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# Golia Montana

# Folia Montana

Mount Saint Vincent  
Halifax, Nova Scotia

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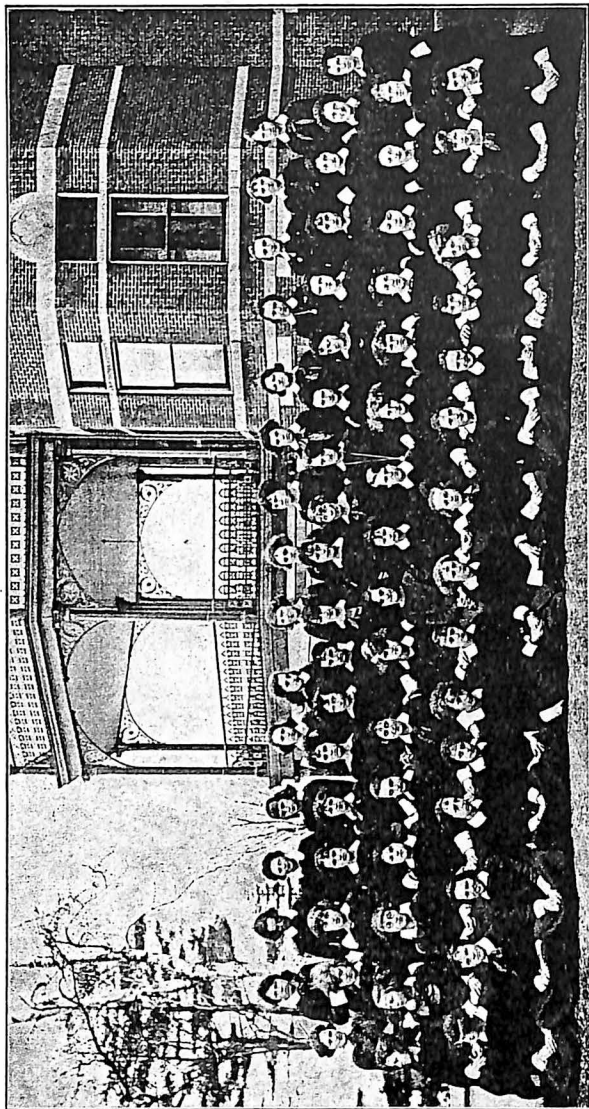
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ARCHIVES  
Mount Saint Vincent  
Halifax, Nova Scotia



THE SENIORS OF '22.

To the Alumnae  
 Whose Names are Inscribed  
 In the Heart of  
 Our Alma Mater  
 The Girls of '22  
 Dedicate these "Mount Leaves."



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*Mistress of Discipline*

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Sister Madeline Marie  
Sister Anna Carmel  
Sister Rose Francis

To Him Who is Beyond all Praise

We offer a Silent Tribute

By Inscribing

In Loving Memory

At the Head of this Book

The Name of

The Late Father of the Catholic Church

The Vicar of Christ:

Benedict XV.

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## *To Alma Mater*

What clarion call has sounded?  
 What echo loud and clear  
 That bids our footsteps tarry,  
 And pause, and linger, here?

What voice is that a-calling?  
 What heart is pulsing fast  
 To give her children greetings  
 That come from down the past?

'Tis Alma Mater calling,  
 With plaintive voice and sweet—  
 She bids her dear ones welcome  
 To her beloved retreat.

And as we live and linger,  
 In every hallowed spot,  
 We meet again those saintly eyes  
 That Heaven's light have caught.

From lips grown sweet with telling—  
 Of what the Master asks,  
 We hear again the lesson;  
 How simple now the tasks!

O, children of one Mother,  
 Hand clasped in hand we stand,  
 And in allegiance ever,  
 A true and loyal band.

Ah! when another call resounds,  
 From out the eternal Throne,  
 May God, the Father, greet us all,  
 And lead us to His Home.

*Agnes Hayes McKenna.*

## ∴ THE RETURN ∴

"The thought of our past years in me doth breed

Perpetual benediction; not indeed

For that which is most worthy to be blessed—

Delight and liberty, the simple creed

Of childhood, whether busy or at rest—

But for those first affections,

Those shadowy recollections

Which be they what they may,

Are yet the fountain light of all our day,

Are yet the master light of all our seeing,

Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make

Our noisy years seem moments in the being

Of the eternal Silence."

—Wordsworth.

**A**MID the thousand cares, and griefs, and joys of mature life, what a delight it is to go back, at least in thought, to days long past! Far back to childhood's land we stray, to a spot that is now hallowed. It was not always so. In distant days, before our other self, our Memory, had grown to her full height, ere yet we learned to walk with her and talk of the long-since, we strayed and played in those old haunts with all of life before us. Then the vision was the future, all rose-tinted and gold, like the morning east when gray hours are to follow. And into the future we passed, day by day—womanhood growing upon us, the gold tints and the rose colors fading ever, till on a sudden we found ourselves far off from childhood's dreams, and we knew the old days were no more. Something had vanished from our life, someone was gone in the shadow, and all our hearts turned back with a yearning for the old things passed away.

\* \* \* \* \*

The rainbow tints and melting colors now invest that happy past; in the land of long ago they dwell, and light the landscape with their presence. In the ruddy glow the far-off days appear once more: days of childhood, days of girlhood, days of school—ah! days of school! What memories cling to the sloping lawns, and pine-covered hills, and winding paths and spreading orchards! What

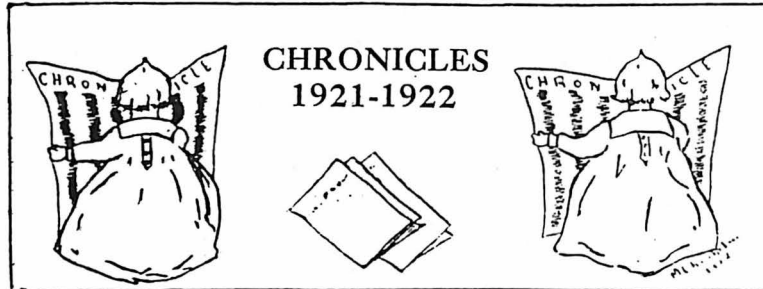
odd doings we recall in corridor, and class, and line! What odd sayings echo in our ears; what smiles lurk in corners; what foolish tears bedim our eyes as we journey through the past!

And in these old days quite forgotten? Harken! For the voice of Alma Mater, like a clear-toned bell is heard through the land, calling her children from far and near to come once more and rest beneath her shadow, and live again the olden days.

The Return has come; from henceforth now there will be no more separation. All we who once have felt her fostering care and found a home beneath this roof will come again, must come again, not led by Memory alone, but urged by Loyalty and Faith, believing that our Alma Mater holds our happiest days. The past is too precious to lose; let us not cast it away. A new joy has been given to life. God bless the return!







### *The Opening of School.*

**A**LL over the adolescent world, the opening of school means a new interest, a reawakened energy, a vicissitude that promises much or threatens much. There is no mistaking it; when September comes, there is a stir through all the earth.

To the Mount girl, September means something very special. If she is an "old-timer," she comes strolling in with bag and suit-case, and has a nod and a smile from everybody. If she is a newcomer, she shyly waits for an initiation into the mysteries of boarding-school life, and the labyrinthine ways of her new home; and such introduction is not long wanting. Within a few days an "entente cordiale" is established, and old and new mingle in happy groups for recreation or for class. September is, indeed, an important time; for then friendships are established and ties are formed which last sometimes a life-time.

And now, that June is drawing upon us, we look back with something like regret on those September days; for no matter how happy next year may be, this glad year is passing from us; and no matter what friends we may make in the future, the friends of the present are very dear. In this spirit, then, we set down the record of the past year; that girls who have passed similar happy years may know that the Mount is unchanged; that girls to come may realize that genuine pleasure is in store for them; and that we ourselves in future years, in recalling the days of '22, may find written in these "Mount Leaves" the true chronicles of the year.



**O**CTOBER had flown on its way before we realized it had come; but when the out-door world grew bare and cold, we turned to in-door cheer. Instead of the usual Hallowe'en entertainment, wherewith goblins and witches are wont to welcome new Mount comers, the Senior A and B Club invited all to a dignified reception. Invitations were out a fortnight before the eventful date, and the question of gowns and slippers was paramount in the school.

On the evening of the thirty-first, the Seniors assembled in the hall. The large room was prettily decorated in pink and white; the sight of easy chairs and sofas, carnations and china brought us in imagination far from severe convent simplicity. The hostesses of the evening were:

Miss Margaret Chisholm	Miss Mary Arbing
" Claire Murphy	" Mary Holmes
" Helen Gorman	" Marguerite Bellivau
" Kathleen Hagen	" Helen Byalin
" Mary Emerson	" Fanny Hayes
" Gertrude Steele	" Gertrude Smith

Miss Constance Gard.

After the guests had been welcomed, dancing began. Dainty hand-painted programmes were provided, which now serve as pretty souvenirs of that delightful evening. Supper was served, and the guests entertained by a short programme: Miss Mary Arbing sang two short selections; Miss Kathleen Hagen gave a comic reading, and Miss Rachel Hagen played a violin solo. Dancing was then resumed, until at a given signal, the orchestra struck up the familiar air of Auld Lang Syne, and the hall re-echoed with the school song. Then, after thanking our hostesses for the pleasure of the evening, we bade them good-night, and travelled upstairs to bed.



THE Canadian Thanksgiving has been fixed for the first Monday after Armistice Day." When we heard this announcement, our bright hopes for the holiday grew dim. What could we poor "Mounties" do to celebrate Thanksgiving Day in bleak November? Our picnic remembrances of other years looked all the more attractive for the contrast. Still, "where there's a will there's a way," and we found it.

Thanksgiving morning found the twenty-five "left-over" girls in the pantry, enveloped in big aprons, and stirring busily at various concoctions. What delicious odours of chocolate and molasses floated out the pantry doors and gently rose to the study hall flat! But there was no study that day. All were cooks, and our only books were cook-books. When all was said and done, and boiled and beaten and cooled and cut, thirty-six pounds of delicious candy stood ready for our afternoon expedition to the Orphanage.

At noon we set out, walking through a feathery snow-flurry into the town. A warm welcome awaited us at the Orphanage. There we rested, and distributed our candy, entertained and were entertained, until after a dainty lunch, we started out on the return journey.

That evening there was a miniature whist-party in the recreation room, with half-a-dozen tables and happy groups gathered around them. The prizes were won by Miss Elspeth Andrews and Miss Marie Power. Miss Constance Gard took the booby, a Japanese dog that barked.

So Thanksgiving sped. Before the evening recreation was done, the absentees had returned; and we found in comparing programmes that our day of mingled charity and fun had lacked nothing of real holiday entertainment.

## The Alumnae Reunion.

ON December fifteenth, there occurred an event which has been the dream of Mount girls and Sisters for many years, the reunion under this roof of the pupils of former years. The task of tracing many of our "old girls" was indeed difficult. "Hic labor, hoc opus est!" might have exclaimed the convener of the numerous company. But to prayer and energy nothing is impossible; and before the end of November invitations had gone out, we may say, to the four corners of the world.

It was a real joy to receive the replies. Mount girls who had been silent for years, whom distance and cares and responsibilities had kept far from their Alma Mater, now eagerly took the opportunity to come in touch once more with the school of their girlhood. Correspondence, began too, among various old friends, and plans were made to spend a joyful holiday together.

On the morning of December fifteenth, the great doors swung open to admit group upon group of old Mount girls. Over the oak stairway leading to the Chapel and just opposite the front entrance, a white arch rose whereon in golden letters was inscribed: "Alma Mater Welcomes You." What a reunion that was! From all parts they came, and the reception rooms and corridors rang with the sound of happy laughter and merry greetings. Everyone looked for old companions, and marvelled to find them changed, not realizing that Time lays his hand on all, and that they themselves in the eyes of their friends had undergone a similar transformation. Among those present were:

Nellie Houlette.	Mrs. Colin McIsaac.	Antigonish.
Margaret McDonald, M. D.		Ottawa.
Agnes Hayes.	Mrs. D. P. McKenna.	Ottawa.
Susie O'Leary.	Mrs. L. G. Power.	Halifax.
May O'Leary.	Mrs. Edward Kinnier.	Halifax.
Emma Burns.	Mrs. J. P. Byrnie.	Bathurst.
Agnes Doucet.		Bathurst.
Lorette Donahoe.	Mrs. Edward Cragg.	Halifax.
Rita Seay.	Mrs. A. Aprea.	Savannah, Ga.
Tilly Manley.	Mrs. Leonard Fraser.	Halifax.
Alitheia Manley.	Mrs. R. C. McLeod.	Halifax.
Nan O'Mara.	Mrs. Otto Emerson.	Halifax.

Mary C. Reardon.....	Halifax.
Florence Allen.....	Mrs. Russell Finlay..... Halifax.
Mary Devine.....	Halifax.
Alice Egan.....	Mrs. J. Hagen..... Halifax.
May Doran.....	Windsor, N. S.
Mary Neville.....	Halifax.
Georgie Burns.....	Bathurst, N. B.
Cora Brown.....	Mrs. G. J. Partington..... Halifax.
Gertrude Costley.....	St. John, N. B.
Mary Doyle.....	St. John's, Nfld.
Minnie Egan.....	Halifax.
Ethel Broussard.....	Halifax.
Minnie Coady.....	Mrs. C. F. Crosby..... Halifax.
Doone Cox.....	Mrs. F. Finlay..... Halifax.
May Doran.....	Stellarton, N. S.
Mary Dryden.....	Halifax.
Dorilda Gastonguay.....	Mrs. W. Affleck..... Halifax.
Mary Grant.....	Mrs. W. H. West..... Hopewell, N. S.
May Lannigan.....	Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Margaret Lynch.....	Mrs. J. A. McIsaac..... Halifax.
Kitty McGoldrick.....	Mrs. Frank Mullen..... St. John, N. B.
Edna McCormack.....	Mrs. Connors..... Black's Harbor, N. B.
Marcella McDonald.....	Mrs. Jas. McDonald..... Bailey's Brook, N. S.
Ellie Mooney.....	Mrs. John Courtney..... Kentville, N. S.
Louise Munro.....	Amherst, N. S.
Helen Kelly.....	Mrs. D. Cormier..... Halifax.
Florence McGregor.....	Mrs. C. M. Harding..... Upper Dyke, N. S.
Maggie Brooks.....	Mrs. Wm. Buckley..... Halifax.
Marion Balcom.....	Mrs. Frank Reardon..... Halifax.
Annie McIsaac.....	Sydney, C. B.
Susie Christian.....	Mrs. Fred Clark..... Halifax.
Minnie Cullen.....	Mrs. Raymond Egan..... Halifax.
Peryl Daley.....	Dartmouth, N. S.
Agnes Dolan.....	St. John, N. B.
Marjorie Welch.....	Mrs. J. Chipman..... Kentville, N. S.
Mary Dwyer.....	Mrs. Wm. Delaney..... Halifax.
Kathleen Dwyer.....	Mrs. A. L. Landry..... Halifax.
Mary Jeffers.....	Oxford, N. S.
Margaret Jeffers.....	Oxford, N. S.
Madeline Frawley.....	Mrs. J. H. Hunt..... Halifax.
Gertrude Lynagh.....	Mrs. John Tobin..... Kentville, N. S.
Lexina McDougall.....	Glace Bay, C. B.
Mildred Donovan.....	Halifax.

Lillian McQuinn.....	Halifax.
Edna Hillis.....	Halifax.
Allie Hillis.....	Halifax.
Katie Doyle.....	Halifax.
Kathleen Neville.....	Halifax.
Mary O'Brien.....	Joggins Mines, N. S.
Greta Ogle.....	Mrs. C. MacDowell..... Halifax.
Mary Dixon.....	Birch Cove, N. S.
Elise O'Leary.....	Richebucto, N. B.
Kathleen O'Leary.....	Richebucto, N. B.
Christine O'Leary.....	Halifax.
Mary Kinney.....	Mrs. W. S. Hagarty..... Halifax.
Eileen Kinney.....	Halifax.
Mary Kennedy.....	Halifax.
Kitty Power.....	Halifax.
Marjorie Wakely.....	Halifax.
Mary MacKay.....	Mrs. Walker..... Halifax.
Pearl Bulter.....	Liverpool, N. S.
Lena Firlotte.....	Mrs. Munro..... Moncton, N. B.
Winifred Burns.....	Halifax.
Greta Brunt.....	Halifax.
Sadie O'Toole.....	Mrs. T. Lloyd..... Halifax.
Marie Ogle.....	Halifax.
Gladys Blank.....	Halifax.
Mildred Blank.....	Halifax.
Sarah Duffy.....	Mrs. A. O'Flaherty..... Halifax.
Dora Davison.....	Rockingham.
Ada Davison.....	Rockingham.
Evelyn Jenks.....	Halifax.
Nellie Power.....	Halifax.
Mamie Keenan.....	Mrs. L. F. Hamm..... Halifax.
Catherine Brown.....	Halifax.
Mary Tierney.....	Dartmouth, N. S.
Marie Thompson.....	Campbellton, N. B.
Vera Currie.....	Halifax.
Geneva Murray.....	Halifax.
Catherine McDonald.....	Mrs. J. McMasters..... Inverness, C. B.
Pauline Dixon.....	Halifax.
Mary Dence.....	Halifax.
M. Gastonguay.....	Mrs. Miller..... Halifax.
Gertrude Healy.....	Halifax.
May Salterio.....	Mrs. Fred Temple..... Halifax.
Blanche Skerry.....	Mrs. Stevens..... Halifax.



Kathleen Murray	Halifax.
Margaret O'Sullivan	Halifax.
Clara Quinlan	Mahone Bay, N. S.
Mary Burke	Halifax.
Margaret Cahill	Halifax.
Minnie Cahill	Halifax.
Josephine Cahill	Halifax.
Eileen O'Leary	Halifax.
Grace O'Brien	Mrs. Wm. Powell Halifax.
May White	Mrs. George Edens Halifax.
Rita Clancy	Halifax.
Tillie Chisholm	Halifax.
Glynn Saunders	Halifax.
Edith Stevens	Dartmouth, N. S.
Kathleen Reardon	Mrs. J. D. DeWolfe Halifax.
Agnes Curren	Halifax.
Margaret Curren	Halifax.
Helen Dorsey	Mrs. Wm. Perrier Halifax.
Daisy O'Toole	Mrs. W. Haley Halifax.
Elma Penny	Halifax.
Florence Penny	Halifax.
Minnie Coady	Mrs. C. F. Crosby Halifax.
Edna Pitts	Halifax.
Mary Reardon	Mrs. Edward Mitchell Halifax.
Marguerite Currie	Halifax.
Muriel Cox	Halifax.
Evelyn Colwell	Halifax.
Camilla Glassey	Halifax.
Nano Glassey	Halifax.
Myrtle Rooney	Kentville, N. S.
Mary Cronan	Halifax.
Flo McDonald	Mrs. W. J. Chisholm Rockingham, N. S.
Mary Dence	Halifax.
Terese Smythe	Halifax.
Margaret Donahoe	Halifax.
Geraldine Donahoe	Halifax.
Kate Hurley	Mrs. C. C. Hanrahan Halifax.
Teresa Meagher	Mrs. J. Harrington Halifax.
Agnes Foley	Halifax.
Kathleen Foley	Halifax.
Frances Foley	Halifax.
Nellie Grant	Halifax.
Agnes Fanning	Mrs. E. C. Choate Millview, N. S.

Anna Gaetz	Halifax.
Mary McPherson	Halifax.
Gertrude Skerry	Halifax.
Aileen Skerry	Halifax.
Dorilda Skerry	Halifax.
Minnie Forbes	Mrs. Sage Halifax.
Winnie Ronan	Mrs. Fred Landry Yarmouth, N. S.
Evelyn Reardon	Halifax.
May Pelham	Halifax.
Berenice Grant	Halifax.
Rita Hawes	Halifax.
Mary Hagarty	Halifax.
Kathleen Hagarty	Halifax.
Marjorie McLeod	Mrs. H. Cloutier Quebec, P. Q.
Gertrude Sheehan	Halifax.
Marjorie Hawes	Halifax.
Barbara Johnson	Halifax.
Nellie Ward	Windsor, N. S.
Nano Ward	Windsor, N. S.
Marjorie Latter	Halifax.
Gertrude Meagher	Halifax.
Muriel Selig	Halifax.
Anna Smith	Halifax.
Eleanor Murphy	Halifax.
Paula Rawley	Mrs. Geo. Lynch Halifax.
Mary McDonald	Mrs. W. McKenna Halifax.
Marjorie Marshall	Halifax.
Mary Power	Halifax.
Abbie Spinney	Mrs. Jas. Campbell Halifax.
Eileen Sullivan	Halifax.
Hazel Ward	Halifax.
Catherine Martin	Halifax.
Frances Power	Halifax.
Mary Keilly	Mrs. Wm. Beazley Dartmouth, N. S.
Katie Roche	Mrs. Matthew Scanlan Halifax.
Grace Power	Halifax.
Lena Milson	Dartmouth, N. S.
Cecelia Perrier	Halifax.
Agnes Power	Halifax.
Lena Cashen	Halifax.
Mary Coleman	Halifax.
Mary Currie	Halifax.
Blossom Davison	Rockingham, N. S.

Owing to the winter season and the near approach of Christmas, many who would otherwise have eagerly accepted the invitation were obliged to send regrets. The following were some of the messages received by telegraph:

From the Havana Alumnae:

"Greetings to Alma Mater."

From the Newfoundland Alumnae:

Warmest congratulations from fifty-five Mount girls of St. John's, Nfld., who deeply regret that they are unable to be present today on the occasion of the first Alumnae reunion of their beloved Alma Mater. Signed on behalf of the old girls,

*May O'Mara.*

From St. John, N. B., Alumnae:

"Greetings and best wishes for the success of the new organization."

From Larmon, New York.

"Regret I cannot be present at the Mount today. Best wishes for the Alumnae Association."

*Constance Kelly Greene.*

From Ottawa, P. Q:

"Greetings and success to the reunion."

*T. Fraser (Toots Burns)*

From Savannah, Georgia:

"My love and fondest greetings to each and every one. Though not with you I am thinking of you every minute of today. May the Alumnae live on forever, each year gathering in the old, each year adding scores of the new, with long happy years to all its members. Think of me today, you Sisters and girls I love, for always nearest to my own home in my heart is the dear old Mount."

*Anna Roe Nugent Courvois.*

From Sydney, C. B:

"Regret exceedingly that it is impossible for me to be with you tomorrow. Greetings and best wishes to all the old friends."

*Mary MacManus McDonald.*

From Fredericton, N. B:

"Best wishes to the success of the reunion. Sorry I cannot be with you."

*Kathleen Shea.*

From New Glasgow, N. S:

"Sincerely regret being unable to attend. Am writing.

*Gertrude Lithgow.*

From Milltown, N. S:

"Exceedingly sorry I cannot be present today."

*Dorothy L. Casey.*

\* \* \* \* \*

The guests were received by the Mount Sisters; and when greetings were over, all proceeded to the school refectory for luncheon. The large room was beautifully decorated in the Mount colors; the tables presented an attractive appearance, with yellow and white chrysanthemums, and gleaming silver and glass. His Grace Archbishop McCarthy presided. Rev. J. B. O'Reilly, C. J. M., the Mount Chaplain, was also a guest of honor. The Mount Orchestra furnished music for the feast, and the girls of '22 served. The school uniform lent them a trim appearance.

After the luncheon, His Grace addressed a few words to the guests, and then called upon Mrs. McKenna to speak. Agnes Hayes McKenna is well known as a public speaker and is prominent in the Catholic Women's League of Ottawa. She gave a sincere laudation to Reverend Mother Berchmans, who for so many years has been the Mount girls' friend. Following the address, Mrs. Colin McIsaac, one of our first Mount pupils, made a floral presentation to Mother General. Doctor Margaret MacDonald, who has won fame in medical circles, and who was decorated by the King in the recent war, paid a touching tribute to dear Sister de Sales, for more than forty years Mistress General of the Academy. Mrs. R. C. MacLeod made the floral presentation. A second bouquet was later offered in behalf of the Newfoundland girls by Mrs. Otto Emerson. Mrs. Leonard Fraser gave a short sketch of the development of the Mount, pointing out the growth of the Mount in power and influence under the leadership of Mothers Elizabeth, Frances, Cleophas, Fidelis, and especially under Mother Berchmans. Mrs. Mullin of St. John paid a touching tribute to The Absent, not to those only whose presence duty and unsurmountable obstacles prevented, but to those, who in a better land are still our Mount Alumnae. Miss Ethel Tobin, a graduate of '22, gave a pleasing address of welcome to all the old girls and paid a special tribute to Mrs. Colin McIsaac (Nell Houlette of other days), about whom, as our oldest pupil, the hearts of all our Alumnae gather.

After the speeches, all withdrew to the gymnasium where the new association received definite organization. Mrs. Otto Emerson presided as chairman with Miss Mary Reardon as temporary secretary. The by-laws of the association

were proposed and temporarily sanctioned, and the nomination and election of officers followed. Those elected will hold office only till June, when the first meeting of the organized Alumnae of Mount Saint Vincent will be held. The officers are as follows:

President.....Nan O'Mara Emerson  
 1st Vice-President.....Tilly Manley Fraser.  
 2nd Vice-President.....Mary Neville.  
 3rd Vice-President.....Alice Egan Hagen  
 Secretary.....Peryl Daly.  
 Corresponding Secretary.....Helen Kelly Cormier.  
 Treasurer.....Marjorie Wakely.

A council was also elected, composed of the following members:

Mary Reardon	Mildred Donovan	Mrs. R. C. McLeod.
Mrs. W. Affleck	Mrs. W. J. Chisholm	Miss Margaret O'Sullivan
Mrs. J. Stevens	Miss Nellie Power	Mrs. C. C. Hanrahan.
	Miss Grace Power	

When the business meeting was over, all were invited to the Music Hall, where a programme was presented in honor of Mother General's feast day. Miss Ethel Tobin in an address congratulated Mother General and offered her the greetings of the school and of the Alumnae. The programme was opened by an orchestral selection. The play presented was "The House of Bondage," the story of Esther dramatized by one of the Academy staff. The dramatis personae were as follows:

King Assuerus.....Claire Murphy  
 Esther, Consort of the King.....Evelyn Colwell  
 Aman, Favorite of the King.....Kathleen Neville  
 Mardochoi, uncle to Esther.....Claire Murray  
 Thamar, page to Esther.....Mary Emerson  
 Phanuel, captain of the guard.....Mona Mahar  
 Zares, wife of Aman.....Helen Gorman  
 Elizabeth, lady-in-waiting.....Mary Holmes  
 Miriam, little daughter to Aman.....Marie Ackerman  
 Thabeel, little son to Aman.....Betty Mahar

The scenic effects and beautiful costumes, added to the genuine talent of the players, made the performance a very pleasing one. Miss Brenda Mc-Patridge, both in the play and out of it, charmed the audience with her singing. Miss Kathleen Neville's voice was especially beautiful in the Magnificat which closed the programme. The orchestral music was, as usual, excellent, and the whole programme artistic.

At its close, the guests proceeded to the refectory for a collation. In honor of the Alumnae, the girls of '22 were given a holiday which, owing to the lateness of the season, was postponed and added to our Christmas vacation.

The reunion closed with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, a most fitting termination of so happy a day. The choir soloist rendered beautifully a setting of the Psalmist's words: "I will extol Thee, O Lord!" With the hymn of thanksgiving still echoing in our hearts, we bade good-bye to the Alumnae, who expressed the liveliest appreciation of a delightful day.

The next afternoon, Mrs. John Hagen, President of the Halifax Branch of the Catholic Women's League, invited the Alumnae members to afternoon tea at her home. Those who had come from a distance were obliged, on account of the Christmas season, to take a more hasty departure than would otherwise have been the case. All were unanimous in voting the reunion a huge success, and in promising a sure return for the June meeting.

## *A Silver Thaw.*

My lord the sun threw javelins silver-tipped  
 Across the trees all decked in bridal white  
 With sheen of twinkling stars at eventide,  
 Or fairy lanterns in the dim twilight.

The brook between the combatants sped on  
 A silvery song of gurgling notes to sing  
 To the happy-fleeting, gentle-whispering breeze  
 A joyous song, the promise of Spring.

From out his palace window diamond-bright,  
 King Winter looked with anxious eye, and saw  
 His ice-clad warriors had lost the fight  
 And fallen in a glorious silver thaw.

*Kathleen Allison, Sen. C.*



### *Saint Valentine's Day.*

**T**O celebrate fittingly the feast of the great patron of hearts, the Alpha-kai-beta Club invited the Seniors to a whist and dance in the Music-hall. The hostesses of the evening were: the Misses Ethel Tobin, Kathryn Shaw, Jessie McIntyre, Dorothy Zwicker, Mary McNeil, Claire Murray, Frances Kelly, Mary Lombard. The large hall was daintily decorated in red and white, and hearts were in evidence everywhere: hearts for scores, hearts for dance orders, heart-shaped cakes and heart-shaped sandwiches; hearts dropped on ribbons from the ceiling and hung at all angles from points of vantage. Needless to say, our hearts were delighted.

Half the number of guests wore the school uniform with stiff collars and cuffs, and took the part of gentlemen. The ladies were gay in afternoon gowns, and chatted amicably with their escorts.

The guests were received and conducted to the card tables, and the game began. For scores, the gentlemen carried hearts, and the ladies, appropriately enough, arrows. Pretty prizes were offered; for the ladies, a dainty cake-basket; for the gentlemen, two water-color paintings. There were booby prizes also, and some even tried for the last place to win a funny black doll that waddled when wound up. When the final bell rang, and the points were counted, it was found that May McCormac merited the Ladies' prize and Eula Rice the Gentlemen's. Of course the chums had been playing together all evening and had won over all opponents. Claire Murphy took the Ladies consolation prize, and Ruth Parsons, the Gentlemen's. The dainty score-cards, we must not forget to mention, were marked each with a quotation, and whoever guessed the author of her quotation obtained an extra point. Thus, there were many literary discussions during the game.

A delicious lunch was served, and dancing followed. All voted the evening's entertainment a great success. With cheers for the Alpha-kai-beta's and congratulations to their Mistress, the guests withdrew.

### *Mardi Gras.*

For Shrove Tuesday, instead of the usual masquerade, the A and B Club planned a children's party. Little pink invitations made their appearance about a week before the great event, and from all sides came notes of acceptance.

The A and B family, including their grandma and their nurse, welcomed us at the door of their large nursery. All the guests wore charming frocks and pretty sashes and ribbons. The A and B family played hostess very well, for their grandma was there to tell them just what to do. Their nursery was beautiful to behold, with swinging paper chains of various colours, toy balloons, and playthings of every kind. On the stage, a rocking-horse stood ready for any young rider who might take it into her head to go a-hobbying. There were dolls and dolls' tables, and tea-sets and tiny chairs, and dolls' beds and dolls' carriages. We certainly had a lovely time with those toys!

Then came the games. There was "Merry-go-round" and "Farmer in the Dell," and "On this Carpet," and "Pin the Donkey's Tail," and "Spin the Plate." After the games, Grandma brought out the prize cake, and one after the other we tried to cut it. Useless! It was a big frosted tin, and under it were presents of all kinds; watches, and whistles, and balls, and lovely things.

Then the refreshments were served,—real ice-cream, and cake of all sorts. After the refreshments, we danced and danced. How we did enjoy that party!

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**Notice.**—No assistants are needed for the charge in St. Ignatius classroom, for, while "Many hands make light work," "Too many cooks spoil the broth."  
C. Gard.

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**Notice to Trespassers:**—Anyone found trespassing on or near my property in "Our Lady of Good Counsel" Room, will be prosecuted.  
Mona Mahar.

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**Wanted:**—A surgeon to remove an appendix.

M. Mahoney

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**Wanted:**—A night nurse who can take dictation from a sleeping patient.  
R. Parsons.

## *Saint Patrick's Day.*

The Benson Circle took the initiative for the Saint Patrick's Day entertainment, and invited the Senior Division to a Green Tea, to be held in the gymnasium.

On the evening of the great Seventeenth, the gymnasium was a bower of green and white, with dainty shamrocks dropping from walls and posts and windows. Beneath a canopy of green and white, the inviting tables were set for six or seven each. Cards with shamrocks and harps marked each guest's place. At each table, one of the Benson Circle presided as hostess and another served. All the hostesses wore the white Mount uniform with green tie, and each waitress had a green band around her hair, topped by a shamrock in front.

The guests were received by the club officers, the Misses, Nora Hares, Jean McDonald, and Elspeth Andrews. Immediately, when all were seated, the orchestra began to play Irish airs. The music continued until supper was over, and then the guests repaired to the gymnasium balcony which had been fitted up for a reception room. The improvised cosy-corners found here were not vacant for many minutes during the course of the evening, though dancing began immediately after the tea.

A green tent occupied the spot where the gymnasium ladders are usually found; and here a wise woman read palms.

The members of the Benson Circle who made the evening such an enjoyable one, are: Nora Hares, Jean McDonald, Vivian Power, Elspeth Andrews, Ruth Hayes, Marie Power, Madeline Fitch, Miriam Allison, Eula Rice, May McCormac, Laura Franey, Coline Clancey, Anna Parlee, Marjorie Haverstock, Mary Marsland, Kathleen Allison, Mollie Wood, Jeanne Champoux, Henriette Huby, Muriel Donahoe, and Mercedes Finn.



# CLUBS



### *Alpha Kappa Beta*

*President, Ethel Tobin*  
*Secretary, Kathryn Shaw*

### *A and B*

*President, Margaret Chisholm.*  
*Secretary, Mary Arbing*

### *Benson Circle*

*President, Nora Hares;*  
*Vice-President, Vivian Power;*  
*Secretary, Jean McDonald.*

### *Commercial*

*President, Ruth Parsons*  
*Vice-President, Mildred Ratchford*  
*Secretary, Anita Boudreau*

### *Senior D*

*President, Catherine Chesley*  
*Vice-President, Mona Mahar*  
*Secretary, Marjorie Arthur*

## *The Mid-Year Play.*

No, it was not an Irish concert, and we did not have it on Saint Patrick's Day. But the heroine's mother wore a green bonnet, and the dramatist was an Irishman, out and out. The author of the play was Oliver Goldsmith; and the comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer." It was so nearly Irish, at any rate, that we had it on the night after the great Seventeenth, and we considered it part of the programme of that happy feast.

It was under the shade of that green bonnet that Mr. Hardcastle soothed the frightened Mrs. Hardcastle near Horse Pond on the memorable night she set out to find her runaway niece. It was so like Mr. Hardcastle, always ready to soothe the disconsolate, to smooth over difficulties! And here he was at work in the person of Ethel Tobin! But the frightened Mrs. Hardcastle was not her self that night, for whoever heard of Mary Holmes being afraid to meet a man!

"Horse-Pond" there was magic in that word ever after, and Tony Lumpkin knew how to use it. "Horse-Pond" whispered to his doting mother would convert her unwelcome caresses into would-be and yet would-not-be blows. But Tony knew how to escape the blow evoked by his mischief, and he was not mistaken in having Mary Emerson play his part this once.

Now George, poor boy, would never do wrong if only he knew what wrong was; and so when he came back to restore the stolen Miss Neville and to receive her lawfully from her aunt, we could not help saying, "Isn't that just like Claire Murphy?" Miss Neville came back for two reasons: first, she was brought back; second, she wanted her jewels; for how could Marguerite Bellivau be comfortable without her ornaments?

"There are heroines and heroines," Tony Lumpkin would say if anyone were to tell him that his sister Kate was heroine of the play. Kate Hardcastle was her father's pride; she pleased him when she pleased herself, the first pleasing necessarily depending always on the second. She seemed friendly, too, with Molly her maid; but it was an amusing sight to behold Marjorie Blank willing to do Jean Glassey's room.

"Heroines and heroines," and Kate was both. No wonder Charles Marlowe loved only the shy little maid, for he could not find the true Kate under her bushy hair, nor under that little checkered coat, the coat that has made nervous more people than Charles Marlowe. Young Marlowe's nerves were as strong as ever

Helen's Gorman's violin strings could have been, and little wonder that he mistook Kate's veil for his hat.

Now Charles did resemble his father; their hair was of the one color that night, much to the satisfaction of the older Marlowe - they were both nervous, too. Young Marlowe had inherited the disease which, in the case of Constance Gard, has been fatal also.

There are servants and servants, too: and those represented by Florine Wright, Mona Mahar and Eula Rice were certainly of both classes. Poor Mr. Marlowe could not make waiters out of his stable boys "Take your hands out of your pockets," he called, and poor Mona gave up her favorite attitude. "Take your hand off your head!" to Eula. How Mr. Marlowe realized that a statement has to be held in place before it finds Eula's brain! "Stop giggling!" now surely Mr. Marlowe did not know Florine!

"We have tried to please you" our characters sang in chorus; and please as they did, for on that night folks laughed who were never seen to smile even at an Irish joke.

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## *Distinguished Visitors.*

ON Sunday evening, January twenty-ninth, we welcomed an esteemed friend whom illness had for many months kept confined to his Bedford home. Miss Ethel Tobin voiced the sentiments of the school when she expressed to our honoured guest our regret at his protracted absence and our satisfaction at his return. Doctor Blackadder thanked us in his hearty way for our felicitations and then gave a very interesting account of the recent historical events in Ireland. As a member of Parliament, the Doctor has had an opportunity of seeing Irish history from all sides. Of the complicated state of affairs in the Emerald Isle he gave a brief exposition, touching very lightly the sore spots in the history of the past eight years, and dwelling on the bright prospect now opening, we trust, to Ireland.

The lecture gave us great pleasure, and we hope that Doctor Blackadder will be able to grant us another evening's talk before the year is out.

On March sixth, we were honored with a visit from two bishops: Bishop Forbes of Joliette, Canada, and his brother, Bishop of the Vicariate of Uganda in the African mission-field. The distinguished guests were welcomed with the following address, read by Miss Ethel Tobin:

"My Lords:

"It is with great pleasure we welcome you to the Mount today. When guests of honor visit us, it is usual to make a fitting preparation. You, however,



have taken us unawares. Honored indeed you are among us, not only for the high dignity with which Mother Church has invested you, and for the serious responsibilities you bear, but for your own personal character and the kindness you do us in coming to see us. Africa is very far away, but the spirit of the Church in "the dark continent" is the same as that of Catholic Canada; and we rejoice that God has chosen two sons of one mother to carry His gospel abroad and to foster it at home. That He may prosper your work both here and there, and give you both His abundant blessings is the prayer of the pupils of the Mount."

After a short musical programme, the African Bishop gave us a delightful talk on the Uganda Missions. We laughed heartily at his quaint descriptions of his flock and narrative of his experiences; and we were sorry that the visit of these two brother bishops was necessarily a short one.

Our own beloved Archbishop frequently pays us a visit; but, owing to his winter trip to Bermuda, we have seen him less this year than formerly. We hope, however, when Spring comes, that we shall again see His Grace often at the Mount.

### *Supplemental Lectures.*

#### *Winter 1921-1922*

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|------------------------|--|
| Dr. W. H. Hattie,      | Provincial Health Officer,   |
|                        | One Lecture,   |
| Nov. 9th.              | The Public Health Movement.  |
| Dr. Hugh Chisholm,     | Divisional Health Officer,   |
|                        | Three lectures,  |
| Nov. 14.               | 1. Milk Hygiene.   |
| Nov. 16.               | 2. Water in relation to Health.  |
| Nov. 21.               | 3. School Hygiene.   |
| Dr. B. Franklin Royer, | Executive Officer. Mass.—Halifax Health Commission,  |
|                        | Two lectures,  |
| Nov. 30.               | 1. Undernourishment in Relation to Disease.  |
| Dec. 9.                | 2. Accessory Food Factors.   |
| Dr. F. W. Tidmarsh,    | Physician in Charge of Nutrition Clinics, Health Centres, Massachusetts-Halifax Health Commission. |
|                        | One Lecture,   |
| Dec. 12.               | Nutrition Classes.   |
| Miss Elizabeth Ellis,  | Visiting Housekeeper, Mass.-Halifax Health Commission,   |
|                        | One Lecture,   |
| Dec. 13.               | The Cook's Place in the Prevention of Disease.   |

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|---------------------------------------|--|
| Catherine Graham,                     | Public Health Nurse, Health Centre No. 1, Halifax,   |
|                                       | One Lecture,   |
| Dec. 16.                              | Personal Hygiene.  |
| Dr. T. M. Sieniewicz,                 | Tuberculosis Examiner, Massachusetts-Halifax Health Commission,                              |
|                                       | Two Lectures,  |
| Dec. 14.                              | 1. What Teachers should know of Signs, Symptoms, Prevalence, and Curability of Tuberculosis. |
| Dec. 19.                              | 2. What Teachers should know of the Prevention of Tuberculosis.                              |
| Dr. Allan Cunningham                  | Attending Surgeon, Nose & Throat Service, Massachusetts-Halifax Health Commission,           |
|                                       | One Lecture,   |
| Dec. 21.                              | What Teachers should know about Eye Defects.   |
| Dr. J. A. M. Hemmeon,                 | Attending Surgeon, Nose & Throat Service, Massachusetts-Halifax Health Commission,           |
|                                       | One Lecture,   |
| Jan. 4.                               | What Teachers should know of Remedial Nose, Throat, and Ear Defects.                         |
| Dr. Arabelle Mackenzie                | Paedodontist, Massachusetts-Halifax Health Commission,                                       |
|                                       | One Lecture,   |
| Jan. 9.                               | The Teachers in Relation to Dental Hygiene.  |
| Miss Jessie L. Ross,                  | Chief Nurse, Massachusetts-Halifax Health Commission,  |
|                                       | One Lecture,   |
| Jan. 11.                              | The Teacher's Part in Child Welfare.   |
| Miss Winnifred Read,                  | Senior School Nurse, Halifax,  |
|                                       | One Lecture,   |
| Jan. 16.                              | The Public Health Nurse in Relation to School and Home.                                      |
| Dr. D. A. Craig,                      | Provincial Commissioner, Canadian Red Cross Society,   |
|                                       | One Lecture,   |
| Jan. 18.                              | Arousing Interest in Public Health, Red Cross Method.  |
| Final Lecture, Dr. B. Franklin Royer, |  |
|                                       | One Lecture,   |
| Jan. 23.                              | The Teacher's Place in Preventive Medicine.  |
| Illustrating Lectures:                |  |
|                                       | Housing in Relation to Health.   |
|                                       | Recreation in Relation to Health.  |

### Picture Plays.

A first-class motion picture machine was installed in the Music Hall in November, and since that time, we have enjoyed many interesting and instructive plays. Among others, we may mention, Little Lord Fauntleroy, The Heart of Humanity, The Seal of Confession, Tom Sawyer, A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur, Mothers of France. There were educational films besides; and during a course of lectures in Hygiene, the machine proved of great value in showing the motion pictures illustrative of the subject, such as the growth and development of the teeth, the care of the teeth, etc. During Lent, the machine was used to show slides of historical interest, and especially the wonderful story of the Passion of our Saviour.

The introduction of a motion picture machine into the Academy has proved a real boon in providing both entertainment and instruction. As the year is not yet at an end, we are hoping for other films of equal value and interest with those already presented.

### Dreaming Time.

The sun sinks down in the golden West,  
The stars begin to shine,  
The birds are silent in their nests  
And so am I, in mine.

One by one the stars appear  
And soft they sing a far-off chime  
While down below the Mount girls dream,—  
For this is dreaming time.

The laughing moon swings high above,  
The breeze sweeps by, the whole night through;  
While every dreamer dreams of love:  
I dream of eyes of blue.

Alas! my dreams are scarce begun,  
The tower bell sends up a cry:  
"Wake up! Wake up! behold the sun,  
Lo! dreaming time is long gone by!"

*Eula Rice, Sen. C.*

### Graduate '22.



ETHEL TOBIN is a happy lass from Glace Bay who came to us four years ago to begin a course of study with Provincial C. Success has attended her from the start. From year to year she has climbed the ladder of knowledge, always smiling and chubby, but with the firm determination to accomplish two ends; first to graduate, and second, to get thin. She has accomplished the first, and the second is still a possibility.

No one has ever borne with greater fortitude and good-nature the ups and downs of boarding-school life; and no one perhaps has ever found greater sympathy and friendliness among her companions than Ethel. With her contagious laugh, her smooth temper, and her gift of blarney, she has made many friends.

As she hints in her tragic poem, "I Study-oh-so", the life of a college Sophomore, though privileged, is not exempt from trial; and her acquaintance with the planets and her experience with midnight oil are subjects of wonder if not of envy among the less learned.

Ethel has a leaning towards Dartmouth, but there is no need for alarm; her visits are confined to the Convent of Our Lady Immaculate.

In future days, Ethel may appear on the stage of life, as on our own platform, in Portia's cap and gown. May all good fortune attend her!

*Graduate '22.*

RACHEL HAGEN has been at the Mount, one might say, from her callow infancy, but that is not so very long ago. She first came to us as a pale, graceful little miss from Jamaica, who played the mandolin charmingly and performed aesthetic physical exercises with ease and skill. She has grown since into a quiet, dignified, young lady, whose days are spent in company with her violin.

As a teacher of violin, Rachel has proved not only her own talent and her ability to bring music out of others, but has displayed more lasting gifts and beautiful, of a calm self-possession and gentle sweetness which will mean much for her future success. She has other talents, too, for she inherits her mother's taste for art, though she professes to have scarcely begun to paint as yet.

With all these virtues and gifts, is it surprising that some one may yet find it worth his while to "toil seven years for Rachel" and count the labor nothing "for the greatness of his love"?

*Graduate '22.*

ONLY two years ago, Helen Gorman's portrait graced our pages, as a graduate from the Commercial Class. It has been a satisfaction to both her teachers and companions that our gifted Amherst lady did not leave the Mount for good in June 1920, but returned in September to follow a course in music.

Helen's violin is, after Jean, her greatest friend. She has clung to it perseveringly, and after many years of hard study, she has reached the height of her ambition and has given her graduation recital.

Not only in music does Helen show talent. In the studio, she produces dainty china-painting, and in the sewing-room masterpieces of mending! In the gymnasium, she is one of our most skilled fencers; she swings herself as lightly on the rings and bars as she swings Indian clubs in her graceful hands. She plays basket-ball and tennis, and is an all-round girl.

Her nonchalance under difficulties is well known, but Helen believes in the proverb: "Smile and the world smiles with you." May her future success be as great as that attained at M. S. V.!

*Graduate '22.*

RUTH is not a newcomer at the Mount. As early as 1917, she was found in the ranks of our advanced students in literature and music. On leaving school, however, Ruth was not contented to settle down to a life of idleness, so after a brief trial of the existence of a lady of leisure, she returned to the Mount to learn something of the ways of business life. Earnest in everything she undertakes, Ruth has scored a brilliant success in the commercial class.

Ruth's chief delight, however, is in recreation. To her we may apply the quotation; "True as the dial to the sun," for who ever saw Ruth's "sun" without Ruth?

As a tennis player, Ruth holds the palm for 1922. In the orchestra, she is a dependable pianist. At recreation, when she is not basking in the sunshine, she furnishes lively music for the dancers. Altogether, she is a good student, a good athlete, a good musician, and a good friend. Loyal to the Mount and true to herself, we feel that Ruth is destined to do something worth while in life.

*Graduate '22.*

ACCORDING to Mildred, North Sydney is the one spot on earth worth living on. Well, "Chacun pour soi," and Mildred was born in North Sydney; so we can hardly blame her for her partiality for that far-off corner.

Mildred's early training was received with the Sisters at their academy in her native town; and that it was a thorough training, has been demonstrated since her coming to the Mount. A commercial course calls for quickness of thought and practical-mindedness. Mildred has both. In book-keeping, she is the resource of unfortunate classmates who occasionally get entangled in the meshes of labyrinthine accounts; in debate she is ready and alert; in Law she shows a keen interest. Altogether she is good commercial student.

Not only in the class-room does Mildred show special capabilities. In the gymnasium she is an active athlete; and on the base-ball field and the tennis court, she exhibits much skill. In basket-ball, she plays an energetic game with the famous First Reds.

By her bright manner and happy personality, Mildred has made many friends at the Mount. As a business woman we feel that she will have an interesting and successful career.

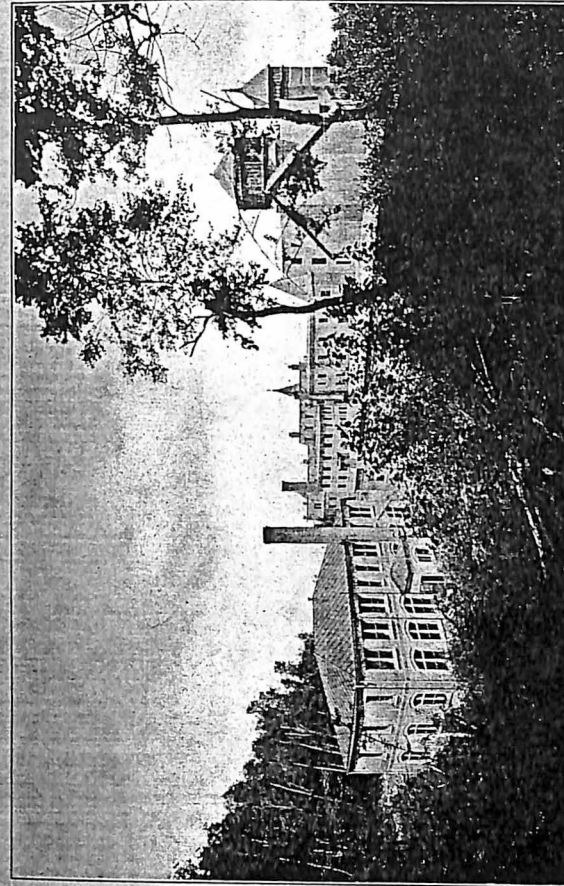


*Graduate '22.*

BILLY," as she is sometimes called, is another advocate of North Sydney, and for the same reason as her chum, Mildred. Following the good example of her sister Elsie, Mary came to the Mount in September to take up a commercial course; and like her sister, she has made a success of her work.

With her merry brown eyes and winning smile, Mary has found a place in all our hearts. Quiet, and a trifle nonchalant, she pursues her way and works out her own ideas, regardless of time or worry. Somehow she always manages to have her way, even to the extent of shortening her beautiful hair, and destroying thereby the classic appearance of her lovely head.

Mary's chief delight is to work on the No. 1 Remington Typewriter, and in this art she excels. Whether or not Mary is to make use of the learning acquired at the M.S.V. remains to be seen. Wherever she goes, and whatever she does, we feel sure that Mary will never lose her equanimity, nor forget her motto: "Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you."



MOUNT ST. VINCENT FROM THE HILLS

*La-Let-Go.*

Hence, loathed Study hour!  
 That spoilest all my day!  
 When fain I would say nay  
 Thou visitest my bowers:  
 Thou check'st the smile upon my face,  
 And sober'st me when I am gay;  
 To work thou makest me tribute pay.  
 And all when I would rather dance  
 Or try my luck at cards, perchance;  
 But come! sweet Recreation hour  
 The bell peals out from yonder tower,  
 The girls downstairs to Gouter go,  
 They walk on "light fantastic toe."  
 For fifteen minutes we are free  
 To do-just what? Oh, you will see.  
 Someone strums the piano keys:  
 "Oh, be my partner; won't you please?"  
 Away we go, "sweet mountain nymphs"  
 With ears quite hid and hair in crimps.  
 Then sounds the bell; stern silence falls  
 And guards keep order in the halls.  
 But oh, delight! at four o'clock  
 We get decked out to take our walk.  
 In winter time, it is our boast  
 That we can skate, toboggan, coast.  
 On stormy days at Basket-Ball  
 Indoors we play,-Reds, Blues and all;  
 And with sweet Spring our spirits race  
 When Basket-ball is joined with Base.  
 At Tennis, too, we love to play  
 All through the lovely Summer day,  
 "Land of Content!" for such this is,  
 Far from Math or History "Quizz."  
 But play, and laugh, and chatter much  
 Must cease at five, for "life is such."  
 Then, after Notes and Beads and tea,  
 Away with Quiet! away with Peace!  
 Our fun and dancing do not cease,  
 Exams may come; and then, heigh-ho!  
 I'll change my name from "La-LET-GO!"

Ethel Tobin, '22

*I Study Oh-So!*

Hence, vain deluding Pleasure!  
 Cease fun! and Juniors' giddy noise;  
 Away with dance and daily joys,  
 A waste of time in precious measure.  
 Begone, bright Sunshine from my room;  
 Why seek to take me from my books?  
 Why beckon me to sunny nooks  
 Why distract? I desire thee not.  
 Vanish! for my brains' distraught.  
 Be my helpmate, Gertie Gloom  
 The clock rings out its mellow chime,  
 To bed they creep; the hour is nine.  
 When lights are out and prayers are said  
 I steal away from those in bed.  
 Along the hall I slowly go,  
 The creaking stairs must feel my toe,  
 I've studied every step aright,  
 Sole watcher of the starry night.  
 My books are piled before me high  
 While I work out with sleepless eye  
 The problems of Geometry,  
 Of Algebra and Chemistry;  
 But "Book of Themes," come forth to view!  
 O'erstained with ink of reddest hue,  
 Thou art my joy, my life, my all  
 I'd sooner thee than Basket Ball.  
 Staid Logic, though, I must confess,  
 Holds for me yet more loveliness!  
 I work on till the Midnight Hour  
 Calls out to me from lofty tower  
 And then to bed, with pleasant smile  
 For I have spent a day worth while.  
 From early morn till after tea  
 I've been at class and study,-see!  
 I've made my name and it will go  
 On an early tomb,-"I Study-Oh-So!"

Ethel Tobin, '22

*First Violin*

Blossom Davison  
Rachel Hagen  
Helen Gorman  
Kathleen Allison

*Second Violin*

Florence Connors  
Jeanne Champoux  
Jessie McIntyre  
Mary Holmes  
Margaret Mahoney

*Third Violin*

Mary Montague	Rosemary Finn
Katherine Beazley	Agnes Nott
Dolly Webber	Helen Stokes
Helen Grant	Mildred Morson

*Piano*

Marjorie Arthur  
Ruth Parsons

Gertrude Smith  
Elspeth Andrews  
Kathleen Hagen

*'Cello*

Madeline Fitch  
Eula Rice

*Benedict XV as I Saw Him.*

ON the third of April, nineteen twenty-one, our party arrived in Rome. Our first care was to consult the Canadian representative, Monsignor Cloutier, in regard to our prospective visit to the Vatican and to the Holy Father. Monsignor gave us all necessary information; and next day, provided with a card from Cardinal Bégin, himself a confrère of the Pope, and a letter from Monsignor Leonard, we visited the Vatican. Our request for an audience was filed, and a week later the Pope's messenger brought us a card of admittance.

Visiting hour began at 11 A. M. Dressed in black, and wearing black veils, we drove to the Vatican. The huge palace was very quiet; Swiss guards stood on the stairs and in the halls. Led by our guide, we passed through the long corridor to a reception room tapestried with red silk. At one end stood the Pope's Throne, and around were seats covered with red plush. Here were gathered about a hundred people from different parts of the world, all gazing eagerly towards the door at the farther end of the room through which the Holy Father was to enter.

Half an hour slowly passed. We were arranged in a semi-circle about the room. Then softly the door swung back and a chamberlain conducted the Holy Father into our midst. Another chamberlain followed, and Benedict began his gentle progress about the room. I watched the slight figure passing from one to another. What a power was invested in that delicate brown hand that wore the Fisherman's Ring! Slowly they passed, the chamberlains with their purple sashes, the Holy Father in his white soutane. He was of small build, and one shoulder was slightly higher than the other. The face was thin; and the complexion, olive. The black Italian eyes looked kindly at us through rimmed spectacles, but the whole aspect of the man was grave and, I thought, weary.

There were two religious in the assembly, and he spoke to them quietly; he also said a few words to a group of war veterans. My uncle asked him for a special blessing for our family, and he gave it. Then he mounted the platform of the throne and lifted his hand in benediction. All heads bowed low. Then he was gone. The audience was over; we had seen the Vicar of Christ, had touched his hand, and we carried away his blessing.

*Jeanne Champoux, Sen. C.*

### *His Majesty the King.*

A CLICK, a whirr, then the antiquated Nuremburg clock on the wall emitted a single, impatient boom, somewhat in the fashion of a testy old gentleman who having cleared his throat launches forth into, "Tut, what's all this about?" A few seconds later the dainty French timepiece on the mantel mocked with silvery chime, "Mais ouie, what ees this about?" Surely by half hour after midnight sensible folk are partaking blissfully of "great nature's second course." Yet a dark mass stirred in the depths of the easy chair before the smouldering fire in the grate, moved, struggled upwards, and like some monster-winged moth emerging from its chrysalis stretched out mighty arms, unfolded limbs of prodigious length, and with a final toss of a snowy head stood erect on the hearth-rug. With quick deft movements a log was placed on the glowing embers and the upspringing blaze revealed strong massive features and a countenance startlingly youthful beneath such venerable white hair. Another log sent the shadows dancing, while from the remote darkness beyond the ever-widening circle of light strange objects caught and reflected bright gleams; a sabre with hilt of Eastern workmanship, a Venetian mirror, pewter trays, and a modern German helmet, and finally the burnished topnot of a sleepy parrot withdrawn for a moment from under a nightcap wing, whither after a muttered "Stuff and nonsense" repeated thrice, the brilliant head again disappeared.

"Stuff and nonsense," repeated the occupant of the hearth rug to the mysterious creatures who inhabited the flames. He yanked impatiently the pendant chain of the reading lamp on the table—there was nothing visionary about its powerful rays—and back in the easy chair once more he essayed an article on Diet and The Working Man. Its reasonings were not too intricate to follow. "The correlation of the quantity of food,—food." Shades of Bacchyledes! the two o's of food seemed to grow larger and from their oval frames peer forth two luminous appealing grey eyes, the same that had reproached his interrupted slumber and entreated from the shifting fire faces.

"Elenore," he protested, "why do you stab me to the heart with that dumb sad appeal?" The grey eyes faded away and, as a thousand times before in the long empty years since her passing, John Mandeville conjured up the scenes of their brief blissful year of married life. He saw her as when he first met her with

the sweet shy reverence of her convent schooldays still enveloping her like a mantle and shielding her radiant beauty from the harsh, cutting winds of a wordly society. He relived the happy evenings when she played the graceful role of hostess to the most renowned of the great city,—none too famous to merit the invitation of this proud husband. He glimpsed her delicate profile as when she knelt beside him in the church wrapt in awed worship, oblivious to all, even him. "Let us go pay court to His Majesty," she would say. Oh, he used to pray then and believe there was a merciful Divinity who had blessed him above all others with this choicest of blessings. She was the only deity he worshipped now, enshrined in living memories. He adored her alone and fled the Being the ignorant hordes deemed kind and bountiful.

He had fled from God, but escaped Him not. The Arctic snow-fields were not too bleak, the tropic jungles too wild, the Orient lands too pagan, but His Majesty had set up His throne, though the palaces were shabby enough; and held His court, though the loyal subjects were brown of skin, or black or yellow.

In morbid, selfish grief, in almost childish petulance he inwardly sulked and cried for the precious toy not his, of which he had been deprived. He indulged poetic fancies, hearing her laugh in the low gurgling streams or reaching out to touch her wedding veil in the drift of moonshine in some dark glade. All the while men saw a cold, brilliant, successful civil engineer, and little suspected the inner fires of this snowcapped Fujiyama.

When the war clouds of 1914 broke, he was in Paris. Immediately he joined the Foreign Legion. In the tumult of battle he sensed still more strongly the power of the hidden King. Earthly thrones were toppling, yet the Unseen Monarch was fast spreading His Kingdom. His agents were indefatigable and at their beck and call He came Himself into the din and hideous slaughter. Everywhere panic-stricken faces calmed at the blessing of a small white Host, and men faced danger with a laugh, met death with a smile, because the royal Master fed their souls with His courage and mingled His blood in their veins.

For his part Mandeville courted death and smiled sardonically to see it spurn him. "One of those pious fools would say," he thought, "that the prayers of a loved one were preserving me. The shells love me, like sparrows the cat." So the close of the war found him still in active service with American Expedition to which he had been transferred. Association with his fellow countrymen turned his thoughts to the land of his birth and drew him Westward. Breaking up the establishment in Paris where this cosmopolitan had located the accumulations of his world wanderings, he reached the American shore and found what least he anticipated,—a welcome.

\* \* \* \* \*

The angel that came to summon Elenore to the heavenly court brought down a tiny soul to fill her place. John Sebastian Mandeville outgeneraled his aunts from his cradle, soon learning that a howl was efficacious command



enough to obtain immediate fulfillment of his infantile caprices. At five he sat with fifty more saucer-eyed little boys to be guided along the paths of formal education by the skilled direction of Sister Mary. A little coterie at recess invariably played soldier to John Sebastian's leadership. When a rainy day kept him captive at home, he tried military tactics on a family of cats; and Aunties found him parading the garret with soldier hat and gun over his shoulder from the bayonet of which a piece of meat, suspended by a string, lured on a disorderly army of squalling kittens and their mother. Unfortunately the bait was captured and the demoralized troops deserted. At nine, the poor Sister whose task it was to hold Young America in check five hours out of every day, found that John Sebastian nightly devoured his father's library to flood her with questions daily on the fine points of history. Futile efforts to keep pace with his avidity reduced her to the expedient of letting him run a question box and dig to his heart's content in the sand-pile of the past.

At twelve, the Jesuits received this active and militant soul into their charge. Father Daly, just back from military chaplainship at the front, filled with the desire of drawing the boys close to the Eucharistic King and of rightly directing their surplus energies so prone to lead them dangerously astray, unfolded a project he had long contemplated. He announced himself as Ambassador from the King of the Tabernacle sent to the subjects of the King to muster an army to help extend the Kingdom on earth and to overthrow the enemy, the devil. Commissions would be given in this army according to the fulfillment of certain requirements. One who was faithful for a month to receiving one Communion a fortnight and hearing one Mass a week, paying one visit to the tabernacle a week and reciting ten times a day the battle cry, "Praised be the most Sacred Heart of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament," might enlist as private in the Eucharistic army. The requirements were heavier for the higher ranks, rising to the generalship with seven Communions and Masses, seven visits, one of an hour, and the war cry one hundred times a day.

Recruiting was brisk. At the end of a month, John Sebastian, who had early found in the quiet sanctuary the love his fatherless and motherless little heart craved, found himself a general of the army. When he went for his weekly long interview with His Majesty he bargained thus: "Send my father home and I'll haul him into the ranks."

\* \* \* \* \*

One Saturday morning, John Sebastian, rummaging in the attic among some dusty folios he had recently discovered, was drawn to the front gable window by the sound of an automobile stopping before the house with rasping brakes. "As good as a movie from the second balcony," he observed as he watched the scene below. The chauffeur, more obsequiously than is the wont of these lords of the earth, opened the door of the machine, drew from its interior some bags and suitcases, a bird cage and a monkey on a strap, and stood aside to assist out a

tall khaki-clad figure. The cavalcade advanced up the steps of the veranda and disappeared from the view of the absorbed onlooker. The sound of the bell roused him from his trance, and down three flights of stairs with lightning speed flew John Sebastian to throw himself breathlessly on the military form with an outburst of greetings and ecstatic hugs, and a final, "I say, father, I'm glad you're a soldier." Taken off his guard, the dignified officer replied, "Delighted to make my son's acquaintance," and staring in amazement at some bright drops splashing on his spotless coat front, he straightened to attention and proclaimed, "I'll make a soldier of you too, my lad. Report for training immediately."

\* \* \* \* \*

A wonderful, strange existence commenced for father and son. The military program was followed in all its strictness from reveille to taps, and with fencing, boxing, riding and motoring, plans for a summer camp and drilling daily, instructor and pupil were fast learning each other and the joys of family affection.

But one cannot serve in two opposing armies without being traitor to one side or the other. Through all their growing intimacy, John Sebastian sensed intuitively that two topics lay beyond the bounds of conversation with his father. They were God and Mother. The daily program conflicted with the service of the Eucharistic King. Colonel John, as Mandeville Senior was styled, set down horse-back riding for the only hour of the day that His Majesty summoned His subjects to pay Him their homage. At the end of the month John Sebastian was demoted, and too loyal to his father to plead a legitimate excuse, he took the disgrace in silent misery. He crept into the empty church at dusk that evening and acknowledged to his King his failure to keep faith. Somehow courage replaced his wretchedness and he resolved to have the matter out at home that very night.

At the dinner table he went straight to the point. "Colonel John, couldn't postpone our riding lesson in the mornings for a half hour? You know I always used to go to church at that time, and—"

"You've been tied to the apron strings of the Jesuits long enough. We'll get you into a real school in the fall, and you'll soon forget that sentimental stuff and nonsense."

Quick as a flash the words came tumbling out of John Sebastian's overwrought heart:

"If Mother were alive, you couldn't stand between us and God."

The lad quailed before the hurricane of invectives that poured out upon him. Strong men had cringed when Mandeville let loose his wrath. Many a time a trembling doughboy had gladly faced the enemy's fire to escape the terrible lashing of that tongue. But John Sebastian stood his ground till ordered

out of sight. Then, pale and with head erect, he made for his room where he could give vent to his terror and grief, unseen and unashamed.

Mandeville brooded by the fire till roused by the stroke of the old German horologue. John Sebastian tossed restlessly and talked incessantly during his uneasy slumbers. And in the dark chapel of the Jesuit Mission a still form with outstretched weary arms pleaded for souls to serve the King. The silent Monarch who sleeps yet ever watches, saw all three and with invincible attraction planned to draw all of them to Himself.

The musing of the occupant of the armchair was again disturbed by a little brown figure. Jocko disapproved of such late hours, and stealthily secured the watch and fob from his master's belt. He scolded and chattered with a look of almost human severity on his funny black face, but receiving no response save a grunt, started off bearing the watch with him. Down the corridor he fled, and Mandeville took up the pursuit which ended in the young lad's chamber.

The light from the hall shone on the flushed cheeks and tousled hair of the sleeper. Something sharp pierced the heart of the father at the unwanted sight of the child asleep. "He looks like his mother tonight," thought the man, and suddenly realized that little Sebastian's grey eyes, not Elenore's, had haunted him. With that realization came a pang of regret at the remembrance of his shameful neglect of his little son.

The long lashes were raised and the troubled orbs once more looked upon the newly-roused man. "Is that you, Father?" said a sleepy voice, "is it time to get up?" Rather embarrassed, the father remarked that he had decided to let the riding in the morning be put off a half-hour. Thoroughly awakened now, John Sebastian sat up in bed and beamed all over. "I guess I'll be a general again next month," he said. He then launched forth into a description of the army of the Tabernacle. "Father Daly says," he added, "that we can't collect our pay now, but that we'll get all in a lump sum when we report to headquarters higher up. It must be a little of mine advanced now, because you came home."

"I have been serving the enemy a good many years, lad. Do you think that Father Daly of yours has pull enough to get me into the army as a buck private?"

"Private, father! He'll make you a commander-in-chief before he gets through with you."

And he did.

A. G. W.

## *The Old Mount Clock.*

At times a smile, at times a frown  
We see on the Old Mount Clock,  
As the sombre light creeps up and down  
The hall near the Old Mount clock.  
And the stragglers shrink from the pointing hand  
That seems to beckon and seems to command  
"You're late!" says the Old Mount Clock.

Do you see all the trouble your hands do give,  
You mischievous Old Mount Clock!  
Through sorrow and joy alike you live  
Your life, O Old Mount Clock.  
No one can tell the things you've seen,  
No one will know the secrets you glean  
On the staircase, Old Mount Clock.

Many the nights that we sleep nearby  
The friendly Old Mount Clock;  
And as on the border of dreamland we lie,  
Comes the tick of the Old Mount Clock.  
Will you still strike on in the years to be?  
And will they love you as much as we?  
I hope so, Old Mount Clock.

*Jean McDonald, Sen. C.*

## Dean Swift.

THERE is an old play, written in the days of Queen Elizabeth, which a great comedian entitled "Every man in His Humor." Ben Johnson surely meant "Every Man in His Own Mood," yet it seems to me there is another meaning we might attach to this original title. Every man has his humor, his own particular humor, which is as natural to him as life itself. It may be a brilliant humor such as Shakespeare shows; it may be a loving humor, such as we find in Steele; it may be a gentle humor, such as Addison indulged in, and it may be a savage humor—the humor of Swift. We enjoy Shakespeare, we love Steele, we admire Addison,—but what of Swift? Has no one a kindly word for this great lonely man? Cut off, even in death, from his fellow authors, Swift stands alone in his corner of the house of fame. All stand aloof and gaze at him, as it were, through iron bars, few approach near enough to find in the life of this man of bitterness, more to pity than to blame.

Born in Dublin in 1667, Swift fell heir to the name of an Irishman; and educated among the people of the Emerald Isle, it is said he acquired a brogue. However that may be, Swift did not appreciate his Irish breeding; and after a rather wild career at College, he entered the service of Sir William Temple, as chaplain and secretary to that great man. Swift was clever, proud,—and ambitious. He chafed under the yoke of servitude for five years, and then took a small Irish preferment offered him. But even Swift had to trample on his pride and seek favor from his patron. He returned to Moor Park, and for five more years remained as silent spectator of the great world that passed over Sir William's threshold. He learned much in those years of suffering; he saw beneath the periwigs and pompous exterior of men, into the hearts entangled by petty interests. Swift bowed, smiled even, upon his superiors; but in his heart he nourished the passion of hatred,—the passion that ruined his life. He hated with all the intensity of a strong nature:—he hated falseness, he hated meanness, he hated injustice. There was only one in whom he found nothing to hate;—and her he loved.

When Sir William died and the household was scattered, Swift took under his protection the one creature who loved him, and whom he loved. He took to live at his house, little Hester Johnson,—his Stella. But when social power came, it blinded Swift's eyes to the pure shining of Stella. He did not

forget her,—no, he wrote her charming letters in what he called his "little language"—but he met Vanessa; and Vanessa, too, came under the influence of that wonderful personality which he revealed to so few. Then the crash came. Swift, fallen from power, made a hasty retreat into Ireland, and Vanessa followed. Then he married Stella, and his fair London admirer died of chagrin. In the years that followed, he lived in Ireland, Dean of St. Patrick's and the idol of the people he despised. He had written his "Drapier's Letters,"—clever, no doubt, but terribly inhuman; and they had made his name.

When Stella died, the light of his life went out, and he was left alone to fight against the darkness he saw approaching. It was during this period that he wrote his "Gulliver's Travels," a work at first interesting and humorous, but at length as terrible as Swift's own end. For twelve years he struggled, and then the darkness came. In 1745, death relieved him of the burden of his life, and he was laid to rest in the Cathedral of St. Patrick's. There we may read those words composed by himself:—"Here lies Swift—where savage indignation can no longer lacerate his heart."

"Saeva indignatio"—it was a terrible anger—that anger of Swift's; not the quick flash of an ordinary temper that wears itself out on a short space, but a brooding, fierce, insane, passion that ruined the life of a great genius. Insanity always lurked in Swift's nature. We cannot think otherwise when we read those memoirs he has left. Swift could be noble. He was proud, overbearing, hard, but he was true. He despised the petty foibles of men,—but he went too far. The evil in humanity seemed to prey on his soul and choke up every feeling of pity or love that might have been there. Thackeray says: "An immense genius; an awful downfall. So great a man he seems to me that thinking of him is like thinking of an empire falling." True words, and spoken with genuine feeling. For Thackeray pitied though he says himself he cannot love Swift. He seems to think that Swift was not lovable as Steele was; the author of "Gulliver's Travels" holds no place even in Thackeray's big heart. He deals with Swift justly, but not lovingly. All his sympathy goes out to the lesser man, Dick Steele;—perhaps because Steele was big-hearted like himself, and "Charity covereth a multitude of sins." But somehow Swift leaves a deeper impression. He was his own worst enemy and despite the hard things told of his life, even Thackeray calls him great.

M. L. W. '12

## *The Eighth Sleeper.*

WHOEVER has dwelt at the Mount must remember the class-room corridor. It is one of the many corridors which traverse the great house, and has, perhaps, the most homelike air. Every hour of day, whether morning or evening, the ringing bells produce a change in the silent, busy atmosphere of the corridor and they are considered by all good students, in class or out, as perfect timepieces.

At the end of this corridor, one may see a small class-room, whose shining floor gleams through three rows of desks. It is a classroom of classical appearance having in corners three majestic plants, decedents of a stately family dating back to the reign of Victoria. (May she rest in peace!)

In this same classroom, and in one of the three rows of desks, which, to tell the truth, are polished to perfection, there used to sit, many years since, while Ireland was yet under Great Britain, a plump, good-natured girl, of the name of Mary Lyons. She was a descendant of the Lyons' who figured so prominently in the prosperous days of President Harding. She inherited, however, but little of the natural ambition of her ancestors.

The great error in Mary's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable study. It could not be from want of assiduity or perseverance, for she would sit in a study room and sketch faces for hours without a murmur, even though she would not be encouraged by a single likeness. She would carry a music folio under her arm for numerous minutes, trudging through corridors and rooms, upstairs and down, to end by practising five minutes out of ten.

In truth, she declared it of no use to keep her desk tidy. It was the most messy desk in the whole school; everything in it went wrong, in spite of all her efforts.

Times grew worse and worse with Mary as the weeks rolled on. It became her one consolation to join her companions and talk over the latest proceedings of the school. The discussion, at times, would become almost as serious as the all-absorbing Irish question.

By the spring of 1922, poor Mary had become so desperate, that her one escape and relief was to take a book and stroll towards the upper reservoir, and there to sit under a spreading chesnut tree and meditate. There, on a sunny

April morning, as Mary sat dreaming and listening to the dull chug-chug of a gas engine, then at work on an artesian well, she noticed a dark gray substance filling the air. Now this substance was no other than the smoke of the aforesaid engine, and it so clouded the atmosphere that Mary soon found herself uncontrollably sleepy.

Through the drowsy stillness, there drifted a familiar sound, and Mary, battling with her eye-lids, wondered if it could be the warning clap; but gradually fell asleep.

On waking, she found herself under the chesnut tree where she had seen the smoke. She rubbed her eyes—it was apparently a few minutes since she had fallen asleep. Yet where was the sound of the engine and the cloud of smoke? Missing both, Mary became alarmed. "Surely," thought she, "I have not slept here through English period." She recalled the clap and wondered what excuse she could give.

She determined to gain the house without being noticed, and arose to do so, but found herself stiff and hungry. Hoping to find some gouter, she hurried out of the woods and was amazed to see before her the shining waters of a swimming-pool. As far as Mary could recollect, this was the exact spot where she last saw the reservoir when passing not so long before.

Exclaiming aloud over this transformation, and doubting her own senses, Mary continued down the hill, which was no longer a rough wooded slope, but a cool and inviting park. On the left for some distance, where Saint Joseph's hill was once green with potatoes, was spread a golf course!

Coming around the corner, she beheld not only the Mount with its towers and wings, but another structure, of brick and granite, covering the terraces. The building had but two stories, and a flat roof surmounted by an iron railing; which gave Mary more food for thought. Out of the building came several girls and a Sister. They gazed at Mary in wonder, some laughing, all staring, as they approached.

Mary in her turn looked at them. They certainly did exhibit the extreme of her own costume, with skirts reaching nearly to the ankles and hair cut so short that at least half of the ear could be seen. The short hair attracted her most and she involuntarily felt her own which, to her amazement, was no less than two feet long. This was too much. Mary was about to ask the Sister where she was, when it occurred to her that even the Sister was changed. She wore no longer the little shiny, black cap, but a long veil.

"Does nobody know Mary Lyons?" she cried in despair.

"Mary Lyons? Oh, to be sure," replied one of the girls, "She was here years ago with our mothers, and strayed into the woods one day, never to return,



It is believed that she was stolen by gypsies who were then passing through the country."

Three Sisters taking their walk joined the group, and one, recognizing Mary as her old class-mate, immediately hurried to her rescue. Such a shock did Mary receive when, standing before her, explaining to the others, she beheld Molly Wood who introduced herself as Sister Maria Leonis and endeavored to put all things straight in her old friend's mind.

Now, it required time for Mary to find her way about the building; several extensions making things rather confusing, and to explore the Science building which had given her so much thought on her awakening.

Aeroplanes were as numerous as automobiles had once been, and it was a never-ending source of delight for Mary to sit and watch these huge mechanical birds flit through the air.

Although the long skirts did not appeal to her, she had no objection to the bobbed hair, and soon became friendly with the new girls. Afternoon tea was daily served in the lower flat of the Science building; and over the teacups Mary learned the story of Ireland's independence and all the main events since her rather prolonged nap.

It may be stated that study was not on Mary's programme, and that from morning till night she led a life of ease which agreed with her quite as much as it suited her friends. Her one occupation was story-telling; and in that she won honors, especially from the young generation who thought her as good as a fairy-tale and better than a circus.

Under these conditions, Mary lost her worried expression and became so fat that it was no longer possible to see her twinkling eyes, save when she was very grave, which was seldom. She now adopted the wise habit of placing an alarm clock by her side whenever she went to sleep. Still she did not object to the title conferred on her by unanimous consent, "The Eighth Sleeper."

*Catherine Chesley, Sen. D.*

## *A Mount Jumbly.*

She sailed away in a spoon, she did,  
In a spoon she went to sail;  
In spite of her cold and the weather, too,  
She felt quite sick, she felt quite blue:  
In a spoon she went to sail.  
And all the sea was castor-oil,  
With marcel waves no damp could spoil,  
And she thought to herself, "It's a leaky old trough,  
And I'm sure I'll die of the whooping cough.  
In this spoon I will not sail!"  
Slide and glide, glide and slide,  
O'er the slippery, slimy, sea,  
A cough-drop stuck in either hand,  
To keep off ennui.

She sailed away in a spoon, she did,  
In a spoon she went to sail;  
A pirate-ship came over the brine,  
Its sails were streaked with iodine,  
'Twas the ship with the Mount girls' mail;  
And the pirate-captain called afar,  
A pale-faced, spare-ribbed, lank old tar:  
"Aboard there ho! Which way dost go?  
Climb up here! Quick! don't be so slow!  
Slide and glide, glide and slide,  
O'er the slippery, slimy sea,  
A cough-drop stuck in either hand,  
To keep off ennui.

So she climbed aboard and looked about,  
And saw some prisoners looking out;  
"We've tricked you now, you can't go far,"  
Said the smiling, pale-faced, spare-ribbed tar,  
But to her assistance comes first-mate  
A jolly lad with brick-red pate.

In a minute or two he puts down sail,  
 Then throws the lean captain over the rail.  
 "So now we'll go for a sail in the spoon,  
 And we'll glide away to the Land of the Moon."  
 The cheerful mate and his prisoner pale,  
 Both climbed aboard and started to sail,  
 Slide and glide, glide and slide,  
 O'er the slippery, slimy sea,  
 A cough-drop stuck in either hand,  
 To keep off ennui.

They went to sail in castor-oil,  
 In a spoon they went to sea,  
 In spite of fogs and big ships, too,  
 In spite of all the tars could do,  
 They went to sail in the spoon.  
 And when the spoon turned round and round,  
 And the prisoners cried, "You'll both be drowned,"  
 They called aloud, "We're full of grease,  
 Oh! Won't you come to our release?"  
 But ere a sailor could jump in,  
 The girl felt someone pinch her chin,  
 She opened her eyes and got a jar;  
 The face she saw was old Jack Tar,  
 "Good gracious! child," the Sister said,  
 "You've got a bad cold in your head,  
 You've spilt your glass of castor-oil,  
 And all your bedclothes you did spoil!"

M. K. Donahoe, Sen. C.

## *The Heritage of the Youngest Child.*

MANY people are of the opinion that they were born under an unlucky star. "Just my luck!" they will exclaim, "I was born unlucky." Now I hold that the majority of us are responsible for our own unhappiness. However, there does exist a small minority which had the misfortune of coming into this world at a disadvantage. Judging from my own observation and experience, I should place these unfortunates in three classes. The first are those born with red hair; the next, those born tired; and the last, those born the youngest of the family. Those afflicted with red hair I pity because they never hear the end of it; those born tired, because they never get over it; and those born last because they always get the end of everything. Of the first two classes I cannot bring myself to speak in detail; the subject is too painfully personal. Towards the third class, however, I feel that I can be properly sympathetic, since there is no danger of falling into maudlin self-pity.

My separation of the "last born" into a group of unfortunates, dates from my acquaintance with a family, consisting of the parents and four daughters. They were not too well equipped with this world's goods, and so the daughters had some slight disturbances and difficulties among themselves whenever it came to the all absorbing subject of clothes. But the youngest had all my sympathies; a dress "fresh from the store" was a joy unknown to her. Fortunately, she was a generous, affectionate little girl who always took the cast-offs of her elders with such evident satisfaction that there was not all the trouble in the household that there might have been. Of course, the other three also had to compromise a good deal among themselves, and one of them remarked once that it just depended on which one got up first whether the last would find anything presentable to put on when she also saw fit to rise.

When I first met them, the second daughter had a white dress with two frills on the skirt. She wore it until she outgrew it. Some time later her mother, looking for a dress for the youngest daughter, Josephine, to wear to a party, found this one, and added a frill to improve its appearance. This proved so successful that the process was repeated several times in the next few years until it came to be a standing joke in the neighborhood; and whenever Josephine was asked, before a party, what she was going to wear, she would sigh resignedly, "Oh, my white dress of course! Mother's putting another frill on it." Whenever anybody else was asked what Josephine was appearing in, there would be a

general laugh and a chorus of "Another frill!" I suppose she finally came to have frills all the way down; but I never really heard the outcome of the story, for we no longer are neighbors.

The last arrival, as you may have noticed, is sometimes not very warmly welcomed by the other children. They regard it somewhat as an intruder. We once had as neighbors a family of the good old type. One brisk Christmas morning there came the news that a son had arrived next door to take his place as the eighth child in the already well filled house. One of the little girls about five or six years old, was taken to see the lovely present which had been left for them. The "lovely present" was expressing his feelings very forcibly just then, and to all appearances he did not seem pleased at having been left. He greeted the visitors with closed eyes, and open mouth from which issued sounds so dear to the hearts of all. The little girl gazed on him with a look of mingled contempt and pity. "Oh," she said, "the squawky thing!" And I can testify that as the "squawky thing" grew and began to assert his rights, he and this same sister were always at variance. Had not the errands and odd jobs, many and sundry, that came his way, early convinced him that hard, indeed, is the lot of the youngest child, this sister with all her airs of superior age, knowledge, and experience would have proved it for him. Besides, he always felt that fate had favored his brothers and sisters in giving them a birthday and Christmas. To have them both crowded into one was not quite fair.

So, you who consider yourselves unfortunate, think how much worse off, perhaps, you would be if you had not the good fortune to come into the world when you did. How would you feel if, at the age of twenty, your mother still persisted, when introducing you, in saying, "And this is my baby"! I have a friend who is nineteen years old. Her right name, Madeline, has long ago been lost in that of Babe. She resents it, of course, but all to no purpose. Habits of a life-time are not easily broken.

Do you remember that wonderful day when you bought your first school books? What a joy there was in their very newness! Well, just as the youngest's dolls are often the family ones rejuvenated, so also are their books the family ones resurrected from the attic trunk. Such dog-eared, dilapidated, mutilated relics they are! Brother John's drawings and Sister Sue's notes—all are there to distract from lessons, and yet teachers will persist in punishing a youngest child for untidiness and inattention!

Proofs could be multiplied, but, unfortunately, time cannot; so, as we say in debates, "I hope that I have convinced you of the truth of my assertion, that those born last are objects of commiseration."

Constance Gard. Sen. A.

## Dante's Inferno.

SOME fifteen hundred years ago, St. Augustine proposed to himself the question which so generally concerns the twentieth century: "On what matter of all those things of which thou art ignorant, hast thou the greatest desire for enlightenment?" The great Bishop of Hippo becomes the spokesman of humanity when he answers his own question by proposing another: "Am I immortal or not?"

In the realm of literature no work of man has answered that question with greater vividness of imagery, intensity of concentration, and beauty of description—all based in a large measure on the teachings of Christianity—than has The Divine Comedy of Dante. Devised as a love offering to the memory of his beloved Beatrice, who in the work is symbolized as Heavenly Light on the things hidden from man, the poem leads the reader through the dark abyss of Hell, the patient abode of Purgatory, the glorious realm of Heaven, as if the poet had seen Eternity in reality instead of in imagination.

The "Comedy," to which, after Dante's death, posterity added the prefix "Divine," is a religious poem based on Catholic theology. The term "comedy," as Dante explains, here means a certain kind of poetical narrative which differs from all others, in that the poem is not written in classical Latin, but in the popular dialect; and principally, because, although it opens with tragic and tremendous scenes, its close is happy and desirable, so that it is in no way a tragedy.

The subject is the human soul, personified by Dante, and considered in the three spiritual conditions of human life; that is to say, in damnation, purification, and beatitude; in the three realms of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise. This is the literal sense of the poem. In its allegorical significance, it represents three states of spiritual life, sin, repentance, grace. To make it perfectly clear, Dante himself passes through these three states.

Dante indicates that his journey took place during Easter week in the year of the Papal Jubilee, 1300. The descent into Hell, beginning on Good Friday, lasts a night and a day. The descent to Purgatory takes three whole days. How long the poet remains in Paradise, he does not reveal.

In the universe described by Dante, we learn that our earth is round but only one half has habitable land. The other half, that is to say, the part where America lies, is covered by water and has been so ever since Lucifer, the bad

angel, was thrown from Heaven and fell to earth. The earth opened so that he went straight down to the center; but out of shame, this part of the globe had covered itself with water. Lucifer remained fixed with his three faces downwards, so that his front was turned to the old and then known part of the world. Around and above, the three monstrous heads, the earth had also retired, forming the Inferno, a cone-shaped hollow of which the narrow part ended with Lucifer.

The infernal regions are dark, dirty, and dank. No stars light the gloom; nothing but desolation, rain, and wind fill the darkness. The material structure of the Inferno is a series of nine concentric circles—darkness brooding over the whole region—with ledges, chasms, pits, swamps, and rivers. The circles of Hell, distant from one another, decrease in circumference as descent is made—the top circle being the widest. Galileo estimates that Dante's Hell is about four thousand miles in depth and as many in breadth at the widest diameter.

Like the symbolic faces of Lucifer, the divisions of Hell are three in number; incontinence,—bestiality,—malice. Incontinence is punished in the five upper circles; bestiality and malice in the city of Dis, the lower Hell. More particularly stated, Dante's scheme of punishment in the upper Hell, not considering the vestibule of Hell, where neutrals are confined, is as follows: 1. Limbo; 2. The circle of Lust; 3. Gluttony; 4. Avarice and Prodigality; 5. Anger; Rage and Fury; 6. Unbelief and Heresy; 7. Violence; 8. Fraud; 9. Treason. On going through the first five circles, we find in the murky gloom the various classes of the incontinent whose sin has darkened their understanding. In the city of Dis, red with blood, are the violent and the bestial, who in this life burned either with consuming rage or unnatural passion; in the last circle, the frozen circle of malice, are those whose sins congealed human sympathy and love into cold, calculating destruction of the trust reposed in them.

While the pain of loss and the pain of sense constitute the very essence of the punishment of Hell, theologians teach that there are sufferings called accidental. The reprobate never experience the least real pleasure nor are they ever free from the hideous presence of one another. After the last judgment, the lost souls will also be tormented by union with their bodies, a union bringing about a fresh increase of punishment. Virgil explains to Dante that the torments will become worse after the last judgment, because when the soul is united again to the body there will be perfection of being and the resulting sensitiveness will be the more intense. So Dante pictures the damned now united to forms shadowy, yet real, palpable, and visible. They sometimes lose the human semblance and assume more sinister shapes, grovelling in hideous serpents, bleeding and wailing from shrubs and trees, or bubbling in slushy streams.

In such forms, the sins are seen in punishments befitting them on the principle that "by what things a man sinneth, by the same he is tormented." The unchaste because they allowed their reason to be subjected to the hot blasts of passion, are now driven by "A hellish storm which never rests; whirling and smiting; it vexes them." The gluttonous howl like dogs, as hail and rain and snow beat down upon them and Cerberus attacks and rends them. The misers and spendthrifts, to whom money was King, now are occupied in rolling huge stones in opposite directions. The wrathful, all muddy and naked, assail and tear one another. The sullen are fixed in slime and wail a dismal chant. The materialist and the heretic whose existence, Dante holds, was only a living death, are confined in blazing tombs. Murderers and tyrants are immersed in boiling blood. With poetic justice, suicides are represented as stunted trees, lacerated by the beaks of foul harpies. The violent lie supine on a plain of dry, hot sand, upon which descend flakes of fire. Usurers—or might they not be called profiteers?—suffer also from a rain of fire, and carry about their necks money bags stamped with armorial designs. Thieves, to remind them of their sneaking trade, are repeatedly transformed from men into snakes, hissing and creeping. Hypocrites march in slow procession with faces painted and with leaden cloaks all glittering with gold on the outside. With such realism, does Dante declare the nature of sin, and its inevitable consequences.

Dante makes his Hell big enough to hold the majority of mankind. He thinks that the elect will be comparatively few—just numerous enough to fill those places in heaven forfeited by the rebel angels who formed, according to his conjecture, about a tenth of the angelical host. That their places in Heaven are already nearly filled, leaving little room for future generations, Dante makes known in the words of Beatrice:

"Behold our city's circuit, oh, how vast  
Behold our benches now so full that few  
Are they who are henceforth lacking here."

The Inferno is one of the greatest triumphs of poetic art. It has about it a peculiar vividness. It is made to stand out as an objective reality, with dread horrors that are real, and not mere phantoms of an imagination gone mad. Moreover, it must be granted that the characters whom Dante brings upon the scene are not imaginary persons. No, his hell is the hell of the offenders against God, society, and self. The few who rise from the abyss to speak with Dante are types of sinners of all times and of the world over. Some of these whom he recognizes are people whom he had known and loved; as, for instance, Francesca, whom as a child he had danced upon his knee, and Brunetto Latini, the kind old gentleman in whom he recognizes his devoted master. Thus, the picture of hell which we get from Dante's "Inferno" stands out before us as some dread and unaccountable reality which one mortal saw with his own



eyes, and returned to earth to describe. To write as he did, and to blend all the moral discords of the world into the harmonious whole of hell, called for a supreme artist, as is Dante, "the central man of all the world."

*Claire Murphy, Sen. B.*

## *Senator Power—An Appreciation.*

(BY SISTER DE SALES.)

THE passing away of one of the kind benefactors of the Mount deserves more than casual mention in the pages of the Folia Montana. For the past fifty years, the Honorable Laurence Geoffrey Power has been associated with us in sympathy and helpfulness. Always a patron of education, he saw at the outset the great work such an institution as the Mount could accomplish, and he gave it his complete cooperation. In face of the many difficulties which a new enterprise is bound to encounter, he left nothing undone to secure its success.

In his youth Senator Power received his education at St. Mary's College, Halifax, Carlow College and the Catholic University, Ireland; in England and France, and finally at Harvard University where he took his degree in Law. One of his classmates at Harvard was Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes of the Supreme Court of the United States, who wrote of Mr. Power after his death, "I have only pleasant recollections of him." Thus the Senator was well qualified for the important offices he held in the Dominion. As a Speaker in the Senate, Senator Power strove to benefit especially the middle and lower classes, and his death was a real sorrow to many labouring men and women, especially in the city of Ottawa. To his native city also, Senator Power rendered signal services.

His marriage with a pupil of the Mount, Miss Sue O'Leary, a beautiful, intelligent and cultured young lady, strengthened the links that bound him to the Institute, and it is not surprising that his greatest satisfaction in life was that of seeing his eldest daughter follow the noble vocation of a Sister of Charity.

As a citizen, no one could surpass Senator Power in integrity and nobility of character; as a member of the Catholic Church, he gave proof of loyalty and strength of will in his fidelity to its exacting requirements. The heir of a large fortune, he uncomplainingly acquiesced in the munificence of his father who bequeathed almost all his wealth to the work of education and benevolence. Saint Mary's College was greatly assisted by the generosity of Mr. Patrick

Power, K. S. G.; but none of the sons of that noble institute excels in honor the worthy successor of a generous father, our friend, Laurence Geoffrey Power.

The following lines written by his daughter express fittingly the character and aims of Senator Power:

### OBIVIT CHRISTIANUS.

From early dawn to set of sun  
He followed after good,  
And trod the way that Christ had gone  
Bravely, as true man should.

Then through the further gloom he went,  
Where never light can shine  
But the saving radiance of cross,  
Bright with a death divine.

And passed, we trust to the vision of  
His dear Redeemer's face,  
The sunshine and the joyancy  
Of God's abiding-place.



## In Memoriam

OLD pupils of the Mount will learn with sorrow of the passing away of one of the most familiar figures in the academy. On April twenty third, Sister Blanche died quietly at The Academy of the Assumption at Wellesley Hills. Her death is keenly felt by all those who worked with her in the past twenty years at the Mount and who regretted her removal to Wellesley Hills last September.

As a disciplinarian, Sister Blanche had few equals. Her regime was military in its exactness; her control, perfect. It was her aim to do her duty and to do it perfectly. Under her guidance, school life flowed on easily and quietly. Few except the faculty members realized that the general smoothness of academy life depended largely on her. Promptly at 5.30 each morning Sister Blanche was on duty; and until 9.30 at night her vigilance was unceasing.

The great stay of Sister Blanche's life was her devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. Her spare moments were spent before our Eucharistic King, and she did all in her power to increase the devotion of others. On procession days, at the Forty Hours' Devotion, on Holy Thursday, and whenever there was extra work to be done in the sacristy, Sister Blanche was always ready with services, and her artistic skill showed itself best when employed in the service of the altar.

As sewing teacher, Sister has trained many a Mount girl in the art of embroidery, and what is more important, mending. Many a house-wife can look back with smiles and tears on those hours in the Mount sewing room.

Our Alumnae, we know, will be earnest in their prayers for the repose of her soul. Eternal rest give to her, O Lord, and let the everlasting light shine upon her. May she rest in peace!

## The Fount of Healing.

IT was a clear night in late August. The English Channel for once seemed tired of dashing sport, and only lazy little waves lapped the sides of the ship with a monotonous regularity that induced sleep. It was not more than eight o'clock, and I was lying back in my steamer chair tracing with indifferent eyes the figure of Orion as he seemed to stride along the sky, keeping pace with our swift course. We were due at Ostend at half-past ten; most of the passengers had gone within, some to dine, some to smoke and play. At a little distance a motley group exchanged jokes and laughed loud and long. The sound of the voices was not unpleasant; the soft sob of the sea rose and fell rhythmically with my own quiet breaths; the stars shone out with a quiet radiance; there was peace at least on the sea.

In the land to which I was going I knew there waited ruin; in the land which I was leaving there was unrest and pain. Ruin of war, devastated lands, desolate towns, blackened hearths; yet, Belgium was still free. Unrest, anxiety, pain of a war just past—yet England was herself. I mused on all these things, but seemed no more a part of them than were the fishes of the deep below, or the stars of that crystal sea above. The ship's bell struck four and roused me from my reverie.

Just then a young officer sauntered along the deck. He was of medium height and thick-set. His hands were thrust deep into the pockets of his overcoat, and the smoke of his cigarette sent a blue haze floating behind him. A few yards away from where I sat he stood by the rail, leaning his back against a post. In the light of the deck lamps his upturned face was clearly discernible. It was a pleasant face, clean-shaven, unmarked by lines of care, but showing just below the vizard of his cap a scar that grazed the left eye. The eyes were blue or gray, and the mouth and chin clear cut and strong. It was not a handsome face, but it was very likeable.

Suddenly two other men stepped from a side passage-way and walked towards us. For a moment they paused and scrutinized the standing figure, then both came forward hastily. The young man turned at the approach, and his face lighted up.

"Of all people, Bobbs!" cried the elder of the two new-comers. "Where on earth did you come from?"

"To be sure," answered Bobbs," laughing, with a hand in the grasp of each. "I didn't come aboard mid-channel. That reminds me of a lady that I met once when I was going to America. We had been out four days before she sighted me and then she said 'Why, when did you get on?'"

All three laughed heartily and moved on to some deck chairs a few yards away.

"I don't suppose," said the first speaker "that that was the young damsel you used to write verses to in the trenches?"

"One of them, you mean, Doc," added the second, grinning.

The young man addressed was extracting a cigarette-case from his pocket. "Have a smoke?" he said, "Do you know, Doc, I haven't heard myself called 'Bobbs' since we parted company over in Belgium."

"You've grown into dignity, my boy," said the gray-haired doctor. "May I ask your present title?"

"Why, Robert Scofield, M. D., to be sure."

"You forgot the V. C., Bobbs" interrupted the Doctor's companion.

"Oh, never mind that. I say, it is good to see you both! What are you doing, Fred?"

Fred, evidently the youngest of the three, was perhaps about twenty-five years old. The severe tortoise-shell glasses contrasted oddly with his wide, good-natured mouth. He took off his cap as he sat down and showed a close-cropped auburn head.

"What am I doing?" he said. "Oh, I'm going to Ostend for my health."

"Is that so?" said Robert, with feigned concern. "What's the trouble with him now, Doc?"

"Sad case, my dear fellow" answered the doctor. "He's got the journalistic germ again. It's going, you know; so the London Times is sending him away for his health. Evidently he's got it bad. Goggles, too, you notice."

"You see," explained Fred, "after tanks went out of fashion, I couldn't even afford a Ford, so I had to take to my old job."

"And you, Doc, where are you going?"

"First to Ostend to meet a friend of mine, and then with him I'm going down to the South of France. There's a place down there I'm interested in. I suppose you know it as a Catholic. It's Lourdes."

Robert Scofield started. "Lourdes?" he said. "What do you know about it?"

"Only this: At home in Dublin there's a little patient of mine. I have known her for years and she's now only eleven. She's a pet of a youngster, and pretty! She's going to be my wife when she grows up, she says, only I'll have to turn Roman first, like you Freddy."

"You might do worse," said Fred laconically.

Robert was silent. I could see he was interested. He was looking at the Doctor quizzically, but the latter didn't seem to notice it.

"Well, to make a long story short, the child's been an invalid for years; hurt her spine coasting when she was only six, and her little life has been a martyrdom. Poor kid!"

The doctor paused, and neither of the others spoke. Far across the heaving waters where the star-dome dipped into the sea, the full moon peered above the horizon, throwing a little line of silver on our wake.

"Last year," continued the doctor, "the youngster heard somewhere a story about the vision at Lourdes. I had heard of it before but was never interested, but Nora worked herself into a fever about it, and begged to be taken to Lourdes. To satisfy the youngster I advised her parents to take her there; the trip at least would do her good. So they went."

Again the doctor fell silent. Someone in the chattering group beyond us knocked over a chair, just then; there was a loud laugh, and all three turned to look. I felt annoyed, for I wished to hear the doctor's answer. I had heard of the case in Dublin.

"Well," began Robert. "What came of it?"

"The upshot was," said the doctor, "that the youngster came home cured—absolutely cured—walks, runs, is a happy, normal child again. There was no need for examination—she's cured, that's all."

"What do you say about it, Doc?" asked Fred.

Robert Scofield, M. D., was busy flecking off the ash from his cigarette. "What do you **think** about it, Doc?" he said.

The Doctor shook his head.

"I have only two explanations to offer," he said, "and according to the girl's father they have been offered and answered before. One is that there may be some unknown medicinal power in the water; the other is—mental suggestion."

Robert Scofield, M. D., put his head back and laughed.

"I thought so, Doc!" he said; "I hope your visit to the place will satisfy you. You'll find matter enough at Lourdes to keep you guessing for a century."

"You seem to know all about it, Bobbs," said the Doctor."

"Do you know, Bobbs" said Fred, "I never knew you were a Catholic till that night you got hurt while carrying the stretcher and Father Farrell brought you in. "You were almost knocked out that time, all right."

"That was pretty near a finish. When I made my confession that night I thought it was my last. I hadn't been to confession for seven years. But that wasn't the end of the business; Our Lady of Lourdes works more than physical cures—"

"How?" asked the Doctor."

"It's a long story, but since you're so interested in the place you might like to hear it.

"Sure thing; I'm very curious," admitted the Doctor.

Once more there was a pause. Robert Scofield tossed his cigarette stub over the rail and sat back with his hands together.

"You know," he began, "that after the troops went out of France I stayed behind to work in the base hospital. It was good experience and I liked it. Well, I was there for about a year without leave of absence. We were fearfully busy, but at length I got a chance for a short trip home. Maybe I wasn't glad to set foot on the American shore again!"

"My mother, as you know, was of French ancestry, and among other pious devotions, had a great love of Our Lady of Lourdes. She's dead you know,—last March.

The Doctor's face was full of sympathy. Fred was very grave.

"Oh," he said. "I'm awfully sorry, Bob! I didn't know."

"Death teaches many things," continued Robert, "but by her death I have been changed so that I hardly know myself."

"We spent that last Christmas together. All the family were there, and it was very pleasant. I was to leave on the first of March. The evening of my departure from Montreal, my mother and I had a serious talk. She knew that this cut of mine had partly restored me to what one might call a Christian state of mind; but she was not satisfied. When I was leaving, she placed both hands on my shoulders and said very earnestly:

"If you go to the south of France, remember I want you to visit Lourdes."

"I was impressed by her earnestness at the time and I promised to do anything at all to please her. So we parted, and I went back to France.

"Soon after my arrival, I was asked to look after some hospital projects in the South. There was no rush, but I thought the sooner I got at the business, the better, so I started out.

"I had a Cadillac car and a very good chauffeur. The roads were very bad, but I was feeling in good trim, and was ready for anything. I made up my mind, on a sort of inspiration, that I would go first to Lourdes and then to my hospital. It was a very good plan, and the trip promised well. We started on the twentieth of March at noon, but before two o'clock a complete change of feeling had come over me.

"I was anxious and depressed and was conscious of an almost irresistible inclination to turn back. That, however, seemed foolish, so I kept on.

"We reached Bayonne that night, but I could not sleep. A haunting fear seemed to possess me; I never felt so miserable in my life. Some car repairs kept us at Bayonne till next day; but at an early hour on the twenty-first we set out.

"My fears increased. At Pau where I should have stopped, I said to the driver: 'I want you to continue on to Lourdes—a good distance. So on we went. The night was very bad; it was raining and the roads were very muddy. We got stuck several times, lost our way, ran out of gasoline, and had every mishap possible, outside of blowing up the car. We arrived at Lourdes just as the clock was chiming the stroke of midnight. I went to the hotel but slept very little.

"When I arrived in France I had asked the Blessed Virgin for one favor,—that I might see my mother again before she died.

"At eight o'clock on the twenty-second I got up, and went out to see the Grotto. The rain was still falling and there were very few people in the church or before the statue of the Virgin. I drank of the water and knelt down to pray. I repeated the prayer I had made before, never dreaming that my dear mother was dying. As I looked up at the statue, the Virgin's face seemed to change. It was round before, but now it seemed to grow longer and thinner. I turned my head away for a moment, thinking it was an illusion; but when I looked again I saw my mother's face in place of the Virgin's, just for an instant. There was no smile or look of sorrow, but a wonderful sweetness and calm; it was her dear face just as she looked the last time I saw her.

"I naturally ascribed the occurrence to the association of my mother with the place of her devotion. I certainly had no idea that she was ill.

"I returned to the hotel, bought a beautiful little statue for my mother, a pair of rosary beads, some medals and pictures, and went back to the Grotto for a bottle of Lourdes water. I was now calm; the fit of depression was past. Moreover I felt great consolation each time I recalled the image of my mother's face.

"That evening I set out for Bordeaux, and the next morning received a cable announcing my mother's illness. I immediately put in my request for a short leave of absence, and before I could get a steamer, a second cable brought the news of my mother's death. She had died on the twenty-second, at five minutes after nine according to French time;—the same moment I saw her face."

There was silence in the little group. Robert Scofield sat leaning forward, his head down, his finger tips pressed together.

"And you say the experience has changed you?" asked the Doctor finally. Robert nodded.

"It has put a new light on life," he said.

\* \* \* \* \*

I saw no more of the three friends after we reached Ostend; but eight months later, when I returned to the Oblate House at Inchicore, Dublin, I had a visitor.

As I entered the parlor, a broad-shouldered, grey-haired man rose to answer my greeting.

"My name is McDonnell, Father. I wish to become a Catholic, and a friend of mine gave me this letter of introduction to you."

"I am very glad to meet you, Doctor," I said, smiling at his surprise. "You need no introduction, I know who sent you."

"Who?" he asked, with a puzzled look.

"Our Lady of Lourdes," I said.

M. A., '19.

## *The Prize Hoss.*

Once on a time, at a country fair,  
I won a wonderful prize:  
A "hoss and kerridge" grand it was,  
A sight to cure sore eyes.

We took it home in triumph-we,  
My brother Bob and I,  
And for the rest of that great day  
We fed the hoss on pie.

Before the sun was up next morn  
We ran out to the yard,  
And found old Pat, our coal-black dog,  
Standing, still on guard.

We took "Bill" out of the piano-box  
And put the harness on;  
Then, having pushed him in the shafts,  
We started him along.

Bob drove way up the country  
Until we reached a sign  
That said the road was in repair;  
And then 'twas dinner-time.

Six in all, we travellers were,  
And having naught to eat,  
We turned the "handsome kerridge" round,—  
But the hoss had got cold feet.

So we all walked to a farm house  
Standing down the way;  
The farmer's wife was good to us.  
And with her made us stay.



She gave us milk and bread and jam;

We feasted royally:

We put Bill on the road again

And now 'twas half-past three.

We drove and rode, and walked and talked,

Till the sun had gone to rest;

At last we reached the village street;

The town was much distressed.

So Bob drove straight to our back door,—

Just guess what we beheld?

Men, women, lights and lanterns,—whew!

We know what all that spelled!

And so we six young travellers

Shook in our shoes and clothes;

We felt the strap a-stinging

More than—goodness knows!

But instead, they hugged and kissed us—

You can't tell what folks'll do;

We put Bill safely in his box

And went to slumber too.

Bob got some hay from out the barn,

A pail of clear spring water,

A bucket of oats and some turnips

He said to make Bill fatter.

Bill ate the turnips and the hay,

He drank all in the pail;

Then Bob brought out my brother's coat

And covered him all but his tail.

Next morn when we went out to see

How Bill had spent the night,

He just lay stiff and wouldn't move;

Then tears bedimmed our sight.

Bob says that good folks always die

However young they be,

So that's the reason our Bill died;—

He'd just reached twenty-three.

I wonder where good horses go:

I might have gone there too;

A dear remembrance still I keep,

My wonderful prize hoss' shoe.

*Eula Rice, Sen. C.*

#### TO A FEBUARY POSTULANT

Mantled the hills in cloaks of snow,

Keen and swift the north winds playing,

Flushing the east in a golden glow

With laggard stars to the star-fold straying.

A snow-white soul looks out on the dawn

Of a new life rising this life above;

God's smile is on the lips of the morn.

And she scorns the whole world, for only—Love!

*E. de M.*

## Getting Over Love Affairs.

A FAINT tinkling of the bell, and I drift back from the land of dreams with a sudden start. Surely it is not six A. M. so soon! A-a-h! What is that vague memory struggling to take first place in my muddled brain? Alas! "Tis all over!" Memorable words, so oft repeated within the walls of M. S. V.! To what can they apply but to that saddest of all sad things—a lost case!

The Inferno of Dante has nothing to be compared with the "circles" of bewilderment I have roved, perplexing my weary brain with the question, "What have I done now?" Alas! I am out of favor; a rival has appeared on the scene, and I am relegated to the background.

An inspiration occurs to me. 'Tis Spring; daffodils, violets, and tulips are abroad! Ah, the anxiety of telephoning, the fear of delay, the rush to the station, the hasty conveyance of the long box up flights of stairs—up, up, till I reach my room! My room-mates must be consulted,—otherwise my daffodils may be thought a present to them. As if—! But quick, a card! "Something original, you know!" Ah—! But why go over those tender episodes? 'Tis all over now. . . . .

I turn over again in bed and whisper softly to my pillow: "Dear soothing pillow! Never hard, never refusing comfort!" Crack! 'Tis a clap at my door. The second bell has rung. Well, there is no help for it, so I suppose I must take up the burden of the day, and, with a bright face "play life's part." So young a life to be blighted thus with sorrow!

The hours drag on. No more excitement watching for "Her" to pass; no more thrills as her footstep echoes on the stairs; no more books to carry. Empty hands, and battered heart! "Paradise Lost!" echoes through my mind; "Paradise Lost!" But, "She" must never know.

Fate seems to spite me and offers opportunities I should have seized with alacrity in the days when hope yet lived. But now—'tis all over!

A week passes. 'Tis wonderful how independent I feel. I am no thinner. Strange! No paler. Lost appetite? No! A month passes. I confide to my inseparable chum:

"She really isn't as pretty as I used to think, you know. I believe she takes a number five shoe. I thought she wore a two and a half. Her instep isn't quite as arched as I thought, either. Her eyes have faded somewhat since the Spring;"—and more in the same strain.

Youthful folly! What a goose I was! Well, I'm wise till the next time.

*Helen Gorman '22.*

## The Pleasures of Quarrelling.

WHETHER we soar through life on the wings of enthusiasm, and do all things in our independent way, or whether we jogg quietly along and perform our duties slowly but faithfully, we find that, although our disposition as a whole may be admirable, still certain qualities in it clash with certain others of someone else, hence friction! Friction long continued generates too much heat, and a crash is inevitable. However, a good smash-up is sometimes beneficial for those concerned, as then the weak points may more easily be discovered and a thorough repairing done.

Things that our friends have for some time been longing to say to us, but did not dare, often come tumbling out along with the torrent of words that the quarrel sets loose. The thunders are illumined by brief flashes of lightning, in which, for an instant, we see ourselves "as others see us."

But there are some people with whom it is impossible to quarrel. You feel that they invariably make it a point to rub you the wrong way, yet they always do it in a smooth manner disguised under an air of such mild condescension that so vulgar a thing as a fight is out of the question. These people usually irritate us almost beyond endurance, for we long to break forth and express our feelings; but we cannot bear the thought of their slightly raised eyebrows, and look of meek astonishment. When we manage to break away from such a person we fly to a friend, and the smouldering flame breaks into a lively blaze. She may, fortunately for us, resent our mode of speaking and inform us in so many words. Nevertheless, we feel a little better; for although the storm has been delayed, it has come at last, and if in the wrong place, it has at least succeeded in partially clearing the air.

There is a saying that "too thick will never stick". People who are constantly having little quarrels are constantly making up, so no real danger is done; but beware of too smooth running. When the breach comes, it will come to stay in all probability. I once knew two girls at school who were inseparable for some years. They never, apparently, had any disagreement, so never acquired the "making up" habit. However, one day something happened, and the two girls have never spoken to each other since, to my knowledge. The trouble came when they were children and they are now grown up. If at the time they had fought it out in words instead of resorting to stony silence, the result might have been different.

Of course, there is no necessity of speaking of the pleasures of making up. It is by quarrels that we learn to know our friends. We never realize how much

they mean to us until we have spent a week or two exiled from their society. After the reconciliation we are so happy that we wonder how we ever lived during those long dark hours of separation.

Do not think that I am exhorting you to be quarrelsome. No! Far be it from me to encourage anyone who is in search of trouble. For you know, it is true that there are people who go about the world looking for slights, and they are necessarily miserable, for they find them at every turn. Again, it has been said that instead of wishing that everybody was of our mind, we should account it one of the first blessings of life that there are people who do not agree with us. The currents of sea and air are not more necessary than the currents of thought.

As a little final advice, to show you that it is not my aim to promote discord, I shall repeat the words of Thomas à Kempis, who says, "Endeavour to be patient in bearing the defects and infirmities of others, of what sort soever they they be; for thou thyself also hast many failings which must be borne with by others."

*Constance Gard., Sen. A.*

### *Mr. Justice Longley.*

MOUNT SAINT VINCENT has lost a worthy friend by the death of Mr Justice James Wilberforce Longley, who passed away on March sixteenth. For fifty years, Mr. Longley has been a staunch supporter and a sincere admirer of the institute, and has attended the annual closing of the academy, missing only three closings out of so many years.

Mr. Longley has held many important posts in the Dominion. In 1875 he was admitted to the bar, and several years afterwards was elected as a member of the Nova Scotia Legislature for the county of Annapolis. In 1886, Mr. Longley became Attorney-General of Nova Scotia, and began an interesting political career. In 1905, he was appointed to the Bench of Nova Scotia, but did not resign his other activities. He continued to hold office as Provincial Exhibition Commissioner for several years, and frequently appeared on the lecture platform. By his untiring energy as president of The Nova Scotia Historical Society, he awakened that body to something like action.

Justice Longley was a witty and animated speaker, and a delightful raconteur. As a writer, he contributed to the leading magazines of Canada, and produced some excellent essays. His best work, "Joseph Howe," was published in 1904; and was, undoubtedly, a labor of love.

Mr. Longley was also, for one term, President of The Irish Charitable Society, and was an active member of the Studley Quoit Club. He is regretted by many friends, but none are more sincere in their admiration of a truly great man than his friends at the Mount.

### *Nuts to Crack.*

- |  |                             |
|--|-----------------------------|
| "The course of true love never did run smooth."  | <i>Gertrude Smith.</i>      |
| "Every why hath a wherefore."  | <i>Dorothy Zwicker.</i>     |
| "He is well paid that is well satisfied."  | <i>Vivian Power.</i>        |
| "Delays have dangerous ends."  | <i>Claire Murray</i>        |
| "What's in a name? That which we call a rose<br>By any other name would smell as sweet." | <i>Jean McDonald</i>        |
| "Brevity is the soul of wit."  | <i>Anna Parlee</i>          |
| "Though this be madness, yet there is method in it"                                      | <i>Claire Murphy</i>        |
| "Men of few words are the best men."   | <i>Mary Lombard</i>         |
| "The remedy is worse than the disease."  | <i>Mary Lyons</i>           |
| "Wit now and then struck smartly shows a spark."   | <i>Margaret Dulhanty</i>    |
| "The sight of you is good for sore eyes"   | <i>Kathryn Shaw</i>         |
| "As good to be out of the world as to be out of fashion."                                | <i>Marguerite Belliveau</i> |
| "And what so tedious as a twice told tale?"  | <i>Fanny Hayes</i>          |
| "Habit, if not resisted, soon becomes necessity."  | <i>Mary Mc Neil</i>         |
| "Faint heart ne'er won fair lady."   | <i>Elsbeth Andrews</i>      |
| "If you talk in your sleep, don't mention my name."                                      | <i>Ruth Parsons</i>         |
| "Our name is legion, for we are many."   | <i>Marie Power</i>          |
| "Out of mind as soon as sight."  | <i>Mildred Ratchford</i>    |
| "Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well."   | <i>Emmie Frecker</i>        |
| "Much may be made of a Scotchman, if he be<br>caught young."                             | <i>Jessie McIntyre</i>      |
| "A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays and confident<br>tomorrows."                      | <i>Madeline Fitch</i>       |
| "There's nothing half so sweet as Love's<br>young dream."                                | <i>Leola Mc Kay</i>         |
| "Every man meets his Waterloo at last."  | <i>Mary Marshland</i>       |
| "Laugh and grow fat."  | <i>Florine Wright</i>       |
| "Almost to all things could he turn his hand."   | <i>Rachel Hagen</i>         |
| "Might have gone further and found worse."   | <i>Mary Williamson</i>      |
| "Speech is silver; silence is gold."   | <i>Jean Champoux</i>        |
| "Variety is the spice of life."  | <i>Marjorie Haerstock</i>   |
| "Bid me discourse; I will enchant thine ear."  | <i>Mary Holmes</i>          |
| "Out of the frying pan into the fire."   | <i>Jean Glassey</i>         |
| "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."   | <i>Kathleen Hagen</i>       |
| "Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart."  | <i>Mary Arbing</i>          |
|  | <i>The Alphakaibetas.</i>   |

## *The Diary of a Malaprop.*

I HAVE just been pursuing my brother Alec's reply to the epistle I indicated to him a week ago, concerning my initiation of a dairy. His answer is indeciduous he reverberates my motion; thinks my idea is sensitive, but why does he offer to send me a few Jersey cows? He thinks himself humorous, no doubt, but my candied opinion is that he is altogether lugubrious. The starting of a dairy is a sacred and phenomelous occurrence. I adjure writing of any kind especially when it comes to navigating the crises of every day. But Metonymy is the spice of life, or is it contrariety? How shall I begin my dairy? I think I shall take notes on the weather; that is always a self-reliant subject. I shall open my dairy by asserting that it is an excruciatingly depressible day; which said, good night, dear dairy!

*March 24.*

Owing to my declivity to percrastinate, I have abstained from according the circumstances of yesterday. It was not only my tenderness to dilatoriness, but the fact the fact of utter busyness. Prima luce, I was arranged by my geometrical teacher for not preparing the unsigned theories. Then, as the day was sulphurous, and I was feeling sophisticated, I dispersed myself from gymnasium and set out on a preamble. I had just seated myself on the invidious sword, when I described advancing over the horizon a stupendous being whom I recognized as the instructor in physical torture. I excavated my position, but all too late! Owing to the tumacity of my feelings, I was unable to give any expiation of my conduct, and was condemned to spend my afternoon recreation gesticulating in the gymnasium. I have no further desire to speculate in any such explanades.

*March 25.*

Oh dear! Why is it that I am always in such perilous predicaments? Despite the fact that I was turbulously illegible yesterday and had made the revolution to sanctify my behaviour, I began the day by a wholly inexcusable precipice of myself out of bed. To say the least of the incurrence, my pleasant dreams were fragmented. I picked myself up from my ungraceful attitude, and determined always to awake before rising. In class, I refused to believe an incredulous piece of information, and thereupon I indicated myself to a combustion of wrath on the part of my worthy pedestrian. I was requested to withdraw my undesirable personification from the room, which I did with great concussion, tripping over the door-sill, and thereby propelling myself forward in a most indecorous manner.

The pain of my misfortune was considerably elevated by a long walk on the Tarvia this afternoon. Nothing further befell me.

*March 26.*

A sceptical piece of news! It is rumoured that we are to cease our applications and retire to our respectful abodes on the thirteenth of April. Why do the inhabitants of this vicinity spread such reports like thunderbolts in our midst? Personally, I think the idea abstruse; nevertheless, I have been actively engaged in building ivory-covered castles as to the manner in which I shall preoccupy the vacation. I feel quite tranquilized today. I have been preternaturally good.

*March 27.*

I may as well confess to you, dear dairy, my pet idiosanctity is unpunctuousness. This morning, I arrived ten minutes late for Latin class, and received a voluptuous welcome. I defended myself with a flow of grandiloquence which, however, was utterly diffused on my pitiless pedestrian. The penalty was metred out, but I shall restrain from retailing it. It is my misfortune to be miscalculated.

*March 28.*

This afternoon.....and I invented a little path leading into the dense woods. After a long preamble, we at length reverted our footsteps homeward. It was exorbitantly exciting when.....descended into the barbed wire. She was very much incensed, and expatiated all the way home on the excessive fool-hardiness of barbed-wire fences. When we arrived at the house, we were summoned before superior jurisdiction and were sentenced to a month at the Junior table. There was much symphony on our behalf; nevertheless, we feel quite optometric about it.

I am tired of keeping a dairy; so, after today, I shall close this record. I am feeling somnolous. Good-night, dear dairy!

*Nora Hares, Sen. C.*



## Our Lady's Hymn of Praise.

"Magnificat anima mea Dominum,"  
Chanted our Lady, as with haste she went  
O'er far Judea's hills long years ago  
To Zachary's house, on deed of mercy bent.

When on her ear her cousin's greeting fell  
Which hailed her Mother of the One Adored,  
In sweet humility the answer came,  
"My grateful soul doth magnify the Lord."

"Blessed among women, whence is this to me?"  
Elizabeth her heaven-taught message voiced—  
Again the humble handmaid's meek response,  
"In God my Saviour hath my heart rejoiced."

"For on His servant's lowness hath He gazed—  
Full well He knows on Him alone I rest—  
And lo, my guerdon! evermore my name  
By future generations shall be blessed;

"For He, the Almighty, hath within me wrought  
Great things; and holy is His glorious name,  
And ye, a happy generation, for behold  
All they that fear Him may His mercy claim."

O Virgin-Prophetess thy hymn of praise  
Adown the unborn centuries shall ring,  
And evermore thy glories, Mother Maid,  
Shall peer and peasant, saint and sinner sing.

O Calvary, the Scribes and Pharisees  
For one short hour deemed their work complete;  
His arm of might uplifted fast they fled—  
The proud He scattered in their heart's conceit.

Fallen are the mighty; lifted up, the low,  
The hungry, filled; want doth the rich consume;  
His ancient promise to our fathers, kept;  
"Magnificat anima mea Dominum."

Sweet Mother, grant when life's last frets are o'er.  
And we have passed beyond the enshrouding tomb—  
Grant us to chant throughout the eternal years,  
"Magnificat anima mea Dominum."

S. L.

## Dante's Demons.

DANTE did not invent the subject of his Divine Comedy; nor did he invent the demons who add grotesqueness to the horrors of the Inferno.

For Dante was a student of the classics and especially of Virgil, that "Glory and light of all the tuneful train," and it is evident that he imitates this writer to a great extent, taking from him, in many cases, not only the names of his demons, but often their office and characteristic traits. However, Dante's demons are not mere imitations. They are symbolical of the fallen angels, horrible in their grotesqueness. They are executors of punishments for sins which they tempted men to commit, and they are also guardians of the provinces of Hell under Lucifer, the rebel angel, supreme ruler of that region. Indeed, the Inferno is overrun with demons of all descriptions: Harpies, Centaurs, Furies, Gorgons and horned demons, serpents and fiery adders. They guard the entrances; the gate of the city of Dis, recline on rocks, and perch in trees.

The first demon whom Dante and Virgil meet in Hell is Charon, the boatman of Acheron, or the stream of lamentation. A demoniac form, hoary with age and with eyes of burning coal, he rows the thronging souls to the other shore where the infernal judge awaits them. Only when Virgil tells him that Dante's journey is willed "Where will and power are one," does he consent to take the unusual freight of a live spirit.

After a crossing has been made, the poets pass through the vestibule of Hell, and Limbo. Then they descend into the second circle, the abode of carnal sinners where Minos, as judge, presides. At the entrance he stands with grinning, ghastly features awaiting the doomed soul who before him confesses all. Then

"That judge severe  
Of sins, considering what place in Hell,  
Suits the transgressors, with his tail so oft  
Himself circles as degrees beneath,  
He dooms it to descend."

He then hurls it into the depths below. Minos, the mythological law-giver of Crete, was, like Charon, reproduced from the Aeneid in which Virgil assigned to him the office of judge. Here as the poets approach, he utters a warning:



"O thou! who to this residence of woe approaches,  
Look how thou enter here, beware in whom  
Thou place thy trust. Let not the entrance broad  
Deceive thee to thy harm."

When Virgil repeats to him what he said to Charon, they are permitted to pass.

In the next circle, the gluttonous are torn and rent piecemeal by the monster Cerberus who guards the entrance. With his black unctuous beard and crimson eyes, he is a grotesque figure. His triple jaw and eager cravings are symbolical of the unrestrained voracity of those whom he torments. When he descries the intruders, he opens his jaws, shows his fangs, and trembles in every limb. Virgil gives him no soporific as did his Sybil; but in contempt, casts a handful of dirt into his ravenous maw. When he bends with eager haste to swallow it, the poets slip by him.

"Ah me! O Satan! Satan!" is the greeting at the entrance of the fourth circle where Plutus, the money-god, special warden of the avaricious and prodigal, is stationed. Virgil answers, "Cursed wolf! thy fury inward on thyself prey and consume thee." When the cruel fiend hears the poets' journey is willed on high, he drops to the ground, "As sails, full spread and bellying with the wind, drop suddenly collapsed if the mast split." Here the grotesque element prevails over the received classical type of the god of riches.

The travellers next descend to the fourth steep ledge. There, through the filthy waters of the Stygian pool which surrounds the city of Dis, plies a small bark in which the souls are rowed to the second division of Hell. Phlegyas, the fiery one, guardian fiend of the circle of the wrathful, as he sees the poets approaching, cries aloud, "Art thou arrived, fell spirit?" When he learns that they are not doomed to the city of flames he "inly pines with fierce ire." In the Aeneid he is suffering fearful torments in Hell, because, by setting fire to Apollo's temple, he incurred the wrath of that god who condemned him to Tartarus.

Guarding the entrance to the city of Dis are numberless demons, types of fallen angels who try to prevent Dante's entrance. More horrible than these, on the burning turret of the tower, are the "three hellish furies stained with blood." Green hydras twist about them, while adders bind their temples. These "miserable hags" are symbols of hopeless remorse, attendants on the queen of endless woe, the Gorgon Medusa, who turns men to stone. Dante, in his *Inferno*, describes the entrance to Dis as wide, the columns of adamant. An iron tower shoots up in the air and one of the three Furies, Tisiphone, dressed in a blood red mantle keeps watch night and day. Here Dante's only hope of safety lies in keeping his countenance hid until the angel dispatched from Heaven disperses the demons, and forces open the gates.

On entering the circle in which violence and bestiality are punished, Dante beholds the Minotaur, a type of these sins. This monster, with a man's body

and bull's head, plunges around and gnaws himself in secret rage. While he is storming at them, they hurry by and descend to where the violent, immersed in a sea of blood, are guarded by Centaurs. These huge beasts with human heads, and bodies and legs of a horse, torment the souls by shooting arrows at them if they attempt to emerge from the boiling flood. Chiron, the leader, more man than beast, commands Nessus to convey Virgil and Dante across the stream. In Greek art, Chiron was the master of Achilles. Nessus, in conveying Hercules' wife across a river, attempted to carry her off, but was killed by an arrow from the bow of that god.

When Nessus leaves the poets, they enter a deep forest. Here, Dante breaks off a branch from one of the trees and is surprised to hear a voice issuing from the tree in tones of reproach, "Wherefore tearest me thus?" Virgil then tells him that those who have done violence on their own persons are changed into rough and knotted trees and that they are tormented by Harpies who build nests in them and feed upon them.

As they approach the limits of the seventh circle, Dante espies "a shape come swimming up, that might have quelled the stoutest heart with wonder." It is Geryon, a true representation of fraud with his human head, the face kind and gracious in its outward cheer; and his body a serpent with shaggy claws, its back and breast of variegated colors, its venomous tail armed with a scorpion's sting. Geryon, as pictured here, is a compound of the mythological monster killed by Hercules, and the beast of the Apocalypse.

In the eighth circle, the punishment of barterers and public speculators is somewhat the same at that of the violent. The former are immersed in boiling pitch and guarded by demons with forks and hooks. The latter are immersed in a river of blood and guarded by Centaurs. The demons are called Malebranche or "evil claws". There are some ten or nine of these horrible fiends with long tails and horns and picturesque and highly descriptive names. In this scene, the grotesque element becomes less and less restrained; and Dante's evident enjoyment of their brawls and final chagrin at his escape, is often instanced as an example of medieval humor.

When they reach the abode of the robbers, they find them tormented by venomous and pestilent serpents. Here, where Dante exhausts the whole vocabulary of serpent classification, one cannot help feeling that his quick imagination has for a moment flagged, and that he is falling back on reminiscences of his favorite poets, Lucian and Ovid, and is endeavoring to surpass them in the strangeness and elaborateness of his description.

In the last circle, called Cocytus, or the "frozen circle," Dante makes a mistake. Thinking he sees the towers of a city, he finds on closer inspection that giants surround the pit forming a wall. Antacus, one who is unfettered, places Dante and Virgil in the depth of the pit. Here, the traitors fixed in

eternal ice, are punished. In the very depth is the ruler of the underworld, Lucifer, the once beautiful angel. He is at the centre of the earth, frozen in the ice, half of his body in one hemisphere and half in the other. Above the ice, which reaches to the breast, are arms like a giant's in size, and wings like huge sails, in texture like those of a bat, which by their flapping keep the water of Cocytus frozen to its depths. His three faces, yellow, black, and red, are symbolical of the three sins—anger, envy, and malice. In each mouth, a sinner is crushed by the ponderous teeth. They are Judas Iscariot, who betrayed the Divine Founder of the Church and Brutus and Cassius who murdered the imperial founder of the Empire. One is tempted to exclaim on seeing this harmless, horrid creature, "How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer! Who didst rise in the morning. How art thou fallen to the earth, thou that didst wound the nations."

There is a great contrast between Dante's Lucifer and Milton's Satan. The latter is pictured as a dignified commander of the army of fallen angels, free to roam through his domain at will. He still retains much of his heavenly beauty; and although he has been transformed into an evil spirit, he is such an embodiment of heroic valor that "do what you will, he demands human sympathy."

On the other hand, Dante's Lucifer, emperor of the realm of sorrow, held fast in ice and crushed beneath all there is of iniquity in Hell, fills us with loathing and disgust. One turns from him with abhorrence and a salutary dread of sin and its visible and palpable consequences. In his very grotesqueness, he forms a fitting climax to all the demons who have gone before, proving that there is nothing in Hell of either beauty or dignity.

Mary Arbing, Sen. B.



## Mike.

MIKE was his name, and a more interesting and remarkable pony never lived. He came to us when we were very young, and he was younger. Naturally, both he and we were prone to do foolish things, but in every case the pony had his way.

To look at him one would think him a very sensible quadruped with the usual four legs, head, and a tail of a pony. He was black and sleek, with intelligent dark eyes and a knowing little cock of the ears that indicated wisdom; for he had the wisdom of an owl, but the temper of a mule.

It was a warm June day when my uncle drove up to our summer home in a little straw waggon drawn by a pretty black pony, and gave both to me for my own. As I am Irish myself, my pony must have an Irish name and be Irish, too. "Mike" seemed to suit him better than Pat, so "Mike" he became.

For the first week or so, Mike was very good, shying only at man-holes and automobiles. Later this shying vexed us very often: for when the pony wished to turn his own way, he simply shied; and before we got over the fright of almost falling out of the waggon, we were just where we did not want to be, or far from where we should have liked to be. Sadder still, very often we would be thrown out, and obliged to walk home tired and sore; for Mike did not believe in waiting for any one; and once he started, no one could make him stop.

You must not think that Mike was so lively that he detested standing; for this was not so. Many a long wait we had while he enjoyed a rest or ate all the grass he desired; and very often it took us more than an hour to get him out of the yard after we had harnessed him.

Mike had two other annoying habits; and they were: first, to turn into my grandfather's gate every time he passed it, (which was very often), and to remain there for a few minutes; and second, to stop at our house and stand there until some one scrambled out of the waggon, went up to the front door, slammed it and came back and climbed in again. Then Mike was satisfied and would go on. Very often we became angry with Mike and would get out and pull his mane and ears, and slap him; but the tough little animal did not mind any of this. In fact, he even took it as nicely as when we gave him apples and candy, and petted and kissed him.

On the second morning after his arrival, coming from the shore after an

hour or so of playing mud-houses, and looking as if I had been swimming in mud, I put the bridle on Mike, intending to ride along the shore. However, Mike determined to go to town, and to town he went, taking me along with him. For my part, I enjoyed the ride until we came to the city, but then people began to stare and smile, and, I suppose, to wonder if the circus was in town. I arrived at my grand-mother's in such a state that she was obliged to get me a new dress, ribbon, shoes, and stockings. In the evening Grandpa took me home,—and Mike followed.

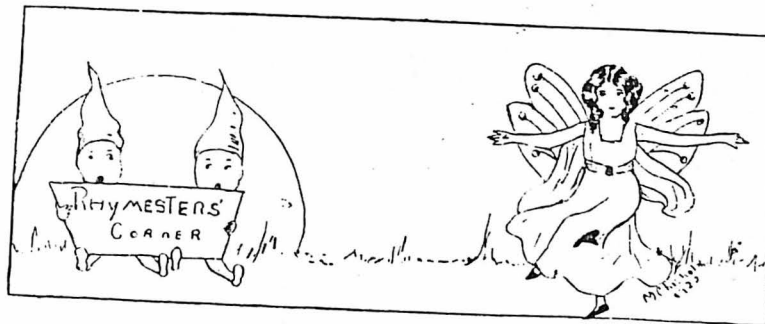
When the winter came, there was a box-sleigh for Mike. One day after a big snow storm, about ten of us girls and boys went for a drive. Mike took it into his head to go down a side street which we knew was blocked; and go he would, though we did our best to head him the other way. Very soon he was up to his neck in snow. For ten minutes or more, we were in a very sad plight, as we could not get him out. To our great joy, however, help came from two passing gentlemen, who, by lifting the sleigh and leading Mike, rescued us from our predicament.

On that grand and glorious day, March 17th, we decked Mike out in green ribbons and shamrocks, and drove forth in state to follow the Irish parade. Now, what do you think that Irish pony did? As the band was marching gaily along, playing "Saint Patrick's Day," Mike ran right through their midst and sent the players in all directions. But this was not enough; he then turned around, cut across the street in front of the Bishop's carriage, and sent more Irishmen running. We hurried him home as fast as possible, tore the ribbons and shamrocks off him and vowed to change his name. However, no two could agree on a new name, so "Mike" he remained.

Before ending his life Mike made us do a kind act, or, I should say, he did it himself. We were passing by the road leading on to the river, when an Indian woman asked us to take her across the ice. Now it was six o'clock and we were late for tea already, so we told her the pony would not go on the ice, which we thought was quite true, for we had been trying it for fully fifteen minutes. No sooner had we said this, however, than Mike made a dash for the river, and we were obliged to go two miles across the ice with the Indian and her baskets.

That night Mike broke loose, and ate a bag of oats. It was his last feed; for in the morning, we found him dead. But it gave us comfort to know of the kind deed he did before his sad death, and we feel sure he is happy in the place where good ponies go.

May McCormac, Sen. C.



### *That Toboggan Ride.*

Four young girls,  
Very cold weather,  
Creaky old toboggan,  
Half put together.

Long steep hill,  
Bump at end,  
Loud shrill cries,  
On the air ascend.

Helter skelter,  
All's well,  
No harm yet,  
But who can tell?

All go faster,  
Eyes grow big,  
End steering-master,  
Loses half rig.

Flying flakes,  
A little more,  
Some sudden shakes,  
All in uproar.

Mournful groan  
A cripple for life,  
Carried back,  
To face the strife.

Sisters anxious,  
Pretty bad spill,  
Goes to bed,  
Sleeps her fill.

Few days later,  
Very fine weather,  
All hands aboard,  
Four girls together.

Jean McDonald.

### *All on Account of the Cat.*

Moonlight night,  
All are sleeping,  
Get a fright,  
Take to weeping!

Puts the light on,  
Yawns again,  
Glad the cat's gone  
To its den.

House is dark,  
Cat is howling,  
Girl gets up,  
And goes a-prowling!

Cat continues,  
Feels a shoe,  
Goes down one flight,  
Howls there, too.

Girl still chases,  
Scared to death,  
Comes upstairs  
With lack of breath!

Puts the light off,  
Climbs in bed,  
Goes to sleep,  
To cool her head.

Gets up early,  
Feels quite blue,  
Looks around,  
Can't find her shoe.

Third bell tinkles,  
She's left to fate,  
Goes down stairs,  
But finds she's late.

Another girl,  
So fair and tall,  
Finds the lost shoe,  
In the Marble Hall.

M. K. D.

### *Un Affaire Du Coeur.*

They sat on a high-backed chair together  
And chatted cosily,  
They talked of love and they talked of the weather  
Till her temperature rose to E.

'Twas a rainy day in damp November  
She was feeling out of tune,  
"O peg up, dear," he cried, "remember  
We're to be married in June."

She sighed, "O yes, I'd be on the shelf  
If I hadn't you on the string"  
"But your tone's still good, you admit yourself,  
And you've got a pretty ring."

Alas! that I should have to say  
How fate can change things so;  
He lost his hair ere the wedding day—  
Miss Violin has another beau!

### *A Catalogue of Dont's.*

Don't lie in bed each morning,  
When the rising bell you hear,  
For when the gong is rung for prayers,  
Of course you must appear.

Don't speak in the refectory  
Before the grace is said,  
For if this rule you disobey  
There's trouble straight ahead.

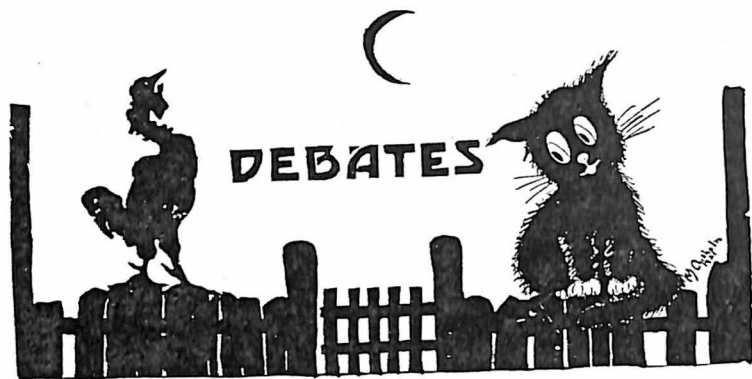
Don't recreate in silence time,  
Though fun your conscience salves;  
Don't criticise when you're chastised,  
And *don't* do things by halves.

Don't skip the road at 4 each day  
And penalty incur.  
Don't give to one the chance to say,  
"You can't depend on her."

And when the year draws to a close—  
When all your cares are through,  
Don't then forget dear M. S. V.,  
And what she meant to you.

Ruth G. Parsons.





## *Sophomore Debates.*

*Resolved: That Hamlet was Insane.*

### *Affirmative Argument:*

The madness of Hamlet has ever been a fruitful subject for discussion. Let me show you why I assert that Hamlet was really mad, and why I necessarily deny that his insanity was feigned or assumed.

I do not assert that the derangement of Hamlet's mind affected all his faculties, nor even any one of them continuously. The derangement was partial and temporary; his madness and wild fury alternate in the play with composure and serenity. Yet the thoughts, words, and deeds which form the grounds of my opinion are the thoughts, words, and deeds of a man truly mad and not of an artificer, no matter how clever. My main reasons for this assumption may be summed up briefly:

1. Hamlet's mind is no different in its structure and workings from the mind of an ordinary human being. Place, then, an ordinary man in a set of conditions similar to those in which the Danish prince found himself on his return from Wittenberg. Unless the man so placed be of Herculean physical strength and moral vigor, which Hamlet confessedly was not, the resulting strain will undoubtedly produce madness. Thus, in stating that under such circumstances, Hamlet's wits were sharpened and not impaired, our opponents set before us a miracle in the order of nature, without attempting to explain the reason of its occurrence.

2. If Hamlet did not, as our opponents assert, lose his reason, then it must be acknowledged by them that he did not fully grasp the awfulness of the situation at the court of Denmark. To attribute this inability to Hamlet is to divest him of the special character given him by Shakespeare, and to own that he was a dull-witted fellow, of no greater mental calibre than Rosencrantz or Guildenstern. What, then? Is Hamlet a hero or not?

3. If in our study of Hamlet, we accept the apparition of the ghost as a possibility, we cannot reject without consideration, the ghost-lore circulating about such beings. It is commonly believed that the being talked with by a spirit either is already mad, or becomes so. It is folly to say that the apparition on the platform of Elsinore found the young prince mad. The only alternative, therefore, is that the apparition caused him to become mad.

4. By those at the court who are ignorant of its real cause, Hamlet's madness is believed to be the inevitable result of pure grief. Should they for an instant have doubted the reality of his madness, had the real causes of his affliction been made known? To answer in the affirmative, it is to argue backwards.

5. A special study of Hamlet's case has been made by many distinguished physicians and brain specialists; and without a single recorded exception, they have pronounced Hamlet's madness real and unaffected. The judgment of these men has never been called into question in the diagnosis of real cases, some of which are intricate to an astounding degree. Should, then, their belief and pronounced opinion have less weight and authority in the case of Hamlet, especially when the verdict is unanimous, universal? Let us quote a few eminent authorities:

Doctor Connolly, an English authority, says:

"Hamlet's reason, though not dethroned, is certainly deranged."  
 Doctor Roy of Providence R. I. asserts: "Hamlet's mental condition furnishes in abundance the pathological and psychological symptoms of insanity." As the same physician justly remarks in discussing Hamlet, "Madness is compatible with some of the ripest and richest manifestations of intellect." Where, then, is the force of the argument which sets forth the cleverness and ingenuity of the Danish prince as a proof of his sanity?

The reluctance of literary critics to admit Hamlet's madness is due simply and entirely, to their lack of understanding and appreciation of the versatility and multifariousness of this disease.

Lastly, let us take a final broad view of the whole case. Those who argue against Hamlet's madness consider his conduct as a whole; those who affirm his sanity select only those points which give evidence of a guiding will and judgment. Yet, did we not in the beginning assert that Hamlet's madness was spasmodical and temporary, alternating with periods of comparative sanity



and reason? The disease varies in intensity; nevertheless, it is true madness; and we reiterate our first statement; viz. that Hamlet was insane.

S.C.

### *Alphakaibeta Debate.*

#### *Affirmative Argument.*

Resolved: that Julius Caesar is the hero of Shakespeare's play.

First of all let us understand what is meant by the hero of a play. I will remind you that, according to the commonly accepted idea, the hero is that person around whom all the events of the play move. Who can deny that Julius Caesar is that person in the play we are now considering?

In my proof of assertion that Julius Caesar is the hero of Shakespeare's play, I ask you to consider the drama, scene by scene, act by act.

Act one opens with the conversation between the two tribunes and the commoners. What do you think they are talking about? Why, Caesar, to be sure. The tribunes are reproving the people for forgetting Pompey and honoring Caesar. Then they set about taking away the decorations from Caesar's statues for they are the enemies of the hero.

All at once, there is a great stir. A procession moves across the stage, and the object of the curiosity and reverence of all is—Caesar. When he quits the stage, Brutus and Cassius are left behind, and again the subject of conversation is Caesar. The two are joined by Casca whose speech is likewise full of Caesar.

Later we find Cassius conversing with Casca, and again with Cinna, and the one name in all their mouths is—Caesar. True, they talk of him to blame him and to plot against him, but the fact that he is continually in their minds shows that he has a great influence on them.

In Act II, we find Brutus alone at night. Of what are his thoughts? Of Caesar. He is weighing the pros and the cons for killing his friend; but the decision is not made until all the conspirators arrive. Then, as always, the topic of conversation is Caesar.

In Act III, comes the great assassination scene. There is no need to draw your attention to the one figure on whom the eyes of all are rivetted. The conspirators strike and Caesar falls. "The foremost man of all the world" is dead in the Senate House. From now on, you may say, the principal figure is lacking. How, then, can Caesar be the hero? Can the hero die before the end of the play?

I answer, your objection. If Caesar's body is dead, his spirit certainly is not. As Caesar living had ruled the acts of his enemies, so after his death his spirit still influences them. They declared: "We all stood up against the spirit of Caesar," but of that spirit they could not rid themselves. Goaded by the thought of revenge, Antony and Octavius pursue the conspirators unto death. Caesar's spirit reproaches Brutus, and foretells the disaster at Philippi.

Thus, while Caesar appears on the stage but three times, he is the ruling force of the play. In other words, he is the hero.

My opponents, I can understand, will look for a heroic character, and they will probably fix on Brutus as the best example the play affords of the heroic type. Brutus is more lovable than the pompous, boastful Caesar of the play; but, then, Brutus does not conform to my definition of the hero of a drama. Instead of being the principal character around with whom all revolves, he is one of the satellites of Caesar. Decidedly, Brutus is not the hero of the play.

That Shakespeare himself realized that the center of unity must be Caesar, is to be inferred from the fact that he named his play, not "Brutus," not "The Patriot", but "Julius Caesar."

*Emmie Frecker, Prov. B.*

Space does not permit the quoting of other debates, though some very good ones have been given in the various clubs. The following sums up briefly the work done.

#### ALPHAKAIBETA CLUB

1. Resolved: that the negro should receive the same education as the white man. (Decision in favor of the Affirmative)
2. Resolved: that a little knowledge of many things is better than a detailed knowledge of a few things. (Affirmative)
3. Resolved: that a change of work is as good as a rest. (Negative)
4. Resolved: that a woman should receive equal wages with a man when they do equal work. (Affirmative)

#### A and B CLUB

1. Resolved: that rich relations are a greater trial than poor ones. (Affirmative)
2. Resolved: that the invention of machinery has done more good than harm. (Affirmative)
3. Resolved: that adolescence is the happiest time of life. (Affirmative)

## BENSON CIRCLE.

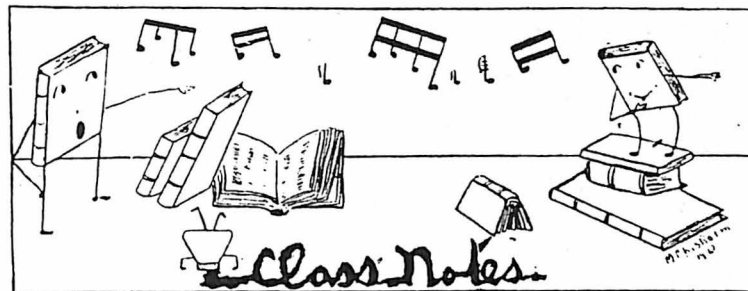
1. Resolved: that brains are a greater asset than wealth. (Negative)
2. Resolved: That a poet does more for his country than a statesman. (tie)
3. Resolved that the fear of punishment is a greater incentive than the hope of reward. (Negative)
4. Resolved: that man has done more for the world than woman. (Negative.)

## COMMERCIAL CLUB.

1. Resolved: that travel benefits a man more than reading. (Negative)
2. Resolved: that Dickens has done more for humanity than Shakespeare.

## SENIOR D. CLUB.

1. Resolved: that the expulsion of the Acadians was justifiable. (Negative)
2. Resolved: that mankind derives more profit from knowledge than from wealth. (Affirmative)
3. Resolved: that a boat trip presents greater possibilities than a motor trip. (Affirmative)
4. Resolved: that the possession of brains is more conducive to success than the possession of beauty. (Affirmative)
5. Resolved: that reading is more profitable to the individual than travel. (Negative)

*Alphakaibeta.*

THE Provincial A's and B's are an unusual set. They have distinguished themselves in various ways, but are especially noted for a certain family spirit which makes the affairs of one of their number the business of all. They have sympathized with one another to such a degree, that when one worthy member lost her voice, the others followed suit, and we witnessed the phenomenon of a voiceless class.

The stars of the A class are three in number. They shine in everything; but especially, in Botany and History. If Mary McNeil has her knowledge in her fingers ends, we can hardly blame her for being interested in them. Dorothy Zwicker, we fear, will die some day for lack of breath. If she would apply some Saturday morning to the Science room she might get some of the superfluous oxygen that floats around that neighborhood when the B's are experimenting. All that K. Shaw needs is a spark of heat once in awhile to thaw out her frozen energies.

As for the B's, what pride would not our English teacher take in us if Frances Kelly would get over her timidity, and if Jessie McIntyre would omit a few "and-er's," and if Claire would correct her "cuz"! We have noticed that our demure Mary Lombard has cultivated of late an interrogative lifting of the eyebrows, and has acquired a taste for Latin. Cave casem, Mary! The pride of the B class is Emmie Frecker; but all the same we should be grateful to any benefactor who would invent an eyeglass support for that young lady. A pair of crutches would also be welcome. We should try them first on Frances, and then, if they are a success, on the rest of the class. Ah! what class has not its faults? Though I myself belong to the B's, for the sake of my companions in bliss, I must not enter into detail. If you desire further information, apply to

*Claire Murray, Prov. B.*

## Senior A and B Class.

IF some morning between the hours of eleven and twelve, you were to knock at the door of St. Ignatius' class-room, it would, no doubt, be opened by the rosy-cheeked maiden who has the good fortune or the misfortune of occupying the seat nearest this door. This same maiden, who, by the way, is Gertrude Smith, would inform you that it was no other than the Senior A and B English Class on whom you had the honor of calling. We should be glad to welcome you in our midst, and give you an example of our work. You will find us a cheerful family, I am sure, not only because we are happy in one other's company, but also because we have discovered, during our perusal of Dante's Divine Comedy, that the great poet has designated a place in hell for the gloomy and dejected.

To introduce you to the members of the class, we shall begin with the occupant of the front seat. That slim, dark haired intellectual-looking damsel peering through the black-rimmed glasses is Margaret Chisholm, our artist, well famed for her clever drawings. However, her reputation as a story writer is hardly less renowned. How we wait in breathless suspense for her climax!

Seated directly behind is Mary Arbing, listening with undivided attention to all our teacher's remarks, and storing them up in her head for future reference; only to spring them upon us at some later date in one of her clever debates. We are sure Mary could take almost any post in the world, save one, and that is-- a news-paper reporter; for, not having the usual amount of the ordinary girl's curiosity, she seldom hears the "latest" until it is too late.

In the last seat, you will see Claire Murphy. She is a girl who is looked up to by a great many in the school. Claire says she is a failure when it comes to penmanship, but we all envy her the talent which she has for fancy printing, and also her accomplishment in the way of theme writing. Some of her themes have, in fact, been the cause of the Senior A's and B's being reprimanded for loud laughing during class.

Now we come to the afore-mentioned maiden who sits by the door. Would she rather have a gift of a piano than of a library? We think she would; but it is hardly to be wondered at, for music is Gertrude's leaning. Sometimes, however, when Gertrude gets dreamy-eyed at class we wonder if her thoughts are in Mother's office, or if they have wandered, from force of habit, up to the college room.

Helen Byalin is next in order. Helen's frank admiration of Dante's use of specific words is well known. Her favorite expression is his overworked phrase "to tear piecemeal." Helen, like her friend Margaret, is also given to indulgence in artistic tastes; and when it comes to drawing diagrams in science class, we

generally suggest that these two display their skill. Helen never has an empty purse; and one of the tests of a lively imagination is to picture her "broke."

Kathleen Hagen, Helen's seat mate, was having a vacation, while we were laboriously toiling through the ever darkening rounds of Hell. We greatly fear that the journey had a part in causing Kathleen's delicate state of health. However, she has returned in time to go along with us through Purgatory, and we hope that her strength will be equal to the test.

The buxom lass seated directly behind, is Fanny Hayes. What can we say of Fanny except that she works laboriously, and gets everything on the tip of her tongue, but when she is called on suddenly, her knowledge apparently deserts her for the time being, until a little start from Sister encourages her to proceed fluently on her way.

Behind Fanny, we can just see Mary Emerson's two smiling eyes. One glance at those round blue eyes and her round pink face suffices to convince you that she is a real little Mary Sunshine. Mary's speciality is debating, and we all join in saying that she can convince you, even though you have made up your mind to remain perverse to the end.

Beside Mary, it is the dignified Gertrude Steele, granted the distinction of being the best-looking girl in the school. Gertrude does the work of the class well, as her Dante notebook, given to us for a model, testifies; but when it comes the question of writing compositions, she puts her foot down, and asserts emphatically that she has no imagination.

Rachel Hagen is our musician. She could give us a better idea of Dante's Paradise by means of her violin than by expressing her views orally. With a graduating recital drawing ever nearer, she has of necessity become an occasional visitor only.

Mary Holmes is familiarly known as "Hank." She has the name of being a loafer; but I do not think she is deserving of this reputation, for it was acquired during a period when she was convalescing from a wounded hand. Though the hand has mended, the reputation has stuck fast. However, we do not know whether it is to her credit or discredit that the best composition she has written this year was on "The Pleasures of Loafing." At any rate, she is no loafer where English is concerned.

Marguerite Bellivau now claims our attention. She is our exemplar of fashionable tardiness. Her constant excuse is, "But I had to do my hair." Her favorite class expression is "I don't know," which remark we have come to take as meaning "I know, but I'd rather you would say it." This plea has ceased to excuse Miss Marguerite since it has come to be regarded as a mere prelude to the forthcoming answer.

With true maidenly modesty, I have placed myself last; so with equal maidenly modesty, I shall say absolutely nothing about myself. If you would know anything good about me, consult my friends. If you would know the evil, you need not apply to my enemies; they will apply to you, and I have no doubt there are enough of them.

C. Gard, Sen. A.

§ § §

## Commercial Class.

ALTHOUGH the class of 1921-22 is the smallest in number of any since the Commercial class has been established at the Mount, we feel that very little importance can be attached to numbers.

This year only ten students have been initiated into the mysteries of stenography and typewriting.

A small class has its advantages and disadvantages. There is not the least possible hope that one might hide behind another girl or a typewriter in class; to escape such startling questions as: 'What is meant by Statute of Frauds and Perjuries?' or, "Explain Composit on Deed." On the other hand, we find that being a small but mighty body, we have more individual help from our beloved teacher who, despite our continued failure to understand the intricacies of 'shun hooks' and curves, never wavers from her accustomed calm.

Notwithstanding the fact that our regular teacher was away from us during the first two weeks of school on account of illness, we have completed our schedule of work and now feel that we are fully able to compete with the pupils of the preceding years. They out-numbered us, it is true, but our results have been achieved with as much success, we hope, as theirs; and we confidently look forward to our future career, trusting we may meet with equal good fortune and prosperity; endeavoring to carry out always the motto of our Commercial Class, "Maximus in Minimis."

According to the traditional custom, we wrote to England for our Theory Certificates on St. Joseph's day. That great Patron, who never disappoints his clients, gave us a worthy hearing and after a few weeks of anxious waiting, we were relieved to know that success had crowned our efforts.

We completed our Book-keeping course at Easter and sent our examination to Cedar Rapids for our diploma.

Following our Easter vacation came hard work again. Working for our Theory and Speed Certificates in Typewriting was the next item on our program. This task accomplished, we felt that as far as our theoretical work was concerned, we were well on our way to a successful business career.

To merit the Mount Diploma, the highest ambition of each student, the following standard must be obtained:

### Requirements for Diploma of the Commercial Class.

English.	To obtain an average of 75% on quarterly examinations
Arithmetic.	To obtain a pass mark of 75%
Bookkeeping.	To complete the course in Bookkeeping and obtain the Diploma from the Goodyear-Marshall Bookkeeping Co.
Law	To pass the examination with an average of 75%.
Writing	To obtain the Palmer Diploma in Commercial Writing or an equivalent.
Stenography	To obtain Sir Isaac Pitman's Certificate in Theory. To pass the examination with a net speed of 500 words in five minutes. This exam consists of 5 letters dictated at the rate of 100 words minimum a minute, allowing one quarter of a minute between letters dictated, and then transcribing these accurately at machine on separate sheets addressed and signed, in the space of 40 minutes.
Typewriting.	To obtain Certificate of Speed and Proficiency in Typewriting from the Underwood Typewriter Co. To obtain Diploma from the Dugan Typewriter Co. for completion of drills.

§ § §

## Senior C.

WHO shall sing the glories of Senior C.? Alas! None but ourselves; for, although self-praise is no recommendation, no one knows class business and class doings but ourselves.

Eighteen in all, we assemble daily in Saint Aloysius' classroom to learn the glories of English literature and the errors of school-girl language. Here we listen with critical ears to one another's "paragraphs" and conjure up in imagination "castles covered with ivory" and other such phantasms. We are learning to "syllavicate", too, and to define our notions.

Our favorite phrase is "Owing to my proclivity to procrastinate"; and our pet mortification is keeping our hands out of our pockets and our feet on the floor. Some day, when Eula Rice and May McCormac grow up and get rich, they in-

tend to donate to the Academy some revolving chairs and some foot-stools. Laura Franey may also send some down pillows. The scarcest things in our little world, however, are pencils and periods.

What things a body learns every day! Who of us will every forget Eula's hygiene stories, which always begin with, "Up home. . . ."; and the Allison family's whispered exhortations; and May's potato-bugs that fell from the sky!

Still we have our hopes; namely, that Madeline Fitch will eventually take to letter-writing, and that Marie Power will some day adopt a pocket dictionary; and that Laura Franey may yet set the world on fire with an invention for protecting babies from flies. But why set forth our hopes? Let the future take care of itself; our present troubles are enough for us.

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### Senior D.

Which of the brilliant D's  
Will ever forget dear X?  
For he is our constant companion  
Though our brains he does sorely perplex.  
English brings out our genius,  
And Botany flourishes, too;  
Just question Miss Margaret Ross  
And find where her forty-six grew!  
Dear Latin with numerous cases  
To some is quite simple and plain,  
For Marie and Florence and Margaret  
Have learned them again and again.  
Our French, indeed is très charmant  
For we've actually learned to sing  
Several ditties in français,  
Quite fit for an English king!  
So taken altogether,  
A jolly band 'are we;  
And when we're graduated,  
We'll bring fame to M. S. V.

Ida Marsland, Sen. D.

### *The Children of Mary of Our Lady Immaculate and St. Agnes*

THE Children of Mary of Mount Saint Vincent can look back on a happy and successful year. The officers and heads of sections have proved themselves both worthy and capable, and, on the whole everybody is satisfied with the results.

On December eight we welcomed the candidates in our midst as new children of Mary, and eighteen girls as candidates. These candidates are looking forward in fear and trembling lest they be disappointed when the "great day" dawns for another reception. However, they are all showing earnestness, and we have every hope that the majority, at least, will have the pleasure of hearing their names called as having merited the coveted honors and privileges of Our Lady's Sodality.

Our annual retreat is later than usual this year, but we are anticipating this spiritual privilege after the Easter vacation.

We have heard many valuable readings and instructions during the meetings of the past year, which we trust will not only help us during our school days, but continue to work an influence for good in the future.

On December eighteenth, the last Sunday before the Christmas vacation, we were honored by a visit from Mother General. On the occasion we presented church linens to be distributed among poor churches, the result of our efforts during the two preceding terms. After Mother expressed her appreciation, she exhorted us in a few words to be "true Children of Mary."

Promptly every morning at a quarter after six, the members and candidates assemble in line and walk reverently into the chapel for their morning meditation.

Mary Hogan, the head of the Stamp Section, has been most faithful to her duties, and many pounds of stamps have found their way to the Chinese missions.

Vivian Power, head of the Mass Section, has zealously collected the necessary fees for the monthly Mass for the spiritual welfare of the Children of Mary.

All in all, the work of the Sodality has been a success, and the officers wish to thank the resident and non-resident members for their kind assistance and cooperation. We gratefully acknowledge donations from the following members:



\$10.00 each, May McNicol, Polly Byrne; \$7.00—Stella Girroir; \$5.00—Kathleen O'Leary, Marie Thomson, Mary Jeffers, Margaret Jeffers; \$2.00—Amparo Angulo, Elizabeth Gorman, Eleanor Tapley, Gertrude Costley, Elizabeth LeBlanc Annie McIsaac, Jean Heffernan, Kathleen Shea, May Tobin, Carmel O'Reilly, Gladys McCormac; \$1.00—Alice Reardon, Muriel Kyte, Alexia Kyte, Dorothy Casey, Mary McElroy, Katherine White, Mable Comeau, Madeline Dubé, Phyllis Carroll.

Constance Gard, E. de M., Secretary.

### TREASURER'S REPORT

#### RECEIPTS

Resident members.....\$36.65  
Non-resident members..... 78.00  
Donations..... 8.55  

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\$123.20

#### EXPENDITURES

Linen, lace.....\$46.25  
Gifts to Foreign Missions.. 18.00  
Stationery..... 3.00  
Flowers, lights..... 5.00  

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\$72.25

On hand April 1, 1922, \$50.95

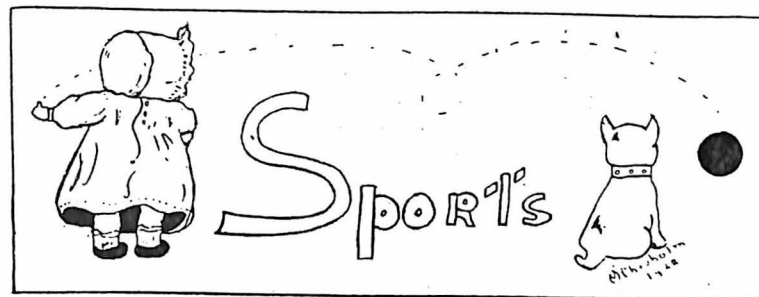
Frances Kelly, E. de M., Treasurer.

### Grapes of Thorns.

And do men gather grapes of thorns?  
'Twas not the Master's law nor plan.  
That grapes be found  
To quench the fiery thirst of man  
Where thorns abound.

Yet miracle of love and awe!  
The precious grape with vintage red  
Christ's brow adorns.  
And dyes the circlet on His head—  
His crown of thorns.

S. E.



### Basket-Ball Teams '22

#### Reds I

Rt. For. J. McIntyre  
Rt. For. M. Fitch  
Rt. Def. V. Power  
Lt. Def. E. Frecker (Capt.)  
Rt. Cen. M. Ratchford  
Lt. Cen. R. Hayes

#### Blues I

M. Mahoney  
H. Gorman  
M. Emerson (Capt.)  
F. Kelly  
K. Shaw  
J. McDonald

#### Reds II

Rt. For. G. Steele  
Lt. For. F. Stokes  
Rt. Def. L. McKay  
Lt. Def. F. Wright (Capt.)  
Rt. Cen. J. Champoux  
Lt. Cen. M. McNeil

#### Blues II

L. Grassby  
C. Murray (Capt.)  
M. Lombard  
M. Mahar  
M. Bellivau  
M. Lyons

#### Reds III

Rt. For. C. Gard  
Lt. For. M. Nnowlan  
Rt. Def. E. Cavanaugh  
Lt. Def. M. McCormac (Capt.)  
Lt. Cen. M. Haverstock

#### Blues III

K. Allison  
E. Tobin (Capt.)  
C. Clancy  
R. Romans  
E. Rice

## Basket-Ball Scores

Reds I 67  
Reds II 17  
Reds III 46

130

§ § §

## Tennis.

Now that the courts are in order for the Spring season, we have begun once more to wield the racquet. We are hoping for a tournament as interesting as that held two years ago, when Blossom Davison carried off the prize for singles against Madeline Dubé.

§ § §

*M. S. V. vs St. Patrick's Alumnae.*

On May sixth, a picked team of Mount basket-ball players accepted the challenge of St. Patrick's Alumnae team. The game was played in the Mount gymnasium and, as our first with an outside team, caused great interest in the school. Promptly at four o'clock on Saturday afternoon the Seniors and Aloysians assembled in the gymnasium, and with the whistle signal, the game began. Three periods of ten minutes each were played, and when the time was up, the final score stood:

St. Patrick's—8

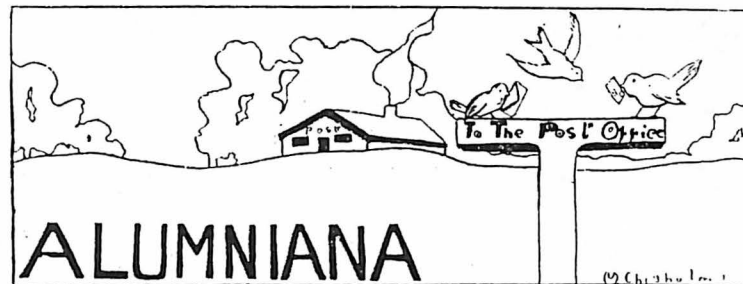
M. S. V.—14

The players on both sides worked well. The fact of such a score proves that the teams were fairly matched. The players were as follows:

Rt. For. Dorothy Power  
Lt. For. Marjorie Larkin  
Rt. Def. Gertrude Haley  
Lt. Def. Gertrude Murray  
Centre Agnes Carmichael

Madeline Fitch  
Jessie McIntyre  
Claire Murray  
Francis Kelly  
Mary Emerson

With cheers for both teams, the assembly broke up; and the Mount players, together with their opponents, withdrew to the refectory where a refreshing lunch was served.



The following was taken from a Halifax paper: January 14, 1922:

*Mount St. Vincent Alumnae Society.*

THE Alumnae Society of Mount St. Vincent, organized on December 15, 1921 is now arranging a program for the winter season, the first meeting of the executive having been held at the residence of Miss Neville, Spring Garden Road—a most enthusiastic meeting. Committees were formed, Miss Neville being appointed convener of the entertainment committee and Mrs. Emerson of the press committee. After the meeting those present were Miss Neville's guests for a much-enjoyed social hour. It was decided to pay a New Year's call at the Mount, and many of the Alumnae went out on the five o'clock train on Saturday, being most cordially received by the Sister Superior and the Sisters generally, and delightfully entertained by a moving picture—"Little Lord Fauntleroy." The machine used by the Sisters is an excellent one, and they, with their characteristic progressiveness, are making use of it in their educational work with splendid result. After the picture Mrs. Emerson, in behalf of the visitors, presented the compliments of the season to the Sister Superior and whole community at the Mount, together with the pupils of the Academy, thanking them warmly for the happy day afforded the Alumnae on December Fifteenth.

Later, the visitors were invited to the reception room where refreshments were served. The group left the Mount to walk to the city, vowing the visit one to be long and happily remembered.

The entertainment committee have a dance in view for an early date; a literary circle is in process of formation, with Miss Mary Reardon in charge, and the Alumnae are brimful of an enthusiasm which promises great things for the future. Their loyalty to their Alma Mater and their pride in her have led them to fix a high ideal for themselves.

## Alumnae Dance.

April 19, 1921.

The following was taken from a Halifax paper:

IN the dance given last evening in Knights of Columbus Hall, under the auspices of the Alumnae of the Academy of Mount St. Vincent, the committee who were entrusted with the arrangements, or more properly, the committees, scored a success upon which they are to be heartily congratulated; a signal, superlative success, indeed, equally from the social and the financial points of view, and a success in that it assembled in the brilliantly illuminated, beautifully decorated building, for an evening's pleasure hundreds whose interest in their Alma Mater was stimulated and more intimate by association under such memorable circumstances. The colors which dominated throughout the building were two tones of blue—the colors of the Mount, which were blended beautifully in various decorative devices, while at the head of the broad hall, was an electrical "sign" which ever and anon during the evening, flashed, in colored lights the words "Mount St. Vincent Alumnae." In the supper room and in the bridge room the color scheme was also the two shades of blue, and of daffodils and smilax, whose gold and green gave an indescribable effect of brightness as of a glimpse of spring's fair face. In the ball room the Harry Thomas orchestra furnished a fine musical program; while, as the dancers passed down from the ball room to the supper room, they were greeted in the lower hall by the softly pulsating music of the orchestra of the Mount, under the magnetic baton of Mrs. Affleck. Guests were brightly welcomed by Mrs. Otto Emerson, President of the Society, Mrs. Leonard Fraser, and Mrs. E. F. Mitchell, those ladies wearing smart gowns of black satin and lace, black georgette with sequin overdress, and rose satin, respectively.

The winners of prizes at bridge were as follows:

First prize, a set of silver tea spoons donated by Mrs. Edward Cragg—Mrs. Tingly.

Second prize, a pair of silk stockings donated by Miss Neville—Mrs. A. Montgomerie.

Third prize, a hand painted cup and saucer, the artistic handiwork of Mrs. J. C. Hagen by whom it was donated—Mrs. Chessman.

Consolation prize, a baby Irish bag—Mrs. Harrington.

First prize among the gentleman, bridge set donated by Miss. Neville—Mr. DeWolfe.

Second prize, silver pencil, donated by Mrs. Frank Reardon—Mr. Crosby.

Third prize, cigarettes—Mr. Lownds.

The splendid success of the affair is to be entirely attributed to the fine cooperation of the members of the various committees with their conveners, these being as follows:

Commissariat—Mrs. Kinney and Mrs. R. McLeod

Decorations—Mrs. Temple and Mrs. DeWolfe

Bridge—Mrs. Richard McLeod.

As intimated, each of these had a retinue of indefatigable workers.

There were two strikingly pretty effects during the evening—the dance immediately before supper, when balloons were blown softly into the room at the psychological moment; and that immediately after supper, when the lights lowered, the electric sign flashed its message, and the ladies danced with "sparklets" simulating fireflies in their hair.

## Minutes of an Organized Meeting.

A MEETING of the Alumnae of Mount Saint Vincent, Halifax, N.S., was held at the Mount on the fifteenth of December last: at which meeting it was resolved that a Chapter of the Alumnae be formed in each City where several of the ex-pupils live. Accordingly, Mrs. William J. Wilgus was appointed convener for New York, and she notified as many of the Alumnae as could be found, of an organization meeting to be held at 79 East 79th Street on Monday, February 13, 1922 at 3 o'clock. The following were present:

Mrs. William J. Wilgus.....	(Gertrude S. Tobin) 1892
Miss Katheryne E. Manley.....	
Miss Florence M. Kelly.....	
Miss Agnes Rodriguez.....	1910
Miss Alexia C. Kyte.....	1915
Miss Rita E. Kyte.....	1917
Miss Victoria Wells.....	1919

Messages of regret at their not being able to attend the meeting, and desiring to be included in the membership, were received from:

Mrs. Robert C. Van Vliet.....	(Noreen Crosby)
Mrs. Stanley Green.....	(Constance Kelly)
Mrs. J. J. Veitch.....	(Clara Sinnot)

Mrs. P. J. O'Hagan.....(Eliza Sinnott)  
 Mrs. J. A. Wyner.....(Amelia Green)  
 Miss Elsie Doyle.....(1911)

Mrs. Wilgus called the meeting to order and the following officers were unanimously elected for the ensuing year:

President .....Mrs. Van Vliet  
 1st Vice-President .....Miss Kelly  
 2nd Vice-President.....Miss Manley  
 Secretary .....Miss R. Kyte  
 Financial Secretary and Treasurer.....Mrs. Wilgus  
 Chairman Entertaining Committee.....Miss A. Kyte

Upon motion duly made, seconded and carried, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

*Resolved* that a meeting of the daughters of the New York Chapter be held four times a year, viz: once during the months of January, March, June and October, the date of which is to be decided at the March meeting, which will be held on the first Saturday of the month at 3.30 p. m. at the home of Mrs. Wilgus, 79 East 79th Street.

*Further Resolved* that the sum of one dollar be collected yearly from each daughter of the Chapter, preferably at the January meeting; these annual dues to be forwarded to the Treasurer of the Mount Alumnae, in accordance with the letter from their corresponding secretary, addressed to Mrs. Wilgus, and read at our February meeting.

*Further Resolved* that at the March meeting the daughters will decide on the New York Chapter dues.

*Further Resolved* that at each meeting each daughter will pay to the secretary the sum of ten cents to cover postage and other incidental expenses.

*Further Resolved* that at the March meeting the Chapter will decide on a suitable gift to be sent to Mother Berchmans as a token of our esteem.

*Further Resolved* that any Mount Alumna coming to this City be invited to communicate with our secretary in order that she may be received by the Chapter.

*Further Resolved* that the names and addresses of the daughters of the New York Chapter be exchanged for those of the Boston Chapter as soon as convenient so that any daughter of the Boston Chapter who may have occasion to spend any time in New York may meet her sister alumnae, and vice versa.

*Further Resolved* that any daughter of the New York Chapter becoming ill, or in distress, upon being notified, the Chapter will endeavor to see that she is properly looked after.

*Further Resolved* that each alumna will try to get in touch with other Mount alumnae in New York and vicinity who have not yet joined the membership.

*Further Resolved* that a message of greeting from the daughters of the New York Chapter be sent to Sister de Sales, and one of thanks to Sister Columba for her kindness in sending different alumnae newspapers containing an account of the regular meeting on the 15th of December last.

*Further Resolved* that a copy of these minutes be sent to the secretary of the Mount Saint Vincent Alumnae, Halifax, N. S.

*Further Resolved* that in the event of a bazaar being held at the Mount this year, that the New York Chapter be notified in order that the daughters may do their part to help towards its success.

*Further Resolved* that a social reunion, such as a dinner and theatre party, be held once a year, preferably in the late autumn.

On motion of the first Vice-President, the meeting adjourned.

Noreen C. Van Vliet.  
*President.*

Rita E. Kyte.  
*Secretary.*

## *The Havana Branch of the Alumnae.*

On December fifteenth, while the alumnae association was being organized at the Mount, The Havana Branch met at the home of Mrs. Oswald Hcrnsby and was delightfully entertained. The chief topic of the afternoon was the "happy school days at the Mount," the ladies vieing with one another in showing their loyalty to Alma Mater. A cablegram of congratulation was sent to the Mount on the occasion of the organization of the Alumnae.

Among those present were:

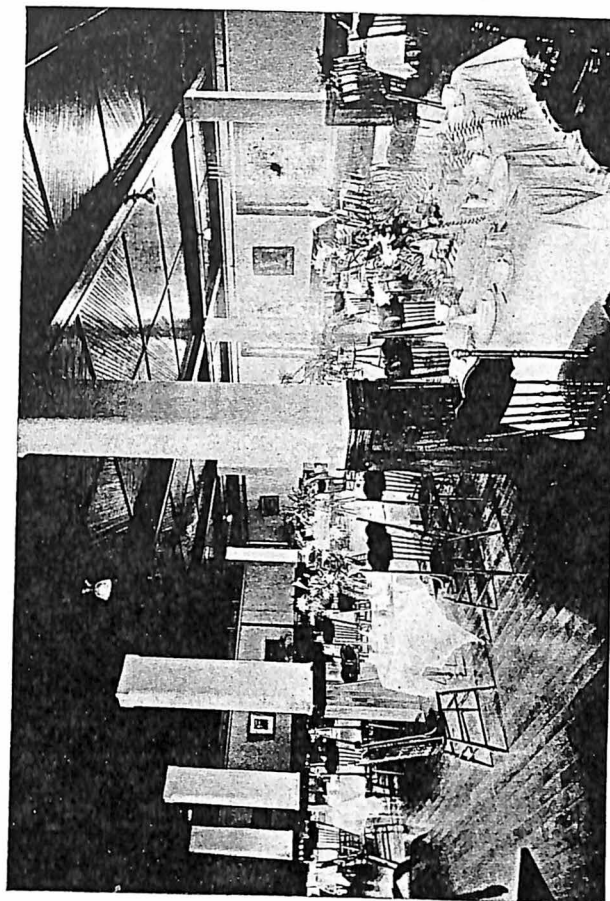
Marie Therese Rafecas Cavajal  
 Matilda Iglesias Casanova  
 Adolfin Ablanado Dario del Onios  
 Isabel Rafecas  
 Mrs. O'Classon  
 Carmen Rafecas Tonarely  
 Fidelina De Bedia Frejo  
 Josephine Suris  
 Rosario Suris

A pleasant chat was followed by a dainty tea served by the courteous hostess, after which all joined heartily in the School Songs that so appropriately voiced the sentiments of those present.

### *St. John N. B. Alumnae.*

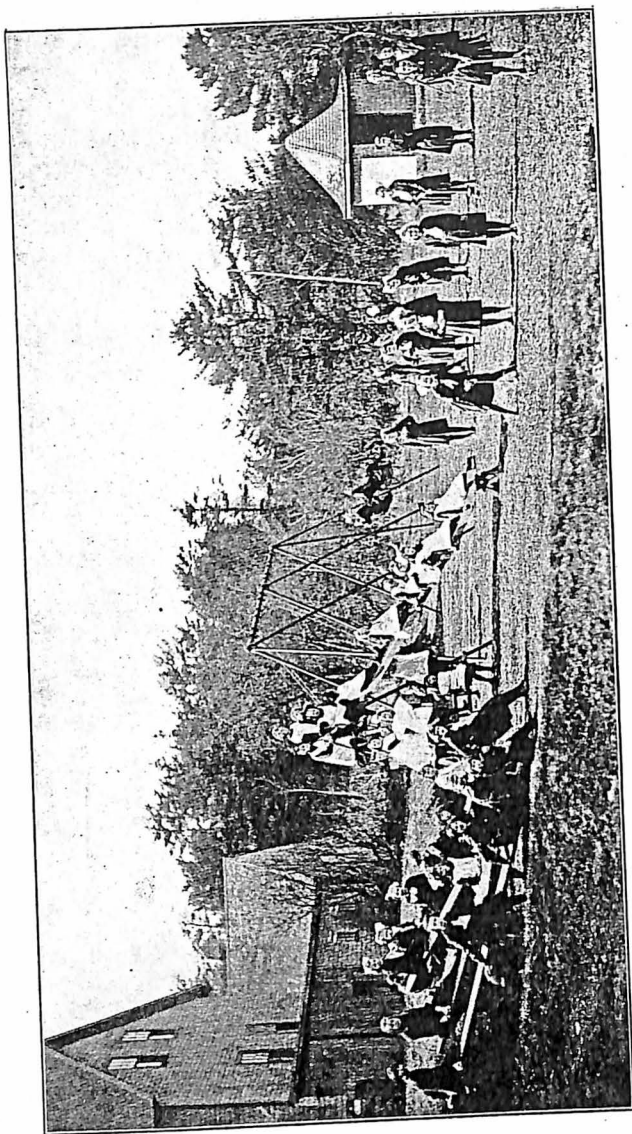
The following is taken from a St. John paper:

On Tuesday evening the St. John chapter of the Mount St. Vincent Alumnae of Halifax, held a successful and enjoyable bridge party at the residence of Mrs. Frank T. Mullin, Paddock Street. In the spacious drawing-room, lovely in its two tones of blue, the colors of Mount St. Vincent Academy, combined with spring flowers, Mrs. Claude F. Cassidy, vice-president of the association, in a pretty rose silk gown with georgette overdress, assisted by Mrs. Mullin in a beautiful beaded black crepe de chine, welcomed the guests. The artistically sung selections by the Misses Florence Kiervan and Gertrude O'Neil, added greatly to the enjoyment of all present. Bridge was played until midnight, the prizes being won by Mrs. F. A. Ainsworth and Dr. Edmund Lunney. The color scheme in the dining-room carried out the school colors of light and dark blue. Blue candles with blue shades were in silver candlesticks. The centre-piece on the handsomely arranged table was a silver basket filled with lovely blue iris, while yellow daffodils adorned the buffet and mantelpiece. Mrs. Frank O'Regan, in a charming black and silver gown, and Mrs. Edmund Lunney in a pretty blue steel embroidered crepe de chine evening frock, presided at the supper table. Miss Eleanor Tapley, who cut the ices, wore a becoming blue satin gown. The assistants were: Miss Elizabeth Gorman, Miss Eileen O'Regan, Miss Elizabeth McGaffigan, Miss Oland, Miss Gertrude Costly, Miss Geraldine Ready, Miss Margaret McDonough and Miss Teresa Ready. With the singing of "Memories of Mount St. Vincent" and "Dear Old Days," composed by the pupils, and sung to the music of "Auld Lang Syne" and "God Save the King," respectively, a most enjoyable evening was brought to a close.



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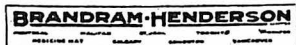
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