1920

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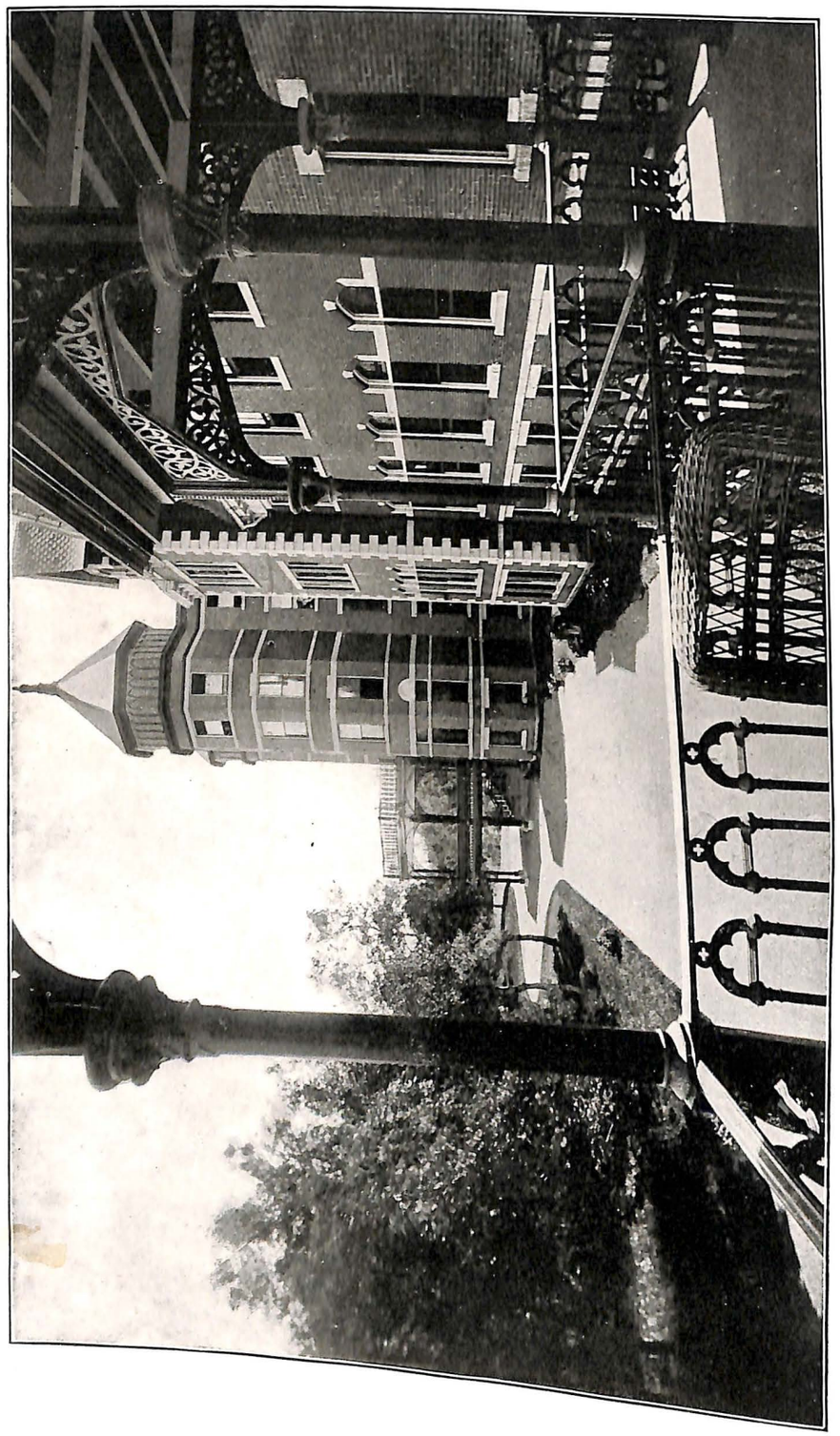


VIEW FROM NORTH PIAZZA.

To our revered

Mother M. Berchmans,

through whose charity, zeal and prudence

our school days have been

made blessed,

her loving children offer these

Mount Leaves.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TASK

LONG ages since, the task was placed on man. "In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt earn thy bread, until thou return to the earth, from which thou wast taken." And all the ages since, it has been man's punishment that he must work. Yet not a punishment and a sentence only has it been; work has been man's glory. The toiler of the sea, the laborer in the field, the worker in the city's smoke, have raised their eyes to a higher sphere; they have beheld their Maker guide the stars and clothe the trees and level the hills and fill the valleys; and in their banishment from Paradise have blessed Him that He took not from them the law of work.

We, too, must have our task. Behold there comes One Who, well nigh twenty centuries ago, labored as a craftsman in a village; and He saith to one man "Go!" and he goeth, and to another "Come!" and he cometh, and to His servant "Do this!" and he doeth it. And we are at His beck and call. He will give to us, too, talents of His making; and giving, He will say to us"Trade until I come." To some His voice speaks tenderly, "Come, follow Me! "To all He gives His warning, "Be ye also ready."

All men must obey His voice, all must do His will. Willing or unwilling, each laborer earns his hire. Some are paid in paltry gold, and some in praise, and some receive naught from the world they serve too well. Yet when the evening falls, the Master comes, "the faithful and the true," and His reward is with Him.

What task is ours? It matters not in magnitude or glory. What matters is the faithfulness with which we do the work allotted to us. In busy market-place, in silent house-hold ways, in hospital or school-room world, the task awaits each one.

With courage, then, we venture forth. Our wills are trained; our bodies, strong; our hearts are filled with love and youth—Our souls are in God's Hand, and in His Grace we face the task.

A JUNE BRIDE

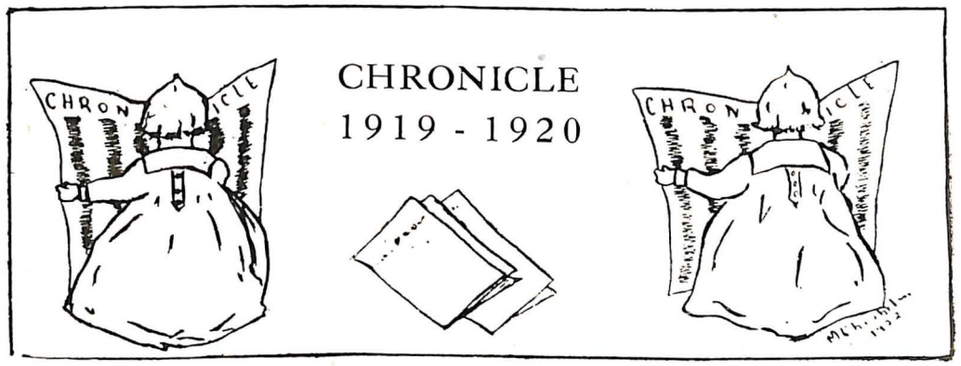
The fields are with their summer glory blest;
The apple-tree, a blushing bride, is drest
In creamy white with rosy pinkness tipped,
While her sweet perfumed breath by bees is sipped.

The happy groom,—a proud and stately pine—
Stands calmly by, and of his joy gives sign,
By gentle swaying of his mighty limbs
Through which the breezes murmur marriage hymns.

From bride's-maid peach-trees with a ruddy glow,
Light clouds of soft confetti zephyrs blow,
While round about their feet, like fairies light,
The wild flowers dance in gold, blue, pink and white.

Above, the choirs of minstrels warble clear
The sweetest march that ere touched mortal ear;
And everyone is happy, gay and free,
But most of all the blushing apple-tree.

MARJORIE MARSHALL.



WE begin the record of the events of the past scholastic year with feelings of mingled gratitude and tenderness;—gratitude to the dear Sisters who have spent the year in patient work with us; and tenderness for the girls who have been together for the past ten months under this sheltering roof, who have shared the trials and the joys of school life, studied and played, and lived the wholesome, happy days that will be treasured in future years as among the happiest of the days of our lives. May the chronicle of the year 1919-1920 be to all the girls who have shared in these events the record of a school year never to be forgotten

OPENING OF SCHOOL.

SEPTEMBER eighth, our Lady's birthday, saw the Mount doors opened to girls old and new. There were many strange faces, and the "old girls" lamented the absence of their companions of '19; but within a few weeks, we made one another's acquaintance and found that the newcomers were not too bad after all. The largest school yet on record was registered before October was over. The great problem was how to find room for all. The sewing-room was turned into a dormitory and the Bishop's parlor into a sewing-room to meet the demand. And still the school continues to increase. Somehow there is always room for one more, so the Mount door is never shut. The new pupils were not long in learning Mount ways; and once a general good feeling was established, progress began. Though there are no Academic graduates for 1920, we are proud of our Commercial class; while the undergraduates promise a splendid showing for 1921. The year has been both happy and successful, and we look back upon it with pleasure that is all the greater for the difficulties surmounted and hard tasks accomplished.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

YOU have heard of the problems of the day. Well, this was a problem that lasted many a day:—"What shall we do for Thanksgiving?" At last it was decided that we should have a picnic in "Dutch Village" at the Archbishop's estate. The fortunate city girls were allowed to spend the holiday

at home, but those who remained behind can now look back upon a very pleasant time with sighs and smiles.

The charge of the affair was given to the Commercial girls as the business women of the school; and they, under the direction of their esteemed teacher, managed the work very well. At length the day arrived; and at about ten o'clock, a large automobile, loaned for the occasion by the firm of Reardon & Sons, appeared at the door. Then the bustling and laughing, and scrambling that was seen! As the first load departed, those watching held their breath while the big machine swung around the corner, with several of our dear companions periously near the edge of nothing. However, no accident occurred; and thus four loads made their departure.

As each band arrived at the Bishop's grounds, the excitement increased, and everything gave promise of a delightful day. The morning was passed in sports and games, and shortly after noon we sat down to a wonderful luncheon prepared by the Commercial class. In the afternoon, we visited the little church of Saint Agnes; then returning to the grounds, we amused ourselves until tea-time.

In the quiet of the evening we returned home, with songs and laughter that re-echoed through the woods and along the roadside. We sang until the big car turned into the great iron gates; then, our songs hushed, we began the happy task of unloading and welcoming each successive band that came home; tired but happy after a perfect day.

HALLOW-E'EN.

WE were scarcely settled down to hard work after Thanksgiving when the joyful news was broken to us that we were to have a Barn Dance on Hallow-E'en. Immediately; visions of a great lofty barn with knotty floors and rough-hewn benches possessed our imagination, and we could already picture how the dusky corners would be lighted by grinning pumpkins to scare away the great black cats that might be lurking there on a Hallow-E'en. But as we know, the pleasantest dreams come to an end too quickly; we were soon informed that the gymnasium would be the scene of our barn-dance.

The event of the evening was to be the début of little Miss Hayseed under the patronage of her esteemed father and her portly mother.

The happy evening arrived. Though the walk to the Hayseed's barn did lead us through waxed corridors, "there are none so blind as those who will not see," so we might just as well have been walking along a country road, smiled upon by the silvery moon.

The guests marched in, two and two. In their quaint, country costumes, modern, mediaeval, and old, they presented a very humorous and curious appearance. The grand march never before could have been so well done or so heartily enjoyed by both partakers and onlookers as it was this night. The introduction next took place and we were all surprised to find in our midst so many nobles and notabilities. Among the more elevated class might be mentioned: Lord

and Lady Bird, Mr. Soap and Miss Suds, Mr. Billy Goat and Miss Nannie, and many equally distinguished guests.

The modern waltzes, fox-trots and one-steps passed out of style for the evening and once again the entire assembly revelled in those ancient dances of our grand-parents—Lancers, Quadrilles, Duchess, Sir Roger de Coverly and the never-to-be-forgotten Barn Reel.

Refreshments followed and every one delighted in the great bag of candy and multitude of apples, in which all were encouraged to indulge.

Mr. and Mrs. Hayseed later rendered us a delightful cake walk and created much mirth by their eccentric appearance. The much be-mustached gentleman with his high beaver and distinctly clerical looking old-fashioned cloak, tripped daintily after his good spouse, a very portly dame with her two-inch hat with its three-foot feather, her spotted brown alpace with its pathetic ruffles and much bustled back and her dainty umbrella "In case-it-should-rain." The excitement reached its climax when in the midst of the most interesting steps, Madam H. lost her bustle, which proved to our astonished eyes to be the long lost laundry bag. It was, without doubt, the most amusing part of the evening's performance. To cover her momentary embarrassment the good lady favored us with a wonderful solo, "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows," with variations in A minor.

Then the little Hayseed, brought shyly forward by her proud parents, exhibited her skill in that heart-breaking melody, "Everybody works in Our House but My Old Man;" much to the amusement of the audience and to the indignation of her said "old man." After this everyone took part in a game of feather-blowing; a few had the privilege of having a feather adhere to the mucilage on their noses and created much mirth in endeavouring to dislocate it.

However, the evening had to have a termination; and as much as we enjoyed the dance, we were so tired that it is scarcely necessary to tell how quickly we went to sleep, nor in how many of our dreams we were back again in the gymnasium and in the soft light thrown from many colored pumpkins and in the glare of the eyes of many hundreds of huge black cats, we were saying good-night again to one another and to each member of the delightfully old-fashioned Hayseed family.

THE PEACE ANNIVERSARY.

ON November eleventh we expected something unusual,—perhaps a congé,—but the day commenced in the ordinary way, and we quite despaired of a peace celebration. At four o'clock, however, things took an unexpected turn, and lo! we, entered the refectory for an ice-cream treat! This was but the prelude to our good fortune; for after a delightful walk in the brisk autumn air, we returned to the house for tea, and then proceeded to the music hall where the commercial class entertained us for the evening with patriotic songs, recitations and readings. Everyone brought her knitting or crochet, and all joined in the chorus of the good old songs that cheered our boys

during their long banishment overseas. It was a very happy evening, for there was hardly a girl among us who had not a special prayer of thanksgiving to offer to God for the great blessing of peace.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-FIRST.

WE assembled in the music hall on the evening of November twenty-first to hear and enjoy a rare musical treat given by Mr. Melanson and Mr. Titus. Mr. Melanson's beautiful bass voice set forth to advantage the silver tones of his companion's tenor. We were charmed with the varied programme; the two young men sang untiringly songs sad or gay, and delighted us with many of our favorites. "The Bells of Saint Mary's," sung by Mr. Titus, was hummed and chirped for a week afterward by girls large and small. We hope that on some future occasion we may have the pleasure of another musicale.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-SECOND.

SINCE the sun plays so important a part in our daily lives, why should we not take an interest in the doings of Old Sol and give him a space in our year's record? For he really did do something unusual on the morning of November twenty-second. We had noticed that the astronomy class had been looking rather important, but that is nothing unusual, for it is well understood in M. S. V. that the famous Senior A's have the regulating of the solar system on their hands (besides all their other work!). However, when we saw them looking so anxious on this particular Saturday morning, we made inquiries and learned that Old Sol was about to do something extraordinary. Having expressed our sympathy briefly, we hurried off to write our letters. No sooner had we become fairly settled, however, when in rushed some of the Senior A representatives, and forthwith dragged us out of the house to view the sun from the vantage ground of the yard. Provided with colored glasses we admired the phenomenon of the eclipse; and one hungry Aloysian made a telling simile by remarking, "Why, it looks just like a biscuit with a bite out of it!" Whether Old Sol resented the comparison or not we cannot say; but at any rate, he soon came out of the eclipse and we returned to the house.

CHRISTMAS WEEK.

THE depressing effect of examinations was partly removed by the entertainment offered the school by the music pupils and by the Aloysians and Juniors. On December sixteenth, the music pupils gave a recital, at which all distinguished themselves by brilliancy of technique and simplicity of manner. It may be remarked here that Mount recitals have none of the nervous strain about them that is usually observable on occasions of the kind. The fortnightly concerts have accustomed us to observing and to being observed,

so that when a recital or play is prepared, the girls go through with it without any perturbation or nervousness. The recital of December sixteenth was no exception to the rule. We regret that lack of space prevents our giving a detailed account of the programme.

CHRISTMAS CONCERT.

ON December seventeenth, the Aloysians invited the Sisters and Seniors to a Christmas play entitled "The Squeaking Heart." Margaret Chisholm made a delightfully merry king, and Mercedes Finn was a most dignified queen. Joyce Clarke, as the puppet princess, squeaked to perfection; and Kathleen Hagen was a most fearful witch. The sensation of the evening was caused by the brownie who was no other than Winifred Paine, and by a marvellous cat, which ate plum-pudding and capered around in a fashion that betrayed Mary Bower. The audience was most appreciative and laughed heartily and long. The concert was given an appropriate close by the beautiful Christmas tableau and carol given by our babies. With that the evening's entertainment was brought to an end; and with Christmas songs and Christmas wishes reechoing in our ears, we retired to dream of the coming holidays.

JANUARY SEVENTH.

LITTLE Christmas had barely departed, when treading on its heels came the Mount girls back to work; back to classes; back to lines; back to Mount life. Before a week was out, the school programme was in full swing and we almost wondered if we had dreamed the holidays!

January brought plenty of snow, and coasting became the joy of the season. A battered toboggan, which nobody seemed to own, did good service and the Aloysians' and the Juniors' sleds were not beneath the Seniors' notice.

JANUARY TWENTY-SEVENTH.

THROUGH Mother General's absence in Bermuda in November, the usual celebration of her feast-day was postponed until after the Christmas holidays. Early in January, however, preparations were commenced for the great event; and on the twenty-seventh the pupils and Sisters assembled in the music-hall to congratulate Reverend Mother on her safe return and to offer her the long delayed feast-day greetings.

The drama presented on this occasion was Father Kaender's historic play "Easter Fires on the Hill of Slane." The whole programme was pronounced a success by critics of art, music, and drama. Mother General was greeted by spirits of the air, sea and earth, who conveyed to her the sincere wishes of the Mount girls in a charming manner.

The striking drama enacted brought out the talent of the elocution pupils in a marked degree. The stage setting showed first the garden of the palace of

the Irish king; then a room in the castle-prison of the mad princess; and lastly, a Druid forest. The cast of characters was as follows:

King Laeghaire, ruler of Ireland.....Miss Marjorie McLeod.
Patricius.....Miss Ada Kopf.
The chief of the Druid priests.....Miss Kathleen Fraser.
Crom Cruach, an evil spirit.....Miss Marion Glassey.
Ethna, daughter of Laeghaire.....Miss Kathleen Neville.
Eileen, attendant, upon the princess.....Miss Berenice Grant.
Angelic choir, druids, courtiers, soldiers, attendants.

The orchestra played Irish airs and accompanied the actors. Miss Neville, Miss Kopf, and Miss McLeod charmed the audience by their solos; and received the congratulations of all.

JANUARY TWENTY-NINTH.

SISTER de SALES' feast is a day that has been dear to Mount girls for many years: we were therefore glad when the twenty-ninth was assigned for a long-expected congé. The hills were buried in snow, so out in the sunshine we went with begged, borrowed or stolen sleds, to enjoy a day of coasting. Six hours of coasting! Shall that congé ever grow dim in our memories?

There was yet another joy on hand. A compromise had been agreed upon in the all-important matter of the refreshment-room; it was rumored that there had come in a supply of chocolate bars. Hurrah for the chocolate bars! At 3.10 P. M., there was an attack on the refreshment-room. Probition had considerably sharpened the appetites of all, so with cash firmly in hand, and determination written on her brow, each girl stood ready.

"Five minutes past three!" the whisper went. No sign of life in the fort.
"Six minutes past three!" All look to their pockets.
"Seven minutes past three!|' Foot-steps heard approaching.
"Eight minutes past three!" A figure appears in the doorway.
"Nine minutes past three!" All hands on the cash.
"Ten minutes past three!" The door is opened and the crush is on--It is a matter of life and death. The crowd parts to let the first victor through. (Two chocolate bars!) There are such things as politeness,but bargains are bargains!
"Twenty minutes past three!" The refreshment-room is deserted; the storming of the batteries has ceased; the cupboard is bare; the school has won. Where more than two hundred chocolate bars had reposed, there is seen naught but the cupboard shelf. A tall figure sits on the bench by the door, breathless, overcome,--Old Mother Hubbard has nothing on the cupboard-keeper.

The play given in honor of Mother General was repeated in the evening, to celebrate the Archbishop's birthday. His Grace was the guest of honor and was greeted with an address appropriate for the occasion. Next to the Archbishop sat Sister de Sales joying in our joy, entirely forgetful of herself. Dear Sister de Sales! How can we ever repay her for all her sacrifices for us and for the Mount. We say in our hearts what Mount girls have said for so many years —"God bless Sister de Sales!"

TO HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

"Tu es sacerdos in aeternum."

Bright gleams God's sunshine on this festal day,
The winter's snow lies soft and still and deep
Across the fields, like unto years that play
On a man's life, till lo! when the high steep
Of life's broad span is reached, behold, the scene
Is changed to snowy white;—a purity
All childlike spreads o'er age, a peace serene
That makes time like unto eternity:
So near God bends, so dear His grace
Falls soft upon the soul,—this place
Of earth is haloed by the light to be.

Three score the years have run, since thou
In faith didst look with eager childish eyes
Up to God's altar where one day thou'dst vow
Thy youth, thy strength, thy love all heaven-wise
To Christ. Well knew'st thou then and now dost know
No boon of earth, no joy could equal this,
The highest pinnacle that man so low
Can reach or even gaze upon,—a bliss
Angelic spirits dare not claim.—
What meant to thee all earthly fame?
Thou wert a priest to be—forever His!

To-day look up, look up and see how God
Has blessed and sanctified thy life's long way.
Each year has found the road that thou hast trod
Heaped high with merits; each glad festal day
Has left thee with a blessing; every feast
Has graces for thee who must ever lead
Thy flock along Christ's path, till now thou see'st
When winter's snows drift soft across the mead,
Life's highest mountain-top at last:
Age can on thee no shadow cast,
Nor can death change—"Forever thou art a priest."

THE VALENTINE SOCIAL.

HURRAH for the day of hearts! It was worth all the energy we spent on our billets-doux to have that Saturday afternoon's social. The saying is that "absence makes the heart grow fonder," and the proverb applies to candy and cake as well as to other things. What a tempting display was that which greeted our eyes from the balcony of the gymnasium! Money was forthcoming, but where were the tickets? Gladys McCormac sat by the stairs half-buried by an avalanche of girls, and doled out bits of cardboard as fast as she could and as long as they lasted. The cry "Tickets! Tickets!" filled the air. One could almost fancy herself on a Halifax tram or in an Intercolonial passenger-car.

Cocoa that smelt tantalizingly good stood steaming, longing to be poured; cake that had accumulated a winter's frosting lay sprawled in graceful attitudes on plates; valentine parcels all neatly tied sat coquettishly awaiting their fair owners; and yet the crowd still clamored for tickets!

At last the bits of carboard began to flow more freely; the cake began to disappear; the cocoa began to pour; the valentines met their fate. One by one the boxes of fudge and chocolates found a claimant; and before an hour was past, the tables were clear of all but crumbs.

Then the music commenced; ere long everybody had found her valentine; and the afternoon sped merrily by.

SHROVE TUESDAY.

A LITTLE girl wrote home, "We had a dance on Frose Tuesday." And so we had. Such an assembly of celebrities was never seen outside the halls of M. S. V. Miss Barbara Johnson and Miss Kathleen Fraser, as host and hostess, received the guests. Miss Florence Penny and Miss Ethel Reardon acted as pages and introduced the following personages:

MR. AND MRS. OXO CUBES.
MR. AND MRS. CATCH-HER FROM TIMBUCTO.
MR. AND MRS. PROCRASTINATION.
MR. DOO-LITTLE AND MISS DOO-LESS.
MR. AND MRS. UTAVILLA BOKADORA RUSHTO.
MR. CHU-CHU AND MISS CHOW-CHOW.
MR. LOVE-ME LITTLE AND MISS LOVE-ME LESS.
MR. AND MRS. POPPING PEANUTS FROM THE PEANUT GALLERY.
MR. AND MRS. ISCH KA BIBBLE.
MR. AND MRS. U. NIFORM.
MR. AND MRS. GOLIGHTLY.
MR. SO-FAR AND MISS NO-FURTHER.
MR. VELVET PAW AND MISS SNIFFLEWHISKERS.
MR. CORN-TASSEL AND MISS HAY SEED.

Herr and Frau Feuersicherunggesellschaft were well received considering that they have but recently arrived from the Fatherland. They caused a sensation, however, and the introducing page was much embarassed by the length of their name; but they assured us that it meant nothing more or less than Fire-Insurance Company.

The evening passed merrily, and when the retiring bell sounded we went to rest with visions of dancing figures mingled with our anticipations of Ash Wednesday.

SAINT PATRICK'S DAY.

ALL hail to Saint Patrick! The seventeenth dawned at last and with it a multitude of shamrocks sprouted shyly on class-room desks and music-room pianos. At the top o' the mornin' all things took on a greenish tinge. Green of all shades decorated sombre uniforms; ties, bows, underskirts even, were out for the occasion. Even Jessie McIntyre flew a green badge.

Yet the day was not all joy. Examinations in Theory of Music and Shorthand caused some care-worn expressions among us. At four o'clock however, the worst was over, and we began to look forward to the real joy of Saint Patrick's. At five o'clock came Benediction, followed by the glorious hymn that sets all Irish hearts dancing and all Irish faces smiling.

"For they are true Irish and they alone
Whose hearts are all true on St. Patrick's Day."

After supper came the concert. The Aloysians entertained the Seniors and Sisters with a wonderful production of "The Golden Goose." The singing games in the first scene made us all want to join in, especially when the joking king and the venerable doctor were included in the sport. Scene 2 almost led to a catastrophe, for the fairy Gossamer nearly upset the rock on which Jack was sitting; and we shudder to think of what the consequences might have been.

In the next scene, Miss Vivian Power gave an exhibition in dusting which was worthy of a graduate in 'Domestic Science.' It was quite harrowing to see Jack swing around his train of victims and everyone was quite relieved when the fairy godmother released Polly and her mother, and the old lady and the policeman. There seemed real danger in the last chorus lest the policeman's club should, in its wild flourishing, hit the head of the joking king or of the smiling princess; but the curtain went down before any accident occurred, and the Aloysian players were given hearty applause.

The Senior exhibition was the famous journey of the Buttermilk family to Morrow. Mrs. Buttermilk and her son caused a sensation indeed. Though many of us have never seen Chicago, the realistic representation of that famous city made us long to visit it. Johnny Buttermilk's whistling of "The Wearing of the Green" was the biggest feature of the evening; and the pot of shamrock with the green bow on it was a happy thought on the part of Mrs. Buttermilk. We were sorry that Johnny and his mother had not time to finish their gingerbread, but "trains and boats wait for no man," and the Buttermilk family left us in haste without even a good-bye.

The orchestral selections for the evening were all beautifully rendered. The music between the scenes, furnished by Miss Gertrude McKenzie, made some of the audience long to dance; but before we realized it, eight o'clock struck, and we were danced to bed after a very happy evening.

THE ANNUAL RETREAT.

ON the eve of Passion Sunday, we entered on retreat. The exercises were conducted this year by the Reverend William Stanton of the Society of Jesus. Three precious days of prayer and thought on the things which concern our souls glided by very rapidly; and we were sorry when Wednesday morning arrived to break the recollection. Few who were present at the Holy Hour given at the close of the retreat will ever forget the beautiful plea made by Father Stanton in behalf of our Eucharistic Lord, "our Food, our Companion, our Reward." Father Stanton put at our disposal all his gifts as a preacher and director, as well as his experience of many years spent in missionary work. In gratitude we remember him in our prayers and trust that we shall be as a result of his labors among us, "better students and better Catholics."

THE EASTER HOLIDAYS.

WEDNESDAY of Holy Week came at last; and with light hearts and heavy grips, we turned our faces homeward. Examinations over, and the limit of the second term passed, we might well be joyous. In our rejoicings, however, we did not forget all we owe to our dear teachers who carried us safely through months of study, and made success possible to us by their untiring work with us and for us. A week later the Mount doors opened again to the returning students. All came back ready for work and refreshed by the joys of a pleasant holiday, determined to make the last lap of the year one of earnest effort and unprecedented success.

LECTURES.

SEPTEMBER 21ST.

IT seemed a most fitting thing that the first lecturer to appear on the Mount platform at the beginning of the scholastic year, was Dr. Blackader. Old girls were warm in his praises and the new girls were eager to hear.

The subject of the evening's talk was a practical and interesting one—"Education." Needless to say the lecture was enjoyed by all, and was accepted by a large majority as an invitation to earnest work.

In October, the school was addressed by Captain Mickelwright, and Mr. Dewair, Secretary of the Canadian Thrift Campaign. The result of the lecture was the inauguration of a thrift campaign in the school. Before Christmas one hundred dollars had been saved and each academy class had won a panel picture as a reward for energetic work.

OCTOBER 15TH.

We all remembered well the brave priest who had been here last year and who had made known to us his grand resolve that he was going to leave for far away China to convert the yellow race.

While at recreation on the fifteenth of October, we were told that he had not only returned to Canada but also that he was here at the Mount. We were eager to hear his interesting account of his adventures in China He gave us a very enjoyable afternoon describing the queer customs and manners of his little flock and exhibited snapshots and photographs of the Chinese village which is part of his parish.

He interested us to such an extent that he had more than half persuaded us that our duty in life was toward the enlightening of the heathen Chinese.

Father Sammon had returned to Canada to raise funds for his little parish and also to become familiar with their queer language before beginning in earnest his splendid miss onary career.

While we were more than delighted to see Father Sammon, he seemed equally happy to see us all once more, for he told us that when he had left last June for China he thought then that he had said adieu to this part of the world forever. We all promised to remember him in our prayers and extended an invitation to him to visit the Mount if he ever chances again in this part of the world.

DECEMBER 14TH.

Our worries over approaching examinations were dispelled for a few hours on Sunday evening December 14th, when Doctor Herbert Stewart, Professor of Philosophy at Dalhousie University, addressed the school. The subject chosen was one on which Doctor Stewart is well qualified to speak, namely, "The Irish Question."

With the delightful humor that comes straight from the Emerald Isle, Doctor Stewart combines a power for deep thought and for imp rtial criticism. Though there was no detailed exposition of conditions in Ireland, the lecture made clear to us the principles for which each side is working and the misunderstanding which divides Ireland into two hostile camps.

JANUARY 25TH.

The school thoroughly enjoyed the very interesting talk on the war given by Father Fortier on Sunday evening, January twenty-fifth.

Father Fortier is a member of the Order of Oblates of Mary Immaculate, and went through many fierce battles as Chaplain to a Canadian battalion in France. He is now permanent chaplain to the Catholic soldiers in Halifax, the position being urged upon him by the Canadian military governors, who realize the wonderful influence for good exercised by a Catholic army chaplain. The lecture showed the advantage of a diagram in teaching, and left us with a much clearer idea of war methods and war implements. We were interested to find that there are "piggies" in France, as well as in Canada.

OUR COMMERCIAL GRADUATES OF '20

MARION GLASSEY.

NINE years ago Marion arrived, box and baggage, at the Academy, a tiny, timid child of about eight or nine years of age. She is mischievous, unselfish and has a more than common share of humor which makes her loved by all.

She is a Commercial Graduate of last year and also passed in the Civil Service examinations of last June. She is by far the best typist in the class. At one time she wrote over six hundred words in ten minutes with only two mistakes; and that paper was the wonder of the class for many days afterwards.

Marion is especially pleased when she is asked to take the place of the Physical Culture teacher; and it is then she is able to show off her elocutionary powers to the best advantage by calling out, "Up centre in single file!" etc.

On the Mount stage, Marion is a familiar figure, and we trust that she will play "life's part" with the same success.

PEARL BUTLER.

LIVERPOOL claims the honor of being Pearl's birthplace. Here she received the fundamentals of her education. Four years ago she entered Mount Saint Vincent to pursue her studies. Last year she received her diplomas as a graduate in both studies and gymnasium, and is now our most privileged class-mate.

Pearl is without doubt our best tennis player. She is also known as a very industrious student and has proved not unworthy of the trust placed in her as Secretary of the Children of Mary Sodality.

May the future bring to Pearl all that her class-mates wish of success and happiness!

FLORENCE PENNY.

FLORENCE or "Floss", as she is called by her friends, was born in Halifax. She received her early training with the Sisters of St. Patrick's.

In September, 1918, her smiling countenance was first seen in the corridors of M. S. V. That year Floss studied for her "B" and was successful in winning her scholar's certificate. In September 1919, Floss turned her abilities to the Commercial course and has since become the "Speed Typist." She is not only interested in the Commercial work, but finds outside Mathematical work very interesting to read over and to type. (WHY?)

In sports, too, she is very active and has helped the "Reds" to win many games.

Florence's winning ways and pleasant manner have won her many friends.

We all wish her success and happiness, and hope she will make good use of her "Speed."

MARJORIE LUSBY.

MARY Marjorie Lusby, sedate and dignified, is one of the Commercial stars. She, like many other famous people, claims Amherst as her native town.

Marjorie is a very diligent student and obtained her "B" at the Amherst Academy before coming to the Mount to take up the study of shorthand, typewriting and the other subjects that the Mount course embraces.

Being possessed of a certain kind of determination, Marjorie always obtains what she desires. This is particularly noticeable in the way in which she always knows her Church History.

Though Marjorie is considered rather reserved by those who meet her for the first time, it has been found upon further acquaintance that this quiet demeanour hides a fun-loving nature that contains a lively spark of mischief.

While Marjorie would always be a success in the Commercial world, we are inclined to think from the interest she already shows in Commerce, that Dalhousie may claim her as a student.

We wish Marjorie every success in all her undertakings.

MARY JEFFERS.

OUR winsome Mary first saw light of day in Oxford, Nova Scotia, just eighteen years ago. Brought up in the atmosphere of this small but energetic manufacturing town, it was only natural that she should incline in the business direction. However, Mary succeeded in suppressing this feeling until she had made her way through High School. Then the Commercial germ was allowed to grow. Finally, in the September of 1919 Mary found herself at the Mount, busily engaged at hammering a typewriter, her formerly smooth brow wrinkled in deep thought over the peculiarities of the grammologues.

Mary is noted for being a conscientious worker, who quietly imbibes knowledge and then electrifies the class at examination time. She has one great weakness, and this is a very strong love of Trigonometry. She speaks of it by day and dreams of it by night and candidly admits that without it life would not be worth living; but notwithstanding this failure, her virtues are many; and while some may say that Trig. is useless in the business world, we think that Mary does not intend to devote her life to commerce. May her future friends value her as much as do her classmates at M. S. V.!

MARGARET JEFFERS.

WHEN the "Jeffers" girls came to the Mount everyone persisted in confusing Margaret with Mary, but soon the Commercial Baby asserted her individuality for we found that this silent member of our class possessed a charm no less pleasing than that of her elder sister.

The first thing you notice about Margaret is her good looks; the second thing that impresses you is the fact that she has an unusual gift, she is a good listener.

Like her sister, Margaret claims Oxford for her birth-place and it was there that she obtained her "C" certificate that proved such a help to her Commercial work.

While we wish Margaret every success in the future, we continue to hope that she will return to the Mount for advanced commercial work during the coming year.

KATHLEEN SHEA.

FREDERICTON, N.B. boasts of being Kathleen's birthplace. "Kay", as we call her, is our most dignified class member. Her motto is, we believe, "Do everything at the right time;" she is therefore one of our stars, having won the Isaac Pitman medal for shorthand. She is also a good sport at recreation and a great basket-ball player.

Kathleen has a fondness for arriving at the Mount at unseasonable hours. In fact, she first presented herself at one o'clock in the morning. Mount life brings out all a girl's characteristics and Kathleen has stood the test well. Her calmness and sweetness have won her the affection of both classmates and teachers.

For the future we all know whatever she undertakes will be a success and we all wish her the best that life can give.

GLADYS McCORMAC.

OUR little curly-head from Charlottetown has made a reputation for herself at the Mount as well as at her home college. Before she came to M.S.V., Gladys won a medal for an essay on Canadian Thrift; here among us she has shown mathematical abilities. Her examinations in book-keeping are always the best in the class.

Shy, reserved, yet with a charming graciousness of manner, Gladys is loved by girls and Sisters. She plays basket-ball and base-ball under the Blue colours, and knits numerous sweaters. Besides, she has a place in the orchestra as a violinist. At recreation, if she is not knitting, she is reading or doing extra work.

Her sweetness and gentleness, we know, will render her many gifts fruitful in good for those about her.

GERTRUDE MURRAY.

GERTRUDE was born and spent her childhood in Halifax. She was educated in St. Patrick's High School and it was here that she began her Commercial course.

While she is one of our best Commercial students, she will always excel in English. As one of the assistant editors of the Folia she has done some good work.

Good-natured and generous, Gertrude will always make friends wherever she goes; and while we hope that the future will bring her business successes, she threatens to become an absent-minded professor.

Gertrude is a member of the athletic club and has worked energetically for the Reds.

We shall find it hard to say farewell to Gertrude's care-worn expression, but the Commercials of '20 wish Gertrude every success in the business world.

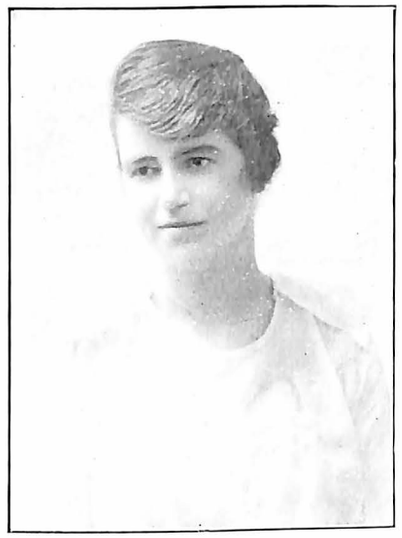
KATHLEEN MURRAY.

KATHLEEN boasts of Halifax as her home. She attended St. Patrick's High School of that city where she obtained her "B" certificate and began her Commercial course. In September 1919 she arrived at M. S. V.

Kathleen inclines to literature rather than to Mathematics, and has quite distinguished herself by writing poetry, articles and advertisements for the "Flashlight," our fortnightly school paper.

She has a genuine faculty for telling a story; and almost anywhere you go, you will see Kathleen relating some extraordinary happening to an admiring group of listeners. She never feels quite happy unless she is in trouble and her favorite pastime is the doubtful one of having to "report."

Although we sometimes fear that Kathleen may write her business letters in poetical form, we have no doubt of her success in the world of commerce.



ELLEN CAMERON.

ELLEN, a star Commercial, was born in Canso; and there at an early age entered the public school. Finishing the higher classes, she took a position in the bank there, when war broke out. After spending two years in hard work, she decided to take up the Commercial course at M. S. V.

Ellen's cheerful smile and readiness to help have brought her extra tasks. She is glad, however, to serve any good cause, and even captains the second Red team. Baseball and basketball, however, cannot be compared with tennis for sport, and her happiest hours are spent on the courts.

When Ellen arrived at the Mount, she considered the Commercial course a mild form of recreation; but when writing compositions was brought on the programme, she changed her opinion. However, she writes her essays as a matter of duty; and in June when Ellen leaves school with her diplomas, she will feel that in spite of composition difficulties, she has spent her year very profitably.

AILEEN O'DONOGHUE.

AILEEN O'Donoghue was born in Canso. At the age of six she commenced her career in the public school of that place and continued until she obtained her "B" licence in June 1919. The following September she came to Mount Saint Vincent to study the Commercial work and to become a competent stenographer.

Aileen is an energetic worker, and one of the leading pupils in the class. Her tall figure is often seen on the baseball field or basketball green. She is always pleasant to everyone, but we discovered when she first came that she is also very particular as to the spelling of her name. Some day, perhaps, she will be rid of that anxiety.

MARY BURKE.

MARY, one of the brilliant "A's" of last year, will, we are sure, have the same success with the Commercial work. Much to the disappointment of her "A" teachers she did not go on with the College work. However, she made no mistake in turning her thoughts to the Commercial line, for she excels in every branch of that work.

Although Mary was born in St. Jacques, Newfoundland, she is not a Newfoundlander, because she has made Halifax her home.

Neatness is her predominant characteristic and it is visible in herself and in any work she undertakes. Mary is not one to worry, but takes all things calmly.

We all wish Mary every success in whatever line of work she follows.

HELEN GORMAN.

HELEN was born in Rexton, N.B., but her home at present is in Amherst. In 1913 she and her sister Kathleen arrived at the Mount and joined the Junior division. After two years, during which Helen made herself famous for Gymnastic feats, she was sent to school in Chatham, N. B. There she spent five years at the Academy of the Sisters of the Hotel Dieu, and was graduated in June 1919.

In January 1920 we welcomed Helen back to the Mount; and though we found her grown into a graceful young lady, we recognized in her the same lively spirits and love of fun that had marked her as a Junior.

Helen is a general favorite, and a much-sought partner at the recreation dances. She is a violinist, too, and plays in the Mount Orchestra. Her talents and qualities are such as promise success in the future.

May her smile never fade, nor her liveliness diminish!

JULIETTE LeBLANC.

WEYMOUTH, N.S. claims the happy privilege of being the birth-place of the fair Juliette. Although this is but her first year at the Mount, she has already won many friends by her bright engaging manner and her readiness for fun.

Her early education was received at Weymouth High School where she was successful in getting her "C". Afterwards she attended the Sacred Heart Convent in Meteghan, where she won the Mount Scholarship.

Although Juliette's future is still undecided, yet it is whispered that she may follow the example of her many cousins and retire from the frivolities of the world. However, even should she not, we are certain that her life will be a very happy one.

JEAN SHATFORD.

JEAN is a very charming young lady, whose eyes change from iron gray to a very deep blue. In these eyes intelligence and energy can be read. She has a smile for everyone.

After having passed some years in a collegiate school in Toronto, she came to the Mount in order to take a Commercial course; and we feel sure that she will be a success in the business world, especially if it is in her dear Toronto. Oh, Toronto!

Jean is also a good sport; she enjoys all the games and is always ready to assist the Sisters in planning little pleasures for the girls. She has distinguished herself by her literary taste, and her weekly compositions in the class are much enjoyed by all. If Jean continues to cultivate her taste for literature, she may become famous in future years.

THELMA McNEIL.

THELMA was born in "the Acadian Land on the shores of the Basin of Minas," and received her early education at the Melvin public school at Annapolis. Here she obtained a "C" certificate.

Thelma is noted for three things: her smile, her knitting and her mending. She has helped to rescue many a forlorn Junior from the difficulties of the torn clothes problem. In the recreation hall Thelma is always among the dancers, and she also takes a great interest in elocution. The key of her voice is often found around the library.

Her business course at the Mount has shown that Thelma may take her place in the Commercial world and be a success.

KATHLEEN FRASER.

"KIT," as she proudly boasts, is a Newfoundlander in every possible respect. Her speech, manner and general characteristics all speak of her ancestry.

Though she is very earnest in her commercial studies, she cannot hide a certain tendency for the dramatic art; and in this she is both gifted and proficient. Her very dark piercing eyes and her tall energetic figure necessitate her taking many black villainous parts in the Mount plays; and though she is in no respect a villain, she portrays the part to perfection.

If Kathleen is very good, and works as she has in the past, she will graduate in elocution next year, and someday, if all goes well, "Kit" may be famous! Who knows?

ETHEL REARDON.

ETHEL, our musical classmate,comes from the city of Halifax. The Mount, to use Harry Lauder's words, "has loved her ever since she was a baby," for Ethel made her first appearance here as a Junior. She passed from the Junior to the Aloysian division; and for the past five years has honored the Senior Division with her presence.

She is one of the most important members of the orchestra and has often charmed appreciative Mount audiences by her skillful playing.

Ethel rarely troubles trouble, and her sunny disposition and lack of worry make her a welcome addition to any gathering. Some say that Ethel will not be satisfied with being a commercial graduate but that she intends to return next year for honors in music. However, this remains to be seen, but we have little hope of her remaining in Halifax, for even now she shows a fondness for the District of Columb(i)a.

AGNES DOLAN.

AGNES Dolan claims St. John for her birth-place and is always extremely loyal to her native city. Previous to coming to the Mount, Agnes attended St. Vincent's High School and here she obtained her "C".

Then she heard the call of the typewriter; and being unable to withstand its alluring click, she arrived at the Mount full of zeal to become a stenographer. Her love of art, however, interfered and for a time it seemed as if her business career would be thrown aside for a palette and brush, but Agnes came back this year to resume her studies. Even now she is very often found in her beloved studio.

Agnes has the gift of being a friend to everyone, and of saying and doingt he right thing at exactly the right time; but she has a little Irish imp of mischief in her that dances out of her eyes on the most sedate and sombre occasions.

The Commercials of 1920 all join in wishing Agnes every success for the future.

JEANNE ROBERGE.

JEANNE is one of our "Frenchies;" and though at first her lack of fluency in the English language proved somewhat of a handicap to her, she has now overcome that hindrance and promises to come out on top.

Nothing is too hard for Jeanne. If it is her goal to attain the seemingly impossible, her will says "go to it," and she "goes to it" and gets it.

Jeanne's heart is big; and in that heart there is always a kind word for someone, even for her worst enemy, if indeed, she has any.

But that heart, as often is the case, does not rule her head. We are inclined to feel that in years to come, the combined forces of that same heart and head will rule many.

Jeanne's ambitions point towards literary fame; and though as yet her attempts at carrying out such ambitions have not been very great, the steps she has taken are steady, firm ones.

ELSIE WILLIAMSON.

ELSIE Williamson, one of our talented members of the Commercial class, comes from North Sydney.

When Elsie arrived at the Mount two years ago, some of the Sisters could faintly remember the dark-eyed Junior who had been here some years before.

We are inclined to think that Elsie's proficiency in playing the "Baby Grand" accounts for some of her speed on the typewriter; and we know that while typing some of her most difficult drills she sometimes sings in that musical voice that the Mount audience knows so well.

But while Elsie's musical talent is remarkable, her business ability is by no means of inferior quality. Our hope is that she will always shine as brilliantly in the future as at present, and will keep the reputation she has won in the Commercial class of 1920.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

WE, the Commercials of 1919-1920, of Mount St. Vincent, in Rockingham in Halifax County, and Province of Nova Scotia, Canada, being in good health and of sound mind and memory, do make and publish this our last Will and Testament, hereby revoking all former Wills made by us at any time heretofore.

WE, the entire class, give and bequeath to the Commercials of next year, 1920-1921, our heartfelt sympathy.

I, Gladys McCormac, to Aileen O'Donoghue, give and bequeath my celerity.
I, Ethel Reardon, to Mary Rankin, give and bequeath my smile.
I, Helen Gorman, to Emma Brasset, give and bequeath my quiet disposition.
I, Kathleen Walsh, to Mary Jeffers, give and bequeath my speed at the typewriter.
I, Ellen Cameron, to Madeleine Dubé, give and bequeath a Smith Premier.
I, Kathleen Shea, to Helen Gorman, give and bequeath my breaking of the rules.
I, Florence Penny, to Gladys McCormac, give and bequeath my "Pearl."
I, Marjorie Lusby, to Juliette LeBlanc, give and bequeath my boisterous manner.
I, Pearl Butler, to Kathleen Walsh, give and bequeath my front tooth.
I, Thelma McNeil, to Ethel Reardon, give and bequeath the key of my voice.
I, Aileen O'Donoghue, to Pauline Dalton, give and bequeath my religious vocation.
I, Barbara Johnson, to Agnes Dolan, give and bequeath my bashfulness.
I, Madeleine Dubé, to Jean Shatford, give and bequeath my punctuality.
I, Agnes Dolan, to Marjorie Lusby, give and bequeath, my lengthy stature.
I, Margaret Jeffers, to Jeanne Roberge, give and bequeath my hilarity.
I, Pauline Dalton, to Ellen Cameron, give and bequeath my case.
I, Mary Rankin, to Thelma MacNeil, give and bequeath my argumentative powers.
I, Elsie Williamson, to Helen Gorman, give and bequeath my slang expressions.
I, Juliette LeBlanc, to Florence Penny, give and bequeath my curly hair.
I, Emma Brasset, to Elsie Williamson, give and bequeath my melodious voice.
I, Aileen O'Donoghue, to Mary Burke, give and bequeath my reticence.

I, Mary Burke, to Pearl Butler, give and bequeath my care of the light.
I, Jeanne Roberge, to Kathleen Shea, give and bequeath my curiosity.
I, Jean Shatford, to Margaret Jeffers, give and bequeath, my slimness.

We, the entire Commercial Class, to Sister Assissium, give and bequeath the memory of our brilliant career in her class.

SIGNED AND SEALED by said Commercial Class, who at the same time published and declared same as their last will and testament in the presence of us, and each of us; who in their presence and in the presence of each other at its request, have hereto subscribed our names as witnesses.

THE COMMERCIAL CLASS OF '20.

KATHLEEN MURRAY, Halifax, N. S.
JEAN HEFFERNAN, Springhill, N. S.
MARION GLASSEY, Halifax, N. S.

THE PRIME FACTOR

BILLY ALLEN was a typical boy;—the kind of boy that compels the victim of his pranks to render absolute forgiveness. He was no different from the usual boy of ten, except, perhaps, for the unusual sparkle of his large brown eyes. He had a round, full face, pug nose, and a rather large mouth whose incessant smiles showed to advantage the absence of several front teeth. The scar over one of his temples which was daily becoming less noticeable, was the pride of his young life. Its history was this. Shortly after his fifth birthday, as a result of incessant coaxing, he was taken to the circus, just for the sake of peace. All the wonders which here met his unaccustomed gaze fairly took his breath away, while his feet gained a new alacrity. Every five minutes there was a search for him; and every time he was found, whether with clown or snake charmer, he received the threat of an additional spanking.

On the way home from this wonderful adventure the performance uppermost in his mind was the perilous loop-the-loop of the man on a bicycle. Now Billy had received a tricycle for his birthday, and after a night of profound thought he arose with determination written on his brown. Soon after breakfast, pedalling his tricycle through the front hall with the greatest possible speed, he made a flying leap over the front door-step in imitation of his hero. But, alas! the expected success did not crown his effort, and both he and his tricycle lay on the sidewalk,—a mass of ruins.

For three weeks Billy, smothered in pillows, had the household at his service. But that was all forgotten long ago, and he had been forced to return to his humble position of the small boy of the family, ever in the constant dread that the only vestige of his adventure was fast fading from existence.

Billy had one sister, Fanny. Fanny was just eighteen her last birthday and the most important factor of the Allen household. Every one admitted that she.

was very beautiful, and agreed that she had all the good looks of the family Consequently, all the bowing and scraping that was done was in the presence of Fanny, especially since she had finished school and was making her début.

The only person who did not quite approve of this was Billy. While Fanny was away at school, he had been "monarch of all he surveyed," but now that she was home for "keeps" he had no show at all. He was sick of hearing about Fanny's beautiful eyes and wonderful complexion, and he almost despised her for the authority which she had assumed over him. Having represented his griefs to his mother, he found that in her, also, he had an enemy. She approved entirely of Fanny's behavior and was seemingly pleased that her daughter had so soon attained all the qualities of the grown-up sister.

Mrs. Allen was a leader in society and intended that her daughter, on coming out, should make a favorable impression. Accordingly, everything that was necessary for her new position in life was procured, and henceforth she was Miss FRANCES Allen.

During the period of preparation for the great event, Billy looked on with silent disapproval; but when the order was issued that Fanny was to be Frances, he could refrain no longer. Accordingly, he gave vent to his wrath by swearing that he'd never, no never! call her anything but Fanny.

On this occasion Mrs. Allen sent for her rebellious son and said pleadingly, "Billy, can you not understand that the name "Fanny" would be an impediment to your sister in her new position? Please, Billy, be a good boy and do this little thing for Mother!"

"No'm!" interjected Billy resolutely.

"Why are you so persistent in a little thing like this Billy? Why do you want to be the only one to refuse?" scolded his mother. "I shall permit you to have that disgusting little bull dog that you wanted, if you will only do this," she promised.

"No'm!" repeated Billy, tracing the pattern of the carpet with his muddy toe.

Seeing she would never gain her objective in this wheedling manner, Mrs. Allen stiffened; and assuming a stern countenance resumed;

"William, how dare you answer me in that disrespectful fashion! Please, do not repeat it!"

"No'm!" said Billy mechanically, "I mean, yes'm!"

"How dare you!" she stormed, astonished at his insolence. "I shall immediately tell your father. I am sure he will know how to deal with you!"

"Don't care," said Billy in the same monotonous tone, yet inwardly quaking at the threat.

Formerly Mrs. Allen had been Billy's sole administratrix of justice, and she was usually obeyed, but on this occasion he was ushered into the stern presence of his father. Dreading the necessary interview, he was almost prompted to submit; but after a second thought, he murmured to himself, "She can get stuck up if she wants to and change her name too, and everybody can call her "Frances" if they like, but I'll be kicked if I ever will!"

And so it was a resolute son that presented himself before his father that evening. When Mr. Allen heard the facts of the case, much to Billy's surprise, a smile spread over his face, and instead of the expected rebuke, he simply said:

"Why, Billy, we're both in the same fix,—I'm afraid. I have received a scolding for the very same offence! I told your Mother that Fanny sounded good enough to me—and whew! how she stormed! I felt rather dejected, but I see I have a companion in misfortune!"

This was a case when the "unexpected" happened, and Billy naturally couldn't restrain his joy on the occasion of such a victory. Formerly he had been somewhat afraid of his father, but now he saw him in a different light and made him his sole confidant.

Mr. Allen was rather a quiet man, tall, well-built, with a firm but not unkind face. His main interest lay solely in his business, as he was one of the shareholders of a great munition plant. Since the beginning of the war he had devoted all his time and energy to its success and had very seldom accompanied his wife on her pleasure-jaunts.

About the time of Fanny's entrance into society, the Allens were honored by a visit from Mrs. Allen's parents,—Grandpa and Grandma Skinner. Grandpa could not have borne a more suitable name, as he was as thin as a stick, and quite as stiff. But Grandma—oh horrors! Billy's exclamation as he viewed the pair critically from the stairway gives a perfect description of the ancient couple.

"Oh gee! Grandpa Skinner's awful skinny, but Grandma's heaps skinnier." This unlucky comment spoiled Billy's chances in the eyes of both and he was looked upon indignantly as a spoiled and insolent youngster.

Having heard mouth-opening stories of the wonderful work of the American Secret Service, Billy and some of his co-conspirators had organized a secret detective agency for the purpose of exposing all underhand methods and to solve chiefly the problems which had baffled the police. The motive was "to get at the bottom of things;" and each member of this company, wit ı his hand placed on "Gulliver's Travels" (as a Bible couldn't be found) took a solemn oath to aid in uprooting all crime and to keep "mum." Henceforward Billy became very observant and viewed everything askance. Faintly suspecting that Grandpa Skinner's hair was not that which had been natural from infancy, he determined to get at the bottom of things. Accordingly, one evening as Grandpa passed by the staircase on his way to dinner, Billy reached over the banister and with two fingers took hold of several of the suspicious looking hairs. Grandpa, quite unconscious of the performance, hobbled gaily in to dinner, while Billy with mouth open, stood, his two fingers still holding the several hairs from which was suspended the remainder of Grandpa's patial covering.

And thus he gazed until hoots of laughter from the dining room revived him. "Suffering cats!" he gasped, and dropping the wig, flew in all directions until he finally landed under some packing boxes in the attic. But Grandpa evidently had not forgotten the hiding places of young offenders on such occasions, and it was but a few moments later when he arrived, stick in hand, to punish that

"slimy little rascal." The thumping of Billy's heart must have betrayed him (so he thought, anyway, as it was nearly breaking his ribs) because after a sniff in every corner of the room, Grandpa finally got on the scent and peered for the culprit among the aforesaid boxes. As his bald head appeared over the edge of the box in which Billy shivered a broad smile almost overspread the boy's face, but happily he managed to conceal it. The cause of this giddiness was that Grandpa's head as it rose slowly over the top of the box, was so expressive that it looked amazingly like a full moon appearing above the horizon.

But it was no gentle moon, and for the next five minutes Billy suffered intensely. As suited the occasion, he was sent to bed dinnerless. Grandpa surely must have been blind with rage or he would have noticed during dinner, in the large mirror opposite him, that his afflicted artifice, although restored, was slightly disarranged and the front part ran down his neck. Needless to say Billy slept on his face that night, and, in fact, the next night, too; and while he was recovering from this attack in the rear, Grandpa nursed out his fit of hydrophobia and straightway, taking Grandma with him, left that innocent little boy and all the rest of the family behind him.

But at the agency, Detective Allen was the hero of the hour, and after a few days more of spying he made a wonderful discovery. Guess what? Fanny was in love! Peeking through the closed curtains he had seen her and one of those monocle-eyed lovers holding hands—and unable to restrain his utterance, he sang at the top of his voice:

"Her face was tender, his face was stern,
Her hand was in hisn, and hisn in hern."

Then he flew to the aerial regions of the house and after five minutes' concealment crept down again to have another bird's-eye view. This time Fanny was alone on the sofa; a change of focus revealed the "monocle" kneeling at her feet. Then, substituting ear for eye, the lad heard,—

"Ah, Miss Frances, why do you make it so hard for me? You know I have loved you since the very first time I gazed into your beautiful eyes. Won't you be mine? I have become so infatuated. Won't you answer me?"

"Percy dear, I cannot give my answer," whispered Frances sweetly, "until you have obtained my father's consent. He is upstairs in his study. Would you like to talk with him now?"

"Oh, not at all, not at all," replied the man with an apparent shiver. "I do not see that there is any need at all. I am sure he will never consent, and dearest, I cannot live another hour without you."

Billy became deeply interested and silently swallowed his indignation.

"Oh, Frances," resumed Percy becoming bolder, "won't you fly with me in my flivver, away to some secluded place, where they will never find us, and where we shall do nothing but make love?"

"Oh, no Percy," said Frances almost horrified at the suggestion, "Father would be furious!"

"Oh! but you must," interrupted Percy heart-renderingly, "or I shall shoot myself, assuredly, and if I miss the first time, I shall shoot again!"

"Oh, please, don't do that!" implored Frances.

"I will, certainly, unless you come with me," declared Percy adjusting his monocle, "I certainly will."

"Oh, I'll go with you; yes, I will,—if you'll only not shoot yourself Percy. Anything, Percy—only not tonight," pleaded Frances.

"This very night dearest," said Percy overjoyed with his victory. "You must go upstairs and get your things immediately. But just give me one little kiss before you go, dear! Oh, I know we shall be very happy."

Then when he was left alone he seated himself opposite Billy's line of vision with a satisfied smile.

Billy had witnessed the performance between two alternations,—his eye and ear, and by this time he was worked up to such a state that his fingers twitched to be at the throat of this imposter. But his genius as a detective restrained him, and he swallowed his wrath. In the meantime his mind was active; suddenly, it hit up a great idea. "Ah," he exclaimed, "Now I will beat this villian at his own game." He took Percy's derby and pinch-back off the rack after flattening the former, turning it inside out and wiping his feet on the latter; several times, he hurried to his bedroom, with them to await developments. Believing Percy guilty of every crime possible, Billy determined to get at the bottom of things. The only things that had a bottom proved to be Percy's pockets. He emptied each one and placed the contents on the table. Nothing seemed very valuable to Billy save a pearl-handled knife which he immediately coveted. The other things consisted of a pair of swede gloves, a silver cigarette case, a box of matches, two stubs of theatre tickets and a bundle of papers. Billy could read very little of what these papers contained, mostly on account of the barbarous writing, but when he came upon a plan of his father's great munition plant things began to look interesting. "M-u-n-i-t-i-o-n P-l-a-n-t," spelled Billy. "What's he drawin' pictures of that for? I'm going to show it to Pa."

Then gathering all the papers he slipped down stairs. Bursting into the library where his father and a strange gentleman were conversing, he exclaimed breathlessly, "Quick, that one-eyed thing downstairs is going to run away with Fanny and then he's got a picture of the plant in his pocket, and Fanny's upstairs packing now, and they'll be gone in a minute."

"What's all this wild talk, Billy?" demanded his father. "Come here and explain yourself."

Then Billy told the evening's performance to the astonished gentlemen who at intervals nodded at each other knowingly.

"It's the very man," said the stranger, when Billy had finished. "He's been in the office for nearly three months and during that time the Plant detective observed him closely. He reported his suspicions at head-quarters today, so I thought I had better give you a warning. Let's see those papers, boy! Ah, just as I thought, and written in German code! Lucky thing we have these as evi-

dence. But quick! we musn't let him get away." He went to the telephone, made a few remarks, took out a revolver, examined it, and then went to the drawing-room. When Billy peeked around the door post a few minutes later, his eyes and mouth were transformed into three circles at the sight which met his gaze. There stood the monocle-man, a dejected-looking object, his hands pointed heaven-wards, while the gentleman adjusted a pair of shining handcuffs on his submissive wrists. Just then Fanny came stealthily down stairs, suit-case in hand, and just as she reached the bottom, was startled by a ring of the door bell. It was too late to hide now, and Mrs. Allen stepped in through the unlatched door.

"Why, Frances dear," she cried, "where are you going at this time of night'? And with a valise too!" Then espying poor Percy she sank dramatically on the hat-rack and murmured pitecusly, "Oh, what is to become of us? To think that scandal has taken place in the home of Mrs. Allen! Oh! it is unthinkable!" Her strength having been renewed by this utterance, she passed into the drawing room and addressed her husband.

"Perhaps you will explain what has taken place, and why this respectable young man has been thus insulted!" While speaking, Mrs. Allen pointed to poor Percy. The fact was that she had determined on him as a match for her daughter, so her indignation was justifiable.

Mr. Allen, smiling at his wife, replied: "I am quite ready, my dear, to grant your request. This respectable young man is a German spy and was just on the point of eloping with your daughter. Papers found on him give evidence that the American Munition Plant was to be destroyed by fire tonight. It may interest you also, Madam, that among these papers are numerous letters signed "Your loving wife." At this climax Fanny fainted, while Mrs. Allen uttered a moan and sank into a chair.

Billy, on the contrary, greeted the news in a very different manner. A broad smile illumined his face as he beamed upon the monocle-man quite unkindly. The strange gentleman, who proved to be a Secret Service man, hurried his prize off in the patrol which had arrived during the disturbance.

Billy Allen became the hero of the hour. All the credit was given to him and it was his face that appeared in the newspapers on the following day. He now became the dictator of the household, while Fanny shame-facedly resigned her position in his favor. In order to keepy Fanny's side of the story quiet, Billy received all kinds of bribes. He was strongly tempted, to boast of his victory to the agency, but being a man of his word, he bravely respected the family secret, and declined from doing so. Thus, while only in the eleventh year of his age William Allen, Junior, came to be recognized as the Prime Factor of the Allen household.

MARJORIE SCRIVEN, '19.

HARBINGERS OF SPRING

"March winds and April showers
Bring forth May-time flowers."

BY the time that February has chased his predecessor from the calendar, signs of Spring are already noticeable. Before the earth sends out its buds and blossoms, the millinery shops have bloomed. There, the signs of Spring take many forms, but a common feature marks them all—the price. Regardless, however, of this common feature, the feminine portion of our race rushes madly for the first fruits of the season, puts them rashly on and parades the boulevarde; and behold!—the second harbinger of Spring!

Along comes a March wind and unceremoniously deposits the millinery blossoms in the slush, which likewise is doing its best to announce that Spring is here. Yet some people are hard to be convinced until April showers produce a witness in the form of oozy mud that clings pertinaciously to your rubbers and sometimes goes so far as to remove them altogether, so that you are obliged to stand like grandfather stork viewing a wilderness of mud and water.

But soon the signs come nearer home. Behold your elder brother's "fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love" on the advent of his new overcoat. And yet some people refuse to believe the signs of the times, and wait patiently for the first sneeze of the annual spring cold, or the first dose of tonic.

Then comes the sixth sign. Your umbrella, or (if you have two) your umbrellas, take wings and disappear. First goes your best silk one, off to some telephone wire or to heaven itself, or to a friend's house. It really doesn't matter where it goes, for like the two hours the copy book talks about, it is lost and gone forever. In your hour of need you have recourse to your second umbrella, if indeed you are lucky enough to possess a second; but alas! some member of the family has taken a fancy to your humble cotton friend and has let it blow itself inside out!

So you stick to the house on April days; and then it is that you see the last and most awful sign of all. Last of all, on top of so many calamities come the bonfires, hailed by the children with delight,—a horror to man, a joy to woman; and the bonfires spell housecleaning. Oh, the torture of that horrible nightmare! For weeks every immovable thing in the house is bespattered with white-wash, the walls stripped, the curtains down and the floor bestrewn with the news of the past year. You eat in the kitchen and sleep in the garret, but that is not the worst. Your things are taken from you; treasures guarded for years are condemned to the fire or packed away so safely that you never find them till next spring.

These are only the most striking symptoms of spring. There are others too numerous to mention; such as, spring fever, freckles, leaky rubbers, spring suits and lamb chops. Yet even these are serious problems, especially the freckles which are the worry of "sweet sixteen." By the time that freckles appear, however, the Spring has gone its way, and Summer has come to smooth the wrinkles out of our spring-worn countenances.

MARGARET CHISHOLM, '22.

SOIR d'ETÉ EN CANADA

QUE j'aime l'harmonie d'un soir d'été! Comme tout alors est pur, calme; idéal! Le roi du jour après une course échevelée à travers son royaume aspire au repos. En fidèle amant il ne veut pas quitter la terre sans lui adresser un dernier hommage. Voyez quelle splendeur il deploie: une draperie précieuse où se marient les plus belles couleurs de l'arc-en-ciel cerne l'horizon. Lui-même avant de disparaître, concentre tous ses rayons dans un brillant globe d'or comme on met toute son âme dans un baiser d'adieu. Il semble ainsi un rayonnant ostensoir, où du haut de la montagne tout illuminée, d'une majestueuse splendeur, il projette son éternelle bénédiction. Allors un concert mélodieux éclate de toutes parts: fauvettes, pinsons, et rossignols unissent leurs notes suaves pour saluer cette fin du jour dans un chant mélancolique et doux.

Un crépuscule clair luttant avec la lumière enveloppe toutes choses d'une magnestueuse transparence. A l'instant le voile des nuées se déchire

"Le nuage nacré, comme un esquif ailé,
Sur la vague des airs berce la douce étoile."

Peu après la lune se balance au bord de l'horizon et ses rayons affaiblis viennent someiller sur la tendre mousse. Aux sons argentins de l'Angelus du soir l'homme des champs regagne son logis ou l'attend une abondante moisson de baisers. Il chemine en chantant . . . . et son oeil voit mûrir la plaine encore verdoyante . . .

Le soir, c'est l'heure des épanchements des joies familiales mais aussi l'heure de l'action de grâce, des graves pensées. Ecoutez! Au dehors tout dort dans un silence qui repose et qui prie. La brise legère balance les feuilles d'un mouvement harmonieux et parfois des effluves doux tout embaumés du parfum des fleurs passent comme une caresse sur nos fronts fatigués. Tous ces bruits descendent ici-bas endormant comme une berceuse. Le jour bruyant avec sa lumière ruisselante, sa chaleur, ses cris, c'est la part réservée à la vie humaine, le lot de l'exil . . .

Le soir c'est l'heure bénie où de cette terre profanée trop souvent par l'homme oublieux et ingrat, le chant de la créature monte vers Dieu puissant et solennel. Qu'il fait bon alors le regard perdu dans l'immensité sereine, laisser courir son coeur dans le champs du souvenir! . . . . . Car si le moindre mot est parfois le coup d'épingle qui rouvre une blessure quelque peu cicatrisée, par contre un retour vers le passé par un de ces soirs d'eté qui élévent si fortement vers Dieu, suffit à faire renaître le calme . . . Sans doute que, au souvenir de nos chers envolés, des absents aimés, les larmes coulent, mais larmes de résignation qui sont toujours douces. Oh! doux soirs du Canada où les étoiles parlent un mystérieux langage; où l'âme tout à coup vibrante

semble avoir des ailes pour traverser l'azur assombri et profond. Pour vous chanter dignement, il faudrait les soupirs d'une harpe divine, la voix d'une sirène rythmant le bruit des flots dans une aérienne barcarolle. Pour ma part, jamais je ne vous oublierai. Et si plus tard, le Divin Maitre m'appelle sous d'autres cieux, bien des coups d'éponge pourront être passés sur ma mémoire rebelle des beautés enchanteresses pour captiver mon coeur mais ils vous resteront fidèles, â beaux soirs de mon cher Canada.

R. A. ST. PIERRE.

LES ADIEUX

ELLE vient la fin de cette dernière année de mes études, elle arrive à grands pas. Chaque jour je suis surprise de voir que la journée est passée le premier mot qui tombe de mes lèvres est toujours ce cri d'étonnement déja! . . . . déj à! . . . . .

Encore quelques semaines, quelques jours et déja, il nous faudra quitter le pensionnat et les bonnes religieuses qui se sont devouées à notre éducation et à notre instruction.

Chères bonnes maîtresses, avant de vous dire adieu, laissez-moi vous remercier pour tout ce que vous avez fait pour moi; même de m'avoir grondée; car aujourd'hui je comprends que c'était pour mon bien et afin de me préparer pour la nouvelle vie que m'offre le monde. Oui merci! . . . chères bonnes maîtresses, et soyez certaines que je vous garderai un éternel souvenir de reconnaissance.

Adieu, chères petites compagnes, il me semble que ce mot est si difficile à prononcer, mais il faut bien le dire; car plusieurs d'entre nous, ne nous reverrons peut—être jamais plus. Adieu, béau temps de couvent, qui si vite a passé. Ce n'est qu'aujour d'hui que je puis reconnaître mon erreur, de m'être si souvent considerée comme une prisonnière. Le soir lorsque j'allais souhaiter la bonne nuit au petit Jésus, il me semblait que je l'entendais me dire "Depuis longtemps je t'attendais, j'avais hâte de te voir arriver, ici je suis si solitaire je suis comme un captif, je ne puis sortir de ce Tabernacle; mais si je suis prisonnier, c'est par amour pour toi. Souvent tu te considères comme une petite captive; mais si tu es prisonnière, c'est d'obéissance." A cette comparaison la vie du couvent me paraissait plus douce et m'inspirait la grandeur et les charmes de ma vie éloignée des êtres qui me sont les plus chers. Malgré moi, je me voyais obligée d'aimer le Mont. A présent il me fait de la peine de penser que bientot il me faudra le quitter. Malgré les croix que j'ai rencontrées, j'ai passé bien de doux, joyeux, et inoubliables moments à l'interieur de ce couvent Ces beaux jours se sont envolés rapidement pour ne plus revenir.

A présent pouvez-vous comprendre pourquoi; il est si difficile à prononcer ce petit mot! . . . Adieu! ! ! . . . . .

JEANNE ROBERGE.

HORES PRISTINI TEMPORIS

Dramatis Personae:
Serenus—Praeceptor
Amor Sui
Modestus Quies
Ignavus Pigerque
Tardus Confidensve } Discipuli

About 15 other discipuli.

Scene: Ludus literarium, Nugae.

(Pupils are assembled when teacher enters).

Serenus (humiliter inclinans) Salvete, discipuli dociles!
Discipuli omnes (magna voce): Ave, nos morituri, te salutamus!
Serenus: (graviter): Quod est demonstrandum!
Discipuli omnes (tremebundi): Semper fideles.
Serenus: (adhuc graviter). Tempus fugit.
Ignavus Pigerque (religiose): O tempora! O mores!
Discipuli omnes (cantu melodo): Dies irae!
Serenus (ex cathedra): Carpe diem.
Modestus Quies (surgens): Ipse dixit!
Amor Sui (significanter): e pluribus unum.
Ignavus (quiete): Humanum est errare.
Serenus (to Amor Sui): Age quod agis.
Amor Sui (summisso voce). Ignis fatuus!
Serenus (pollice ad caelum): Per aspera ad astra.

(Tardus Confidensve enters).

Serenus (amice): Quid nunc?
Tardus (Manus extendens ad dextrum laevumque). Veni, vidi, vici.
Amor Sui (summisso voce): Pons asinorum!
Ignavus (idens sonore): Sartor Resartus!
Modestus (Multa cum laude): Genius Loci ? ?
Serenus (adhuc amice): Palmam qui meruit ferat— (He motions to a seat of honor).
Modestus (Perstans laudare): Aut Caesar, aut nullus.
Serenus (to Modestus) Alter ego!
Ignavus (adhuc ridens sonore): Ad referendum.
Discipuli omnes (arrectis auribus): O curas hominum!
Serenus (ex cathedra) Semper orate et laborate.

Ignavus (Excutiens caput) Miserabile dictu.
Discipuli omnes (magna voce): in saecula saeculorum.

(Ignavus attempts to leave the rom).

Serenus (aspiciens): Quo vadis?
Ignavus (de profundis): Domum, dulce domum.
Discipuli Omnes (singulariter): Ad eundem gradum.
Serenus (vexatus): Reductio ad absurdum.
Amor Sui (surgens, tollit clamorem magnam) Casus belli.
Ignavus (quiete) Ipso facto.
Modestus (Aspectuo humile) Habeas corpus.
Serenus (aeqo animo): Cui bono?
Ignavus (solleniter) Meum et tuum.
Serenus (maeste Caput quatiens) Docendo discimus.
Modestus (praecpetorem ostendans) Ab uno disce omnes.
Ignavus (vehementer negat) E contrario.
Serenus (Cum vi) Nunc aut nunquam.
Ignavus (sedens quiete) Hic jacet.
Amor Sui (exemplum sequitur) Requiescat in pace!
Modestus (dolenter) Sine qua non.
Serenus (to Ignavus): Admirabile visu!
Modestus (ad huc quiete): Non multa sed multum.
Serenus (surgens et benique ridens): Dulce et decorum est———
Discipuli omnes (surgentes) pro patria mori!
Modestus: Ad infinitum.
Tardus (Nondum humilis) Non sum qualis eram.
Ignavus: Quod bene notandum.

(Signal for dismissal sounds).

Serenus: Tempus fugit—(tum maeste) discipuli dociles,—
Modestus (maeste) Vale, vale, Alma Mater!
Chorus angelorum (Cum hilaritate). Amen.

M. B.

TWO ESSAYSISTS OF THE VICTORIAN AGE

FOR thoughtful people, for those with leisure to live, what a delightful, perennial charm is to be found in the gentle art of essay-reading! Surely we cannot flatter ourselves that we are truly literary in our tastes if we know nothing of this rich field of English Literature and take no genuine enjoyment in it. The type which is most common to-day, is, perhaps, the so-called familiar essay, personal, chatty, unpretending. If philosophy is to be found in it, it is there in gay attire; if erudition, it is presented with drawing-room graces and cheerful urbanity. As a recent writer has said, "There is in it not so much demonstration as scintillation. It is not Euclid; it is a flashlight."

This form of the essay was originated in 1580 by Montaigne, that "prince of tatlers," "the first philosopher in an easy chair," whose brief compositions were interesting soliloquies on every random topic that came into his head. In them, he "celebrated himself," but charmingly. Seventeen years later, in England, Bacon published his essays of a rather different type, for though the matter is of the familiar, practical kind that "comes home to men's bosoms," there is in them scarcely any evidence of the writer's personality. As Bacon himself tells us they were "brief notes set down significantly" and "dispersed meditations." Then in the seventeenth century, the experimenta' period of essay writing in England, when the themes were personal, moral, and reflective, still another form was added, that of literary criticism. The credit of having founded this is due to Dryden, whose prefaces were essays not dissimilar to the critical papers in the Spectator.

The golden age of the essay, as far as popularity is concerned, came when in the eighteenth century, Addison and Steele erected the type out of obscurity into what seems to be permanence. Their purpose was well expressed by Addison. "I shall be ambitious to have it said to me that I brought philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and in coffee-houses." Few worthy essays since their day have lacked this purpose of leading men pleasantly into saner thinking and more wholesome living.

When the daily issue of the Spectator came to an end in December 1712, the essay in all its varieties, formal and informal, critical, political, social, anecdotal, was fully formed. The term essay was now used to represent the best literary work of which a prose writer was capable, and the essay itself, must, when finished, be a lasting contribution to literature. The essayist, too, must be always at his best; for the narrow limit within which he works demands superior merit in the performance.

That the nineteenth century was so rich in essays was due, in some measure, to the growth of individualism in all realms of thought and also to the establishment of modern literary magazines,such as the Edinburgh Review, Blackwood's,

the Quarterly, all of which gave encouragement to reviewers and critical essayists, as well as to writers of the familiar essay. Each essayist wrote upon whatever presented itself to him as an attractive or congenial theme; his range of subjects was determined only by the breadth or narrowness of his individual interests and sympathies. The field of the English essay is, indeed, rich; and much of that wealth was contributed by the formal essayist, Macaulay, first among historical essayists; and the censor of his age, Carlyle.

Chesterton says "The chief turn of nineteenth century English was taken about the time when a footman at Holland House opened the door and announced 'Mr. Macaulay.'" His career as an essayist was begun in 1821, while he was still at Trinity. Here his first recorded essay on the character of William III won him the annual college prize, and a foretaste of his future success as an historian. Then, in 1823, he began to write for Knight's Quarterly, and from that time until 1845 his best articles were published as leaders in periodicals; indeed most of his work bears on it the stamp of journalism; for vigorous and virile though it is, it lacks personality. His earliest efforts served to win him the admiration of Jeffreys who was then looking for "some clever young man" to contribute to the Edinburgh Review. Overtures were made and in the August Review 1825 appeared the well-known, slightly gaudy, but wonderfully fresh and stimulating article on Milton. It was at once much praised; and well might it be, for no English magazine had before published so readable, so eloquent, so entertaining an essay.

In form it is *Eulogium*, imitated by Macaulay from Plutarch's Lives. The essay has two parts, biographical data and criticism. Concerning the first, the actual facts are few; but the criticism is detailed. Macaulay was one of the earliest writers to explain the historical conditions which partly account for a writer's works and influence; indeed, he was inclined to give too much, rather than too little, weight to the historical connections and antecedents of the works he studied and this leads rather to an explanation, than to an appreciation of any work of art. The value and interest of a work, in itself, as a piece of literature, quite apart from its connections with its age and its author, was something with which he did not much concern himself. In this first important essay, as in many that follow, Macaulay wrote *about* Milton, as he wrote *about* Addison and Johnson; yet in no case did he analyze the works or examine fully the characteristics, or set forth exhaustively the ideas of any one of them. They are to him mere pegs on which to hang a splendid historical picture of the times in which these people lived. While in many cases, the image of the man whose name stands at the head of the essay is blurred and indistinct.

In later years, Macaulay said there was scarcely a paragraph in this essay which his mature judgment approved. It is to be hoped that when he uttered these words, he had in mind some of the statements made here against the Church, which he accuses of early becoming a new Paganism, "The saints," he said, "assumed the offices of household gods. St. George took the place of Mars—the Virgin Mother and Cecilia succeeded to Venus and the Muses"! Later he tells us that "Charles and his creature Laud, while they abjured the innocent

badges of Popery, retained all its worst vices, a complete subjection of reason to authority, a weak preference of form to substance, a childish passion for mummeries, an idolatrous veneration for the priestly character, and above all, a merciless intolerance." It is true that, later, in his well-known review of Von Ranke's "History of the Popes," he paid a magnificent tribute to the Catholic Church. Splendid as was the eulogium, it was not meant to make converts to Catholicism. Macaulay was no Catholic and had only a sort of literary admiration for the Papacy.

Of Ireland, also he spoke as might many of his country men to-day as "one part of the Empire so unhappily circumstanced, that at that time (William III) its misery was necessary to our happiness and its slavery to our freedom."

The immediate popularity which this essay obtained, convinced Macaulay that he had found his true vocation, and he entered on it, with delight. After his Parliamentary career began, his celebrated essays became less frequent. Then, too, he wrote but few during his sojourn in India. Still those which he did send home did much to raise his fame and this time was not lost; for the Indian experience furnished him with much material, erroneous in some cases, partisan in others, but brilliantly used for the famous articles on Clive and Hastings where his historical method is at its best. Soon after his return to England he was elected member for Edinburgh. From that time his writing was done in the early morning or late at night, chiefly for his own pleasure or for recreation. The best critical articles are those of Milton, Addison, Goldsmith, Byron, Dryden, Leigh Hunt, Bunyan, Bacon and Johnson. The best historical essays are those of Clive, Warren Hastings, Hallam's Constitutional History, Von-Ranke's History of Papacy, Frederick the Great, Walpole, Pitt, Sir W. Temple, Machiavelli, Mirabeau. The long list closes with "The Earl of Chatham in 1844. Never before had the English reading public been instructed and amused by so splendid a series of essays. The range of topics covered by him was enormous, poetry, the drama, philosophy,—all were passed in review. In their own kind they are supreme. From them a large number of busy people have derived their first knowledge of history and literature and the writer who said that the essay was a hyphen between erudition and the people must surely have been thinking of Macaulay; for, as Harrison said: "He stands between philosophic historians and the public very much as journals and periodicals stand between the masses and great libraries. Macaulay is a glorified journalist and reviewer, who brings the matured results of scholars to the man in the street in a form that he can remember and enjoy, when he could not make use of a merely learned book."

His noble and enduring quality in our literature is this: that he truly had an abstract passion for history, a warm, poetic, and sincere enthusiasm for great things as such; an ardour and appetite for great books, great battles, great cities, great men. He felt and used names like trumpets. His enthusiasm for his subject is contagious. It is true, however, that concerning the present he knew little and cared less; for sympathy with the past was Macaulay's ruling passion and he has never once failed to treat his subject historically: We look in vain for

the faintest approach to a philosophical or analytic treatment. He is no priest, philosopher, or master, but he is a delightful fireside companion. He turned his back on social problems and disdained any kind of gospel. He had no mission to tell the world how bad it was; on the contrary, he was never wearied with his proofs that it ought to be well satisfied with its lot and its vast superiority in all things to its ancestors.

Then, too, his art is rather that of a public speaker than of a literary man. With a born orator's power, he gives loose rein to his enthusiasm, quotes from a hundred books; and in his delight at entertaining us, forgets that the first quality of a critical or historical work is to be accurate, the second, to be interesting. Thus, the style is occasionally overburdened with illustrations. Thackeray's statement that "Macaulay reads twenty books to write a sentence and travels one hundred miles to make a line of description," seems to be a well warranted exaggeration. Indeed, he had the defects of his qualities; he read and remembered so much that he had no time to think or form settled opinions. As Gladstone well remarked, "Macaulay is always conversing or recollecting or reading or composing, but reflecting never."

The faults to be urged against his writings are not primarily faults of style, in any exact sense of the word; they are faults of mind. He had strong prejudices and it is impossible for any one who reads him with knowledge not to see that the vindication of those prejudices rather than the exposition and valuation of the subject was what he had first at heart. Thus he was monotonously certain that only Whigs were right. Knowing this, one is tempted to wonder if his admiration for Addison would have been as ardent, had the subject of his panygyric been the voice of the Tory party, rather than of the Whigs.

Brother Azarias, in discussing the rhetorical method of looking at truth, claims that he cannot help feeling that in those brilliant flashes of Rhetoric,—both the History and Essays, Macaulay measures the value of things, not according to their intrinsic worth, but by the effects they are likely to produce in a well-balanced antithesis or a clever metaphor. Perhaps all would not agree with his further statement; "The note of sincerity is totally absent. If a contradictory proposition had been as favorable to the construction of a clever sentence the author would probably have used it."

The attention also is somewhat drawn from the subject by the too apparent skill of the form, at times mechanical in its arrangements of narrative, set passages of finer writings, summaries of facts, comparisons, contracts, exordium, iteration, and peroration. One is teased, too, by his very positiveness and would feel inclined to exclaim with Lord Melbourne, "I wish I were as cock sure of even one thing as Macaulay is of everything." Such confidence hardly indicates powers of the finest order; but none the less, it is often grateful to untrained minds, which qualification and reservation tend to confuse. Other faults usually brought against Macaulay are those of general superficiality and shallowness. The heights and depths of the subject he never gives and perhaps he never saw them. He describes the outward man admirably, the inner man is never touched. Then, though his abilities were far above those of the

average man, his view of life was very much the same; and he had so many things in common with the average man, that it is easy for the average man to understand him. He was happily in accord with his time and was what commonplace people call "practical." To him the substantial thing was better than the vision, or, as he said himself, "An acre in Middlesex is better than a principality in Utopia." It was this glorified commonplaceness of his character which helped to fit Macaulay for his work as a popularizer of literature and history.

In marked contrast with Macaulay, who was in comfortable agreement with the material progress of his age, stands Carlyle, apart from it, often fiercely attacking the very things that Macaulay admired. Carlyle was a simple, self-taught, recluse man of letters; Macaulay was a legislator, cabinet minister, orator, politician. Carlyle was poor, despondent, morbid, cynical; Macaulay was rich, optimistic, overflowing with health, high spirits, and good nature. The one hardly ever knew what the world called success: the other hardly ever knew failure. The difference between them is well expressed in Carlyle's own words, from his essay on Goethe: "The popular man stands on our own level or a hair's breath higher. He shows us a truth which we can see without shifting our present intellectual position. The original man stands above us, he wishes to wrench us from our old fixtures, and elevate us to a higher and clearer level; but to quit our old fixtures, especially if we have sat in them with moderate comfort for a score or two of years, is no such easy business; accordingly we demur, we resist." Thus, while Macaulay won an early popularity, Carlyle surely verified Swift's dictum that "you can be sure of a man of genius when all the dunces are against him." One cannot fancy Macaulay, supposing that people had disapproved of that early Milton essay, persisting, as Carlyle did, in writing what and after what fashion he felt inwardly impelled to write; he would have changed the subject and style just a little. He disregarded or never saw at all, those features of his vision which would go down hard with people in general. Carlyle, on the other hand, did not prophesy smooth things, nor cry peace where there was no peace. He saw the dangers and miseries of his time rather than what was called its progress. Terribly, tragically, in earnest, he had a passionate desire to tear away everything superficial and misleading, and so lay bare the hidden truth or reality. Believing that men were deceived by outward appearances, he tried to make them look deeper. As he declared in one of his letters, the object of all his struggles and writings was "that men should find out and believe the truth and match their lives to it."

Two widely different judgments of Carlyle, both as a man and as a writer, have been formed. Some looking at him chiefly through his minor writings, have declared him to be a misanthropic dyspeptic with a barbarous style of writing. They hold that he denounced democracy and science; that his literary opinions are largely prejudices; that he began as a prophet and ended as a scold; that in denouncing all shams, he became a sham himself, not practising what he preached. Others again thinking of Sartor Resartus, Heroes and Hero Worship, and his Histories, declare these works to be the supreme manifestations of genius, and their author the greatest teacher, leader, and prophet of the nineteenth

century. The truth probably lies in the mean. Men often,—usually,—disagreed with his conclusions and detested his manner and attitude; but he made them think; in Mr. Emerson's words "He spoke with an emphasis that hindered from sleep. He was a trip hammer with Aeolian attachments . . . . a hammer that crushes mediocrity and pretensions."

While Carlyle was in Edinburgh as tutor in the Buller family (1822-24) he began writing for "bread and butter wages," contributing several articles to the Edinburgh Encyclopedia. Then his German translations brought him considerable reputation. Much of his substantial work as an essayist was done during those six lonely years spent at his wife's farm of Craigenputtock. Here, absorbed as he was in his work, he produced slowly, laboring for months on a single essay. "Each article," he said, "was a slow product of a kind of mental agony." Of these articles, later reprinted in the first three volumes of his "Miscellanies," the most notable are those on Burns, Scott, Johnson, Novalis, Goethe, Characteristics, and the Signs of the Times. All the essays are characterized by Carlyle's zeal to get at the heart of things, to reveal the soul rather than the works of a writer; and to distinguish those qualities that give lasting worth to a work from those that win merely temporary applause through conformity to the fashions of the time. In his hands, the essay became consistently what it had been intermittently among eighteenth century essayists objective. In reading Carlyle's articles one thinks primarily of the subject, and, as a rule, only incidentally of Carlyle who is but silhouetted there.

One type of objective essay which he developed so masterfully at this time was the so-called Book Review. With him, this is less a minute consideration of a given book than a disquisition of independent and permanent value on the subject of the book. Reflections, rather than facts, abound. Indeed, the essay on Burns, a Review of Lockart's Life, though a master-piece of criticism, is, in reality, a sermon on life, sympathetic and appreciative, for the "life of fragments" attracted and softened him; which may perhaps account for the extravagances found in the statement that Burns was "the most gifted British soul" in the eighteenth century; and in the complaint that the British Nation in the great war with France entrusted its destinies to a phantasmic Pitt, instead of to "the Thunder-god, Robert Burns"!

To Carlyle, the object of criticism was to show the man himself, his aims, his ideals, and his outlooks on the universe. The object of biography was to show what and how produced was the effect of society upon him; what and how produced was his effect on society. Of the so-called "Vacuum Biographies," plentiful in his day as in ours, he writes in the essay on Scott, "How delicate, decent is English Biography, bless its manly mouth! A Damocles sword of Respectability hangs forever over the poor English life writer (as it does over poor English life in general) and reduces him to the verge of paralysis." On the same subject of criticism he says again, "We know that a critic is a judge, not an advocate. But we are firm believers in the maxim that for all right judgment of any man or thing, it is useful, nay essential, to see his good qualities before pronouncing on his bad; and it is a more ignoble occupation to detect faults than to discover beauties."

In many cases, Carlyle was true to his own standards; but his literary opinions were often one-sided and prejudiced. Of Lamb he wrote, "A nondescript and harmlessly useless sort of genius." Macaulay himself he called "squat, low-browed, commonplace," "a poor creature, with his dictionary literature and his saloon arragance," "no vision in him," "he will neither see nor do any great thing." Of Keats' poetry, he claims that the whole consists "in a weak-eyed maudlin sensibility, and a certain vague random tunefulness of nature." This is but a single evidence of the fact that the weakness of his critical work lay in placing too great stress on the moral quality of a man's work and not appreciating fully its aesthetic and artistic value.

Though Carlyle early said in Sartor Resartus, "Sarcasm I now see in general to be the language of the devil for which reason I have long since as good as renounced it," we can surely add that the renouncement was not of long duration. As he grew older he seemed to become more caustic: "Mostly fools," is his pithy verdict upon the race at large whose dullness weighed upon him like a night-mare; and amidst all the Reform Bill agitations, he could only cry out, "From millions of fools you can by no constitutional machinery extract anything but folly." In his later essays Chartism, Signs of the Times, and Shooting Niagra, he discredited numerous practical popular reforms; for he had no confidence in Democracy or government by the majority, believing that the few who are wise must guide and rule the many who are foolish. And characteristically once he had formed his idea on these matters, he saw no other side of the question. Whatever was before him at the time became all absorbing, and was so magnified that, losing his sense of proportion, he directed his thunders as strongly against trivial matters as against great. He wrote sneeringly: "The whole life of society must be carried on by drugs; doctors after doctors appear with their nostrums of co-operative Societies, Universal Suffrage, Cottage-and-Cow systems, Repression of Population, vote by ballot. To such height has the dyspepsia of society reached." Then such phrases are frequent: "Divine Commandment to Vote; Manhood Suffrage (Horsehood, Doghood ditto not yet treated of); Universal "glorious liberty" (to sons of the Devil in overwhelming majority as would appear)."

Such language angered men. They claimed that Carlyle, though a severe critic of the times, offered no solution of its difficulties. True, he was not a practical reformer; his specific teachings have not been accepted; the destruction that he foretold as a penalty for their non-acceptance has not come to pass; still, his great principle, the key-note of his message, the need of looking beyond the apparent to the real, is one which the world cannot safely forget and it is one which it should ever honor Carlyle for proclaiming. Then, too, as Chesterton says: It is Carlyle's real glory that he was the first to see clearly and to say plainly that great truth of our time that the wealth of the state is not the prosperity of the people." He knew well the source whence true reform must come; in his own words: "To reform a world, to reform a nation, no wise man will undertake: and all but foolish men know, that the only solid, though a far slower reformation, is what each begins and perfects on himself."

Though often harsh, and sometimes bitter and prejudiced, Carlyle could be tender and humorous with a kindly humor; and noble, lofty aims we must acknowledge he had. From Literature, he hoped to see develop a new and glorious religion, with its pulpit set up wherever there was a printing press. All his life long he labored mightily as a man of letters to meet the needs of his time. All that a man of letters, of great genius and lofty spirit, could do by consuming and producing mere printed paper, he did. And as the "Supreme man of letters" of his time, he will ever be honored and will long continue to be read. His message may be summed up in the two imperatives; labor and be sincere. In the last passage of one of his essays (Characteristics), we see him at his best; his ideals and guiding principles are there; "Do we not already know that the name of the Infinite is good, is God? Here on earth we are as soldiers, fighting in a foreign land; that understand not the plan of the campaign, and have no need to understand it; seeing well what is in our hand to be done. Let us do it like soldiers; with submission, with courage, with heroic joy. "Whatsoever thou findeth to do, do it with all thy might." Behind us, behind each of us, live Six Thousand years of human effort, human conquest; before us is the boundless Time, with its as yet uncreated and unconquered Continents and Eldorados, which we, even we, have to conquer, to create; and from the bosom of eternity there shine for us celestial guiding stars.

"My inheritance how wide and fair!
Time is my fair seed-field, of Time I'm heir."

ALUMNA, '06.

A DAY-DREAM.

A glint of sun, a sea half-hid,
Soft-slumbering folds of mist low-lying,
A shifting, fleeting, changing wind,
And vapory clouds forever flying;
The smile of my Love o'er the grey of the sea,
The sound of His voice in the wind's low sighing,
The touch of His hand in the mist's caress,
The throb of His Heart to my heart replying.

E. de M.

BARBERRIES

Gray is the water and pallid the sky,
But the barberry hedge is aglow;
Its slender red berries cling tight to their twig,
Though its leaves lie all withered below.

Dull are the shades of the woods on the height,
Of October's bright glory bereft,
And all that the landscape can give me of red
In the barbarries' splendour is left.

Joy to the birdies which stay in the north!
In the frost they can still find a prize,
If the bright hanging berries suit their wee taste;
As for me, I shall feast with my eyes.

Ruddy, rich colour delighting my heart,
What is like, shall I say, to your cheer
But the thought of a friend, rejoicing my soul
In the midst of life's sorrow and fear?

Strong may such friendship remain through my life
Like the hedge which stands firm in the snow
And long may I gather the fruits of its love,
With sweet kindness and trust all aglow!

Gray is the water and pallid the sky,
But I care not what winter may send
Though barberries fall, warmth and color are mine
In the ruddy true heart of my friend!

PATRICIA.

MADAME DECOLLETÉE

MRS. Randolph Forbes was young. There was no denying that, though she had been a widow for ten years. Mrs. Randolph Forbes was pretty; rather pretty than beautiful, for she was slight and small, with a delicate cameo-like face whose expression varied with the ever-varying glance in her grey eyes. Now, as she sat in the late afternoon in her sitting room, alone, the grey eyes were pensive and the expression a little tired, as she looked out at the flurrying snow that slid steadily past the window.

"Jack and Jill are late," she said to herself with a glance at the clock. "I suppose Jack has been bad again." She smiled a little to herself as she thought of Jack's escapades; for a small boy of eleven, Jack managed to keep his aunt and sister busy—the former at home, the latter in his company.

She crossed the room and stood facing the fire. Somehow she was restless, and apprehensive; and as she looked up at the mantle where the firelight touched a single silver frame with light, she reached out for it, and took the picture from its place. It was a pleasant face that looked out at her, and it seemed to smile back reassuringly. For a moment she thought the dark eyes spoke, and she nodded back—almost cheerfully.

"Ah, my Captain," she said, "You do well to smile tonight in Labrador."

She sat down slowly in the big arm chair by the hearth; and closing her eyes, she went over the whole story. She saw herself five years before, as she then was. It was a small reception room apart from the great salon of a chateau in Quebec. She was waiting there she remembered, quite alone, when someone crossed the threshold and suddenly stood still. It was Captain Desaux, the tall young soldier she had met several times before. She smiled a welcome, for she was beginning to be bored by her own thoughts.

"Pardon, madame," he said making a step backward, "I was sure the room was unoccupied."

"And you are disappointed?" she laughed. "Now that you have come, don't go away—I won't disturb your—meditation, shall I call it? I was merely waiting for George Spedham to come back and give his excuses,— he was called to the telephone just after we came in here."

Captain Desaux merely raised his brows and smiled.

"Madame," he said, "you must find it chill in here. You know, I am warmly dressed" (he glanced at his uniform) "you are, madame,—he paused—"decolletée."

She laughed lightly, yet she was a little annoyed. "That is a new name for me," she said, "Madame Decolletèe, indeed!"

The young captain flushed—"How did you guess? I did not mean—"

"I'll take your advice all the same," shesaid. "In the next room you'll find my wrap on the chair by the door."

He was gone in an instant, and she sat wondering till he came back. The soft folds of the mantle fell gracefully over her shoulders and she thought Captain Desaux looked satisfied with the effect.

"Won't you sit down?" she asked smiling up at him.

"I suppose I might as well. I saw Mr. Spedham being led towards the piano in there, so they have captured him for a while. He looked like a martyr, but they wouldn't hear his protests. Do you sing, Madame?"

"No; nothing to speak of. But I do like Mr. Spedham's voice; it's well trained and then it's new. There,—that is he now."

The prelude had been soft and slow, and now the rich baritone voice sang strong and clear, to a minor accompaniment:

"My soul lives not in East or West
For when upon the Tree
Christ turned Him to the hungry thief,
He whispered, too, to me.

And I, who sing these words to-day,
Walked to the Mount with him,
I touched His garment blazing white
While all the world grew dim.

And now beneath my coat of silk
Thrilling within my side,
Unhealing, deep, and bitter-sweet,
His self-same wound I hide."

The last note sank deep down and faded slowly in the echoes. There was a stillness for a moment and then a sharp sound of clapping and voices speaking approval. Mrs. Randolph sat quite still, a look of surprise in her grey eyes.

"Why, where did he get that?" she said; and suddenly recovering herself she looked amused. "I didn't think George was given to religious feelings."

"That is a new thing," said the young captain, "I came across it in London last year, and Spedham took a fancy to it."

"Oh!—and are you religious?" she asked.

"I think all of us are, you know; some have it deeper down than others;—some are unconscious of it because their training and circumstances have never brought it out. I am a Catholic."

"Indeed?—So am I, as far as birth goes—I was brought up a Catholic till I was eleven and then my aunt adopted me and I went her way.—My husband was not a Catholic," she added suddenly.

He said nothing to that, but she went on. "Sometimes I think I should like to go back to my own faith; there seems to be something in me that opposes,"—she paused—"my being called 'Madame Decolletée.' "

He looked distressed, so she laughed. "Don't mind, please—I just want to know why you object; other people don't."

"Well—I'm a Catholic," he began—

"A scrupulously good one, I suppose?"

"I try to be a good one,—but not scrupulously. But come, let's talk about something else—Our unit goes back to France next week."

"Ah,—to the fighting lines?"

"Not exactly, though it's all the fighting lines, I think. I am with the Red Cross. I do hospital work. We came over here to organize the Canadian Work."

"Oh,. I see you are not a fighter."

"In a way we all do our share—not only over there either. It's all a battle." —He leaned back as he spoke, and she fancied he looked very tired.

"I don't quite understand," she said—"You mean—"

"Why, don't you see? All life's a fight—there's the continual war of good and evil. One sees it more plainly in a time of trouble like this, but I've been watching it a good many years—"

"Oh," she said slowly—"I see; and what do you intend to do about it?"

He looked up rather quickly—as if she were joking, but she was quite earnest.

"Do?" he said, "I can only do what a man can do. When the war is done, I shall go back to my studies—"

"Oh you study; do you?"

"I shall be a priest—I had only another year—not quite a year when the war began—"

Mrs. Randolph sat up straight. She evidently looked astonished for he added:—"You are not surprised at that; are you?—I am a soldier of Christ—His battles may be fought anywhere—even in a drawing room,—" He laughed pleasantly—"but don't be afraid; I shall not kill you."

She was silent, however, and he seemed to be sorry he had spoken.

"You are a priest,—a Catholic priest—" she said looking at him almost in awe.

"Oh, no; not yet," he said quickly.

"But you will be, when the war is over,—what a life!—in this world, yet apart from it."

"It is only what we all should be—one cannot be a Christian otherwise."

"But I am a Christian."

"Are you?" Quite unconsciously, he glanced at the fur-edged mantle, the elaborate gown—"Excuse me—I suppose it is as the song goes 'And now beneath my coat of silk, His self-same wound I hide.' No doubt, Madame, you fight as well as I."

"Oh, no,—Oh, no," she cried almost passionately. "I do nothing, I—" She looked up.

There was someone standing in the door. It was Mr. Spedham.

"So you have found company," he said smiling. "But may I come in and begin my excuses?"

"And I shall have to finish mine," said Desaux rising. "I am sorry, Madame —I must leave at eleven." And before she knew it, he had gone.

Three weeks later, a note came to her from London and a piece of music. It was the song of that night,—that was all. He left no address and she could not thank him for it, so she did the next best thing,—she made it her study.

How it came about, she knew not; but somehow, she was changed. The weeks slipped into months; and soon the year had gone. Then her brother's wife had died, and without a moment's hesitation she had offered her home to him and to the twins. A year before, she would have shrunk in horror at the idea.

The twins were Catholics, for her brother had been brought up by Catholic relatives. Perhaps it was that fact that gradually changed her; but before another year was over, she had come back, quietly to the faith of her childhood. She was no longer Madam Decolletée. Her life was in the children's lives, her heart was with them and with the poor.

So four years had passed—the war was over.

One evening as she came out at dark from the old gray basilica that faced the square, a man stopped just before her to light a cigarette. He wore a uniform; and in the flare of the match, she recognized Captain Desaux. He turned, when the cigarette was lighted, and was about to pass her by, but she spoke.

"Captain Desaux, I am glad to see you returned."

He stopped short and uncovered—

"I beg your pardon, Madame,—why, it is Madame—Decolletée!"

"Not now," she answered laughing, "but do come home with me and tell me of all your" she paused,—"your battles."

So he came. And a sad story was his when he told it all. His father and brother had been killed; the seminary where he had spent his early years had been sacked.

"I cannot return to France," he said, "I have come to work in Canada."

"But you will be a priest?" she said, almost anxiously.

"You wish it, then?" he asked.

"Ah yes,—there is but one battle that counts; and you can help so many souls."

He looked up in surprise; there was gladness in his eyes. "Ah, that is what I have needed—someone to urge me on. You understand—so well."

"And you will go?"

"On the Canadian Mission. I hope for Labrador."

So it was settled: and within a month, Albert Desaux left Quebec.

That was a year ago; and now, in January Mrs. Randolph Forbes sat quite alone in her drawing room and thought it all over. Suddenly up the steps came the tramp of feet; and through the hall, children's voices. The twins were in her arms in a moment; Jack still quite snowy, Jill with cheeks like roses. "Oh, auntie!" said Jack trying not to see her look of disapproval at his overshoes, "we were playing Labrador, and I was the frozen priest, and the fellers all—"

She clutched him suddenly. He could not see why she should look so scared.

"Jack," she said, "Jack, what is it? Was there a priest?"

"Yes, Brother Pierre told us all about it this morning—"

Jack jumped off the arm of the chair and stood quite still. She could scarcely hear for the beating of her heart—

"He told us," said Jack, "that a priest was frozen, caught in the river and frozen to death before help could come. He had the Blessed Sacrament, and—"

"His name, Jack. Oh, tell me," she whispered.

"He was just a priest a little while;—I think, yes, I am sure, his name was Desaux."

Mrs. Forbes leaned back in her chair quite white; her breath came in gasps. Jill somehow seemed to comprehend. With a quick spring she threw her arms around her aunt's shoulders and the woman in the chair held her close. Then through the roaring in her ears she seemed to hear a quiet voice, and through the blinding tears she seemed to see again the boyish face; and now she knew what she had never known before,—that she, too, had fought, and with him she had won.

M. A. '19.

APRIL.

Look! Overhead it is April blue,
For the clouds are gone;—
The clouds are come and gone, my lass,
And the ripple of the rain gone, too.

Look! how the water is April blue,
For the storms will pass;
The storms will blow and pass, my dear,
And the sun shine out on you.

Look up with your eyes of April blue,
For heaven is nigh;
God and His heaven are nigh, my lass,
In the spring-tide soul of you.

M. L. '18.

PRIME

I HAD been at the Mount scarcely a week before I heard the word "Prime." Then it was being whispered in every corridor and on every stair-way. Every one seemed to be prepared for the worst. I did not know what it meant, but soon discovered that ignorance had been bliss.

Sunday morning came; but I was none the wiser. We all assembled in the Music Hall. The chairs were arranged in stiff, straight rows; the pupils were placed on the chairs. The Sisters arrived, looking rather determined. Then the excitement began.

One subject followed another, and then the name of each trembling victim was called. Christian Doctrine, first, second, third, fourth and fifth class! I heard myself commended for earnestness; that was because when one wears glasses, one looks dignified, more or less. Then came Latin, French, Greek, German, with due solemnity and I thanked God that I was not like the rest of men. Finally, English was mentioned and I began to take notice once more. Had slang been one of the subjects, I should have received 'Special Mention,' but, unfortunately that peculiar branch is not encouraged at the Mount. Trigonometry, Geometry, Algebra and plain Arithmetic; Botany and Chemistry followed. Astronomy, also, was mentioned; but we were quickly brought back to earth by the more familiar Geography. Painting, Drawing and the humble art of Writing, that so few of us acquire. Physical Culture had its place, too, and plenty of space as is fitting. Elocution came next; then last but not least, Music. With this, the most important part of Prime was over.

Soon, however, I found that my trouble had just begun; for as the new girls do not know what they are getting, they always accept a Tres Bien the first week. My name was called for that. I saw about two dozen girls stand up, so I decided to do likewise. We walked to the end of the hall. Of course, I was the last. Everything went smoothly while we were going straight ahead, but after receiving the card we had to walk backwards to the other end of the hall. Until that time I had thought the Music Hall rather ordinary in length; however, on this particular morning it had stretched several miles. After walking this long distance, bumping into a number of people and tramping on a few pairs of feet, I was ready to make my bow. This was a good illustration of "The last shall be first," for, although I had gone up last I was now in the first row. Shall I ever forget that bow? You see, I had not had much time to practise the Mount bow; consequently, my foot went forcefully and inelegantly into the air. Every eye was upon me. I had a horrible feeling, just as if someone had dropped an icicle down my back. Had I been capable of blushing, I should have done so. I finally reached my seat, convinced that my hair had turned white.

The next Tuesday, at Gym Sister obliged me to practise the Mount bow for half an hour.

JEAN HEFFERNAN.

SHAKESPERE'S POLITICS

IT would be interesting to study the numerous political theories that have been read into Shakespere. If one could credit all that is ascribed to the great William, he would indeed find a prophet. All men of all creeds seek confirmation in what is best in the worlds literature; and consequently, Shakespere has been made to think many things'—three centuries too soon. He is continually quoted in support of new theories, and is classified in politics by various critics as conservative, socialist, or communist. But because Shakespere wrote historical plays, it does not necessarily follow that he preached any political creed. Action is always a secondary interest in his dramas; he sought to show rather the moral, than the accidental, cause of the success or failure of men and dynasties.

Take the Roman plays, "Julius Caesar" and Coriolanus." Hazlitt asserts that "Shakespere spared no occasion of baiting the rabble," and that in "Coriolanus" he has surpassed himself. Of this same play, Coleridge says, that it "illustrates the wonderfully philosophic impartiality of Shakespere's politics." Judging the play fairly, the opinion of Coleridge seems the more just. The mob in both "Julius Caesar" and "Coriolanus" holds an important place, as it did in the turbulent days of Rome. In both, it is a wonderful factor, wonderfully handled; but it is always "the mob," with no personality, no rights, no reason, a thing to be conciliated and turned in any direction for the purposes of "honorable men." Yet it must be remembered that this play deals with conditions long past, and that Shakespere gives us only history. On the other hand, he shows the "dastard nobles" and sets off the plebs against the patricians. Coriolanus rages against both. Shakespere, when he wrote these plays, looked on life with a skeptic view, but his sympathies are never with anarchy. He shows the whole course of this policy in "Julius Caesar," and follows the action of the conspirators from beginning to end only to point out their error in striking down "the foremost man of all the world,"—a man, in the poet's eyes, most fit to rule.

One-man rule was the system in Shakespere's day; and loyal to the ancient polity of England, Shakespere naturally had little trust in any other species of government. As yet, the English people had not fully emerged from the feudalism of old days, and "the divine right of kings" was held an article of faith. The times were peaceful enough for anyone who yielded to the good pleasure of the queen, and Shakespere was satisfied with the state of affairs. The Reformation had almost finished its work, and Puritanism had not yet begun its broils. For Shakespere the time was propitious, as perhaps no other time has been or will be; and he entered into the Elizabethan spirit with enthusiasm. His strong love for England is shown in the English historical plays, especially in Henry V. This king is Shakespere's ideal ruler; he possesses what the poet considers the true "divine right," the kingliest heart, and a personal nobility that

raises him above his fellows. Monarchy, managed by the right man, seems to be Shakespere's idea of government; a good king and an obedient people. In spite of Hazlitt's criticism, Shakespere has a strong sympathy with the people. In Henry V. the English yeomen stand in all their sturdy loyalty by the king, whether his quarrel be just or not. That, in Shakespere's eyes, is only a just compensation to the king for the heavy burden of government. On the eve of Agincourt, Henry V. weighs both sides in the balance; and of the two lots, the king's is hardly the more enviable. The pomp of ceremony must be compensation to the ruling man for "the infin te heart's-ease that private men enjoy." Shakespere had the highest ideals for the kingly state, and because the people were unlettered, uncultured, and accustomed to the yoke, he makes a wide division between the ruler and the ruled. There must be distinction and degree, as he says in "Troilus and Cressida,"

> "How could communities,
> Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
> Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
> The primogenity and due of birth,
> Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
> But by degree, stand in authentic place?
> Take but degree away, untune that string,
> And hark what discord follows!

But if Shakespere's sympathies are with the king, they are not with the court. As Prince of Wales, Henry had kept far from the intrigues of his father's house, and when he himself took the sceptre in hand he found treachery in his court. Then, there are the politicians of other plays; Polonius, Wolsey, and the rest; whose characters seem to indicate that Shakespere's attitude towards kings' advisors was mistrustful, to say the least.

In his "most Shakesperian" play, "The Tempest," the great dramatist gives us some idea of communism. Gonzalo's commonwealth is a source of merriment, when he would have his Utopia kingless, and yet be king himself. Of such dreams of commonwealth, Antonio says, "The latter end forgets the beginning."

Yet a great mind like that of Shakespere must have gone out beyond the century, into times when England's "little body" should be proportionate to her "mighty heart;" as Henry V. says,

> "O God that one might read the book of fate,
> And see the revolution of the times!"

It is useless to speculate on what Shakespere would have said or done if he had lived in this age of expansion. His own age was fittest for his mighty genius, a golden age of English poetry and drama. Whatever changes of politics may affect the world, whatever vicissitudes England may yet experience in his own world of the stage, Shakespere is as "The northern star"—The one who "In all doth hold his place."

M. A.

HENRY ESMOND

THACKERAY has enriched our literature by two remarkable historical novels, "Henry Esmond" and "The Virginians." In "Henry Esmond published in 1852, we have the fruits of Thackeray's careful and loving study of eighteenth century England, a period with which he is especially identified.

The story is told by Esmond himself, and the book seems less that of a modern account of the past than a contemporary record of the time. Thackeray is a realist, and begins his story by adopting the style and manner of a scholarly gentleman of the period he is describing.

The plot of the story is, like most of Thackeray's plots, very slight, but perfectly suited to the novelist's purpose. There is a love story at the centre; but the element of romance is not conspicuous. The hero, after ten years devotion to a young women, a proud, cold beauty, finally marries her mother. Such an ending seems disappointing, in view of the romantic conclusion to which we are accustomed; but we must remember that Thackeray's purpose was to paint life as he saw it; and that in life, men and things often take a way different from that described in fiction. As we grow acquainted with Thackeray's characters, we realize that in no other way could he end his story and conclude his plot. Like his style, it is perhaps as near perfection as a realist novelist can ever come.

In Thackeray's works we find very few scenes descriptive of nature. He is fond of portraying character and can describe people in such a way as to make our mental picture very vivid. This latter characteristic is illustrated by the scene in which we behold "Mistress Beatrix, a wax candle in her hand, the light falling, indeed, upon the scarlet ribbon she wore and upon the most brilliant white neck in the world, descending the stair-case."

Colonel Esmond, the hero, shows great devotion to his lady and her children. He is ready to sacrifice his life for her happiness. Beatrix is an obstinate, pleasure-loving girl, who is always seeking attention. Frank Castlewood, her brother, is a good-natured young man, of the type of the eighteenth century gentleman. In Lady Castlewood, we find a patient and loving mother, who, although very unhappy, always treats her children with a tender kindness.

The minor characters of the novel are the Dowager Countess, her husband, Lord Castlewood, Father Holt, Lord Mohun, Addison, Dick Steele, Tom Fisher, the Duke of Hamilton, and the Prince of Wales.

In "Henry Esmond" Thackeray shows us, not the grandeur and glory of war, but its dark unsightly aspect. His generals and leaders are not the newspaper heroes, to whom we are accustomed, but ambitious and selfish men, moved by intrigues and jealousies. He paints the great Duke of Marlborough not as a military hero, but as a man without personal honor, who is governed

by avarice. We see Addison and Steele, not as popular authors, but in their rooms in the tavern just as they appeared in daily life. Thackeray moralizes in a delightful, easy, ambling way about all his men and women, pointing out their faults, sympathizing with their mistakes, yet loving them all in his large-hearted way.

His style is exceptionally finished and charming; light, graceful and incisive. It places him among the greatest prose masters of English fiction. "Henry Esmond" is one of the greatest, possibly the greatest historical novel in the English language.

PEARL BUTLER, '19 (Academic).

MYSTIC BLOSSOMS.

Dear Sacred Heart, the fairest flowers
Around Thee I would twine;
Ah! could the rarest perfume rise
From my heart unto Thine!

Where shall I seek for fragrant blossoms?
In duties' daily round?
Scarce one I see in all its freshness,
Where naught of self is found.

Where shall I find a worthy offering?
In the enclosure of my heart?
No fairness there—for perfect love
Alone true beauty can impart.

Ah,—I hear Thee whispering softly,
"My Heart is all thine own—
Come enter in this heavenly bower;
It blooms for thee alone."

Ah, then, dear Heart, the glistening blood-drops
Around Thee I shall twine,
Like sweetest flowers, deep love breathing
From my heart unto Thine.

E. A.

THE FATE OF THE NEW MINISTER

IT is a common saying that there are two sides to every quarrel, and that every question is liable to be disputed; yet I make bold to say that when I remark that Harneck was a quiet town, no one will contradict me; that is, no one of consequence: for, when the sewing circle pronounced Harneck "a nice quiet place," who will dispute it? In fact, Harneck was so peaceful a place that the sewing circle had to maintain itself for very necessity, to keep the spark of life aflame among the neighbors.

Regularly every Thursday, the All Saints' Sewing Circle met at the home of one of its members. The very name of the circle implied its character; any one of the nineteen ladies answering the roll-call could have been placed in a niche of the church, had Saint Peter or Saint Paul been called away on business; and Harneck society was constantly reminded of the fact. The Saints sewed for the heathen; that was the primary object of their assemblies: and a secondary one was—to discuss in saintly fashion, for the edification of one another, the unfortunate neighbors who had never belonged to the society of the elect.

To-day, Mrs. Daniel Gilroy was the favored hostess: and as it was now three o'clock all the members were busy with their needless, while their tongues wagged over the latest news—the anticipated arrival of the new minister. Not that ministers' arrivals and departures were occurences to be classed under the heading "emergencies," but this gentleman, according to common report, was likely to be interesting. He was, in fact, unmarried.

Mrs. Smiler, a woman of decided opinions, was expressing her views on the subject. "Land sakes! I'm glad he isn't married, for while I don't mind ministers, I can't abide their families. Now take for instance Mr. Grey—a nice quiet man. His wife,—dearie me!—all dressed out in silk on Sundays, and so standoffish! Of course it was her sister who gave her the silk, but then it wouldn't have hurt to learn of us how to bring up those children."

"She was full of new-fangled notions," agreed Miss Sophia Perkins, "but then, she wasn't shiftless like Mrs. Thompson who went before her. Why, it 'pears to me that woman didn't go to church half the time. Even if her children were hard to rear, and herself not over-strong, she should have gone to prayer-meeting on Wednesday nights."

"Yes," said Mrs. Woods emphatically, "I see no reason why sickness should keep anyone away from church. No matter how bad my rheumatiz is, I get there somehow, and me nex' to death's door half the time."

Mrs. Woods had ailments for every season of the year, and the sewing-circle knew them by heart. There was rheumatism and heart-trouble in the winter, and influenza in the Spring, and hay-fever, or symptoms of blood-poisoning in the summer. But before she could launch forth into her subject, Margaret Gilroy had entered the room. As the young lady had but recently come home for the holidays, the tide of conversation immediately turned in her direction.

The Gilroys had met with more or less disapproval in permitting their only daughter to attend college; higher education for women was an unheard of thing in Harneck, but Mrs. Gilroy declared that as long as it did not interfere with Margaret's cooking and housekeeping people had no right to talk.

"What is the subject under discussion?" asked Margaret laughingly.

"The new minister," said her mother promptly.

"Now's your chance, Margaret," remarked Mrs. Cowper from a secluded corner; "he isn't married, you know."

"That sounds interesting. I should say now's his chance," and she looked around on them all. (The maiden ladies merely looked coy and murmured something unintelligible.) "By the way, what is his name?" she added.

"Well, now, if that ain't just like me," said Mrs. Cowper. "I was always a poor hand at remembering names," and she turned to her neighbor as she spoke. "Mrs. Stubbins, perhaps you recollect what it was."

Mrs. Stubbins, that is, Mrs. Josiah Stubbins (for there were two, and Mrs. Silas Stubbins was not of the elect), was considered an authority on church matters, for her husband, the Deacon, passed around the collection plate on Sundays. She was able to answer promptly, "Why, Mrs. Cowper, 'pears to me his name is Brown—The Reverend Thomas Brown."

"Not Tom Brown!" exclaimed Margaret.

Mrs. Stubbins and Miss Perkins spoke simultaneously—" Margaret, do you know him?"

"Oh, I've er—heard about him."

"Heard about him!" cried Miss Field, "I 'spose it was something scandlous that you heard 'bout him. Men are such reckless critters. Minister or no minister, it takes a woman to keep 'em straight, and down in their socks."

"Oh, I've heard nothing bad about him," replied Margaret, "he has written a book."

"A book!" exclaimed the members of the Sewing Circle in unison.

"A book!" echoed Mrs. Woods feebly, undecided whether the announcement was a sufficient shock to bring on a heart attack. Remembering the season of the year, however, she only sneezed appropriately.

"What kind of a book?" demanded Miss Field grimly.

"Oh, just a book," replied Margaret vaguely. "I have a copy of it in my room."

"Do get it; I'd just love to read it," gushed Miss Perkins.

"I'll be back in a moment," said Margaret as she left the room.

Expectation was written upon the faces of all when she re-entered the sitting-room, bearing in her hand, an-imposing looking volume bound in leather, and entitled in gilt letters, "Sermons," Thomas Brown, M. A.

"Do read some, Margaret dear," coaxed one of the ladies.

"Oh, I'm afraid I couldn't do it justice," said Margaret, "but perhaps Mrs. Stubbins will read."

But Mrs. Stubbins declined. Even though she was a deacon's wife, she couldn't preach without preparation. "I'm sorry," she said "but I declare I

can't see a line with these plaguey things, and I ain't got my readin' glasses here."

"It would be so nice," said gentle Mrs. Croft, "if we would become familiar with the new minister's book, and surprise him when he comes."

"The very thing!" cried Margaret. "Why don't you invite him to meet the Sewing Circle, and let each member have a portion of his book memorized to recite to him? He will be here by next Thursday, and I'm sure he will appreciate it."

"That will be just grand," said Mrs. Stubbins. "Circle meets at our house next week, and no doubt Josiah will be glad to stay at home and help entertain."

"But how in time" inquired Miss Field, "are we going to learn them off? I for one haven't got time this week, with Friday's cleanin' and Saturday's bakin' and me plannin' to put up strawberries next week."

"There's Sunday," suggested Mrs. Croft.

"Well, now, I don't approve of people breaking the Sabbath" said Miss Sophia, and she gave them a look that intimated, "Thank God, I'm not like the rest of women."

"But learnin' sermons isn't any different from readin' the Bible," defended Mrs. Croft.

"It don't appear seemly, somehow," said Miss Perkins in a resigned tone, "but if you're all against me, I suppose it will have to be Sunday; though goodness knows how we are all going to learn out of the same book."

"None of you would have time to read the whole book," interposed Margaret, "but I thought I might copy a paragraph for each of you. That would save time, too."

This suggestion was accepted by all, and then began the discussion of ways and means, by which they could give the new minister a "surprise."

Without doubt, the Rev. Thomas Brown would get the surprise of his life when he entered the Stubbins' parlor. There was nothing like it for miles around. Nearly all the neighbors had seen it on the occasion of Grandmother Stubbins' funeral and again at Simathy Stubbins' wedding. At all other times the state parlor showed a locked door to visitors; but now that the new minister had arrived, and was really good-looking, Mrs. Stubbins had decided to open the chamber of state. So on Wednesday, the family portraits saw in amazement the mistress of the house enter their domain with broom and duster. The shutters were flung open,—and lo! the parlor stood forth in all its ancient grandeur.

From the north wall, the old Josiah, father of the present Josiah, and like him a deacon, frowned across at Mirandy his wife, who stared back at him in perpetual chilliness. Beside her, her brother, Jeremy, smiled weakly at old Josiah, and seemed inclined to flirt with Simanthy Jane who hung next to the deacon. On the west wall, Mrs. Stubbins' grandfather and grandmother exchanged glances with Uncle Reuben and Aunt Sarah opposite. Mr. and Mrs. Stubbins, photographed on their honey-moon, kept aloof from the rest of the

company. The dim religious light, to which these worthies were accustomed, showed only part of the horrors below them, but when Mrs. Josiah arrived and opened the shutters—"there was light."

The walls were covered with a grey-brown neutral paper, that formed a charming back-ground for cabbage roses, pink and yellow, that climbed to the ceiling in wild profusion. The black, shiny horse-hair furniture was relieved by the brilliant orange drapery that hung from the mantle. The drapery was held in place by two huge sea-green vases full of everlasting flowers and marsh grass; and between the vases stood the clock, the gift of the choir to Mrs. Stubbins on her wedding day—the clock that had struck the hours for that happy wedding day, and ever since had mused in silence.

In one corner of the room stood an organ, highly polished, but slightly out of tune. The opposite corner contained the "what-not," ornamented with several large pink shells, a hair wreath, two peacock feather fans that somebody's great-grandfather had brought from China, and some huge birds' eggs. A few souvenir cups finished the decorations.

The centre table was a ponderous affair, covered with a red, brown and yellow chenielle table cloth, upon which reposed the parlor lamp, The huge globe shade was tinted pink, yellow and orange, and exhibited a rare species of blue and purple roses. Around this veritable bower were grouped the parlor books, a large, plush-covered bible and the family album; while a kaleidoscope peeked slyly from beneath the table.

In another corner was the sofy, covered with what seemed to a first glance to be a series of different sized holes, but a closer view revealed the fact that it was a crocheted sofa-cover. The sofa was so well furnished with cushions of various hues and styles, that there was little room for an occupant. Conspicuous among the collection was a large cushion of black velvet with a pink crescent and several stars winking in heavy wool, and a smaller pillow with yellow tiger lilies on a red back-ground.

But why dwell on the chamber of state? At two o'clock the sewing circle arrived in a body, each member in her Sunday apparel and clinging closely to a slip of paper. While they waited for the guest of honor, each occupied herself with her own memory selection.

"My dear brethern, consider——" Mrs. Croft was whispering for the twentieth time, when the door was suddenly opened by their hostess, and the new minister was ushered in.

Perhaps the Reverend Mr. Brown was startled to see "Welcome" worked in colors on the door-mat. Whatever may have been the cause of it, he tripped over the treshold, and only righted himself when he reached the middle of the room. Then he did a peculiar thing; he put back his head and laughed. But in a moment he was grave again, quite dignified, and quite good-looking. In due time he was presented to all the company and then accepted a seat in the middle of the group.

Notwithstanding the efforts made by each member of the Sewing Circle, the conversation after ten minutes began to lag, and Mr. Brown began to appear

uncomfortable. All the reliable topics, such as weather, the crops and the foreign missions were exhausted when Mrs. Stubbins suddenly remembered the book.

"I hear that you are a regular genii, Mr. Brown," she said. "Now that book you wrote was simply grand."

Mr. Brown looked startled. "I'm glad you liked it," he said "though I must confess that it was not written from experience."

"I should hope not" shuddered Mrs. Croft, "that one on hell was simply dreadful."

The minister's expression was full of surprise, but before he could speak, Miss Field began.

"Yes, that was something like a book, not one of those trashy novels that young folks waste their time on. If there's anything I can't abide, it is to waste time. Now, that part was grand where you said "Time is man's most priceless inheritance; and he who wastes it cannot return like the prodigal son to obtain more. If, in the next world, we are obliged to account for every second of time, how can some of us account for wasted years?" I don't just recollect —

"Neither do I," murmured Mr. Brown in a dazed manner.

"I am glad you don't approve of the frivolities of the age," began Mrs. Hunter, "and what you said about them new-fangled fashions is perfectly true. I liked the place where you said "It would be well if we read occasionally the words 'Consider the lilies of the field;' and perhaps we should not follow the absurd fashions that some people adopt. None are ex--e-- x

"Exempt," whispered Mrs. Cowper.

Mrs. Hunter threw her a glance of gratitude.

"Exempt," she continued, "from the curse, or rather from the spell, of Dame Fashion!" and as she concluded she looked placidly down at her black and white poplin, made in the style of fifteen years ago.

"Yes, that's real sensible" agreed Miss Field, "but it ain't any better than that about there being no marryin' or givin' in marriage in heaven "

But before the spinster could continue, Miss Perkins interrupted, "Do you remember, Mr. Brown, where you said, 'Do as the Pharisees say, but do not as they do?' " And Miss Sophia raised her eyes to heaven, and assumed an aspect of pharisaic dignity that would have shamed any phylacteried saint of old.

At last Mr. Brown found a chance to speak—"Pardon me, but I think you have made a mistake—"

"Oh don't tell me I didn't say it right!" wailed Miss Sophia.

"As far as I know, it was perfectly correct," said the minister, "but—"

Just then Miss Margaret appeared in the doorway, looking perfectly charming in a new muslin gown.

"Why, Margaret, what kept you so late?" asked her mother.

"Margaret, come and meet the new minister," said Mrs. Stubbins.

"Miss Margaret," said the minister in a choked voice, "can you explain this?"

"Explain what," inquired the young lady innocently.

"Oh, so you've met before, "said Mrs. Stubbins in a disappointed tone, while all the company exchanged glances.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Brown nervously, "we became acquainted at college."

"Now Margaret, do stay and have some lunch," cried Mrs. Stubbins.

"No, I'm sorry, Mrs. Stubbins, but I really can't," said Margaret, "but perhaps mother can."

"I really must be going, ladies," said Mr. Brown rising. "I have several little business matters to attend to."

Amidst a chorus of expostulations, Mr. Brown took his departure.

At the gate he found Margaret Gilroy, her face brimming over with laughter.

"What in thunder!" began the reverend gentleman.

"Really, I never enjoyed anything as much in my life," laughed Margaret—"I stood out in the hall for several minutes and Oh, dear!—" and off she went again.

"Why did you do it!" he demanded.

"Why? It was your only salvation. You just had to make a good impression on the Saints, and if they had ever heard that you wrote a humorous novel, —why, they'd never forgive you. But do come away, or they'll see us from the window."

"And were you so anxious for my reputation?"

"So anxious that—"

"You even made them believe I wrote Dr. Brown's sermons."

"I didn't say that. I gave them the book, and they imagined the rest."

"Oh Margaret!"

"Well, what would you have?"

"You know only too well what I would have."

"What, then?"

"Since you are so anxious for my good name, I think I'll give it to you for keeps. Will you take it?"

"Yes," she said.

And so it came about that the Sewing Circle were repaid for their trouble by receiving an announcement that gave them food for conversation for many a day.

JEAN HEFFERNAN.

CLASSIC RHYMES IN CLASSICAL ENGLISH

THE LEGEND OF THE TARTS.

"The Queen of Hearts she made some tarts,
All on a summer's day
The Knave of Hearts he stole those tarts,
And with them ran away."

IN a distant interval in the long-expired past, the consort of the King of Hearts, desired to serve him with a quantity of her own constructed bonbons.

After completing the task of mixing the ingredients, she put them in a compartment of a heating apparatus, and extracting them thence placed the tempting confectionery outside a crystal pane at the back portion of the edifice wherein she dwelt.

Now it chanced that this dutiful sovereign had carefully reared a male infant whose appelation was "The Knave of Hearts." This puerile specimen of the royal family had the audacity to venture to the rear of the palatial residence and there his expectations were fulfilled. Having abducted the sweetmeats, he immediately made use of his natural powers of locomotion and effected a swift departure.

NANCY O'DRISCOLL.

A DOMESTIC INCIDENT.

"There was an old woman who lived in a shoe
She had so many children she didn't know what to do
She gave them some broth without any bread
And whipped them all soundly and sent them to bed."

AT an ancient period in the annals of the race, there existed an antiquated speciman of the human family, who subsisted in an outer covering used as a personal decoration for the human pedal extremity. This female previously mentioned, supported such an amount of descendants, consisting mostly of diminutive individuals, that she acknowledged she knew not how to sustain the deficiencies of these mortals; so she transferred into her offspring an aqueous decoction of animal and vegetable substances minus, a pastry prepared in an arched cavity over a fire.

After her offspring had partaken of this repast, she chastised them orthodoxly with a simple apparatus consisting of a strap, and deposited them in an architectural structure known as a couch.

MILDRED WHITE.

AN ANECDOTE IN NATURAL HISTORY.

"Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet
Eating her curds and whey;
Along came a spider
And sat down beside her
And frightened Miss Muffet away."

A Diminutive miss with the appelation of Muffet reclined upon a mattress composed of the slender thread-like growth of an animal covering; and while she was thus enjoying herself, she employed her otherwise idle moments by taking nutriment in the visible form of coagulated milk accompanied by an aqueous liquid. Suddenly, without any intimation, there appeared a monstrous, web-spinning, long-legged creature that had the audcaity to sit down beside the above mentioned diminutive specimen of humanity, who became so terrified at seeing this dreadful apparition, that instantly she used her natural means of locomotion in leaving this favored location.

GERTRUDE SMITH.

A CULINARY CATASTROPHE.

"Hi-diddle-diddle! the cat and the fiddle
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed to see such sport.
And the dish ran away with the spoon."

THE following historical and authentic anecdote has been recited for several centuries:—A noted domesticated carnivorous mammal was executing a melody upon a stringed instrument. A female of the bovine species, by a propulsive effort, vaulted above the celestial and substantial mass that revolves around the third planet. When this was perceived through the organ of vision belonging to a junior member of the family of domestic quadrupeds of the genus wolf, it caused an explosive but inarticulate sound; and immediately a hollow article, used as a receptacle for food, moved swiftly away with a shallow common table utensil.

JEAN HEFFERNAN.

THE PASTORAL ELEMENT IN LORNA DOONE

THERE was a time when the cultured world grew tired of convention. That time was long ago when Rome and Alexandria turned their proud towers to the sky. The Roman satirist, the Alexandrian sage, had exhausted all the springs of literature, and the people longed for something new. Then it was that the Sicilian muse brought back the pipe of pastoral poets. The love-lorn swain, the faithless shepherdess, became the deities of a new school of art. The novelty grew old, and finally disappeared; but strange as it may seem, the idea of the pastoral never quite died out. The pastoral is a sign in all literatures that the people are weary of urbane pleasures and have turned to the simple delights of the fields.

Thus, in England, after the Shakesperian stage grew dim in lustre, the masque and the pastoral came back to life. In France, when the poets of the Golden Age had exhausted their golden themes, they, too, found refuge in the shepherd's pipe. Everywhere, however, the pastoral itself grew into a convention, and in the end became more artificial than urbanity itself.

It is well, then, to note that in the midst of English literature of the nineteenth century, when Thackeray was satirizing high society, and Dickens caricaturing low, and George Eliott vivisecting the human heart, a man was found who turned away from the high civilization of his time to contemplate the simple life of the past. That man was Richard Blackmore, and his pastoral poem is Lorna Doone.

After the stifling atmosphere and the mad rush of the modern novel, the reading of Lorna Doone is like taking deep breaths of the invigorating air of the Western Moors; for while it portrays the stirring events of the seventeenth century, it is a truly pastoral romance, with all the soundness, the wholesomeness, and the beauty of country life.

In the first half of the book, the main plot, running like a fine thread and connecting the various parts, is only slightly touched, yet it is easily discerned. The story is narrated by honest John Ridd, while the dullness of history and the monotony of love are relieved by the quaintness of expression and the kindly sense of humor that gleams from every page.

The author, while he allows us to have an insight into what is best of his intellect and into his wonderful descriptive powers, does not forget for a moment the homeliness of the life he is portraying, but draws upon it for some of his most striking similes.

While it may be said that Lorna Doone has a special appeal to every one who reads it, it is perhaps the nature lover who appreciates it most: for every chapter shows clearly the author's intimate acquaintance with nature in her varying moods and fancies. What could be more beautiful or more complete than the following description of an October sunrise? —"The rising of the sun

was noble in the cold and warmth of it; peeping down the spread of light, he raised his shoulder heavily over the edge of the grey mountain and wavering length of upland. Beneath his gaze the dew fogs dipped, and crept to the hollow places; then stole away in line and column, holding skirts and clinging subtly at the sheltering corners, where rock hung over grass-land; while the brave lines of the hills came forth, one beyond the other gliding."

Then, the woods arose in folds, like drapery of awakened mountains, stately with the depth of awe and memory of the tempests. Autumn's mellow hand was on them, as they owned already, touched with gold, and red, and olive; and their joy towards the sun was less to a bridegroom than to a father.

Yet before the floating impress of the woods could clear itself, suddenly the gladsome light leaped over hill and valley casting amber, blue and purple, and a tint of rich red rose, according to the scene they lit on, and the curtain flung around; yet all alike dispelling fear and the cloven roof of darkness, all on the wings of hope advancing, and proclaiming, "God is here." Then life and joy sprang reassured from every crouching hollow; every flower, and bud, and bird had a fluttering sense of them; and the flashing of God's gaze, merged into soft beneficence.

Who would not have a vivid picture of a snow storm when it is described in this manner?—

"This great drift was rolling and curling beneath the violent blast, tufting and combing with rustling swirls, and carved (as in patterns of cornice) where the grooving-chisel of the wind swept round. Ever and again the tempest snatched little whiffs from the chance led edge, twirled them round, and made them dance over the chine of the monster pile, then let them lie like herring-bones or the seams of sand where the tide has been. And all the while, from the smothering sky, more and more fiercely at every blast, came the pelting, pitiless arrows, winged with murky white and pointed with barbs of frost."

And the fresh softness of Spring is felt in the following paragraphs:—

"The valley into which I gazed was fair with early promise, having shelter from the wind, and taking all the sunshine. The willow bushes over the stream hung as if they were angling with tasselled floats of gold and silver, bursting like a bean-pod. Between them came the water, laughing, like a maid at her own dancing, and spread with that young blue which never lives beyond the April. And, on either bank, the meadow ruffled as the breeze came by, opening (through new tufts of green) daisy bud or celandine, or a shy glimpse now and then of the love-lorn primrose."

And then—"To wake as the summer sun came slanting over the hill tops, with hope on every beam advance to the laughter of the morning; to see the leaves across window ruffling on the fresh new air, and the tendrils of the powdery vine turning from their beaded sleep. Then the lustrous meadows far beyond the thatch of garden wall, yet seen beneath the hanging scallops of the walnut tree, all awakening, dressed in pearl, all amazed at their own glistening, like a maid at her own ideas."

These quotations give but a faint idea of the treasures the book contains. Mention must be made of the many instances where the prose passes into a few measures of blank verse, for the author's poetical tendency is but thinly veiled. He wrote for a love of writing rather than for popularity and was not disappointed when the book met a fate similar to that of its beautiful heroine. For a number of years it was lonely and neglected in the world of literature; a world that refused to recognize its value. It was read only by those who happened upon it by chance, but these readers, charmed by its simplicity, gave it a genial welcome. Like the fair maid whose name it bears, its charm has won the hearts of many, and the world is brighter for the equisite little pastoral that made the beauty of the English-moors "a joy forever."

JEAN HEFFERNAN.

RANSOM THE CAPTIVE.

He is peeping through the lattices,
The swathed wheat and the chaliced wine.
The holy One,
God's only Son!
Yes, still peeping through the lattices.

Can we not break down the lattices?
Come with nuptial robe to the altar space.
Aye, this is the key
That shall set Him free.
We can break down the lattices.

We shall break down the lattices,
In the rosy flush of the eastern dawn.
The Capitve sweet
And the captor meet:
We have broken down the lattices.

S. E.

THE PRICE OF A GAME

IT was Friday morning, the day before the greatest baseball match of the year; and the boys at St. Dunstan's were in a state of wildest excitement. The usual day's programme was changed, so that every minute could be used to prepare for the memorable morrow. Even the Juniors were infected by that feeling of excitement, not unmixed with alarm; for, would not they share in the disgrace if their famous nine did not win?

As a bell sounded through the college, the doors were flung open by a crowd of sturdy youngsters who rushed madly for the field where their men were to practise. The seniors followed in groups laughing and boasting, as only boys know how, of the wonderful victory which would soon be theirs.

"All here?" asked Adams, the coach, as the team took its place.

"Yes, no,—no, Campbell isn't," cried a young junior, who had been counting and recounting the men.

"Where is he? Has anyone seen him?" were the questions asked in eager tones.

Bob Burton and Frank Kelly, his two intimate chums, looked at each other in alarm.

"He wasn't at breakfast this morning, Bob," said Frank, in a low tone, "and I went up to his room afterwards and found his bed untouched; but he wasn't there."

"I don't know what to make of it, Frank. I heard him tramping up and down his room the whole night. I went up once to find out what the trouble was. He refused to tell me; and as he began to get angry, I thought I'd better leave him alone. I'm sure he's in some sort of trouble. I wish he would let us help him."

"Do you think it can be about money, Frank? You know his father is rather close and won't send him one cent more than his allowance. Perhaps he has run into debt, although that seems hardly like him."

"No, somehow or other I don't think it's about money, because he knows he would only have to ask us and we would gladly give him any sum; but then he's so proud, that I don't believe he would; and I'm sure he'd be offended if we offered him any. Here he comes now. Don't pretend we notice anything wrong, but let's watch him closely and try to find out."

"Hurry, Campbell, we're waiting for you. Where were you?" asked Adams, as he walked towards his place.

"In the building," he answered shortly. He was a tall well-built boy, every inch an athlete, and as far as one could judge about eighteen years old. A peculiar habit of throwing back his head showed an imperious nature. He was one born to command rather than to be commanded, a general favorite, and a famous player; but it was evident that his mind was not on his work this

time, for he made several foolish blunders and seemed hardly to notice until Adams burst out, "Campbell, if you can't do better than that, you'd better quit right now. We've got to win tomorrow and we are going to, but at the rate you're playing, a junior team could beat us."

Campbell said nothing, but passed his hand wearily across his brow as he took his place once more at the bat.

"Never mind, old man, brace up," exclaimed Kelly, "we all have our blue days and everyone knows that there's not a better captain in any college than you!"

Thus urged, Cambell resolutely kept his mind on his work, and through the rest of the practice was more like his usual self. But no sooner had the game ended than he was off, hurrying towards the house without waiting for his friends. Entering by the students' door, he ran softly up the stairs to his room. After he had closed and locked the door, he opened his desk and drew out two letters, the contents of which he almost knew by heart.

"My God!" he cried, "what am I to do? It would be so easy to give Dunn the code and none would be the wiser. The game would be lost as if by accident and I would be saved the disgrace of being expelled, as I know I shall be, if those lottery tickets aren't paid for immediately. Oh why did I ever take them! One hundred dollars,—the sum isn't much but it may as well be one thousand for all the chances I have of paying it, unless—No, I can't do that; it would be a coward's trick."

He turned resolutely away from the letter that seemed to ask so little and promise so much,—only to reveal in secrecy the signals of the team and obtain one hundred dollars. As he paced his room in agony, great beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead at the thought of his terrible disgrace and his father's anger.

"God, help me," he cried at last, "but I've got to."

He sat down at his desk and wrote quickly. When he finished, he slipped within the envelope a slip of paper that had been concealed in his vest pocket. Without giving himself time to reconsider his act, he hurried down to the prefect's room. As he received no answer to his light rap, he opened the door and laid the letter on the desk among the others waiting to be mailed. As he was a senior, his letters were not supervised. The thought that he was betraying the trust placed in him hurt him keenly, but he said to himself, "It had to be. I could never stand the disgrace of being expelled, and besides, even though they have the signals, they may not win." Even as he reached the door he paused and half turned back, loath to leave the letter there; but as he could think of no other way of getting the money, he was forced to go.

All that day the thought of his treacherous deed rankled in his mind and made him so irritable that one of his companions, noticing it, remarked, "What's the matter with Cambell? He's as cross as a bear. You'd think something terrible was going to happen to him. He starts at every sound; and about half an hour ago, when a message came from Father Colton for him telling him to come to his study a moment, he got as white as a ghost. That game must be

getting on his nerves. He'd better be careful for I should think he's on the border of a nervous breakdown."

And indeed he was. No matter where he went or what he did, he could not forget that letter. Every sentence was impressed so deeply on his mind and was so constantly before his face, that he feared others must see it also.

By nightfall he was almost hysterical. "I can't do it!" he cried aloud for about the twentieth time. "I can't do it; I must get that letter back and confess all, else I think I'll go mad. I guess I can't be a hardened criminal," (he smiled half bitterly,) "else it wouldn't trouble me so much. I'll get that letter back and tell Father Colton everything and then leave without waiting to be sent. But the game! What about the game? It's got to be played tomorrow and there's no one able to take my place. Oh, surely Father Colton will have it postponed; for they can't possibly play. What time is it now? In half an hour I'll go down. The letter is still there, for the mail didn't go this evening, I heard the porter saying."

Again he glanced at his watch. "Half-past." Softly he crept down the stairs, his heart beating so loudly that he feared someone must hear it. "If only Father Colton weren't there," he whispered to himself, "I could get that letter back and wouldn't have to confess."

When he reached the lower hall, his lately roused hopes fell, for there was a light in the study and through the partly opened door he could see Father Colton reading.

He paused and half turned back; but resolutely taking courage, he tapped lightly at the door.

"Come in," called a deep voice and as Cambell entered, the priest pushed back his spectacles and looked at him in surprise.

"Well, what's the meaning of this late visit?" he commenced in a stern voice, but seeing the look on the boy's face he added in a gentler tone, "What's the trouble Colin? Are you sick?"

"No, Father," stammered the boy, "but I,—Oh, I want a letter back that I put in here to-day. I don't want to send it now."

"A letter back," said Father Colton, "that's strange; and anyhow I am sorry but I haven't it. The mail went about an hour ago, and it was late at that. Anything else I can do for you? To whom was it?"

Colin could only gaze at him with wildly dilated eyes. "Gone, gone?" he burst out. "Oh Father, it can't be true; there must be some mistake," he exclaimed.

"Be quiet," commanded the prefect in a sharp tone. "Explain your wild actions. What was in the letter? Why should the loss of an ordinary letter trouble you so much?"

Realizing that there was no other course but to confess now, Colin raised his head which he had buried in his hands and said in a hopeless voice, "It means that I'm a cad. I have sold the baseball signals. I bought lottery tickets and couldn't pay for them; and to save myself from disgrace of expulsion, I—I sold the signals for one hundred dollars. I wanted to get that letter back, but fate was against me. There is nothing left but to expel me."

For several moments there was complete silence. Then the priest spoke in slow even tones that seemed to fill every corner of the room.

"You couldn't have done very much more. Your fall has been sudden and complete; and were it not for the esteem in which I hold your father, and for issues at stake tomorrow, you would not remain over night. As it is, there remains one chance; and whether you be expelled or not, depends on that. You got into this folly on your own account, and you'll get out of it now. The signals shall not be changed; you'll play that game tomorrow and you've got to win. The odds will be heavily against you; but if there's one spark of manhood left in you, you'll do it. Go, now; and remember that you come of fighting blood. Tell your men what you like; but win the game."

Without another glance at the boy, he resumed his reading. As Colin slowly left the room, the thought of the enormity of the task set before him almost overcame him.

"It can't possibly be done. He must realize that. Why, every command that is given, they'll be able to interpret and intercept. If only he had expelled me now, I would have been saved the shame of seeing my school defeated and the scorn of my friends when they learn the reason why they did not win."

Throughout many hours he paced his room, turning over in his mind every way possible by which he could win. Plan after plan was rejected. Worn out with these harrowing thoughts, he threw himself upon the bed; and just as the faint streaks of dawn appeared in the east, he fell into a deep sleep.

When he awoke, he felt refreshed and more confident. "With hard playing, we might win," he said to himself. "Father Colton seemed to believe that it was possible. Oh, if he only might be right!"

The game was to be at three o'clock, and all the morning Colin wandered about like one in a dream.

"Oh it's dead certain we're going to win," exclaimed Billy Watson the pitcher, as they were watching the crowds already filling the grand stand. "With such a captain as Cambell, no one could have a chance against us."

Colin, who was standing near, overheard the remark; and with an expression of pain upon his white face walked quickly away.

"What's the matter, Colin?" asked Bob Burton in a low voice following his chum.

"Nothing, but oh, Bob, we've got to win. Play harder than ever you played in your life before."

"I did hear the other boys saying this game was getting on your nerves and I know it now. Why you'd think it was a matter of life and death to you."

"Oh don't you understand?" exclaimed Colin in a weary tone as he walked towards the door whence he could see the vast crowds. "Somewhere amongst them is my father," he murmured, "and oh, if we don't win, I can't face him. But we've got to win!"

* * * * * * * * *

At five o'clock, the crowds were pouring out the gates.

"Hurrah for St. Dustan's! We've won! I just knew we would," Frank Kelly said in tones of ecstacy as the boys were taking off their things after the

game. "But it was just touch and go, and for time it certainly looked as if the other side had it!"

"You're right there, Frank," agreed half a dozen voices. "If it hadn't been for Cambell, dear knows where we'd be!"

"Say, Adams, did you ever see anything like the way that Cambell played that last half inning? His hits certainly made the other side open their eyes. It was funny to see the dismay on their faces as we gradually crept up to their score."

"Yes," answered Adams, "I was watching Cambell. He looked to me as if he were playing for life or death. His face was white and drawn; and when I cautioned him not to play quite so hard, he scarcely heard me. But it was a close game all right; and only for Campbell, we'd have lot it sure. Where is he now?"

"He left the field the minute the game was over. I think his father is here, and anyhow I'm going to see. Do you want him?"

"Yes, tell him to come up to my room before tea."

"All right," answered Bob, as he hastened towards the house.

* * * * * * * * *

"Well done, Colin, I'm proud of you. I knew you'd make good," exclaimed the prefect in hearty tones as Colin walked into his study about half an hour after the game was over.

"But what's the matter?" he added in surprise.

"Will you see my father, sir?" Colin said trying to speak composedly.

"Your father? I'll be glad to, indeed." He rose from his chair and started for the door.

"I told him all, Father," said Colin in a low voice as they left the room, "and he—"

"What!" said the prefect standing still in surprise, "about that letter, do you mean?"

"Yes," answered Colin.

"Well, it is about what I would expect of you; still I wish you had allowed me to tell him." Then he added, seeing the distress in the boy's face,—"What did he say?"

"He was very angry at first and threatened to expose me before the whole school; but I guess he knew that would mean disgrace to himself as well, so he consented to pay for those wretched tickets and—Oh, he'll tell you the rest. He's in here," he added motioning towards the west parlor.

As the priest entered, Mr. Cambell paused in his pacing and came towards him with outstretched hand. He was remarkably tall and his son resembled him, except that the pride in the man's face was softened by time and trial.

"How do you do, Father? I am very glad to have this pleasure of meeting you, but am very sorry it is in reference to such a disgraceful proceeding. How a son of mine could contemplate such a deed—"

"We can all make mistakes," said the prefect kindly.

"I have paid the debt, " said Mr. Cambell, "but he must bear the consequences of his action. Tell your plan to Father." he added abruptly turning to his son.

The boy's voice seemed to come with difficulty. He cleared his throat. "The one hundred dollars," he said, "must be earned by me, and I must leave college until it is paid."

"It is not that I cannot afford to lose the mony," interrupted Mr. Cambell hastily.

The priest nodded but kept his eyes fixed on the boy. Colin stood by the window, and his whole soul was in his face. Shame, contrition and deep humiliation were written in his expression. Father Colton was moved. Colin met his glance but turned away.

"I will leave here on Wednesday, if possible; and although I am sorry to lose my work, I think you'll see the necessity of it."

"My dear boy, I can't say that I altogether approve of your plan," said the priest slowly. "As to your earning the money, that is quite just; but I don't agree with your idea of going now. You know that the final examinations come in five weeks time, and if you leave now, your whole year will be wasted. Why not wait? A few weeks could not make very much difference."

"No, Father. I am sorry, but I must leave Wednesday. I deserve to lose my examinations, and I can blame only myself for the year's failure. It is very kind of you, but—"

"No, I have a plan which I think may do. I will try to arrange it so that you can take the exams at the proper time. It will be a great strain on you; but if you want to write, I am sure that you will succeed. You can study at home, and I myself will give you a correspondence course. What do you think about it? You want to take the examination; don't you?"

For a moment Colin could not speak; and when he did, it was in a husky tone and with tears in his eyes. "Oh, Father, how can I ever thank you? This is indeed more than I deserve."

"Well, we'll consider it settled then; and now about the money that you received from Dunn. What are you going to do with it? I'm not in favour of sending it back, because they got what they were promised."

"The money belongs to the team. They earned it by the way they played—You will give it to them, won't you?"

"From you?"

"Oh, no; not from me. They'd think I was generous,—" and Colin could say no more. He left the room.

For a moment the prefect stood looking after him. Then he turned to the boy's father with a look of mingled pity and respect in his face.

"You have the makings of a fine man there, sir," he said. "I am sure he will be better for his lesson."

Mr. Cambell grasped the prefect's outstretched hand—"Thank you, Father," he answered, "God grant that my boy may make good."

And Colin did.

GERTRUDE MURRAY, '20.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

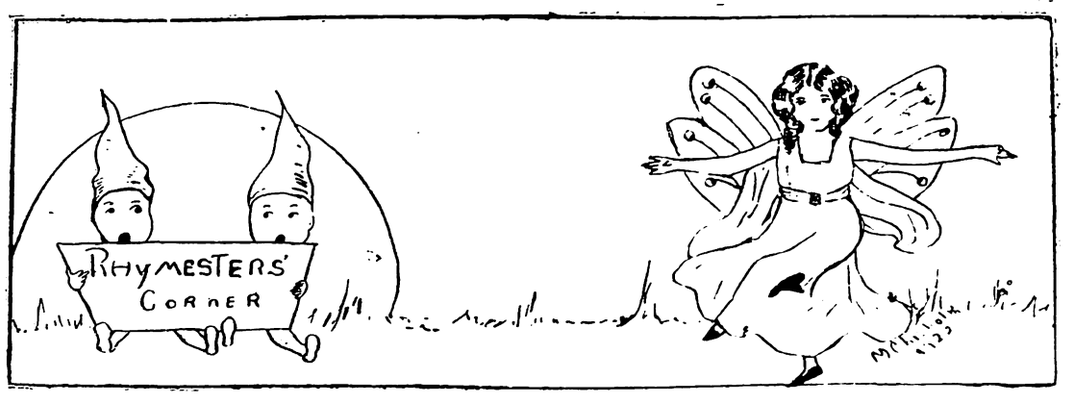
SEMPER ego auditor tantum? the Latin poet asks; and the question seems to have found an echo in the hearts of thousands in the twentieth century. 'Must I always be a mere listener? Why can I not give my views to the world?' Hence comes that awful deluge of literature such as 'hath not been from the beginning of the world until now.' Books, books, books. They surge around us in a rising tide. Books of poetry, books of travel; essays, novels, short-stories, biographies, and letters.

This is an age of talk. Talk is cheap. This is an age of writing; but writing, if cheap in production, is costly in publication. What matter? It is self-expression; and self-expression is the mania of the age. Things better left unexpressed are put in the glare of the footlights and in the publicity of print. The advice our fore-fathers gave and followed, to think twice before speaking once, is disregarded. First impressions are published without scruple.

In his book, "Moonbeams from the Larger Lunacy," Stephen Leacock has satirized the modern tendency without mercy; and literary critics the world over have raised their voice in protest.

Yet we, too, have joined the crowd of producers. The staff of the Folia look at one another and exclaim, 'Et tu, Brute!' But we offer an explanation, Not all of us mean to become candidates for the Hall of Fame. We offer our 'Mount Leaves' at the end of the year, in much the same fashion as our Canadian maples shed their foliage. The year is over, the work is done, and the pages of its record are written in our own lives.

Without pretence to notice, and without conceit, we offer, then, the Folia Montana to the girls of '20 and to the girls of the past, confident that those who lived, in former days, the happy life at the Mount will find in these pages an echo of the pleasant past.



CASES.

A blush, a sigh, a down-cast eye,
And e'en, perhaps, a tear,
A smile, a frown, a sleepless night,—
Foretell a case is near.

I've studied every kind of case,
And learned to realize
That you can always find one out
By looking in her eyes.

We need no breakfast, need no tea,
I'm sure you will agree;
For that time we always spend
In worthy eulogy.

Her eyes, her teeth, and oh! her smile
Are all beyond compare;
Her walk, her talk, her manner, too,
Are Heaven—very near.

'Twas ever thus, and will always be
As long as heart rules head;
'Till we have found some common sense;
And then we'll all be dead!

JEAN SHATFORD.

THE KIMONIES.

At 9 p. m., if you should go
Up the stairs on soft tip-toe
You'd see,—oh, hush! what a sight you'd see
You'd see the Mount Kimonies!

Purple and pink and gray and green,
And every color, but white, I ween.
You'd see,—oh, hush! what a sight you'd see,
When you'd see the Mount Kimonies.

Checkered and striped and dotted and plain,
And wooly and flimsy, all flapping amain.
You'd see,—oh, hush! what a sight you'd see
If you saw the Mount Kimonies.

They're belted and flowing or trailing or tight;
Oh, what a procession in broad daylight.
You'd see,—oh, hush! what a sight you'd see
If you saw the Mount Kimonies.

The rainbow of Noah quite fades away,
And Joseph's bright coat is a sad array,
When you see,—oh, hush! what a sight you see
When you see the Mount Kimonies!

PROHIBITION.

The cupboard is treatless,
The presses are sweetless;
I'm getting more eatless each day.

The refreshment room's heatless,
My friends are all greetless;
My heart is too beatless to play.

"REPORT!"

There are in the school-girl language,
Words of all manners and sorts,
But the word that we fear the most to hear,
Is that one little word, "Report!"

Its syllables, full of dread meaning,
Bear for us the greatest import
For the most awe-full word that there is in the world,
Is that one little word, "Report!"

The pictures it brings up before us
Do cause us to writhe and contort;
And I know I'll be dead some day from the dread
Of that one little word, "Report!"

K. MURRAY.

THE MESSAGE OF THE TOWER BELLS.

When I am wrapped in slumber sweet,
And as in dreamland I do stray,
The tower bell peals at 6 A. M.
"Get-up! Get-up!" it seems to say.

When hard at work toward noonday's hour,
That echoing sound doth rise and fall,
"Dinner! Dinner! Dinner!"
In hollow tones, it seems to call.

At four o'clock in recreation,
As free in 'Fairy Dell' we roam,
That bell a solemn warning calls,
"Come-home! Come-home! Come-home! Come-home!"

The last time that I hear it tolling
Is when I'm tucked in bed all tight;
It seems to say in its ding-dong way,
"Good- night! Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!"

KATHLEEN MURRAY.

THE POLYWOG.

I'se dest a baby polywog
But I'se dot lots uv sense,
Cause I can see dust heaps of sings,
I'se not so vewy dense.

My home is in de resevoir
Dat belongs to M. S. V.
But for a long time I've not seen
De sings so dear to me.

One day it drew most awful told
We polywogs near froze,
And we went up wight near a pipe
To warm our little toes.

And dat big pipe was awful bad,
It drew a dreat big bref!
And swallered up us polywogs
We tought we'd met our def!

But when we dot inside dat pipe
We flew and flew and flew,
Until we found ourselves—not dere
But in a place twight new!

I stayed in dere for days and days,
And wished I tould det out
Cause I missed my mudder
And my lil' fren', John Trout.

One day I tame to nudder pipe
And foolish little me,
I went wight up so bold and bwave
To see what I tould see.

And den dat naughty, naughty pipe
Swallered me wight up!
And 'fore I tould turn awound
I dropped in a lil' cup!

And den some trazy, silly dirls
Began to scream and shout,
Cause dey tought I was a whale
Or else a dreat big trout!

Den I was most embarrassed
Cause dey looked and stared at me;
And den dey'd try and pull me out,
Dey wouldn't let me be!

So I dess I'll have to stay
(Oh, how I hate dat cold)
And wait till it is time to die,
A def, bof bwave and bold!

JEAN SHATFORD, '20.

A CATASTROPHE.

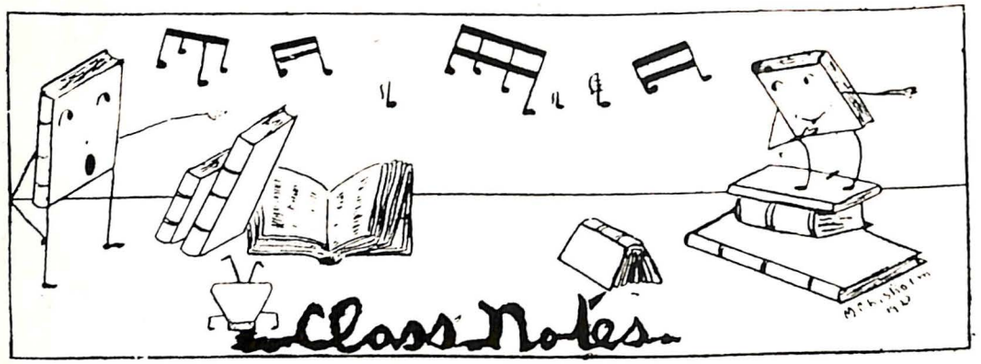
As the "A's" were one day struggling
With theorems, planes, and lines,
Which lay in hopeless tangles
With the Laws of Tans and Sines,
There arose a sudden clamour;
"Oh! what has happened? say!"
"A perpendicular has been dropped
And cut a line at A."

The two were quickly rescued;
And by a trembling hand,
Were soon raced to the Pharmacy
Where, 'tis said, I understand,
That ere long the perpendicular
Upon its feet will be;
But the line's case is more serious—
For 'tis cut internally.

MARJORIE MARSHALL

HOBBIES

PEARL BUTLER	Royal Bank Notes
MARION GLASSEY	Sales
C. GARD	Cheerfulness
T. READY	Natural curls
A. DOLAN	General wickedness
J. SHATFORD	Cases
G. MURRAY	That tired feeling
M. WHITE	Djer Kiss soap
P. DALTON	Silk Stockings
M. ARTHURS	Blossoms
F. GIRROIR	Mild scandal
M. EMERSON	Office work
M. HOGAN	Generosity
S. MULLINS	Grammar
G. BLANK	Knitting
K. WALSH	Borrowing
MARY JEFFERS	Trig
J. LEBLANC	Kittens
A. MORRISSEY	Smiles
M. BUCKLEY	Giggling
K. SHEA	Worry
E. REARDON	Thrift-stamps
MARGARET JEFFERS	Skating
ETHEL TOBIN	Writing "poetry"
A. KOPF	Heart smashing
K. MURRAY	Hair curling
E. DAVIS	Visiting the sick
M. BURKE	Confessions
M. KNEE	Organ grinding
W. O'HEARON	Perfect notes
M. MARSHALL	Collegiates
C. ANDREWS	A fluttering heart
B. MCFATRIDGE	Trying to be willowy
E. PENNY	Curiosity
M. WOOD	Cynicism
N. O'DRISCOLL	Spelling
MYRTLE ROONEY	Rolling "R's"
M. TOBIN	Gallops
F. PENNY	Speed
R. CLANCY	Silence
G. PRICE	Good-nature
M. DUBE	Music
K. STOKES	Urbanity
A. O'DONOGHUE	Dryness
M. RANKIN	Solemnity
M. GROVES	Sweetness
B. JOHNSON	Noise



PROVINCIAL A.

Provincial A is still in the curriculum; and if the proper translation of the word is "race-course," we may be excused for shortness of breath at the end of the year.

E. Penny is the morning star of Greek.

M. Marshall shines at English.

In "Trig" and Geometry the whole class is a galaxy of stars—no need to mention any names.

History is a battle-ground of opinion. K. Stokes finds room here to expatiate on the blessings of living under John Bull's government.

Latin gives us many a thrill. D'Ooge, Ovid, Caesar, and Virgil share our affections.

In French we have made the discovery, through the kindness of M. Jourdain, that we usually speak prose; though Marjorie is poetic at times.

German is most interesting to two pupils.

The class prides itself in having taught Rita Clancy how to talk, and Annie Guthro to write on the board.

PROVINCIAL B.

The 1920 "B's" are—generally speaking—all that their name implies. Ethel Tobin, our Latin and French oracle, is often heard to exclaim. "There! that's just what I said!" With such a class-mate, we cannot make many mistakes.

Constance takes a special delight in Chemistry; but the whole class enjoys the experiments in the Science room. We are waiting for May Tobin's diamond to appear on the scene, so that we may use it in a test.

Phyllis Carroll and Annie Morrissey alone have attempted the "whys" and "wherefores" of History.

May Tobin enjoys Mathematics and German, which Annie "just can't stand."

With such genius we hope, if we live till June, for a chance of success in the Provincial Examination!

SENIOR A. AND B.

"Sixteen fair girls in wit arrayed,
The Senior B's and Senior A's."

Milton, Shakespeare, Pancoast, and Rhetoric have been our entertainment since September.

Oral reviews of collateral reading have become a joy to all, even to Winnie O'Hearon.

Who among us can ever forget Marion Glassey's fondness for reading compositions, Frances Girrior's polemical views, or Greta Brunt's extensive knowledge of modern dramas?

Constance Garde's faculty for arriving on time is well known; and woe betide the unfortunate person who dare delay her, and thus cause her to be late.

By the end of the year, no doubt our knowledge of English, History, French, Latin, Geometry, Algebra and Trigonometry will astonish the most learned professor at M. S. V.; and cause every one in the outside world to marvel that heads so young can carry all we know.

COMMERCIALS.

We are the Commercials, the marvels of the Mount. Shorthand is our forte: and Typewriting, our pastime.

Speed and Accuracy tests are a never ending joy, but blind-folds are our horror.

There are twenty-six of us in all, skilled in the arts of Book-keeping, English Arithmetic, Geography and with a knowledge of the intricacies of Law that would astonish the much-talked-of Philadelphia lawyers.

The end of the year will find us armed with diplomas, and ready to take a place in the business world where we hope to be worthy representatives of M. S. V.

SENIOR C.

Who are the C's? We are they who speak paradoxically, write metaphorically, and live hygienically. Ventilation is our hobby and we revel in "hygienic arithmetic." "Lorna Doone!" is our war-cry.

Sadie Mullins holds the palm for grammar and speech-making; Margaret Chisholm, for spelling and exposition of rhetorical principles; Jean Heffernan, for bone-dry wit and genuine literature. We all deserve special mention for collateral reading reports.

Altogether there are eighteen in the same boat floating cheerfully down the peaceful (?) course of C. English, Algebra, French, Latin, Geometry, and History.

Some have been drowned several times in the waters of tribulation, but all emerge like corks from every difficulty.

No doubt by the end of the year we shall be accomplished young ladies; that is, if we survive until June. Some of us will even get a certificate 'in memoriam' of a year's hard work.

SENIOR D.

We are a very formidable body. Look out! there are geniuses amongst us!

When shall the memory fade, of:
Margaret Buckley's oracular sayings?
Marie Power's variegated wit?
Emmie Frecker's perfect recitations?
Yolande's assortment of pens?

Who of the Botany class will ever forget 'the common bean' and the 'fibrovascular bundles'?

Latin, French, History are an amusement for us (indulged in at 6.50 recreation).

We look back with pleasure on a "Snow Bound" winter, and are happy to have seen the "Vision of Sir Launfal" before the Spring was out.

Altogether we are a happy twenty-nine. Perhaps we shall graduate before time!

ODE TO A POWDER PUFF

(DEDICATED TO A MOUNT FRIEND.)

I see you nearly every hour,
I worship you with fear,
And frequent is the lengthy tour
I make to see you, dear.

You are my only hope and help
When all is dark and drear;
Though small, you help to cover up
The trace of many a tear.

Then here's to you, my truest friend,
My little bit of fluff,
My way with you I'll always wend,
My own dear powder puff.

AILEEN O'DONOGHUE, '20.

MOUNT ADS

(From the Fortnightly Flashlight.)

C. Garde & Co.—Roman History New Edition! Write at once! Detailed account of Roman conquests up to date.

My Life's Story—Being a romance of 216 chapters by Kathleen Fraser. (For Sale $4.50 net.)

Listen!—Nightly musicales free of charge to all who occupy beds in the Immaculate Dormitory. Famous duets by G. Murray and M. White.

Girls! Don't use Powder!—Read my new pamphlet "How to be beautiful without powder." Write at once to Annie Morrissey.

"Eat and grow thin"—An excellent book which I recommend from personal experience. Brenda McFatridge.

A new style portable trunk is being demonstrated by G. Blank. Anyone may have the loan of it. It can be found anywhere at any time.

Big Bargains ! ! !—For sale, odd boots: The Slipper Company has decided to disperse with one boot. Agents—R. Elliott, G. Donohue, M. Arthurs, M. Glassey.

Lost—A pair of scissors. Half the handle gone. Good for opening cans and taking out corks. Valued as a keepsake. Kindly return to F. Girroir.

Lost—A key near the Library. Of no value to finder as it belongs to my singing. Be honest and return to Thelma McNeil.

Wanted—An expert to read Phyllis Carrol's writing!

Wanted—By M. Buckley at 6 a. m., every morning an eye-opener.

Wanted—Superfluous flesh reducer, one that will show immediate results. Notify, Winnie O'Hearon.

Wanted—By Eileen Davis a dumb waiter to help carry the pharmacy trays.

Wanted a Partner. A young lady has taken to dancing as a penance for Lent. Apply to Jeanne Roberge.

Found—by G. Garde a passion for bread and molasses.

Found—In the college room a powder puff. If the owner does not claim it, it will be sold at auction.

Lost—Coming from the refectory a good-sized heart, almost new and only slightly damaged. Finder please return to M. Dubé.

For Sale—Extra fine grade of Kopf-ee. Guaranteed to be of superfine quality. Lots of it! Apply to M. Buckley & Co.

THE first meeting of the Mount Athletic Association was held in the Study Hall on September eighteenth. Many new members were enrolled and the election of officers was made. The following members were elected;

President.....MARJORIE MARSHALL.
Vice-President.....CONSTANCE ANDREWS.
Secretary.....FLORENCE PENNY.
Treasurer.....LOUISE MCISAAC.

The tennis courts were already opened, and the sunny days of September and October saw many lively sets playing in "The Land of Content." Meanwhile, Arch-Ball was begun as a preparation for Basket-Ball, and soon the teams were called out on the green. Owing to the large number of club members, the girls were divided into four teams, two Red and two Blue. Marjorie Marshall was chosen Captain of the first Red team; and Ellen Cameron, captain of the second. Marion Glassey was made captain of the first Blue team; but upon her resignation, Jean Shatford filled the position, and Kathleen Murray captained the Blue Seconds.

Though the score went first in favor of the Reds in Basket-Ball, the Blue team are not far behind; and as they seem to resemble their predecessors who held the cup last year, the struggle may yet end in their favor.

Base-ball was begun in October; and, thanks to favorable weather conditions, continued until the last of November. Here the Blues won many victories and much applause. The Red team, however, threatens to top the score at the end of the Spring season.

The scores at present stand;

BASKET-BALL.

Reds.....131 Blues.....116

BASE-BALL.

Reds.....164 Blues.....225

THE MOUNT BAZAAR

April 20, 21, 22, 1920.

THE great event of the year has been the preparation and final success of the bazaar for the chapel fund. Thanks to the untiring work of Sisters, pupils and friends, the sum of $7,000 was realized at the sale.

For a detailed account of the three days' bazaar we quote from a Halifax newspaper:—

"The bazaar for the benefit of Mount St. Vincent opened most auspiciously at half past three o'clock Tuesday afternoon. The Masonic Hall wearing a gala dress in honor of the big affair, was crowded for fully three-quarters of an hour before the formal opening. His Grace Archbishop McCarthy, His Honor Lieutenant Governor Grant, and D. MacGillivray each spoke briefly. His Grace declaring the affair open, counselled all present to buy liberally and so assist the fine work which the Sisters of Charity are doing in this community.

He dwelt in his own happy way upon their contribution to the great cause of education—the education of young girls so as to fit them alike to grace the home and preside there with competency, or to take their places in the vast arena of the world, as self-supporting young women, able to hold their own with any. He expressed his own personal appreciation of the work and the Lieutenant Governor, who followed him and D. MacGillivray, both spoke in a congratulatory way, expressing their sense of the important contribution which the Mount is making to the efficiency of our educational system.

An orchestra of eighteen young girls from the Academy of Mount St. Vincent, stationed in the little gallery, which was festooned with narrow bands of crepe paper in the Mount colors of dark and lighter blue, furnished a delightful musical program throughout the afternoon and evening. Their part in the bazaar was a very important one, for music is perhaps the very greatest of attractions on an occasion of this kind; and when to its inviting note, is added the attraction of most picturesque booths and a varied, beautiful and valuable "stock in trade," it is not surprising that the three days of the Bazaar were a record success.

The list of the ladies in charge of the various booths each of whom was assisted by a large group, has already appeared in The Mail. The Hall was visited during the afternoon and evening by Roman Catholics from all over the city and Dartmouth, and by many of the clergy also. The attractiveness of the various booths was a subject of remark by all. The candy booth, standing in the centre of the room was in the similitide of a dainty bower whose roof was of pale pink, mauve and white crepe paper.

The fancy work booth, at which Mrs. W. P. Mahar presided, was done in green and white, and was one of the most arresting of the whole group, so standing that the light shining thru the crepe paper fairly streamed in a mellow vernal radiance over the whole neighborhood of the table. Its stock was infinite in variety and in daintiness.

The wool table, where Mrs. J. F. Kelly was in charge, was in pale pink and was after the general bower design of the other of the group. Hundreds of women found it the chief attraction, for it abounded in lovely things for the wee folks, although by no means for them alone.

Next door was the "Blue-bird" table, where novelties of every sort were found.

Mrs. K. Redden was in charge of the plain sewing booth, which was done in mauve and white, and there was a beautiful booth of which Mrs. Major was in charge, at which articles for use in the church and by the faithful were on sale. All of them were the handiwork of the Sisters of Charity. The booth was appropriately in the papal colors of white and yellow, many of the articles for sale being of silk, exquisitely handpainted.

There was a bag table in charge of Miss Nellie Power, designed after the model of a Japanese bower, and here a variety of pretty and useful bags were on sale.

There was a fish pond; and hanging on one of the walls, to be raffled for, was a beautiful oil painting, "A Roman Girl at the Fountain," painted by one of the Sisters of Charity. The naturalness of the figure, and the rich, bright coloring suggest the Italy we know as the land of sunshine, flowers and beauty.

The refreshment tables were set about two sides of the large hall, and they were generously patronized. In short, the three days were in all respects most successful from every point of view

WINNERS OF PRIZES AT THE MOUNT ST. VINCENT FAIR.

The winning numbers on the entrance ticket for the last night: First, 2620; second, 2399; third, 1846. The lotteries closed with great success. Gentleman's umbrella, donated by Kline & Mullins, was won by Wm. Hession, Boston, Post Office.

Box cigars, donated by R. Fitzpatrick, won by J. O'Brien, 28 Cabot Street.
Fountain pen, donated by Rev. Mother Berchmans, W. Shirley, 68 Creighton Street.
Manicure set, donated by Lawrence Hardware Co., Baby Helen Deguarly, 3 Rottenburg St., City.
Cake, donated by Mount St. Vincent, L. Matthews, Sydney Mines.
Oil Painting Framed, painted by one of the Mount Sisters, Mrs. J. F. Kelly, 432 Robie Street.
Ton of coal, donated by H. D. McKenzie Co., Brother Cornelius, St. Mary's College.
Gold watch and chain, donated by Rev. Mother Berchmans, Rosalie Belliveau, Belliveau's Cove.
Ton of coal, donated by H. D. MacKenzie Co., N. Grant, 151 Barrington St.
Rocking chair, donated by Nova Scotia Furnishing Co., won by T. Addicot, New Aberdeen.
Barrel of flour, donated by Joseph Penny, Gervase Kelley, Dorchester, Mass.
Electric lamp, donated by Farquhar Bros., Mrs. Paul Derrout, West Newton, Mass.
Oak Clock, donated by M. S. Brown & Co., Mrs. Bond, Oxford Street.
China tea set (40 pieces), donated by J. J. Coade, of Webster, Smith & Co., won by Hilda Durney, Princess St.
Set vestments donated by Children of Mary, Mount St. Vincent, Miss Alice Sampson, L'-Ardoise. The young lady intends presenting them to her parish priest, Father Boudreau.
Electric lamp, donated by the Sisters of Charity in Dorchester, Mass., Rev. Thos. Curren, St. Patrick's Glebe.
Marble statue of Sacred Heart, donated by the Sisters in Dorchester, Mass., Rev. Mother Berchmans.
Luncheon cloth, hardanger embroidery, donated by Sisters of Lourdes, Mrs. Hawkins, Brunswick Street.
Hand painted Ciborium cover, donated by Sisters of St. Patrick's Convent, won by Monsignor Underwood.
Electric toaster, donated by the Sisters of Infirmary, won by Miss Barnaby, South Street.
Silver cake basket, donated by Boston Sisters, won by Geo. A. Perrier Seymour Street.
Hand painted cushion, donated by the Sisters at the Mount, won by Rev. Father Driscoll.
Hand painted cushion, from the Sisters of the Mount, Mrs. Wm. Buckley, Halifax.
Doll "Rosebud," donated by the Sisters in Boston, Miss Helen Mosher, Halifax.
Hand painted orange dish, donated by Mrs. Hagen, Halifax, Mrs. J. W. Power, 53 South Park Street.
Doll, donated by Sisters in Lowell, Mass., won by Madeline Evans, North Street.
Hardanger Centre, donated by the Sisters of Lourdes, Miss Myrtle Rooney, Kentville.
Hand embroidered centre "Bird" donated by the Sisters of Mount St. Vincent, Mrs. David Roche, 87 Dresden Row.
Hand painted Opera scarf, worked by the Mount Sisters, Eileen Sullivan, Edward Street.
Baby doll, donated by Sisters in Lawrence, Mass., General Stevens, Victoria Road.
Filet crochet runner, donated by Sisters of the Mount, Alderman Murphy.
Handsome doll and trousseau, donated by the Sisters of St. Mary's Convent, Ruby Dulhaney, 38 Fredericton Avenue.
Ecrue runner donated by Sisters of St. Mary's, Mrs. J. P. Rawley, Winnipeg.
Rose cushion, donated by the Sisters of St. Mary's Convent, Mrs. C. Siteman, 43 Spring Garden Road
Set pearl handled fruit knives, Mrs. Maltuss, Hunter Street.
Camisole, donated by Miss Mary Reardon, Mrs. Fred Smith, 37 Spring Garden Road.
Ton of coal, donated by Alfred O'Leary, Mrs. Salterio, Bellevedere Apartments.
Negligee, donated by Mrs. J. T. Hanley, Chicago,—Miss D. Tooke, Barrington Street.
Bureau scarf and set, donated by Sisters of the Mount, Mrs. Boning, Boston.
Filet sweater, donated by Mt. St. Vincent, Mrs. Taylor, Dartmouth.
Bureau set, donated by Sisters of Mount St. Vincent, Ethel Moir, Halifax.
Set of cutlery, donated by G. M. Smith, Mrs. C. S. Henderson, 58 Spring Garden Road.
Bride Doll, donated by Agnes Power, won by Baby Helen, Halifax.

LIST OF COMMITTEES OF THE FAIR.

Conveners—Mrs. A. O'Connor, Mrs. Southall.
Chairman of Committees—Alderman John Murphy.
Refreshment Table—Mrs. R. C. McLeod, Mrs. Hanrahan, Mrs. E. Donahoe, Mrs. C. Hamilton, Mrs. Salterio, Mrs. Fred Smith, Mrs. Jas. Donahoe, Mrs. Scanlan, Mrs. McGillivray, Mrs. Wm. Powell, Mrs. R. Duggan.
Bag Table—Miss Nellie Power, Mrs. Colton, Mrs. Finlay, Miss Mildred Donovan, Miss F. Power, Mrs. Durney.
Candy Table—Mrs. R. McLeod, Miss L. Burke, Mrs. S. Oland, Mrs. Temple, Mrs. Dooley, Mrs. James Stevens, Mrs. F. Reardon, Miss Marjorie Wakely, Miss Madeline Frawley, Miss Agnes Power.
Fancy Work Table—Mrs. W. P. Mahar, Miss Ada Mackasey, Miss Mina Egan, Miss Margaret Beazley, Miss Vera Currie, Mrs. James Power, Miss Grace Power.
Fish Pond—Miss Helen Kelly, Miss Joan VanBuskirk, Miss Mary Dence, Miss Anna Smith, Miss Gertrude Meagher, Miss Dora Davison.
Church Table—Mrs. Major, Miss Mary Reardon, Mrs. Hagen, Miss Kathleen Foley, Mrs. Hoare, Miss Eileen Skerry, Miss Marjorie Hawes, Miss G. Sheehan.
Novelty Table—Miss Minnie Finn, Miss Kathleen Nevillc.
Post Office—Miss Geneva Murray, Miss Gertrude Skerry, Miss Hilda Glawson, Miss D. Skerry.
Wool Table—Mrs. J. F. Kelly, Mrs. Nolan, Mrs. J. Skerry, Margaret Donahoe, Marjorie Scriven, Eileen Kinney, Mary Kinney.
Ice Cream Table—Mrs. T. Buchanan, Mrs. Sullivan, Mrs. Holland, Mrs. Moore.

To all our friends our heartiest thanks and deep-felt gratitude are due for the faithfulness with which they have borne a share in the work of embellishing The Chapel of the Immaculate Conception, and for their generous efforts to bring it to completion.

"Vouchsafe, O Lord, for Thy Name's sake to award eternal life unto all those who have done us good."

REPORTS OF SOCIETIES

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

MOUNT SAINT VINCENT, HALIFAX, N. S.

THE willingness and the generous cooperation with which the resident and non-resident members carried on the Sodality work of the past year from Easter, 1919, to Easter, 1920, is greatly appreciated by the officers of the Sodality.

ANNALS:—On May 24, 1919, twenty-six candidates were received Children of Mary and on December 8th, there were twelve more made members.

The annual Retreat of the Sodality opened on March 20th, and closed on the 24th. It was conducted by Reverend W. J. Stanton, S. J., and the exercises were followed in an edifying and devout manner.

MEETINGS:—There were thirty-six meetings held during the year. The Directress gave many impressive instructions, some of the subjects being:—What it means to be a Child of Mary, The Sacrament of Penance, Devotion to the Sacred Heart.

MEDITATIONS:—The members were faithful in rising promptly and repairing to the Chapel for their meditation.

On December eighth, on the occasion of the solemn renewal of the Act of Consecration, the Reverend Director addressed the Sodalists in a very instructive dissertation on Our Lady.

PEARL BUTLER, Secretary.

On Easter Sunday, April 4th, Grace MacMullin, now Sister Mary Grace, our prefect of the year 1916-1917, pronounced her first vows.

Kathleen Connors, now Sister Rose Cecilia, who had charge of the Lamp Section thes ame year and Mary Kennedy, now Sister Vincentia, and Marie L'Esperance, now Sister Leo Claire, also pronounced their first vows.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

RECEIPTS.		EXPENDITURES.	
Active Members	$ 62.60	Stationery	$ 5.75
Absent Members	56.00	Linens	60.60
		Silk	10.70
		Trimmings	20.00
	$118.60		$97.05
On hand April 17th, 1920	$ 21.65		

MARION GLASSEY, Treasurer.

The Sodality appreciates the fidelity and the fervor of the non-resident members who have each year renewed their Consecration to Our Lady, and

have forwarded their signed leaflets to the directress. We gratefully acknowledge the following donations:—$5.00 each, Marie Thompson, Stella Girroir, Marie Penny, Gertrude Thompson; $4.00—Mary MacIsaac, Helen McArthy, Annie MacIsaac, Eileen Bradshaw; $2.00 each, Therese Renault, Katherine White, Victoria Wells; $1.00 each, Alice Reardon, Muriel Kyte, Alberta Soy, Dorothy Casey, Mary McElroy, Mary O'Brien, Mary D'Entremont, Mrs. Leo White, Elsie Brackett, May MacDonald, Mabel Casey, Mabel Comeau.

PEARL BUTLER, E. de M. Secretary.

THE ALUMNAE SODALITY OF THE CHILDREN OF MARY OF MOUNT ST. VINCENT.

THE following report is presented by Mrs. R. McLeod, the Prefect, during the year from May 24, 1919, to May 24, 1920.

The Children of Mary will learn with pleasure of the important work now shared in by the Sodality which they love so dearly, and to which they gave such generous service in former days.

Before noting the results of the year I should like to tell our former members of the Women's League that has been called into action through the zeal and efficiency of one of our Sodalists.

The devoted and capable Head of the Sewing Section, Mrs. J. Hagen, has been the principal agent in formulating the League in Halifax. Ladies of the best standing for intelligence and activity have been collected from the various Catholic Societies and are now united to give their valuable efforts for any good work undertaken.

To this worthy enterprise, the Archbishop and the Clergymen gave their approval, His Grace substantiating it by an offering of five hundred dollars, our first donation.

A meeting called in January was responded to by a thousand Catholic ladies. On this occasion, Miss Katherine Greaney, a former pupil of Mount Saint Vincent, and now a noted public lecturer, read a paper which gave an excellent idea of the value of the organization and of the good that could be effected through it. At this meeting the Archbishop and the Clergymen were present and realized that a substantial advance was made for the benefit of the Catholic Religion in the City. Gradually this benevolent work will be encouraged and assisted by their valuable cooperation.

One of the aims of the Women's League will be to induce the ladies to form a proper standard for apparel, and to encourage by word and example the adoption of costumes that will meet with Christian approval, and thereby secure the respect that woman is daily forfeiting by following immodest and unseemly fashions.

THE REPORT OF THE SECRETARY.

The Alumnae Sodality of the Children of Mary continues to be an active organization both in the promotion of zeal and fidelity towards religious duties

and also in the accomplishment of material results. It is a society which links together in closer bonds the former pupils of the Mount and exerts a pervading spirit of co-operation and good will among its members.

Throughout the year, this Sodality has been presided over with constant attention and its work carried on in a most efficient manner.

The meetings were held on the first Sunday of each month, and on this day also the Sodalists attended the General Monthly Communion. At the meetings the Office of Our Lady, as laid down in the Manual, was recited by the Directress.

On December eighth, the members met at the Mount for the purpose of assisting at the Reception of new members into the Sodality and also to renew together, in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, their Act of Consecration to Our Lady. An instruction was given by Reverend J. B. O'Reilly, C. J. M., followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

On March twenty-fourth, Retreat at the Mount was especially arranged for the Alumnae Sodality. The exercises of the Retreat were given by Reverend William Stanton, S. J., and consisted of three lectures with intervening periods of Meditation. As the following day was the great feast of the Annunciation, the Retreat was made in special preparation for this Feast.

The Sodality is indebted to Dr. Charles Curran, D. D., for two very impressive instructions and for the celebration of Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament for the especial benefit of the members.

The works of the various sections of the Sodality have been carried on with great zeal and earnestness. A monthly Mass was celebrated at St. Mary's cathedral for the members of the Sodality and the Way of the Cross, Rosaries and Aspirations were offered up for the intention of the Holy Souls.

The members of the Sewing Section deserve high commendation for their spirit of self sacrifice which has shown itself in the amount of work accomplished; and too much praise cannot be given to Mrs. J. C. Hagen, who worked unceasingly to bring about such excellent results. Articles of various descriptions were made and presented to St. Joseph's Orphanage.

The Sodality takes this opportunity of expressing its appreciation of the increasing attentions and of the marked interest of the Directress to the Sodality, taken by her in each individual member.

To the Treasurer, Miss H. Kelly, the Sodality is very gratefull for efficient services rendered throughout the year.

MARY DENCE, E. de M., *Secretary*.

The Sewing Section has been in the charge of Mrs. Hagen. The sessions were attended by ladies from St. Joseph's, St. Agnes', St. Thomas', St. Patrick's, St. Mary's and Dartmouth parishes; and in this way are combined the principal objects of the League, UNITY and CHARITY.

Mrs. Kelly and Mrs. Callahan did the cutting for the circle. Miss B. M. Symth, 19 Kent Street, and Mrs. J. C. Hagen, 64 Bland Street, gave the use of their houses for the Sewing.

MOUNT SAINT VINCENT DEBATING SOCIETY.

THE Debating Society of our Academy scored a brilliant success in the year 1919-1920. At the first meeting of the House in October, all who desired membership in the Society and Sister Moderatrix were present. An election of officers resulted in the following choice:

President	MISS MARION GLASSEY.
Vice-President	MISS ELSIE WILLIAMSON.
Secretary	MISS FLORENCE PENNY.
Treasurer	MISS BRENDA MCFATRIDGE.
Censor	MISS ETHEL REARDON.

The first debate was held on November 23rd.

RESOLVED: "That a dormitory is preferable to a private room."

Owing to illness. two of the debaters were not present.

Affirmative:	Negative:
MISS J. SHATFORD	MISS K. MURRAY.
MISS G. MURRAY,	MISS F. PENNY.

The debate proved to be very interesting and judgment was rendered by the House in favor of the Negative side.

The second debate was held on December 7th.

RESOLVED: "That a man is vainer than a woman."

Affirmative.	Negative.
MISS G. MCCORMAC,	MISS A. O'DONOGHUE.
MISS A. KOPF,	MISS K. SHEA.
MISS J. ROBERGE,	MISS T. MCNEIL.

Much excitement was caused by the unexpected presence of His Grace, the Archbishop. The arguments of both sides were very interesting. Miss Roberg caused great amusement by her broken English, but was a decided success.

Sister de Sales and His Grace were chosen for judges and the decision reached was that both sides were equally good.

And now comes the most interesting debate of the term.

RESOLVED: "It is better to be fat than thin."

Affirmative.	Negative:
MISS J. HEFFERNAN,	MISS K. STOKES.
MISS C. ANDREWS,	MISS P. BUTLER.
MISS M. DUBE,	MISS E. CAMERON.

Each side vigorously upheld its own views, and Miss Heffernan aroused much interest by the droll manner in which she referred to herself as being a member of that despised class; namely, the thin.

When the vote was taken the affirmative side was seventy-one in the lead but the Misses Stokes, Butler, and Cameron went out with their ideas unchanged and will forever hold that it is better to be thin than fat.

The Debating Society is still looking forward to more interesting debates before the year closes, and the members express their regret that they cannot chronicle an account of them for those former members of the society who still retain an interest in its achievements.

F. M. PENNY, Secretary.

REQUIESCANT IN PACE.

WE little thought when we bade good-bye to Geraldine Conway at the Christmas holiday time, that we should never again welcome her back to our halls.

During the Christmas vacation, Geraldine became ill; and to the regret of all, could not join her companions on the return trip. Before a month had passed, Geraldine was with God.

Possessed of a very gentle nature and a kind heart, she was loved by many Mount girls. Though an only daughter, and the idol of seven brothers, Geraldine was unspoilt, and has passed in child-like innocence to her heavenly home.

To her family we offer our condolences.

"Eternal rest give to her, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon her!"

MOUNT Alumnae will be shocked to learn of the death in February, of Marjorie Watson, Mrs. James Penrhyn Craig, a bride of only five months. With all that this world could give her, Marjorie passed from our midst after a brief but painful illness which she bore with perfect patience and resignation. No word of murmur or complaint ever escaped her lips, and death found her ready to accept the sacrifice.

There is no need to review Marjorie's school career; her quick intelligence, her brilliant talents, her ready wit and genuine friendliness made her a general favorite during her two years at the Mount.

On leaving school, she entered the nursing profession, and in December, 1918, graduated from the Western Hospital, Montreal. Her hospital training opened up to Marjorie new vistas of social work. She was full of energy and ready to do her share in helping her less fortunate neighbors. When she visited us last summer, just a month before her marriage, social service formed no small part in her future plans.

Marjorie's health, however, had suffered from a severe attack of influenza, to which she fell a victim during the epidemic of 1918. Though she seemingly recovered, her magnificent health had been impaired; and though after her marriage she went South with her husband and spent the Autumn at "The Homestead" in West Virginia, on her return to her home in Montreal the Canadian winter proved too sharp for her. A severe attack of pleurisy followed, from which she never rallied; and on February nineteenth, her bright, brave spirit winged its flight.

May Christ in His mercy give her eternal rest!

To her bereaved husband, to her parents and friends, the Sisters and pupils of the Mount offer heart-felt sympathy.

A

Agnes MacMillan (Mrs. Brennan) formerly of North Sydney, is living in Denver, Colorado.

Alexia Kyte graduates this year from the Roosevelt Hospital, New York.

Annie English is at her home in St. John's, Nfld.

Annie MacIsaac is a well-known member of Sydney society. She visited Halifax in February, and together with Kathleen Neville spent several afternoons at the Mount.

Angela Geele has been working as typist in New York since September.

Amelia Green is still in St. John. Her earnest work for the Mount bazaar was much appreciated at the Mount.

B.

Beth Craig has a position in a lawyer's office in Truro.

Beatrice Solano has a position in New York.

Billy Joy Thompson was married on Easter Monday. She is living in Florida.

C.

Catherine Harris, a novice at M. S. V., is known as Sister Catherine Claire.

Carmicita Rafecas (Mrs. Tonerelli) has three children, two boys and a little girl. She writes that she hopes to bring them North some day, so that they may see her old friends. Carmicita's sisters, Isabel and Maria, accompanied by their mother, have gone to Europe for a short visit.

Clemens Callahan is employed as stenographer in Boston. Together with Catherine Cummings, Marion MacPartland and Katherine White, she made the Boston Alumnae dance a great success.

Constance MacLeod (Mrs. Dooley) is living with her mother in Halifax.

D.

Dorothy Casey is at her home in Milltown, N. B.
Dorothy Grant (Mrs. J. W. Connolly) is living in New Glasgow. She has two dear little children, Camilla, aged two and Garnau, six months.

E.

Edna Hillis has a good position in Halifax.
Eileen Bradshaw, one of the graduates of last year, is following a stenographic course in Amherst, her native town.
Elizabeth Butler (Mrs. Harmon) is residing in Halifax.

F.

Fanny Riordan (Mrs. Doyle) is the happy mother of a chubby boy who is called Antony Jerome. She is living in Annapolis, N. S.
Ferne Butler has announced her marriage to Mr. H. Perkins of Boston.
Frances Foley has a good position in Halifax.
Freda Walsh is now Mrs. Wm. L. Reid, and is residing in Hartford, Conn.

G.

Gertrude Holmes has accepted a position in her home town, Pembroke, Bermuda.
Gertrude Sheehan is attending St. Patrick's High School, Halifax.
Geneva Murray is taking the Commerical Course at the Maritime Business College, Halifax.
Gertrude Costley has a stenographic position in St. John, N. B.
Gertrude O'Neil is still in St. John We offer her our sympathy in the recent loss of her brother.
Gertrude Skerry has a position in Halifax. She and her sisters Dorilda and Eileen rendered good service at the Mount bazaar.
Grace McMullan who entered the noviate in the summer of 1917, made her profession on Easter Sunday at the Mount.
Greta Ogle (Mrs. McDowell) is now in Halifax. She occasionally visits the Mount.

H.

Helen Kelly is teaching at the Institute for the Deaf, in Halifax.
Herlinda de Bedia (Mrs. Sydney Oland) has returned from England with her husband and three children. The twins are dark-eyed cherubs, and like their mother, of a very happy disposition.

I.

Irene Wentzell (now Mrs. Malcolm Graeme) has gone to live in New Glasgow.

J.

Jean Curren, who underwent a serious operation a short time ago, is, we are pleased to say, slowly regaining strength.
Jeanette Galina, who resides at Savannah, contributed generously to the bazaar.
Josephine Henderson, who for the past year has been working in Kentville, has returned to her home in Parrsboro.
Josephine Cahill has a position with the Eastern Trust Company, Halifax.
Joan VanBuskirk holds a position in Halifax and comes to the Mount weekly for vocal lessons.

K.

Katherine White is stenographer for the firm of Hemenway and Barnes, Boston, Mass. She has taken an active part in the work of the Boston Alumnae for the Mount Chapel Window Fund.
Katherine Brown has a stenographic position in Halifax.
Kathleen Reardon (Mrs. J. G. deWolfe) is living in Halifax. She has a little girl, Frances Louise.
Kathleen Power is training in a hospital in Montreal.
Kathleen Farrell has a position in New York. She is coming to Halifax in June and we hope she will not forget to pay a visit to the Mount.
Kathleen Connors is now professed and is known at the Mount as Sister Rose Cecilia.
Kitty Van Buskirk has joined the American Red Cross Association and has toured Europe, on her way to Albania.

M.

Marie L'Esperance, Sister Leo Clare, after making her profession on Easter Sunday at the Mount, was missioned to the Academy of the Assumption, Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts.
Mary Kennedy, Sister Mary Vincentia, pronounced her first vows on Easter Sunday in the Mount Chapel.
May MacDonald is at her home in Glace Bay.
Marjorie Welch still holds her position with the D. A. R. in Kentville.
Margaret Mahoney is now in the novitiate at M. S. V., and is known as Sister Mary Denis.
Marie Crosby has received the white veil at M. S. V. and is known as Sister Madeline Marie.

Mary MacIsaac has announced her engagement to Fabian Poulin, amember of the firm of Poulin's Limited, Ottawa.
Margaret Brown (Mrs. MacKay) has a little daughter, Joan.
Margaret Moore is at her home in Wolfville, where she is attending the Acadia Seminary.
Marjorie Hawes is attending St. Patrick's High School, Halifax.
Marjorie Scriven is helping her sister Pauline "keep house."
Margaret Donahoe occasionally visits the Mount. She is now enjoying her long-awaited "life at home."
Marion MacPartland holds a position in Boston.
Mary Kinney holds a stenographic position in Halifax.
Marie Thompson is still in Woodstock, N. B., as is also her sister Gertrude.
Mary Dence is teaching at the School for the Blind, in Halifax.
Monica Nearing is a novice at the Mount, with the name Sister Marie Vincentia.
Marion Balcom (Mrs. C. Reardon) is living on Seymour Street, Halifax.

N.

Nora Prud'homme is studying in Brussels, Belgium. She is soon to return to America.

P.

Peryl Daley is a music teacher in Dartmouth.
Polly Byrne is employed in one of the banks in St. John's, Nfld.

Q.

Queenie Crosby (Mrs. Van Vliet), recently married in New York, is now residing in East Orange, New Jersey.

R.

Rebecca Chetroynd does not forget her Alma Mater, although she is in Port Aux Basque.
Rita Hawes has a position in a lawyer's office in Halifax.

T.

Tessie Wheeler, one of our Commericals, has now joined the matrimonial band. She is now Mrs. Yerbury and will reside in Sault Ste. Marie.

V.

Vera Gavin (Mrs. Soaper) is residing in Halifax.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF SUBSCRIPTIONS

Acknowledgment is made of the following subscriptions, which have been received since our last issue. We hereby thank our patrons and advertisers for their kind assistance which helps us to make the Folio a possibility for the coming year.

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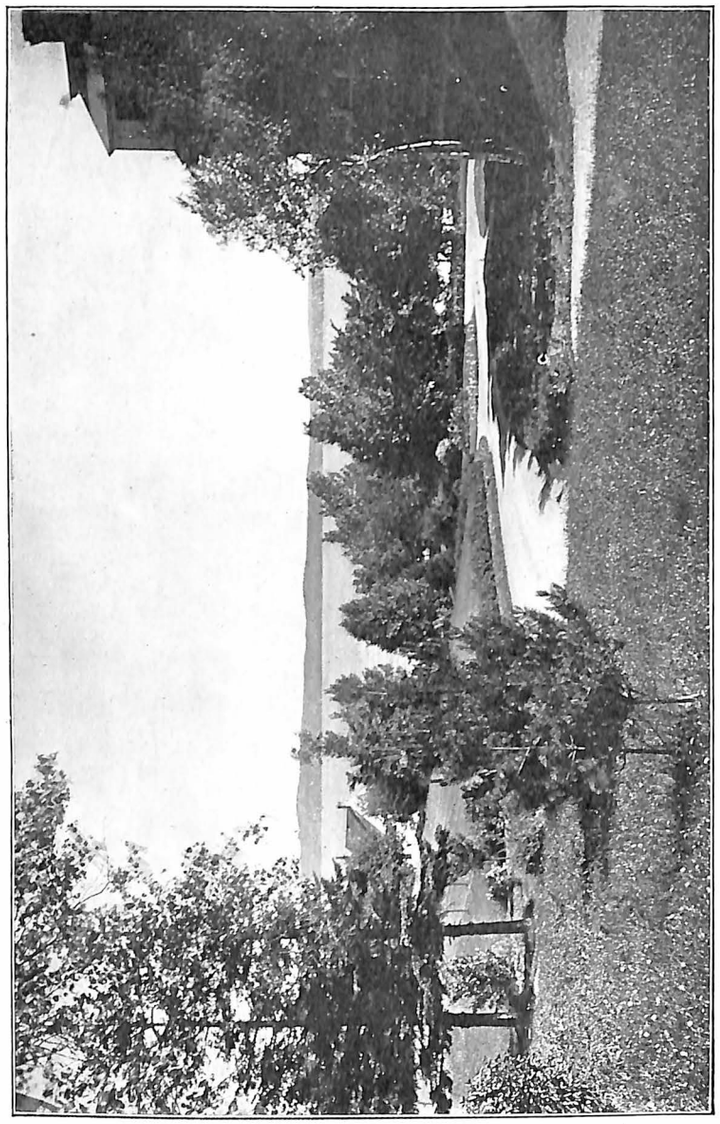

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