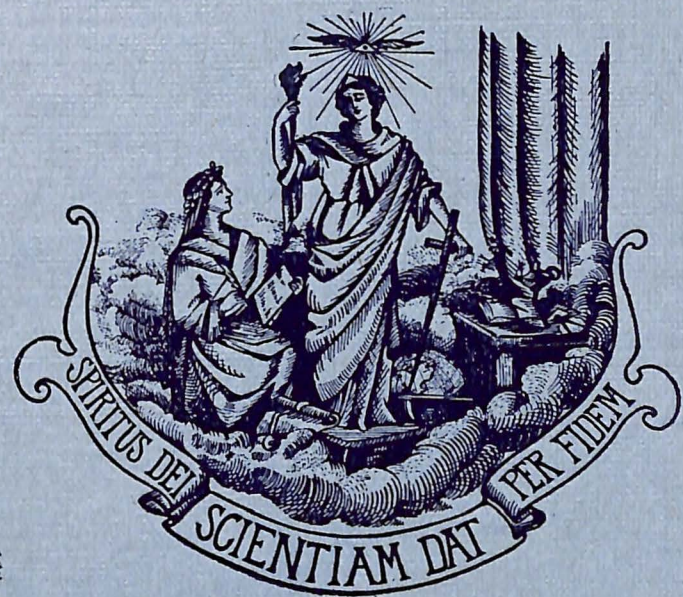




Folia
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Mount Saint Vincent
Halifax, Nova Scotia

Volume 6 - - - June 1921

Subscription : One Dollar

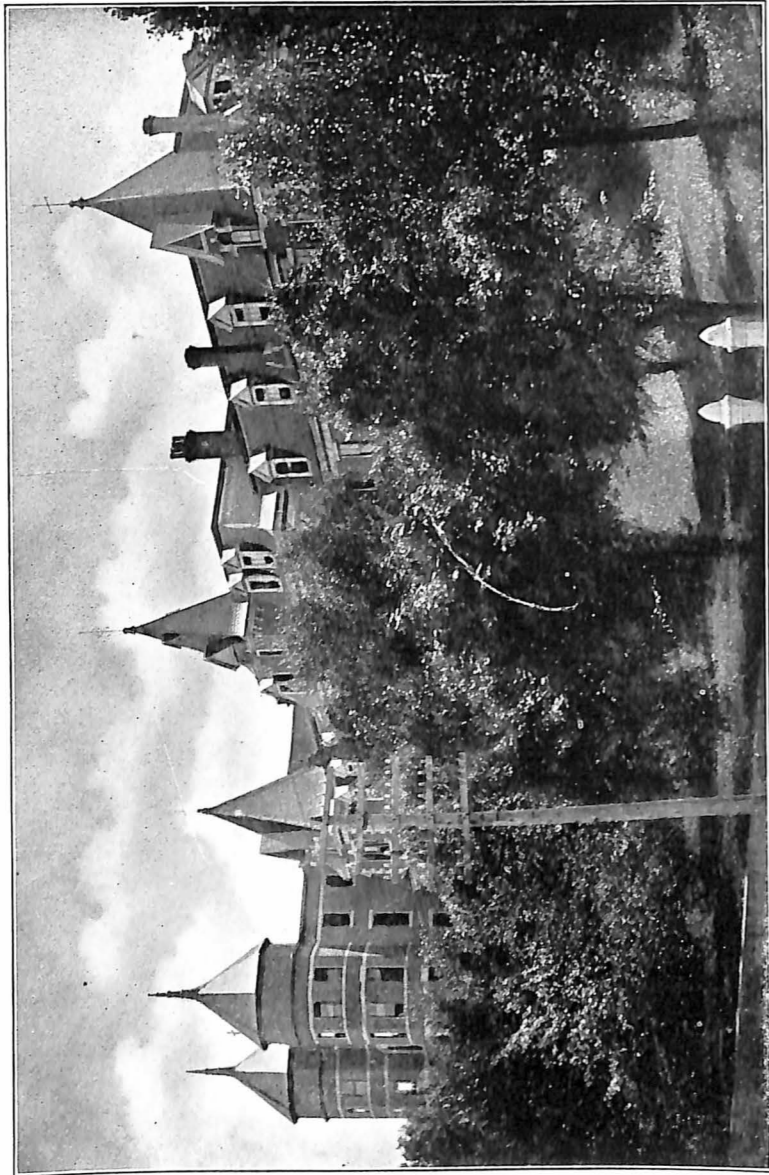


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MOUNT ST. VINCENT, HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

To Sister De Sales :

*Though no portrait of you may adorn
these Mount Leaves
your image will remain within our
loving hearts till they grow old,
as our most noble ideal
of
great-hearted womanhood,
self-sacrificing friendship
devoted leadership,
and ardent love of God.*

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∴ THE DAY ∴

THE day dawns, brightens, and fades; and lo! "the night cometh, wherein no man can work." Daylight and dawn—they mean youth and inspiration. What a joy is day! What a gift is life!

Day dawns, and life begins; life with its promise, its opportunities. Soon the glow in the East, the orient colors waving, grow faint against the sun's swift, upward course;—life brightens, reaches, expands unto its zenith. Noon with its shadeless lights, its quenchless fires, is quickly sped; its white heat is mellowed with the ripening hours; and lo! the goal is just beyond; ambrosial clouds and tints ethereal surround the death-bed of the dying day. Then droops the light, the after-glow pales through the gloaming, the twilight fades; it is dusk now, and soon the night will come.

What does it all mean to the watching soul—this lesson of the day?—its happy birth, its rapid bloom, its swift attaining of its end, and its silent, slow departure?

Ah, the watching soul can answer well. 'Tis life and growth, and youth, and strength, the increase of the powers of man to do God's will; and then, the zenith reached, man's little day declines, and passes into that which men call night. "The night cometh wherein no man can work." True. God asks no man to labor beyond his time. The day is for labor; the morning with its freshness, the noon with its heat, the sun-down light with its soothing beams, the grey dusk with its long shadows,—all these are meant for work; but in the end, when the night comes, the tired laborer may rest from toil when God will give His beloved sleep.

Let us then cheerily, from the dawn of our little day of life till dark, give unto our Maker and Master that service He so longs to have—the one service we can render Him—"Abide in My love." It is all He asks; it satisfies all our needs. In His command is food and rest and strength for our little day of life. Let us run in His service as ran that great spiritual athlete, St. Paul, confident that no darkness awaits the end of our journeying; for "the path of the just, as a shining light, goeth forward, and increaseth even unto perfect day."

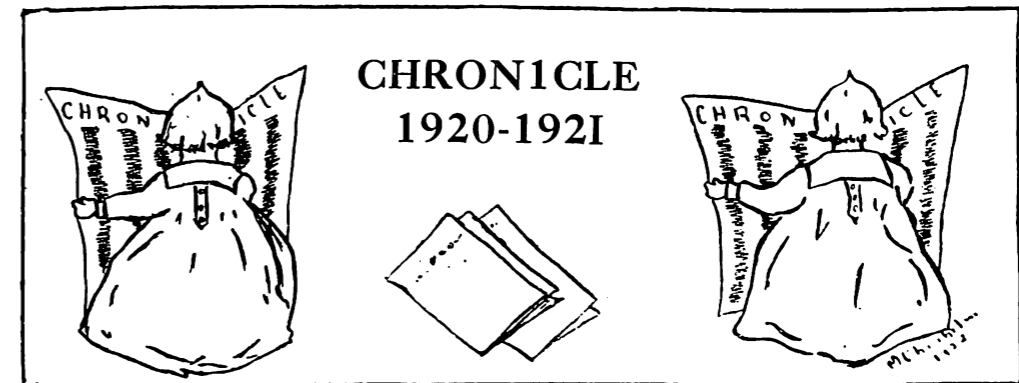
∴ SALUTATORY ∴

Lo! 'Tis June and blossoms sweet
Wink nodding, from each leafy bower of shade,
All steeped in Spring's aroma; now each maid
Hastes with a lightsome heart our friends to greet.

Life gladdens in these days, with promise new;
The odor of old Springs the soul has known,
Comes drifting back with mellow freshness blown;
O! may our song today be joy to you

For youth, the Spring-tide spreads o'er days that are,
The glories of the future; each sunbeam
Doth bear an augury to some fair dream
Of noble service crowned in days afar.

Be glad with us, rejoice O friends, who see
With graver eyes Life's earnest toilsome way,
The message that our girlhood gives to day,
Is this: Good springeth up eternally.



OPENING OF SCHOOL

SEPTEMBER 1920 differed not at all from its predecessors of other years, with blue skies, playing winds, dropping apples,—and (in a few cases) dropping tears. New boarders and old mingled in motley groups; "old girls" proudly escorted newcomers whom they had enticed to the Mount, and "new girls" spent their energies in trying to look pleasant and to wear the new uniform gracefully. Such a state of affairs, however, did not last long. Classes began; programs were settled, and after a week of getting lost and found, the newcomers got their bearings and began to look comfortable. Then Mount life started in earnest; the pianos began the fray; the violins squeaked applause; voices climbed the scale, and class-rooms echoed with a busy hum. There was no doubt about it;—by September fifteenth, school was on.

SEPTEMBER TENTH

BEFORE classes had begun in earnest, a morning's entertainment was provided by Mr. Heinroth of New York, cellist and vocalist. This little musicale marked the end of a series of lectures given by Mr. Heinroth on the Ward System of teaching singing. The program was enjoyed by all, especially by those who had assisted at the foregoing lectures.

OCTOBER ELEVENTH

ANOTHER entertainment was furnished us in mid-October by Professor Southwick, President of the Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, Mass. Mr. Southwick is no stranger at the Mount as old-time Mount girls will remember. The program given on this occasion was miscellaneous and included selections from Dickens, Sheridan, and Harriet Beecher-Stowe. Perhaps the most interesting of the selections was that taken from "The Rivals," which showed Professor Southwick at his best.

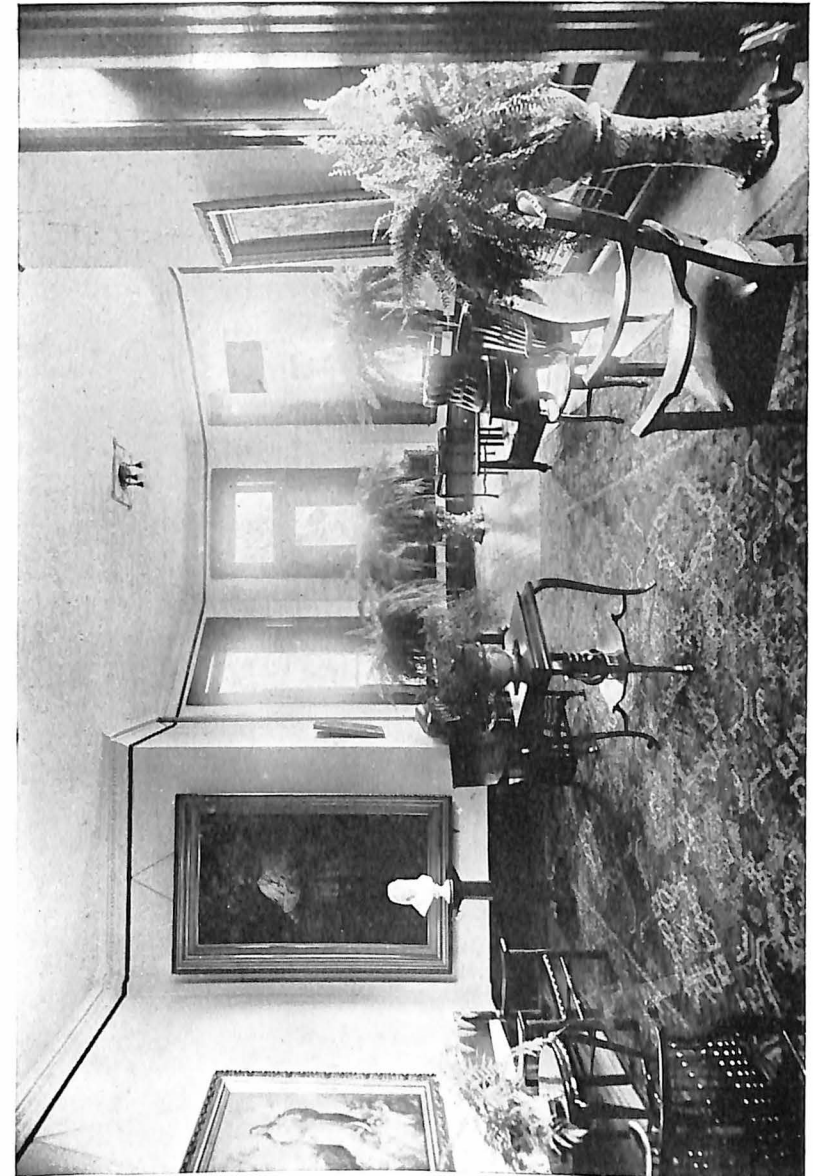


ABOUT a week before that eventful day, the Commercial girls seemed to wear an air of mystery, so we guessed the secret had something to do with our holiday; and we were, naturally, rather curious. At last it came out. The Seniors were to have a picnic at the Archbishop's country house, and the city girls were to be allowed to go home. How slowly the days passed! And when at last the longed-for day arrived, bright and brisk, all the Mount was stirring.

At 8.45 appeared a large motor belonging to Mr. W. G. Foley, and soon we were off! Stools, benches, chairs—anything served for anybody. All the morning there were games and sports, and at the summons to dinner, forty hungry girls flocked into the dining room. The tables were very prettily arranged by the Sisters, assisted by the "Commercials", and the lunch was excellent. After dinner, the rest of the afternoon was spent in wandering about the beautiful grounds.

The car was due to return for us at 6.30; but that hour had passed, and preparations for our departure were finished, when a message came that the chauffeur had had a slight accident with the car but would be there in about ten minutes. At the end of a half-hour, however, there was no sign of the car. Boxes were piled on the verandah, the rooms were cleared, and the big empty house began to look desolate. In the surrounding woods all was dark and quiet; on the mantelpiece, sputtered our last candle. It was beginning to be rather exciting; Another hour! No car! We danced and sang, and sang and danced, still no car! Then all assembled in the drawing-room and recited the Rosary. The late scene of revelry was changed to one of real anxiety. We gathered again on the verandah and sang the Hymn to Our Lady of Perpetual Help.

Suddenly the noise of an approaching motor could be heard, and Mr. Foley's five-passenger car appeared, followed by another. As it was a holiday, no other cars were available, and the large automobile was quite useless for the night.



VIEW OF SOUTH PARLOR

As many as could, scrambled into the two cars. The other girls formed in a line, and headed by two trusty guides, one of whom held the lantern, the other the cricket bat, we proceeded to walk home. The two cars came slowly behind; and thus guarded, we advanced.

Stony roads? Yes, but it was such fun, no one minded very much. The moon shone brightly, and we stumbled along quite rapidly. At Fairview, we were met by a team from the Mount, and a car driven by Brother Stanislaus from St. Patrick's Home. About half-past nine we were at our destination. The "lucky" city girls may have had a pleasant time, but I doubt whether they enjoyed themselves more than the picnickers.



AT four o'clock on the fateful day the gymnasium doors were flung wide. Truly the Goblins had done good work since noon. The broad ceiling had dropped a hundred swinging cords, and at the end of each an apple danced; the walls had been quickly overrun with climbing black and yellow; the posts were wrapped in bands of color; while here and there, and everywhere, bobbed grinning Jack O'Lantern, multiplied so many times that he had the satisfaction of finding himself in every nook and corner of the room.

In the south tower sat the guest of honor, Major C. Almeder, whose genial smile lent an additional joy to the festival. Before him the long line filed, in costumes gay and quaint. Each pair was introduced, and then the file doubled and trebled, and parted again, skilfully treading the maze. At length, at a given signal the "Hallowe'en bags" were distributed, and for a few minutes, candy and apples were much in evidence. Then the dancing began.

Evidently the Goblins were determined that we should carry out the programme in the right spirit; for when dusk fell, no electric bulb gave sign of life. Horrors! and we had a concert on for the evening! What would happen?

Lamps appeared, one by one, like those "forget-me-nots of the angels" that the poet mentions. Supper was a high carnival in the "dim religious light;" and after supper, the scene (or rather the light) was shifted to the music-hall. There, undismayed, the noble performers appeared in their various roles upon the stage. The symphony orchestra in regulation dress, white shirt fronts and conventional bow tie, and hair frizzed to desperation, gave an exquisite rendering of a well-known popular melody. We regret to say that their fifes had almost forgotten how to whistle, and the trombones were slightly wheezy. Nevertheless, they did their part nobly; and a thrilling guitar accompaniment rendered Miss O'Driscoll's solo the more entrancing. The Commercial Babies said their nursery rhymes with pathetic accent and shy grace. The minstrel jokers told marvellous stories over a white-washed fence. Miss Gladys O'Reilly

tripped the light fantastic to the tune of "The Irish Washerwoman." The darkie band from Africville was a "howling" success, especially the seven-page solo of Miss Gladys Blank. The drama of the evening was voted excellent. The cast was as follows:

Robin Goodfellow.....Miss Joyce Clarke
 Fairy Queen.....Miss Hattie Anderson
 Airy Fairy Lillian.....Miss Kathleen Hagen
 Cobweb.....Miss Katherine Shaw
 Spider-Legs.....Miss Claire Murphy
 Rolly-Poly.....Miss Mary Emerson
 Spindle-Points.....Miss Claire Murray
 Feather-Head.....Miss Mary Holmes
 Cuckoo-Klock.....Miss Jean Glassey
 Magician.....Miss Ethel Tobin

As the play is short, and its revelations many, we quote it in full.

"A MID-AUTUMN NIGHT'S DREAM"

SCENE—A Wood (Moonlight),

Enter Robin Goodfellow with a lantern. He sings as he skips around: "Oh where, oh where has my little dog gone?" Then standing still and listening:—Hark! I hear footsteps approaching on horse-back! That airy tread I know, yet cannot place. Is't a mortal? Nay, 'tis too light for that. It sounds like the fairy step of a Mount girl entering the study hall.

Enter Queen Mab (skipping).

QUEEN.—How now Robin Goodfellow! What dost thou here at this hour? Knows't thou not 'tis Hallowe'en and I with my fairies will shortly trip the light fantastic? Why carriest thou a lantern in the moon-light?

ROBIN.—My Queen! (bowing) Scorn not my lantern. I found it on the road Thanksgiving night. I find good use for it, for I'm looking for my dog. I'm afraid he's drowned in the reservoir. (He skips around looking in the corners with the lantern.)

QUEEN.—For shame Robin Goodfellow! Thou shouldst have taught the beast to swim. But come, forget thy woes and join us in our dance.

ROBIN.—Please, Queen, we had no place to practise in!
 (She goes to the side and calls)

Come hither my fays! (Other side) Come hither my fays!
 In troop the fairies.

QUEEN.—Ah! now my fairies, pipe a tune. I'll dance for you.

FAYS.—What shall we sing, Queen Mab?

QUEEN.—Oh anything'll do. The Old Oaken Bucket is an exquisite melody and the sound of it makes me think of the days when water used to be. The fairies sing The Old Oaken Bucket (with variations). The Queen dances and then they all join her. They dance till they are out of breath, when they all sink down.

QUEEN.—Come, Airy Fairy Lillian, entertain us with a story.
 Airy Fairy Lillian recites "The Turtle and the Flamingo."

While they are clapping her recital, a voice is heard and an old magician appears with a book under his arm and a staff in his hand.

MAG. (looking around).—Well, I do declare! What have I found here? Be you the inhabitants of the moon or the air? Be ye pollywogs or grass-hoppers?

QUEEN.—We are neither, sir. We are the fairies and now we encircle you so you cannot escape. (They circle round him) Who are you?

MAG.—I be nothin' much. I come from Rockingham. Know where that is?

FAIRIES.—Rockingham? No. Where is it?

MAG.—Wal, I reckon it ain't marked on the map of the world but it's somewhere this side of nowhere.

QUEEN.—How interesting! But tell us what is in Rockingham?

MAG.—Lots of things, but mostly girls. (Slapping his book) I've got their records all written out in this book.

FAIRIES.—Oh! read us some.

ROBIN.—Yes, please read us some.

MAG.—Wal, I suppose 'tis no harm.

They all sit in a circle; the magician, with the assistance of the fairies, climbs up on top of a high stool in the centre.

He opens his book and runs his fingers down the page of the book and reads:

MARJORIE MARSHALL	Tall and slim—wears a red sweater—frequents the college room. Diet: encyclopedias. Recreation: basket-ball. Will some day be a Ph.D. if she doesn't die soon of Latinity.
MARGARET JEFFERS	Lank and lean—curly hair—of a mathematical turn of mind. Specialty: typewriting. Her fate is settled. She will be an opera singer or a movie star.
GRETA BRUNT	Fair and fanciful—wrinkled brow and worried brain. Diet: baked beans. Occupation: examining groceries. Motto: "Eat to live or live to eat; what matters it in the end?"
ELANOR LEMESURIER	Round and rosy—limping and long. Diet: charms. Occupation: taking snaps. Motto: "I love you truly."
CLAIRE MURPHY	Short and simple. Diet: red apples. Occupation: dusting. Motto: "Let thy duty always be thy pleasure."

WINNIE O'HEARON	Thin as a rail—curly hair. Specialty: Shrines. Diet: apples, red, green or speckled. Will be a missionary to the Chinese.
KATHRYN SHAW	Petite and pleasant—dainty hands, pearly teeth. Diet: bananas. Future: Professor of Latin Grammar at Kentville University.
MAY TOBIN	Slim and graceful—thick, wavy hair—abundance of brain. Diet: dictionaries. Recreation: listening to Ethel. Future: L.L.D. (Let Love Die).
ROSE O'DONNELL	Small and smart. Specialty: geometry. Diet: Greek verbs. Recreation: basket-ball. Future: Principal of Glace Bay Academy.
EDNA PITTS	Fad anf fervent. Specialty: juniors. Diet: St. Patrick's High School. Recreation: studying. Motto: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."
JOSEPHINE LAMIE	Typical Cape Bretoner. Future: Will break a blood vessel blushing.
GLADYS PRICE	The only one of her kind—gay and giggly. Specialty: troubles. Recreation: dancing.
JEAN McDONALD	Pale and puny—hair not as prominent as bangs. Specialty: Laziness. Diet: chocolates. Motto: "Keep the home fires burning."
MARGARET PRICE	Lean and languid. Specialty: Doing nothing. Recreation: Shop-keeping. Diet: Office slips. Motto: "Step lively."
JESSIE MCINTYRE	Solid, stolid and Scotch. Diet: Arguments. Occupation: Resignation to Canadian Life. Recreation: The Highland Fling. Motto: "O Canada!"
KATHLEEN HAGEN	Fat and fair. Diet: Coffee. Occupation: Making eyes. Recreation: Smiling. Motto: "Love is Blind."
THERESA READY	Lady-like and languid. Diet: Lead pencils. Recreation: Shorthand. Occupation: Waiting for the St. John train. Motto: "Home, Sweet Home."
FANNY HAYES	Dark and daring. Specialty: Gymnasium feats. Diet: Ink. Occupation: Telephoning. Motto: "Never say die."
MAY MALLET-PARET	Pale and polite. Diet: Jaw-breakers. Specialty: Chattering. Occupation: Attending the Pharmacy. Recreation: Treatment. Future: Queen of Southern Seas.
HELEN BYALIN	Curly-headed and quaint. Diet: Sarcasm. Recreation: Painting. Occupation: Memorizing. Future: Illustrator for Ladies' Home Journal.
MARGUERITE BELLIVEAU	Slim sigher for Sales. Diet: Grapes. Occupation: Washing. Future: Sailing for France's shores.

GLADYS O'REILLY	Stout and stocky. Specialty: Clock-work stockings. Occupation: Watering plants. Motto: "Smile and the world smiles with you."
HATTIE ANDERSON	Sunny Jim. Has curls and dimples. Specialty: tennis. Recreation: eating. Diet: Barrels of apples. Motto: "An apple in the hand is worth two on the tree."
NORA GALLAGHER	Thin and lively—stooped but not stupid. Recreation: substituting. Diet: books. Future: A star of the first magnitude.
MARJORIE LATTER	2nd cousin to Sis Hopkins. Hare-brained and loose-jointed. Specialty: singing. Diet: Kough medicines. Motto: "Sing me to sleep and call me early, Mother dear."
FRANCES KELLY	Short and shy. Hair curls once in a blue moon. Occupation: worry and study. Recreation: scrapes.
GERTRUDE SMITH	Sweet and shy. Specialty: blushing. Recreation: typing exams. Occupation: spiritual reading. Diet: gasoline. Motto: "Better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."
ADA KOPF	Wide and weighty—hair à la Japanese Doll. Occupation: hair curling. Diet: chiclets. Motto: "What's the use of loving if you can't love all the time?"
ETHEL MOIR	A Busy B. Baked Brown—frizzled hair. Occupation: talking. Diet: cake and candy. Motto: "You can eat your cake and have another."
BRENDA MCFATRIDGE	An airy fairy—fluffy hair; short proportions. Specialty: cupboard. Recreation: singing. Future: A prima donna.
HELEN GORMAN	Slow and easy; heavy eyebrows. Diet: miscellaneous (chiefly books). Occupation: dancing. Motto: "Buns forever."
PHYLLIS CARROLL	Gaunt and graceful; ears recently discovered. Occupation: biography of Christopher Columbus. Diet: milk.
HELEN WYMAN	Faithful and fervent; face, pale and pensive. Diet: good thoughts. Occupation: praying and preaching. Motto: "While there is life there is hope."
MARY HOGAN	Long-legged. Diet: Root beer. Occupation: pinning and pinching. Motto: "Keep your balance, still, what'er you lose."
RITA PRENEGAST	Slow, stout, and stubby; placid brow, wavy hair. Diet: Marble slabs. Occupation: running. Motto: "Time and tide wait for no man, nor woman either."
VIVIAN POWER	Left-handed and left-footed. Specialty: marching. Recreation: base-ball. Future: Taking care of Marie.

MILDRED WHITE	Slim and solemn. Diet: club-swinging. Occupation: collecting funds. Motto: "Laugh and grow fat."
KATHLEEN FRASER	A retired member of the Firm of Mount Girls. Specialty: wasting time. Diet: an English accent. Motto: "Noblesse oblige."
KATHLEEN WALSH	Tall and tearful. Specialty: electric curlers and high heels. Diet: roses. Occupation: writing letters. Motto: "Cheer up! It'll rain soon."
MONA MAHAR	Stout and still. Specialty: silk hose. Diet: love. Recreation: sitting up nights. Occupation: minding her Kopf. Motto: "Perseverance."

After the above recitation, the magician dismounts from his stool and joins the fairies in a last caper. They dance off the stage.

OCTOBER THIRTIETH

ON Saturday, October thirtieth, the Forty Hours' Devotion began with Solemn High Mass and the beautiful procession. For dignity and beauty nothing can equal the ceremonies of the Church; and the remembrance of them as carried out at the Mount will linger with us through life as a foretaste of those heavenly solemnities that are to come. The heart-stirring Pange Lingua sung by the Sisters and the pupils, and the Litany of the Saints chanted by choir and congregation alternately, were echoed in our hearts for many a day. And the beauty of these things is not meant to pass away; they are the symbols of realities; and will, of a truth, find their fulfilment in heaven.

ARMISTICE DAY

ARMISTICE Day can never be forgotten by those who realize what the Great War meant. In the afternoon of November eleventh, the Commercial class celebrated the anniversary with songs, readings, and speeches. In the evening, the school was entertained by a quartet of singers from Halifax: Miss Ella Courtney, Mrs. Hugh Miller, Mr. Leo Curry, and Mr. Basil Courtney. The program was delightfully varied, the song themes running from grave to gay. The accompanist for the evening was our graduate, Miss Gertrude McKenzie, whose talent has won her high praise in all the musical circles of the city. After the concert, a collation was served in the library.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

ON November twenty-eighth, a pleasant surprise was given the school in the form of a motion-picture entertainment. In the midst of school routine, a picture-film is a novelty. Our benefactor on this occasion was Mr. J. O'Connor of Halifax.

VISIT OF THE PAPAL DELEGATE.

ON December 15, 1920, St. Mary's Cathedral, Halifax, celebrated its hundredth anniversary. In honour of the occasion, the Papal Delegate to Canada, the Most Reverend Pietro Di Maria, D. D., came from Ottawa, to congratulate our reverend Archbishop. Priests from all parts of the diocese and representatives from Boston, Philadelphia, Montreal, Quebec, and Toronto were present in Halifax for the event; and the clergy and laity of the city strove to make the centennial week a memorable one.

The Cathedral celebration took place on Wednesday. On Thursday morning, the Archbishop's suite accompanied the Papal Delegate to the Sacred Heart Convent where an entertainment was provided, followed by lunch. In the afternoon the Mount reception took place. His Excellency arrived with the Archbishop about 4 o'clock, and was conducted to the Community Room to meet the Sisters. After a short visit to the Novitiate, the Delegate proceeded to the Music Hall where the place of honour was assigned him on a raised dais in the middle of the room. The Right Reverend Archbishop McCarthy sat at his right hand and Mother General at his left. The hall was decorated with yellow and white festoons, and yellow and white chrysanthemums were conspicuous on all sides. Above the stage curtain hung the Delegate's coat of arms; and over the door, the Papal insignia.

His Excellency was greeted by graceful speeches in English and Latin, and was presented with flowers by several of the children of the Junior division of the School. The orchestra, consisting of about twenty-five members, played a brilliant overture, and then the drama was introduced. "Saint Caecilia," as the name implies, has for its subject the trial and constancy of the virgin martyr; and as the whole theme and setting was Roman, it was deemed appropriate for the occasion. The costumes and coloring were exquisite, and the parts well taken. Orchestral music filled the intervals between the scenes, and the performance ended in a beautiful song burst, with the Magnificat.

His Excellency made a short speech in English, thanking Reverend Mother and the children, and congratulating all on the success of the entertainment.

The guests immediately repaired to the reception hall where a banquet-table was spread for the visitors. The room was beautifully adorned with the Papal colors; the large windows were draped in yellow and white; and the long table

with its silver and glass and beautiful flowers captivated the eye, while from the adjoining library came strains of music played by the Mount orchestra. About fifty-three guests were present, among them the following:—

- Rt. Rev. Louis O'Leary, D. D., Bishop of Charlottetown.
- Rt. Rev. D. Morrison, D. D., Bishop of Antigonish.
- Rt. Rev. A. B. Cote', P. P., Meteghan, N. S.
- Monsignor McLean, V. G., Prince Edward Island.
- Rev. Wm. Foley, D. D., Rector of Cathedral, Halifax.
- Rev. Leonidas Perrin, O. S. S., Rector of Notre Dame, Montreal.
- Rev. Maurice McDonald, Rector of Cathedral, Charlottetown.
- Very Rev. G. Murphy, V. G., Halifax.
- Rev. G. J. McLellan, D. D., Rector of St. Dunstan's University.
- " H. P. McPherson, Rector of St. Francis Xavier University.
- " George J. Daly, C.S.S.R., St. John, N. B.
- " J. J. Tomkins, D. D., Antigonish.
- " Desire' Comeau, Eelbrook, N. S.
- " D. M. McAdam, P. P., Sydney, C. B.
- " Ronald McDonald, Havre Boucher.
- " Wm. Brown, Amherst, N. S.
- " E. Young, Yarmouth, N. S.
- " A. Donahoe, D. C. L., Kentville, N. S.
- " J. Foley, Chester, N. S.
- " Chas. Reis, Bridgewater, N. S.
- " Daly Comeau, West Pubnico, N. S.
- " J. Flemming, Windsor, N. S.
- " M. K. Kinsella, Truro, N. S.
- " Wm. Sweet, Enfield, N. S.
- " J. P. Mackey, Annapolis, N. S.
- " Louis Graham, Londonderry, N. S.
- " T. J. Johnston, Morden, N. S.
- " Cyril Martin, Sheet Harbor, N. S.
- " Regis Cragg, Prospect, N. S.
- " J. Le Courtois, C. J. M., Superior of Holy Heart Seminary.
- Rt. Rev. Chas. Underwood, Dartmouth, N. S.
- Rev. C. Guillemin, C. J. M.
- " J. B. O'Reilly, C. J. M., Chaplain of the Mount.

- Rev. J. A. Fortier, O. M. I., Chaplain to. H. M. F.
- " Chas. McManus, Halifax.
- " T. O'Sullivan, Halifax.
- " M. Cole, Halifax.
- " P. McQuillan, Halifax.
- " M. Driscoll, Halifax.
- " D. Summers, Halifax.
- " Chas. Curran, D. D., Halifax.
- " G. Courtney, Halifax.
- " J. J. Devine, Halifax.
- " T. Delaney, Halifax.
- " G. Phelan, Halifax.
- " J. Quinan, Halifax.
- " V. Grey, Halifax.
- " T. Curran, Halifax.
- " F. Martin, Halifax.
- Brother Culhane, Halifax.
- Brother Cornelia, Halifax.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

- Quintillian, father of Caecilia.....Miss Ethel Tobin.
- Tibertius, brother of Caecilia.....Miss Mary Emerson.
- Valerian, husband of Caecilia.....Miss Ada Kopf.
- Tertius Almachius, Prefect of Rome.....Miss Mary Holmes.
- Septimius, a Roman Noble.....Miss Marion Glassey.
- Decius, an apostate.....Miss Mildred White.
- Pontiff.....Miss Claire Murphy.
- Captain of the Guard.....Miss Constance Andrews.
- Caecilia.....Miss Evelyn Colwell.
- Egeria, a Roman Lady.....Miss Kathleen Fraser.
- Soldiers, ladies in-waiting, wedding guests.

SYNOPSIS.

The story of Saint Caecilia is well known. Our little drama deals with her betrayal into the hands of the praetorian prefect who governs Rome in the absence of the Emperor Alexander Severus, and with her trial at his judgment seat

Scene I shows the house of Quintillian, father of Caecilia. At his invitation the wedding guests have assembled, for he is determined to give his daughter's

hand to the pagan Valerian who will remove the disgrace of Caecilia's profession of the Christian faith. Caecilia demurs, but on the inspiration of heaven finally consents, and is wed to Valerian. That same night, she wins her husband to the Christian faith, and with him her father and brother.

Scene II is laid on the banks of the Tiber. Septimius, the enemy of Valerian plots his destruction. He is aided in his schemes by Egeria, a lady whose affection for Valerian has been thwarted by his marriage with Caecilia. Valerian enters, quarrels with Septimius, and is immediately seized by the soldiers of the prefect, Tertius Almachius.

Scene III shows the garden of Caecilia. Hither Egeria comes to instigate suspicion of Valerian in the mind of Caecilia. Septimius approaches, and is about to seize Caecilia when Valerian who has escaped from the guards arrives just in time to save her. Together they descend the secret stairway which leads to the Catacombs. Immediately on their departure, Tertius Almachius arrives with his guards. Led by Decius, an apostate, the soldiers descend through the secret passage.

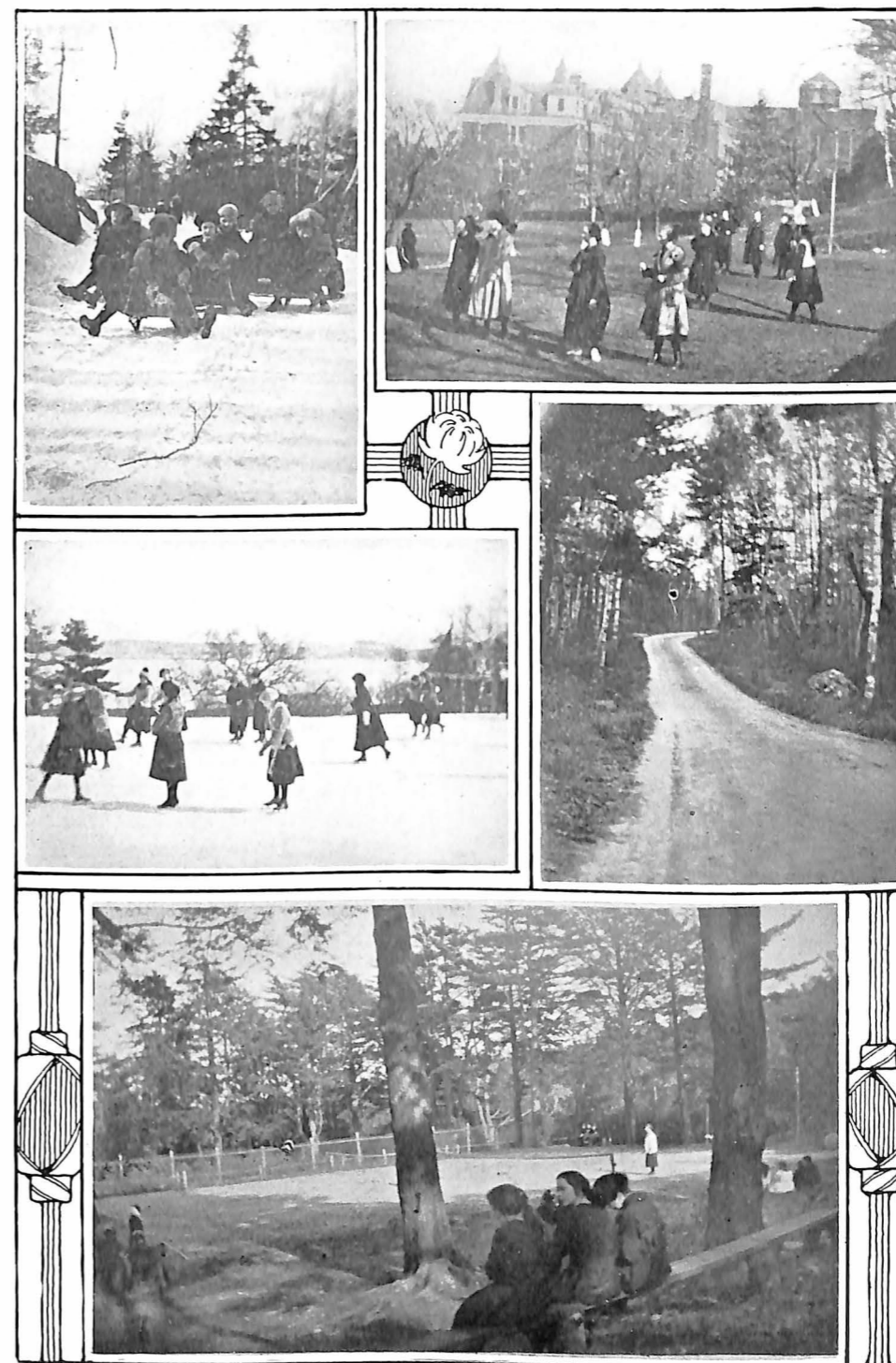
Scene IV represents the massacre of the Christians who with Pope Urban are gathered in the Catacomb. Here Valerian dies, as also the brother and father of Caecilia. Caecilia alone is spared by order of Almachius.

Scene V shows the judgment seat of Tertius Almachius, and the trial of Caecilia. Moved by the constancy of the saint, Egeria repents and asks instruction in the Christian faith. The apostate Decius dies in an agony of remorse. Caecilia, impervious to threats and blandishments, is led to her martyrdom.

DECEMBER TWENTIETH.

SCHOOL was drawing to a close, and Santa Claus was daily expected. He appeared one morning, quite regardless of custom, in the gymnasium, where the Juniors had assembled for a concert given in honor of Mother General and the Staff. The central feature of the little entertainment was the tiny Crib; only when each child had given her tribute to the Children's King was the big Christmas-tree looming up in the background given due attention. Then there was general rejoicing; sweets and toys were distributed, and to the tune of a Christmas carol the assembly was dispersed.

In the afternoon of the same day, the Music Hall was the scene of festivity. In gala dress, the big hall looked very inviting, with its tables laden with embroidered work, crocheted and knitted articles, and novelties that tempt the Christmas-shopper's purse. In the corner Santa Claus conducted a fishing-excursion; and out of his marvellous pond came marvellous fish. The fishing was shared by big and little alike; Seniors and Juniors vied with one another, and visitors shared the fun.



RECREATION HOURS

In the long reception-room, beautifully decorated, small tables were set for supper; and soon the crowd from the Music Hall overflowed into this improvised dining-room. Visitors were numerous; mothers and fathers and aunts and cousins and friends, all came with a good will and better appetite. Later in the evening ice-cream and cake were served, and the Aloysians gave their Christmas play, in which Santa Claus wooed Mother Goose, and thereby became inheritor and care-taker of her numerous family,—Jack Horner, Little Bo-Peep, Jack and Jill, Little Miss Muffet, and the rest.

Next day there was a packing of grips and a hurry of farewells; and so, with a last "Merry Christmas and God bless you!" we were off for the holidays.

JANUARY TENTH.

FOUR days after Little Christmas the Mount doors swung wide to welcome back the wanderers. The "Happy New Year" then began in earnest. We had enjoyed the benefit of an extra two days, thanks to the kindness of the Sisters who gave now the holiday promised by his Excellency the Papal Delegate. So with ready hearts, all took up class work again, and everything promised a successful year.

JANUARY TWENTY-NINTH.

SISTER DE SALES' feast-day dawned cold and clear. It was Saturday, so hurrah for a half-conge! The snow lay crusted hard over the hills; the two rinks were in excellent condition; so coasting and skating became the program for many. A lively hockey match was played on the ice, and after a good three hours out of doors, all were ready for supper. A "high tea" was served, and more than a hundred hungry girls blessed Sister de Sales for her motherly care that is always providing good things for "the children."

In the evening Mr. John Dwyer brought his motion-picture machine and entertained us for several hours with a variety of films, serious and comic. After the pictures the floor was cleared, and we danced the evening out.

JANUARY THIRTIETH.

ON the Sunday evening following the feast of St. Francis de Sales the school was gathered to hear a debate between the Commercial and the Classical. The subject chosen for discussion was, Resolved: That the Classical Course is of Greater Benefit to a Young Lady than the Commercial Course.

Miss Constance Gard, as chairman for the Commercial Club, introduced the speakers, who were as follows:—

AFFIRMATIVE.

Miss May Tobin
" Ethel Tobin
" Marjorie Marshall

NEGATIVE.

Miss Effie Messinger
" Phyllis Carroll
" Greta Brunt.

Both sides fought well. The speakers were well chosen, and brought forth hearty applause from the audience by clever sallies that struck home. The victory went to the Classics, the vote of the judges being 96-93.

FEBRUARY FIFTH.

AS St. Valentine's Day came this year in Lent, his gay festival was anticipated on February fifth. On Saturday afternoon the gymnasium was gay with green and white decorations, swinging lanterns and attractive tables. Candy in all shapes and forms, cocoa and cake, ice-cream and its accompaniments,—with these were the tables laden; but not for long. For sweets and girls have a mutual attraction. Does not the old rhyme say:

"Sugar and spice, and everything nice,—
This is what little girls are made of?"

And big girls, we doubt not, are of the same genus and species as their smaller sisters. When the tables were cleared, the dancing began, and continued, with a short interruption for tea, until bed-time.

THE MARDI GRAS MASQUERADE.

Mardi Gras comes once a year
Then in truth you see appear
Folks you haven't seen or met
Since your babyhood; and yet
Here to M.S.V. they flock
At stroke of five by the old clock,
And in the music hall so grand
They march quite gaily to a band.
Japanese from Chinese towns,
Butterflies and merry clowns,
Pierette in black and white,
Injuns colored for a fight,
Night and Day together walk,
Spanish dancers laugh and talk,

While Prince Charming and Queen Mab
 With the witches hold conflag.
 A Red Cross nurse is there you see
 In case of an emergency;
 Old Caesar one-steps with a maid
 Of Summerland, while in her plaid
 Sweet Highland Mary walks beside
 Old Mrs. Ruggles stout with pride.
 Robin Hood and Little John
 Thought it wise to keep masks on.
 I think the sheep would puzzled be
 To see before them Bo-Peeps three,
 While Britain with no trace of gloom
 Finds Ireland present in the room;
 Ladies veiled from the East
 Can dance at this Canadian feast,
 While Music with her tuneful bars
 Plays melodies unto the Stars (?)
 Titania, with a merry fay,
 Talks to Gretchen by the way—
 What need to mention one more name?
 They all were gentle-folk of fame;
 You'd know them straight by one quick look
 As if they'd stepped from fairy book.
 When introduced, they bow gravely;
 Then make their way down to a tea;
 Where cake and ice-cream disappear
 (For Mardi Gras comes once a year)
 And then, refreshed, the stairs they climb
 To dance away a pleasant time
 Till loud the bell peals,—one, two, three!—
 'Tis bedtime hour at M. S. V.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-THIRD.

ON Thursday afternoon, the school was assembled in the Music Hall to hear the reading of Percy McKaye's "Jeanne d'Arc" given by Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick, of the Emerson College of Oratory, Boston.

With a remarkable clearness and sweetness of voice, Mrs. Southwick immediately drew our whole attention. Her opening remarks reminded us simply of the greatness of the heroine whose life is pictured so beautifully in Percy McKaye's striking drama; her beauty of soul, purity of heart, and the privileges

of her sainthood. Jeanne d'Arc, raised now to the altars of the Church, is a model of maidenhood in every age. No subject could have been better chosen for interpretation, and no one could better interpret the subject than Mrs. Southwick. The reader's intense admiration for "the Maid of Orleans" gave that enthusiasm to her interpretation that stirred all our hearts, and kept us spell-bound for two hours. The drama portrays in beautiful language the simple, happy life at Domremy, the intrigues of the Court, the martial vigor of the camp, the desolation of the prison, and the triumph of the martyrdom. We left the hall with new zeal for the Maid of Orleans, and new veneration for her whom the Church now styles Saint Jeanne d'Arc.

One passage lingers in our memories; Jeanne, at eventide, stands watching the little town, and knows now clearly the sacrifice before her. Her vision is of France; not France desolée, but of France sauvée.

"How happily doth all the world go home!
 The bee hath left the shutting marguerite
 To dust his wings at Pierrot's garden-door
 And hum all night to drowsy chancleer;
 The rooks are whirling to the nested eaves.—
 Thou little darling town of Domremy,
 Good night! Thou winkest with thy lids of vines,
 And layest down within the golden stream
 Thy yellow thatches and thy poplars pale;
 And thou too art upgathered in home-fields;
 But thy Jeannette must pass away from thee.
 For He Who distained not to stay
 His wandering star o'er tiny Bethlehem
 Hath in His love of France, sent unto thee
 His shining messengers to fetch thy Maid.
 O little town, hush still thy breath and hark!
 Amid thy narrow streets are angels arming,
 And o'er thy stepping-stones immortal feet
 Are bearing light the undying fleur-de-lys;
 And from thy roofs clear horns-of-Paradise
 Are blowing wide unto the zenith: Harken!
 Who shall withstand the Lord of Hosts, or who
 Defy His power? The horses of the Lord
 Are neighing, terrible; His chariots
 Of thunder crash in darkness, and the voice
 Calleth of His Archangel from the battle:
 "Vive la France! Victoire! La France sauvee!"

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

DESPITE the darkness that hangs over Erin, our hearts were light on Saint Patrick's Day; for is not our Saint in heaven, and does he not watch over the land of his choice? St. Patrick in heaven, surrounded by those multitudes from "the Isle of Saints" will bring Ireland safe through her troubles and make her triumphant in her suffering. So, in hope, we kept Saint Patrick's Day.

In the evening, a concert was given, at which Irish music and Irish readings struck the note of the day. The play presented was a comic sketch; the principal rôles were played by Misses Ada Kopf, Helen Gorman, Ethel Tobin, Mary Emerson, Mary Holmes, and Kathleen Fraser. The ludicrousness of the plot was enhanced by the spirit of the actors. "The Economical Boomerang" was a marked success.

After the program, the day's celebration was concluded with a dance.

ANNUAL RETREAT.

THE Easter holidays occupied the week from March twenty-third to March thirtieth. A week of class-work followed, and on the evening of April 7th, the annual retreat began. This year the exercises were given by our old-time friend, Reverend G. A. Keelan, S. J. Under his kindly direction, the spiritual exercises were made with great devotion. The retreat ended on Monday morning, April 11th, and after several hours of recreation, classes were resumed after dinner.

A moving-picture treat which had been arranged for the evening of the 11th was, owing to weather conditions, postponed until April 16th. Our benefactor on this occasion was Mr. Dwyer.

MAY FIFTH.

ON May fifth, Major C. H. Almeder gave a farewell treat to the Commercial Class in the form of an ice-cream party which all enjoyed heartily.

LECTURES.

ON November twenty-first, the Rev. J. B. O'Reilly, C. J. M. our chaplain, lectured on "Present Conditions in Ireland." The subject chosen was of general interest, and the speaker gave a clear picture of what Ireland is suffering; pointing out the causes of friction and points of difficulty in the solution of the problem. The lecture was very much appreciated.

Father O'Reilly has given also weekly talks to the school supplementing in a very able manner, the general instructions in Christian Doctrine and Mor-

ality. The staff here takes opportunity of thanking him for his untiring interest and devotion.

On February tenth, Dr. Logan of Halifax lectured on "The Five S's in Music,"—an original subject, to which he gave an unusual and very interesting treatment. Dr. Logan, as poet, lecturer, and musical critic, is well known. He illustrated his remarks by the use of the victrola, which gave us in turn, examples of the Sensational, the Sensual, the Sensuous, the Sentimental, and the Spiritual, elements of music. The purpose of the lecture was to give us standards by which to judge music; not that the speaker condemned any one class of music, but merely distinguished the various types of musical production. The lecture aroused much interest, and was the subject of lively discussion. It achieved its purpose in making us think along a new line.

We missed this year the genial presence on our Academy platform of Dr. Blackadar who through illness has been obliged to slacken his energetic activities. We realize, however, that his friendly interest in the Mount has not been diminished; and we sincerely hope that next year we may have the pleasure of seeing him again visit the Mount.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS

OUR reverend Archbishop never fails in his loving interest in the Mount and in his solicitude for our welfare. His words to us are always helpful and encouraging, and his visits are very much appreciated.

On December 15th we received an unexpected visit from Archbishop Roy of Quebec, who with his secretary spent a pleasant afternoon at the Mount. His Grace came especially to convey the greetings of his Eminence Cardinal Bégin, and to express his regret at not being able to attend the Mount reception of the Papal Delegate, which took place on the following day.

During the same week we had the pleasure of an afternoon call from Reverend Wm. H. Hingston, S. J. Rector of Loyola College.

In April, Father O'Rourke, S. J. paid us a visit. Father O'Rourke is well known as the author of popular spiritual books. His lively personality and charming manner will not soon be forgotten at the Mount.

We were delighted to hear of the recent honor conferred by the Holy See on our friend, Rt. Reverend Wm. Foley, D. D. On May 1st, Monsignor Foley received the congratulations of the Mount children of Mary, who read an address of felicitation, and presented him with a gift. Those who were not present on the occasion offer their congratulations through the Folia.



VIOLIN RECITAL

May 28, 1921.

MISS BLOSSOM DAVISON

Violinist

MISS GERTRUDE LOUISE D. MACKENZIE

Accompanist

Assisted by

Miss Ada Kopf
VocalistMiss Rachel Hagen
Violinist

PROGRAMME.

- Largo from Concerto for two violins..... Bach
 Slavonic Rapsodie Dvorak-Kreisler
 (a) Melodie Gluck-Kreisler (1714-1787)
 (b) The Little Mill..... F. Couperin-Press (1668-1733)
 (c) Canto Amoroso..... Sammartini-Elman (1700-1740)
 (d) Tambourin Rameau-Kreisler (1683-1764)
 (a) Aria from "The Death of Joan of Arc" Bemberg
 (b) From the Land of the Sky Blue Water..... Cadman
 (a) Andante Religioso Sinding-Burmester
 (b) Gavotte Sinding-Burmester
 Caprise Viennois..... Kreisler
 A Birthday..... Woodman
 Concerto..... Mendelssohn op. 64
 Andante
 Allegro Molto vivace.



MARJORIE MARSHALL



MARJORIE came to us five years ago, a quiet little maiden, fair haired and blue-eyed. She soon made friends among the Aloy-sians, and remained two years in their division. The Provincial C class of 1918 enrolled Marjorie among its studious members, and a successful year was closed by more successful examinations. In 1919 Marjorie obtained her "B" license, and in 1920 her "A". After such a career, it was fitting that higher work should be attempted, so October 1920 found Marjorie enrolled as a Sophomore student, following the Dalhousie course. As a graduate and college student Marjorie has enjoyed a few privileges, but has paid well for them in hard study.

Though quiet and unpretentious, Marjorie has a keen sense of humor and a relish for athletics. She has captained the Red team successfully for two years, and is our star basket-ball player. She has also gifts in the poetic line, as her contributions to the Folia of 1920 and 1921 have shown.

May the coming years bring her happiness and contentment in the wise employment of her time and talents.

BLOSSOM DAVISON

NOBODY ever reflects that Lena is the correct name for our pet musician. Blossom suits her perfectly, and a sweeter, prettier flower of girlhood is seldom seen.

Blossom has bloomed in our own garden, for she has been with us since she was a tiny tot. The violin was with her in her Junior days, and her tiny fingers were accustomed to the piano. But not only in music has she shown ability; her class teachers lament the fact that she left the classical course to devote more time to music.

In the athletic field, also, Blossom has won fame. At the tennis tournament of 1920 she carried off the prize.

But music is her life. At recreation hour, her place is at the piano, though her friends occasionally steal her off for a dance. Wherever there is music, there is Blossom; as an accompanist and even as an originator, she shows superior ability. After her wonderful display of technical skill in her recital of May 1921, we feel sure that fame awaits our little graduate.



CONSTANCE GARD

OUR fun-loving "Connie" comes from Amherst, and until four years ago attended St. Charles' Convent in that town. During the four years she has been at M. S. V. she has been a favorite with all the girls; her jovial manner, hearty laughter and friendly attitude towards all with whom she comes in contact have won for her a great many friends. She is a much sought partner at the recreation dances.

"Connie" obtained her "Senior B" certificate last year, then decided to become a business woman; as a member of the commercial class she has shown her ability for study; for some time she kept the other commercials wondering if they were going to be able to compete with her in shorthand theory.

The loud applause which greets her when she appears on the stage to sing, gives evidence of her popularity among the girls. Her chief characteristic is punctuality, Connie never being more than five minutes late for her classes, and having as she says "missed the train only twice."

We all join in wishing her a brilliant career and hope that her troubles will never be greater than her present ones.



GERALDINE DONAHOE

GERALDINE, or "Jell" as she is familiarly known by most of her friends, was born in Halifax, where she went to school at the Sacred Heart Convent. She came to the Mount five years ago, and after passing successfully through the high school grades she came to the Commercial class to win honors there.

Geraldine is an earnest and persevering student and usually obtains what she is aiming at; every thing she undertakes is done with thoroughness. Her ready wit and lively imagination have helped to make her a favorite with her teachers and her companions.

The commercial girls of 1921 wish her every success and joy in her future career.



GRETA BRUNT

ANOTHER Haligonian, and one of our star pupils, came to the Mount four years ago. Previous to that time she attended the Saint Patrick's School in Halifax.

Greta has the thoughtful brow of a student, and a fascinating smile that brings two charming dimples into evidence.

Book-keeping seems to be her favorite study, and Merchandise Sales appear to have a fascination for her; we believe she even talks in her sleep about Sales-sales-and-sales.

Greta is assured of a brilliant future and we wish her every success.



WINIFRED O'HEARON.

AMERST may be proud to have Winnie for a citizen; during the five years she has been at the Mount, she has distinguished herself in every branch of study, and is without a doubt one of the leading pupils of the commercial class, having won the Isaac Pitman medal for shorthand.

Winnie received her education at Tracadie, N. B., where she learned to speak French as fluently as she does English. Her motto seems to be "What is worth doing is worth doing well."

During the past year she has held the positions Treasurer and Mistress of Candidates in Our Lady's Sodality.

Something about Winnie's earnestness and goodness makes her classmates sometimes wonder if she will not come back in some future time to fill a higher position. How about it, Winnie?

We wish her happiness in the future wherever she may be.



LILLIAN MacDONALD.

SIMPLE, modest and sweet, a very type of "Priscilla," is Lillian who comes to us from Liverpool, where she has been studying at the Liverpool Academy, and where she was successful in obtaining a "C" certificate. Her general air of meekness and quietness did not prepare us for the splendid student she has proved herself to be.

We often see Lillian looking longingly at the college room door; we wonder if she contemplates taking the college course? Can that be the reason?

Lillian's unselfishness and love of fun have won her many friends at the Mount and will be valuable assets to her in the business world.

May the skies of your future be ever bright!



PHYLLIS CARROLL.

PHYLLIS Carroll, — spell it correctly please — come from the pretty little town of Chester, N. S. She came to the Mount last year, bringing her happy smile with her, and taking away her "B" certificate. She returned this year undecided whether to study for "A" or take a commercial course, but finally decided to become a business woman. Phyllis has made no mistake in the choice of her work, and she has become one of our most business-like pupils. One of her greatest pleasures is the overcoming of a hard drill in typewriting.

Phyllis is a good sport, swims like a fish, and is never more happy than when galloping at break-neck speed on horseback, for she is very much at home in the saddle.

We are sure of Phyllis' success and all join in wishing her every happiness in the future.



GLADYS O'REILLY.

GLADYS comes from Placentia, the ancient capital of Newfoundland. After graduating from St. Brides' College, Saint John's, she decided to come to Mount St. Vincent in order to take the commercial course; so we find her in September lighting up our corridors with her sunny smile, and spreading happiness by her own lively disposition.

She has done excellent work in the commercial class, but at the same time has not neglected her other talents; she often takes part in our Saturday evening recitals both as an elocutionist and as a soloist.

Gladys is always ready to lend a helping hand, and from time to time we find her assisting in the portress, carrying the pharmacy trays or assisting in the refectory; her favorite duty at present is her charge in the sewing room.

We hope Gladys will like the people of the world as well as they are going to like her.



CARMEL O'REILLY.

CARMEL is a charming, curly-headed little person from Newfoundland. She received her early education at St. Bride's College, St. John's, where she obtained her "B" certificate. She is an energetic worker and one of the leading pupils of our class; she has the ability to become a very competent business woman.

Carmel takes part in the sports of the Mount, where she plays basket-ball and base-ball with the First Red Team.

We often see Carmel looking very sweet in her little green studio smock and working industriously over a picture, for she has also artistic talents.

We all join in wishing her success during the coming years.



NANO WARD.

WINDSOR is Nano's home town. Nano is a little person who can on occasion act like a wounded bird and yet has the determination of an elephant. She is noted for three things: her pretty blue eyes, her gracefulness and her love for fun.

Nano is a good athlete and takes an active part in the sports at the Mount, working energetically for the "Reds." Ice hockey and basketball are her specialties.

We feel certain she will be successful in any work she undertakes in the future.



EFFIE MESSENGER.



THE little village of South Farmington in the Annapolis Valley, may well be proud of being Effie Messenger's birth-place. It was there that she received her early education. She obtained a "C" license at the Normal College in Truro and for a while filled the position of a dignified "school-ma'am." In September 1920 she entered the commercial class at Mount Saint Vincent, where she soon excelled in every branch of the course.

On first acquaintance Effie seems to be very quiet and reserved in her manner, but we soon find that this quiet demeanor hides a brilliance of mind and a lively mischief which has won her many friends and admirers. In debate, her ready wit and sound arguments have helped to win many a point for her colleagues.

Effie is musical and during the year has made progress both with the piano and the violin. She is also a good sport, swims well, skates well, and plays basketball and base-ball with our First Red team.

All success and honor attend her in her future career!

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE COMMERCIAL CLASS.

THE Commercial Class of '21 of Mount Saint Vincent Academy, in Halifax County and Province of Nova Scotia, being in good health and of sound mind and memory, do make and publish this our last Will and Testament, hereby revoking all former wills and testaments made by us at any time heretofore.

1. After all the pens, pencils, typewriting paper and erasers which we have borrowed are paid back, we give and bequeath all our good times, our picnics, desks, typewriters and chairs to the Commercial girls of '22 with the specification that all blind-fold tests are to be taken on the Smith-Premier Typewriter.

2. To the best, the most loving and thoughtful Commercial student of '22 we give and bequeath our class teacher, provided she is well cared for; but if she is ill used in any way, let it hereby be known that each and every one of us will come back to haunt that girl, till she cries for mercy.

3. We, the entire class, out of love and consideration, give and bequeath to the Commercials of next year one extra half-hour to be spent in the sewing-room daily.

4. I, Barbara Johnson, after all my lawful debts are paid and discharged, do give and bequeath to Margaret Jeffers my quiet shy manner.

5. I, Kathleen Walsh as a personal favor will and bequeath to Emmie Frecker my "Celestial Rose" provided it is not withered, and to the "Kay" of '21-22 I bequeath my "Miami Dream."

6. I, Teriss Smythe, as a member of the Class, bequeath to my successor my English accent together with my "Quinzy" and easy flowing eloquence.

7. I, Effie Messenger, do give and bequeath to Constance Andrews my knowledge gained by experience, on getting plump and keeping so. My alarm clock is to be buried with me.

8. I, Phyllis Carroll, as a souvenir of my happy days do give and bequeath to Laura Franey my interest in the District of Columb(i)a.

9. I, Winnifred O'Hearon, in consideration of our friendship, bequeath to Marjorie Egan my "Marcelle Ear Buns."

10. I, Constance Gard, out of love, do give and bequeath my heart to be divided among Claire Murray, May McCormac and Ethel Tobin.

11. I, Greta Brunt, give and bequeath to Jean Glassey my Third Unit in Bookkeeping, provided the "Merchandise Sales" are well attended to.

12. I, Lillian MacDonald, to Helen Mosher give and bequeath my timidity.

13. I, Nano Ward, upon due consideration, bequeath to Claire Murphy my "utter indifference as to the opinion of others."

14. I, Rita Prendergast, give and bequeath to the girl of 1922 who will fall a victim to the Marble Tiles my vocation.

15. I, Mary Carmel O'Reilly, as a member of the class, bequeath to my successor, my love of variety together with my duty of meeting the Mount students from the 5:20 train.

16. I, Gladys Blank, being very far-sighted, give and bequeath to the star soprano of next year's class, one iota of my ideal, flute-like vocal abilities.

17. I, Geraldine Donahoe, do give and bequeath to Florrie Connors my favorite book entitled "A Pilgrimage to Lourdes."

18. I, Gladys O'Reilly, as a special favor, bequeath to the girl who will use my bed next year, my peaceful slumbers.

19. I, Hilda Gray, give and bequeath to the girl of 1922 who will need it most, my speed in shorthand.

We hereby appoint our beloved teacher to be executrix of this our last Will and Testament, hereby revoking all former wills made by us at any time whatsoever.

Signed and sealed by the Commercials in the presence of worthy witnesses, who in their presence and in the presence of each other have subscribed their names.

Mr. Smith Premier, Row 1. Slow Town.

(Seal) Mr. Speedy L. C. Smith, Rush Town, C. R.

Mr. Underwood Remington, Quick Touch City.

COMMERCIAL ARITHMETIC.

ON a little brown book that looks quite harmless on opening, we find multiplication, subtraction, division—simple questions. What nonsense to spend our valuable time adding, subtracting and dividing! Did we not learn that—yes, even when we were juniors? But wait! One of the first things we learn about our little brown book is that unless our work is perfectly accurate that result will be worse than nothing; it would be just as well to leave the work undone. The next disenchantment is that the work to be done in our heads—not counting on our fingers or even marking on paper, but it must be solid mental work. Still another disappointment there is in our Commercial Arithmetic; no long list of answers waits for us to calm our fears. How fond we were of the last pages in our old school arithmetic! It was generally the most used part of our book; but Commercial girls have to work out their own problems in Arithmetic; as they afterwards do the problems of life; not knowing what the answer is going to be, but sure that if the work is well done the reward is theirs at the end.

So we learn accuracy in small things. We must carry our practice of it to greater things, and press forward to the great reward of every true man or woman, whose finished work is the most God-like of all things,—a reverent, loving, human soul.

We have a kind of Arithmetic in our Commercial class which is different from that in our schoolbooks. It is well taught by the Sister who instructs us, and by her continual practice of it, she teaches it to her pupils; it is the method of working Subtraction so that it will sometimes add. In our Arithmetic Classes we were always told that Subtraction subtracts. Five from nine leaves four; thirty from forty leaves only ten; what remain is less than what there was. "Of course," you say "that is the only way Subtraction works." But I will prove to you that there is another kind of Arithmetic than that in our school books. This other kind works the opposite way and here is my proof of it.

In a little Nova Scotian village lives a dear little old lady who has a beautiful garden, where lovely flowers grow. The little lady gives flowers away. "Just come in and take all away you want," she says. One day some one said to her, "Don't give them all away; you will have none left for yourself." She answered, "Oh no! I know my garden; the more flowers I cut, the more I will find. If I left the flowers in the garden, they would soon stop blooming. Don't you know that flowers bloom faster when you cut the blossoms every day?" And the little lady takes her scissors and goes through the garden, cutting roses for a sick friend; she sends flowers all over the village to those who have none, and still her garden keeps blooming, growing every year more beautiful.

Do you see? Subtraction does not subtract; it adds. The more you give, the more you have. That's not only with flowers; it is so with kindnesses and generosity, always. What we give we really add to ourselves. We are the richer for the gifts we make; it is only when we stop giving away that we find our happiness stops blooming—That is what our Blessed Lord taught, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that saveth his life shall lose it; but he that lose thhis life for My sake, shall find it."

EFFIE MESSENGER, '21.



WHAT HAPPENED AT THE BALL.

ENTERING the ball-room on the arm of my escort, His Royal Highness, the Surd Equation, I was delighted to see our hostess, the beautiful Augmented Interval and her daughter, the shy Chromatic Scale, who was making her début. After an exchange of compliments, we left our hostess, and were proceeding slowly through the crowd when I heard a voice behind me exclaim,

"Where in the name of Geometric Progression is the Harmonic Mean?"

It was the Theory of Quadratics; he always wanted the Harmonic Mean and never could find her. Perhaps she was purposely avoiding him; she is mean enough to do so, anyhow. Ratio and Proportion who are always inseparable, and who happened to be conversing nearby, answered:

"We saw her with a Perpendicular on the Rectangle a few minutes ago."

Then, as the love-sick Theory of Quadratics hurried away, they laughed heartily as if they thought it a good joke. They did not take any notice of me, for which I felt rather glad; but strolled away in the opposite direction from the Rectangle. Just then I espied the Honorable Hypotenuse on a parallelogram with a Diminished Seventh. They were old friends of mine; we had become acquainted in C—— several years ago—so I hastened to where they were dancing to the tune of "Abbreviations."

The Honorable Hypotenuse bowed low over my hand with all the courtesy of the old-timer he is, and craved the next dance. As we went through all the positions from the first to the sixth, he inquired if Lord Circumference had returned from Italy. I was not aware that his Lordship had been away, and I assured the gentleman that I had seen him only yesterday revolving round a given point. He smiled when I asked him if the Point in question was any relation to the Diatomic Scale. Before he could reply, however, the dance had come to an end, and Sir Rotation advanced to claim the next. It was a Vertical Opposite and was performed by the lady with an axiom in each hand, while the partner trailed behind with a triad.

After we had exhausted our basic energies, refreshment was the only remedy; so we sat down to some "fundamental formulae." They were most refreshing and put us in the best of spirits. We sat for a long while watching the various couples that came strolling by. (A-Plus-B) was walking arm in arm with (A-Minus-B), but to save my life I could not see the difference between the two Squares. Thus, while we were engaged in pleasant converse, the night sped on.

Suddenly piercing shrieks arose, and Logarithms in the Solution of Triangles came running at full speed in our direction, carrying Mensuration in his arms, and yelling that the place was on fire. The Visible Horizon was lit with flames, and already Binomial Theorem had caught one of the Tangents and was making for the fire-escape; the Sines and their cousins, the Co-Sines, followed after; but the

Exponents and Approximations were there before them. My gallant companion picked me up and carried me with a contrary motion towards the window. He gave me a violent impetus. Horror filled my heart, but fortunately I remembered that the locus of my point of contact must be a circle, and I had often heard there was safety in numbers; so as I fell I began to count: "One, Two, Three——" To my surprise, the increase in momentum was arithmetic instead of geometric. I landed in the midst of a group of Adjacent Angles and Trigonometric Functions. They had been watching my fall, and informed me that I had begun to descend at an angle of 300 degrees, and had afterwards swerved back to 90. At this I laughed heartily, thinking what a figure I must have cut. Just then Hexagon arrived on the scene, and to cheer our disgruntled spirits, began to sing to the accompaniment of the Chords subtended by a given Arc. Our festive spirit was reviving when suddenly we saw the Sexagesimal Measure coming towards us with heavy steps. The Measure pulled me and shook me and called me everything from a Supplement to an Enharmonic, and at last pulled me to a sitting position, hissing in my ear: "Turn over! You're snoring!"

HELEN BYALIN.

MY BETHLEHEM.

My soul a little cradle is
Where Jesus deigns each morn to lie;
His Holy Mother tucks him in
And sings a lullaby.

And when His rest is o'er He wakes,
And angels bring Him for His toys
My heart and mind and will,—for they
Are playthings He enjoys.

His tiny hands clasp tight the gifts,
His own forever they will be.
He smiles—the enraptured angels bright
Tremble with ecstasy.

A. G. W.

IS MACBETH A TYPICAL HIGHLANDER?

ON the first place, what is a typical Highlander? The common interpretation of the term "Highlander" is due for the most part to Scott's pictures of highland life, depicted in his poetry and novels. Such are Roderick Dhu in 'The Lady of the Lake,' and Douglas in 'Marmion.' This type, however, is that of the sixteenth century, not of the eleventh in which Macbeth lived. We cannot therefore, judge correctly by comparing him with Scott's heroes. The Highlander did not come to be regarded as distinct from the Lowlander until after the Norman Invasion. It was the adoption of Norman manners and customs, especially the feudal system, which caused the marked opposition between the North and the South. These changes did not come about until the reign of Malcolm Cammore, the successor of Macbeth, and the feudal system was not introduced until the time of David I in the twelfth century. Thus it is clear that Macbeth was not affected by these influences.

He is, however, a Highlander of the eleventh century, and as such naturally possesses the characteristics of the eleventh century, and not those of the sixteenth, for although the Highlanders of the later time were of the same race as their predecessors of the earlier century, there are distinct points of difference.

They both possessed the Celtic or Gaelic imaginativeness, showing none of the practical nature of the Anglo-Saxons. They were both warlike and brave in battle, sturdy and strong and used to the rough wild life of the soldier and mountaineer. This great physical bravery contrasted strongly with their cowardice in the presence of any supernatural power. They had a firm belief in signs, omens, and all forms of witch-craft, which, however, is not remarkable, since many of them were not yet wholly christianized. One of their most outstanding characteristics was their loyalty to clan and chief. Any member of a clan would give his life for his chief, or for the cause of his people. But the last, and perhaps the most striking characteristic common to both is their hospitality. Friends and strangers were equally welcome to the best of everything. One need never fear a night spent in the heath, when merely to knock on the door of the nearest hut would obtain food and rest, and probably a guide for some distance. Even though the stranger proved to be an enemy of the clan, he would nevertheless be treated as one of the family.

In one respect, the eleventh century Highlander differed from his successor, and that was in his light regard for truth. The Highlander of the sixteenth century, impressed by the chivalric manners of the South, esteemed truth and honor; his predecessor of the eleventh valued more, personal safety and success.

Now, in order to prove that Macbeth was a typical Highlander, we must show that he possessed the characteristics of the eleventh century cult. He certainly possessed a lively imagination, as is shown in Act II, Scene I where he sees before him the airy dagger stained with "gouts of blood", and again in Act

III, where he is tormented by the ghost of Banquo. He sees these visions not as hazy phantoms but clear and distinct, as tangible realities. We hear of his bravery before we meet himself. The sergeant in giving news of the battle says:

"Brave Macbeth—well he deserved that name—
Distaining fortune, with his brandished steel
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valor's minion carved out his passage
Till he faced the slave."

We see it again where Macbeth says:

"I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hacked."

But the extent of this bravery is shown in his words:

"I will not be afraid of death and bane
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane."

He will fear nothing till the supernatural enters his affairs, but then his bravery is as nothing. When he is told that Macduff is not born of woman, all his courage leaves him, and he says, "I'll not fight with thee." Again in the presence of the weird sisters, he is not the bold fearless soldier that he is before men. His dealings with the witches show also the belief in omens common to his race and time.

So far, Macbeth has been found to possess the broader traits of a typical eleventh century Highlander, but in considering the two last-mentioned and most important characteristics, we shall find him sadly lacking. He knows well the loyalty due to his king, as is shown in his first soliloquy:

"He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who shall against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself."

but he has not strength of will to stand for this loyalty. To hear him after the murder of Duncan, one would think he was as loyal and true to him as one could wish, but as we know, these are false words spoken to conceal his guilt.

He had utterly cast aside the most sacred tradition of his race; he had trampled on the laws of hospitality; and by this deed he won opprobrium from all the world, and lost his greatest honor,—his claim to the epithet "a typical Highlander."

MARJORIE MARSHALL '21.

"GUILTY?"

KALMEDE, when spoken of, meant nothing to strangers, but No. 9 was familiar to everyone, for the reason that Colliery No. 9 was famous for its daily output of coal. No. 9 was in Kalmede.

Shortly after Christmas 1911, the townspeople were alarmed by rumours of a coming strike. It was the same old conflict; the miners clamoring for higher wages, the officials refusing even to listen.

Early in February, work at No. 9 ceased. The miners, in sullen groups, loitered about the streets, and frowned on all who were not in sympathy with their cause. At night, the police kept vigilant watch, and though an occasional pistol shot or snap of fire-crackers was heard through the darkness, an ominous quiet reigned in the little town.

March came in, damp and chill. There was little food in some homes, and less fuel. Women and children were starving, and still no settlement was made, or even attempted.

On the corner of an unfrequented street, a group of strikers were engaged in earnest conversation. Their caps were drawn over their eyes, and their hands thrust deep into their pockets. There were five in the group, men varying in age between twenty-four and fifty; the speaker was the youngest.

"Boys!" he said, "something must be done,—and soon! It's plain that the bosses will hold out as long as we can. The thing's gone too far. If we could only find a way to settle the business—" He broke off abruptly.

There was no answer to this speech. All leaned heavily against the wall of the old warehouse on the corner. Jack Ormand, the speaker, kicked his heels impatiently against the bricks.

"You know what I said yesterday, Jack," began an older man with a hard face.

"Yes, I know, but—"

"What is it? Tell us, Jack," urged several voices.

But Jack was silent.

"Shall I tell them, Jack?" continued the first speaker.

The young man shrugged his shoulders. "If you like," he said.

"Then listen!"

The exclamation drew the group closer together, and the voice of the speaker dropped as he unfolded his plan. "Cage!" "Powder!" and a few other words spoken just above a whisper would have told a passer-by that these "pickets" were bent on destruction.

Colliery No. 9 was large. Hundreds of men worked there, burrowing under the earth. From the moment the miner left the surface, his life was in danger. The "cage" which carried him down was dark and damp. He carried bound to his head a small lamp which gave forth a dim light, yet his safety

depended upon that light, for the ground was covered with electric tracks, and a false step might mean death. Small cars were continuously running back and forth, bearing the new-mined coal to larger cars beyond. Many horses were toiling there at work beyond the strength of men. It was not an uncommon thing for huge blocks of coal to become dislodged, and fall crushing horses and men. On every side the black seams reached, glittering and slippery, and dripping with moisture.

It was to this mine that Jack Ormand, disguised beyond recognition and supplied with a passport, gained entrance on Wednesday morning, March twenty-third. There were others in the cage descending with him, helpers hired from other towns to carry on the company's work. Some of Jack's companions stood outside the railing which surrounded the mouth of the pit.

"Scab!" called one of them, as Jack stepped into the cage.

Jack lowered his head, and leaned against the wall. He dared not speak; he hardly dared to think. There was a long coil in the box where his lunch was supposed to be. There was dynamite waiting for him at the right place . . . Suddenly the cage landed with a jar. Jack Ormand was the last to leave it. He waited a few moments till the men had gone their way, and then with cautious steps walked toward the scene of destruction. The place appointed was almost in the centre of the mine; Jack knew it had long been abandoned; but he had a long way to go. It was dangerous here; a deep cut had been made, and he knew that the jagged precipice stretched down from one ledge to another. He crept slowly along the narrow way. Suddenly there was a slight noise. He looked down.

What was that gleaming on the ledge below? Instantly his hand went to his pocket; his silver rosary was not there. He peered down over the edge of the black cliff. The silver chain glistened on the rock below,—but oh how far below! He lit a match and measured the distance with his practised eye. The match almost burnt his fingers as he paused and looked. He blew out the match and began to descend. Slowly, slowly, he crept, clinging with hands and feet to the jutting coal.

As he climbed, he thought; or rather his imagination brought pictures up before him that he trembled to think upon. There was his mother's face—ah!—he closed his eyes to shut it out; and the beads,—they were her beads, and she was giving them to him—that day—that day of his First Communion. He grasped the slippery rock more firmly; he was descending,—slowly, slowly—What things a fellow could think of in a minute! There was his mother's face again—she was dying now; there were the beads again, and they were slipping through his own fingers. "Holy Mary!" he said, half aloud. Then he shut his teeth and set his feet more firmly; and now he touched the lower ledge. With a hasty movement he picked up the little silver beads and thrust them into his pocket. He looked up; he had twenty feet of a steep ascent to make.

He waited for a few moments, just to get his breath; but he seemed to be stifled by the cold, damp air. The echo of his own whisper haunted his ears.

"Holy Mary!" Why had he said that? The rest of the prayer came involuntarily to his lips:

"Pray for us sinners!" Sinner? He had never been very good, but he had never dreamed of such wrong-doing as he was now about. Would his mother see? He shuddered at the thought.

"Now and at the hour of our death." Death! The word struck like a knell in his imagination. Death must come some time or other. . . .

He leaned his head against the rough wall. His hand went into his pocket and touched the beads; his rough fingers lingered a moment on the crucifix.

"Jack!" he whispered to himself, "Your mother saved you this time. You'll get that powder out of this mine as fast as ever you can!"

He braced himself and sprang upon the next jutting step; he grasped the next

Suddenly there was a crash. The huge jutting piece gave way . . .

Three days later they found him when the Company Inspector made his rounds. They found, too, these creted dynamite, and an investigation was made; but the truth was never known. Appearances were against him, but the dead can plead no cause. Only his little sister, finding the beads in his pocket, put them in his cold hands, and laid him to rest with the badge of his salvation.

ETHEL TOBIN.



THE CHANGED POSITION OF WOMEN

(An address to the A. B. Club)

Napoleon, one of the keenest of men, said that woman is ever more or less than man. "Aping him, she is inferior. Cultivating her own natural aptitudes, she can be supreme." This advice is very appropriate now because of "The Changed Position of Women."

In the Middle Ages, the industrial work of woman was confined to assisting father or husband in the home. Women *helped* their fathers or husbands. The only woman permitted to conduct a trade was a widow who might continue her husband's business by hiring a paid workman. Woman was man's drudge. Later, "Good Queen Bess", with no pity for her sex, enacted that any unmarried woman between twelve and forty years might be assigned by the magistrates to service at such wages as the magistrates should determine. If she refused, she was sent to prison; and the prisons were in no inviting condition. Furthermore, she might be made a bonds slave to anyone against both her own wish and the will of her parents or guardians. Still later, woman was made to furnish the cheap labor of the world. She was placed in competition not only with her own sex and men, but also with newly invented machinery; for men found that more money could be saved by hiring woman's service in the factories than by buying the expensive machinery. Woman was thus ill-treated and looked down on because man regarded her, less strong as she was in body than he, as his inferior.

For ages, it was deemed preposterous to give any education to woman. But the superiority of this present century is revealed in the positions and opportunities it has given her. The estimate of human worth is no longer guided by physical standards. Now, girls and boys are taught the same things by the same methods. Woman's average intelligence is not less than that of man. Her success in study is equal to that of man, and her eagerness for improvement seems to be greater. Yet, already there is a complaint that college gives girls a distaste for social life, and a rather ungracious disregard for its obligations. But college does not give men a distaste for social life. It is, in fact, the best possible training for that bigger, broader field. If college girls are disposed to overestimate the importance of lectures, and to underestimate the importance of dances, is it not because, at present, they are labouring under the disadvantage of being exceptions? It is hoped that as university training becomes less and less exceptional for girls, they will acquire broader and simpler views; they will understand that "life is too big a thing to be judged by college codes." Agnes Repplier says, in speaking of women in public life, "They will do much better work when we have ceased writing papers, and making speeches, to signify our wonder and delight that they should be able to work at all, when we have ceased

patting and praising them as so many infant prodigies." Woman's work in the world has been praised because "it did not occur to men for a moment that women claimed, or were ever going to claim a serious place by their sides." Dr. Johnson, in speaking of women preaching, remarked, "Sir, a woman's preaching is like a dog walking on its hind legs. It is not done well, but you are surprised to find it done at all." That is the attitude men took toward woman and her work in public life. But this is changing. Men are beginning to understand that women desire to work and need to work; and they are making room for them. But woman must not set up easy standards of her own. If she expects to accomplish anything, she must work as man, and follow the best standards of man. She should not beg for praise and applause; but strive to do her share of the world's work, and to do it as well as men.

Women had a hard time making their way in the professions. They had a hard time making their way in trades.—There is, however, a world-wide and age-long belief that, if women want a thing well enough and long enough, they will get it.—This is proved by their finally winning their way in professions and trades. The present day sees women lawyers, doctors, judges, etc. Yet, to many this is going beyond woman's sphere. They hold that home-making is woman's natural career. "Man may build a house and furnish it, but only woman can make a home," says Reverend Paul L. Blakely, in an article on "Woman's Place." If the practising of professions is going to disturb the home, woman should leave the professions to men. Many women are unfortunately forgetting that the home is the sphere of their greatest work. "The crying for the vote, the craving to be giants of industry, to be cold, rigid masters of the operating table, or shrewd resourceful wizards of the law-court have made her ambitious to be on the same plane as man." Is that possible? No. Man and woman are different. If God had intended them to be alike, he would have had no need of creating an Eve.

Woman's place in life has changed. The Roman lady was denied all civic rights. She was not permitted to make any legal contract. She was not permitted to bequeath her own fortunes, or to give testimony in court. The woman of today holds political positions. Her fight for the franchise was hard; but she has been victorious. Adleburg, in England, had a woman mayor ten years ago; and there is a woman in the United States Congress. Woman has a vote now and it is her duty to cast a solid vote. There must be no evasion of duty. Where women have the vote, they should use it conscientiously. But it is by no means their first duty; their highest obligations are to the family, not to the State, for unless we have good mothers, we shall have neither good legislators nor good voters. A New York newspaper published, after a stormy pre-election period, a scene of what may prove to be a photograph of the new era in politics. A big policeman was pictured, standing in front of a tailor-shop, in the window of which was this sign: "Board of Election Meets Here." The keeper of peace

was taking care of a laughing baby snugly cuddled in a baby-carriage, and of a very small boy. Mother was within casting her vote. Son and daughter, lacking the necessary years, could not accompany her; therefore the city, in the person of the policeman, dangled a plaything and blew a horn for the amusement and comfort of two young Americans, who were, for a time, bereft of their natural guardian. Are women going to leave the home, and their natural spheres of action to servants while they take man's place? Surely not. Woman must not forget that the home is her sphere and maternity her first duty.

Some women go to extremes, and cause men to ridicule women's rights. Eliza Burt Gamble has written a book in which she lays great stress upon the Inferiority of Man. She points out the excess of male births in times of war, famine, or pestilence; and the excess of female births in periods of peace and plenty, when better nutrition brings about this happier result. She claims that there are more male than female idiots. This shrill contempt heaped by a few vehement women upon men is to be deeply regretted. In the "North American Review," recently, a woman wrote as follows: "We know the weakness of man, and will be patient with him, and help him with his lesson. It is the woman's place and pride and pleasure to teach the child, and man morally is in his infancy. Woman holds out a strong hand to the child-man and insists, but with infinite tenderness and pity, upon helping him along." Will not such ravings injure, rather than help, woman in her fight for her rights? It calls forth retaliations, sometimes harsh, sometimes humorous, as is the following by an amusing gentleman:

"Women have in recent years flaunted their masculine accomplishments. Whatever they have done in athletics, in business, in the professions, or in the arts which have heretofore been generally recognized as manly, they have talked of with the swollen chest and have advertised widely. To such an extent has this been true, that men have been made to feel quite keenly at times that their own field of activity is gradually narrowing, that they will ultimately be pushed into the back row, or, changing the figure, wiped entirely off the map, which will then be the special property of women. We men have always had our little feminine accomplishments, but have felt obliged to practise them (under the rose.) They were for us no cause for pride or self-satisfaction. We have sewed on our own buttons, darned our own socks,—well, too, as many of us could easily demonstrate,—put on our own invisible patches, but secretly, in the privacy of our own chambers, with the blinds down, for fear we might be detected in our shame. The work was necessary, but for us not honorable. Many men, not tailors either, can make button-holes better than their wives; but they never confess it outside the family. I know a man—strong, husky, and athletic—who regularly makes for his wife the most beautiful embroidery and filet lace from his own original designs, but she does not give that fact away; people might think him weak and effem-

inate, she fears, if they knew that he possessed such skill. So she explains to the curious who inquire into the origin of her beautiful lace that a 'friend' made it for her.

"We have heard a great deal of late about the emancipation of woman and the part which the war will play in the speedy accomplishment of that result; but the war is going to do much, also, in the emancipation of man, who needs quite as much to be freed from some of the restrictions and conventions that have limited and handicapped him.

"We shall come into our own. Ere long we shall take our knitting and our crocheting with us on the train, and practise these manual arts, with which we have long been secretly familiar, openly and without criticism. We shall sit in our easy chairs in our club-rooms, busy and contented, with our weekly darning and mending in our laps, sewing on our missing buttons while we discuss politics. Instead of rushing out between acts at the theatre to smoke a hasty cigar or to fill our stomachs with some unnecessary drink or refection, we shall knit a few rounds on a sock for Sammy, or crochet a little lace for the baby's rompers.

"The emancipation of man is in sight."

But the sane man's nobler view of woman's place and works has perhaps been expressed by none better than by Tennyson, who points us forward to the true ideal:

"Henceforth thou hast a helper, me, that know
The woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink
Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or free:"
"If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
How shall men grow? but work no more alone!"

And he adds of woman:

" let her make herself her own
To give or keep, to live and learn and be
All that not harms distinctive womanhood.
For woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet Love were slain: his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like indifference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
That man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;

She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care;
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other ev'n as those who love.
Then comes the statelier Eden back to man:
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm:
Then springs the crowning race of humankind.
May these things be!"

GLADYS McCORMAC.

THE LAMENT OF THE CYCLOPS.

(ODYSSEY BOOK IX)

"Ah, woe is me! the oracles have come!
For Telemus the prophet has foretold,
I should be blinded by Laertes' son,—
Telemus, who 'mongst Cyclops folk grew old.
But I had thought some hero armor-clad,
Mighty in battle, noble, great as I,
Would come to war with me; not this weak lad
Who conquered me with wine and crafty lie.

But since 'tis so, come thither cruel one,
That princely gifts on you I may bestow,
And ask Poseidon, for I am his son,
To make the gentlest of the winds to blow.

My mighty father, guardian of the wave,
If he but wish to heal my blinded eye,
Without the help of god or mortal slave
Will let me look once more on earth and sky!"

Thus cried Cyclops in his rage and pain,
Then stretched his hands out towards the starry dome,
And prayed Ulysses and his crew be slain
Nor ever see again their distant home.

MARJORIE MARSHALL '21.

OUR LADY.

"Now there stood by the Cross of Jesus, His Mother—"

In spirit I, too, go and stand beside that Cross. If I am happy, it is good for me to look upon the wounds of the Crucified, for they are the fountains whence flows all my joys. If I am sad, here shall I find sweet solace in suffering made sacred by companionship with Him.

But whether in grief or gladness, I am not alone. Here stands His Mother to plead for me, to strengthen me and to give me a peerless example of ideal womanhood. How the church glories in this Immaculate Woman! Altogether human she is, yet seems divine by the greatness of her gifts and the never-failing loyalty of her love. I kneel in awe at her snow-white feet and thank God for her beautiful soul, the triumph of His Omnipotence,—the proof of how strong a creature His Wisdom and Love can make when the subject responds to their power.

Does my own soul bear some faint resemblance to her shining whiteness? Did the tender Providence of God hedge about my growing years with a strong protection from the grasp of evil? How often, when about to slip, were my feet held back by angel hands? Who in this world knows and who can know until its gates are passed? Yet thus much I do know, that if my heart bears as yet no witness to great sin, I owe it to His Mercy Whose priceless Blood has dyed the hard wood of the Cross. Those ruby drops have fallen, too, like gems upon our Lady's head, and, if her thoughts can turn upon herself beside this dreadful tree, her great heart must be saying yet again, "Magnificat anima mea Dominum! Quia fecit mihi magna qui potens est."

O how blessed a thing to be all through one's life among the close followers of Mary! How good to stand with her beside the sign of our salvation,—to face the world, relying on her help and humbly glorying to be her fearless champion!

Beside the Cross there stood, with thee, thy "sister,"
That other Mary close to thee of kin—
O Lady, would that I might be thy cousin!
Among thy family wilt thou take me in?

The fair dames of this earth do make their glory
In tracing back their line to some great queen.
Ofttimes they pride them on the dust which covered
The craven soul of one they've never seen.

But thou art living and thy peerless beauty
Was never subject to our swift decay.
Thy glory grows in that transcendent brightness
Which makes for blessed souls eternal day.

Dear Lady, I would rather kiss thy foot-prints
Than on a throne to rule beside the great.
And sweeter would I find to run thy errands
Than in a golden house to keep my state.

Thy royal blood, I know, is far too noble
For one of my forlorn degree to claim,
But would that I might find some faint relation
To link with thee my poor and lowly name!

* * * * *

Not so, not so, O Lover of Our Lady,"
The mighty angels tenderly reply.
"Too distant far thy humble aspirations
From that sweet name which Heaven knows thee by.

"Learn that this wondrous Lady is thy Mother,
With all a true, dear mother's tireless charms.—
Go thou, her CHILD, and kneel in joy before her.
Lo, thou wilt find a place within her arms!"

PATRICIA.



THE JUNIORS.

Frances, Margaret and Mary
 Think it really quite contrary
 To have the Seniors think that they
 Have naught to do all day but play;
 To think that all they've got to do
 Is to romp the whole day through;
 And to stay out in the sun,
 Having every kind of fun.
 Poets talk about the joys
 Juniors have with all their toys.
 But no one has written yet,
 About the scoldings that they get.
 One wonders what would Seniors say
 If a dozen times a day
 They were scrubbed until it hurt
 Because the Sisters hated dirt.
 Or as soon as they were fed,
 Chased upstairs and put to bed;
 Or when they've a pain or ache
 Castor oil be forced to take.
 All the poets sing in praise
 Of the joy of childhood days
 But right now we're telling you
 They have lots of troubles too.
 Lots of things to make them mad,
 They're not always feeling glad.
 When you're six years old this spring
 You get blamed for everything!

The children and the childlike alone are in full possession of all the joys of the earth. To a child the fact that a thing has happened before it is no reason why it should not happen again just as beautifully and as interestingly as at the first; everything is exciting even at the ninety-seventh repetition. They even get pleasure out of counting the steps from the refectory to the dormitory and from the dormitory to the play room. How could boredom enter a house where the very staircase is a ladder of wonder?

There is fun in teaching little children, more fun than people think or know; and the Sister who teaches our Juniors is sufficiently alive to extract all the fun there is in a humorous situation. In troubles not often occurring, she plays the joyous game of peacemaker and hears all the funny happenings of the school

and playroom. The children, if not watched, will be ready for desperate pranks, such as dusting their desks with their clean "pinnies"! It is even feared that they talk in the dormitory some nights after the lights are out.

One night a child was heard singing in the dormitory; "The horn of the hunter was heard on the hill—and the lark from her light wing—the grey dew was shaking—" And did we slumber still? She soon learned that we had ceased slumbering and that she had better keep quiet. It seems that the song was Kathleen Mavourneen." But still we at M. S. V. we remember:

Small folks need loving in the morning;
 The day is all before, with cares beset—
 The cares that give no warning,—
 For love is God's own antidote for fret.
 They need a lot of loving at the noon-time
 In the dinner hour, the moment snatched from life
 Half way between the waking and the croon-time
 When hunger and worriment are rife.
 They need a lot of loving at the night-time.
 When wearied out they climb the stairs to rest;
 At slumber-song and turning-out-the-light time,—
 Of all the times for loving that's the best;
 They need a lot of loving every minute
 The sympathy of others and their smile!
 Fill life's end from the moment they begin it,
 They need a lot of loving all the while.

EFFIE MESSINGER, '21.



AN ANALYTICAL STUDY OF SELECTED ESSAYS.

ON THE ART OF LIVING WITH OTHERS.

"ON the Art of Living with Others" is an essay by Arthur Helps, taken from volume I of his "Friends in Council." The title of the book suggests the form of all the essays: each has two parts, the setting and the essay proper.

SETTING.

Three friends, Helps; in the character of Dunsford, a minister, with his two companions and former pupils, Milverton and Ellesmere, meet frequently,—just how and where, we are always told,—to hear and discuss the essays which Milverton is writing. The discussion really continues the subject under the form of the symposium. The friends make suggestions or offer criticisms. These are answered by the author; and thus the matter is given fuller development.

ESSAY PROPER.

The essay proper has three distinct parts: the introduction, brief but formal; the body, and a short conclusion.

THEME

To live happily with others, many little rules, precautions, and insights are needed.

1. INTRODUCTION.

The Iliad is for war; the Odyssey for wandering; but where is the great domestic essay? Yet, mighty passions and patience may be found at tea-table or hearth.

Hatred and disgusts behind proximity of all kinds are some of the darkest spots on earth.

Therefore we must see if there are any methods of making these relations more harmonious.

2. BODY.

(a) To live happily together, people must be prepared for diversities of mind, etc.

Rules following from this: (1) Not to interfere unreasonably with others; (2) not to ridicule their taste; (3) not to question and requestion their resolves; (4) not to indulge in perpetual comment of their proceedings; (5) and to delight in their having other pursuits than ours.

(b) Avoid having stock subjects of disputation.

(c) Do not suppose that everything is to be settled by reason.

(d) To be loved as a companion, avoid unnecessary criticism of those with whom you live.

(e) Do not let familiarity swallow up all courtesy.

(f) Do not expect more from the society of friends and companions than it can give; especially, do not expect contrary things.

(g) Two classes of promoters of social happiness are cheerful people and reticent people,—especially the latter, for they are non-conductors of the heats and the animosities around them.

(h) Temper is best met by impassiveness.

(i) Intimate friends and relations must not, in public, make a bad use of their intimate knowledge of each other.

(j) Lastly, conciliate those with whom you live by not offending their tastes.

3. CONCLUSION.

These rules would not be needed were the great principles of Christianity observed; but they are helps in the application of these principles to daily life.

In the discussion that follows, the supposedly cynical critic, Ellesmere, adds that for people to live happily together, the real secret is that they should not be too much together; that offended vanity is the great separator; that women often make unreasonable and unpleasant companions because unreason and self-will which, in them, are often pampered, do not appreciate reason or just sway; that over-managing people tremendous to live with, were not discussed by Milverton; and finally, that those deserve companionship who can do without it.

Most of these statements lead to lively debate: while Dunsford's remarks that travelling is a great trial of people's ability to live together, that a most curious thing is the intense ignorance people living together sometimes are in of each other; that the armchair of the sick, or the old, is the centre of the house and all the household hopes and cares flowing to and from them, are quietly accepted.

CRITICISM.

Though the essay is of the familiar kind, there is throughout a marked didactic purpose. The tone is serious, but brightened by turns of wit and very natural touches. Humor and irony are supplied by Ellesmere; kindness and moderation by Dunsford. The style is

somewhat formal, and rather old-fashioned; but at times, it is easy, and it is always clear and plain. There is some awkwardness in sentence structure, and in the frequent changes in the person of the pronouns. There is a break, too, in the order where, among the rules given, a paragraph is needlessly inserted on the promoters of social happiness. The allusions though few, are apt and glide in easily. The thought, neither new nor original, shows careful observation and insight. The advice given is practical, and occasions a bit of self-examination. The subject is, of course, one of interest to us all. We are, or ought to be, pleased to be reminded of whatever will help us to become proficient in the most difficult art—the art of living with others.

"ABOUT MONEY."

"ABOUT MONEY" is a familiar essay in which the good Father Farrell chats with us most entertainingly, preaching quietly meanwhile, a thoughtful little sermon whose text is "About Money, and those who have it, and those whom it has." He gives not only his own views, but those of an acquaintance—"a man of hard head and not very soft heart," and of his "cynical friend."

Taking his own way of reaching his subject, the author tells of the May-day when he was strolling out to take his fill of landscape and genial weather. The meeting with his hard-headed acquaintance suggests to him many reflections on this class of people,—most useful and respectable but undeniably exasperating. Especially is this the case in the present instance, where the only response that the priceless landscape before them evokes from the practical man is that the land is well worth three pounds an acre!

That "three pounds" starts a chain of thoughts about those who not only value money, but think money, and speak money, and bring everything to the standard of its money value. This leads to the question,—and the subject: "What is money?" It is desire capitalized; another name for possibility or rather power; independence in the raw state that may be worked up into many fabrics. It represents many things that are even morally desirable, as patience, industry, self-control, perseverance, and intellectual acuteness. Then, people look on money as a means, or as an end; for the latter there is only pity with a strong dash of contempt, for "money has them."

His cynical friend, to whom the subject is later suggested, does not agree with those to whom money symbolises the concentration of all the evil desires of man's heart. Rather is he forced to admit the severe satire of Dr. Johnson that, "men are seldom less mischievously engaged than when they are engaged

in making money." Then, at least, they know what they want and this saves them from vagueness and puzzle-headedness about the ends. They see their way, a dirty way enough, clearly before them, and go straight to it, overleaping all obstacles. Their definite standard for everything is "What is its money value to me?" These money grubbers have their uses, for finding very soon that vice has a high tariff of its own, they give up the vices, and become models of society, even though they could not make themselves pleasant in celestial circles!

Finally, with a simple little story, the kindly priest presses home this truth—"that there is no use that can be made of money so certain to procure the same amount of pleasure and profit, as the use that is made by giving to those that want it."

COMMENT.

The essay is strongly worked with the genial personality of its author, who at once takes us into the circle of his friends. We have many evidences of his thoughtfulness, his sympathy for the poor in whose calendar there are many black days and bitter fasts. The only irony is that of the cynic, and even it is kindly.

There are few figures of speech. An effective one is "Avarice, big bloated serpent, swallows vices out of sight." There are some good characterizations of "the man who set his feet firm on earth as if he believed in it, and who had a hard grasp of facts, especially of disagreeable facts, and of the world in general," and again of "the mater familias who has pruned her olive branches with a skill beyond all praise."

The style with its rather frequent reference to "reader mine" is a bit antiquated, but smooth, plain, direct, and clear.

Voltaire and Johnson are the only writers quoted. The only allusions are to Eve and Cain, the Pharisees and the Publicans.

The paragraphs, with three or four exceptions, are of moderate length, unified, and, as a rule, well linked. The sentences, clear, and simple in structure, are, but for a few balanced ones and a goodly number of interrogations, loose. Often, a series of short sentences gives point and force. The author's vocabulary is copious, and his diction is clear and idiomatic.

We close the essay, delighted with our new friend, and eager to hear him often and at length on subjects other than pecuniary.

ALUMNA '06.



"THE BROWN MOUSE."

INSIST that every pupil in this class read some of the books in the library. You boys have done little or no work of that kind. Now, you must all read 'The Brown Mouse' at least; and on the first of next month, I shall ask the names of those who have done so."

When Professor Creelman of St. Vincent's College made this announcement to the Rural Science Class, Division A, a noted change took place. The period had been begun in high spirits, for the boys had come determined to outshine the girls in the lesson in Entomology. Now, their ambition was checked, and a gloom fell over the room. It was a well-known fact that none of those young gentlemen liked reading the books provided by the Agricultural Department. Who wanted to read of a brown mouse when the evenings were just suited to base ball, cricket, and to 'roaming in the gloaming'? Yes, indeed that cruel order fell heavily on them. The evolution and construction of the Orthoptera, Neuroptera, Hemiptera, Diptera, Lepidoptera, Coleoptera and Hymenoptera had lost all interest. The very sun seemed to sympathize with them for it hid its face behind a cloud as if in disapproval. So the period dragged slowly on, as dull and monotonous to the teacher as to the pupils; and the College bell never sounded so welcome to their ears as it did that April morning when it rang to denote the end of class.

May day was a glorious one. With smiling faces, the pupils gathered in the long corridor outside the Rural Science Room, waiting for the first bell. Merry laughter filled the air. No one felt in a mood to study.

"What a wonderful day for a picnic," remarked one of the girls. Immediately all began discussing a College picnic. But the would-be-picnickers were not to enjoy the few moments of recreation after all. There is always some one ready to take the joy out of life. This time it was James Lee who brought the interesting debate to a close.

"I say, boys, this is the first of the month and I never thought of that book in the library."

With that about a dozen boys made a dive for the books. Talk of a picnic was out of the question now. The one thought in their heads was "The Brown Mouse." All were eager to get a glimpse of the fatal book.

"Ah! we'll never all see it at this rate. Say, Jim, you read out the name of the author and turn over the pages. If there are any pictures in the book, we can tell by them what the book's about."

"No time, old man. There goes the bell."

It was the bell, and a second later Professor Creelman entered Room 10, locked the door and began class. For a quarter of an hour, all went well. The pupils took down notes and were beginning to think their dear teacher had forgotten all about the horrid book, when their dreams were shattered by:

"I suppose you have all read 'The Brown Mouse.'"

Four girls rose and in turn gave their excuses for disobeying the command.

"That is very good," said the pedagogue, "You four girls may come to me after your last class this morning, and we shall see if my word will not make an impression on you in the future. Now perhaps Mr. Stewart will give us a brief account of the book."

The pupil called on rose slowly from his seat.

"Hang it! What shall I say?" he whispered to the boy beside him.

"'Art is long and Time is fleeting', Mr. Stewart. Please hurry." said the master.

The cover was all that Arthur had seen of the book; but having a vivid imagination which had served him well in other subjects, he began,

"'The Brown Mouse' is a book written by 'A Writer' for the benefit of those interested in—in Rural Science. (Thank goodness, he had seen the cover anyway!) In this book, the brown mouse is described and—"

"That is all right. Mr. Fitzgerald, please continue."

Jack Fitzgerald had been hanging on to the words of his friend, and encouraged by his apparent success, said,

"The brown mouse, also called the field mouse, is a very small rodent quadruped belonging to the genus 'mus.' (Who said that his zoology was never of any use to him?) This tiny creature is covered with a coat of fine brown hair. The hair is the same color as the weeds and grasses of the field, so the mouse is enabled to hide from its enemies. The brown mouse—"

Mr. Fitzgerald would have continued describing that interesting animal, but he was interrupted by his teacher,

"Mr. Brown, please."

Dick had determined to tell Mr. Creelman that he had not read the hated book; but knowing that his two companions had not opened it any more than he, and yet had succeeded, he rose and in a clear voice recited,

"Besides describing the animal itself very minutely, the book gives us interesting details of its habits, home, and food."

For five minutes more, the teacher listened quietly to the information given by ten of the boys. All the time he had a twinkle in his eye and the three girls in the front row exchanged knowing glances with him.

After the tenth boy had finished repeating what his predecessors had said and had added a few new facts of his own, Mr. Creelman called on Miss Gaudet.

Loretta Gaudet stood up, but her voice was far from steady. Two tears stood on her cheeks, and it was only by means of making grimaces that she managed to keep from laughing.

"'The Brown Mouse' by 'A Writer,' said she, "tells us about the experiences of a young teacher (The boys opened their mouths and looked at one another in amazement) who set out to teach by new methods in a district where everything new was considered worthless."

"That is enough, Miss Gaudet. You have read the book. Had the author heard the recitations given by the male section of the class, he surely would not have recognized the book as his own. You see, boys, you cannot always judge a book by its cover."

GLADYS McCORMAC.

THE SORROWFUL MYSTERIES.

'Tis Ireland weeping, Lord, not I;
'Tis Ireland weeping with low cry,
"Thy will be done!"

'Tis Ireland scourgèd, Lord; dost Thou
Not hear the heavy blows e'en now?
Behold her shame!

'Tis Ireland crownèd, Lord, the crown
Is by a mailed hand struck down,—
Thy kingdom come!

'Tis Ireland bearing up the hill
The cross, O Lord; such is Thy will—
O save her name!

Shall Ireland die upon the cross?
O Lord, the world will rue her loss—
Thy will be done!

E. de M.



THE SONGS IN THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

Walter Scott, "the great modern troubadour", sings the "Lady of the Lake" to the accompaniment of his harp, the "Harp of the North," as he calls it in the prelude. So well are metre, rhyme, and diction adapted to the narrative that we seem indeed to hear the rippling chords of the harp, swelling in volume and intensity with the rise in action, and quieting with its lull, under the skilful touch of the minstrel. Pleasing as is the lay thus harmoniously presented, an additional pleasure is imparted by the frequent melodies, each complete in itself, of the songs within the song, the lyrics of the "Lady of the Lake."

The singers are now the characters themselves, Ellen, Allan-bane, the bridegroom, the imprisoned huntsman, and the groups of the mourners and of the clansmen. Thus the songs vary not only in mode of expression and in theme, but each takes on the personality of the singer; and where one shows the piquancy and enthusiasm of girlhood, others manifest the sobriety and wisdom of age; where one reveals the interior struggle of manhood when the claims of love and country conflict, another displays the impatience of youth in captivity; while still others have the peculiar note of an emotion shared, whether the bond be sorrow or loyalty. Let the theme, then, be joy, grief, love, patriotism, or triumph, each is sung by a Scotch heart and is an interpretation of the spirit of the Highland people.

We first hear the voice of Ellen. She sings;—

"Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,

Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking."

In her island home, stern necessity silences all inquiries of strangers. But Ellen is young, and care rests lightly on the shoulders of the young. So we have mystery and imagination producing a pretty touch in the lines:—

"In our isle's enchanted hall,

Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,

Fairy strains of music fall

Every sense in slumber dewing."

Mark in the next stanza how well the warlike spirit is caught by the rhythm. We hear a subdued martial murmur, as when the sounds from an army assembling in the valley are heard by the lookout on the distant height, the regularity of the tramp of feet and the muffled beating of drums here reproduced by the strongly marked metre, and the sharper note of bugle or trumpet ringing out in the word "clang."

"No rude sound shall reach thine ear,

Armor's clang or war-steed champing,

Tramp nor pibroch summon here

Mustering clan or squadron tramping."

How well the picture is painted of the gathering troops! What follows is all the more effective for its sharp contrast with this active scene, namely, the imagery of the next four lines, which shows an appreciation of and a closeness to nature such as is the happy possession only of poets of the first order:

"Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
At the day-break from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum
Booming from the sedgy shallow."

Very different in character from this light fancy sung to charm a courtly guest is the second song of the chieftain's daughter. The Ave Maria comes from a heart burdened with anxiety at the prospect of banishment and possible loss of a devoted father and from a soul turning with trusting appeal to the Virgin Mother,

"Maiden, hear a maiden's prayer
Mother, list a suppliant child."

The language is simple and earnest as becomes a prayer. That Scott should write this hymn is remarkable, for his ideas of Catholicism were darkened by prejudice; and supplication of Our Blessed Mother is a distinguishing trait of the Catholic faith. Has he, then, used this beautiful custom merely for its picturesque and poetic appeal, or is the conviction that Mary is truly our Mother and powerful protectress a ray of light in his spiritual blindness?

Let us now listen to the white-haired minstrel, Allan-bane,—

"Not faster yonder rowers' might
Flings from their oars the spray,
Not faster yonder rippling bright,
That tracks the shallop's course in light,
Melts in the lake away,
That men from memory erase
The benefits of former days."

Such is only too often the sad experience of Age. The banished duke in "As You Like It" complains in more bitter tone of the same melancholy truth,—

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind!
Thou art not more unkind
Than man's ingratitude."

But Allan-bane is not embittered by the fickleness of men; he is only made more appreciative of the solid worth of true friendship. With a few well drawn strokes,—for the poet is the true artist, his pen is brush, or chisel, or lyre at will,—he paints the pleasures of the royal court, the natural desires of a high born Scotch warrior, but these failing, he courteously offers the hospitality of a high-land home,—

"Waste not a sigh on fortune changed,
On thankless courts, or friends estranged;
But come where kindred worth shall smile,
To greet thee in the lonely isle."

Our minstrel next touches his harp to produce for Ellen's entertainment a specimen of that primitive literature so well loved by the Scotch as well as the English people, the ballad. Scott's treatment of the romantic story is always masterful in prose or poetry. Here he has been extraordinarily successful in catching the spirit of the common people, completely losing his individuality as author in the characteristics of the typical communal song. A strong supernatural background is furnished by the elves and the dwarf; the beliefs, partly superstitious, partly religious, of a single race are portrayed in the dread of the curse of "a withered heart" and "a sleepless eye," in the transformation of knight into demon elf, and in the power of the thrice repeated sign of the cross over magic and enchantment. The action is rapid and dramatic in true ballad style, and the diction, quaint and archaic with frequent repetition of phrase and rhyme, such as that jolly opening line of every section,—

" 'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood."

The joyous, lilting metre, the happy close of an exciting plot, effect in us the same breathless interest which drew our less polished but equally human forefathers into the circle around the singer of ballads.

While the spirit of the forest is upon us, let us turn to Malcolm's song in the last canto. Having breathed the pure air of the Trosachs, seen its beauty and felt its wild freedom, we can sympathize with the impatience of the imprisoned huntsman. He whose days have been spent, "hunting the hart in the forest green," must now pass the time marking "the sunbeams crawl, inch by inch along the wall." To the tediousness of inactivity is added the uneasiness of the lover parted from his love, fretful at the thought,—

"No more at dawning morn I rise
To sun myself in Ellen's eyes."

Each song is the outcome of some unusual situation in the life of the singer. The high feeling of the moment forces its exit, as it were, in involuntary song. No more tense circumstance occurs throughout the story than the predicament of the bridegroom. Flushed with the rapture of having won his long sought bride, secure in the realization that they have vowed mutual fidelity till death, Norman is stunned at the summons of duty. The resulting lay has the simplicity and tenderness of one of Burns' love lyrics united to the vigorous imagery of Scott's own poetry. The name, Mary, is heard at the close of each quatrain and we can hear the manly voice tremble in its utterance. The entire poem is worth quoting, but there is space only for one specimen of its vivid and succinct style.

"The heath this night must be my bed,
The bracken curtain for my head,
My lullaby the warder's tread,
Far, far, from love and thee, Mary."

There remain only the two group songs, the Coronach and the Boat Song. Each is a splendid illustration of the adaption of versification to theme. The movement of the funeral lay is heavy and slow, that of the clansmen's chorus triumphant and swift. The Coronach has a series of balanced metaphors. We can almost imagine a division in the followers of the bier, one section answering the mournful cry of the other. The boatmen roar out their praise of their chieftain with the measured bending over the oars. At the end of each stanza rings out his name,

"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Thus we see breaking through each line of the lyrics the thoughts and the feelings that made Scott the poet. Manliness, loyalty, tenderness, wisdom, wistfulness, and passion for a great ideal;—he has them all. In the songs of that exquisite, picturesque poem, *The Lady of the Lake*, Scott gives the world of his best.

A. G. W.

MY CALVARY.

Cross-laden He knocketh at my door,
Thorn-crowned, patient, doth He wait;
"Open, O Love of Mine!" He saith
"Open, O Love of Mine, the gate!"

"Why comest to me, Lord? here is naught
But bitterness of sin; the gall
Of foes without were sweet,—
Their chains to Thee were gentler thrall.

And yet—come in, I cannot lack Thee;
Present Thy sacrifice to God;"—
Lo! in my soul the cross is lifted,
My heart is made the blood-stained sod.

M. A.

ECCE HOMO.

Father Cyprian was long at his thanksgiving. The sacristy was flooded with light, for the sun had long since burst through the wintry clouds, and already the day had spread itself out, a still, clear, November day with a keenness of breath that seemed almost a return to youth, and a dulness of autumn hues that foreshadowed death. The year was dying. Father Cyprian, too, seemed old. His hair was whitened, and his face was lined, but instead of dulness there was peace on his brow, and a youthful vigor lingered yet. He had arrived only the evening before, and when Sister Patricia had served him at table, he had looked almost young; the short coat gave him a trim appearance, and as he talked and laughed he seemed very pleasant. Today, clad in the simple black habit of his order, with the inscribed heart resting over his own, he looked thin, and worn; yes, and old.

He was kneeling very still; he had not changed his position during the fifteen minutes Sister Patricia had knelt behind him, waiting for the moment when it would be his pleasure to come to breakfast. Was he asleep or in a trance? the Sister wondered. He was not asleep for his eyes were fixed on a small picture, just opposite him on the wall, by the sanctuary door. It was a painting of Christ's Holy Face as it appeared in the *Ecce Homo*; sorrowful, patient, yet appealing for sympathy to those who passed it by. Sister Patricia had often passed it by, and in her Irish heart, she thought each time; "All ye that pass by the way, attend and see if there be any sorrow like to my sorrow!"

Beyond the Holy Face and through the sanctuary door could be seen the broad-arched chapel, with rounded roof and stately columns, and cherub faces peering down from cherub heights above. Below, two angels stood on guard within the throne-room of the King, but hidden behind the marble pomp of His presence-chamber, and still more by the white Bread-veil that shrouded Him, the King waited. From the high roof His signal light swung almost to the steps of the altar-throne, and at the sight of the gleam Sister Patricia forgot her impatience at the priest's dallying; or rather, remembered it in making reparation for it.

At last the priest stirred; he glanced quickly at the sacristy clock and rose immediately. His genuflection was slow, as if he asked a blessing. Then he closed the sanctuary door and turned. Sister Patricia had opened the opposite door, and stood smiling her good-morning. He bowed pleasantly and followed her in silence across the hall to the breakfast-room.

Father Cyprian was quiet today—perhaps he was meditating on the retreat he was to open that evening—yet he was pleasant withal, and laughed heartily over a joke he himself told. He had almost finished breakfast when he paused a moment, as if about to ask a question. Sister Patricia was anticipating it—she felt sure he was a dieter. "One of the many!" she thought, and "I suppose

he is going to ask for brown bread and milk." But Father Cyprian's question was far afield from her expectations.

"Sister," he said, "where did that picture in the sacristy come from?"

"There are several pictures there, Father,—which one?"

"True enough—yes—I mean the one by the sanctuary door—the head of Christ."

"Oh, the Ecce Homo—that was painted years ago by a novice. I was newly professed at the time and I remember it quite well. None of us liked it much, for she did not keep to the model. Mother Superior had given her Guido Ren 's to copy, and was not too well pleased at the result. However, it was left, just as it was, for the Sister died soon after, and then it passed through the usual way of pictures, wandered about the house, decorating bald spots on the walls and finally was put here. Our present Superior prizes it highly. She says it appeals to her, and I myself am not averse to it, now that I have grown old with it, for it seems to tell me that after all—" she stopped abruptly. "I am rambling, excuse me, Father," she said shortly, "and you have finished your breakfast."

The priest smiled, kindly rather than pleasantly. "Yes?"—he said, "it told you what?"

"Simply that He does not change," she said quietly.

"With whom there is no change nor shadow of alteration," he said almost under his breath. "Shall we be going?" he added, rising from his chair.

As they passed through the door, he turned, "Sister," he said, "perhaps you think me curious, but can you tell me that Sister's name, the one who did the painting, I mean."

"Emmanuel, Father—Sister Mary Emmanuel."

"God with us," he said half to himself, "and she has left God with us by her labor. You don't know the family name, Sister?" he added.

"No, Father," she said. "But here comes Sister Superior. I shall leave you now." With a smile she was gone, and the Superior walked towards him.

"It is too fine to stay indoors, today, Father. Let us make our plans out here," she said. So they walked towards the path that led to the main driveway. Overhead bare boughs hung like skeleton bones, and through them filtered the pale beams of the November sun. Still, it was not cold.

"I believe this is the little St. Martin's summer," said the priest.

"Very like," Sister Imelda agreed.

So they walked and planned. The retreat was to begin that evening, and Father Cyprian sketched his programme.

"By the way, Sister," he said as they finally walked towards the house, "What was Sister Emmanuel's family name? I should like to know."

"Henderson, I think,—yes I am quite sure. Why? Have you met Sister?" she said, and she noticed at the same time that he looked disappointed. "She has the name of another Sister who died years ago," she added.

"Oh, I see. You had another. What was her name? Pardon me, Sister, but I have a reason for asking," he added.

"Elton was her name, Marion Elton. She was a dear friend of mine, but—" she stopped.

The priest's expression was one of intense interest.

"You knew her then?" he said.

"Yes, very well."

"You knew her family?"

"No, but I knew her history."

"She had a history then?"—he half smiled, and corrected himself, "I mean an unusual history, Sister?"

"The history of a Saint," said Sister Imelda gravely, and then fell silent. The priest said nothing, so they walked on. The wind blew up from the sea, softer than was its wont, and the sunlight seemed to sleep over the far-away hills. Finally Sister Imelda spoke:

"It is now thirty years since Sister Emmanuel took the holy habit—"

The priest seemed about to speak, so she paused and looked up inquiringly.

"Pardon me Sister, it is nothing," he said, "Will you please go on?"

"She came from England just a year after I came from there, so naturally I was interested in her. She was most fervent, and had a strong inclination towards the contemplative life. Her great devotion was a love of the Passion of our Lord. Something happened within a year after her entrance which I never understood until after her death. She talked to me often; it was she who taught me to make the Way of the Cross,—with devotion, but—it was our Superior who told me after her death what the Passion was that Sister Emmanuel suffered" Sister Imelda hesitated a moment.

"You will tell me, please, Sister?" said Father Cyprian quietly.

"I have told it to no one before now. Those who knew the story years ago have passed away long since,—our Reverend Mother, my own Superior, and some others. Three months after she took the holy habit, Sister Emmanuel received her cross; within a year she had completed her martyrdom, and received her crown. The cross was perhaps one of the hardest a religious can bear, for it was planted in her own home. She had a brother, a promising young man, who through some mistake was complicated in a crime which had been committed. A young man of his own age was murdered, and as evidence seemed to point to him, Alfred,—I think that was his name,—was taken up, tried before the court of law and condemned. He wrote one letter to Sister Emmanuel, and she destroyed it, but Sister Superior told me it was full of the most manly courage, declaring his innocence, and at the same time his submission to God's will. He asked her prayers that some day the mystery might be cleared. Sister Emmanuel did more than pray. She asked permission to offer her life. At first she was refused, but she said that great issues hung upon it, and so she was given leave. It was at

that time that she did the Ecce Homo. She died within a year,—but”—

"I can tell you the rest Sister. I have my own story to tell."

Sister Imelda said nothing, so the priest went on.

"Thirty years ago I was a young advocate in London. I was not a Catholic, for I had given up my faith for the teaching of the agnostic schools of my University. I was called one day to take up a case which had excited great interest in the city; it was the case you spoke of. I was Queen's Counsellor, and I pursued the cause of the law with intense energy. The making of my fame depended on that case. I worked with intense energy, as I have said, but somehow the prisoner at the bar seemed to take the very life out of my heart. He had a strange, self-possessed air, a melancholy look, and at the same time an expression of resignation which was more than I could stand. He reminded me of only one thing,—a picture of the Ecce Homo that hung in my mother's room at home. Once I had seen the resemblance, I could not forget it. The fancy took hold of me so violently that I almost lost the case. I did not lose it, however, as you know; and in March, 1887, Alfred Elton was hanged for murder. My reputation was made, but somehow I could not rest. The face of that man haunted me, and now it seemed more like the face of the Man of Sorrows. Before another year was out, Elton's innocence was proclaimed by the confession of a boy of sixteen who had accidentally shot the man in question, while in the woods, and had run away from home in consequence. There is no need to go into that, Sister; you know it as well as I. That revelation ended my law course. I came back to the faith, but henceforth I felt my life must be devoted to the Man of Sorrows.

"So you became a Passionist?" said Sister Imelda softly.

"I have been professed now twenty-six years, but never to anyone except our Provincial have I told what I have told you. It was the picture—"

"Yes, what of the picture?—I meant to ask you."

"The face is Alfred Elton's, the same melancholy, the same submission, but etherealized and made ideal. Sister Emmanuel painted her brother, though perhaps unconsciously. To the martyrdom of those two I shall owe my salvation."

"God is wonderful in His saints," said Sister Imelda gently. "You remember Saint Alphonsus Liguori? His vocation came from a failure, at law—"

Father Cyprian put back his head and laughed. "Excuse me Sister. Saint Liguori is not flattered by the comparison. But, he added gravely, "I have realized one thing in my life. "Greater love than this no man hath than that he lay down his life for his friends,—and I was an enemy."

"Perhaps it was rather this," said Sister Imelda as they passed into the house, "Love your enemies,—pray for them that persecute you."

M. A.

CANADA'S POETS.

(A paper read before the Alphakaibeta Club)

CANADA up to the middle of the 19th century was a silent land. Of all the thousands who went forth with spade and plough to break up the great wilderness of the north, few raised their voices in song. Along the shores of "the misty Atlantic", it is true, Acadian peasants sang the old ditties of France, and down the St. Lawrence re-echoed the hymns of the mission; but for English-speaking Canadians there were few makers of song.

In their days of toil and nights of loneliness, they solaced themselves with the echoes of their "Ain Countree." Some looked to old England and some to Scotland and others to the Emerald Isle far across the sea; and they sang the old songs, and had no thought for new ones. Canada was like a child that knows its mother's music and none other.

Three centuries rolled by—and lo! Canada had grown; and with her growth had grown the heart of a people. The genius of the Land of the Maple found an echo at last in the hearts of the tillers of the soil. The dwellers of the villages and hamlets found at last a language of emotion they could call their own. The nineteenth century in its latter years, and the twentieth in its beginning, produced poets not unworthy of the name, singers not "of an idle day" but full of the deep emotions and earnest thought that characterizes the people of the north.

A chorus of singers has arisen in Canada. Of "old, unhappy far off things" they seldom sing. Canada is young, and her poets love the charm of the present and the mystery of the future, the beauty of river and forest and mountain, the peace of plain living, the joy of honest toil, the exhilaration that lives in the hearts of pioneers,—these are the themes the Canadian poet sings.

Foremost among these songsters of a latter day, the world has recognized the soldier poet, John McCrae, who like Joyce Kilmer, died fighting in that "last dim battle of the West," and was buried in those Flanders' fields where the poppies blow,

"Between the crosses, row on row."

"Flanders' Fields" is McCrae's best-known poem; it brought him fame, but he has given other thoughts to his generation. The little volume published by his friend, Sir Andrew McPhail, contains verses that will be found in future days in the best anthologies of Canadian verse.

The metre of "Flanders' Fields" which struck a new note in the ear of the world was not new to the ear of the poet. Compare it with the following lines:

"Cometh the night. The wind falls low,
The trees swing slowly to and fro,
Around the church the headstones grey

Cluster like children strayed away
But found again, and folded so."

"Flanders' Fields" appealed so much to the public that other poets took up the idea and composed answers to this stirring poem. "The Poppies' Answer" by D. D. Wings; "In Flanders Now" by Edna Jacques; "America's Answer" by R. W. Lillard; and "How Sleep the Brave" by Sidney J. Smith, S. J. appeared in quick succession.

"The Anxious Dead" is full of imagination, and feeling for those who have died for the "cause of Right"; "The Unconquered Dead" is filled with the invincible spirit of the fallen heroes;

"Some yielded. No not we! Not we, we swear
By these our wounds; this trench upon the hill
Where all the shell-strewn earth is seamed and bare,
Was ours to keep; and lo! we have it still."

The rhythm of "The Song of the Derelict" is very musical; it is the complaint of the derelict craft against the power of the sea; "Then and Now" expresses the poet's tender thoughts of a cherished hope once passed forever; "Unsolved" has a melancholy note running through it; McCrae's love for children is shown in "Slumber Songs."

"Sleep little eyes
That brim with childish tears amid thy play,
Be comforted! No grief of night can weigh
Against the joys that throng thy coming day."

"A Song of Comfort" gives evidence of the poet's philosophy of Resignation.

"In the gray twilight of the autumn eves,
It sighed as it sang through the dying leaves:
'Ye think with regret that the world was bright,
That your path was short and your task was light.
Your path, though short, was perhaps the best,
And the toil was sweet, that it led to rest."

McCrae's works are characterized by deep sympathy and vivid imagination, with an undercurrent of melancholy, which is not morbid, however, because of the robust spirit of the man.

Among Canada's greatest writers is named Bliss Carman, a poet with a rare and vital individuality of genius. He was born in Fredericton, New Brunswick, and was brought up in the beautiful valley of the St. John River. Living so close to nature, the trees, the birds, the flowers, all seemed part of his life; he craved for their companionship.

His imagination is broad and vivid; his diction, select and cultured; he possesses a rare gift of melodious versification; in his works there is evidence of

profound thought and deep study. His passionate love for nature is one of the outstanding elements of his works; everywhere it asserts itself. He is not only a singer of whom the Dominion has every reason to be justly proud, but one of the most captivating and original poets of the present century. He has been called the Canadian Wordsworth, but he never touches the platitudes which Wordsworth sometimes exhibits. In his love of the beautiful he resembles Keats; in his delicate fancy he resembles Shelley:

"A creature fit to carry
The pure creative fire,
Whatever truth inform him,
Whatever good inspire,
He shall make lovely in all things
To the end of his desire."

In his poetry it is not seldom that we meet such expressions as "dreamy-eyed," "dreamful-hearted," "Aprilian ardors." His work has a finished delicacy that places him among the greatest artists of today. Best known among his poems are: "Earth Voices," "A Mountain Gateway," "Garden Shadows," "The Tent of Noon," "Low Tide on Grand Pre," "At the Making of Man."

A poet unique among English writers is Wm. H. Drummond. Dr. Drummond was born in the village of Mohill, County Leitrim, Ireland. While he was still a boy his family emigrated to Canada where William was educated. In Mrs. Drummond's memoir of her husband, she relates that he read with many misgivings, one of his earliest poems, "Le Vieux Temps" at a dinner of the Shakespeare Club of Montreal; and further says:

"This was the beginning of a long series of triumphs of a like nature, triumphs which owed little to elocutionary art, much to the natural gift of a voice rare alike in strength, quality and variety of tone, but, most of all to the fact that the characters he delineated were not mere creations of a vivid imagination. They were portraits tenderly drawn by the master hand of a true artist, and one who knew and loved the originals."

Dr. Drummond made a keen study of the life of the French "habitant" and inimitably characterizes their manners, feelings, and life. His works are without satire, and full of humor. In his poem, "Little Bateese" he describes the care-free little child of five; "Johnnie Courteau" presents the type of the every day French Canadian; "The Wreck of the Julie Plante" is a legend of the Lac St. Pierre; "Madeleine Vercheres," a stirring tale of the daring courage of a young French girl at the time of an Indian raid. Drummond's style is simple, his meaning can be easily understood by everyone, and through all his works can be seen his humor, and deep sympathy with the characters about which he writes.

A woman who will hold a lasting place in the literature of Canada is Emily Pauline Johnson (Tekahionwake). She was born on her father's estate in the

Reserve near Brantford, Ontario, in 1862. Her father was the late G. H. M. Johnson (Onwanonsyshon), Head Chief of the Six Nations of Indians and a descendant of one of the fifty noble families of Hiawatha's Confederation, founded centuries ago. Her mother was Emily S. Howells of Bristol, England.

Pauline's education was meagre but her training in the school of Nature was thorough. She early showed poetic gifts. Her best known poem is "The Song My Paddle Sings." She had the gift of choosing words that corresponded to the sense, which can be seen in such passages as:

"And forward for the rapids roar,
Fretting their margin for evermore.
Dash, dash,
With a mighty crash,
They seethe, and boil, and bound, and splash."

"In the Shadows" is musical, full of delicate fancy, and sympathy with Nature. "As Red Men Die" is a vigorous poem full of the spirit of her race;

"With scowling brow he stands and courage high,
Watching with haughty and defiant eye
His Captors."

"The Pilot of the Plains" is a tale of the White Man's fidelity to his Indian Bride, and of her unwavering faith in him. We can see the Indian girl watching for his return.

"Till the autumn came and vanished, till the season of the rains,
Till the western world lay fettered in midwinter's crystal chains,
Still she listened for his coming, still she watched the distant plains."

Again we see the "Pale-face Lover" as he lies perishing in the storm, and hear him cry out:

"Save me, save me, O beloved, I am Pale, but I am true!
Yokonwita, Yokonwita, I am dying, love, for you!"

Pauline Johnson's poetry is loved not only by Canadians, but by all who read it, for she possesses the power of captivating her readers. Through her success she never lost that grand simplicity of her nature which has endeared her to so many. Her death has been a great loss to Canada and to Canadian literature.

Agnes Ethelwyn Wetherald, familiarly known as the authoress of "The Indigo Bird" was born of English Quaker parents at Rockwood, Ontario, 1857. She was educated in Canada, then in New York. Miss Wetherald began writing poetry later in life than most poets, and her first book of verse is "The House of the Trees and Other Poems," which at once gave her a high place among women

poets. Her love and longing for nature are seen in "The House of the Trees,"

"Lift your leafy roof for me,
Part your yielding walls,
Let me wander lingeringly
Through your scented halls."

Her sympathy for animals is apparent in "The Screech Owl:"

"Oh hush, poor grief, so gray, so wild,
God still is with His child!"

The "Wind of Death" is filled with melancholy and sadness; "The Indigo Bird" is a striking contrast to "The Wind of Death," with the gay, happy note running through it; "Earth's Silences" deals with the wonders of nature, and rises above the level of ordinary poetry; "Prodigal Yet" is the cry of the Prodigal to God for help.

An authoress better known from her novels than from her poems is Lucy Maud Montgomery. She was born in Cavendish, Prince Edward Island, and until she was sixteen attended school there. Later she went to Dalhousie College, Halifax, for one year, taking special courses in English and in languages. In her work she displays no mean amount of knowledge of the sturdy, ardent fisher-folk. In her poem "When Dark Comes Down" she describes the feeling of happiness of simple hearts when evening comes:

"For toil has folded hands to dream, and care has ceased to frown,
And every one's a lyric when the dark comes down."

"Off to the Fishing Ground" is the expression of the fishermen's thoughts in setting out to sea. A sympathy for the old man who loved to hear the splashing of the surf is felt in "The Old Man's Grave."

"Make it where the winds may sweep
Through the pine boughs soft and deep,
And the murmur of the sea
Come across the orient lea,
And the falling raindrops sing
Gently to his slumbering."

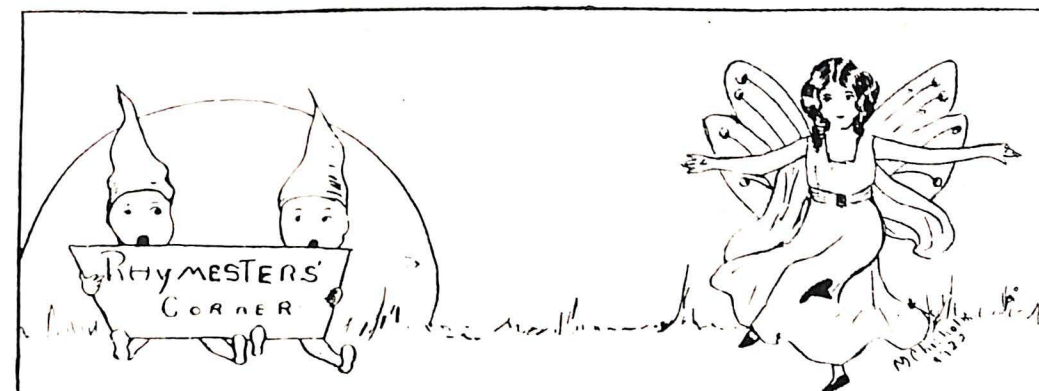
The "Old Home Calls" is the cry of the longing mother for her wandering children:

"I keep for you, all your childhood dreams, your gladness and
delights,
The joy of days in the sun and rain, the sleep of care-free
nights."

As the creator of "Anne of Green Gables," Miss Montgomery has won wide popularity; but we rejoice that her poetic gifts have enriched our literature with new gems of thought.

These are a few of the poets who have done their part in the noble work of expressing the ideals of their country. They have shown that Canada, young as she is, has produced writers of whom she can be justly proud; men who have labored with energy and patience; men who have proved that Canada, though at first content to sing the songs of the "Mother Country," can today claim a literature of her own. Other songsters will come to carry on their work, and will sing of the "Golden Age," the greatest days that are to come for "Young Canada"; they will sing till their majestic lines re-echo down "through the corridors of time."

EDNA PITTS.



BUNS.

(With apologies to "Barbara Freitchie")

Up from the Basin so forlorn
Clear in the cool September morn,
The spires of Mount St. Vincent stand
Green-walled by the hills of Rockingham.
On a pleasant morn of the early fall,
The girls marched down to the music-hall.
Forty girls with their buns so fine,
Forty girls in a long straight line.
Each took her own appointed place,
Each had a smile upon her face.
Up rose the Mistress of Discipline then
And uttered that well-known word again.
"Silence!"—the whispering girls were dumb,
And quickly died away the hum.
"Who appears again with a bun-decked head,
Shall be well punished! March on!" she said.
All day long with mournful face,
The girls pass on from place to place.
All day long no bun appears,
But oh, the display of long-lost ears!
The day of buns, I fear, is o'er,
Ears must stick out forever more.
So here's a motto for one and all,
Use buns to eat, or not at all.

MARJORIE MARSHALL.

A VERBAL DEMONSTRATION
OF
HOW X WENT ACROSS THE STREET

How did X go across the street?
Was it by wings or hands or feet?
X pattered, plodded, pushed or pranced,
Dived or darted, drove or danced,
Bolted, bounded, blew or bounced,
Fluttered, floundered, flitted, flounced,
Cruised or cantered, crawled or crept,
Scampered, scuttled, swam or swept,
Sallied, sprinted, shot, migrated,
Sprang, retired, perambulated.
Echoed, thundered, trailed or skipped,
Filed, receded, oozed and slipped,
Through snow, or rain, or driving sleet
X clearly contrived to cross the street.

How did X cross the perilous street?
In a marvellous way he did the feat.
X slunk and shunted, strolled and strode,
Walked or wandered, reeled or rode,
Sneaked and skulked, or strayed and scurried,
Hastened, hobbled, hopped and hurried.
Bustled, hurtled, glided, gambolled,
Minced, meandered, motored, rambled,
Passed, proceeded, paddled, paced,
Rumbled, rang, or rushed and raced,
Raved, retreated, clanged, resounded,
Streamed and splashed or plunged and pounded,
Not even the dread of dark defeat,
Could X deter from crossing the street.

To cross the street did X essay
Despite the veto that barred the way?
X spurted, struggled, skipped and stumbled,
Trudged and trotted, toiled and tumbled,
Shuffled, staggered, slid or swirled,
Scrambled, wriggled, wheeled or whirled,
Limped and leaped, or dragged and drifted,
Hied or hustled, sailed or shifted

Tottered, toddled, tripped or tramped,
Ambled, rolled, advanced, decamped,
Pirouetted, poured, paraded,
Plodded, plunged, or promenaded,
Not Britain herself with her mighty fleet,
Could hinder X from crossing the street.

Then men their minds did sorely vex
But could not stay the flight of X.
X wiggled, waddled, flew or fled,
Slouched, or skated, stole or sped,
Streamed or trickled, faded or flashed
Capered, climbed, careered, or crashed,
Strutted, sauntered, ski-ed and steered,
Ferried, frolicked, frisked and veered,
Scudded, skirted, stalked or row-ed,
Flicked, or flirted, floated, flow-ed,
Galloped, burrowed, popped, repaired,
Dashed, escaped, and marched or fared;
Though all things tried to stop his feet
X calmly continued to cross the street.

A MISTAKE

A young man at a social tea
Met a young maid from M. S. V.
"We used to have such times at school,"
Said she, "I never kept a rule!
I studied when I took the whim
But most of all, I did like gym."

"Jim!" he thought, "the lucky he!
No wonder she won't look at me!"

"The Sisters quite approved of gym—"
"How strange," he thought, "they took to him!"
Aloud he said, "What did Jim teach?"
"Oh, everything! We labored each
At fencing, running, jumping high;
When we swung clubs, you'd see them fly."

"Athletic coach, no doubt, this Jim—
I wish I could change jobs with him!"

And still she talked, he marvelled more:
Within his heart he felt quite sore,
Green Envy took a hold of him
Because he thought that gym was Jim!

NOTES AT M. S. V.

"Variety is the spice of life
That gives it all its flavour."
Everything at the Mount it seems
Of "Notes" and "Notes" does savour.

From seven o'clock in early morn
Instrumental notes are played,
Which upon the breeze are borne,
Long after sun its set has made.

The "notes" of the violin are heard
From morn till late at night,
And trying to translate a word
They make us jump with fright.

And all the day, there's singing much
Do, re, mi, fa, so, la, ti, do
And up and down with gentle (?) touch
The voices, soft or loud, will go.

After tea, we have "notes" again
Of a different kind 'tis true,
Far from pleasant for may be then,—
"To Punish Class, go you."

"Notes" for desks and "notes" for class
Which may be good or bad;
"Notes" at "Prime" for some poor lass
Have often made her very sad.

"Retreat Notes" must not be forgot;
Once every year they're made.
"Bank Notes", too, come very oft,
But "Items" must be paid.

So "Notes" there are of many kinds,
As you by this may see;
But then, when all is said and done,
That's life at M. S. V.

ETHEL TOBIN.

VERS LIBRE

The ice was glass,
The sky was clear,
Across the margent of the snow
I slid,—I skid;
I caught myself in time, and flew
Upon the whistling wind;
I thought upon the time when I
In realms above the sky shall fly.
'Twas with wondrous exultation,
Inhalation,—exhalation,—
I loved to skate,
I lived to skate,—
But then along came horrid Fate
A crack within the ice, a flaw,—
You'll never count the stars I saw.

And now today
The sky is dark;
Across the margent of my world
A cloud is rolled,—it doth enfold
My spirit-part with mournfulness,
Funereal, sombre shades.
My collar-bone is out of joint,
All wit for me has lost its point.
(Perhaps you've made that observation)
But, compensation!—examination
I cannot write;
That's one delight,—
(My secretary doth this 'pome' indite.)

(SIGNED) X.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE DICTION OF THE SCREEN.

THE diction of the screen is unique. Nay, let me not exaggerate; it is comparable to one thing,—the diction of the ring. When the critic of the prize-fight begins to talk, he slips into a certain vocabulary, when the movie critic starts to write, he, or she, immediately assumes the diction of the screen.

What is the diction of the screen? It is characterized by three things—coinage of words, familiarity of tone, vulgarity.

First, screen diction contains the ordinary words which occur over and over again, such as feature, stunt, wonderful, neat, smart, profit, big, type, scream, gorgeous, etc., etc. Then there are the coinages—such coinages! The movie critic cannot talk in the language of other men; he must say the most ordinary thing in the most extraordinary way. To have a cup of tea, is in his language “to get tea’d,” or “to have an oolong,” to dance is to “do a glide,” to take a milk diet is “to dally with the lacteal fluid,” a tragedy, occurring between two comedies is “a sob sandwich,” the “celebs” and “subcelebs,” “co-star”; something (or somebody?) is a “flapper;” somebody else goes through “emotional acrobatics;” another is “corseted by conventionalities;” a “comedy-critic peps up,” another sits “scrooded up” on a table. A coinage that has not found its way into the dictionary seems to sum up the whole series of such screen phrases; it is “slumgullion.”

About the second characteristic nothing need be said; nor need we linger on the third. Setting aside the moral laxity of the picture-players, their exaltation of mere physical charm, their worship of the golden calf, the very language of the scenario and the review is to be condemned without reprieve. In a recent account of “movie” activities, the following statement occurred—“Movie subtitle writers finally achieve accuracy in grammar, spelling, punctuation 1986,” and the ignorance and vulgarity of many “writers to the screen” is displayed in the same magazine.

But why spend time and space on what people of polite breeding can observe for themselves? The sad answer is that such people not only tolerate the diction of the screen, but encourage it by subscription to the reviewing magazines. If such reviews could be written by people of culture and taste, they might possibly be worth reading; as they are, they can be called by no other name than “trash.”

The ordinary high-school and college students of today will, if allowed, confine their reading to such magazines, and will form their dramatic taste on the scenario. Exquisite as is our English literature, it is being set aside for “slumgullion,” or chopped into splinters for scenarios. The student who sees

“David Copperfield” or “Lorna Doone” or “Silas Marner” on the screen, thinks he has obtained all there is to be had from the reading of these novels. No greater mistake could be made. This “quick lunch” education produces nothing but a mental conglomeration, an inability to write two sentences of moderate length, a choppy, disconnected mode of expression, a habit of filling up the gaps in thought and conversation with slang and “slumgullion.” Such a mistake on the part of girls and boys promises little for the literature of the future. The present day is prolific in writers of talent and taste, but these, we must remember were not educated by the screen; they imbibed the best from the literature that preceded them, and their own finished work is the result of years of reflection, and study and toil.

If the Screen is to educate our girls and boys, what will be the literature of the future?

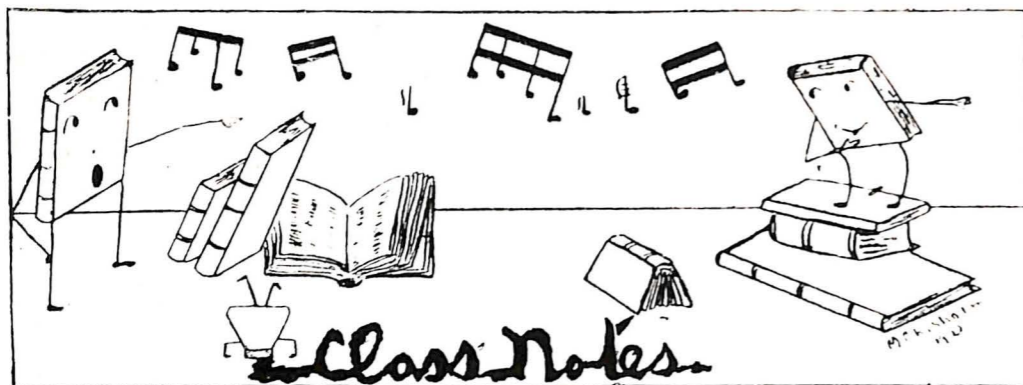
LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY.

At the present day the motto of the French Revolution is often quoted. Perhaps no phrase has ever meant more to men, and none has been more misinterpreted.

Liberty: “Man was born free,” said Rousseau; “everywhere I see him in chains.” Liberty is the proudest boast of the North American; we are free before the law of men; we are free before God, to use our will to serve Him or not. Yet as Milton says, the many “license mean when they cry ‘Liberty!’” Liberty of will, liberty of energy, liberty of living as servants of God,—all this is ours; but unless the principle of man’s subjection to His Creator is recognized, chaos such as we see in Russia today, must follow license.

Equality: “All men are equal,” said the French Revolutionists, forgetting to add—before God and before the law.” Are men equal? As far as talent and position and the reward of merit go, men are not equal. Such equality is the dream of the socialist, but it is only a dream. Some must ever lead, some follow. The commander-in-chief may be a plebian in birth, but he must have qualities of leadership that lift him above his fellows. Education, opportunities, talents, skill, and wealth are the so-called “gifts of fortune.” They are not given to all; but whoso possesses them must use them well, and thereby benefit those less blessed. It is the parable of the talents as found in life.

Fraternity: Is this possible? Thank God it is, through the practice of Christian perfection. Outside Christianity it is well-nigh impossible, though humanitarians and pagans may practise philanthropy of a sort. Where the Catholic Church is, there is fraternity that binds men high and low; rich man and poor man, learned and ignorant must, if they would enter the Kingdom of Heaven, “become as little children.” As brothers of the same family they kneel at the common table, and receiving the bread of the children, look up and say, “Our Father!”



COLLEGE DEGREES

This year three graduates obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts from Dalhousie University; one post-graduate took the degree of Master of Arts.

THE PROVINCIAL A'S.

The Provincial A family dwells in Saint Agnes class-room at the north-east end of the Academy. The members of this closely-united family are five, though since March one member has been "excused" from active work, and thus has shifted her part of the class burden on the shoulders of the other four. However, it is to be hoped she will not prove a discredit to her class when the final test comes.

First of all, the Provincial A's owe a tribute of thanks to their devoted teachers. To their English and Latin teacher they owe special gratitude, for she has protected their "rights" and has been the inspiration of their pleasures. The teacher of Greek has never failed us, though we may often have failed her. It is evident that she sometimes wishes we were Greek instead of Canadian; but then it's too late to mend that mistake. When "Greek meets Greek," they open up a fruit store; but when Canadian meets Greek—? It does seem calamitous that History and French should unite to attack us on the same day, but —que voulez-vous? Our hair stands on end every day before noon when we endeavor to see perpendiculars "pointing into the air" and spheres "standing out from the board." However, we are still alive, and cherish a forlorn hope of getting our "grade"—some day.

Would you like to meet the Provincial A's.?

Ethel Tobin, the youngest member of our family, like Orlando, Sir Rowland de Boys' youngest son, is "of all sorts enchantingly beloved," nor is she

merely a "sower" of good: she has proved herself besides a good sewer. While she is on friendly terms with Latin, Greek, French and German, Trigonometry interferes and joy departs from life. Yet Ethel gazes across the water and calmly repeats, "Sweet are the uses of adversity."

Though Edna Pitts has distinguished herself as a Latin orator, we often wonder whether she discusses Latin verbs, English authors or future possibilities when walking with her English teacher. At present Edna is suffering from a serious malady which the world calls giddiness and which only her return to the world can cure. We all believe that whatever her career may be, she will live up to her motto, "Per ardua ad astra."

Next in order of age, Rose O'Donnell may be introduced. She is the star athlete of our family. Yet not only in the athletic field does she take a prominent part, she excels, too, in writing English Compositions. Rose is, moreover, to be complimented on controlling her affections; possibly this may be explained by the thoughtful reflection which sometimes finds expression: "Aujourd'hui, reine: demain, rein."

The next person to be mentioned is Constance Andrews, our B. Sc. student. Her time is occupied in studying M. P. Q., her chief worry being how she can study from books that are not "in print". Though Constance is the chief comfort of her teacher of mathematics, her highest aim is to shine in English. While her name implies constancy, she has proved fickle at times and her classmates might give her the advice, "Constance, stick to your bush."

Last, but not least in size and age comes yours truly, the undersigned, who, in her own opinion, is worth her weight in gold. The study in Greek proved a disastrous adventure for May, and she now wishes heartily that Xenophon had lived before the Deluge. Debating is one of her pleasures and many wonder why on one all-important occasion, she refused to debate before an audience. That is to the A's the riddle of the Sphinx, but meanwhile they have other riddles to solve. May 1921 proved a memorable year in the Annals of the Provincial A Class of the Mount!

MAY TOBIN.

SENIOR A's AND B's.

To begin with the A's and B's are all clever! It is necessary that this be clearly understood; for, though we have almost completed our year's course, and gained fame for our learning, it was not without hard work that we have succeeded. Our class is small, but that only goes to prove the proverb, "The best goods are done up in small parcels."

From September to Christmas we studied the Essay, in all its forms, and styles, and branches. Macaulay's "Samuel Johnson" was our model for the formal essay. Which one of us will ever forget poor, old Samuel, as he worked

and struggled in his garret, or as he sat before the fire of the Cheshire Cheese Inn, when he loved, as he said, "to cross his legs, and have his talk out?" For the familiar style we studied Lamb's "Essays of Elia"; we laughed at his humor and whimsicality in "The Superannuated Man" and "Poor Relations" and got hungry for a taste of his roast pork in his "Dissertation upon a Roast Pig." Many and varied were the essays we read and reported,—from Addison, Steele, De Quincy, Carlyle, and Ruskin to Stevenson and our more modern, Pater, Lang, Birrell, Chesterton, Agnes Repplier, and Catherine Bregy, so that, now, what we do not know about essays and essayists is not worth knowing.

After Christmas we began studying Tennyson. Poetry at first seemed difficult; but as had been said before, we are a clever class, and soon overcame our difficulties. Now, such poems as Claribel, Mariana, and the Miller's Daughter are, to us, as trifles; we analyze and expound on Locksley Hall, Morte d'Arthur, and the Lotus Eaters, and we are now beginning to talk in true Tennysonian style. But essays and poetry have not taken up all our time. The History of Literature and Rhetoric have their share, too, and are learned as well as the other subjects.

In all modesty, we may say that we are authorities, not only in English, but also in matters astronomical, for have we not, each week at Prime, heard the report "The young ladies of the Astronomy class are doing very good work"?

Now that I have told you of some of the work we have done, let me tell you of the girls who did it. First, there is Margaret Jeffers, our clever commercial graduate. She is not at all like Tennyson's rare, pale, tearful-eyed damsel, of the same name; for our Margaret has a blooming complexion and sparkling dark eyes and, of course, the dignity that belongs to our Prefect.

Next comes Ada Kopf, who really belongs to the Sophomore class but thought she could learn just as much in our pleasant company. What words can describe her? I cannot go to Tennyson for help there, as he does not describe any dark, plump maidens; still, the lines, "smiling, frowning, evermore, Thou art perfect in love-lore," would suit her.

Then Brenda! Who could ever imagine her in the plight of Mariana, alone in a deserted house, inhabited by squeaking mice, sighing and singing for her lover, singing,

"My life is dreary, he cometh not,
I am weary, weary,
I would that I were dead!"

For Brenda is a happy little lass who delights in singing, and is only found sighing when reminded of that sad truth "Who, by taking thought, can add a cubit to his stature?"; or when Western letters are long a-coming.

Next in the row, is Nancy O'Driscoll. Her fame rests on her original

spelling and her authority on the newest pronunciations. We are wondering whether it was the sympathetic atmosphere of the class that brought out her hither-to unsuspected dramatic ability.

Gladys McCormac, another Commercial Graduate, is quiet and studious. If you want to catch her when she is excited, you must be around either when she has lost a debate or when she is reciting "Bonnie Dundee." Speaking of reciting, brings me to Kit Fraser, a Commercial Graduate and back to Ada Kopf for they both are star dramatists of the Mount. For designs in theatrical costumes, both inexpensive and effective, we refer you to Miss Fraser.

Marguerite Bellivau, rather tall, dark, and dreamy, with her "locks not wide-bespread, but Madonna-wise on either side of her head" like Gladys McCormac is quiet, and she listens with wrapt attention to every word that falls from the teacher's lips.

Elsie Williamson, an ex-commercial, ex-provincial, and an accomplished young lady, because of poor health did not return to the Mount till after Christmas. The welcome given her was a warm one. Her winning way and ready wit quickly caused her to be adopted "en famille."

Mildred White who was one of us from September until Christmas could not return after that vacation, on account of illness; but her class-mates all remember her and hope to see her among them again next year.

It was only the business due to preparations for a graduating recital that prevented our accomplished violinist, Miss Davison, from being a regular member of the class. Whenever an hour could be spared, she was to be found with us seeking, and we have no doubt, finding inspiration from our brilliant work!

Last, but not least I come, but as I am writing this, the least said, the better. Yet am I not to be envied in being the companion of such classmates as the Senior A's and B's?

MARGARET CHISHOLM.



TO FORTUNE.—(Odes I: 35.)

O goddess fair, who rulest Antium dear,
Thou hast the power to raise up mortals frail
From lowest state, or strike them down in fear;
On thee the tiller calls from plough and flail.

Whoever on the dire Carpathian wave
Dares trust his life in frail Bithynian bark,
Knows that thy hand will be stretched out to save,
And calm the seas from stormy tempests dark.

Of thee the savage Dacian stands in awe,
The nomad Scythian, and fierce tribes of men,
And even Latium proud, renowned in war,
And tyrants purple-robed, with diadem.

Necessity with power that never fails
Leads on, and in her iron hand she holds
Sharp wedges and beam-piercing nails;—
With molten lead the fate of men she moulds.

Thee hope attends, and faith in veil of white;
Nor does she fail, when, robed in garments new,
Thou biddest wealthy mansions quit thy sight;—
'Tis then thou teachest that true friends are few.

When to the dregs the casks have all been drained
The fickle crowd and wantons disappear;
Their feeble hands of love are too far strained,
And few indeed are found to be sincere.

MARJORIE MARSHALL '21.

THE SENIOR "C" CLASS SENDS
IN THE FOLLOWING ADS.

Wanted—An amanuensis to whom a budding authoress may dictate her next novel. A knowledge of shorthand is a necessary requisite. Apply to Jean Glassey.

Wanted—A pair of crutches to support a young lady when she stands to answer in class. Notify Joyce Clarke.

Missing—A pencil, a pen, a notebook, a blotter, an eraser, a rhetoric, a hygiene, a copy of Lorna Doone. Anyone knowing the whereabouts of these articles will please inform Madeline Fitch.

Found—A number of poetical quotations. Owner may apply to Viola Hoare.

Wanted—A simple dictionary and a pocket spelling book. Notify May Mallet-Paret.

Ready for Loan—Two rhetorics, two hygienes, two copies of Senior C. Classic. Send now to Marjorie Egan.

A Young Lady who has a superabundant crop of blushes would be glad to dispose of some of them. Buy no cosmetics but apply to Emmie Frecker.

Lost—Somewhere between June and September Mary Holmes' hair. No reward is offered as it is lost and gone forever.

Wanted—A nerve tonic or soothing syrup. One hundred dollars reward for a total cure is offered by Claire Murphy.

For Sale—Any amount of Kough drops. Apply to Ruth Parker.

Wanted—A position as Office Clerk. Address, Mary Emerson, School Supply Co., Mt. Saint Vincent.

A few extra hours of study would be welcomed by Helen Byalin; if these could be obtained, the aforesaid young lady might dispense with class.

Wanted—A Saturday correspondent. Apply to Claire Murray.

Wanted by Dorothy Bradshaw, some "knowledge" to make up for her lack of "experience."

Lost—A few class notes. Finder please return to Eleanor Le Mesurier.

Found—By Kathleen Hagen, a worried expression. Owner please claim it before it becomes attached to Miss Hagen.

Wanted—Some ideas for Composition work. Apply to Hattie Anderson.

To be disposed of—By Margaret McMahon, a Kit.



THE ALPHAKAIBETA DEBATING SOCIETY.

I wonder if any people in the world were ever as excited on their first "Club" night, as were the Provincial "A's" and "B's" on the evening of September 26th, when they assembled in St. Rose de Lima class-room to hold their first meeting.

The election of officers was the first important step taken; it gave as President, Miss Marjorie Marshall, our graduate and college student. Miss Ethel Tobin was elected Secretary. Next in importance was the choice of a name for the Club, and after much discussion, approvals and disapprovals of various suggestions, the name "The Alphakai beta Debating Society" was decided upon. Now, the title of our Society is not one of little significance. We are A's and B's, but we have also a Sophomore student, and she it is whom the connecting 'kai' must represent.

One of the aims of the Club was to increase our vocabulary. It was decided that at every meeting each member would select an unfamiliar word, find its meaning, and be prepared to use it in a sentence.

Many of the words probably have never been used since Shakespeare's day, but then, we are not trying to out-Shakespeare Shakespeare. We certainly cannot accomplish that without making a few of his twenty-one thousand our own.

But debates have been our more serious occupation. The first subject discussed was "Resolved, that some knowledge of the life of an author is necessary for a proper understanding of his works." Now enemies of Meiklejohn's History of English Literature had long debated this point, and it was not surprising

that the negative side, under the able leadership of our President, won, though it was with the small majority of one point.

The subject of the next debate was "Resolved, that a better education is obtained in a Private School than in a Public School." Perhaps it was Miss May Tobin's ready wit that helped bring success to the Affirmatives, for her opponents were thoroughly convinced of the value of their own point of view, and even the majority of eleven points did not convince Miss Pitts that any private school could surpass her ONE public school.

Two weeks later another debate was held, "Resolved, that Woman has done more for society than Man." The able discussions on either side were proof sufficient that the subject was one of deep interest to each of the six debating. Evidently no one had done more research work than had Miss Andrews, for her apt quotations and minute details of woman's service (such as the rediscovery of stitches in lace-work that had been lost for 10 years) might have won success for the Affirmatives had not Miss O'Donnell given such a thorough account of man's benefits to society even since the days of our first father, Adam.

The account of the public debate between the Provincials and the Commercials may be found in the Chronicle of the Year.

On April 17th we were entertained by the Infallible Convincers and of all the impressions made by the forcible (?) display of talent, none was greater than that the Society was well named.

On May 8th we visited the A and B Club and enjoyed very much the debate: "Resolved that a college education does not unfit a woman for home life."

The year holds more club meetings, but we may say now that our Sunday evening assemblies have been both pleasurable and profitable.

THE A AND B DEBATING CLUB.

The first meeting of the A and B Debating Club disclosed what a society reporter would term "a small but select gathering." All rejoiced in its selectness, but its smallness gave alarm. Think how often one's turn to debate would come! There was some consolation, however, in the pleasing thoughts of the oratorical powers and hidden gifts of repartee that such frequent exercise would surely develop; so, with these alluring visions, all consented to settle down to prosaic business details.

The election which followed gave as

President.....	Miss Margaret Jeffers.
Vice-President.....	Miss Gladys McCormac.
Secretary.....	Miss Brenda McFtridge.
Censor (a mere sinecure).....	Miss Ada Kopf.

The first debate, to which all could bring first-hand information, was "Resolved, that the Movies do more harm than good." The negative side, led by Miss Kopf, won.

Of the other debates, the two most hotly contested were, "Resolved that the country is a better situation for a college, than the city," in which the affirmatives, under Miss Jeffers' able leadership, came off triumphant; and "Resolved, that our enemies do us more good than our friends," in which Miss Williamson, a seasoned debater, but a new member of the club, helped much to win success for the negatives.

All the debaters showed good "team-work," with careful division and treatment of subject matter. They proved conclusively that all "were strong in will,—To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

During the year some interesting papers were read on "The Changed Position of Woman" by Miss McCormac; "Woman and Higher Education," by Miss Chisholm, and "The Present Need of a Thorough English Course," by Miss Jeffers.

Then, early in the season, the club entertained the Alphakaibeta Society, presenting, and well, we are told, a one-act sketch "If Shakespeare Lived Today." Later, a number of the best modern plays were read and thoroughly enjoyed. But why be merely listeners or actors, why not playwrights too? So, very lately, Sister Moderatrix was given a surprise,—an original production "The Veiled Mystery," a trial scene, with the dramatic unities carefully observed.

The performance was voted such a success that it was repeated the next night for the Senior Division. The enthusiasm and "full-handed plaudits" with which it was received led its producers, at their next meeting, to consider seriously becoming a dramatic rather than a debating club. Only a strong call to order and the announcement that the next debate on the mooted question, "Does a college career unfit a girl for home life?" was to be held before visitors, ended, for a time, all dreams of dramaturgic careers in the necessity of upholding our reputation as debaters.

Our thanks are due to our faithful secretary, Miss McFatridge, for her successful efforts to have pretty club pins made. They will always be a reminder of the many pleasant evenings we have spent together.

THE BENSON READING CIRCLE

THE Benson Reading Circle and Debating Club is made up of the members of the Senior and Provincial C classes, and has a membership of twenty-four. The election of officers at the second meeting resulted as follows :

President.....Miss Mary Emerson.
Vice-President.....Miss Hattie Anderson.
Secretary.....Miss Emmie Frecker.
Censor.....Miss Mary Holmes
Door-keeper.....Miss Claire Murphy.

Alternate Sunday nights brought readings and debates. Some interesting discussions were held, and several members acquired a reputation for debating. On October 10th the first debate was "Resolved, that it is better to be in love than not to be." The common-sense party carried the victory, to the great disappointment of the love-sick damsels. The votes read: Affirmative, 205; Negative, 262.

On December 6th the subject was "Resolved, that newspapers do more harm than good." Miss Hoare's debate won strong applause. The victory went to the Affirmative with a score of 279-269.

On January 23rd the debaters chose, "Resolved, that the silent drama has superseded the speaking stage." The Affirmative side, led by Miss Arbing, won the debate; the score was 274-263.

On February 20th in the debate, "Resolved, that brains are a greater asset to woman than beauty," the victory went to the Affirmative side amid the applause of the "plain" ladies.

On May 8th, we were delighted to have as visitors Sister de Chantal, Sister Evaristus and Sister de Sales. The Subject chosen for discussion was: "Resolved, that experience is of greater benefit to a person than knowledge." The Affirmative argument was upheld by Miss Arbing, Miss Emerson, Miss Hagen; the Negative by Miss Clarke, Miss Bradshaw and Miss Glassey. The score was: Affirmative, 227; Negative 315.

THE COMMERCIAL DEBATING SOCIETY.

IN September the Commercial Debating Society was organized, and registered nineteen members. These girls are either taking the Commercial Course as Graduates this year or are Post-Graduates.

Most of the articles of the Original Mount Saint Vincent Debating Society were retained, but a few had to be expunged, as having no place in the re-established Society.

The officers elected at the Meeting in September are as follows:

President.....Miss Constance Gard.
Vice-President.....Miss Gertrude Smith.
Secretary.....Miss Helen Gorman.
Censor.....Miss Barbara Johnson.

On October 10th the first debate of the season was held: Resolved, that brains are better than wealth. Much interest and enthusiasm was displayed

and the debating members are to be congratulated on their worthy efforts. Victory was with the Affirmatives.

On the evenings when the members were not debating, the book written by the Commercials of '18 and '19 was read. It proved very interesting and delightful.

Some splendid debates were held during the year and many of the students are to be congratulated on the way they developed their talents for debate and oration.

On May 1st, we had some very distinguished visitors at our Club Meeting, Major Charles H. Almeder of Boston being among the guests. On this evening the subject of debate was: Resolved, that the modern woman makes a better wife than the woman of long ago. For the occasion the debaters dressed in the styles of the different ages—Modern and Ancient. This furnished much amusement for the "old-fashioned" side certainly did look funny. However, they won the victory and then it was the Affirmatives' turn to look funny. The debate was splendid, so our visitors told us; and the girls are to be congratulated on their efforts and ambition in trying to make the affair pleasing and successful.

SENIOR D DEBATING CLUB.

ON Sunday, January 6th, the first assembly of the "Infallible Convincers' Debating Club" was held. This meeting was a preparatory one held for the purpose of choosing a subject for the debate of the following week; but much to our delight, our Presiding Mistress had already thought of a very interesting and augmentative subject, which was:

"Resolved, that the English were justified in expelling the Acadians."

The debaters chosen were as follows:

AFFIRMATIVE.

Leader: Miss N. Hares
Miss Y. Mallet-Paret
Miss A. Gaetz

NEGATIVE

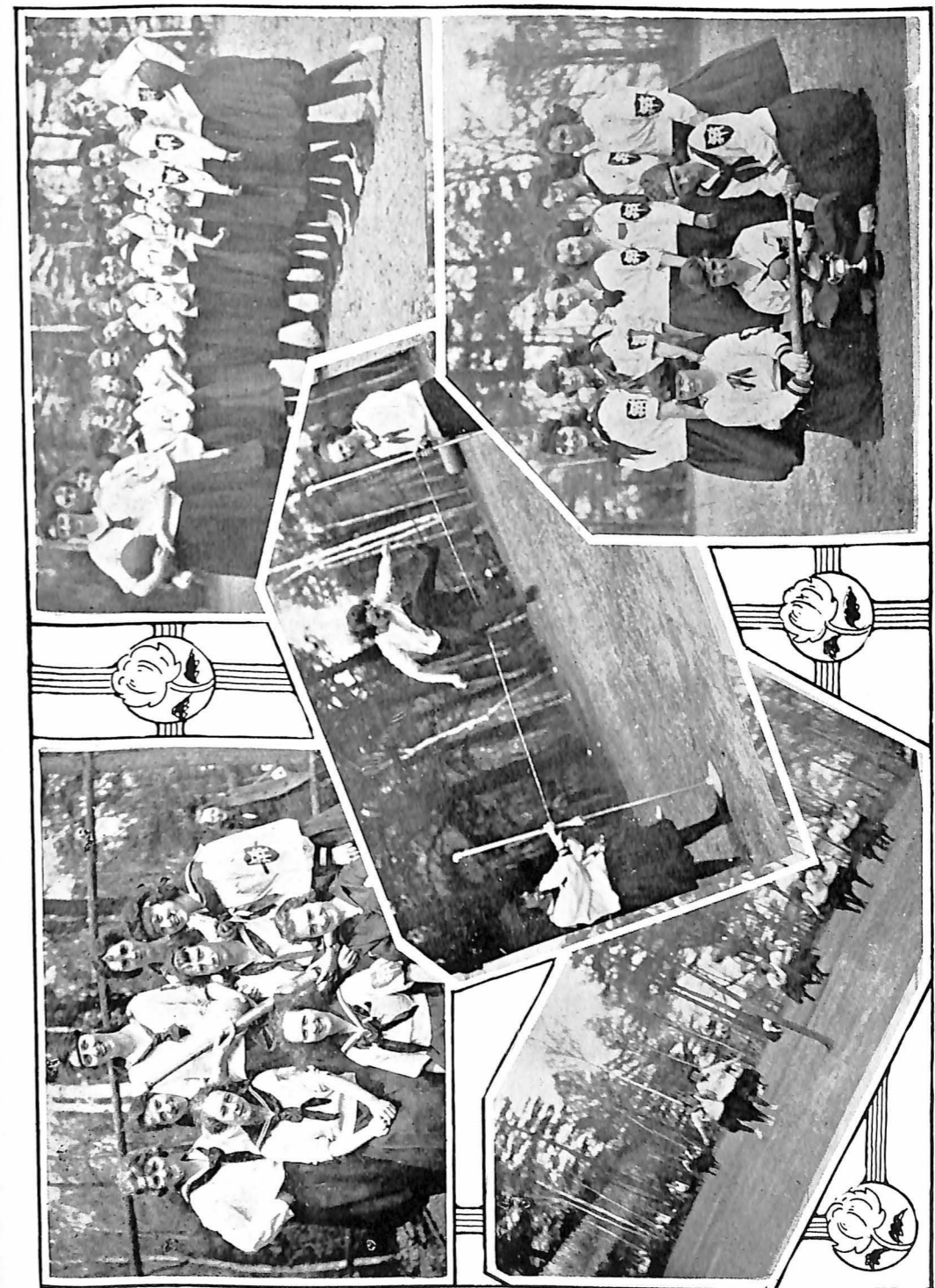
Leader: Miss J. McDonald
Miss M. Scott
Miss May McCormac

On Sunday, the thirteenth, the fortnightly debate of our Club was held. The subject under discussion was:

"Resolved, that England was justified in expelling the Acadians."

We had as our distinguished guests Sister Gervase, Sister Francis d'Assisi and Sister Rita Agnes, who were kind enough to act as our judges. The Affirmative side of the Debate lost by four points.

A suggestion was made by our teacher that we should have a Club Magazine. Needless to say, the motion was seconded and finally agreed upon by every one. The Editors are: Miss McDonald, Miss McCormac, Miss Hares.



VICTORIA DAY, '21.



ATHLETICS.

The Athletic Association of 1920-21 has exceeded that of previous years in numbers, and has kept up the old traditions of basketball, base-ball and tennis. The old motto was not forgotten: "Keep good humor still, whate'er you lose."

In the brisk autumn days, tennis and basket-ball absorbed the attention of the sportswomen. Basket-ball and base-ball were played out of doors until Jack Frost forced us to use the gymnasium.

During the clear winter days, coasting and skating formed the main interest of recreation hours. A trial hockey team was organized and proved successful enough to give us bright hopes for next year.

Spring brought renewed out-door activity, and we are now enjoying the best season of the year.

The contest for the cups is not yet finished. The Reds are fighting hard to keep the cup they won last year for Basket-ball, and the Blues are strong opponents. The Base-ball cup likewise is still the object of contest.

In September the following election of club officers was made:

President.....	Marjorie Marshall '21 (Col.)
Vice-President.....	Margaret Jeffers '20 (Com.)
Treasurer.....	Mildred White
Secretary.....	Gladys McCormac '20 (Com.)

After Christmas as our Treasurer, Mildred White, was kept home by illness, her place was supplied by Mary Emerson.

THE CHILDREN OF MARY
of
OUR LADY IMMACULATE AND ST. AGNES,
MOUNT ST. VINCENT, HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

REPORT FOR 1920-1921.

Annals:

On May 31, 1920, Rev. John B. O'Reilly, C.J.M. received into the Sodality, seventeen girls; and, on December 8th, the feast of the Immaculate Conception, a reception of ten new members took place. At the latter reception, Reverend George J. Daly, C. Ss. R., preached a very impressive sermon to the children on "Mary, our Queen." In touching words, Father gave us numerous and laudible reasons for loving our Blessed Mother, and told us to pray often, "Mother, tell me what I am to do!"

As no election of officers took place before school closed for the summer holidays, one of the first meetings was held in order to elect new officers. On September 19th, the following were elected:

Prefect—Margaret Jeffers,
First Assistant—May Tobin,
Second Assistant—Ethel Tobin,
Secretary—Gladys McCormac,
Treasurer—Winifred O'Hearon,
Instructress of Candidates—Winifred O'Hearon.

The Annual Retreat of the Sodality opened on April 7th, under the direction of Reverend G. A. Keelan, S. J. During the three days of silence and recollection, the Sodalists attended all the exercises in a very devoted and edifying manner.

Sections:

MASS—On the second Sunday of each month, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered for the Sodality. Mary Emerson, as head of this section, was faithful to her duties.

SOULS IN PURGATORY—This section worked fervently for the Holy Souls and offered: Masses, 1350; Holy Communions, 1404; Rosaries, 2988; Stations, 1098; De Profundis, 3582; Aspirations, 64,350.

VISITS—Kathleen Walsh had charge of this branch and reports that 4,666 visits were made to the Blessed Sacrament; 4,258, to our Lady's statue; and 2,044, to that of St. Agnes.

LIBRARY—During the past year, the members of our Lady's Sodality honored their Blessed Mother by devoting a few minutes of each day to Spiritual Reading. Frances Kelly and May McCormac were obliging librarians and report that almost every Child of Mary has done some work in this section.

MISSIONARY—As in past years, cancelled stamps have been collected and forwarded to a Missionary House.

Meetings: There were twenty-two regular meetings during the year. These were well attended by the girls.

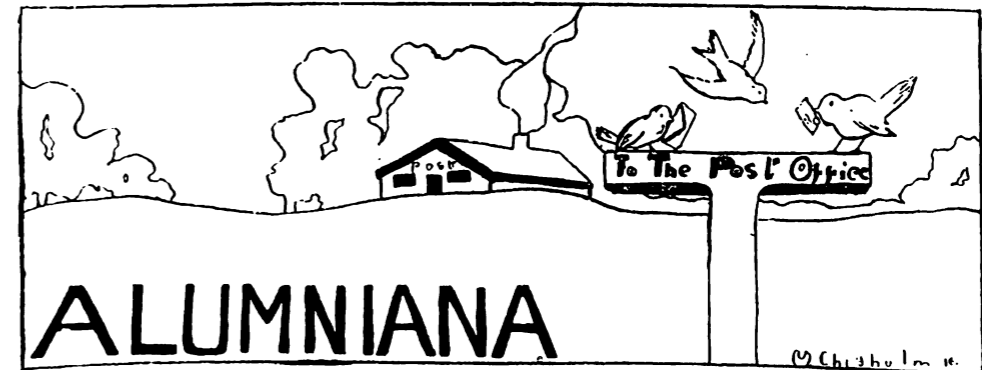
Conferences: The Directress gave discourses on the following subjects: "The Rosary," "The Guardian Angels," "Visits to the Blessed Sacrament," "The Forty Hours' Devotion," "The Souls in Purgatory," "The Presentation of the Blessed Virgin," "The Passion."

On December twenty-first, Reverend Mother General gave an impressive conference, and graciously received our Christmas offering of linens prepared for needy churches.

Meditations: Before Mass, every morning, the Sodalists made a Meditation. The Meditations had been prepared the night before; and, in order that the points might be fresher in the girls' minds, they were read over again before the girls entered the Chapel in the morning.

GLADYS McCORMAC, E. DE M.,
Secretary.

The Sodality gratefully acknowledges the following donations: May McNicol, Alexia Kyte, Polly Byrne, Stella Girroir, \$5.00 each; Amparo Angulo, \$4.00; Mildred and Neah Gardner, \$2.50 each; Elizabeth Gorman, Marie Thompson, Marie Penny, Helen Hiscock, Eileen Bradshaw, Annie McIsaac, May McDonald, Gertrude Thompson, Jean Heffernan, Agnes Dolan, Madeline Dube', Mary Jeffers, Pearl Butler, \$2.00 each; Alice Reardon, Mrs. Wm. Dougherty, Muriel Kyte, Dorothy Casey, Mary McElroy, Katherine White, Mary O'Brien, Rita Kyte, Elizabeth Le Blanc, Mrs. Leo White, Mabelle Comeau, May Pelham, Sadie Mullins, Elsie Brackett, \$1.00 each.



MRS. D. P. McKENNA, known to old-time Mount girls as Agnes Hayes, is holding high, in the ranks of the world, the banner of womanhood. As a member of several Catholic Associations of Ottawa, Mrs. McKenna sacrifices her time and energies to the furthering of woman's highest interests in Canada. At a meeting of the Catholic Women's League held in Montreal in February, Mrs. McKenna read a paper on Catholic Woman Suffrage, for which she received high praise from an appreciative audience. The following account is taken from a Montreal paper.

CATHOLIC WOMEN FAVOR FRANCHISE

League endorsed campaign to extend vote in Quebec Province

WANT WOMEN AT BAR

Mrs. D. P. McKenna, of Ottawa, addressing meeting held in Congress Hall. The favorable attitude of the Catholic Women of Montreal to the question of woman suffrage in general and to the impending campaign for obtaining the provincial vote for the women of Quebec was clearly defined at the regular meeting of the Catholic Women's League held yesterday afternoon in Congress Hall.

Mrs. D. P. McKenna, a member of the Catholic Women's League of Ottawa, who was the speaker of the afternoon, stated that several distinguished prelates of the Roman Catholic Church not only endorsed woman suffrage, but had declared that Catholic women must regard the exercise of the franchise in so far as they possessed it as a binding duty and not as a privilege of little importance, to be neglected or ignored through sloth, or indifference. Cardinal Gibbons, Cardinal Vaughan and Cardinal Morin were said to have expressed themselves in no uncertain terms to that effect.

The Catholic Church had been slow and had been reluctant to give its sanction to any movement which would seem to remove women from the sanctity

of the home and the duties and responsibilities which only she could discharge in that home, but had realized at last that for the protection and the social education and industrial betterment of the sex as a whole under existing world-conditions, woman had an important duty to perform beyond the home, which she can now discharge with the hearty endorsement of the heads of her faith.

It was emphasized that the Church did not, however, sanction women's striving to share equally with men the burden of legislation or government. Her entrance to public life was only desirable or even justifiable when it was undertaken in some direction where her special womanly qualifications would be called into use, or where the issue touched closely the well-being of women. If it should ever happen that a woman must choose between her duty as the head of the home and a public career the choice must be invariably that of fulfilling her trust, her first duty to her family.

The head of the Church, Benedict XV., had so emphasized his belief in the superior claims of the home that many church people had misunderstood and judged that the Pope disapproved of women taking any part in public life. Such was not the case; the head of the Church recognized the necessity of women putting forth endeavor in every direction for the social and industrial and educational status of women the world over, but desired that Catholic women never lose sight of the fact that their highest sphere of usefulness lay in their own homes. That the intelligent casting of a vote should interfere with that usefulness was said to be an absurdity happily fast disappearing from the popular mind.

RISE OF THE MOVEMENT

Mrs. McKenna outlined the rise of the suffrage movement, pointing out how, in early Anglo-Saxon chronicles and the history of the Middle Ages, women appeared as sharing with men the guidance of state affairs. In the age of profligacy and loose-living of the 16th and 17th centuries women lost their status in the eyes of men and became as chattels and playthings.

The first definite steps taken towards industrial independence and assertions of women's rights were taken about the middle of the 19th century, and out of these tentative efforts the International Council of Women and afterwards the International Woman's Suffrage Association, came into being. The last fifty years have seen rapid strides towards universal suffrage for women, who now possess the vote practically throughout the civilized world.

A resolution was passed unanimously at yesterday's meeting that the Catholic Women's League of Montreal present a petition to the Quebec Legislature for the granting of the provincial vote to the women of Quebec.

The League's endorsement of the bill enabling women to practise law in the province of Quebec was also carried unanimously. Since the visit of Judge

Norris, of New York, to the League last week, the members realized the value of having a woman of broad sympathies and maternal instinct dealing with the women and children, who through misfortune or perverted tendencies, had come within the range of the law.

In May, Mrs. McKenna was elected as representative of the Ottawa Women's League in the Canadian Convention of the League which is to meet in Toronto in June of this year. We congratulate her heartily on her good work, and hope that other Mount girls will follow in her steps.

The representatives from the Halifax branch of the League are Mrs. Hagen, President; and Miss Mary Reardon, Secretary.

A.

Adolfina Ablanado is married and has one little girl.

Agnes McGonagle paid us a short visit at Easter; we were delighted to see her, and hope she enjoyed her three days at the Mount. Nan, her sister, is as lively as ever, and is doing clerical work in Boston.

Aileen O'Donaghue is making good use of her commercial training, and holds a bank position in Sydney.

Alexia Kyte is a successful nurse in New York.

Alma La Billois (Mrs. Colton) has moved from Halifax to Montreal, where her husband has been appointed Government Radio Inspector for that port. We were sorry to lose her, as she was a staunch friend and an earnest worker in various charity movements in Halifax, especially in connection with the Alumnae Sodality.

Amelia Green has at last consented to enter the matrimonial state, and is making an ideal wife for Mr. I. A. Wyner. The happy couple are making their home in New York.

Anna Porrier, now Mrs. Jules Girouard, is living in Quebec.

Annie Guthro has been teaching at Mainadieu, C. B.

Annie McIsaac visited the Mount in November and again in March. She spent the first Spring month in Boston with her old Mount room-mate Katherine White; and after a short stay in New York accompanied her mother to Ottawa, where she has been for some time with her sister Mary (Mrs. Fabrian Poulin).

B.

Beatrice Cox is working in Halifax.

Belle(Sinnott)O'Reilly visited the Mount last summer, and left her two daughters, Gladys and Carmel to finish their education here.

Beth Craig pays occasional shopping visits to Halifax, and always stops off at the Mount. She is still doing stenographic work in Truro.

C.

Camilla Glassey is enjoying home life in Halifax after a winter season in the south. Cassie O'Leary, who is now Mrs. Tuttle, resides in New York. Catherine Cummings during the winter season made use of her musical talents in doing concert work in Boston. Christine O'Keefe is teaching in Cape Breton. Clemence Callahan writes from Boston, announcing her engagement to Mr. Joseph Madden.

D.

Dora Davison has a good position with the Naval Department in Halifax. We offer her our condolences on the death of her brother Harold. ✓Dorilda Gastonguey, Mrs. Affleck, is living in Halifax. She has one little girl whom she hopes to send some day to the Mount.

E.

Edith Cleary is a stenographer in St. John's, and makes good use of her elocutional training by doing concert work. Edna McCormac, now Mrs. Connors, is living at Black's Harbor N. B. She has a plump little daughter called Bernardine whom we hope to welcome to the Mount some day. Edna Ready, Mrs. Morgan, is living in St. John; she has one little girl. ✓Eileen Bradshaw is a stenographer with the firm of Rhodes and Curry Ltd., Amherst. Emily Mare (Mrs. Warren) has sent us a photograph of her charming little daughter, Phyllis Mary. Mr. and Mrs. Warren spent some weeks last year in England where they received a warm welcome. ✓Ethel Reardon and her sister Helen have spend the year at the Academy of the Assumption, Wellesley Hills, Mass. They hope to return to Halifax in June. Evelyn Colwell still studies elocution at the Mount. She made a charming Saint Cecilia in our pre-Christmas play. Evelyn also followed courses at Dalhousie, but in the Spring entered her father's office to do stenographic work. Evelyn Jenks enjoyed a mid-winter trip to the sunny South. She is as lively as ever and has made a social success. Evelyn McNeil, after graduating with honors from the Emerson College of Oratory, has held a position with the Cambridge Library. Owing to ill-health Evelyn has been unable to continue her work as a professional elocutionist. She is coming this Spring to Nova Scotia, to recuperate; so we are looking forward to seeing her soon.

F.

Fidelina de Bedia, with her husband, paid a visit to the North last summer. She is the same old "Fide" and we enjoyed the afternoon she spent with us. ✓Frances Foley has a stenographic position in Halifax. Florence Kelly, Mrs. Hanley, is the proud mother of four lovely children; the youngest, a sturdy son, who is called James Jr. Florence Hagerty is now Mrs. Hines and lives near Windsor. Florrie Kierwin has a good position in St. John. Frances Reardon Doyle is at the old homestead in Granville, Annapolis Co. She has one baby boy whom we are eager to see. "Mum" is still with her, we are glad to say.

G.

✓Geneva Murray is doing stenographic work in Halifax. Gertrude Thompson and her sister Marie are still in Woodstock, N. B. Gertrude McKenzie is a member of an orchestra in Halifax and is well known in musical circles. Gertrude Murray is a stenographer for the Northern Electric Company. ✓Gertrude Smith lost her dear mother just before Christmas. Our sincere sympathy goes out to her. ✓Gertrude Meagher is stenographer in the Education Office, Halifax. Glyn Saunders is stenographer for her father in Halifax. She occasionally pays us a visit. Grace Balcom Bradley lives in New York. She brought her two children to visit Halifax last summer.

H

Helen Edens is now Sister Maria Edmund at the Mount Novitiate. ✓Helen Kelly is now Mrs. Cormier and is living in Halifax. Helen McArthur is now a graduate nurse of the Roosevelt Hospital, New York. Helen Taylor is living in Newark, New Jersey. Helen White is at home in Amherst, N. S. Hilda Colchester, Mrs. Dravers, resides in London. Her sister Henrietta kept her word and did not change her name; she is now Mrs. Colchester, and has a beautiful home in Surrey, England. Hilda Glawson has become Mrs. H. Leavens and has gone to live in Toronto.

I

Irene Vernon is at her home in Truro, N. S.

Isabel Soy visited the Mount last Fall. She and her sister Alberta are enjoying home life in Amherst.

J

✓ Jean Heffernan is enlivening Springhill with her presence.

Jean McDougall attends the Ladies' College in Halifax.

✓ Jean Shatford has paid us several visits. She is a stenographer with Shatford's Limited, and also keeps up her vocal lessons.

Jeanne Roberge is training in St. Boniface Hospital, Winnipeg. She has had a rather serious operation for appendicitis, but is now back at her post, and is enthusiastic over the work.

Jeannette Galina is married in Havana.

Juliette Le Blanc is a stenographer in the Provincial Bank in Moncton, N. B.

Jennie Dulhanty visited the Mount not long ago. She has a splendid position with the Government R. R. at Bridgewater.

K

✓ Katherine Greeney won fame as a speaker in behalf of the Irish Self-Determination movement. At the inauguration of The Catholic Women's League in Halifax last year, she made the inaugural address. Since then she has travelled through the Canadian cities and is considered one of the foremost women speakers in the country.

Katherine White visited the Mount last summer, and then went to Sydney, C. B. to be bridesmaid for Mary McIsaac who was married on September eighth.

Kathleen Farrell paid a visit to Halifax this winter on her way from St. John's to New York.

✓ Kathleen Gorman died at her home in Amherst, January first of this year. Her Mount friends offer condolences to her bereaved family, especially to her sister Helen.

✓ Kathleen Hagerty, our little violinist, is still in Halifax.

✓ Kathleen Murray, one of the stars of Senior A last year, is at last a "lady of leisure." She occasionally pays us a visit.

Kathleen Neville underwent a serious operation in March. She has since visited us, and is gaining strength, we are glad to say.

Kathleen O'Leary paid us an afternoon call last autumn. She and Elise are now at home.

Kathleen Stokes has spent a year at Mount St. Bernard, Antigonish.

Katie McNeil, now Mrs. Guy Harris, is living in Glace Bay.

✓ Kittie Van Buskirk has recently returned from Albania with the United States Red Cross Expedition. She had a very pleasant trip, and visited Rome and Paris "en route."

L

Laura Paturel is at her home in Shediac, N. B.

Lena Tislotte, Mrs. Munroe, is now matron of the Atlantic Hostel, Moncton, where her husband is manager.

Lexina McDougall is teaching in Glace Bay.

Lillian Kelley was married last winter.

✓ Lillian Kennedy was married in November to Mr. Rivlyn Costigan, and is living in Belle Isle, Newfoundland.

Lillian Taylor has a stenographic position in Newark, N. J.

Leontine Chase is now Mrs. McDonald.

Lottie Holloway has had a very successful year of training at the Boston City Hospital.

M

✓ Mabel Casey is taking a commercial course in Glace Bay.

Madeline Dube' has had a very pleasant trip to New York, and Baltimore. When we last heard from her, she was anticipating a visit to "Queenie" in Newark, N. J.

✓ Madeline Frawley is to be married in June to Mr. J. H. Hunt, who is manager of one of the branch offices of the Royal Bank, in Halifax.

✓ Mamie (Heenan) Hamm has the same interest in the Mount as formerly. She is now occupied in bringing up her little family, some of whom we hope in the future to see at the Mount.

Margaret Robbins has announced her engagement to Mr. T. Adams, a Halifax bank manager.

Margaret Thompson is living in Yarmouth, N. S.

Marguerite Walsh has a responsible bank position in Gary, Indiana. Her sister "Mame" is matron in a hospital in the same city.

Marian McGoldrick has been obliged to go to Kentville to recuperate after a severe illness. We trust that her recovery will be speedy and entire.

Maria Rafecas is engaged to marry a Spanish gentleman now resident in Cuba.
 ✓ Marie Crosby, Sister Madeline Marie, lost her father by death this winter.
 Senator Crosby died in Ottawa, but the body was interred in the family lot in Halifax.

Marie Feeney is still at her home in Fredericton.

Marie Penny spent some weeks this Spring in Halifax.

✓ Marion Glassey is a postulant at M. S. V.

— Marjorie McDougall was graduated from the Dalhousie School of Law in May of this year. Congratulations to our first lawyer!

To Marjorie Scriven the Mount staff and pupils offer sincere condolences on the death of her brother.

Marjorie Welch is now Mrs. Chipman, and has her home in Kentville.

✓ Mary Burke has a good position as a stenographer in Halifax.

Mary D'Entremont is a novice at M. S. V. and is known as Sister Mary Emilina.

✓ Mary Dense is teaching in Halifax:

Mary Kinney is now Mrs. Hagerty. She visited the Mount before starting out on her wedding trip.

Mary Jeffers has a stenographic position with the Oxford Mfg. Co. She visited the Mount before Easter. The Commercials wish to thank, you Mary, for the generous gift you so kindly sent them.

— Mary McLaughlin was married during the year to Mr. Ewing of Pawtucket, R. I. Mary is a graduate of the Fall River Training School for nurses.

— Mary McIsaac was married in September to Mr. Fabian Poulin of Ottawa. She now resides in Ottawa and has fulfilled our predictions of social success.

Mary Sliney is still at her home in Dorchester, Mass. She has asked to be remembered to her old Mount friends through the Folia.

Meg Brown, Mrs. Ernest McKay, paid us a call in April. The photograph of her little daughter Joan adorns one of the class rooms at M. S. V.

Mollie King, now Mrs. Conrad Osmond, is living in Hillsboro, N. B.

Mollie Sutton passed away this spring. Our sincere sympathy goes out to her family, and especially to her two children.

✓ Muriel Kyte is working in Montreal. She spent a few weeks this winter with her sisters, Rita and Alexia, in New York.

N

✓ Nan O'Mara, Mrs. Otto Emerson, has spent the winter in Halifax, where her two children are at school. Her daughter Mary is a great favorite at the Mount.

Nell Meehan is nursing in St. John's, and is very enthusiastic over the work.

✓ Nellie Ward is at her home in Windsor. She visited the Mount and brought her sister Nano to school.

• Nora O'Regan was married last Fall. She is now Mrs. W. A. Waddell, and is living in Orono, Ontario.

Nora Prudhomme has not yet returned to Canada from Europe.

P

Pauline Dalton is a stenographer at the Provincial Bank, St. John, N. B.
 Polly Bryne's father died this Spring. Her Mount friends offer heartfelt sympathy.

R

Rita Gaudet is at her home in Summerside, P. E. I.
 Rita Kyte has a position in a law office in New York.
 Rita Seay, Mrs. Aprea, lost her father this year. Her friends at the Mount sympathize with her in her sorrow.

S

Sadie O'Keefe is now a Sister of the Congregation of Notre Dame. She is known as Sister St. John Regis, and is missioned to Sydney, C. B.
 Susan Pendergast is training at Hamilton Hospital, North Sydney.

T

Tessie Currie is training at St. Joseph's Hospital, Glace Bay.
 Therese Renault was married last November to Mr. J. Cartier. She is living near her mother in Beauceville, P. Q.

V

Victoria Wells paid a short visit this spring. We were sorry indeed to hear of the death of her father.



TO LOUISE

In memory of Louise McIsaac, who died, aged 18, July 31, 1920.

Swiftly you passed, like the sun's bright ray,
Moved without ceasing unto the goal;
You were young, and the earth was gay,
Laughter and love filled your soul.

Laughter and love were the gift of thy years,
So we thought in the Spring-time hours,
But God took the laughter, and mid our tears
Bloomed the mid-summer flowers.

Flowers on earth, and one flower above
Where God's eternal gardens shine;
Eternal Spring-tide, and laughter and love
Are thine, forever thine.

TO JEAN

In memory of Jean Curran, graduated in music, June, 1918;
Died June 17, 1920.

Little musician, what charm hadst thou
That the Great King loved thee so?
Thy notes on earth were soothing-sweet
To hearts bowed down in woe.

Across earth's harmonies came the call
Of the Bridegroom's pleading love;
Earth's notes faded in your ear
And you passed to the choirs above.

Little musician, pray for us
Who listen for that call;
May the melody within our souls
The Master's heart enthrall!

ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

We thank the following for their prompt payment of the subscription for the past year. "Giving quickly is giving twice" because it helps us to know just how many copies are needed for the issue of the book. We hope our subscribers will patronize our advertisers who, by their kind assistance, have helped to make the "Folia" a possibility this year. Though printing difficulties are many at present, still we hope that the "Folia" of 1921 will not fall below its usual standard.

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