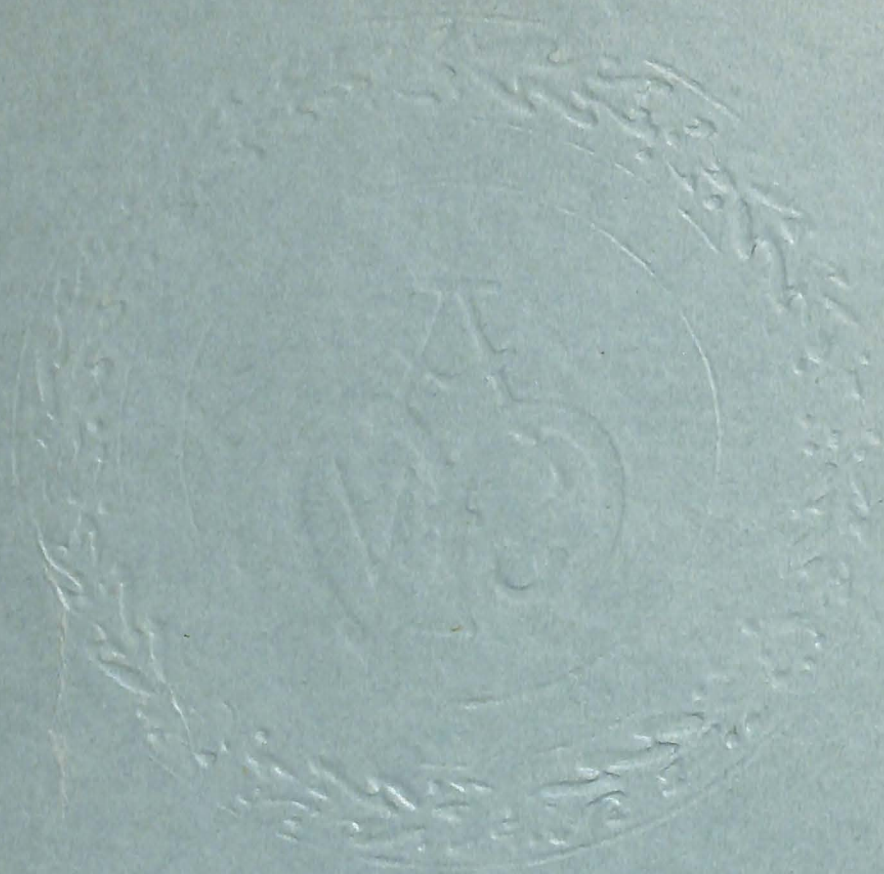




Golia  
Montana







# Folia Montana

Mount Saint Vincent  
Halifax, Nova Scotia

Volume X111 - - June 1929



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### ACTIVITIES

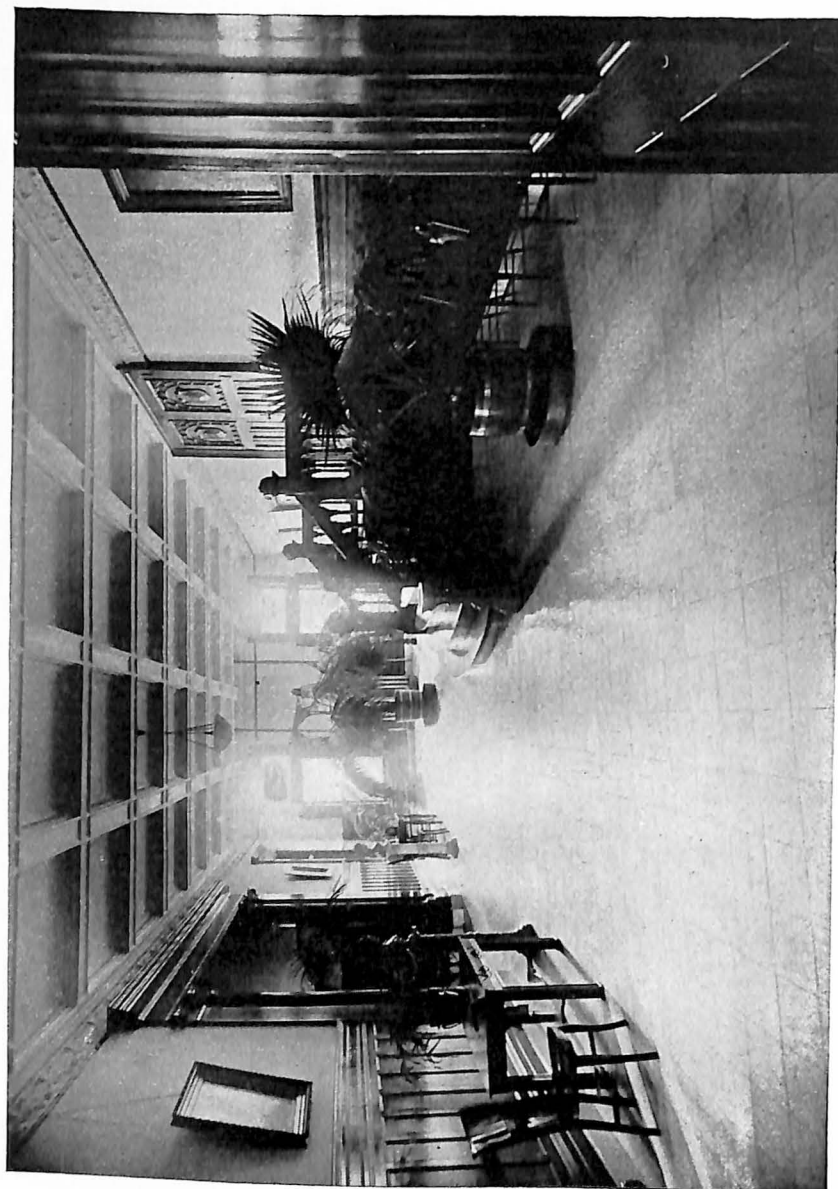
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FRONT ENTRANCE TO MOUNT.

## Dedication

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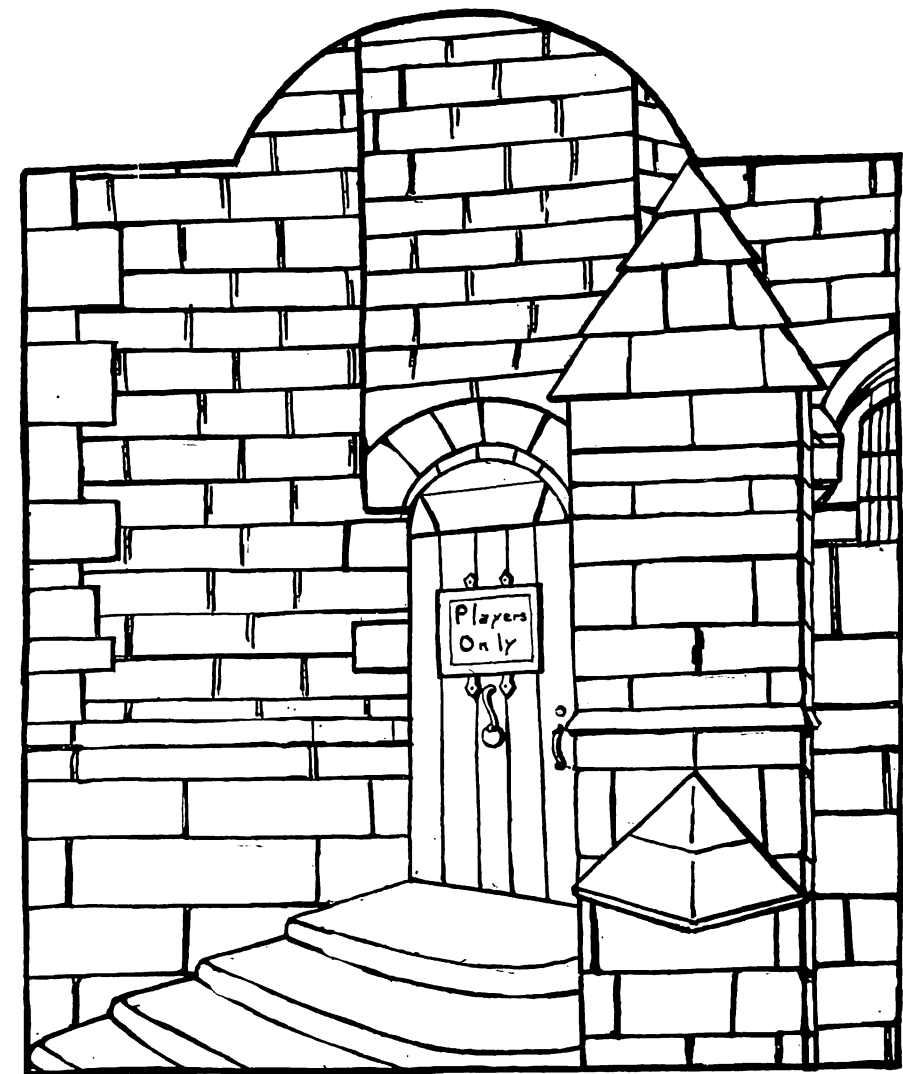
To  
 Our Elders in age,  
 Our Seniors in dignity,  
 Our Rivals in sport,  
 Our Models in diligence,  
 Our Forerunners in achievement,  
 The Possessors of Liberty,  
 The Upholders of Privilege,  
 The Torch-bearers of our school's ideals.

The College Girls



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# ACTIVITIES



## ACTIVITIES

1928-1929

MOUNT ST. VINCENT,  
HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA,  
September 15, 1928.

DEAR OLD BESS,

Well, the stage is set for the new scholastic year. The players are more numerous than last year. I wonder if they'll be as nice. Of course you'll say "No!" Well, we shall see. How I miss you! We "old girls" like to get together sometimes and talk over things, "just ourselves", you know. Some one always mentions you.

It is fun to watch the new-comers. You see them coming bravely down the corridor headed in the wrong direction, with a look on their faces, "I-don't-know-where-I'm-goin-but-I'm-on-my-way." But wait a while! in a few weeks they will be showing us a thing or two. I fear me the Sisters' stairs will be worn out soon. If vocations are "catching," most of them are doomed already.

The Saturday night recitals start next week. There are some good new voices, and some more—not so good. However, time will tell, (I'll not)!

The apples are as popular as ever. We play tennis and practise basketball between bites.

Yours in uniform,  
SALLY.

MOUNT ST. VINCENT,  
HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA,  
October 28, 1928.

DEAR BESS.

Here I am burdening your ears again with accounts of M. S. V. doings. (Hear, Hear)? This time it will be an interesting budget of news.

First of all, on October 10th we had an interesting visit from no less a personage than Bliss Carman, our world-famed Canadian poet! Can you imagine how intellectual we looked, and how poetically inclined we felt when we sat in his audience? He read very simply, and so disarmed us completely. We were prepared for Shakespeare's "rolling eye" and "fine frenzy", but it was a very quiet man who stood on the platform and read us "Vestigia", "The Ships of Yule", "White Iris", "The Little brothers of Saint Francis", "Trees", and "St. Francis and the Birds". I liked "Trees" the best. Naturally, it would appeal to the heart of a Canadian. You remember,

“High on the hill for all to see,  
God planted the scarlet maple tree.”

Next, (the exact date being October 17th), we had another distinguished guest—this time Professor Henry Southwick, President of Emerson College, Boston, who gave us Bulwer-Lytton's "Richelieu" complete. He makes a marvellous Richelieu, himself, with his white hair and tall, gaunt frame. I was particularly interested in "The page who did not fail". What a lesson for the Provincials!

The next date in my diary that will interest you is October 26th. That was the feast-day of the Dean of the College. Although it was a thoroughly College affair, we Academics were invited to witness the excellent programme which the girls put on for the occasion. Here is the programme:

PIANO DUO: Valse Arensky.  
MISS MARGUERITE McNEIL and MISS MARY SHANNON.

**GREETING CHORUS:** Garden Gossip.

GLEE CLUB.

SONG: Cherry Ripe                      /        /        /        /        /        /        /        /        /        /  
MISS MARY ROMANS.                      Old English.

---

PIANO SOLO: Prelude                      Schutt.

MISS MARY SHANNON.

PANTOMIME: The Wishing Tree.

(Prologue read by Miss ANNIE MANCINI).

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

[illegible]

PIANO SOLO: Etude Liszt.  
MISS MARGUERITE McNEIL.

SONG: Villanelle Eva Del'Aqua.  
MISS HILDA DUNEY.

DANCE: Valse—Nymphs and Sylvens.

N. BUCKLEY, J. MONTAGUE, E. WILLIAMS.  
Song accompaniment—M. ROMANS, H. DURNAY, A. RUEL.



ONE ACT PLAY.

## THE BISHOP'S CANDLESTICKS.

[illegible]

Doesn't it sound good? And it certainly was; in fact, it was truly exquisite. You should have heard that Nymphs and Sylvan Valse and seen the beautiful scarf dance. The touch of humour at the end in the one act play, saved the whole from being too serious. Alice Dowd made an extremely dignified bishop. Evelyn, of course, had to be funny.

Well, I think this ends my budget. But wait! The Forty Hours have come and gone since I last wrote you,—as beautiful as ever, with the procession and the singing. Then the Feast of Christ the King came to bless the close of our first school month and lift us for a while up to heaven.

This letter has been mostly dramatic, so I shall sign myself

Dramatically yours,  
SAL.

THE MOUNT,  
November 2, 1928.

DEAREST BESS,

I have saved this letter on account of the enclosed clipping, which did not come out in the *Gazette* until November 1st.

Where are we now? Let's see! First round of examinations just ended, and most of us not feeling quite up to the mark, so to speak. The usual bi-monthly atmosphere prevails. However, in spite of classroom difficulties, the Freshmen succeeded in launching the first club party of the year. I shall tell you about that in a day or two. Just now I have time only for the Mission Drive. You see we are not forgetting the traditions of '28. "Do or Die" is still the class motto; so in spite of exams and worries, we kept "Mission Sunday" in proper fashion. You should have heard Maggie recite "Sancian" while Astrid lay dying as "Francis Xavier"! Astrid could do it beautifully because she was just getting over the gripe. All the tableaux were lovely, but the first one was the sweetest because it brought in our school baby. I did not tell you before that we have a real baby this year, just four years old! She made her first public appearance as the Christ Child in the Mexican tableau. Did you ever read "Death Comes to the Archbishop"? The incident in the life of Father Junipero was taken from that.

Well, I haven't time for more now. You can read the clipping.

Oh, yes, we had our initiation—pretty much the same as last year. Our Club is specializing in modern poetry. Do you read much now?

As ever,  
S....

The clipping enclosed in the above letter is as follows:

THE DIOCESAN GAZETTE

November 1, 1928.

## MISSION SUNDAY

First Drive Opened.

### MOUNT ST. VINCENT BEGINS ACTIVITIES FOR MISSION CRUSADE.

Mission Sunday, October 21st, saw the opening of the first drive of the 1929 students of Mt. St. Vincent for the cause of the Missions both in Western Canada and in the foreign field. The students of the Freshman Class took the initiative with a real "Mission" entertainment. The program consisted of a series of tableaux representing the triumphs and sufferings of great missionaries. The opening scene represented an incident in the life of a Spanish Franciscan missionary, Father Junipero, famous for his labors in the early Mexican and Southern California Missions. The next showed Père Marquette and Joliet with their Indian guides, discovering the Mississippi. The third scene illustrated a beautiful little poem entitled "Sancian" and represented the death of St. Francis Xavier in sight of the great Chinese Empire which he longed to convert, but was destined never to enter. The fourth picture showed Father Damien baptizing two Hawaiians outside their straw-thatched hut. Next, the spectators were taken to a modern school in Japan, not only to see but to hear the tiny tots sing a charming Japanese song. The programme closed with a tableau of St. Thérèse of the Child Jesus and the Holy Face, who was represented as patroness of the Missions holding in her arms a Chinese baby and clasping the hand of a little Chinese girl. The readings for the tableaux were excellently rendered by Miss Margaret Lauder. The personages were as follows:

*Father Junipero and his companion are entertained by the Holy Family in the guise of poor Mexicans.*

[illegible]

## II

*Pere Marquette discovering the Mississippi.*

[illegible]

### III

*The Death of St. Francis Xavier.*

[illegible]



## IV

*Father Damien baptizes two Hawaiians.*

Father Damien	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	ALICE SMITH.
Hawaiians	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	} ANNIE MANTIN. IRENE McQUILLAN.

## V

*A Modern School in Japan.*

Presiding Sister	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	AGNES GARNIER.
Roli Poli San (soloist)	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	PATSY JONES.

*Chorus of Japanese Babies.*

FRANCES DEWOLFE.	FERNIA MOORE.	LILIAN WILCOX.
RITA WILCOX.	EILEEN MULLANE.	AGNES O'DONNELL.
MARGARET DUSTAN.	LILIAN MANSLEY.	MARY BURKE.
STELLA HENNESSY.	MADELINE JONES.	ANNA SYDNEY.
EVELYN CHISHOLM.	BERNADETTE JONES.	BLANCHE GILLIS.
	LOUISE WADE.	

## VI

*St. Thérèse of the Child Jesus and of the Holy Face, Patroness of the Missions.*

[illegible]

Music for the tableaux was provided by Miss Marguerite McNeil and Miss Pauline Melanson.

On Tuesday afternoon, the second drive was made for the cause of the Missions. The Freshman Class in Chinese costume served a delicious lunch in the school recreation room, which was made into a charming Oriental tea-room by artistic decorations and Chinese lanterns. A short programme of entertainment was provided, the greatest hit being made by three Hottentots, who, in characteristic costume, sang a song of petition for the Missions and performed a Hawaiian dance. Dancing followed, and all the guests enjoyed a very pleasant hour. Mission Crusade pins were sold as souvenirs. Altogether the two entertainments realized the sum of fifty-two dollars for the good cause.

Mite boxes have been given a good start, and the prospects are good for the year.

November 10, 1928.

DEAR BESS,

This time I have a very eerie message for you. Ghosts and goblins gambolled in the music hall on the night of October 30th. Of course, you've guessed! I promised you a long time ago to tell you about the Freshman Club party. Well, the Alpha Kappa Beta's got together, as I told you, in spite of difficulties, and hired some very obliging spirits to assist them. The entrance of the guests was the last word in weirdness. Amidst rumbling thunder and occasional flashes of lightning the girls came in. The noise was terrific. The hostesses were certainly lively ghosts, while Annie Mantin, our "sleepy Ann" did the honors as a corpse!

At any rate, all enjoyed themselves, if eating apples and doughnuts contributes at all to happiness. It was a genuine "Hallowe'en" such as we haven't indulged in thor-

oughly since our childish years (!) We retired at the usual hour, but I suspect there were some nightmares.

You asked me about the renovated recreation hall. It is a dream of soft browns and fawns, with a splash of orange in lamp shades, and rich red in the overdraperies on the windows. There are some bright colors too, in the furniture, and two big Davenport. We have no more "behind the presses"! The room now extends from one side of the house to the other, with windows looking out on the hill as well as on the water. The walls are done in lovely venetian scenes (Sister A. C.'s work). In fact, the whole room owes its beauty to her good taste and ingenuity. You may ask, where do we hang our hats? The outside corridor has been lined with long presses, so that everybody still has room for her outdoor gear. Somebody has christened that corridor "Cupboard Lane", for as a matter of fact, it forms an avenue of presses right down to the gym.

No, the Mount will never be the same again! Still, it continues to be as nice as ever. Come back for a visit and see!

As ever,  
SALLY.

November 25, 1928.

DEAREST BESS,

Hear us getting ready? We're going to the Dalhousie Scientific Exhibit. That is the reason of the bustle and excitement. It is really a very serious thing, this exhibit, but we can't help feeling gay for the trip, even if it is on Saturday.

Dear me! Now that I actually have my pen in hand I forget half the wonders displayed. A miniature gas-plant caught my eye and engaged my undivided attention for at least three quarters of the time. After that, I think the "pulsing heart" the "sympathetic ink" and the burning bubbles of gas were the most interesting things. I should like to explain the "pulsing heart" to you,—honestly,—only I am afraid I should get my kathodes and anodes mixed. Isn't it a good thing that we don't have to think about our own pulsing hearts? There were number of things that I missed by being too much interested in a few, and for days I had to shake my head when asked "Oh, did you see. . . ?" To tell the mournful truth, I was fascinated by the strangeness of it all; so that while my head was in a whirl of pretty colors and phenomena, the scientific explanations are still a mystery.

November 22nd was a Red Letter Day for the Academy. It was Sister de Chantal's feast day; for, as you remember, since St. Jane's feast comes in August, the Academy has chosen St. Cecelia's Day to pay homage to our dear Mistress General. I am enclosing the programme for you. It saves time. "The Charmed Ring" was one of the funniest things I ever saw.

PROGRAMME.

DUET: Pas Des Cymbales Chaminade.  
MARGUERITE McNEIL, PAULINE MELANSON.

GREETINGS.

AGNES DALLAS, CONSTANCE WALCH, MATIE ACKERMANN.

SONG: Dawn Pearl Curran.  
KATHLEEN LYONS.



# DRAMA: SAINT CECILIA.

## Characters.

Quintilian, Cecelia's father	NORA FITZ RANDOLPH.
Valerian, a Roman	MARY HACHE.
Tiburtius, his brother	HARRIET MYERS.
Cecelia	AGATHA FULTZ.
Agnes	CONSTANCE WALSH.

PIANO: Etude de Concert *Sternberg.*

ELEANOR COLEMAN.

SONGS: Peace I Leave with You *Tinny.*  
Elf and Fairy *Dinsmore.*

MARY ROMANS.

## TABLEAU.

PIANO: Fantasie Impromptu *Chopin.*

ANNIE MANTIN.

SONG: The Yellow Hammer *Lyzelehmenn.*

HILDA DURNEY.

PIANO: In the Boat *Zeckmer.*  
Dance of the Gnomes *Liszt.*

MARGUERITE McNEIL.

## ONE ACT PLAY.

### THE CHARMED RING.

#### Characters.

Cotton Mather	MARY HOUSE.
Betty	ELLA WILLIAMS.
Charles Manning	JEAN MONTAGUE.
Adonijah Wigglesworth	EVELYN CAMPBELL.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

THE MOUNT,  
December 18, 1928.

DEAR OLD BESS,

Almost a month has gone by since my last letter, so I shall have to make up time with news. Is that a fair bargain?

The first thing of interest was a movie, "The Magic Garden", on December first. Of course we have had movies before, since September, but as they were of a rather educational bent, we hailed with delight this real one. I had already seen "The Magic Garden", but it did not lose any of its charm. It was a typical Porter story and showed beautiful woodland scenery.

Fifteen days went by, with "nothing to report", and all "giving satisfaction", (to use the Prime phrase) before there was another bit of excitement. That was a visit to

the "Lady Nelson", one of the new boats plying between Halifax and the West Indies. It was very interesting, and everybody came home full of the idea of a trip to the West Indies "some day". I am afraid that "Lady Nelson" will be old and gray before I get a chance for the voyage.

Here is another item for your scrap book. We have begun Physical Training, as a necessary part of Normal School training. As the College girls get their Normal School training in the education department here, they must, perforce, join the military drill class. So we Freshmen, that is all the would-be school-marms, are in file. Sergeant Major Woodle conducts the class three times a week. And here is another secret for your willing ear—that means "no road" for us those days! There is compensation, however, in all things, and we certainly do work hard during those three hours! Besides that, we have our regular gym classes, so you see we ought to be women of brawn (as well as brain!) A medal is being offered, in fact, two medals, a silver and a bronze, for the best work done in the Sergeant's class. Whose shall they be?

With much liveliness we assembled a few nights ago for the College debate. I am still laughing over the remembrance of it. The subject chosen was one which we could all grasp the significance of,—Resolved: that Eaton's is a menace to the Maritime Provinces. Evelyn Campbell and Annie Ritchie, on opposite sides, pulled down the house with gales of laughter. All the girls were good, but as you know, "one touch of humour..." Evidently, Annie had been indulging in Eatonian bargains, and she certainly must have got her money's worth. At any rate, we got our money's worth of fun—and free admission! Eaton's won out after a hard bargain, for which I am not sorry, for how could we ever indulge in a purchase at that famous house of cash bargains if the College had declared it a menace to our native province? Eileen Ryan and Agnes McLennan were with Annie on the Negative side; Alice Dowd, Helen Cameron and Evelyn had the Affirmative. The vote was quite close, I believe.

That reminds me! Can you believe it, Bess? We won the first basket-ball game against the College, with a score of 3-1! Such excitement! The Academy were grouped at the North tower of the gym, and the College in the South. Mildred Morson was the heroine of the hour. She was carried from the field with her lip cut, and had to have some stitches taken in it. It was nobody's fault; she merely banged into a post. But she certainly played well. There was great rejoicing over the victory, and such cheering!

The last thing on the programme this year was the Christmas play, which was mostly in the hands of the Juniors. The title of it was "Kris Kringle in Japan". The only two Seniors taking part were Louise McNamara, who was the Japanese Emperor, and Mary Haché, as Santa Claus. The school baby, Dorothy Wilcox, was the central figure. She was also the Christ Child in the crib in the Nativity Tableau, and was certainly a darling. Norma Buckley took the part of Our Lady, and Nora FitzRandolph St. Joseph. Eileen Carroll and Margaret MacDonald were angels. It was very lovely. Kathleen Lyons, who has a beautiful contralto voice, sang "O Holy Night".

So this is my last letter before the holidays. A happy Christmas to you!

As usual,

SALLY.

February 6, 1929.

DEAREST BESS,

Christmas over, and school work again! Nevertheless, the second day after our return Sister de Chantal provided a very interesting afternoon's entertainment for us by inviting to the Mount Mr. Newlands, a Scotch professional reader, straight from Glasgow. His voice was wonderful and his personality pleasing. He interpreted various things, among them the opening chapter of "The Christmas Carol". Dickens' style suits him best, I think. However, he gave us "The Bells", and some very humorous pieces, the best of which was "The Frog". He also read Thompson's "Hound of Heaven", which he prefaced with a short sketch of the poet's life. What a sad life!

The following Saturday (to continue my story) through the kindness of Phinney's, we enjoyed a 'musical' given entirely on the Panatrope. The programme was varied, so that everyone was pleased.

Next, we went on a trip across Canada via the movies. It was a long way from Yarmouth to Jasper Park, and then to the Northlands, where ice and snow abound. Yet we got back the same day! This treat we owe to the courtesy of Mr. F. L. Dugan.

We are just "over" our annual retreat; though some say they will never get over it. It was preached by Reverend J. P. Walsh, S. J. of Philadelphia. We began on Thursday evening and "came off" on Monday morning. When the breakfast bell announced re-creation, dear me, what noise! You remember last year.

Next week we celebrate Mother General's feast-day, and then—a whole congé!

Till then,  
SAL.

February 17, 1929.

DEAR BESS,

We have just had a whole week end of entertainment. On Saturday, "Ben Hur" was given here. It was wonderful, of course. Even those who saw it last year enjoyed it all over again.

On Monday, the feast of our Lady of Lourdes, we had the Mid-Year play in honor of Reverend Mother General. I am enclosing the clipping, so you can get the whole programme. The drama was a new one-act setting of Jephthe's Daughter, and was very effective. You yourself can judge by the cast what good acting we had.

Shrove Tuesday we enjoyed a whole holiday. That meant, of course, a "long, long sleep", and the luxury of a few extra yawns. At noon we had a regular banquet, which we attended in white uniform. The College girls and the Graduates indulged in toasts and speeches; but we indulged in nothing stronger than water.

In the evening, the College had a masquerade party, regular Mardi Gras. The "Canadian Literary Club" entertained the Academy at a Valentine Party. We had tea at 5.30 and passed from thence to the music hall which was prettily decorated in keeping with the festival. There was a dainty and humorous entertainment, one part of which consisted in an exhibition of the various styles of hat which have succeeded one another in the past century. As the Club includes all the B class, you can imagine that their

entertainment was lively. There were novelty dances and pretty prizes, and, of course, refreshments. The grand finale was a balloon dance, which sent us chasing after red bubbles as souvenirs of the occasion. The party was voted a great success. It was the last before Lent. Ash Wednesday brought us all to penance the next morning. Now that Lent has come, things will be quieter.

Here is the programme and the clipping:

GREETINGS OF LOVE AND LOYALTY PRESENTED TO REV. MOTHER GENERAL.

"February 11th was chosen this year by the students of Mount St. Vincent College and Academy as the day for presenting their greetings of love and loyalty to the reverend Mother General of the Community of the Sisters of Charity, Mother Mary Louise. A special programme prepared for the occasion was presented, disclosing varied talent, and abounding in proofs of affection.

## PROGRAMME.

RONDO		Haydn.
	ORCHESTRA.	
	Feast-Day Greeting.	
	MISS CONSTANCE WALSH.	
SONG: Christina's Lament		Dvorak.
	MISS KATHLEEN LYONS.	
PIANO: Cracovienne		Paderewski.
	MISS ANNIE MANTIN.	
SONG: L'Appel du Printemps		Holmes.
	MISS ALICE RUEL.	

## THE ALTAR OF SACRIFICE.

(A one-act biblical drama).

Jephthe	MARY EGAN.
Elad, father of Jephthe	MARY HACHE.
Nathan, a young warrior of Mizpah	MARY HOUSE.
Amasa, father of Nathan	NORA FITZRANDOLPH.
Zebul, a minstrel	AGATHA FULTZ.
A follower of Jephthe	HARRIET MYERS.
Sheila, daughter of Jephthe	JEAN MONTAGUE.
Dinah, nurse of Sheila	MARIE ACKERMANN.
Rachel, playmate of Sheila	CONSTANCE WALSH.
Rebecca, another playmate	MARGUERITE MERCHANT.

## CHORUS OF DANCERS:

MARY ROMANS.	C. McGRATH.
K. BURGESS.	M. HARRIS.
P. MELANSON.	K. LYONS.
A. RUEL.	A. MANCINI.
B. RUBINOVITCH.	M. KENNEDY.
M. ARCHER.	M. BUREL.

SOLDIERS, SERVANTS, ETC.



ANDANTE	Tschaikowski.
ORCHESTRA.	
SONGS: Morning Ecstasy	Ronald Rogers.
MISS MARY ROMANS.	
DUET: Pas Des Cymbales	Chaminade.
MISS MARGUERITE McNEIL.	
MISS PAULINE MELANSON.	
COLLEGE ADDRESS	ANNA CAMERON.
GOD SAVE THE KING.	

The theme of the drama was the tragic story of Jephthe's Daughter. The text of the situation is found in the eleventh chapter of the Book of Judges, wherein we read that the Hebrew leader, Jephthe, being hard pressed by the Ammonites, vows a rash vow unto the God Israel, promising that if the victory is given him, he will, on his return, sacrifice that creature which first comes to greet him out of his house. In the event, he is first greeted by his little daughter, who in honor of her father's victory and her own coming betrothal to the young warrior Nathan, has put on her mother's wedding robes. Jephthe, in despair, takes counsel with the Hebrew leaders, but they hold him to his vow. The virgin daughter co-operates with her father in the sacrifice, and offers herself to his will, asking only that she be permitted to spend two months in preparation for the event. In the end, she retires with her companions to the mountains, there to lament her fate and prepare for her sacrifice.

The part of Jephthe was admirably played by Mary Egan. Mary Haché and Nora FitzRandolph, as Elders in Israel, were likewise excellent. Mary House, as Nathan, the lover of Jephthe's Daughter, pleaded an eloquent but vain argument before the obdurate Elders. Jean Montague, as Sheila, was charming and graceful, executing a difficult sword dance with great dexterity. Constance Walsh and Marguerite Merchant, as dancers, won hearty applause. Marie Ackermann showed remarkable dramatic ability as Dinah, the old nurse of Sheila. The musical interpretation of the scene of triumph was remarkably well done. The chanting of the psalm of victory by Agatha Fultz was one of the most effective passages of the whole piece. The lament and the farewell was beautifully rendered. Miss Montague, in addition to her other talents, has a very pleasing singing voice.

The musical accompaniment was in the hands of Miss Marguerite McNeil, pianist, and the Misses Mary Montague and Rosemary Finn, violinists.

SALLY.

March 21, 1929.

DEAR BESS,

Greetings! Spring is here at last! But of course, that is no news to you. You've probably been anticipating the event by planning a Spring outfit. To us who wear the uniform there comes genuine, disinterested joy.

But here is news. Madame Norah DREWETT de KRESZ (who wouldn't remember her from last year!) came back and gave a special recital at the Mount. Weren't we

fortunate? This year she was assisted by Miss Marjorie Vincent, who sang beautifully. Here is a sketch of the programme:

[illegible]

On Thursday, the 7th, we had our Ides of March—a week too soon! The College beat the Academy at Basket-ball. The College was in splendid trim, and so they trimmed us 5-2. They took for their motto “Mum’s the Word” and played soft music before the game! Then they had a funny parade, Ella Williams leading with a cornet, and the others carrying flags. They carried the ball in a huge flag, as if it were a corpse, and of course, the drum went along. It was really the funniest dumb show I have seen for a long time.

Ten days later, or rather nine, the charming C's entertained at a very charming St. Patrick's party. They utilized both the recreation hall and the gym. The first place was fitted out with small tables where we played Tombola and afterwards had refreshments. In the gym a really beautiful white and green Wishing-Tree was the centre of attraction. As the price of admittance, everybody had to kiss the Blarney Stone (!). It was great fun. The "left-behinds" in the first dance were paired off and treated to wishes from the Wishing-Tree. Dear, dear! One even wished to walk up the Sisters' stairs! The rest of the evening was spent in novelty dances. Three of the hostesses, Bernadette Lannigan, Eunice McGillivray, and Mary Burel did a lively little Irish dance, representing an Irishman and two colleens, and sang "There's a typical Tipperary". It was very well done.

We have had two big recitals lately besides the usual Saturday night affairs at which we often hear our old Academy friends, Mary Romans, Marguerite McNeil, Mary Shannon, Kay Burgess,—stars which shine with an ever increasing brightness, and not a whit dimmed by the change into the cap and gown. The recitals were given according to grade, the Intermediate first, and then the Senior. Here you have them both. Read them at your leisure.

In a few days we shall be leaving for the Easter holidays. The last home-going before the last! How much nearer it brings us to June!

Always,

SALLY.

INTERMEDIATE PROGRAM.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 9.

Three-thirty.

Gavotte							Seyern.
						ORCHESTRA.	
Gurlitt	Cascade						JANE THORUP.
Heller	Avalanche						GWENDOLIN HARNISH.
Ringuet	Valse Neapolitaine						CLAIRE HENLEY.
Song	Trees						Rasbach.
						BEATRICE RUBENOVITCH.	
Grieg	Waltz						MARJORIE KINGSLEY.
Heller	A Curious Story						MARION REARDON.
Borowski	Valsette						KATHLEEN LYONS.
Violin	Entracte						Kramer.
						HILDA MURPHY.	
Friml	Nocturne						MARY ARCHER.
Raff	Fabliau						VERA GREENE.
P. E. Bach	Solfeggio						MADELINE KENNEDY.
Songs	Indian Dawn						Zamenick.
	The Little Old Garden						Hewitt.
						MARY HARRIS.	
	Violin Obligato—					MARY MONTAGUE.	
Grieg	Spring						MILDRED MORSON.
Thome	Papillons Roses						AGNES DALLAS.
Violin	Air Plaintif						Hadley.
						BEATRICE RUBENCVITCH.	
Von Wilm	Agitato						MARGARET LAUDER.
Beethoven	Scherzo Son. Op. 14. No. 2						MARY HACHE.
Schuett	Canzonetta						JOSEPHINE MUNRO.
Song	Lilies of Lorraine.						
						PAULINE MELANSON.	
MacDowell	Humoresque						MARIE ACKERMANN.
Brazelton	Tarentella						DOROTHY MORSON.
Mozart	Sonata No. 3						HILDA MURPHY.
Songs	A bowl of Roses						Clarke.
	A False Prophet						J. Prindle Scott.
						MARIE ACKERMANN.	
Sibelius	Romance						RUTH ADAMS.
Albeniz	Seguidilla						LUCILLE THERIAULT.
Violin Duet	Au Bord d'un Ruisseau						Boisdeffes.
						ROSEMARY FINN.	
						ASTRID BUCKLEY.	
						GOD SAVE THE KING.	

ADVANCED PROGRAM.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 16,

Three-thirty.

Andante	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	Tchaikowsky.
ORCHESTRA.									
The Falcon	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	Brazelton.
Motu Perpetuo	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	MacDowell.
Malaguena	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	Albeniz.
ELEANOR COLEMAN.									
Songs	"Answer" • • • • • Three Green Bonnets • • • • •								Terry. D'Hardelot.
CONSTANCE McGRATH.									
Impromptu	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	Reynold.
In a boat	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	Zeckover.
ELLA WILLIAMS.									
Violin	Mazurka	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	Wienawski.
MILDRED MORSON.									
Winged Wings	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	Burleigh.
CARMELLA GOUTHREAU.									
Song	Sans Toi	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	D'Hardelot.
ALICE RUEL.									
Violin	Romance	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	Wienawski.
ROSEMARY FINN.									
Sonata XVIII	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	Mozart.
Accompaniment for 2nd Piano	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	Grieg.
CATHERINE BURGESS.									
PAULINE MELANSON. (2nd. Piano).									
Violin Duet	Souvenir	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	Drdla.
MARY MONTAGUE.									
ROSEMARY FINN.									
Polonaise	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	Jeffrey.
Contre Dance	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	Beethoven.
BEATRICE RUBINOVITCH.									
Songs	Love's Coronation • • • • • Christine's Lament • • • • • Down Here • • • • •								Aylward. Dvorak. Brake.
KATHLEEN LYONS.									
Aspiration	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	Moskowsky.
The Lark's Song	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	Tchaikowsky.
PAULINE MELANSON,									
GOD SAVE THE KING.									



THE MOUNT,  
April 12, 1929.

DEAREST BESS,

With "May Tests" coming on, there is not much time for letter-writing. Several things, however, will interest you.

Just before Easter Reverend Charles Curran, D.D. gave us a very interesting lecture on Rome and the Solution of the Roman Problem. It was accompanied by "slides" and gave us some new lights on the Capital of Christendom and especially on the new relations of the Holy Father with the Italian government. We are truly indebted to Doctor Curran.

Last Saturday we entertained, or rather, the College entertained, the girls of Seton Hall, Truro. As you know, the Sisters keep Seton Hall as a boarding place for Normal School girls. There were about twenty-five girls, all bright and interesting, and of course, all interested in the Mount. With them were three of our former girls, Marie Theriault, Winifred Barkhouse, and Genevieve D'Entremont. They had lunch, visited the various parts of the College and Academy, and danced and chatted until four o'clock. Then there was afternoon tea, after which we all went to the Chapel for Benediction. It was a lovely day. They left on the five o'clock train.

This morning, we waved good-bye to Reverend Mother Louise, (Mother General) and to Reverend Mother Mary Berchmans. Reverend Mother General is leaving for Rome, whither she sails from New York on the twentieth of this month. Reverend Mother Berchmans is accompanying her as far as New York. We are so glad that our dear Reverend Mother has this opportunity to visit Rome, an opportunity which came through kind friends, who offered to pay her entire expenses and those of her companion. Mother asked us, in leaving us, if she might tell the Holy Father that we are following his Holiness's directions in regard to dress. We hope so; don't you?

Well, I must stop, though this is a short letter. Much love to you from

Yours as ever,  
SALLY.

May 1, 1929.

DEAR BESS,

Hurrah! May at last! Now begin our daily pilgrimages to our Lady's Grotto. Their coming always heralds the end of another school year. To-day was glorious. Some of the early birds were out before breakfast.

Do you realize that I haven't written for three weeks? Since Easter we have been delving harder than ever into our books. Xenophon and Archimedes I dedicate to the four winds, but they come back regularly every morning—so what's the use? The May Tests, accompanied as usual by smiles and tears—are well over. Peace! Although the marks were not startling, the A's and B's came through with flying colors. We are all trying for the certificate which allows no subject below 50% and an average of 60%. Wish us luck! The exams ended, as usual, with a hike of the eleventh and twelfth legions under the supervision of Caesar himself, with a few stray—(how shall I write it?)—

idiotae's! Provisions were kindly donated by the Mistress General, and "a good time was had by all".

"Freckles" was the next feature. I am not speaking of personal appearance, or the results of the hike! It was a fairly good movie, and the proceeds were collected by the C Christian Doctrine Class for the Missions. They realized twenty dollars. Good for them! Our next movie was educational. We travelled around the world in a surprisingly short space of time. You see we had to be back in time for the indispensable night study! Kharnak, the Pyramids, Athens, and Jerusalem were all enjoyed.

The next evening we were carried in spirit to China by Father McGrath, of the China Mission Seminary. He was very inspiring, and gave us a few laughs over Chinese customs and characters. I fear me many of our buxom lassies are getting their daily rice only to be fatter victims for the heathen Chinees. The Father's talk seems to have quickened the mission spirit.

How I wish you could have been here to witness the triumph of your former classmate, Annie Mantin. Annie gave her recital last Saturday afternoon. You will probably have already seen the programme in the daily newspaper. Our petite Annie was nearly deluged with flowers and gifts.

The end of my page draws near, but I have yet one thing to tell you. Last Sunday evening, the "versatile B's" entertained the school by showing them themselves, as "ithers" see them. For several weeks snap-shot albums were rifled and an interesting collection illustrating "NOW" and "THEN" got ready for display. The picture of Betty, Mary K., Allie and Toot "in color" was very natural. The grown editions of the babies are not half so fascinating. What is it they say about pretty babies?

The bell rings afar, and as you know, at M. S. V. promptness is the first law, and dilatoriness the beginning of all evils!

As ever,  
SALLY.

THE MOUNT,  
May 13, 1929.

DEAR BESS,

In one month and seven days, and dear knows how many hours and minutes, it will be all over! Another school year going—going—gone! You know from my letters how we have had the usual round of parties and gala days, but nothing so sweet as the Seton Club's. Our school babies—the D's, invited us all to a real May party, as dainty as themselves. The affair began with supper in our refectory which was tastefully decorated in pale shades of mauve and pink. After tea, we went to the Music Hall, but in order to start our first dance, we had to step through a real spider's web of tangled skeins, about a foot from the floor. Your name was attached to one end of the cord and your partner's to the other. Pat Clancey and Mary Walsh unravelled their cord first, and so came off each with a beautiful prize. "A Newfoundland Love Song" was the first diversion. This was sung by three of our Terra Nova lassies, Madeline Kennedy, Mary Archer, and Louise McNamara. There was a funny sketch by Catherine Comer-

ford and Mary Greene, in which Catherine, the new parson, came to condole the widow on the loss of her favorite horse, and she all the time, was talking about her deceased husband! Clare Cragg did a very dainty balloon dance in costume, and the two Merchants, dressed as school children, gave a little "talkie" song on "School Days". It was very pretty and very entertaining. So we danced the evening out.

The next day, the twelfth, was the "big" day—the Convention of the Mission Crusade. There were over two hundred guests, and the whole affair was very inspiring. We went first to the Chapel where there were two Acts of Consecration, one to the Sacred Heart, read by a girl from the Academy of the Sacred Heart, and one to Our Lady read by one of the boys from St. Mary's. The singing of the Crusaders' Hymn was glorious. The business meeting took almost two hours. Our paper, on the Catholic Extension Society of Canada, was written by Eileen Ryan and read by Constance McGrath, both of the College. The "social intermission" was interesting, to say the least! Then we had a picture taken! That was some fun. The picture, I believe, is in to-day's paper, so you have probably seen it. Solemn Benediction closed the day. You should have heard that young army singing!

On Saturday Mary Romans is giving her recital. A large group of girls is taking part in "May the Maiden", which is very beautiful. The following Saturday we hope to have the gym exhibition and Mary Shannon's recital. Then follows College Commencement Week, Alumnae Day, and then—exams and "Home, Sweet Home"! Well, it has all flown so quickly since September, that it won't seem any time before we're all packing up. It has been a glorious year, though!

I shall write again as soon as possible, and finish out the "events". That reminds me! We're practising for our field day, and looking forward to the Commercials' party. They always give such nice affairs!

Well, good-bye for this time!

As usual,  
SALLY.

P. S. This is the programme for the meet on May 24th:

1. 50 yards dash.
2. Standing Broad Jump.
3. Running Broad Jump.
4. Running High Jump.
5. Hurdle Race.
6. Relay Race.
7. Archery Contest.
8. Arch Ball.
9. Basket-ball (Blacks I vs. Purples II).
10. Shuttle Flag Race.

# GRADUATING RECITAL.

OF

MISS ANNIE MANTIN

Pianist

Assisted by

MISS MARY ROMANS, Soprano

MISS MARGARET McNEIL, Accompanist

AND

PUPILS OF THE AESTHETIC CLASS

Saturday, April Twenty-Seventh, Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-Nine

## PROGRAM.

SONATA	Op 7. Grieg.
ALLEGRO MODERATO	
ANDANTE MOLTO	
ALLA MINUETTO MA POCO PIU LENTO	
FINALE	
READING ON BACH	MISS ELLA WILLIAMS.
PRELUDE ENGLISH SUITE III.	Bach.
GAVOTTE ET MUSETTE	
SCHERZO IN B MINOR	Interpretative Dance—MISS MARIE ACKERMANN. Op. 31, Chopin.
SONGS: NIGHTINGALE AND THE ROSE	Rimsky-Korsakoff.
ECSTASY	Rogers.
MAY MAGIC	Stratton.
DEUX ARABESQUES: No. I. in G	MISS MARY ROMANS. Debussy.
No. II. in E	
DEUX PRELUDES: Minstrels	
Voiles	
	Interpretative dance: MISS JEAN MONTAGUE.
	MISS ELLA WILLIAMS.
	MISS CONSTANCE WALSH.
	MISS MARIE ACKERMANN.
FANTASIE IMPROMPTU	Op. 66. Chopin.
CRACOVIENNE FANTASTIQUE	Op. 14. Paderewski.
	GOD SAVE THE KING.



## GRADUATING RECITAL.

OF

MISS MARY STORRS ROMANS

Lyric-Soprano.

Assisted by

MISS MARGUERITE McNEIL.

Pianist.

And the pupils of the Vocal and Aesthetic Classes.

Saturday, May 18, 1929.

## PROGRAMME.

Morning (Summertime Cycle) / / / / / / / / Ronald.  
Violin Obligato: MISS MARY MONTAGUE.

I know that my Redeemer liveth (Messiah) / / / / / / / / Handel.  
Polly Willis (Old English) / / / / / / / / Dr. Arne.  
Un bel di, vedremo (Madame Butterfly) / / / / / / / / Puccini.  
Violin Duet: Souvenir / / / / / / / / Drdla.  
MISS MARY MONTAGUE.  
MISS ROSEMARY FINN.

Peace I Leave with You / / / / / / / / Tinney.  
(a) The Nightingale and the Rose / / / / / / / / Rimsky-Korsakoff.  
(b) Ecstasy / / / / / / / / Rogers.  
(c) May Magic / / / / / / / / Stratton.  
Adieu, forêts (Jeanne d'Arc) / / / / / / / / Tschaiikowsky.  
Piano: Jardins sous la Pluie / / / / / / / / Debussy.  
Impromptu / / / / / / / / McDowell.  
MISS MARGUERITE McNEIL.

May the Maiden,  
Choral Dance Cycle / / / / / / / / H. W. Loomis.

Paraphrased from the Ballet Music in Faust (Gounod)

GOD SAVE THE KING.

## JOHN DANIEL LOGAN.

IN John Daniel Logan, the Mount lost, not only a friend, but a friend with a rare talent for friendship. From its earliest days, he was associated with our young College, in which he gave summer school courses during the first summer of its existence. May his soul rest in peace!

Though a citizen of the world in variety of experience and breadth of sympathy, Doctor Logan remained to the last very loyally Nova Scotian. He belonged to Pictou County, but received the best of his education at Dalhousie, where he made a brilliant record; then on to Harvard, where he took his doctor's degree in Philosophy under Professor James. He taught successfully at various schools in the United States and in Canada; he wrote for many widely read periodicals; he won recognition as a poet, and published several volumes of verse, and later, the monumental *Highways of Canadian Literature*. He volunteered during the World War, and saw active service; it was that soul-trying experience that led him into the Church, and fostered the Christly friendship between himself and the late beloved Monsignor Foley. *The Little Blue Ghost* tells the story of his conversion; *The Singing Silence* immortalizes his love for Monsignor Foley.

Doctor Logan himself was greater than his attainments. He had all the Celtic warmth of feeling and spirituality of vision, and a chivalry of soul that prompted him on more than one cold winter's day to give away his coat to a poor man who met him on the street. He shared his money generously with those in need. He chummed with enthusiastic small boys and made friends of mere babies. He never missed an opportunity of doing a favor for a friend. Surely, it is these unrecked-of things that are especially a memory of joy to him now; these,

"the best portion of a good man's life,  
The little, nameless, unremembered acts  
Of kindness and of love."

## Academic Graduates



MARIE ACKERMANN.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

VERSATILE—that's Marie. We wonder if there will ever be an end to her accomplishments, for new surprises spring up in her vicinity every day. A talented writer, a dramatic star, a lover of all outdoor and indoor sport, gifted with a pretty voice and a charming personality, Marie has won the affection as well as the admiration of all who know her. Merriest of the graduates, she has also proved herself an earnest student, as is seen from the fact that she wears the honor medal and holds the difficult office of Class President. She also carried the silver medal for Physical Training. Marie is a true daughter of M. S. V. for she has been with us from her junior days. She expects to study for kindergarten work next year. Need we say what high hopes are held for her?

MARGARET LAUDER.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

MAGGIE, the happy, care-free lover of books, whose main ambition seems to be to read every volume in the library! Not a bad ambition at that; but Maggie would prefer a peep into Current Events to a last look at her lesson before class. Of course, there are other attractions, one of the chief of which seems to be the Pharmacy door at certain hours. For generosity and kindness of heart she can not be excelled. Her school life from early Junior days has been spent at M. S. V. She has shown a flair for athletics and excels chiefly in tennis and basket-ball. Her studies have been more than successful, and she will have a better opportunity to show her talent when she returns to College next year.



ANNIE MANTIN.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

GOOD things are said to be done up in small parcels. What better proof of it have we than in our tiny class musician? Reaching only to the five foot mark, Annie has always had the distinction of being the smallest in the class. A more fervent lover of music it would be difficult to find. Chopin, Grieg, Beethoven, Schumann, Schubert, and DeBussey, are all her friends, and form the topic of her ordinary thoughts and conversation. She even dreams of them, and who shall say that it is not owing to this that she is so averse to waking up in the morning? For hard work Annie has few equals; but all the work in the world would not make her less sweet and lovable. She hopes to be a true disciple of the masters. Where, we shall not say. Perhaps at M. S. V. Who knows?



IRENE McQUILLAN.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

IRENE is another of the group which has enjoyed Lilliputian adventures at M. S. V. As an Aloysian Irene won the medal for general excellence, and she has never lost her well-deserved reputation as a student and an all-round girl. Her love of music and her vocal talent have had to give way before the more fundamental need of a general training in preparation for a college course. Her favorite recreation is found in mathematics, but for all that she enjoys a dance or a game of basket-ball as much as anybody. In spite of an absence of some weeks for the sake of a surgical operation, she has managed to keep abreast of the class and to reach the goal of graduation. Next year we hope to have Irene back in the College.







AGNES GARNIER.

NORTH SYDNEY, C. B.

"MOTHER", or "Mum", as she is known by her Freshman associates, is our able Prefect of the Children of Mary Sodality and general comforter of the afflicted, especially of the much afflicted "A's". She has won the reputation of being one of the most unselfish and reliable girls in the school. Her thoughtfulness for others is without doubt the secret of her popularity, and her willingness to help any good undertaking has made her one to be counted on when work is to be done. Her talents are inclined towards literature and art, but she is an all round student, as results show. The hope is cherished by all that "Mum" may return to College to continue her studies and prepare for a teaching career,—secular or otherwise.

ALICE SMITH.

NORTH SYDNEY, C. B.

TALL, blonde, with a bright smile that wins a way anywhere, "Al" Smith is a popular character at M. S. V. She is the competent secretary of both the Freshman Club and the Sodality, as well as our representative in Mission Crusade activities. As a member of the All-Star basket-ball team and the winner of last year's tennis championship, she has won laurels in the athletic field. Energetic, reliable, and a good student (especially in maths) she bids fair for success anywhere. As yet her future career is undecided, but there are rumours concerning... well, rumours from North Sydney, anyway.



MARJORIE O'BRIEN.

CANNING, NOVA SCOTIA.

MARJ" is one of our best students in mathematics. Complicated problems are a recreation to her, and she admits that she finds "maths" fascinating. Her brilliancy in this branch of study is due to her even-mindedness and thoroughly practical nature. Though proverbially thin, Marjorie is a power on the All-Star basket-ball team and led the Academy to victory against the College in the first battle of the year. Gymnastics of all kinds are her favorite indoor recreation, as not a few mishaps will bear witness. She first announced herself at M. S. V. with a sprained ankle; but such things are all in the year's programme with "Marj". We trust that she will find outlet for her talents in a wider sphere next year.

LUCY FLETCHER.

DEBERT, NOVA SCOTIA.

IN the three years that Lucy has been with us she has proved that quiet people are not adverse to having some fun. Even though this tall, dark, self-possessed young lady ordinarily has little to say, her brown eyes have a sparkle that is oftenest shown when the Club has plans afoot for entertainment. Lucy is an excellent student and is fondest of English, "math", and Chemistry. Her even disposition and perfect poise are assets to be envied, indeed. It is these qualities which have made for her popularity at M. S. V. and will make for her success in other fields of activity.





ELEANOR COLEMAN.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

ALWAYS the same! Even tempered, quiet, that is Eleanor. While most of her time is spent at the piano, she cherishes a strong liking for sports, and is one of our strongest basket-ball guards. On the tennis courts, too, she is an active figure and enjoys a good game. In her three year's residence she has won the respect and affection of both teachers and pupils. As she has specialized in music, her career in the future will probably be devoted to teaching. May her years be as harmonious as those spent at M. S. V.!

## NOËL

Noël. . . .  
a stable  
blue shadows from the pines on the crystallised snow.

Stars. . . .  
points of gold, silver, red,  
sparkle in the sky the color of blue-berries.

The lowing of cattle,  
their breath a white steam frozen in the blue-tanged air.

A manger. . . .  
Mary wrapped in a mantle of blue  
a child's cry  
wild burst of angels' song  
dark forms of shepherds amid the white-coated flocks.

Three kings. . . .  
three camels etched against the blue  
a star trailing light.

NOËL!

MARIE ACKERMANN.

## Commercial Graduates

JOSEPHINE MUNRO.

AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA.

JOE" came to the Mount two years ago and entered the "C" class where she established a very good record for herself as a student. She followed the "B" course at home last year, but returned in September for Commercial Work. Here again her ability as a student and an earnest worker has made itself felt, and she is one of the staunchest of the "Commercials". She plays a lively forward on the "Red" basket-ball team, and is an ardent tennis player. Her ambition is to follow the lead of her sister Louise who is one of the most brilliant of the Commercial Alumnae of M. S. V.



KATHLEEN LYONS.

KENTVILLE, NOVA SCOTIA.

KATHLEEN was late in entering the ranks of the Commercials, but soon made up lost work and now holds a high place on the Honour Roll. She is a lover of sport and a graceful skater. Best known of her many gifts is her beautiful contralto voice, which we are always glad to hear on concert nights. Her reputation as a singer has won her a place in musical circles and her sunny disposition and pleasing personality have brought her social success. We hope that she will continue her musical studies next year when she returns for secretarial science.





EDITH EISNOR.

LUNENBURG, NOVA SCOTIA.

THIS is Edith's first year at the Mount, but she has established a record for herself in the Commercial class which it would be hard to surpass. For speed, thoroughness, and general excellence she has few rivals. To these qualities she adds the supreme merit of a business woman,—reliability. Her good nature and generosity we all know. With such qualities, it is not to be wondered at that we hold high hopes for her, and feel that M. S. V. will hear more of her when she enters the business world.

ROSEMARY FINN.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

ROSEMARY has been at the Mount for ten years, and has known school life as a Junior, an Aloysian, and a Senior. A glance at the Honour Roll will show you just how well she has succeeded. In the Commercial class she has established a record for herself for conscientious work and reliability. She is also known to wield a violin bow with great skill and holds a prominent place in the orchestra. Rosemary is the personification of neatness, which is a great asset in the business world. Though her ambition is to begin her business career at once, we hope that she will return next year for secretarial science.



ASTRID BUCKLEY.

SYDNEY, C. B.

ASTRID, or "Toot", as she is commonly called, is President of the Commercial Class. As a student she is painstaking and persevering. She is Captain of the "Red" basket-ball team, and as such, has led the Commercials to victory. She certainly "plays the game" wherever she is, and by her constant good nature and happy disposition has won the admiration and affection of her classmates. Her talent for ex-tempore speech-making and her ready wit make her a lively member of any group at recreation. We feel sure that our president will find success in whatever field she chooses.



MARY HACHÉ.

DARTMOUTH, NOVA SCOTIA.

AMID the ups and downs of our miniature Commercial world, Mary has managed to find success and to hold on to her fund of good nature. Her industry and patience are remarkable, and she has won the reputation of being perfectly reliable. Her talents are not confined to the Commercial Room, however. On the Academy stage Mary is one of our finest dramatic stars and has played important rôles all through her Academic career. After four years of steady work, and after accumulated honors in other classes, Mary takes her Commercial diploma.







VIOLA McLEAN.

SYDNEY, C. B.

VIOLA, we are told, was loath to leave Sydney, but having finally made the break with "Home, Sweet Home" found the Mount so interesting a place that she hopes to return for Secretarial Science next year. Her special aptitude is for Commercial Law, and she led the class in the examination on this subject. Dependable and serious when there is need, she is also a lover of fun. Her sense of humour and gift of sympathy have made her one of the most popular girls in the school.

CLARA MacKENZIE.

SYDNEY, C. B.

THIS is Clara's first year at the Mount. She entered the Commercial Class in September, with the determination to win her diploma, and has since that time travelled to the goal of her ambition. Modest and unassuming, she has a depth of good judgment and a fund of common sense on which her friends can always rely. Though a good talker, Clara has acquired the art of listening, and is a lover of peace. Her friendliness and cheerfulness will be assets of value in the business world which she hopes soon to enter.



ISABEL CARRUTHERS.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

ISABEL attended the Mount as a tiny Junior. Later she migrated to the West, but after ten years' absence returned to the school that had won her heart. She was very welcome to the Commercial Class, and in spite of the fact that she was late in arriving, showed her earnestness by joining the rear end of the class and working steadily up to the front rank. Somewhat of a dreamer, she nevertheless shows energy and quickness at her work, especially at the typewriter. With a pleasant personality and a large heart, she has made many friends. We feel that Isabel will succeed in whatever she undertakes.

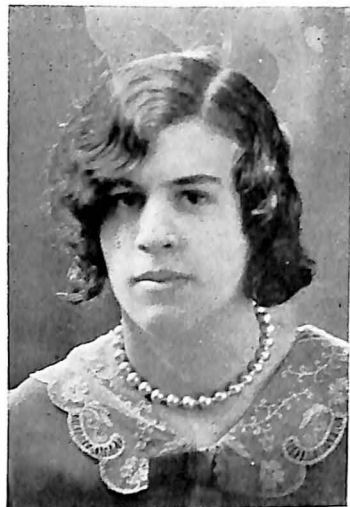


HILDA MURPHY.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

HILDA came to the Mount as a tiny Junior and has been with us for more than ten years. She was a member of last year's B class, but decided to turn her talents to a commercial career. Owing to illness, she lost a number of weeks of school, but nevertheless, with pluck and determination, has managed to make good the loss and has arrived at commercial graduation. Hilda is a musician as well as a business woman, and plays both the piano and violin very well. She has been a member of the orchestra for a number of years. At recreation she is always among the dancers, and though quiet, enjoys herself in a crowd.





HAZEL FRANCIS.  
SYDNEY Mines, C. B.

HAZEL made a reputation last year by her lawsuit vs. Frances Gregoire over Iodine. Since that time she has entered thoroughly into Commercial activities and has attained success. She is much praised also, for her work in the Domestic Science Department. We are proud to have Hazel as a member of the All-Star basketball team, where she plays a strong defense. Her warm heart and her sense of humour will be a great aid to her in whatever career she will choose to follow.

PAULINE RANKIN.  
SYDNEY, C. B.

PAULINE was a "new girl" in September, when she began her commercial career. She soon found a place in the hearts of all the girls, and especially in those of her classmates, so that she is one of the most popular girls of the school. She has worked conscientiously, and deserves success. Pauline is an all round good sport, and one of our prettiest dancers. We hope that she will return next year for Secretarial Science.



BERNADETTE RUEL.  
QUEBEC, P. Q.

BERNADETTE is a French demoiselle with a liveliness of disposition that makes itself felt wherever she goes. Though always ready for a good time, especially if there is a mischievous side of it, Bernadette never neglects her studies and has made a record which many an English girl would envy. Her heart leads her a merry dance, and she was reported to have lost it on several occasions, but somehow it always comes back, and she is all the merrier for its return. Whatever she undertakes in the future we feel sure will be a success, for Bernadette has the will, the brain, and the energy to overcome all obstacles. So far she has not learned the English word "fail".



RAYMONDE SORMANY.  
EDMUNDSTON, NEW BRUNSWICK.

WHEN Raymonde came to the Mount in September, she could hardly speak a word of English. Now she can talk as fluently as any of us. With such odds against her, Raymonde undertook to learn shorthand and despite the disadvantage, has always managed to obtain a very creditable report. Nothing ruffles her even temper, and she is always calm and contented. We hope to see her back with her friend Bernadette next year, for further study.



## THE BRIDAL WREATH.

(A Two Act Play.)

BY AGNES GARNIER.

Characters (meet your friends).

The Bride—ALLIE SMITH.

Her Guests—MARIE ACKERMANN.

ELEANOR COLEMAN.

MARJORIE O'BRIEN.

MARGARET LAUDER.

LUCY FLETCHER.

ANNIE MANTIN.

IRENE McQUILLAN.

### ACT I.

TIME—the present.

SCENE—the trunk room at M. S. V.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE—the Graduates of '29.

The curtain rises just at the moment when Marie Ackermann's trunk is on the point of bursting from the variety of assorted goods which it has been made to contain. Tennis racquet and snow shoes have been refused admittance, and lie helplessly on the floor. Sister hovers in the distance.

MARIE (with face flaming from exertion): "For goodness sake, girls, help me to close this trunk!"

CHORUS OF VOICES: "Sit on it!"

MARIE: "What do you think I weigh? Now, if I were of the size of Marjorie, I might think I had avoirdupois sufficient. As it is. . . ."

MARJORIE: "Now for that, I, for one, won't sit on your trunk."

VOICE IN THE DISTANCE: "Marie, Marie Ackermann!"

MARIE: "Here I am!"

VOICE IN THE DISTANCE: "You've forgotten something."

MARIE: "What? No, don't tell me! I haven't room for a thing more."

VOICE IN THE DISTANCE: "All right! It's only your Chemistry smock."

LUCY: "You can donate it, my dear, and get your name placed on the list of benefactors."

MARIE: "What a noble idea! I will! Everybody bear witness! Hereby, I give and bequeath my Chemistry smock, in its present condition, to the Chemistry lab. at M. S. V."

MARGARET LAUDER (with her arms full of books): "Somebody tell me! What shall I do with these?"

ALLIE: "Start a library."

MARGARET: "Start a bonfire rather! My hat! A sweet mess!"

ANNIE MANTIN (sorting over her music): "Gracious! What shall I do with all this jazz?"

IRENE: "Your music teacher will welcome it, Annie."

MARIE (from the top of her trunk, which she has succeeded in half closing): "Girls! girls! I have the dinkiest idea! Let's make a pact. The very first one who marries must invite the others to be her bridesmaids!"

CHORUS: "Yes, let's!"

(The pact is drawn up and duly signed by each of the Graduates of '29).

MARGARET LAUDER (reads): "We eight girls, being in our sound senses. . . ."

MARJORIE (aside): "Hear! Hear!"

MARGARET (continues): ". . . do swear in our own presence. . . ."

ALLIE: "That's no way to swear. Let's get somebody to hear us."

(Enter at this moment, Mary Harris and Eva Gavin).

MARY: "What's up, girls?"

ALLIE: "You're just in time. Just listen!"

MARGARET (continues): "do swear in the presence of Mary Harris and Eva Gavin, that whichever girl first marries will ask all the rest to be her bridesmaids."

CHORUS (raising their right hands): "Agreed!"

CURTAIN.

### ACT II.

TIME: Five Years Later.

PLACE: The Smith home, North Sydney.

The curtain rises upon a scene of confusion. A. Smith, a hurried, flurried bride, is throwing costly garments, beautiful flowers, urns and vases (unwelcome wedding gifts) at all who oppose her wishes. She is at odds with her hair dresser who is vainly attempting to curl her short locks.

THE MAID (coming in breathless): "Oh, Miss Allie, there's the funniest collection of women downstairs, who say they've come to be your bridesmaids."

ALLIE: "Bring them right up! At last! I knew they'd come!"

*Exit Maid.*

A moment of tense silence on the stage, in which interval the hair-dresser actually produces a curl over the bride's left ear.

Suddenly enter without noise, eight silent figures. The Bride is about to rush forward when she is warned back by the first figure, a tall personage in ghostly habiliments, with sea weed clinging to her garments and oysters and other shell fish hanging from her slimy hair. The cynical smile, however, gives a clue to identity, and the spectator recognizes the face of Margaret Lauder. In hollow tones she proclaims the sad truth:

GHOST: "I am the ghost of Margaret Lauder. 'A sweet mess,' say you? Nay, weep no more, ye school-mates. . . . I am become the guardian of the shore. . . . I was drowned in the Irish Sea while crossing from England on a visit to a Scotch relative of mine. . . ." (she vanishes).

*As the Ghost retires the second figure comes forward.* (This personage is clad in a toga and wears sandals).

SECOND FIGURE: "I am Eleanor Coleman of yore, now known as Madame Eleanora. I received your invitation in Sparta where I was taking a brief holiday after a heavy concert tour. My fancy for Greek profiles still holds me, and I was doing some sketchings when the summons reached me."

THIRD VISITOR (with leopard skin draped about her slight figure): "I am Irene McQuillan. I was in the African Jungle when I received your invitation. I am the first white woman to penetrate so far. At present I am known as The Jungle Queen. . . . I've brought you a few giant June bugs for a present."

FOURTH VISITOR (dressed in College gown and carrying a collection of test tubes, air pumps, etc.): "And I am Lucy Fletcher, Ph.D. (Doctor of Physics, you know). As a result of my experiments with sulphuretted Hydrogen, I have got my name placed on the list of the world's great women scientists. I am No. 2C01 on the bulletin which hangs at the present day in the M. S. V. lab. I was in the midst of an experiment when your invitation arrived, but I came at once, not stopping, even, to turn off the gas."

FIFTH VISITOR (in ballet costume and carrying a large English literature text book): "And here's Marie!" (bowing profoundly, then pirouetting). "How do you like me? I have really a very busy season ahead of me. You see, I impersonate L'Allegro and interpret Milton in a Russian ballet. But I simply had to come. My dear Allie, you look charming. That one curl is so effective!"

SIXTH VISITOR (in black velvet gown with a train): "Signora Mantini at your service! I have come to play your wedding march, Allie. Lead me to the piano. I was asleep when your invitation arrived, but here I am!"

SEVENTH VISITOR (a very stout person in flamboyant orange dress): "Yes, I am Marjorie. my increased size is the result of the physical training course which I followed at M. S. V. in my graduating year. Advertising has become my specialty. I demonstrate for the Major in various schools and academies and lecture on "The Benefits of Physical Drill", and "How to Acquite a Figure". I came to dance at your wedding, Allie."

BRIDE (shyly): "I am sure you're all very welcome. I suppose it can't be helped about poor Margaret. But, where is Agnes Garnier?"

LUCY: "You remember, she didn't sign the contract that day. So she didn't feel that she ought to come. Anyhow, she says the Rule won't let her depart from the convent."

BRIDE (excitedly): "The convent! You don't tell me! . . ."

IRENE (soothingly): "It's all right, Allie dear. You know after all our mission activities, Agnes felt that someone ought to give her life to the cause. So she's out in Central Africa teaching the pickaninnies. I met her there myself. . . ."

BRIDE (falling into a chair): "Oh, I am overcome! Water! Ice-water, please!"

Confusion on the stage. Three or four run for water. The rest crowd about the bride and fan her. In the background the ghost of Margaret Lauder appears in majestic attitude and pronounces one word: "Vale!"

CURTAIN.

## COMMERCIAL CLASS.

COMMERCE—Where would the world be if it were not for commerce? Stenographers are as much a part of the business world as a teacher is of school. The business man would hardly be able to carry on his business if it were not for his stenographer's help. Mount Saint Vincent realizes this and gives the best course possible.

In September, 1928, began another year of the Commercial class. Wishing to continue the good name the class has always held in former years, we all started to work in earnest. That school year now is drawing to a close. It seems only a short time ago that the Commercials first assembled. "They say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death." The twenty-one Commercials of 1929 have proved it.

Only a few days passed before we had got into the "business swing." Our work progressed nicely in September and October and we were preparing for the final English exam, when at the end of the month our dear teacher left us to undergo an operation at the Halifax Infirmary, where her stay was necessarily prolonged. During the month of November, we "Commercials" showed how businesslike we could be. A Sister substitute from St. Patrick's Girls' High School, taught us Shorthand. At this time we wrote the White's English test. At the first of December we were glad to be able to welcome Sister back. Till Christmas the greater part of our time was then spent on Shorthand, Bookkeeping and Typewriting. In January we took the finals in bookkeeping, results being one or two failures. February and the first of March were divided between Gregg Theory and Gregg Style. We all wrote the O. G. A. and on the 19th of March wrote the Theory test from New York. Now our program turns to Filing, Geography and Dictation. Speaking of Dictation, Sister dictated the following one day, "Dear Sir: We are pleased to give you the following information concerning our No. 12 incinerator." Sister called upon Raymonde, one of our French pupils to transcribe. This is what she read, "Dear Sir: "We are teased to giving you inflammation on turning an insinuator." By the way I might mention in our class there are about nine French girls, and the first week you could hear on all sides, "I will look it up in my 'dictionaire'." This last named book was the constant companion of many of them.

During this brief period our lives have been filled with joy and sorrow, joy for those who have been successful—sorrow to those who have made the attempt and failed. With a few exceptions joy has had the predominance.

Just after Christmas one of the class, Lillian Daigle, from Edmundston, left the class on account of an operation for appendicitis. She will finish the course next year, we hope.

Every Commercial loves the Sunday night club time, especially when Sister reads stories to us. No, you need not laugh; we are not babies. You would enjoy the weekly session as much as we do. By the way, our club is called the Commercial Debating Club. Have you been to any of our debates yet?

Somebody passed the commercial room last Saturday. There was Toot Buckley, outside the door, sitting on the floor. She was heard to mutter, "My punishment is too



great to endure." "Toot" had better be on time after this. Sister wants to instil punctuality and if the sign, "I am late, what a pity!" which faces you on entering the room is not sufficient, other means have to be employed.

Rosemary wishes lessons on how to use a black board eraser. Would some charitable person be so kind as to teach her?

Edith is the noisest little girl in the class; but really she is very quiet when she goes to bed.

There seems to be a strong connection between the McKenzie and Rankin daughters. Did I hear some one say Pauline has a brother?

Hilda Murphy will soon be leaving us to take up a position in Barnes' Circus, as the fat lady. That is not very kind, is it Hilda?

Kay Lyons says that nothing is so hard, but search will find it. Kay was sent for the carbon paper the other day. Can you guess the rest? Concentration!

Mary Haché was taught to believe that "we know what we are but know not what we may be." Her main expressions are "Are we allowed? May we do this, etc?"

Bernadette believes in the quotation, "Give me liberty or give me death." She has now become accustomed to leaving her dictionaire, as she knows many words in Anglais.

Hazel is our star-bookkeeper. I think the Infirmary will be dismissing its Sister bookkeeper soon.

Vera is very attentive in law. One day she was heard to say, "Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more!'"

There are two questions I should like to ask: Why does Jo like to go to twelve o'clock study, and why does Biny McLean never go near the junior class-room?

In closing, I wish to express to Major Almeder the heartiest thanks and good wishes of the two Commercial classes for being so good to us during the year and especially in giving us the radio. Last, but not least, we wish to express our appreciation of our teacher's kindness and our eagerness to profit by her example and direction.

ISABEL CARRUTHERS.

The Commercials this year had the need of tendering their sympathies, through their teacher, to Mr. Gregg of New York, on the death of his beloved wife. For the Commercial pupils Mr. Robert Gregg is indeed a living personality, not merely an author of a system of shorthand. When Sister often says, "Mr. Gregg told us this and explained this principle this way", we think of him as "our own teacher". We were surprised one day with the gift of a very beautiful photograph of Mr. Gregg. It is now framed and hanging conspicuously in the Commercial Room.



# JOURNALISM

## A PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

EDWARD Morehouse did not know how long he had stopped in this tavern. Perhaps it had been hours,—perhaps years! He did not know and he cared less. Time had long since ceased to mark events in his life. Slowly he raised the red glass to his lips, swallowing the bitter brown dregs with a sort of savage pleasure.

The heat was intense, seething and settling in dizzy waves in the dirty ale-house. He sat there slumped down in an old cane chair, gazing straight ahead, with his strained and blood-shot eyes not seeing the squalid life about him. The extraordinary persistence of a large blue bottle fly in its laborious climb up his glass claimed the attention of his eyes, but his mind was still far off, trying to grapple with a problem which he saw for a moment and then immediately lost. The fly continued its sticky ascent up the sides of the red glass, paused on the brink and slowly descended again. The man slouched in the chair gave a sudden twitch with his hand and the creature buzzed off for an instant, only to return to the slow climb, to pause on the brink. Now it balanced itself slowly on that perilous edge, and then fell floundering down into the turgid brown mixture. The man snatched the glass in sudden anger and flung it violently against the opposite wall, where the contents spilled and flowed slowly down, like a trickle of blood. . . .

Good heavens! He must get out! The heat was stifling. Surely he must lose his mind! Like a dog gone mad, he tore out of the tavern and down the street blazing white under a tropical sun, past the stalls carefully shaded with awnings and umbrellas, where mulatto faces stared out at him; out of the town he reeled. At length along the dusty road he perceived a solitary palm tree, and hastening to its shelter threw himself down, only to fall into a sort of oblivion. Once more he knew no more of the passing of time, and a colorful vista opened out to his mind, not of the future, but of the past; his own life in retrospect. An illusion? A dream that mocked and smiled at him and beckoned him to come back to what he once was. Impossible! The years in the tropics had taken their toll of his body and mind. He could only sink into depression, his body aching from head to foot, his head chaos!

At length he pulled himself together, and with an effort sat up. Pressing his hands to his head he let his thoughts again gather to their rallying point. This time they did not slip off before he caught the thread of the story they were striving to connect. Edward Morehouse saw himself as he had once been,—young, proud, distinguished-looking. He laughed brokenly as he glanced down now at his ragged clothes and felt his unkempt beard. He closed his blood-shot eyes and felt them sting. " 'scuse me!" he said aloud, as if interrupting someone. His mind reverted slowly to the tavern, the red glass and the bitter brown ale, and the brownish-red streak on the wall. Brownish-red, that was it! Whose hair? Whose grey eyes now flashed down at him? He shuddered and turned aside as if from an accuser. Myrtle! How much those grey eyes had meant to him! the brave, stubborn little chin, and that mouth so tender, yet so firm. . . . She could be so sweet; yet in that last talk of theirs the clear grey eyes had flashed dangerously and she had bitten her lip after the emphatic words she spoke. . . . That was when he had asked

her, for the twentieth time, to marry him. Well, here he was, and all Myrtle's fault. Oh, yes, he would find her yet and tell her so.

He was a wreck, had spent his money and taken to drink to console himself. He had shipped on board a vessel and been wrecked in the South Seas. Somehow he had lost energy. He had always intended to go back home. He would some day,—some day, when he got the money, or the strength to work. Meanwhile fever had done its worst with him,—fever and drink. And all Myrtle's fault!

Suddenly there broke upon his ears a wail so weird, so sad, that even his boiling blood seemed to chill. The wailing rose and fell steadily and was accompanied by the dull thud of a tom-tom and the scuff of feet. Then came into view a strange procession, a tropical funeral. He gazed cynically at the white-haired old priest at the head of this preposterous group of mulattos,—an European gentleman once, he had been told, who had come to give his life. . . . Ha! a European life for such creatures! The man must be mad! Steadying himself, he rose scowling and stared at the priest, who merely bowed and glanced at him with his fine eyes. Edward Morehouse shifted his glance to the coffin, still uncovered.

"Get back! Go away!" the priest shouted. "This man has just now succumbed to the plague. We go to bury the body at once, and do not wait for the coffin sealers."

Edward Morehouse laughed shortly.

"Afraid?" he sneered. "Afraid of a nigger?"

And going over to the body, he gazed at the wretched face. From the face his eyes travelled to the clothing of the corpse. It was gorgeous! Somebody of importance, this man,—probably a chief. But wait! There on the pall covering the feet was a great black pearl. . . .

The procession passed on and the wailing died away. Edward Morehouse stood heedless of the great waves of heat and the little swirls of dust that the passing feet had raised. Then he too, passed down the road, and in his footsteps, once so purposeless, there was now determination.

Night came, hot and breathless. Night,—at last! illuminated by a huge orange moon low in the tropical sky. Armed with a shovel and pick, Edward Morehouse walked to the dingy burying ground and gingerly picked his way between the plain dark crosses. Rough though they were, they served his purpose. They were not many. Ten years before, when that white-haired priest had first come to the island the dead had been thrown into the first hole that could be dug for them, or cast into the sea.

Perceiving dimly outlined against the orange and black of the night a mound of earth higher than the rest, he made his way towards it, but he paused, suddenly startled, his body convulsed by tremors at the eerie wail of a death bird flying overhead. Bracing himself, he attacked the warm earth and was soon rewarded by the sound of his spade grinding against the edge of the casket. . . .

Ah! . . . slowly he pushed back the lid. There came to his nostrils the odor of putrid flesh, almost overpowering. With swift strength born of fear, he located the pearl and plucked it off. It yielded to his fingers like a great plum. What fools these niggers were! No doubt they would have come themselves but for fear of the plague. . . . Bah!

Securing the lid and throwing the earth again down upon the casket, he waited with bated breath when the last shovelful had resounded with a dull thud on the long box. Then, frantic to be away from such a place, he turned and fled. He seemed to be pursued by the great orange moon, and imagined with a shudder that it stared horrified at his deed. Then, quite suddenly, it disappeared, leaving him completely swallowed up in the blackness of the night. He ran frantically from this thing that he had done, clasping his trophy firmly in his hot hand; but sense of direction seemed to have left him, and he stumbled in the darkness over the cruel little crosses that sprang up everywhere in his path. He fell prostrate, rose, staggered on, and fell again. He was frenzied, but the coolness of the great pearl was a solace and a spur. He tripped once more and lay there between the crosses with one of his weak spells upon him. But he would rise again! Oh, yes! In the morning he would be strengthened. Babbling incoherent words and kissing the shiny surface of the pearl, he fell a-dreaming.

He awoke with a start; but strange, it was not a real awakening. He felt hot all over; his throat was parched; a numbness seemed to have possession of him, followed by racking pains in his head. Only his lips babbled on, kissing the pearl of his redemption, rejoicing in his good luck. To-morrow he would sell it, but to-night,—ah, rest! He pressed its cold surface against his throbbing temples. How cool, how soothing that was! A gentle drowsiness seemed stealing over him; strange, that numbness in his spine! He lay still, comforting himself with thoughts of the morrow. Life, he thought, vaguely fingering his treasure, was an odd thing. He had seemed so sure of it a few hours ago, and now . . .

He opened his eyes and stared about him. Bright glaring walls stared back at him, white robed figures glided about the room, a large crucifix faced him, and presently a young man bent over him.

"All right, Eddie," said a cheery voice. "The job's done. You'll be the better for the loss of those tonsils."

NORA FITZRANDOLPH.

#### SPRING NIGHT.

There is a little hurt spot  
Way down . . .  
And through the mist of tears  
I see the blurred picture  
Of the beautiful spring world.  
In a sky of new blue  
There shine two dull gold stars  
And there—caught by  
The sickle of the moon  
A pine tree leans its darkness . . .  
And tears fall—white tears.

MARIE ACKERMANN.

## THE POETRY OF MARJORIE PICKTHALL.

"Visions she had, and dreams  
And mystical delights that knew no sound."

NATURE has found in Marjorie Picthall a lover and a champion. Caught in the mesh of her poetry are the little winds, the roseberries, the tall green rushes, the pale rain, and "the little stars of Duna". From her smallest lyric to her tragedy in verse, "The Wood-Carver's Wife", Miss Picthall interweaves the sighs and sounds of nature in her words. She wrote with a strange fluency. Every phrase seems to have fallen from her pen, effortless, complete. Her lines are light, bright, flowing, and above all, musical. Perfection seems her aim, and to this end she has made herself past mistress in the art of alliterative sound.

"But now the song is sped  
Ah me! my fingers fail me on the strings  
The dulcimer drones drowsily as the bees  
Among the almond trees  
Blown by the soft sea airs."

And again,

"Softly sleep cometh on her brown owl wings  
Sliding above the marshes silently  
To the dim beach between the black pines and the sea."

Her phrases are beautifully suggestive; every poem leaves an impression of completeness, a definite picture, yet softened in its outline as in pastels.

She writes of the ancient gods and goddesses in such a fresh, simple manner that a halo of newness is cast over them. In her delicate phantasy "The Little Fauns of Proserpine", the figures are etched on our minds in glimpses; the impression is that of the half seen; of brown figures, half caught, slipping through cool green thickets, of unexpected faces that appear and disappear.

"Browner than the hazel husk, swifter than the wind,  
Though you turn from heath and hill, we are hard behind."

Miss Picthall has the true spirit of the wanderer. The lure of the open road and the call of the rolling sea seem to have fascinated her:

"Far hills calling us, peak on peak,  
A road to find and a rest to seek.  
Youth goes lightly and love goes brave,  
But travellers' joy goes over the grave."

Once more she writes:

"O west of all the westward roads that woo ye to their winding  
O south of all the southward ways that call ye to the sea,  
O I'd see the tide come in along the whispering reaches,  
O there I'd lie and watch the sails go shining to the west."

It is in her spiritual poems that the heart of Miss Picthall is laid bare. Her intense love of God and her yearning for something not of this life, forms the subject matter of a great many of her poems. The tender wistfulness of her more thoughtful moods is shown in "The Lamp of Poor Souls":

"Shine little lamp, for love hath fed thy gleam,  
Sleep, little soul, by God's own hands set free.  
Cling to His arms and sleep, and sleeping, dream,  
And dreaming, look for me."

"The Wood-Carver's Wife", her most pretentious poem, is realistic and romantic at the same time. It is a tragedy in verse, beautiful in its descriptive passages and vibrating with intense feeling. The very simplicity of the characters makes them stand out more vividly as they are torn with passion. Nature is placid, beautiful, unmindful of the terrible struggle that passes within three human hearts.

Thus, it is evident that Marjorie Picthall was capable of greater things than she actually achieved in her short life-time. She died in her prime, but she could say:

"I shall not go with sighs,  
But as full-crowned the warrior leaves the fight,  
Down on his shield and death upon his eyes.

MARIE ACKERMANN.

### VILLANELLE.

I have lost my pen to-day;  
Have you seen it near you lie?  
I must find it right away.

You bewail your loss, you say;  
Likewise bitterly do I;  
I have lost my pen to-day.

If you have lost your pen for aye,  
I still hope to have mine nigh:  
I must find it right away.

Have you seen my pen, I say?  
Hour by hour I sit and sigh;  
I have lost my pen to-day.

If my search do not repay,  
So long, work! I say good-bye:  
I must find it right away.

Saint to whom betimes I pray,  
Let me on my trust rely;  
I have lost my pen to-day,  
Let me find it right away.

MARGARET LAUDER.

### PORTRAITS OF MY FRIENDS.

"There's a long, long trail a-winding  
Into the land of my dreams."

AS I sit alone this March afternoon, in the study-hall that overlooks Bedford Basin, my thoughts wander back over the past,—to the days I spent with the best companions a girl can have. Oh! those days are never-to-be-forgotten. Such pleasant memories I have of those old friends! Together we have paced the race track in the burning sun, roamed the shady forest paths, cantered through the bustling city, or trotted over lonely country roads as the sun rose over the hills. As I think of my pals and our experiences together, a procession of figures passes before me.

Beauty's image comes first, the smallest of my friends, and my earliest companion, for I was a very small girl when I enjoyed his company. He was certainly a remarkable pony, beautiful indeed, with chestnut coat and four white feet that would be sufficient excuse for his name. I sometimes wondered if he knew what his name actually meant, for he always knew when I said "Beauty" that I was speaking of him. He was very strong and could do as much work as a full-sized horse; he was not a "roarer" and never was lame in the feet; but to offset these good points, he was often tricky and troublesome in the stable. Although I never succeeded in producing a very gentlemanlike manner in him, yet he always behaved pretty well when we were alone. He had that disagreeable trick of a spoiled child, of refusing to perform for company. It seems as if he always tried to show off when there were people around, and to my mind, he generally succeeded. He could be as stubborn as a little mule. There is one experience which has left an impression on my mind. That July day there was to be a horse-race, and, as was the custom in our little town, the ponies were to race for a half-mile between the heats. It was to be a red-letter day for Beauty and me. We had it all planned to win the pony race, before we left the stable. Anyhow, we got cleaned up, and looking our very best, we were at the scratch when the gong rang. Some moments elapsed, and then the starter's gong pealed forth. We were off,—at least the others were—but Beauty had evidently decided that a little lunch would do him good before the race, and consequently pretended that it was the dinner gong he had heard. To my dismay, he started to eat the grass which grew by the track. There were the others, with whips flying in the air, and everybody crying out and waving, but there was no getting Beauty away from that grass. Now they were on the home stretch! I saw where Beauty and I would have to race by ourselves; at least we should be sure to win! But I might have known beforehand that he was going to do something to make me feel embarrassed. I can actually feel myself getting red at the very remembrance of it.

Poor Beauty did not live long to enjoy his self-will. The stable boy had him out one morning and the pony fell down and broke one leg. That meant that he had to be shot immediately. However, I suppose Beauty died happy, because he was showing off to the last.



Laddie comes next—a good looking fellow with a proud carriage of the head and a good mouth that never pulled. Laddie was a thoroughbred and was to me a great luxury. He was black and had a perfect white star in the middle of his forehead. He began life in a training stable where the owners started to make a hunter of him; but when he came to me he did not immediately put his experience to use, for all I wanted was a good saddle horse. As soon as we became friends I took him in hand and taught him to jump. At first we took little ditches and low fences, and day after day we practised until Laddie became an excellent jumper and never seemed to mind the heavy weight on his back (even me!) Eventually he was sold and continued his training as a hunter. I saw him last spring with his new master as they were returning from a very successful season. Laddie showed that he had not forgotten me, for as soon as he saw me, he rubbed his dear head against my shoulder as if to say, "Welcome back, old pal!"

There was a horse in the stable which belonged to no one in particular, and as I had no horse of my own at the time, we spent a good deal of time together. "Harry" was really a waggon horse, but he had been trained for the saddle. He certainly was worth looking at, for he was jet black with a small head and good, sloping shoulders and well-formed legs. He was also very well bred. Such amiability had Harry that it often gave me cause to wonder. Unlike Beauty, Harry was innocent of tricks, and a whole week's idleness did not produce any uncalled for gambols. His speed was nothing to boast of, but his amble and trot were perfection. Our love was not one of first sight, for we had been together for a good month before we came to appreciate each other. Nevertheless, I believe we liked each other none the less for it. Every day after school, I hurried to the stable; then Harry would neigh and show such delight that I could not resist the temptation of a little run. In summer I used the saddle, which suited me better, but in winter he took me in the sleigh, which, I think, suited *him* better. Either way, we never failed to enjoy ourselves. I think he liked the city noise better than the quiet of the country roads, and I suspect he liked "window-shopping".

There is one incident which will always remain in my memory. It was a bleak December afternoon. The wind hurled its snow-laden blasts against the window panes, sharp as ice, fine as powdered chalk, thick as smoke. Harry and I, nevertheless, had to carry an important message down town. We made our way as best we could, toward the city. It was not long before I was in the building where I had been sent, and Harry was waiting outside, as faithful as ever. But was he waiting? In a few minutes I was out of the building and was looking up and down the street for Harry and the sleigh. I strained my eyes, but no Harry was to be seen. The blizzard was blinding. The wind was bitter cold and my face was freezing. Finally, I gathered my senses and moved on. I thought that perhaps Harry had started home before me, but when I reached the house I found I was mistaken. There was nothing to do except to telephone the police.

Night after night for weeks, I used to lie awake and wonder where my poor friend could be. Those were days and nights of misery. Finally, the thought of Harry passed from my mind, and nothing more was said at home about the unhappy incident. One day, about a year later, Dad heard of a horse and sleigh whose description answered to Harry's. He looked into the matter and much to our surprise we found that it was Harry and no other! He had been sold by horse thieves to a gentleman, a Mr. Ford.

Since his new owner was so fond of him and treated him so well, we did not claim him. Even so, my memory still retains the good times I had with my old friend.

My procession is getting rather long, but I could not possibly omit Bonny Delight. He was one of my father's race-horses, but none the less, a good companion of mine. He was grey, of Western breed, and had elegance of carriage and beauty of outline. His training had not been for the saddle but for the sulky. Bonny's head was light and lean, the ears well set and pricked, the eyes full, the forehead broad and flat, the crest thin. His shoulders lay well on the chest and were well covered with muscle. Truly, he deserved his name, for he was "bonny", and it was a delight to see him on the track. His racing career began when he was five years old. He trotted or paced over ten races and was never beaten. It was in his first race that he took the odds for a large amount that he would lead the second heat. When called upon to declare the result, the judge exclaimed, "Bonny Delight first, and the rest nowhere!"

Alas, for Bonny Delight! His brilliant career was cut short in a tragic manner. One night we heard the fire bell pealing, and heard to our dismay, that the stable at the fair grounds was on fire. The men rushed to the spot, for they believed that there might still be a chance of saving the horses. They were too late. Bonny Delight perished in the flames. I cried bitterly when I heard it.

You can well understand why these pals are some of the best that a girl can have. I feel as though they are almost human beings.

OLIVE GODING.

#### TWILIGHT SONG.

When scarlet poppies swinging make  
Long swaying shadows in their wake,  
And pansies yellow, mauve and rust,  
Throw figures squat upon the dust,  
The fairies gather mid the brake

Their draperies about them cling  
As softly floating in a ring  
Among the toadstools in the grass  
They laugh to see the shadows pass.

Now sleepy poppies close each bloom,  
And bats go wheeling through the gloom;  
The yellow primrose of the night  
In her lantern sets the light,  
As over the grass with noiseless feet  
They hasten the mellow moon to greet.

MARIE ACKERMANN '29.

## LAST WORDS.

THE thought has occurred to me whether any of the girls around me, who promise to be famous in one line or another, will depart from this life without leaving a message for those who survive them. So many renowned artists, musicians, writers, actors, have dropped precious phrases on their death-beds that it seems altogether likely to me that our future ladies of fame will not fail in the tradition. Take for instance, our noted humorist and budding chemist, Katherine Owen. What will be her last reflections on this life? Will they be comic, or serious, or flighty, or philosophic, or will they finally be "womanly"? Time will tell, but while I ponder the subject the following phrase occurs to mind: "It's all over. I'm through with women!"

Then our brilliant Nonnie FitzRandolph. . . . How will she make her last testament of words? No doubt her end will be "precious" in the sight of the Lord. What she will say will be a matter of conjecture, as she probably will not decide until the last minute. We cannot guess.

It is quite probable that Annie Mantin will murmur: "Do not mourn my decease (she will say 'disease'). I am at last going to my last long, long, sleep. Please don't wake me up." Will this be all we can record of our famous musician? Will there be nothing of Bach, or Debussy? But if these are to be her last words, she must die directly (for Annie could never live another minute without saying something else.) And so we record them. Disappointing, you say? But so natural!

Let me see! Who else is there? Oh, yes,—Mary Harris! Mary, I feel confident, will have to pass away in June. She will sigh blissfully and say: "June at long last! Good-bye, I'm going home."

Agnes Dallas, on the point of expiring from piano-terria, will probably murmur: "I have been late all my life. May I reach heaven on time!"

And Beatrice Rubinovitch,—that singular individual—I am sure she will say something different, something unexpected. Perhaps she will give expression to something like this: "I'm not at all excited about going to heaven. You know I've seen it all before—in Montreal."

Agnes Garnier, our "mother" of the old days—I wonder what the end will draw from her? Like all mothers she will probably be anxious for her children and grandchildren. She will probably give a last warning: "Do not take Greek my children; I implore you. It was Greek that brought sorrow to my days, and has plunged me to an early death."

"Maggie" Lauder will be original to the end. If she is true to her reputation and to her traditions, she will ejaculate: "My hat! I nearly forgot! Please return my last library book, and straighten out my affairs. I really haven't time. . . . Yes, I've lived in a rush and I die in a rush!"

So we might go on, prognosticating for all our illustrious people. As for myself, I shall probably say: "My body to the earth, my heart to the Mount."

IRENE McQUILLAN.



## OUR STAFF.

Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, ti, do!  
 Eight M. S. V. girls all in a row.  
 Clare, our artist, down below,  
 Next on the left, our typist Jo;  
 "Mi" is Eunice, the brilliant one,  
 "Fa", is Marjorie, full of fun;  
 Irene next, the "sol" of song,  
 La! Marie, who is merry the whole day long.  
 Next is Agnes a good strong "Ti",  
 Nora is high "Do" on "B".  
 Eight M. S. V. girls all in a row,  
 Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, ti, do!

# THE DAILY DOZEN

(Being a brief account of the main stunts of the Student Body).

VOL. 231, No. CCCLVII. MOUNT SAINT VINCENT ACADEMY. FEBRUARY 6, 1929.

## TEMPORARY INSANITY

### Of Noted Basket-ball Star Induces Attempted Suicide.

A strong constitution is all that saved Miss Marjorie O'Brien, famous athlete and basket-ball star, from utter destruction. This is the verdict of the medical attendant at M. S. V. Pharmacy, on completing the examination of the illustrious Freshman Star.

It was noticed that on the night of the big game between the College and Academy, Miss O'Brien played with more than usual abandon. Her brilliant dashes and startling throws took the very breath of the spectators. There was madness in her eyes. Indeed the Mistress General felt in duty bound to put in a protest during the intermission, that the young lady be carefully watched by the referee. It was evident that Miss O'Brien was meditating some drastic motion. After the game, in which she secured the one and only goal, the Captain staggered from the gym, and breaking away from the cheering fans, dashed into the Physics Lab. slamming the door in her friends' faces. After a tense interval of about three minutes, she appeared, grasping in her right hand a half-emptied phial. It was noticed that she made her exit through the door of the Chemistry Lab., so that she must have entered the Physics Room from habit rather than direct intention. A horrified murmur went up from the crowd. The swaying figure of the captain was caught in the motherly arms of Miss Agnes Garnier, and carried unresistingly up three flights of stairs to the Freshman Dorm. For a brief while excitement reigned. . . . Ten minutes later, Miss O'Brien herself appeared in the marble corridor, just in time to stop the weeping Mistress of Discipline from calling the undertaker and coroner. Miss O'Brien ascribes her rapid recovery to the fact that the phial which she held in her hand held spirits of Ammonia instead of wood alcohol, which she intended to procure. She avers that her

*Continued on next page*

## ARRESTED FOR SPEEDING.

### The Hon. B. Mulock of Lower LeHavre Fined in Court.

Horror was depicted upon the faces of both judge and jury on the morning of February tenth, when the Honorable B. Mulock of Lower LeHavre pleaded guilty before the court of inquiry to the charge of exceeding the speed limit in the main corridor,—and elsewhere. The lawyer for defense, K. Owen, tried to convince the jury that time lost in January justified the extra speed, as the Hon. Mulock's reputation was actually at stake. The Attorney General, the brilliant M. Morson, succeeded, however, in convincing the jury that the Hon. Mulock had passed various members of the B Class at a break-neck speed, and had imperilled the reputation of all concerned. The Hon. Mulock merely bowed meekly to all these charges, and pleaded guilty, insisting that "it was worth it." The exact meaning of this oracular statement has yet to be interpreted. The Hon. Mulock has cheerfully paid the fine and continues to hold the coveted position as class-leader.

## SPORTS IN THE FIELD.

### Brilliant Stunts on the Ice.

Owing to changing climatic conditions, the old-time winter sports are suffering something like an eclipse. Star performers, however, never lose an opportunity of exhibiting their prowess. Among the many graceful and disgraceful skaters of the season, Miss Gwendolyn Harnish has distinguished herself. Her magnanimous spirit shows itself in her attempts to teach others her pet stunts. Last week she spent some time instructing Regina Comeau and Pauline Melanson in the easiest methods of making a fall. Two other figures that attract the eye of the observer at the rink are Miss Margaret Lauder and Miss Beatrice Rubinovitch, the latter of whom will give any amount of assistance for a small consideration.

## Temporary Insanity.

*Continued from page 1*

intention was to use the alcohol merely for a rub-down; but her friends merely smile and wink knowingly. The common opinion is that Miss O'Brien's arduous and intensive course in military drill has more than once brought about a state of temporary delirium.

Shrewd guesses have been made as to the possible cause of the attempted suicide. The nearest conclusion reached by her friends, and this is endorsed by Miss Agnes Garnier, is that, failing in the ambition of making five baskets, Miss O'Brien decided that life was not worth living, even though her single basket won the great game.

## LOCALS.

The many friends of Miss Mary K. MacDougal will rejoice to know that though she "flew" to recuperate her strength, the "Flu" has had no lasting effects, and that she is accomplishing her usual prodigious amount of work as a member of the "B" class.

Miss Betty Kelley, it is reported, has at last succumbed to an attack of "Très Biens" and it is feared that she will have to repair to the Infirmary to have them removed.

Miss Sheila McSweeney has announced that she will return in September to take up Domestic Science.

Miss Madeline Kennedy has, through hard work and constant vigilance, attained to the position of Office Assistant, held by her sister several years ago.

Miss Olive Goding is giving a great deal of time and attention to Elocution, in order to cultivate the proper tone inflection for talking in her sleep.

Miss Irene McQuillan's recent operation is supposed to have originated in an excessive indulgence in a diet of "beats".

"John Burke", Miss Haché's young protégé, has, thanks to her loving care, recovered from the whooping cough.

## Fire Alarm Proves False.

The inhabitants of the Academic flat were relieved last Sunday evening when, after the hose had been turned on and a bucket brigade called out, it was announced that there was really no danger at all, and that Miss Dallas had approached the fire extinguisher in a fit of abstraction.

## HIKING.

Apart from skating, skiing and tobogganing, the most exhilarating sport indulged in at M. S. V. is that of hiking. The field of exploration extends from Fairview to the city limits of the far-famed town of Rockingham. The route presents fascinating pictures of girlish beauty and startling varieties of costume. Miss Olive Goding is a pleasing study in plaid coat trimmed with luxuriant light fur; which, blending with her naturally curly and golden locks, sets off a rubicund face lit by blue eyes and a flashing smile. Miss Betty Kelley, who never misses a hike, foots it fleetly over the trail attired generally in a muskrat coat which is set off by a small red hat pitched at a becoming angle. Miss Marjorie Kingsley makes herself attractive in a red sweater and light beret, while Miss Margaret Lauder wears a smart little blue jersey with hat to match set smartly over the right ear. Miss Clare Henley is usually arrayed in tight-fitting sport coat, and shows a preference for black overshoes, which make her tiny feet appear even more petite than ever. Though an altogether striking variety in color, shape and style, meets the eye, lack of space forbids further details of the hiking line. In our next issue we hope by special permission to exhibit photographs which will confirm the above remarks and serve as an eye opener to the reader.

## BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

"Literary Leaves by To-morrow's Writers" is an interesting quarterly published by coming scribblers of M. S. V. We take special note of an essay by Miss Mary McSween, "My Life as a Latin Scholar" with illustrations by Constance Walsh—most fascinating both for style and material. Among the clever sketches is "Mabel Lean's Life on the Stage" written from personal experience by Dorothy Morson. The story is cleverly told, and contains many helpful hints for the use of cosmetics in theatricals. "How Two Can Live as Cheaply as One" is a thrilling love story written in collaboration by Clara MacKenzie and Pauline Rankin.

Two books which have begun to attract general attention are "Morals for the Modest Miss" by Clare Cragg, and "Gymnastics" by Agnes Garnier, both writers of confirmed reputation. The first tells one how to behave in the "D" Class, and the

*Continued on next page*

STOCKS AND BONDS.

(Weekly Quotation).

M. S. V.	Opening	Closing
Apples	75	125
Alcoves	130	95
Autographs	30	70
Blankets	69	25
Bracelets	125	150
Collars	120	130
Compacts	89.5	93.7
Combs	110	120
Curlers	85	105
Cuffs	124.8	130.6
Diaries	50	53
Dreams	120	20
Dusters	92	23
Envelopes	25	50
Eversharps	65	100
Facial Creams	97.5	175
Glasses	50	150
Gloves	25	85
Hair Brushes	75	150
Hot Water Bottles	70	100
Ink	125	135
Iodine	23	73
Jam	25	125
Kimonas	123	53
Lampshades	95	25
Nail Files	95	100
Note Paper	25	150
Overshoes	35	98
Powder	100	50
Puffs	69	99.5
Rulers	45	75
Shoes Laces	105	106.5
Silver	65	86
Skates	45	95
Stamps	100	110
Safety Pins	99.6	101
Telephone Slips	100	120
Tennis Racquets	40	25
Ties	110	112
Tooth Paste	99.5	102.7
Uniforms	45	35
Veils	50	49.5
Victrolas	98.5	86
Violins	63	61
Watches	102	104
Whisks	35	95
Yarn	97.5	100

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

Continued on page 2

latter is a treatise on gym etiquette, especially helpful as to hints on the swinging on parallel bars, high jumping, folk dancing, etc.

The Society for the Elimination of Noises of which Miss Mary Greene is President and Miss Catherine Comerford Vice-President, has lately put out a pamphlet with the full approval of the Mistress General, seconded by the Mistress of Discipline. The *Rules of Quiet* have been drawn up by Miss Alice Smith and are here published for the first time in print, though Miss Smith has lectured on the subject frequently and has given many demonstrations. We advise all interested to make a speedy purchase of the pamphlet, as it bids fair to sell through its first edition with phenomenal rapidity.

The last book which we review in this edition is a *Lexicon of the Latest Slang Expressions*, by Margaret Lauder. Most enlightening.

POETS' CORNER.

(Free verse i. e. we never pay for it.)

On reading that beautiful line of Shakespeare, 'The rain, it raineth every day', Miss Lucy Fletcher of Freshman fame was inspired to write the following lyric:

RAIN.

This weather is dreary  
And I am weary .  
Of seeing rain  
Nothing but rain!

The sun peeps through  
For an hour or two  
Then it is rain,—  
Nothing but rain!

The bell rings for fun  
But outside there is none,  
For it is rain,—  
Nothing but rain!

Now what I say  
Applies to to-day  
RAIN!—  
Nothing but rain!

When I'm in bed at night  
Tucked out of sight  
Let it rain!  
Just rain!

Dorothy Dix Correspondence.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX:

I am a young lady of about sixteen years. Many of my friends have told me that I am attractive. Lately I have indulged in a great many "crispy crunches" and my figure has become slightly enormous. How may I reduce?

(signed)  
M. HACHE.

DEAR MISS HACHE:

The best reducing diet for one of your years and attractions is lamb chops and pineapple. Crispy Crunches are said to sweeten the disposition. Continue to use them.

Yours sincerely,  
D. DIX.

DEAR MISS DIX:

I have a fair complexion, large bright eyes, and dark hair. I am sixteen years old. What kind of powder would you recommend? I am 5 ft. 2 in. tall and weigh 140 lbs. Am I overweight? Is long hair stylish now? What colors would suit me best?

Anxiously,  
D. MORSON.

DEAR MISS MORSON:

(1) A girl of your tender years should not use any powder on her face. (2) Yes, you are 23 lbs. overweight. (3) Yes, long hair is stylish. (4) Baby blue and fawn should become you best.

D. D.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX:

I am a girl at M. S. V. and have completely lost my heart to one of the inmates. Will you please tell me how I can win her affection?

Very seriously,  
I. CARRUTHERS.

DEAR MISS CARRUTHERS:

School girl affections are likely to be intense but not lasting. Be as sensible as you can, and strive always to be generous and helpful.

Yours with interest,  
DOROTHY DIX.

DEAR MISS DIX:

Please send us some new methods for getting to town.

B. KELLEY & M. K. McD.

DEAR MISS KELLEY:

If you and Miss M. K. McD. will send self-addressed envelopes I shall be glad to furnish you with private advice as to town-going.

Sincerely,  
D. DIX.

STAGE AND SCREEN.

(By Agnes Garnier, special critic.)

Following the lead of various other centres of culture, M. S. V. has begun a Little Theatre Movement. St. Joseph's Lavatory has been selected as the studio of the celebrities. The beautiful Persian hangings are, on close examination, Turkish towels; the Grecian pillars of severe Doric structure ornamented with garlands, prove to be hot and cold water pipes with Windsor ties entwined. Mary Harris gives nightly performances on the larynx. She broadcasts through Station S.L.E.E.P. Sometimes by introducing Mary Walsh she manages a very clever dialogue. Miss Walsh has also distinguished herself by dancing. Miss Marie Ackermann gives Shakespearean readings on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at noon. Miss Ackermann's favorite rôles are Lady Macbeth and her erratic spouse.

While these activities have occupied the more fastidious lovers of histrionic art, the silver screen has not been blank. Miss Agatha Fultz, the winsome sixteen-year-old movie star is still a general favorite and her dashing cavalier, "Harry Myers" makes the sparks fly in "Riding Through", their latest thriller. The action takes place during the short space of a week, and the spectators have many tense moments before both hero and heroine triumphantly snatch a "très bien" from the very jaws of annihilation. "Silas Marner" is another favorite theme. "Harry" Myers makes an excellent Godfrey Cass, playing opposite to Oliver Goding who takes the part of the Miser of Raveloe. It is whispered that a vitaphone is about to be introduced in order to get the real tone inflections of the miser's voice. Here again Miss Fultz makes a hit; this time as Nancy. Bernadette Lannigan makes a charming Eppie.

We have seen enjoyable tragedies on Monday afternoon when Miss Ackermann and Harry Lauder, after a rapidly rising action during which anticipation is raised to a pitch, reach the climax of a musical comedy and by a sudden transition end in catastrophe, thus producing genuine tragedy—a spectacle of woe, which brings the audience to tears.

At almost any corner one may view a pantomime. Mount girls are really excellent at this. Sometimes the scene is laid in the scullery; sometimes a classroom forms a setting; at other times the background is the study-hall, a music room, or laboratory. In all cases they are excellent entertainment and help to while away any leisure moments which may lie heavy on the student's hands.



## WANT ADS.

WANTED: by T. Cleary a portable cot for St. Rose of Lima's class room.

WANTED: by Mary Walsh, a soft pedal or noise reducer.

WANTED: by Clare Cragg, a flute or second hand harmonica to soothe her lonely hours.

WANTED: by Margaret Shanahan a loud speaker for class use.

## QUESTION BOX.

(Refer to Miss A. Mantin).

1. Was it Eleanor who felt guilty when the general reproach was flung, that "some" girls (?) in their misuse of terms will even go so far as to say, "Isn't his moustache *adorable*? ???
2. And does Marie really care for the Major?
3. Miss Harris objects to the vases in the refectory. May she borrow the silver one in the violin room?
4. Has Agnes Garnier missed her calling? Judging from her speed in "extinguishing" the light, should she not join the Fire Department?
5. What are the signs of the approaching end of the world? Is it not alarming to think that on three occasions lately Margaret Lauder has come to class with every lesson prepared?

## SOCIAL CHIT-CHAT.

New Fad adopted by Younger Set.

One of the fads of the Lenten season has been admirably adopted by Miss Beatrice Rubinovitch, popular as a leader among the younger set.

On the morning of February 12th, Miss Rubinovitch was observed by her friends who were present at one of her intimate "Breakfast" parties, to turn a sickly green. They watched this process with interest not unmixed with horror. The features of the amateur comedian were strangely contorted, and into her charming countenance there crept a terrifying expression; her eyes grew fixed and glassy, and her whole demeanor indicated intense pain. Her friends were about to call for aid when Miss Rubinovitch revived and nearly produced hysterics by one of her electrifying smiles. Somewhat reassured, they demanded an explanation of the strange state of collapse. Blushing deeply, the young girl whispered shyly, "I was merely making an act."

## LATEST THING!

On February third there was held a most select and fashionable luncheon in the spacious home of Miss Astrid Buckley, prominent society leader and active charity organizer. The luncheon was held in honor of Miss Buckley's out-of-town guests, Miss Annie Mantin, Miss Marion Reardon, Miss Mary Egan, and Miss Nora FitzRandolph. Before the luncheon began, the original Miss Buckley proposed that as a novel experiment and as a small contribution of good feeling towards "Academic Punctuality" the guests should partake of the menu in perfect silence. The guests assented with more or less enthusiasm, and so the meal began. On the perfectly appointed table Miss Buckley had placed Ophelia roses which lent a delicate touch of color. Nothing could be heard save the tinkle of silver and glass. The demeanor of the guests was modest and grave. It has been whispered that this new mode of luncheon is coming into vogue in the circles of the elite, and several large charitable organizations have set forth a programme outlining various intentions for which such entertainments might be given. The "Punctuality" endeavor seems to be the most popular. A placard placed in a public place advertises all interested of the place and date of all such luncheons.

## NEW CLUB ORGANIZED

Miss Mary McSween and Miss Helen Prendergast of this city have organized the Club of Silent Women. The Society is really a bridge club; they offer to bridge any awkward pause in class by ready information and brilliant repartee. Prominent among those interested is Miss Dorothy Morson, who by her skill with "tangents" promises to make the club an active factor in Historical Research Work. The idea of this new society is to foster by silence a group of intelligent thinkers, who, after performing the rôle of "good listeners", will be prepared to spring forward and fill any unfortunate gaps which might occur in class recitation.

## Famous Soprano Recovers from Illness.

The admirers of Miss Mary Harris will rejoice to hear that the noted concert singer has recovered from her last lingering illness; in fact, her physicians report that she will live to grace the stage once more and delight her audience with her flute-like tones. Apart from her usual repertoire, Miss Harris will sing "The Bells of St. Mary's" with variations.

## A CANADIAN OF THE CANADIANS.

I REMEMBER particularly one cold winter evening at my grandmother's home when he was there. I can see him now, in a deep arm-chair before the fire. There were, of course, other people there, but for me there was only the man who could tell such wonderful stories. There was talk of uninteresting things,—of the "Centennial Celebration" of goodness knows what,—of lectures, of the Historical Society, (in which my grandmother took a keen interest) and of all sorts of dry things,—but then, little girls were supposed to be "seen and not heard". Then came the stories of the "Happy Valley", the beautiful apple-blossom valley, into which he brought lovely story-land folk and all the romance and the poetry and adventure of the kind most "grown-ups" seem to know nothing of. He would see, as I did, the fairy folk in the fire. The pictures in the flames were fit illustrations for his stories,—stories of the sea, stories of Indians, stories of brave men and beautiful ladies. I was in the magic world of Make-Believe, until, all too soon came the dreaded words: "Time little girls should be in bed!"

I get just the same feeling now, when I have to leave his books. They are not "stories", not "essays"—rather phantasies, reveries. His works are characterized by a sparkling clearness, a freshness that fascinates and pleases the fancy. His book people are not Romeos, not Leanders, but simple Canadian farmers, Canadian fishermen. He loves his country and the people of his country, and this love shines through all his books, making his readers love them as he does. There is romance, there is adventure, there is life in his stories.

"There Go the Ships" contains twelve vivid tales of the sea. These stories portray the adventurous days of early Canada and the stirring experiences of Nova Scotian mariners. They tell of danger and daring. They are true-to-life tales of the courage, the self-sacrifice, and the honor of our own Canadian people. They are pictures of hardships, of misfortunes, that show us with wonderful clearness, the struggles of the men who have made our country,—men whose names are forgotten but whose spirit still stirs in the land.

"The Book of Ultima Thule" is a book of which Nova Scotia might well be proud. The author's "Townswoman of Olden Time" is a typical book-lady of his. He, like Scott, is very gallant with his ladies. He makes them mean much to his readers. Beneath the frills and laces he lets us see the hearts of these women who bore the trials and difficulties of the early days not only with fortitude but with gaiety. Much of the charm of our province, he will have us know, comes from its people. There is a lightness about these essays that delights our imagination and that has the charm of the essays of Addison. This true Canadian of the Canadians makes us realize the varied artistic opportunities of Canada. He brings to us the beauties of the Mayflower Province of Ultima Thule (the land at the end of the earth). He brings to us the shining white sails and the grim citadel of Halifax; the beauty of the Bras d'Or Lakes, the billowy apple-blossoms of the Happy Valley; the ruddy-gold sweetness of a Nova Scotia autumn,—all of Nature's choicest gifts to Ultima Thule.

All dreamers should read "The Porter of Bagdad". There is romance and sweetness in the reveries in this book. At once the reader's fancy is caught by the daintiness and

the lightness of "A Green Ribbon", "A Ghost of a Garden" and many other picturesque studies contained in this fabric of dreams. There are dreamers of dreams, so like the dreamers we know, that we sigh with them, laugh with them,—and above all, dream with them.

This lover of his country lives in Dolcefara—the city which most people call Halifax. He attended Pictou Union School, Hamilton Collegiate Institute, and obtained the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Toronto. He was for two years the distinguished President of the Nova Scotia Historical Society, and has been for many years one of the outstanding figures of the "Little College" of which he writes so delightfully. No longer is it a "Little College", but has won a place among the universities of Canada. Those charming girls of whom he wrote are now mature women, but wherever they are, they must look back with pleasure to their college days.

He sums up his whole career in a whimsical couplet of an impromptu after-dinner speech to his old class-mates:

"A round peg in a round hole placed,  
And growing each year rounder round the waist."

But we prefer to give him the credit and the honor which he deserves but does not claim. We give to Professor Archibald MacMechan the title, "A Canadian of the Canadians".

KATHERINE OWEN.

### LITTLE THINGS.

My heart is full of  
Little things.  
The slow pale flush of  
Early dawn.  
The dew-roped spider web.  
Poplars  
In the silver rain.  
The tall mauve twilight  
On the misty lake.  
The full blown hunter's moon.  
The last words you spoke  
To me . . . .  
All these are little things  
I treasure  
In my heart.

MARIE ACKERMANN.

## A TALE OF TWO SPIRITS.

(Being a movie with vitaphone attached).

PLACE: Academy Mount St. Vincent.

TIME: Present.

CAST OF CHARACTERS: a Girl, a Good Spirit, and a Bad Spirit.

Picture 1: A private room. The Girl sleeping soundly.

Vitaphone: Br-rr-rr. Br-rr-rr. Br-br-brrrrrr!!!

(The voice of the good spirit is heard, in an annoying whisper).

G. SP. "That's the bell!"

(The voice of the Bad Spirit is always soothing and sweet).

B. SP. "That's only the first bell."

G. SP. "Get up at once!"

B. SP. "Don't get up yet!"

G. SP. "You'll be late for morning prayers!"

B. SP. "But you'll have plenty of time, if you get up with the second bell."

G. SP. "No, you won't. And if you're late, you *know* where you'll take your recreation!"

B. SP. "Sh! Here comes Sister. Pretend you're asleep and stay in bed!"

*A crashing clap is heard. The Girl stirs and opens one eye.*

GIRL: "Ho, hum! I think I'll get up."

Picture 2: The breakfast table.

B. SP. "Go on! take another helping; you'll be hungry before goûter time."

G. SP. "You've had two serves already!"

B. SP. "Think of all the hard work you'll have to do on two serves of prunes!"

G. SP. "Think of the foreign missions. Make an act!"

B. SP. "Think of that shorthand exam!"

*As the scene passes from the screen, the Girl holds out her plate for a third helping of prunes.*

Picture 3: The twelve o'clock line.

G. SP. "Ssh! Don't talk in the line."

B. SP. "Go ahead! You'll burst if you don't tell her."

G. SP. "If you speak, remember, you'll have to fail in silence to-night."

B. SP. "What do you care?"

G. SP. (reproachfully): "I thought you were trying for a Très Bien!"

B. SP. "Utterly beyond human nature, my dear. Go on! Tell her!"

*Girl leans over and pokes her third neighbor.*

GIRL: "Your box came. I saw it in the office."

G. SP. (murmurs sadly): "Another très bien gone! And think of the Missions!"

Picture 4: The Dinner Table.

B. SP. *Lemon Pie!*

G. SP. "No, you can't have any. Remember you wouldn't make an act this morning."

B. SP. "Isn't he persistent? Don't mind him, my dear! Eat all the pie you want."

G. Sp. "Think of the African Missions!"

*A vision of an African Orphanage flashes upon the screen. The Girl shuts her eyes as the pie is passed.*

GIRL: "No, thanks, I'm not hungry. I ate so many prunes at breakfast!"

B. Sp. "What a goose you are!"

G. Sp. "Hooray! We may win yet! Hooray for the Missions!"

Picture 5: The Study Hall.

G. Sp. "That's the bell for practice."

B. Sp. "Don't go to-day. Sister will never miss you and you need the time."

G. Sp. "You'd better go."

B. Sp. "Think of that geometry lesson untouched!"

G. Sp. "Think of those scales unpractised!"

B. Sp. "You can practise extra hard to-morrow!"

G. Sp. "Make the effort for the Missions, the Chi—

*The Girl suddenly tears out of the study hall with her hands to her ears.*

GIRL: "Those Missions will set me mad!"

Picture 6: Before the Bulletin Board.

G. Sp. "You have *Five* stockings to darn. You'd better go to the sewing-room."

B. Sp. "Wait awhile. You've lots of time on Saturday."

G. Sp. "But you're going to town. You *know* you are!"

B. Sp. "Perhaps somebody else will make an act and darn them for you."

GIRL: "That fatal word *act*! I'm tired of acts!"

G. Sp. "Think of the Missions! The Indian Mis—"

*The Girl bolts away from the bulletin board and down the stairs.*

Picture 7: The Assembly Hall. "Notes" are being given.

VOICE OF THE READER: Thirty-three!

*A dead pause.*

VOICE OF READER: "Thirty-three!"

VOICE OF DISCIPLINARIAN: "Who is thirty-three?"

GIRL (waking out of a dream): "Gracious! that's for me!"

B. Sp. "Say 'Complete'!"

G. Sp. "You *know* you talked in the line!"

B. Sp. "That was only a slip of the tongue!"

G. Sp. "And you *know* you didn't do your darning!"

VOICE OF THE READER: "Thirty-three!"

GIRL (faintly): "Failed in silence and order, Sister."

Picture 8: "The private room once more. The Girl ready for bed.

B. Sp. "Well, we've had a pretty good day."

G. Sp. "But, you made *two* acts for the Mi—"

GIRL (blocking her ears and jumping into bed): "Forget it!"

CURTAIN.

EUNICE MACGILLIVRAY.



# PIANOS

MARGUERITE McNEIL.

PAULINE MELANSON.  
ANNIE MANTIN.  
KATHRYN BURGESS.

MARY SHANNON.  
ELEANOR COLEMAN.  
MARGARET LAUDER.

# VIOLINS.

MARY MONTAGUE.  
CARMELLA GOUTHREAU.  
ASTRID BUCKLEY.  
MARY HARRIS.  
MARY K. MACDOUGALL.  
ELLA WILLIAMS.  
IRENE PENNICEARD.

ROSEMARY FINN.  
MILDRED MORSON.  
HILDA MURPHY.  
BEATRICE RUBINOVITCH.  
EUNICE MCGILLIVRAY.  
PAULINE MELANSON.  
JOAN DAVISON.

# CELLO.

MADELINE DAVISON

## THE MUSIC MASTER.

JOHANN Sebastian Bach, the most profound and original musical thinker the world has ever produced, inherited the accumulated musical gifts from a long line of ancestors.

The family of the Bach's, like those of some of the great Italian painters, may be cited as one of the most striking instances of hereditary artistic genius. Through four consecutive generations they followed the same calling, counting among their number, no less than fifty musicians of remarkable gifts. These accumulated artistic gifts and traditions were at last brought to their highest development by the genius of our Master Johann Sebastian, who, born in 1685, was destined to become known throughout the musical world, not only as a great composer and musician, but as a reformer and developer of the study of technique.

At the age of ten, Sebastian was left an orphan under the care of his elder brother Christoph, who appears to have been a stern and morose man. So jealous was he too, of the boy's rapid progress in his music, that he forbade the child to do any more than his allotted tasks, or indeed to indulge any of his impulses in composition.

One of the many instances showing the eagerness of the boy and the determination to educate himself in face of all obstacles, is the story told of "Bach copying music by moonlight". In the old house at Otadueff, there was a cupboard which the young musician passed every day with a tender longing in his heart. Well he knew that on an upper shelf was a rare old book of manuscript music, and the desire to obtain this book, merely for a period long enough to copy some of its treasures, grew within him constantly. He dared not ask his brother for access to the hidden music, but managed to smuggle it into the garret, where, for six months, he buried himself making a copy of it on moonlit nights. How little he dreamed or even cared, that two hundred years later all music-loving nations would reverence his name. The work finished, the boy proceeded to make practical use of it. Judge then his utter disappointment, when his brother, scolding him violently for what he had done, took possession of the copy he had so patiently made, and, it is said, burned it before the lad's eyes. Genius, however, is not daunted by disappointment or even failure, for Bach struggled on, and finally met with success. At the age of fifteen we hear of his surprising Lunenburg by his enchanting voice. It was at this period of his life that he became acquainted with the master-pieces of vocal music, though he continued at the same time his practice on the organ and pianoforte.

The course of his life ran smoothly, only occasionally ruffled by his altercations with his employers, the town councillors of Leipsic, who, it is said, were shocked by the unclerical style of Bach's compositions, and by his independent bearing generally. He married twice, and had by his two wives eleven sons and nine daughters.

Though nearly two-hundred and fifty years have passed since his death, Bach is still recognized as the master of masters from whom most of the world's famous composers have drawn their inspiration and it is not too much to assert that without Bach and his matchless studies, for the piano, organ and orchestra, we should not have had the varied musical development, in Sonata and Symphony, from such masters as Hayden, Mozart, and Beethoven. The history of the Bach revival is closely connected with the name of

Mendelssohn, who was among the first to proclaim by word and deed the powers of a genius almost too gigantic to be grasped by the receptivity of one generation. By the enthusiastic endeavours of Mendelssohn, Schumann and others, the circle of Bach's worshippers has increased rapidly. In 1850, a year after Mendelssohn's death, a society was started for the correct publication of all of Bach's remaining works, to which music owes the rescue from oblivion of some of its sublimest emanations.

Mozart, when he heard for the first time, one of Bach's compositions, exclaimed, "Thank Heaven! here at last is something new." Chopin confessed that before giving a concert he would confine himself in a room for a fortnight with nothing but Bach to play. Johann Sebastian played for Frederick the Great, who, we are told, said, "There is but one Bach." His influence has proved real and lasting, for in spite of modern developments "Old Bach" remains the musician for musicians. The stupendous Mass in B minor and his passion music are especially associated with the name of Bach. It is to our great Master that we owe the development of Church Music. In his music throughout, Bach strove for "characteristic expression" and devoted his energies to the most accurate, detailed and subtle effects, rather than producing beautiful and attractive melodies. His music always has a reflective quality which robs it of the conventional dramatic appearance and stands as an obstacle in the way of its immediate appreciation by a miscellaneous audience. There is for sure nothing popular about Bach's music—and it is by study alone that one will learn to know and love him. As his followers increase then will he fully understand the meaning of the remark of Schumann that Bach was a man to whom music owes as great a debt as a religion owes to its founder.

For number, variety and excellence only two men can be named as his competitors; these are Mozart and Handel. But in point of performance, simplicity and sterling manhood Bach stands alone.

ANNIE MANTIN.

## MOTHER'S DAY

In nineteen hundred twenty-nine  
The twelfth day of May—  
Hark, all ye sons and daughters!  
Is marked for Mother's Day;  
A day that we must honor  
With kindnesses and flowers;  
Her we shall ever cherish  
As long as life is ours.

When she from us is taken  
To dwell with God above,  
Oh, then, at last we'll realize  
How sweet was Mother's love.  
So now, O sons and daughters,  
Pay honor while you may,  
And prove your heart's affection  
On this your Mother's Day.

PATRICIA CLANCEY.



## THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

IT was the portrait of a woman,—an old woman, but it looked up at de Barrie from the begrimed newspaper with something in the tender face—perhaps the tremulous, mischievous smile lurking about the lips,—that caught his attention; and he scanned it eagerly. The paragraph under it read "Portrait of a Lady by Stephen Bell, now on display at the Two Arts Studio Exhibition of Amateur Paintings, from Dec. 18-24th inclusive. No admission charged."

De Barrie suddenly raised his head, and then once more gazed at the pictured face. "I wonder if it's done in color," he said, "I—why, it's the 24th to-day—no admission, eh? Well, then, I guess I can afford it." He carefully folded the newspaper around the picture and neatly tore it out. "Portrait of a Lady", he muttered to himself. "Yes, she does look as if she knew the old days."

There was not a great crowd at the Two Arts, for this was the last day of the exhibit, and besides, it was Christmas Eve. De Barrie wandered about the large room empty save for pictures. But what pictures! They covered the walls from floor to ceiling. Pastels, oils, crayons, water colors,—charcoal studies and pen and ink sketches in abundance. These last predominated. Poses caught by a clever stroke of the pen,—a girl's head thrown defiantly back, her tam slipping from curly locks,—an oriental dancer caught in characteristic pose; over there a quiet water color a thatched cottage with trees and moonlight and soft snow;—it was bewildering and somewhat tiring to de Barrie's old eyes as he walked somewhat shakily about, peering eagerly for the "Portrait of a Lady".

At last he saw her near a large curtained window, hanging still upon an easel, as if the painter had just put the last touch upon her. The picture was done in pastel, with that lovely soft effect that only pastels can give. De Barrie peered closer. The light fell upon the figure of a lady, the soft rose tints of whose cheeks were repeated in the old rose scarf that was draped across her shoulders over the soft grey gown. Her silvery hair was drawn back simply over her ears, her hands were folded peacefully, gracefully, on her lap. But it was her face, that sweet, haunting smile that seemed as if it knew a thousand secrets, sad and merry and that just then the sad ones predominated,—and the grey eyes looked quiet and wistful, as if the spirit behind them were at peace after many sorrows.

De Barrie looked,—and thoughts came thronging back of women he had known; his mother, daintiest, wittiest of all,—then Madame Alice whom the world had used badly,—and—de Barrie's heart almost stood still with the rush of memories; memories of an old rose garden where he had first spoken his love to Jccelyn,—and with the thought of the roses, the odor of those white ones when he had seen her last, an old woman in her coffin.... Then suddenly, he knew why the Portrait of a Lady had such a lure for him. Thus had she smiled when she said good-bye, and bade him wait and watch and love till.... He sighed as he passed slowly out of the empty room.

\* \* \* \*

Christmas Day dawned bright and peaceful; but in Mrs. Bing's heart was neither brightness nor peace.

"Mean old codger! Won't pay his rent even on Christmas Day! I'll put him out this time for sure!"

She started up the stairs to de Barrie's room. She knocked and called, but there was no answer; she tried the door, but it was locked from the inside, as she ascertained by applying her eye to the keyhole.

"Humph! sleepin' this late! 'Tis well he knows what it'll mean to wake up! But jus' wait till he does!"

And she thumped downstairs again.

The day passed with no sign of de Barrie. Towards evening Mrs. Bings repeated her performance of the morning without success. Becoming alarmed, she called the bobby, who soon forced the attic door.

There, stretched on a chair sat de Barrie; and he was smiling!

"By George!" exclaimed the bobby, "he's been dead for hours. Looks as if he hadn't had much to eat. What's this?" and from de Barrie's fingers he forced a piece of newspaper. Over the bobby's shoulder Mrs. Bings read:

"Portrait of a Lady", and scribbled in de Barrie's own shaky hand was "copied from the original of Michael de Barrie"—the print went on—"by Stephen Bell, now on display at the Two Arts Studio Exhibition...."

"A lady is it?" muttered Mrs. Bings. "And him not able to pay ten dollars in rent! A fine gentleman he'd make for any lady!"

But de Barrie only smiled.

MARIE ACKERMANN.

## ARCHEOLOGICAL RESEARCH IN THE YEAR A. D. 3500.

THE Expedition of the Universal Society of Archeological Research has recently made interesting excavations on the site of what is now known to be the ancient city of Halifax. This town of 1600 years ago has been buried under debris to a degree almost unprecedented in the history of Archeology. In fact, the town was said to be dead several centuries before it was actually buried.

At present particular attention is being directed to the site of a one time famous college and academy known as Mount St. Vincent. This place, located at some four miles' distance outside Halifax, as excavations have showed, has been the object of great interest for the past few years. Now at last we are able to put before the public the result of our extensive work.

Our excavations were directed from Halifax, and it was with a sense of coming revelations that we began actual work on the ground once occupied by the famous buildings. Among our discoveries there are many notable for their value and interest. The light that they throw on the school life of that period is gratifying, nay alarming. Particular interest was aroused by discoveries pertaining to the pupils.

The library which has been unearthed is one of the most ancient and valuable that have been found. In it are fragments of works by such ancient writers and respected authors as Stephen Leacock, Christopher Morley, Jerome K. Jerome, Chesterton, Lucas, Holliday, Sheehan, Galsworthy, Amy Lowell, Pauline Johnson, Untermyer, Teasdale, Picthall, Kilmer, Frost, Sandburg, Noyes, Robinson, Logan, Carman, Drummond, and de la Mare, whose productions at that period of time were widely read and enjoyed. Among fragmentary manuscripts are pieces composed by a young poetess of the academy, whose name seems to have been Ackermann. Mathematical problems and theorems ascribed to the eminent Marjorie O'Brien have likewise been discovered, as well as bars of old-time melodies which seem to have been the property of one Irene McQuillan. The first fruits of the mind of the famous physicist, Lucy Fowler Fletcher are still preserved, (rather green, it is true, but nevertheless fruits). The translations of Eva Gavin, showing an amazing industry and scholarship, have been found along with several medals and cups won by this famous student in the ancient game of tennis. We have been able to collect a number of well-directed and cleverly debated cases of that eminent member of the bar, Molly Walsh. MSS. containing beautiful little bits of harmony are supposed to be from the pencil of the ingenious Annie Mantin. Several paintings of an artist known as "Garnier" have survived the ravages of time and seem remarkably fresh. A small green flag has been discovered with the characters inscribed on it "Patricia Clancey". The far-famed thesis of the skilled musician, Beatrice Rubinovitch, has been found here in the original. Such are a few of the discoveries which make this library a paradise to the archeologist.

The music rooms were apparently grouped together. The revelations made here are too numerous to set down in this brief article. In the presses adjoining these rooms fragments of the music of many famous pianists and violinists have been found. In one press marked "Eleanor Coleman" there has been discovered, together with her music, an exquisite little pin. Its significance has yet to be determined, but it must have been one of her treasures.

In a large area, some distance away, we came across the ruins of what must have been an auditorium. The remnants of scenery contain numerous inscriptions and hieroglyphics, all of which have yet to be deciphered. Dates are also given. We are confident that these inscriptions contain a mine of information.

In what must have been a wing, several stories high, are traced the outlines of five classrooms and what seems to have been an office. That which we mark classroom "A" is especially rich in relics, mostly personal, though fragments of Greek and Latin texts are scattered profusely among the ruins. This room must have contained several portraits and pictures of scenes from what was then known as "the Great War". Several small albums containing snap-shots and autographs have proved highly valuable.

Although much has been accomplished already, the work of excavation on this famous spot will probably go on for many years. Such treasures as have accumulated through centuries will require centuries for proper examination and classification.

MARGARET LAUDER.

## THE ANCIENT MARINER AGAIN.

IT is with the joy of discovery that a man is filled when he finds similarities between great people, or great books; a joy that develops into a certain sense of accomplishment when he has drawn true comparisons (for man is ever drawing comparisons) and has placed these books or persons side by side. It is with something of this joy that we approach two wonderful sea pieces, "The Ancient Mariner" and "The Shadow Line" and find matter for comparison.

Coleridge never knew the sea by experience; he entered into its mysteries only by imagination. Conrad was a seaman from his early years; the greater part of his life was passed on the ocean. His knowledge of the great green waters and the varieties of craft that brave them, comes from personal experience, acquired through hard labor and many dangers. Yet there are phases of the seaman's life that Coleridge grasped as vividly even as Conrad; phases which he set down in unforgettable lines in his best poem, "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner".

He knew, for instance, what a deadly thing a calm can be, when a ship becomes like

"A painted ship upon a painted ocean."

In this line is depicted all the horror of a tropical calm, the deadly stillness of the ocean and the tragic stillness of human life caught in its spell.

The life of the sea must have had a strong allurement for Coleridge, for there is something of a personal longing and fear expressed in the attitude of the wedding guest who yields with trepidation, unwilling, yet fascinated, to the "glittering eye" of the Ancient Mariner. Once caught, the wedding guest loses his personality in that of the narrator of the tale. When the tale is done he goes away

".....a wiser and a sadder man."

"He went like one that hath been stunned  
And is of sense forlorn.  
A sadder and a wiser man  
He rose the morrow morn."

The sensations of Conrad's young captain when he receives his first command and his feelings when he beholds for the first time his own ship can only be expressed in Conrad's inimitable language:

"Yes, there she was. Her hull, her rigging filled my eye with a great content. That feeling of life-emptiness which had made me so restless for the last few months lost its bitter plausibility, its evil influences dissolved in a flow of joyous emotion. At the first glance I saw that she was a high-class vessel, a harmonious creature in the lines of her fine body, in the proportional tallness of her spars. Whatever her age and her history, she had preserved the stamp of her origin. She was one of those craft that in virtue of their design and complete finish, will never look old. Amongst her companions—moored to the bank, and all bigger than herself, she looked like a creature of high breed—an Arab steed in a string of cart horses."

Such is the beginning. Like the Ancient Mariner he sets out with a fair breeze; but the omens of ill luck soon appear. The ship is cursed, fever dogs her course, and calm

follows. Almost as if the albatross has again been shot, ill luck falls like a spell. Not a breath of wind stirs the sagging canvas of his ship; his men are the victims of the dreaded tropical fever; the heat is intense, and his last supply of quinine turns out to be useless dope. Fate has played him this last trick through his half-mad predecessor, now dead. The suffering and self reproach of the young captain are intensified by the sight of his patient, loyal crew, a group of men "worthy of my undying regard", who toil without protest, yet in whose eyes lies unspoken reproach. One recalls the lines of the Ancient Mariner:

"An orphan's curse would drag to hell  
A spirit from on high,  
But oh! more horrible than that  
Is the curse in a dead man's eye.  
Seven days, seven nights I saw that curse  
And yet I could not die."

Conrad's men do not curse, but their gaunt forms, wasted by fever, their feeble movements make them seem but living corpses that rise painfully and silently, to struggle with the sails, trying to catch a false wind that has raised a false hope in their captain's breast. Of those days and nights of agony he writes in his diary:

"We have lost Koh-ring at last. For many days now I don't think I have been two hours below altogether. I remain on deck, of course, night and day, and the nights and the days move over us in succession, whether long or short, who can say? All sense of time is lost in the monotony of expectation, of hope, and of desire—which is only one: Get the ship to the Southward! Get the ship to the Southward! the effect is curiously mechanical; the sun climbs and descends, the night swings over our heads as if somebody below the horizon were turning a crank . . . and all through that miserable performance I go on, tramping, tramping the deck. How many miles have I walked on the poop of that ship! a stubborn pilgrimage of sheer restlessness, diversified by short excursions below . . .

"As I emerge on deck the ordered arrangement of the stars meets my eye, unclouded, infinitely wearisome. There they are: stars, sun, sea, light, darkness, space, great waters: the formidable work of the Seven Days, into which mankind seems to have blundered unbidden or been decoyed. Even as I have been decoyed into this awful, this death-haunted command . . ."

Then one night the stars went out, one by one, a stifling, black stillness settled over the sea and the night seemed to catch her breath as if waiting for something—then, with a terrific suddenness, the storm broke, and as it ran its raging course, a wind sprang up, a wind that was not false, a strong, steady wind that carried the small cargo of wasted humanity safe into port. How he manages the ship with the help of one able-bodied man, the young commander does not know; but somehow strength is given him and he accomplishes the feat. It seems miraculous . . .

Like the Ancient Mariner brought back to shore, the young captain greets his friends, an infinitely older and wiser man; yet he is not weakened or frightened by the harrowing events of his first command. He is inspired to go again, with greater courage, greater love of his profession, greater hope. He is not so *eager*, for with his first command he has crossed the hardest bridge of all, the *shadow line* between youth and hard experience; he has sounded his own soul.

NORA FITZRANDOLPH.

## RECREATIONS: PHYSICAL, CHEMICAL AND ACAMEDICAL.

(Problems and their Solutions).

### PHYSICAL:

*Question:* What would happen if a large body (a Mount girl will do) weighing 185 lbs. were precipitated at a speed of three steps per quarter second down a flight of stairs, and should come into collision with another large body (another girl, for instance) ascending two steps per quarter second on the same flight of stairs?

*Answer:* The shock would cause the two bodies to be charged with negative electricity and the result would manifest itself in sparks, which eventually would produce black and blue spots. Then into the combination would enter a third factor. The air waves would be affected and a series of explosive sounds would follow apparently from an area above. ("Clapping" is the technical term.) Some reactions in speed would follow. The bodies would become inconceivably small and finally melt away. The result may be tested by repeating the process at any hour of the day or night.

### CHEMICAL:

*Question:* What is the result when a base substance (anyone late for morning prayers will do) is brought into contact with an acid (the Mistress of Discipline, for instance)?

*Answer:* The base will become heated rapidly, and at the same rate the acid will become noticeably cooled. The excuses of the base will soon become exhausted, and as these are essential to this kind of base, a substitute will be used as subterfuge. This failing, the base will be rapidly decomposed by the acid at a very high temperature. As the dissolution continues, the acid reaches the point of absolute cold. A few drops of salt liquid may be given up, and the base in its decomposed condition will remain passive for some time. But freed from the presence of the acid, and in combination with other bases a reaction begins, which is more or less explosive. The result of the whole experiment is invariably tabulated by a red mark found exposed to the light in the Sewing-Room.

### ACADEMICAL:

*Question:* What would be the result, if from the top of a high body an unrefined substance should be extracted, and at the same moment a dark body visibly obstruct the door-way?

*Answer:* Let A be a girl, B a wardrobe, C the substance (cheese and crackers will be convenient) D the dark body, E a chair, F the floor, G the Juniors.

By means of E, A ascends until its highest part reaches the top of B. The arm of A is extended and C is produced. A descends and on reaching F encounters D. At once A is bisected by a straight line from D. A becomes equal to naught, and would fain have recourse to infinity. But D prevents this. Direct questions pass from D to A. Indirect answers follow. The arm of D is now produced and C changes its position from A to D. Circumscribed by disgrace, A is ejected from the locus of D. The common part C now is added to G. A coincides finally with E and remains fixed.

KATHERINE OWEN.

## ANIMAL CRACKERS.

(Saved by Astrid Buckley)

## THE LION.

The lion 'cross the hallway pattered,  
 Where three small children gaily chattered;  
 Then all at once they stopped to say,  
 "Oh, look! the darling wants to play!"  
 They pulled his tail and pinched his ears;  
 A lion is no cause for fears!  
 He licked their hands and seemed to like  
 The way they dug him with a spike,  
 While one by one they tried the knack  
 Of riding a lion "piggy-back".  
 I guess that everyone that lives  
 Knows the fun a lion gives.

## THE MOUSE.

Behold the husky, vicious mouse  
 That folks won't suffer near the house,  
 For people are by no means free  
 From harm when such a beast as he  
 Roams about from hour to hour  
 Seeking what he may devour.  
 Great heroes tremble and grow weak  
 Whene'er they hear a mouse's squeak.  
 Lest at the dawn you be found dead,  
 Take my advice,—bring a gun to bed!

## THE ELEPHANT.

The dear little thing, so dainty and sweet,  
 Always tripping so sprightly and looking so neat!  
 She carries her trunk, though nobody knows  
 Just what is the style and the cut of her clothes.  
 Her eyelashes and her beautiful face  
 Are due, so they say, to her vanity case.  
 Her fair, clear complexion is "school girl's" they say,  
 Kept youthful by means of massages each day;  
 Of dancers, (I'm sure you'll agree with me here)  
 She's by far the most graceful of all far and near;  
 In choosing your "Carnival Queen", don't forget  
 To vote for Miss Elephant,—the prettiest yet!

## THE SQUIRREL.

Such a roaring, pernicious, and meddlesome beast!  
 Always bothering picnickers in the midst of a feast;  
 Frightening them so with the sight of his claws  
 That they run for their lives with never a pause;  
 One squirrel is dreaded far more than ten snakes,  
 For "nuts" of all kinds he a specialty makes.  
 So be careful, I warn you, whenever you're led  
 To venture near trees, to cover your head;  
 You may fool a squirrel on other things,—BUT  
 Be sure he will never mistake a real NUT.

## THE FROG.

A few clear notes from a distant swamp  
 And you know Mrs. Frog is out for a romp.  
 Her beautiful voice, entrancing by night,  
 Is famed far and wide, though she's never in sight.  
 Who ever has seen such a beautiful coat  
 As that Mrs. Frog wears when she's "dining out"?  
 Her wonderful eyes, like those of a child  
 Are pools of bright blue, so calm and so mild;  
 Such pearly white teeth, her own, too, you know;  
 No ready-made ones could become her quite so.  
 If you want entertainment some lonesome dark night,  
 Just seek Mrs. Frog, she'll afford you delight.

## THE DONKEY.

Of all beasts, birds and insects, I'm sure you'll agree,  
 That the wisest of all is the bonny Donkey.  
 Whenever he's asked to move on or stay,  
 He responds to your wish at all hours of the day.  
 The very expression that dwells in his eyes  
 Betokens the wisdom that in his head lies.  
 For grace and sensational stunts, you must know  
 He's very intelligent, and not a bit slow;  
 For beauty he justly takes ever the lead,  
 Neither figure nor face an apology need;  
 If a donkey you own, the thing you should do  
 Is to enter a circus—there's a fortune for you!



## A DAY WITH CHOPIN.

*Period, the year 1837: scene, Chaussee d'Autin, Paris: time, about nine o'clock one April morning.*

A THIN, under-sized, slightly built man of delicate, almost effeminate physique, is trifling somewhat fastidiously with his coffee and roll, and is devoting considerable attention to the Spring flowers which adorn his table. There is undoubtedly something flower-like about Frederic Chopin, a refinement of exquisite grace in body and mind, combined with a passionate energy which betrays itself in the quick movements of the delicate hands and the rapidly changing expression on the mobile features.

The composer, withdrawing his gaze from the flowers, rises, and crosses the room to his pianoforte, which is at once his throne and his kingdom. As if caressing the keys, with velvety touch his fingers run through his Etude in G minor. Suddenly he bows his head down over the pianoforte; his frame is shaken with emotion, for ever with that melody comes the thought of Poland sorrowing without hope.

Footsteps are heard outside the door. He rouses himself and, as a group of pupils enters the studio, rises to greet them with the innate grace of a Polish welcome. The day's work begins. These pupils are by no means novices; they have been under the tuition of successful pianists such as Moscheles, Kerz, and Kalkbrenner. The morning passes all too quickly under the spell of the Master's personality. The pupils must depart; yet they implore him for one more piece,—an improvisation this time; and Chopin, a born improvisator, smiles with benevolent sweetness on their eagerness, and letting his fingers glide into entrancing rhythm, his body rocking to and fro, pours forth that fulness of melody which the Spring morning has already stirred in his soul. It is what will some day be known as his "Sixth Valse in D Flat", or the "One Minute Valse". The D flat valse is a sketch in melody of his first love, Constance Gladkowska. In the grave and pensive beauty of the measures one may trace the delicate loveliness of his Polish love.

Suddenly the composer rouses himself, as a seer might do from a vision. In accordance with his habit, he strikes the keys up and down with one finger. That is the signal to his friends and disciples that they are to expect no more. With the friendliest of smiles he dismisses the little group and immediately upon the closing of the door, sets himself seriously to a task infinitely more congenial,—the clothing with substantial form of his filmy dreams and sensuous imaginings. He works with vigor, never raising his head until a servant enters with a tray and spreads his light lunch before the master.

Chopin eats in haste, and immediately afterwards leaves the peaceful privacy of his studio to emerge upon the brightness of the afternoon sunshine. He directs his steps toward the house of Prince Csartoryski where he is sure of a reunion with some of his dearest compatriots, among them Countess Delphine Potocka, who is the inspiration of his second Concerto. The afternoon dusk is closing in when, rejecting all the allurements of an evening spent with these loved friends in the gayety of Paris, he hastens back to his apartments in the Chaussée d'Autin. He has promised himself an evening "chez

lui" and has invited a few choice friends to bear him company. Now that darkness has come down upon the city, the flower-scented room is the scene of happy greetings as one after another the guests enter that dim-lighted atmosphere. There by the fire is Meyerbeer, and beside him Eugene Delacroix, the master painter. Opposite is the venerable Niemcewicz listening with rapt attention to the Polish songs. Last, but not least, aloof from the others, leaning her arms on the heavy mahogany table, is the writer, "George Sand", drinking in the ceaseless current of sound with all the fervor of an ardent nature.

"And now, my dears," says their host, turning around upon the music-stool, "I have played myself out, very nearly. Before I rise from the piano, I will play three morceaux. What they shall be I leave to the decision of the three most silent here. I address you, Delacroix, you, Mickiewicz, and you, Madame Sand."

"For this hour, and this half light, I will suggest a nocturne,—your Number Six, in G minor," says Delacroix promptly.

"As for me," says Mickiewicz, arousing himself, "I choose your F minor Nocturne."

"But I," says Madame Sand in her warm, rich tones, like those of a violoncello, "I will implore our Frederic for that loveliest, to my mind, of all his Nocturnes,—the fourth, in F major. The very breath of midsummer distils from it; it is all a wafting of roses and sweet hay, and syringa, the passionate scents of a June garden; and in that garden. I see two lovers whispering in the twilight. Then the night wind arises with vehemence, and rustles excitedly awhile in the leaves, and then dies down with pulsing sighs."

"I am at your bidding," answers Chopin, and then on the silence there break the first notes of the Sixth Nocturne. . . .

The guests have departed, the lights are lower still. Frederic Chopin, coughing wearily, seeks his bed, to lie down but not to find repose; and the night wind, of which Madame Sand has spoken, comes rustling in through the window, from gardens far away, a thousand miles remote from Paris, whispering of Poland and sighing as if in pain.

PAULINE MELANSON.

## SAINT FRANCIS TO HIS SOUL.

Courage, little soul! not a rueful glance!  
We have made a mis-step?  
Come! On with the dance!

Hearken, little soul, to what the angels play!  
What if we've slipped?  
Come! Up and away!

Listen, little soul, for our time is mark'd:—  
Do you not hear it?  
One! Two! Heart against heart. . . . .  
On with the dance!

## THE QUALITIES OF GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP.

THERE are some things that everyone should know; so let us get acquainted with them. In speaking of sports and sportsmanship, there are certain qualities by which the true sport is known. The first of these, I suppose, and the most fundamental, is a knowledge of the game, and a certain amount of skill. A man who goes hunting, for example, must know how to handle a rifle and track the animal he wants to shoot. But skill alone is not sufficient. Let us pass on to Perseverance.

Perseverance is certainly a necessary quality of good sportsmanship. If we go in for a particular kind of sport, and then drop it because we haven't the perseverance to stick to it, we certainly are not good sports. Stick-at-it-iveness is one of the essential virtues of a true sportsman.

What would you think of a girl who, when she was asked why she did not tackle her opponent in a game would say, "I hadn't the courage"? Well, she isn't a sport; that's all. 'Lindy', the world's greatest sport, had courage; he had to have it to accomplish what he did. Yes, we shall consider courage one of the necessary elements of sportsmanship. Now let us pass on to others.

In a game we cannot leave it to somebody else to do our part for us. No; it is each for herself, as if it all depended on her, and yet there must be co-operation too. Without good team work victory is impossible. If we want to be good sports, then we must have self-reliance, and co-operation.

When we are the winners, how do we act? Are we vain and boastful? I hope not; for a good sport never boasts of her own laurels. It may be hard to be modest in success, but still we all want to be good sports, so we'll be modest. Won't we?

Now we come to self-control. Oh, can you tell me of any game where self-control is not needed? When you see an opponent doing something mean, don't you feel like giving her a piece of your mind? We are not going to, though; we are going to exercise self-control, because we are all good sports. Aren't we? Let the other girl do the mean thing; she'll wake up some day and find herself the loser.

We must be generous, too, in sports. Although it is nice to win, it is not, after all, the most important thing. Now we are coming to the most essential quality of all. It is the quality which keeps us from taking an unfair advantage and from criticizing the referee, saying, "Oh, she wanted the other side to win, anyway!" It is the quality which keeps us from doing anything mean or underhand. Needless to say, this quality is Fairness. We are going to remember that we have not all the qualities of a good sport, if we have not fairness.

It is said that "a good sport never cheats himself at solitaire". Although this is a mere humorous saying, we can derive some sense from it, for it may suggest what Shakespeare says:

".....to thine own self  
Be true; and it must follow as night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Is good humour a necessary quality? Yes, certainly; for we cannot accomplish anything worth while without it. We are going to have good humour, in defeat, then, and give the other side a hearty cheer. We shall remember the old warning, to "keep good humour still, whate'er you lose", because, as I said before, we are going to be good sports.

You know the saying, "Practice what you preach". Well, since we've done some preaching, let us get down to the practising. One more suggestion:—"He who aims the summit will reach it in the end." Well, Cheerio, good sports, I'll meet you at the summit!

AGATHA FULTZ.

## THE MAGIC WELL.

IT was a glowing evening in May. The sun was setting, throwing long rays across a magnificent stretch of cultivated country, touching the tops of high trees which scarcely stirred a leaf in the warm stillness of the Spring-tide air. But for the first time in her short life Aileen O'Connor found no joy in the scene. Irish traditions and Irish eyes were the cause of her worries.

The Irish are a sentimental race, yet one is surprised at the calm, cool way in which Irish lads and lassies enter the married state. Usually the parents on both sides arrange the match, and the young people have nothing to do but fall in with the arrangements with the best grace possible. That is why I said that Irish tradition and Irish eyes were the cause of Aileen's tears. Had she not heard her father say to a neighbor that very morning: "Sure, an' I'm thinkin' that girl o' mine will make a right proper wife for your Jim". And the answer: "Bedad! and I'm glad, Tom. I've been thinkin' so meself, these long months, and my Jim is makin' a nate little fortune for a wife."

Alas for the hidden listener! The "Jim" was no other than Jim Hurley—how she detested the man! Never for a moment did she doubt that the "girl" was herself. If they knew that she was the apple of Denis' eye, what would they say?

An hour later, Denis and his fair colleen sat side by side on a large flat stone at the end of the pasture.

"Shure an' now, ye spalpeen, I'll have none o' that!" she reproved him, as he attempted to stroke her hair.

"O Aileen, asthore, shure, an' what would I be after doin' if it wasn't to adore you? Come, it's Dinis 'll listen to what is troublin' me darlint."

"It's us, Dinis,—I'm thinkin' we can't see each other agin. It's me own father that's set on me marryin' Jim Hurley—the scoundrel!"

"'Tis meself that'll have none of it. Shure, an' I'll spake to your father to-morrer! If he says nay, we'll be after runnin' off to America an' gettin' married."

"But Dinis, there's the tale of the Magic Well that we're sittin' by this very minit! Shure it's your grandfather and mine, and their grandfathers agin, that said the most fearful things will happen to young folks that 'll go off and get married in secret."

"Och hone! darlint, the ould well could never overflow again!"

"Hush! Ye remember the story, Dinis, how't was Norah, the prettiest colleen in the place that brought all the misery on her own people. The Fairy Well, 'tis said, was covered by this very stone we're sittin' on; and the well was kept runnin' by the Fairy as long as the maids kept the rule by placin' it over the well—"

"Shure, 'tis a heavy stone for such swate little hands!" (trying to hold them).

"Bad luck to ye! will ye let me finish me story! As I was sayin'—if any of the damsels left the stone off the well the witches would be after her for shure. Thin, Dinis,—ye know the end of it all—how young Coolin, the soldier boy, came to the village and fell in love with the swate face of Norah at first sight. An' Norah, in talkin' to Coolin, forgot to cover the well. And right away a fountain sprang out of the ground and began to fill the whole valley. Norah climbed the hill, but the wather followed her; and she saw Coolin comin', rushin' to save her. And they fled together; but whan they saw the whole valley filled, and her ould home swept away, she dragged him into the wather with her, and they perished together. Later the wather dried up, but their bodies were never found! That's the tale of Norah and Coolin and the Magic Well an' here's you and me sneakin' around doin' the same thing, unbeknownst to my father. Do ye expect a better endin' for us?"

"I'm no wanderin' soldier like Coolin, but by the sowle of me, I'll be spakin' to your father."

Denis went, true to his word, and discovered that it was Biddy, Aileen's younger sister, that was being promised to Jim Hurley. Said Thomas O'Connor:

"Shure, Denis, me boy, that rogue of a colleen knew all the time that I had it mind there's not a gintleman in the country-side fit to touch the sole of her shoe, if it isn't Dinis O'Reilly."

MARY WALSH.

## COMMERCIALIZED RADIO.

IN opening I wish to say a heartfelt "thank you" from the Commercials to the kind donor of our new radio—Major Almeder.

This is Station 1929 broadcasting way up in the Commercial Class of Mount Saint Vincent. The next program will be presented through the courtesy of Playmore and Co., makers of children's toys. Miss Hazel Francis, a representative of the Company, will be the first speaker of this "Children's Hour".

"Good evening, Kiddies, this is Miss Francis speaking. My story this evening is entitled "Why I am Sorry I Worked too Hard."

"Once upon a time, when I was a little girl going to school, I was warned continuously not to work so hard; but as usual, my stubbornness got the better of me, and of course, my ship "went on the rocks". All morning long I used to pore over my books, to say nothing of the typewriter and when I had finished dinner (at which I ate very little) I would run over to the Domestic Science kitchen, where I would spend the rest of the day, slaving away over a hot stove. You should see me now! The beautiful slim figure I once had is gone and I am now unable to continue my career as a dancer. As a result, my stage companion, Miss Anne Pennington, has lost nearly all of her popularity, because I was the main box-office for both of us. Good-night, Kiddies, and please let this be a lesson for you all and don't forget—*Never work too hard.*

"I shall now turn the microphone over to that famous young lady, Miss Rosemary Finn, who will give a five minute talk on "The Art of Violin playing".

"Good evening, radio friends, how is everyone? I have only a few words to say to you in regard to violin playing and it is this—When you get up in the morning, think always of your violin and the practice you must get in order to become proficient. Cultivate the acquaintance of your professor, and seek to please her. Orchestra practice will then be a joy and the hours that to others are drudgery, will simply fly. One word more: never play second fiddle, if you can play first."

Miss Mary Haché, known the country-side over for her elocutionary powers, will now give a brief talk on "The Juniors in St. Cecelia's Classroom". Ready? Ah, here is Miss Haché!

"Ladies and gentlemen, you must understand that the secret of keeping young is to associate with the young. I myself have always done so; hence I never have grown old. I have been in this school for many years, but I still associate with the tiny tots and keep a doll in my alcove. This is the real secret of that exceeding freshness which my friends frequently remark, even to my face. That the dear things do not intend to flatter, I quite understand. They are caught by that indefinable thing called *Charm*. I, myself, have been so caught, and I agree with them; there is something in the company of little children that draws me at any hour of the day. Frequently I look up from my dizzy calculating or speedy typing, and cast envious looks across the corridor or out of the window. You see, my friends the Juniors are near neighbors. I am not alone in my ideas. In fact, they are quite widespread. For further proof I refer you to Miss Norma Buckley of supreme good judgment, and Miss Noreen Healy, a specialist in these matters."

Miss Pauline Rankin and Miss Clara McKenzie will now open a program of two parts. Section A consists of music interesting to the "old timers", while Section B includes music interesting to everyone.

Miss Rankin will open Section A with a song hit from "Prime", followed by "Going to the Dentist", which is so popular among Mount girls' programmes, and "Planter's Peanuts". See if you can't hear the peanuts crunching.

Section B will be opened by Miss McKenzie and it will consist of these songs: "Where am I?" from the Musical Comedy "New School"; "The Song of the Needle" from "The Sewing Room"; and "Oh Dear!" from that serious play, "The Red Ink!"

This will close our evening's broadcast, but before we sign off we will announce to-morrow evening's program.

At 7.30 Miss Hilda Murphy will give a very interesting talk on "Piano playing of 1928".

At 8.00 Miss Vera Greene will take the microphone over and give a twenty minutes' talk on "The Benefits of Codfish".

Following this, station 1929 will give the latest news flashes direct from the editorial rooms of the Jobberwocck, through the courtesy of Miss Isabel Carruthers.

Then, at 10.00 the famous sextette, known the world over as "The Falldown Dancers" will give an entertainment but we regret to say that, owing to unforeseen causes, only those radio listeners that have very good ears will be able to hear this performance. The members of the sextette are the Mesdames Katrinka Lioness, Violetta Maclean, Lizzita Cunningsporc, Editha Isnore, Gonalier Harness and Johanna Moneyrolls. The physician in attendance, in case of any broken bones, will be Doctor Thérèse Clear Eye, the noted physician from St. Pierre. Do not forget to listen to-morrow evening. Till then, Good-night!

ASTRID BUCKLEY.

## TO B—OR NOT TO BE—?

We are delighted to have with us this year:

CLAIRE HENLEY, the originator of "Play a few chords now!" Miss Henley gives interesting geographical talks, chiefly on "Sheet Harbor"; also serious talks on "The Misdoings of the Modern Miss."

RUBY SWEENEY, our questioner. Miss Sweeney has come to be an authority on French, in which she takes great interest.

MILDRED MORSON, whose love of music has brought her to a state of perpetual emotion.

MARY K. MACDOUGALL, whose "Tales of the Sea" have won her far fame (too far, thinks Mary K.)

MARGARET MACDONALD, who upholds our reputation in sewing-class.

NORAH FITZRANDOLPH, our "Madame President" and an authoress of note.

PAULINE MELANSON, who, as everyone knows, inhabits a world of her own—a world of Bach, of syncopations and theses.

BEATRICE RUBINOVITCH, who is well known on two continents (including Montreal) for her presence of body, absence of mind, her free air, and her "affaires du coeur".

BARBARA MULOCK, who argues strongly against modern dancing and who, we know, will reach the top of the ladder before any of the rest of us.

ELEANOR MOORE, whose likeness to Milton has endeared her to the studious B's.

JOYCE FAIRN, the winner of the "Better Babies" contest in 1913. She can still talk quite charmingly of "Angels".

FRANCES ROMKEY, whose crowning glory is the one "womanly" triumph of the B's. We fear that Scarlet Fever took away with it all of Frances' seriousness.

AGNES DALLAS, who is musically inclined, and is also a noted dancer.

MARY MCSWEEN, who suffers from the dropsy. She has dropped three subjects and devotes herself almost entirely to Domestic Science.

REGINA WALSH, our slimest. She gives interesting lectures on "How to Reduce".

MADLINE DAVISON, "off again, on again, away again". Now you see her, now you don't. When she does come, she brings her sense of humour.

DOROTHY MORSON, our beard-washer, our scholar, our dreamer. Dorothy's fame comes not only from her studiousness but also from her tangent-making powers.

CONSTANCE WALSH, who dances and blushes with equal grace.

HELEN PRENDERGAST, our talking machine. Her laugh has won her fame.

KATHERINE OWEN, whose record may be found on the list of red marks in the Sewing-Room.



### CANADIAN LITERARY CLUB.

Resolved: "That a married woman is a home-maker not a bread-winner." Affirmative.

Resolved: "That a girl from a convent school is better fitted for life's struggle than a girl from a secular school." Negative.

Resolved: "That we moderns devote too much time to sports." Negative.

Resolved: "That the modern dance is inferior to the old-fashioned dance." Affirmative.

### BENSON READING CIRCLE.

Resolved: "That the printing press is more useful than the locomotive." Affirmative.

Resolved: "That science has done more than literature for the world." Affirmative.

### SETON CLUB.

Resolved: "That farm life is more beneficial to the community at large than city life." Negative.

Resolved: "That Canada is a greater asset to the mother country than Australia." Negative.

Resolved: "That boarding school is of greater benefit to the student than public school." Affirmative.

N. B. If other clubs have had debates, we have received no notice of them.

The big debate of the year was, of course, the College debate: Resolved: "That the T. Eaton Company is a menace to the Maritime Provinces." Negative.



## PERMIT ME TO INTRODUCE ———.

MISS AGATHA FULTZ—a native of Halifax—fair, flaxen, and rather frivolous; nevertheless an entirely honest-to-goodness sport, and much given to verbal activity. Her specialty is Spelling, in which she excels to such a degree that she can produce her own name a variety of ways. Her ambitions incline towards the stage.

MISS BETTY KELLEY—four years ago, a shy, demure little miss from Sydney. Since that time she has passed from infancy through the “awkward age” and is now a graceful damoiselle. Notice the twinkle in her brown eyes. An exceptionally quiet girl. You never see Betty before you hear her coming. We understand that Betty is considering taking a summer course in Geometry.

MISS MARY BUREL. “Duckie” hails from Sydney. A very studious person, but always a cheery figure at recreation wherein she exercises herself at dancing. This young lady hopes to secure a time-keeper’s position with the Government, seeing that she has had a year’s experience in ringing bells from 8.10 A. M. -8.30 P. M.

MISS GLADYS HOOK—from Dartmouth. Fair and frolicsome,—really the “big noise” of the class. Wherever loud talking and boisterous laughter is heard, there you will find Gladys (listening). A star in all her classes, and a genuine good sport.

MISS OLIVE GODING—a native of Liverpool—another blonde, is an ardent lover of History, which she recites fluently. Since her arrival at the Mount she has learned to speak French as well as English.

MISS HARRIET MYERS—a citizeness of Moncton, N. B.—takes a special interest in English, and like her friend and boon companion, Agatha, is an elocutionary star.

MISS EDITH LANDRY—another Sydneyite—fat, fair, and good-natured. Has an abundance of curly hair. Her special attraction is for Algebra and Geometry.

MISS ELEANOR McNAMARA—a native of Newfoundland—the other of “the twins”, can usually be found in the vicinity of St. Ignatius’ classroom. Takes a special interest in Physics and Chemistry. Can at any minute tell the exact number of days, hours, and minutes before the summer holidays begin.

MISS REGINA COMEAU—far-famed, of Weymouth, N. S. For several weeks illustrated the phenomenon of a voiceless girl, but at length recovered the precious gift of speech. Our star basket-ball player and skater.

MISS CATHERINE LANGLEY—from Port Hawkesbury—gentle, industrious, and persevering. This young lady enlivens many a recreation by her dance-music, and is always good-humoured.

MISS EUNICE MCGILLIVERAY—from St. John, N. B.—a smart young miss, with hair of a dissembling color. Rather hilarious, but very industrious. Specialty (which she shares with the other C’s) cake-eating.

As for myself, the last of the C’s, I merely give my name,

BERNADETTE LANNIGAN.

## THE DILIGENT D’S

CLARE CRAGG as our model was picked;  
A perfect example of discipline strict.

MARION REARDON, to judge by her looks,  
Is fond of the library and inclines to French books.

ANNIE SUTHERLAND smiles at the duster and broom,  
For she likes the look of the Chemistry Room.

MISS McNAMARA, though not very vain  
Is exceedingly fond of “Louise”, her own name.

MADELINE KENNEDY will take Commercial next year,  
She’s getting too fond of the office, I fear.

GERMAINE MERCHANT is thinking of nursing, I’m told;  
She goes to the pharmacy for every slight cold.

SHEILA MCSWEENEY is so fond of cooking  
She goes to the kitchen when no one is looking.

MARY GREENE, our fairy-like dancer  
At “aesthetic” class is really a prancer.

CATHERINE COMERFORD from Newfoundland,  
Has a reducing compound which is much in demand.

MARGUERITE MERCHANT in the playroom is frequently seen  
On the subject of “Juniors” she is very keen.

English to MARY ARCHER is the only thing;  
And she likes to go to the gym to sing.

About MARJORIE KINGSLEY I have nothing to say,  
We’ll leave that information to another day.

MARJORIE KINGSLEY.

## THE SEASON'S BEST SELLERS.

By A. SMITH (Assistant Librarian).

- "Automobile Blue Book" by "Toot" Buckley.
- "My Recent Political Campaign" by "Al" Smith.
- "Only a Sailor's Sweetheart" by M. K. MacDougall.
- "Speaking of Operations" by Irene McQuillan & Agnes Garnier.
- "There's No Base Like Home" by Mary Harris.
- "Penrod and Sam" (new edition) by Harriet Myers & Agatha Fultz.
- "Daddy Longlegs" by Barbara Mulock.
- "Back to God's Country" by the Merchants.
- "A Daughter of the Snows" by Olive Goding.
- "The Secret Witness" by Jane Thorup.
- "Soeur Thérèse" (new edition) by Theresa Cleary.
- "The Turn in the Road" by the Graduates of '29.
- "The Age of Innocence" by Clare Henley.
- "Lady Connie" by Constance Walsh.
- "The Job Secretary" by Vera Greene.
- "A Little Mother to the Others" by Agnes Garnier.
- "Cinderella" by Marjorie Kingsley.
- "Slips of the Day" by Joyce Fairn.
- "Beaten Paths to the House Across the Way" by Marjorie O'Brien.
- "The Office Bend" by Madeline Kennedy.
- "Little Old New York" by Mary Egan.
- "We Two" by the McNamara Twins.
- "Buffalo Jo" by Betty Kelley.
- "Seventeen" by Pauline Rankin.
- "Meditations" by Patricia Clancey.
- "Under Observation" by Beatrice Rubinovitch.
- "The Girl of To-morrow" by Frances Romkey.
- "Back Home in Boston" by Alma D'Entremont.
- "Sense and Nonsense" (mostly nonsense) by Mary Greene and C. Comerford.
- "Youth" by Gladys Hook and Doris Otto.
- "Can't and Won't" by Mary McSweeney.
- "The Cook Book" by Sheila McSweeney.
- "Off Labrador" by Regina Walsh.
- "O Cecelia!" by Mary Archer.
- "Bells" by Mary Burel.
- "The Music Master" by Pauline Melanson.
- "The Second Violin" by Hilda Murphy.
- "The Vanishing American" by Mary Haché.
- "Tales of Bermuda" by Agnes Dallas.
- "Daffodils" by Elizabeth Cunningham.



## ATHLETICS.

WITH the slow, drowsing, yet crisp days of September and October, tennis rackets were produced from trunks where they had been packed for a brief while on the journey schoolward, and again balls were sent whizzing over the nets by arms tanned and hardened by summer practice. On the courts high up in the "Land of Content" beginners, shielded by friendly pines from the critical eyes of the world, made a brave start for the tennis tournament which still lies ahead in June.

On the grassy playground, meanwhile, watched by half the school, the basket-ball teams struggled bravely in their first practices, with persistent effort returning to the apparently easy throw to the high basket, and laboriously acquiring the knack of rapid passing. These outdoor games were merely for practice, but when the chill winds began to blow, the real games for the shield began in earnest in the gym on Thursday nights. Our basket-ball interest was heightened this year by a series of games with the College team. From the eight teams of the Academy stars were picked, veterans trained long and well, for the annual struggle with the hardy College lasses. It was the firm and ardent hope of every "sub's" heart that something might happen that would give her a chance to help win the victory. At least one sub's wish was gratified when Pauline Melanson turned out two days before the game with a bad cold; so in went Mildred Morson as forward. But alas for Mildred! She came into collision with a post, and so with a cut lip, was forced to leave the floor. Regina Comeau was called in—the envy of the other "subs" and the game went swiftly to its close with a score of 3-1 in favor of the Academy. The Collegians, hot for a come-back, staged a brilliant one on March 7th when, with swift playing and clever combinations, they carried the victory with a score of 5-2.

Unhappily for us, Father Winter withheld ice and snow for a long while but when snatches of cold did come, the skaters enjoyed themselves immensely. With the snow, toboggans, skis and snow-shoes made their appearance, and the hills rang with the shouts of overturned tobogganists and would-be skiers.

But now that Spring is with us once more, with the promise of happy summer, out come the base-ball bats, the rackets and archery apparatus. Outdoor basket-ball is once again in the foreground, and everything is set for the athletic meet and the tennis tournament.

MARIE ACKERMANN.

## BASKET-BALL TEAMS

## ACADEMIC ALL STAR.

Rt. For., MARJORIE O'BRIEN.  
 Lt. For., PAULINE MELANSON.  
 (M. MORSON, sub.)  
 Centre ALICE SMITH.  
 Rt. Def., MARY K. McDUGALL.  
 Lt. Def., HAZEL FRANCIS.

## BLACK I—(Freshman).

Rt. For., M. O'BRIEN (Capt.)  
 Lt. For., M. LAUDER.  
 Centre A. SMITH.  
 Rt. Cen. A. GARNIER.  
 Rt. Def., M. ACKERMANN.  
 Lt. Def., E. COLEMAN.

## PURPLE I—(Prov. B.).

Rt. For., M. MORSON.  
 Lt. For., P. MELANSON.  
 Centre, N. FITZ RANDOLPH.  
 Rt. Cen., M. McDONALD.  
 Rt. Def., M. K. MACDOUGALL (Capt.)  
 Lt. Def., K. OWEN.

## RED—(Commercial).

Rt. For., MARY HACHE.  
 Lt. For., J. MUNRO.  
 Centre, A. BUCKLEY (Capt.)  
 Rt. Cen., E. EISNOR.  
 Rt. Def., H. FRANCIS.  
 Lt. Def., V. GREENE.

## BLUE II—(Senior C &amp; D).

Rt. For., M. BUREL.  
 Lt. For., L. McNAMARA.  
 Centre, M. KENNEDY.  
 Rt. Cen., C. COMERFORD.  
 Rt. Def., C. LANGLEY.  
 Lt. Def., E. McNAMARA.

## COLLEGIANS.

Rt. For., ANNA CAMERON.  
 Lt. For., ALICE DOWD.  
 Centre, LAVALIE BIXBY.  
 Rt. Def., EVELYN CAMPBELL.  
 Lt. Def., AGNES McLENNAN.

## BLACK II—(Freshman).

Rt. For., I. McQUILLAN (Capt.)  
 Lt. For., E. GAVIN.  
 Centre, A. MANTIN.  
 Rt. Cen., M. WALSH.  
 Rt. Def., P. CLANCEY.  
 Lt. Def., M. HARRIS.

## PURPLE II—(Prov. B.).

Rt. For., D. MORSON (Capt.)  
 Lt. For., C. HENLEY.  
 Centre, R. SWEENEY.  
 Rt. Cen., H. PRENDERGAST.  
 Rt. Def., M. McSWEEN.  
 Lt. Def., E. MOORE.

## BLUE I—(Senior C).

Rt. For., R. COMEAU (Capt.)  
 Lt. For., N. HEALY.  
 Centre, E. LANDRY.  
 Rt. Cen., B. LANNIGAN.  
 Rt. Def., O. GODING.  
 Lt. Def., H. MYERS.

## YELLOW—(Senior D).

Rt. For., G. MERCHANT.  
 Lt. For., C. CRAGG (Capt.)  
 Centre, E. CARROLL.  
 Rt. Cen., M. ARCHER.  
 Rt. Def., A. SUTHERLAND.  
 Lt. Def., M. GREENE.

## SCORES.

BLACK I.	BLACK II.	PURPLE I.	PURPLE II.	RED.	BLUE I.	BLUE II.	YELLOW.
16	16	10	26	13	18	18	16



ALL STAR BASKET-BALL TEAM.

Right Forward—MARJORIE O'BRIEN.

Left Forward—PAULINE MELANSON.

Centre—ALICE SMITH.

Right Defense—MARY K. MACDOUGALL.

Left Defense—HAZEL FRANCIS.



## CATHOLIC STUDENTS' MISSION CRUSADE.

THE account of Mission Sunday, given in this book under ACTIVITIES has already informed the reader of the genuine interest taken in the work of the Missions, both at home and in foreign lands. All the students have co-operated enthusiastically during the year, and by donations both spiritual and pecuniary have furnished generous aid to the Missionaries.

The meetings of the Mount St. Vincent Unit of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade have taken place on the Monday after the First Friday of the month. Ably directed by our zealous Mistress General, Sister M. de Chantal, these meetings have proved an inspiration to us all and have roused enthusiasm to the highest pitch. The meeting always opens with the martial hymn of the Crusaders, "God Wills It!" The work of the past month is then discussed. Reports are made, both of money matters and spiritual endeavor. Sometimes one of the classes furnishes an interesting paper, as for example, in December, when on the feast of St. Francis Xavier, Patron of all Missions, Irene McQuillan read an interesting biographical sketch. A patron is selected for the month, the intention of the Holy Father for the Missions is specially dwelt upon, and a short exhortation given by our beloved Mistress. Afterwards, a brief memo is posted on the bulletin board, by which we are reminded of our intentions and resolutions.

An additional impetus was given to our interest when in January we obtained a real "Mission Calendar" whereon is found a special mission for every day of the month. Five colored maps occupy the upper part of the calendar, and each day it is possible to find, as in an almanac, the exact spot towards which our missionary endeavors are being directed. The papal flag, (a small paper one) is used to mark the spot. It is the duty of the Freshman Class to raise the flag each morning, and each girl in turn exercises this proud right. It is also possible to calculate the exact time (corresponding to our time) at which the Holy

Sacrifice of the Mass is being offered at our Mission. The calendar is the work of Rev. E. Coté, S. J. and is under the patronage of St. Francis Xavier and St. Thérèse of the Child Jesus, both patrons of the Missions.

Mite boxes have been generously filled, and quickly emptied in answer to appeals which come often. The Freshman Class was delighted to receive a personal letter from Rev. T. Gavan Duffy, who enclosed snap-shots of some of the missions in India. Our own Father Fraser is not forgotten, and we are glad to offer alms to our own Canadian Mission in China. The home fields likewise come in for a share in our mite offerings. They are small, it is true, but had we a hundred times as much, we should give it gladly. The spiritual offerings are not small, and prayer, after all, must play an important part in the work.

We copy here, for the benefit of those interested, a newspaper account of last year's Convention of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade which was held at St. Patrick's Girls' High School, Halifax.

### 350 GATHER TO DISCUSS MISSIONS.

FOURTH CONVENTION OF CATHOLIC STUDENTS' MISSION CRUSADE AN INSPIRING EVENT.

"Those who decry the faults and failings of modern youth would perhaps reconsider their judgments were they present at the fourth annual convention of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, held at Saint Patrick's Girls' High School. Three hundred boys and girls of High School and College age, met to report their missionary activities of the past year and to discuss present-day problems, and in the light of the latter to plan a programme for the coming year.

The Halifax Conference of this national organization is made up of five units, from St. Mary's College, Mount St. Vincent College, and Academy, the Academy of the Sacred Heart, St. Patrick's Girls' High School and St. Patrick's Boys' High School. The representatives of each of these units, wearing the distinctive badge of their school, met for a business conference in the Assembly Hall of the High School. Rev. Doctor Curran, Diocesan Director of the Propagation of the Faith, presided at the meeting.

In his opening address, Doctor Curran reviewed the work of the Conference since its inception four years ago, pointing out that it was not only holding its own, but making great progress. He quoted the Encyclicals of Pius X, Benedict XV, and Pius XI, which press the urgent need of interest in the missions. "God wills that we co-operate," said the speaker, "and the Crusade represents the adaptation of the mission spirit to youth. We must think Missions."

Reports from the four units were then read, Miss Jean Montague reading the report from Mount St. Vincent, Miss Geraldine Simms that of the Academy of the Sacred Heart, Miss Delphine Stokes that of St. Patrick's Girls' High School, and James Dyer that of St. Mary's College. After the presentation of the reports came the reading of papers. Miss Cassie Ferguson, who will receive her B. A. degree from Mount St. Vincent at this year's Commencement, read an able discussion of "The Church and the New Canadian", a paper written by Miss Helen Cameron of Mt. St. Vincent College. This paper gave evidence of broad outlook, religious, political, patriotic. The relation of the Church to the immigrant was stressed, and the particular need of mission interest in Western Canada.





## MOUNT SAINT VINCENT SODALITY OF OUR LADY IMMACULATE AND SAINT AGNES.

THE first meeting of the scholastic year 1928-29 was held on September sixteenth. At this meeting the officers of the Sodality were chosen with the following results:

Prefect	AGNES GARNIER.
First Assistant	IRENE McQUILLAN.
Second Assistant	ANNIE MANTIN.
Secretary	ALICE SMITH.
Treasurer	ASTRID BUCKLEY.
Sacristan	MARGARET LAUDER.
Mass Section	ASTRID BUCKLEY.
Choir Mistress	MARY HARRIS.
Librarians	MARY RILEY.
	HAZEL FRANCIS.
Stamp Section	MARY HARRIS.
	MARY McSWEEN.

The Mass of the second Sunday of every month is offered for all Sodalists, past and present. We ask the Alumnae to join in spirit with us and to make their special intentions for that day.

At Easter this year three former Sodalists pronounced the Holy Vows of religion. They are Sister Joseph Peter and Sister Mary Aloysius, formerly Mary MacNeil and Mary Walsh, respectively, and Sister John Bernard, (Gertrude Healy). ALICE SMITH, (Sec.)

### ALUMNAE SODALITY NOTES.

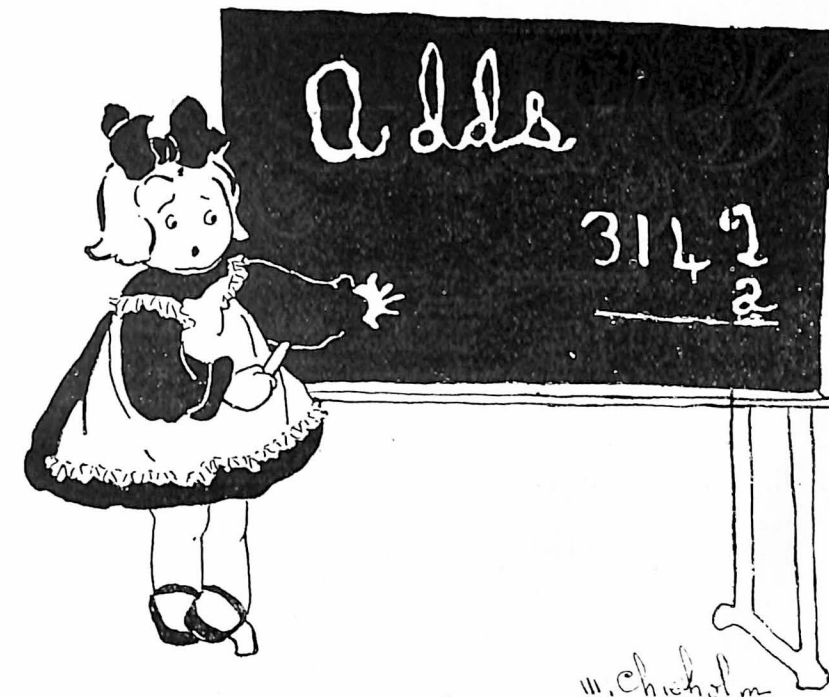
Prefect	MISS MARY NEVILLE.
1st Assistant	MRS. G. McKENNA.
2nd Assistant	MRS. J. P. DWYER.
Treasurer	MISS MARY B. McDONALD.
Secretary	MISS WINIFRED BURNS.

TRUE to the pious customs of former years, Our Lady's clients have met in St. Mary's Convent each month of the past year to renew their love and fealty to their Mother Mary. Rev. Charles McManus, rector of St. Mary's Cathedral, has considerably enhanced the pleasure and profit of these gatherings by his earnest and interesting discourse.

As usual the December meeting was held at Mount St. Vincent on the feast of Our Lady Immaculate. The members on their arrival were received by the Sisters and when all had assembled, proceeded to the chapel to renew their consecration to Our Blessed Mother. The chaplain, Rev. J. B. O'Reilly, C. J. M., spoke very appropriately and lovingly on the duties of "Children of Mary". This was followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

A very dainty tea was served in the music hall and all expressed their delight and appreciation of the spiritual exercises, and their delight at being once more "back at the Mount", if only for a few hours.

WINIFRED BURNS, (Sec.)



WANTED: by Harriet Myers, a substantial rubber that will stand strain and prevent a recurrence of "crick in the neck".

FOR RENT: a number of seats in the C Classroom. Low rates and plenty of space.

NEW MAP now on sale, published by Madeline Kennedy, indicating the shortest and surest way to the School Office.

LATEST FICTION! A novel by the well known writer Miss Eleanor Mac-Namara, entitled "Watch Your Step".

PRIZE COMPETITION! Handsome reward offered to anyone who is clever enough to distinguish the photograph of Miss Annie Mantin from that of Miss Irene McQuillan.

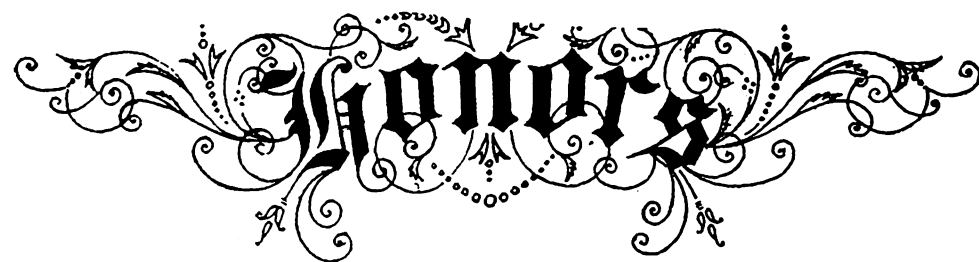
LATEST SONG HIT—"Goggles", composed through the united efforts of the Misses Buckley, MacDougall, Kelley, and McSweeney.

HELP WANTED—a strong, healthy, actual "woman" to wash boards in the B Classroom. Apply to Dorothy Morson.

TRY Mother Garnier's Sea-sick Remedy. Good on land as well as sea.

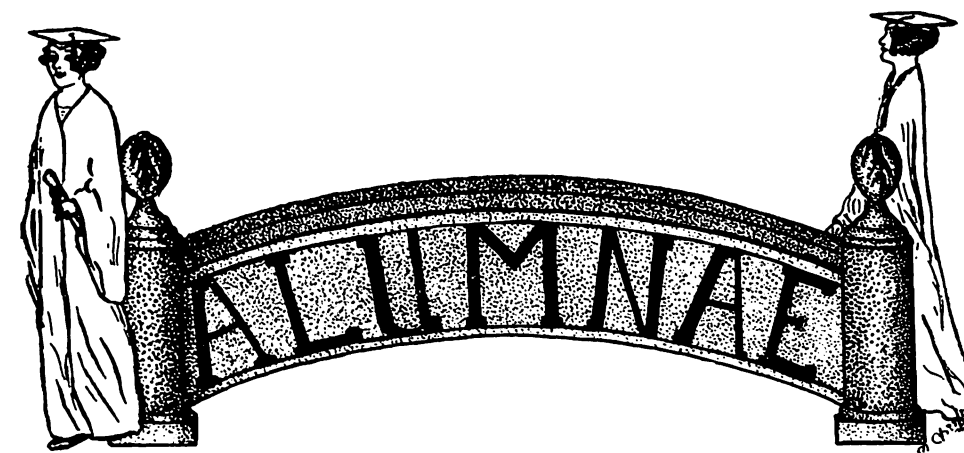
"The Giggley Girl" and Other Tragic Tales, by Frances Romkey. The newest fiction out.

"Charge it to Father", a farce in three acts by Beatriz Rubinovitch. This comedy has been running all season, and is about to pass to Montreal.



FRESHMAN	B. CLASS	COMMERCIAL	C. CLASS	D. CLASS	MID. A.	MID. B.
October.			HONORS.			
*M. Ackermann.	*F. Romkey. *B. Mulock.	*R. Finn. J. Munro. G. Harnish.	*M. Burel. *E. McGillivray.	*M. Kingsley.	*J. Thorup.	
		HONORABLE MENTION.				
✓A. Garnier. ✓I. McQuillan.	M. Morson.	K. Lyons. A. Buckley.	B. Lannigan. N. Healy.	M. Archer. C. Cragg.	*M. Cummings.	
November.			HONORS.			
*I. McQuillan. *M. Ackermann.	*B. Mulock. *F. Romkey.	*R. Finn. *E. Eisor.	*E. McGillivray. *M. Burel.	*M. Kingsley. M. Archer.		
		HONORABLE MENTION.				
✓A. Smith. ✓M. O'Brien. ✓L. Fletcher.	✓C. Henley. R. Walsh. M. Morson.	K. Lyons. A. Buckley.	B. Lannigan. O. Goding. C. Langley.	A. Sutherland. G. Merchant.		
December.			HONORS.			
*I. McQuillan. *M. Ackermann.	*B. Mulock. *F. Romkey.	*E. Eisor. *R. Finn.	*E. McGillivray. *M. Burel.	*M. Kingsley. ✓M. Archer.		
		HONORABLE MENTION.				
✓P. Clancey. ✓A. Smith. ✓M. O'Brien.	C. Henley. M. Morson. E. Moore.	G. Harnish. K. Lyons.	B. Lannigan. G. Hook. C. Langley.	A. Sutherland. G. Merchant.		
January.			HONORS.			
*M. Ackermann. ✓M. Lauder. ✓A. Smith.	*C. Henley. *B. Mulock. R. Sweeney.	R. Finn.	*E. McGillivray. O. Goding. G. Hook.	*M. Kingsley. A. Sutherland.	J. Thorup. M. Cummings.	*M. Keenan
		HONORABLE MENTION.				
✓A. Garnier. ✓M. O'Brien. ✓M. Walsh. ✓L. Fletcher.	R. Walsh.	K. Lyons. *E. Eisor.	M. Burel. C. Langley.	M. Archer.	E. Carroll.	
February.			HONORS.			
*M. Ackermann. ✓I. McQuillan. ✓M. Walsh. ✓A. Smith. ✓M. O'Brien.	*C. Henley. R. Sweeney. *B. Mulock.		*E. McGillivray. *O. Goding. G. Hook. M. Burel.	*M. Kingsley. A. Sutherland.	J. Thorup. M. Cummings.	*M. Keenan.
		HONORABLE MENTION.				
✓M. Lauder.	E. Moore. R. Walsh. M. Morson.		B. Kelley. B. Lannigan. C. Langley.	M. Archer.	E. Carroll. D. Otto.	
March.			HONORS.			
*I. McQuillan. ✓M. Walsh. *M. Ackermann. L. Fletcher.	*C. Henley. R. Sweeney. *B. Mulock.	K. Lyons. I. Carruthers. V. McLean.	*O. Goding. *E. McGillivray. *G. Hook.	*M. Kingsley. M. Archer.	*M. Cummings.	
		HONORABLE MENTION.				
✓M. Lauder. ✓M. O'Brien. ✓E. Gavin. ✓A. Smith. ✓A. Garnier. ✓P. Clancey.	F. Romkey. E. Moore. M. K. MacDougall. R. Walsh.	R. Finn. H. Murphy.	M. Burel. C. Langley. B. Lannigan.	A. Sutherland.	E. Carroll. D. Otto. J. Thorup.	
April.			HONORS.			
*I. McQuillan. *M. Ackermann. ✓A. Garnier. ✓A. Smith.	*C. Henley. R. Sweeney. *B. Mulock.	K. Lyons. M. Hache.	*G. Hook. B. Lannigan. M. Burel.	*M. Kingsley. A. Sutherland.	*J. Thorup.	
		HONORABLE MENTION.				
✓L. Fletcher. ✓M. Walsh. ✓P. Clancey. ✓E. Gavin.	F. Romkey. M. Morson.		C. Langley. T. Cleary.	G. Merchant.	M. Cummings.	M. Keenan.

(Asterisk marks Honor Medallists).



THE year 1928-29 has been a very successful one in the history of our Alumnae. We are glad to welcome a new Chapter, our far off sisters in California, into the fold of enthusiastic Alumnae. Miss Frances Foley, formerly of Halifax, is the President of this Chapter.

Of all the Chapters, New York, with Angela Geele as secretary, and St. John, with Miss Geraldine Ready as secretary, are the most satisfactory correspondents, and deserve special mention for promptness and interest. Moncton has also written us lately. We expect greater things of Newfoundland and Boston in the future.

In Halifax, the work is steadily going on towards our objective, the scholarship fund. Once our distant dream, the fund has now reached a total of \$1,727.00 to which interest will be added May 1st. This year it is in the capable hands of Miss Mary Reardon.

Our social event, or rather "events" (for we were obliged to have two) were most successful. So well did the Alumnae respond to the call, that the Committee decided to arrange two bridge parties at the Lord Nelson Hotel. Under the pleasant direction of Mrs. W. F. Healy, these were held on the afternoons of November 17th and 25th. In all there were 183 tables of bridge. Of course "the Mount" donated several prizes. Loyal response such as the Alumnae showed on this occasion was very gratifying to those who worked so zealously for the success of the affair. As a result, \$300.00 was added to the scholarship fund.

At Christmas the Alumnae did not forget the children of St. Joseph's Orphanage. Mrs. John Sage purchased toys, handkerchiefs, socks, and stockings, and each parcel was tagged and named.

At the I. F. C. A. Convention in August, held at Niagra Falls, the Mount had two representatives, Sister Columba, and Mrs. Agnes McKenna of Ottawa, her sister. Mrs. McKenna was our voting delegate. She wrote a paper on "Education in the Maritime Provinces", which she read at the Convention. It was an excellent article and has been forwarded to our Chapters.

The Reading Circle was again a factor of reunion during the winter season, this year under the direction of Muriel Donahoe, a recent M. A. of Dalhousie University.

Mrs. T. J. Hanrahan and Miss Mary Neville made charming hostesses. Excellent papers on modern authors were read on both occasions.

Mrs. Emerson, a loyal Alumna, had the I. F. C. A. Bulletin in her charge this year. The Bulletin has been made much more appealing since its tone has become more literary.

Four quarterly meetings were held this year. Sister Columba described her trip to Niagra Falls after the October meeting. The great reunion day is fast approaching, and we hope to see many members at the Mount on June 3rd.

The Society this year was guided ably by Mrs. Katherine Scanlon, who is serving her second term as President. Her associates are: First Vice-President, Mrs. O. P. Cormier, Second Vice-President, Miss Mary Neville, Third Vice-President, Mrs. W. A. Affleck; Cor. Sec., Miss Muriel Donahoe, Rec. Sec., Miss Mary Thompson, Treasurer, Miss Margaret Reardon.

In general it has been a good year. May the loyalty and enthusiasm of the "old girls" continue, and may our work of helping education receive the blessing of The Great Teacher and His Blessed Mother!

MURIEL DONAHOE, Cor. Sec.

#### LE CANADA.

A la douce évocation du Canada une foule de sentiments dignes de sa renommée remplissent mon imagination. Si je considère l'histoire de mon pays, il m'est impossible de rester froide et indifférente devant tant de noblesse et de sublimité. En effet, combien vaillants étaient ceux qui vinrent coloniser le pays, inculquer quelques connaissances aux sauvages qui couvraient notre terre canadienne: sacrifices, troubles, peines, misères, échecs, rien ne sut détruire leue enthousiasme et briser la force de leur volonté.

Aussi plus l'origine d'un pays renferme de grandeur, plus nous sommes portés à l'admirer et par conséquent à aimer ce sol piétiné par de si nobles gens. Le Canada, notre sol natal, a pour nous un charme invincible qui malgré l'éloignement nous fait tourner nos regards vers lui et nous entraîne à le désirer avec une ardeur passionnée; et si par hasard ce pays est le tombeau d'innombrables souffrances, c'est là que se forment des liens que rien ne saurait dénouer, car dit-on "L'on s'attache aux lieux où l'on a souffert."

Cette terre foulée avec indifférence par les voyageurs devient pour nous un sanctuaire renfermant les moindres actes de notre vie passée; tout objet a pour nous une signification, c'est une représentation, un tableau, un souvenir d'antan.

La brise douce et légère qui nous berce à certaines époques donne sujet à des pensées mystérieuses qui élèvent et exaltent l'âme et, pour varier le plaisir et plaire à tous les goûts nous avons une saison pendant laquelle la brise souffle avec fureur et rompt la monotonie.

Pour démontrer que ce chez-nous est idéal il faudrait parler longuement de l'esprit religieux, des bonnes moeurs et de l'atmosphère de piété que respire la terre de nos ancêtres.

J'ai une ferme conviction que toujours notre Canada conservera cette belle renommée puisque depuis sa découverte il est sous la protection du Roi des rois.

BERNADETTE RUEL, '29 (Com.)

#### ALUMNIANA.

THE FOLIA MONTANA, in behalf of the Sisters and pupils of the Academy, offer heartfelt sympathy to:

MARY REARDON, on the death of her mother.

MARY SULLIVAN, on the death of her father.

KATHLEEN RYALL, on the death of her mother.

VIOLA MCLEAN, on the death of her father.

JOEY GILLISPIE, on the death of her father.

HELEN POWER CARTER, on the death of her husband.

FRANCES MCCRAITH KELLEHER, on the death of her daughter, Alice, (Sister Marie of the Eucharistic Heart) who died on April 2, just before the completion of her novitiate in the Carmelite Convent in Boston. She had the happiness, however, of pronouncing her Holy Vows. On Easter Sunday, Frances' eldest daughter, Sister Frances Patrice, pronounced her Holy Vows at the Mount. So that congratulations are mingled with our expressions of sympathy to the dear mother.

Ena Barberie on the death of her father.

MINNIE FINN on the death of her mother.

KATHERINE ROCHE SCANLON on the death of her mother and also of her sister Isabel, Mrs. Chas. Cragg of Bridgewater.

ALETHEA MANLEY MCLEOD on the death of her husband.

CARMEL O'REILLEY on death of her father.

JOYCE ROOP on the death of her father.

HELEN POWER CARTER on the death of her husband.

Mame and Marguerite Walsh on the death of their father.

DR. and MRS. A. SHAW, on her death of their daughter, Katherin Shaw Davis who died in March.

MRS. M. HAWES, whose daughter Rita, one of our most brilliant commercial graduates, died in January.

#### ENGAGEMENTS.

ISABEL KENNEDY of St. John's, Nfld., to Mr. Frank McNamara of the same city.

GERTRUDE MURRAY of Halifax, to Mr. John Gray, also of Halifax. Both are making their home at present in Boston, Massachusetts.

ELSPETH ANDREWS, now of Brighton, Massachusetts, to Mr. Myron Wright, a Nova Scotian.

EUNICE HOUSE to Mr. Thomas Fortune, of St. John's, Nfld.

MARCELLE SAMPSON to Mr. Paul Vezani.

#### MARRIAGES.

ELEANOR TAPLEY was married last summer to Mr. Jerome Sylvester Shelley of New York, and is making her home in that city.

MARJORIE WAKELY was married last fall to Mr. H. St. George Woodill of Halifax.

MARJORIE SCRIVEN was married last fall to Mr. J. E. Ells of Halifax.

ANNA McLAUGHLIN to Mr. Harold J. Haskill of Cardston, Alberta.



## BIRTHS.

To ANNIE McISAAC KIRBY, a daughter.

To HELEN KELLY CORMIER, a daughter.

To MARGARET SMITH CAHOON, a son.

To EDITH CLEARY LOVE, a son.

To GLYNN SAUNDERS RUNDLE, a son.

GERALDINE DONAHUE CURRAN, a son.

MARGARET DONAHUE HANRAHAN, a daughter.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

MARY WINDEATT, our "Windy" of the West, is now living in San Diego, where she is devoting herself to journalistic work.

CONSTANCE ALLISON is attending the Vesper George School of Commercial Art in Boston. Her sister, Kathleen, is in Winnipeg, where she has a position in a bank. Miriam is attending the Conservatory of Music in Boston.

CATHERINE BELLIVEAU is in the C. N. R. office at Moncton, and is a very capable business woman.

MOLLY CHESLEY won the Vanderbilt scholarship at the New York School of Applied Art, and sailed for France in February. She is now in Paris where she is benefitting by the opportunity afforded her. Before starting on her new career Molly visited the Mount and spent a pleasant afternoon discussing her plans with her old friends.

KATHLEEN HAGEN is doing dramatic work in the schools of Brooklyn, New York, and is also following courses at Fordham University.

HAZEL ROSS has been attending Emmanuel College in Boston, and is now completing her Junior year.

MARY SUMMERS has once more gone into the business world, but her time outside of office hours is largely taken up with social entertainment.

PHYLLIS CARROL has been attending Boston University, where she hopes to take her B. A. diploma in June.

IDA MARSLAND and CARMEL O'REILLY are now graduate nurses from Saint Mary's Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MARGARET SMITH, PAULINE MARSDEN, and GERTRUDE LEAHY are following in the wake of Ida and Carmel, and hope that another year will bring them their diplomas from the same hospital.

EDNA PITTS is enjoying her experiences in a new field of work in Social Science in New York.

JESSIE MACINTYRE is a librarian in New York City.

ROSE ORLANDO graduates this year from Simmons College School of Household Science. She has had a brilliant career there and we are proud of our first graduate from M. S. V. College.

We regret that JOSEPHINE BURGESS has been obliged through illness to give up for a time her course of training at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, Boston.

ISABEL MACNEILL has spent the greater part of the year in London where she is studying art. So far she has had opportunity of social enjoyment and work combined, and has met with singular success. Congratulations, Isabel!

COLINE CLANCEY, who obtained her B. A. last year, is now in charge of the school at Apple River, N. S.

EDNA HAMILTON is attending Normal School at Camrose, Alberta. Her sister, Mildred, is training in the Holy Ghost Hospital, Calgary, Alberta.

MARY ARBING is doing private nursing in Brooklyn, New York.

KATHLEEN RYALL is a popular figure in musical circles in St. John's, Nfld.

DOROTHY MACDOUGALL, B.Sc., went to Calgary in February, to do secretarial work.

MARGARET NOWLAND is at home in Bouctouche, New Brunswick. She visited us in April on her way to Bermuda.

EILEEN TOBIN left us during the Christmas holidays to enter St. Mary's Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y. Her sister, Margaret, is in the C. N. R. office in Halifax.

MARGUERITE MACKEY, B.A., is teaching in Bedford.

CASSIE FERGUSON, B.A., is principal of the Inverness School, Cape Breton.

MARGARET and MARY JEFFERS are in Calgary, Alberta.

BRENDA MCFATRIDGE paid us a visit at Christmas time when she was home from New York on her holidays. She is doing hospital nursing at the Roosevelt, having obtained her diploma last year. She sang some of her old songs, just for a few friends, and she intends to continue the training of that pretty voice that won her such stage popularity during her school days.

EDNA CARROLL is attending Glace Bay High School. We miss her very much, and hope that she will return next year for her "A".

MARGARET CAMERON is training for the nursing profession in the Glace Bay hospital.

RITA LEBLANC spent the winter at home in Moncton, and is a frequent correspondent with her old friends at the Mount.

MARJORIE DUNSWORTH obtained her B. A. from Dalhousie in May.

HELEN STOKES is continuing her study of violin in Halifax, and is attending the Sacred Heart Convent as a day boarder.

NORA WHELPLEY is working in the C. N. R. office at Moncton, but finds time outside of office hours for social activities. She takes a leading part in amateur dramatics and is generally popular.

SARAH McISAAC has paid several visits to the Mount and spent a week with us each time. We realize that the main attraction is "Stephanie", now known as Sister John Stephen; but we are always glad to welcome Sarah back to the school.

MARION EMBREE went to Boston in January with her mother, and has obtained a good position with an insurance company there.

ALICE MURPHY has a good stenographic position in Glace Bay.

MARGARET and LILLIAN ROMKEY are at home in West Dublin. Their younger sister is now a student at M. S. V.

AILEEN MACAULAY graduates in Arts from Dalhousie University in May. She purposes to specialize in Science, and spent the greater part of last summer doing research work in biology at Wood's Hole, Massachusetts.

HELEN WAKELY spent the Christmas holidays with her sister Marjorie, who is now Mrs. Woodill, and who has a beautiful home in Halifax. Helen returned immediately after New Year's to Montreal.

MARY DEVEAUX is attending Villa Marie in Montreal.

MARGARET DAVIDSON is at home with her mother in Moncton.

MARIE KELLY and CATHERINE MACDONALD are both in Shediac, where they hold very good stenographic positions.

KATHLEEN PERY occasionally visits the Mount when she comes up from Kentville to spend a few days with her grandmother in Rockingham.

MARY McISAAC, (Mrs. Poulin) visited the Mount with her two lovely little daughters last summer.

VERA TOWNSEND (Mrs. Leo White) is an energetic member of the Boston Chapter of the Alumnae Association.

CATHERINE BROWN is in Chicago with her mother.

JEAN McDONALD and MARGEURITE BELLIVEAU are teaching kindergarten classes in New York.

ISABEL SOY is at home in Amherst.

ISABEL GAVIN visited the Mount in February. She is now at home in Parrsboro.

KATHERINE WHITE (Mrs. D. F. McGrath) of Boston spent a very happy fortnight of reunion at the home of Annie McIsaac (Mrs. Fred Kirby) in Toronto. They were joined there by Mrs. Poulin (Mary McIsaac) and her husband, and later by Mr. McGrath.

ISABEL KENNEDY is at home in St. John's, Newfoundland, and is looking forward to her wedding, which is to take place in July. As already announced in these pages, she is to be married to Mr. Frank McNamara, whose two sisters are at the Mount this year. Isabel's younger sister, Madeline, is also a Mount pupil.

MAXINE MULLIN is at home with her mother in St. John, New Brunswick.

FRANCES LOCKHART is a stenographer in Kentville.

EILEEN BRADSHAW is living in Halifax, where she holds a good secretarial position.

MARION MCPARTLAND, Mrs. Richard Lyon (Winnifred McEvoy) Marguerite McEvoy, Mrs. Soper, (Vera Gavin) Frances Foley, Kathleen Foley, Therese Smythe, Mrs. Jackson (Mona Mullane) Anna Dryden, Louise Munro, Ruth Elliot, are all interested members of the California Chapter of the Alumnae.

MARGARET SMITH (of North Sydney) now Mrs. James Cahoon, spent the Autumn at her old home in Cape Breton with her little boy, "Jimmy". She returned immediately after Christmas to Brooklyn, New York.

JANE LEAHY, having completed her commercial training, is now a book-keeper in Dartmouth.

MILDRED McDONALD is holding a commercial position in Halifax. Her sister, Mary, is also doing secretarial work in Halifax.

JENNIE and MARGARET DULHANTY are in New York where they are doing stenographic work. They are regular members of the Alumnae Chapter there.

MAY McCORMAC is living in Chicago with her family. Her sister Gladys, (Mrs. Urban Pineau) is living in Sydney.

LOTTIE HOLLOWAY paid us a visit last fall. She returned in October to New York, where she is taking graduate courses in nursing.

HILDA DURNERY left the College before Christmas in order to take a position in the Bank of Montreal. She is a frequent visitor over week-ends, and continues her vocal lessons.

NELLIE WARD is taking up social work in New York, having graduated from St. Mary's Hospital, Brooklyn.

MARIE THERIAULT is attending Normal School in Truro, and is boarding at Seton Hall, which has been opened this year by the Sisters for the students of the Normal College.

BLANCHE STUART INGLIS is popular in Halifax musical circles. At Easter she was organist at St. Mary's Cathedral.

EVA ABBIS is putting her commercial work to good advantage in her home-town, Edmonton. Eva is very faithful in her correspondence with her Alma Mater.

GERTRUDE MACKENZIE PAGE is living in Toronto, where she takes a lively interest in musical affairs.

MILDRED JOY is now in Grand Falls, Newfoundland, where she is applying her training as a stenographer and bookkeeper.

ELEANOR WALSH has for some time been in Halifax, where she is anxious to put her commercial work into execution.

MADGE HARNISH MITCHELL is living in Chester and has paid us several visits to the Mount. Madge has still her same sunny smile. Her youngest sister, Gwen, began the commercial course this year, but on account of illness was not able to finish. We hope to have Gwen as one of our 1930 graduates.

MADLINE KYTE thinks Ottawa and the House of Commons a very good place to take dictation and listen to the reports of the honoured speakers. Madeline visited the Mount and stayed with us a few days on her way to Ottawa this year.

MADLINE DUBE, a former commercial from River du Loup, is now travelling in Europe and has had several audiences with the Holy Father. She announces that on her return she expects to join the June brides as she announced her engagement before sailing, to Dr. Melanson, of New Brunswick.

HELEN MEEHAN of St. John's, Newfoundland, is a very faithful correspondent. We understand that she is recovering from her serious illness and we hope she will be on duty soon.

QUEENIE CARTER, we are glad to hear, is the most popular girl in Dartmouth. Queenie was one of our star athletes.

MARIE POWER (Mrs. Lancaster) with her husband, visited us in April. They are back in Nova Scotia and doing business in Middleton. The sunny South has no charms for Marie since she was able to convince her worthy husband that "Business is better in the North."

MARY MARSLAND holds a very good secretarial position in Woonsocket, R. I. She is in constant touch with her Alma Mater. Ida Marsland was graduated from St. Mary's Hospital in New York. She intends to take a Post Graduate course in children's diseases.

MARY FLACK has a very good position in New York in an Insurance office. She has distinguished herself for punctuality not having been late once for office hours.

since her opening day. A bonus is given each month for this last feature of office work and Mary has been fortunate enough to obtain it each month. She entertained Mary Marsland on her visit to New York for Ida's graduation.

✓CLOTHILDE MANLEY (Mrs. Fraser) and her sister Alethea (Mrs. McLeod) paid us a visit in April. The latter brought her two children with her. Both were very welcome.

✓BLOSSOM DAVISON AGNEAU visited us in the fall with her two lovely children, John and Sibyl. The family has recently returned from England and is now settled in Kingston, Ontario.

MARGARET FARRELL after leaving the Mount, was invited by the Sears Roebuck Company to come to their Philadelphia home, enter their employ and learn their business, so that when they opened the new offices in Boston, Margaret would know something of the routine of the large mail order house. This year she has made rapid strides upward and is now head stenographer in one of the departments. Good for our college student!

IVY SHEFFIELD is continuing her commercial work and has a very good position in North Sydney.

JULIA HARNETT is teaching in Lamaline, Newfoundland.

MARGARET CAMERON and SADIE McNEIL are training at St. Joseph's Hospital, Antigonish.

ANNA McLEAN has entered the Community of Sisters of St. Martha at Antigonish.

JOYCE ROOP is still in the good old U. S. A., but she is thinking of returning to Canada to take up a position in Montreal. She has been doing secretarial work since she graduated and has established a good name for herself.

HELEN COPELAND is working in a lawyer's office in her hometown, Kentville, and enjoys her work.

✓MARGARET and LILLIAN ROMKEY have, both at different times, paid us a visit and all, the commercials in particular, were glad to welcome them back.

✓LOUISE MUNRO is holding a very fine banking position in Whittier, California. She is one of the loyal M. S. V's in the sunny land and has been instrumental in establishing and continuing the Californian chapter of Alumnae.

✓KATHLEEN DORAN is working in the bank in Windsor and presumably is making good, as bank managers will rarely keep on a stenographer who is not quite up to the mark. We have to offer our sympathy on the death of her aunt during the year.

GRETA BRUNT, who has now finished her training, has returned to Halifax.

✓KATHLEEN REARDON (Mrs. Jerry deWolfe) is frequently at the Mount where her little daughter Frances is a pupil in the Junior division.

✓HELEN REARDON (Mrs. Cunningham) brought her darling baby, Jean, to visit us after Christmas. Her home is in Saint John, N. B.

## DAVID ROCHE

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA

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For Bath Rooms, Halls and Stair Windows  
ART GLASS, WALL PAPERS, PAINTS

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Care free vacation days when  
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**Gauvin & Gentzel**  
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"Top Notch & Whole Wheat"  
**BREAD**

MADE in the SUNLIT BAKERY  
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We specialize in all lines  
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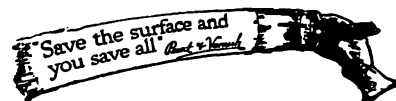
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Find everything for a good time, indoors or out, on land or water

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By our membership in the Florists Telegraph Delivery Association we are able to transfer by telegram or mail to reliable florists in any city or town in Canada, United States or Great Britain, orders for flowers for feast days, altar decorations, or any occasions. This is of interest to persons wishing to remember friends on anniversaries, illness or bereavement.

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We employ a fully **Qualified Engineer** who will be only too glad to prepare plans and specifications and straighten out your difficulties.

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Will be more healthful, more attractive, more convenient, and more comfortable, when you install white enameled sanitary fixtures in your Bathroom, Kitchen and Laundry.

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will give satisfaction only when the stock has been thoroughly dried in Properly constructed kilns, and carefully milled in up-to-date machines.

Our "Keprite" brand flooring is scientifically manufactured and kept in heated storage right up to time of delivery.

Customers are invited to inspect the Process and see where "Keprite" is actually made.

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**BEEF, MUTTON, LAMB,  
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GOLDEN ORANGE  
PEKOE TEA

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For Stores, Institutions, Con-  
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Heintzman reputation has been built on a solid foundation. Nearly 80 years of experience in building high grade pianos has developed the Heintzman of to-day. Its excellence of tone is recognized the world over.

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**CHOCOLATE CARAMELS**

$\frac{1}{2}$  pound chocolate  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup "Domolco" Molasses  
4 tablespoons condensed milk  
1 tablespoon water  
1 pound brown sugar  
2 tablespoons butter  
1 teaspoon vanilla

Put all the ingredients in a saucepan—heat and stir until the sugar is thoroughly dissolved—then boil until the mixture hardens when dropped into cold water. Try the mixture every few minutes by dropping in ice water; if it hardens quickly, take it from the fire. Turn into a buttered pan—when partly cool, mark with dull knife. Cool, and then break into caramels.

**DOMOLCO---for the table**  
SOLD ONLY IN TINS. AT ALL GOOD STORES.

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