of reader or lecturer, as viewed from the highest standard. Whether he creates a ripple of merriment by the recitation of an amusing sketch, or rises to the height of eloquence in the interpretation of the Immortal Bard of Avon, he is always the artist and the scholar. Mount St. Vincent was indeed fortunate to hear him, and Professor Southwick's visit will remain one of the most pleasant memories of the scholastic year.

S. M. ATINE.

School Room Experiences.

TEACHERS often, unconsciously as it were, talk over the pupils' heads. An Educational Review requested teachers to put this to the test by asking the pupils if they were ever "sagaciated their constitutionalities." A primary teacher tried the experiment with astonishing results. In a pleasant manner she asked how many would be willing to "sagaciate their constitutionalities," and was surprised to find that the majority agreed to what—I don't think they knew, nor the teacher either. None of them seemed to think the teacher was asking anything unusual, but took for granted that they should be thus addressed. One little fellow said his mother would not allow him. Another informed the class that he had done it. A few of the nervous ones, a little suspicious of being thus spoken to, were on the verge of tears. When the teachers question those who had so readily agreed to her request, as to what they were going to do, one said he would study his spelling, another that he would come early, and one even ventured to say he would go coasting. Another teacher had the word "Exit" placed over one of the doors. When she asked the meaning of the word she received some very ingenious translations. These are a few of them:—"Come early," "Wipe your feet," "Don't talk," and "Take off your cap."

In a reader of the lower grades there is a verse entitled "The Vowels." It begins with—

"We are little airy creatures,"

and then each of the lines has a word in which is the vowel. The average boy of seven or eight reading the verses is none the wiser, I am afraid, as to what vowels really are. One little fellow, getting "airy creatures," and "vowels," and "fowls," mixed up, thought they must be some kind of bird.

On the other hand, children take in more than the teachers give them credit for, express their ideas in their own peculiar way, but nevertheless show they are capable of thought.

A principal examining a class of boys between the ages of six and nine, was trying to get the somewhat nervous pupil to give him the meaning of certain words. "Solomon was a very wise king"; was read. "What's the meaning of 'wise'?" was asked. Getting no response he said, "Well, if you are not wise what are you?" "Crazy," called out a wise little fellow. "What's the meaning of 'king'?" No answer. "What does King George do?" "Bosses the whole country." After one bright boy of six managed to spell "onion," he was asked for its meaning. This was a little too much coming on top of the spelling of it, but the brave little lad made the attempt. "An onion—is—is—is like—," "Yes, is like what?" "An onion is like—is like—a rusty old apple."

—MARY LYONS.

Mary.

Immaculate Mother, our Queen and our Love,
 Mary, watch over us from above;
 May our hearts and our works be united to thine,
 And by the union become more divine.
 Come and assist us in thy wonderful way,
 Unite us to Jesus all the long day.
 Lead us, and help us and be our sure guide
 And when the call comes Thou art beside.
 Till Heaven is opened and sin washed away
 Everything purified and night becomes day.

Forty-Second Annual Closing.

Friday Afternoon, June 23rd, 1916.

His Grace the Archbishop presiding.

PROGRAMME.

Symphonie Schubert

ORCHESTRA

Crowning of the Graduates—

MISSSES HELEN KELLEY, MARY DENCE, MARJORIE McDOUGALL,

VERA CURRIE

Songs—"The Spring Has Come" White

"The Year's at the Spring" Beach

MISS KATHLEEN NEVILLE

Symphonie—Militaire Haydn

ORCHESTRA

CHORUS—Reveille of Spring.
Presentation of Flowers.

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK

Act 1.

Shakespeare.

Scene 3.

Dramatis Personæ

KING CLAUDIUS	Miss Nora Prud'homme
HAMLET	Miss Mona Mullane
LAERTES	Miss Kathleen Neville
POLONIUS	Miss Vera Currie
ROSENCRANTZ	Miss Gertrude Skerry
GUIDENSTERN	Miss Marie Thompson
QUEEN GERTRUDE	Miss Dorothy Casey
OPHELIA	Miss Marjorie McLeod

Violin—Romance sans Paroles Wieniawski Op. 9

MISS JEAN CURREN

MACBETH

Shakespeare

LADY MACBETH	Miss Vera Currie
DOCTOR	Miss Grace McMullin
GENTLEWOMAN	Miss Mary McIsaac

Serenade—Olsen Op. 19, No. 2

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"Christine's Lament" (Humoresque) Dvorak

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