

1930

1930

The University Archives



TO HIS GRACE
 THE MOST REVEREND THOMAS O'DONNELL, D.D.
 Coadjutor Archbishop of Halifax,
 on whose strength we rely,
 from whose zeal we are enkindled,
 by whose fatherly love we are encouraged,
 in whose voice we recognize
 the authority that speaks from God:

May these "Mount Leaves"
 offered to you in the Spring of the year
 be an augury of the fruits of
 Catholic Education
 to be gathered in days to come.

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CARTHAGE

MAY 1930

"Son of man, thinkest thou these bones shall live?"—*Ezekiel* 37: 3.

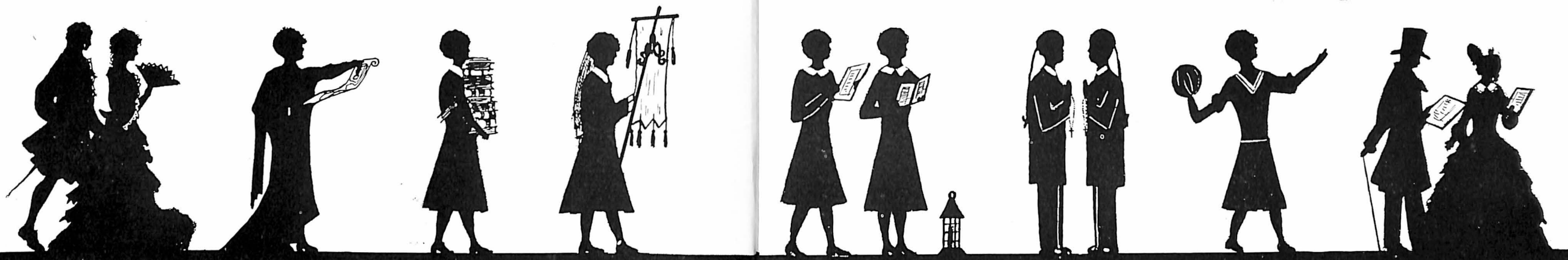
"He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood hath everlasting life: and I will raise him up on the last day."—*John* 6: 55.

Gold they sowed on the Afric shore
Tyrian treasure wrung from the mart
Where pirates haggled mid the roar
Of traffic, where pulsed the city's heart.
Gold was the harvest; blood and lust
Yielded the fields of Baal, no trust
'Twixt man and man; foul lucre's gain
Weighed in the balance the smallest grain.

See where the dark prowed Punic ships
Threaten the seas with their vulture wings!
Out of the West Rome's eagle slips
Her leash:—gone are the black sea kings.
Over the smoking landscape floats
A veiled Astarte, while the victor gloats
And the night wind sighs from the shattered wall
"The day cometh when Rome shall fall!"

There where the plough in the conqueror's hand
Parted the soil, a new seed sprang;
The Bread of Life in Punic land,
Watered with blood and martyr's pang:
And the fruits? behold how the fields are white!
Virgins and matrons flowering bright,
Cyprian the faithful, and shining far,
Augustine, Afric's vesper star.

Where sounded the last Crusader's heel,
And St. Louis' armor was doomed to rust,
The dead city wakes to a trumpet peal
And rises out of the centuries' dust.
Who is it calls? with bated breath
At His feet lies in ashes the city of Baal,
While earth cries to the Master of Life and Death,
"Christ of the Eucharist, hail! all hail!"



ACTIVITIES



| | | | | | | | | |
|------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Social | / | / | / | / | / | / | / | 8 |
| Dramatic | / | / | / | / | / | | | 15 |
| Scholastic | / | / | / | / | | / | | 39 |
| Sodality | / | / | / | / | / | | / | 33 |

ACTIVITIES



| | | | | | | | | |
|------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Musical | / | / | / | / | / | / | / | 20 |
| Missionary | / | / | / | / | / | / | / | 13 |
| Athletic | / | / | / | / | / | / | / | 25 |
| Debating | / | / | / | / | / | / | / | 24 |



HALLOWE'EN.

Hostesses: The Freshman Class.

Scene: A ghostly wood.

Time: 6 o'clock till nine.

INITIAL FEATURE

"THE WEDDING OF THE PAINTED DOLL"

Sung by KATHLEEN LYONS.

| | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------------|
| The Bride | PAULINE MELANSON at the piano. |
| The Groom | KATHERINE OWEN. |
| Red-Riding Hood | MARGARET FRIEL. |
| Buster Brown | FRANCES ROMKEY. |
| The Jumping Jack | MARGARET BELLIVEAU. |
| The Mama Doll | MILDRED MORSON. |
| Dollies from the Follies | MARIE McMILLAN. |
| | CLARE HENLEY. |
| | LENA LeBLANC. |
| Bridesmaids | GENEVIEVE GILLIS. |
| | MARGARET SHANAHAN. |
| The Preacher | ELEANOR MOORE. |

SOLO DANCE: The Jumping Jack.

CLASS SONG: Heigh ho! everybody, heigh ho!

SPECIAL FEATURES: futuristic dance programmes, Hallowe'en games and prizes, delicious lunch.



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

Hostesses: The Canadian Literary Club.

Scene: The Kingdom of Hearts.

Time: 6-9 P. M., February fifteenth.

SPECIAL FEATURES

MRS. JARLEY'S WAX WORKS.

| | |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| Mrs. Jarley | MARY HACHE. |
| Peter, her assistant | DOROTHY MORSON. |
| Mammoth Girl | MARGARET LONG. |
| African Dwarf | EVELYN GAUL. |
| \$10,000 Beauty | BETTY KELLEY. |
| Aunt Jemima | REGINA COMEAU. |
| Lazy Polly | AGATHA FULTZ. |
| Prize Baby | MARGARET McDONALD. |
| Nurse | EUNICE MCGILLIVRAY. |
| Suffragette | MARY MERCHANT. |

Rudy Valee's Connecticut Yankees.

| | |
|-----------------|----------------|
| BEATRICE ADAMS. | DORA SHANAHAN. |
| HARRIET MYERS. | GLADYS HOOK. |
| EVELYN GAUL. | NANCY FRIEL. |

NAN BELLIVEAU.

School Gossip: BEATRICE ADAMS and EUNICE MCGILLIVRAY.

Class Song: We of the C. L. C.

Decoration Scheme—Valentine Festival.

Special dance programme with prizes.

Refreshments.



THE SPRING FESTIVAL

APRIL 30, 1930.

Time—May-Eve from six to nine o'clock.

Place—The Bower of Spring.

Hostesses—The Benson Club.

PROGRAMME.

DAFFODIL DANCE—guests meet partners.

The recipients of marked daffodils pay forfeits.

{ MARY HACHE - - - Rainy Day Race.
 { CLAIRE HENLEY

Impersonations { DOROTHY MORSON - - Director of an Orchestra.
 { NAN BELLIVEAU - - Traffic Policeman.
 { KATHERINE OWEN - - Photographer.

Song Demonstration—MARGARET FRIEL, "I Fa' Down and Go Boom!"

Dancing and Refreshments.

Cabaret Entertainment.

SONG: Lilies of Lorraine.

MARY ARCHER.

Dance of the Spheres.

| | |
|------------------|-------------------|
| CLARE CRAGG. | MARION REARDON. |
| EILEEN MULLINS. | GLADYS FELLOWS. |
| DORIS BLENKHORN. | KATHLEEN KEARNEY. |

INTERPRETATIVE DANCE: Spring Song (Mendelssohn).
 CLARE CRAGG.

CLUB SONG.

"You Can't Beat a Senior C"

Members of Benson Circle.

| | |
|----------------------|--------------------|
| SHEILA McSWEENEY. | MARY ARCHER. |
| MARJORIE KINGSLEY. | GLADYS FELLOWS. |
| EILEEN MULLINS. | GERMAINE MERCHANT. |
| MARGUERITE MERCHANT. | URSULA WHELAN. |
| ELEANOR McNAMARA. | MARION REARDON. |
| CLARE CRAGG. | DORIS BLENKHORN. |
| | KATHLEEN KEARNEY. |

Special Features—May-pole, Club costumes, Daffodil favors and souvenir dance programmes.

Prizes: Rainy Day Race.—MARY HACHE

Impersonations:—MARGARET FRIEL.

Spot Dance:—MARY MACDOUGALL, MILDRED MORSON.



THE TREASURE HUNT

May 24, 1930.

Time: 3.30—6.30 P. M.

Place: Treasure Island.

Hosts: John Silver and the Pirate Crew.

PROGRAMME.

1. The journey to Treasure Island.
2. Incidentals: Walking the Plank.
 Running the Gauntlet.
3. The Search for the Treasure.
4. Lunch.
5. "By Lantern Light."

THE SETON CLUB.

| | |
|----------------------|------------------|
| JANE THORUP. | EILEEN CARROLL. |
| DORIS OTTO. | MARY LANDRY. |
| MARGARET CUMMINGS. | LOUISE McNAMARA. |
| CATHERINE COMERFORD. | HELEN HALL. |
| MADELINE KENNEDY. | HELEN MELITIDES. |
| EVELYN BOUTLIER. | MARY QUINN. |
| MARY GREENE. | HELEN KILLEEN. |
| FLORA KEARNEY. | JEAN GRANT. |



PICNIC DAY

"AS YOU LIKE IT."

June 3, 1930.

Scene: Under the Greenwood tree.

Time: From morn till dewy eve.

Hostesses: The Commercial Debating Society.

TABLE d'HÔTE.

Cocktail

Fromage Kraft

Biscuits

Hors d'oeuvre

Crème a la glace

Bonbons

Gateau

Café

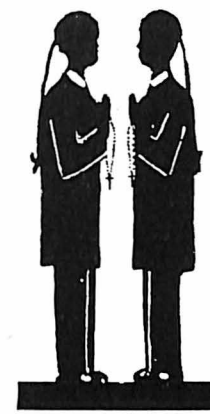
Commercial Class Song.

CHORUS

| | |
|-----------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Commercial girls are we | When Closing Day draws near |
| We're loyal as can be; | And everything is done |
| They say that we are giddy | We'll pass in all our work |
| But it is best, you'll see; | Though we giggled and had fun. |

DANCE PROGRAM C. D. S. 1930.

1. Commercial Foxtrot.
2. Underwood Waltz.
3. L. C. Smith Drag.
4. Gregg Stamp.
5. Shorthand Waltz.
6. Shannon Fox-trot.
7. Remington Drag.
8. Corona Hop.
9. Speed Trot.



MISSION SUNDAY.

(Under the auspices of the Freshman Class).

READING: The Society of the Propagation of the Faith • • • MARY HACHE.

A RED, RED ROSE

"My love is like a red, red rose . . ."

(A Play in one act).

CHARACTERS.

| | | |
|------------------------------------|---|-----------------------|
| Thérèse Martin (the Little Flower) | • | MARGUERITE MERCHANT. |
| Celine | • | AGATHA FULTZ. |
| Marie | • | MARGARET CUMMINGS. |
| Leonie | • | MARY MERCHANT. |
| Madame Guerin (her aunt) | • | AGNES DALLAS. |
| Madame Bernard (a neighbor) | • | GERMAINE MERCHANT. |
| Toto, a boy of the streets | • | MARGARET DUSTAN. |
| Antoinette, his sister | • | MARGUERITE KEENAN. |
| A Chinese Missionary | • | EILEEN CARROLL. |
| The Vicar Apostolic | • | MARY HACHE. |
| Chinese Boys | • | BLANCHE GILLIS. |
| | | FERNA MOORE |
| | | MADLINE JONES. |
| | | MARGUERITE BELLIVEAU. |
| Carmelite Nuns | • | MARGARET SHANAHAN. |
| | | MARGARET FRIEL. |

SACRED SONG: "How Lovely are Thy Dwellings" • • • Liddle.

KATHLEEN LYONS.

Mission Crusade Rally Songs—SOLO, K. LYONS.

Chorus—EVERYBODY.

(PAULINE MELANSON at the piano).



DRAMATICS.

COLLEGE RADIO CONCERT.

December 15th.

THE KELLY KID.

(A comedy in one act).

| | | | | | | |
|------------------|---|---|---|---|---|-------------------|
| The Kelly Kid | / | / | / | / | / | GERALDINE MURPHY. |
| Mrs. Murphy | / | / | / | / | / | ANNIE RITCHIE. |
| Mrs. Cahill | / | / | / | / | / | BLANCHE MEAGHER. |
| Mrs. Calahan | / | / | / | / | / | MARY DEVINE. |
| Officer Hamilton | / | / | / | / | / | PATRICIA CLANCEY. |
| Mollie | / | / | / | / | / | NORMA BUCKLEY. |
| Officer Burns | / | / | / | / | / | AGNES GARNIER. |

CATHERINE PARR.

(A farce in one act).

| | | | | | | |
|-----------------|---|---|---|---|---|-----------------|
| Catherine Parr | / | / | / | / | / | ALICE RUSSELL. |
| King Henry VIII | / | / | / | / | / | AGNES McLENNAN. |
| A Page | / | / | / | / | / | EILEEN RYAN. |

Glee Club Selections: Thank you.

We've Bought a Radio.

RECITATION—When I Grow Up / / / / / TERESA MONAHAN.



DRAMATICS.

THE CHRISTMAS PLAYS.

I. KRIS KRINGLE IN JAPAN.

(A Christmas Operetta).

| | | | | | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------|------------|-----------------|---|---|------------------|
| Kris | / | / | / | / | / | MARY HACHE. |
| King Show-Gun | / | / | / | / | / | LOUISE McNAMARA. |
| Blow-Gun | / | / | / | / | / | DOROTHY MORSON. |
| Japanese girls and boys | / | / | / | / | / | The Juniors. |
| Reindeer: | FRANCES DE WOLFE, | MARY OWEN, | BLANCHE GILLIS, | | | |
| | MADELINE JONES. | | | | | |
| A Little Maid of Japan | / | / | / | / | / | PATSY JONES. |
| The Tin Soldier | / | / | / | / | / | RITA WILCOX. |
| The Bluebird | / | / | / | / | / | FRANCES DeWOLFE. |

II. WHY THE CHIMES RANG.

(A German Folk Legend).

| | | | | | | |
|-----------|---|---|---|---|---|--------------------|
| Holgar | / | / | / | / | / | BEATRICE ADAMS. |
| Steen | / | / | / | / | / | MARGUERITE KEENAN. |
| Old Woman | / | / | / | / | / | AGATHA FULTZ. |
| Uncle | / | / | / | / | / | EILEEN CARROLL. |

PANTOMINE.

The Cathedral Worshippers.

CHRISTMAS TABLEAU.

O Holy Night!



Reception of His Grace
THE MOST REVEREND THOMAS O'DONNELL, D.D.
Coadjutor Archbishop of Halifax.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, 1930.

PROGRAMME.

HUNGARIAN *Brahms.*
ORCHESTRA.

ADDRESS AND FLORAL PRESENTATION IRENE McQUILLAN.

DRAMA.
HEART OF FLAME.

- I. i. *Near the home of Augustine in Tagaste, A. D., 369*
- ii. *The Grove of Aphrodite near Tagaste.*

SONGS: Ave Maria (Violin obligato, Miss HELEN STOKES). Gounod-Bach.

Hark! Hark! The Lark! / / / / / / / / / Schubert.

MISS HILDA DURNEY.
II. i. *The garden of Augustine's home in Milan, A. D., 385*

SPRINGTIME ORCHESTRA.

III. i. *A forest near Hippo.*
VIOLIN DUO: By the Brook ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' *Rene de Boisdeffre.*

MISS MARY MONTAGUE.
MISS HELEN STOKES.

III. ii. *The Bishop's palace in Hippo, A. D., 430*

GOD SAVE THE KING.



DRAMATICS.

THE MID-YEAR PLAY.
HEART OF FLAME.

Cast of Characters.

| | | | | | |
|--|---|---|---|---|----------------------|
| Augustine | ✓ | ✓ | ✓ | ✓ | MARY HOUSE |
| Amatus, his boyhood friend | ✓ | ✓ | | | BEATRICE ADAMS. |
| Alypius, his lifelong friend | ✓ | ✓ | | | MARY HACHE. |
| Monica, his mother | ✓ | ✓ | ✓ | ✓ | MARY EGAN. |
| Little Sister | ✓ | ✓ | ✓ | ✓ | AGATHA FULTZ. |
| Patricius, his father | ✓ | ✓ | ✓ | ✓ | MARY HACHE. |
| Ambrose, Bishop of Milan | ✓ | ✓ | | | EILEEN CARROLL. |
| Crispinus, a Donatist bishop | ✓ | ✓ | | | AGNES McLENNAN. |
| Juvenis, an Augustinian monk | ✓ | ✓ | | | BEATRICE ADAMS. |
| Fortunatus | ✓ | ✓ | ✓ | ✓ | CATHERINE COMERFORD. |
| Boniface, Count of Africa | ✓ | ✓ | ✓ | | EILEEN CARROLL. |
| Monica's servant | ✓ | ✓ | ✓ | ✓ | JANE THORUP. |
| Dancers in the Grove of Aphrodite: NORMA BUCKLEY, AGNES DALLAS, MARGUERITE MERCHANT, MARJORIE KINGSLEY. | | | | | |

PIANO RECITAL.

DECEMBER, 11, 1929.

| | | |
|------------------|--|--------------|
| Prelude in D. | MARY HACHE. | Porter. |
| Waltz in E. | FLORENCE PENELO. | Durand. |
| Melody in G. | CATHERINE COMERFORD. | Porter. |
| Hammock Song | URSULA WHELAN. | Williams. |
| Meditation | AGNES DALLAS. | Porter. |
| Argonnaise | BERNADETTE LANIGAN. | Massenet. |
| Sunset | MARY QUINN. | Rolfo. |
| Pomponette | GLADYS FELLOWS. | Durand. |
| Romance | RITA MANCINI. | Raff. |
| Polonaise | MARJORIE KINGSLEY. | Beethoven. |
| Solfeggio | LUCILLE THERIAULT. 2nd Piano—MARY ARCHER. | Bach. |
| Consolation | PATRICIA JONES. | Mendelssohn. |
| Barchetta | MARY LANDRY. | Nevin. |
| Impromptu in A. | JANE THORUP. | Schubert. |
| Shepherd's Tale | KATHLEEN KEARNEY. | Nevin. |
| April Snow-Drops | CLAIRE HENLEY. | Tchaikowsky. |
| Impromptu in C. | MADELINE KENNEDY. | Rheinhold. |
| Humoresque | EUNICE MCGILLIVRAY. | Levine. |
| Twilight | HELEN MELITIDES. | Helm. |
| Wind in the Rain | MARION REARDON. | Parry. |
| Humoresque | DORIS BLENKHORN. | Porter. |
| Romance | BEATRICE ADAMS. | Sibelius. |

GOD SAVE THE KING.

PUPILS' RECITAL

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 3, 1930

Three-thirty

PROGRAM.

| | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------------|--------------|
| Duet: Hopak | JANE THORUP, MARJORIE KINGSLEY. | Moussorgsky. |
| Canzonetta in D | CLAIRE HANLEY. | Schuett. |
| Impromptu in A | PATRICIA JONES. | Schubert. |
| Russian Romance | MARION REARDON. | Friml. |
| Violin: Minuet in E | CARMELLA GOUTHREAU. | Czerwonky |
| Joy Dance | HELEN MELITIDES. | Crawford. |
| Her Portrait | EILEEN CARROLL. | Orth. |
| Prelude Fantastique | KATHLEEN KEARNEY. | Porter. |
| Berceuse | CATHERINE COMERFORD. | Schytte. |
| Violin: Gavotte | JOAN DAVIDSON. | Mendelssohn. |
| Fantasie in A | JANE THORUP. | Mendelssohn. |
| Polonaise | MARJORIE KINGSLEY. | Beethoven. |
| Albumblatt | KATHERINE OWEN. | Wienmayer. |
| Duet: Troika en Traineaux | AGNES DALLAS, MARY HACHE. | Tchaikowsky. |
| Melody in G | EILEEN MULLINS. | Porter. |
| By the Brookside | GLADYS FELLOWS. | Karganoff. |
| Elegie | MADELINE KENNEDY. | Nollet. |
| Humoresque | EUNICE MCGILLIVRAY. | Levine. |
| Song of the Lark | ASTRID BUCKLEY. | Tchaikowsky. |
| Violin: Melancolie | MARIE DE LA VILLETREMOY. | Leonard. |
| Romance | MARGARET LAUDER. | Sibelius. |
| Contre Dance | MARY ARCHER. | Beethoven |
| Butterfly | BEATRICE ADAMS. | Lavallee |
| Petit Bolero | KATHLEEN KEARNEY. | Ravina |
| Violin: Spanish Dance | MARY HACHE. | Granados. |
| Humoresque | DORIS BLENKHORN. | Porter. |
| Pizzicato Waltz | MARY LANDRY. | Schuett. |
| Scotch Poem | AGNES DALLAS. | MacDowell. |
| Seguidilla | | Albeniz. |

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Secretary: JANE THORUP.



FRESHMAN.

Resolved: That Tariff is beneficial to Canada (Aff.).

Resolved: That the policy of Isocrates for Greece was wiser than that of Demosthenes. (Neg.).

CANADIAN LITERARY CLUB.

Resolved: That a dormitory is to be preferred to a private room. (Aff.).

Resolved: That Prose has conferred greater benefits on mankind than Poetry.

BENSON CIRCLE.

Resolved: That French is more useful than Latin. (Aff.).

Resolved: That Geometry should be abolished from the school curriculum. (Neg.).

COMMERCIAL.

Resolved: That reading is more beneficial to the mind than moving pictures. (Aff.).

Resolved: That brains are a greater asset than wealth. (Aff.).

SETON.

Resolved: That it is better to live in a small town than in a large city. (Neg.).

Resolved: That Nova Scotians should stay in their own country. (Aff.).



GYM NOTES.

PROGRAMME.

INTER-CLASS MEET: December 16th.

1. Points for Posture.
2. Balance Board.
3. Free Exercises (Standard).
4. Vaulting.
5. Tactics.
6. Folk Dance.

Inter-Class Score. Class I, 151. Class II, 133.

Highest number of points (Class pin awarded): Jane Thorup, Class I) 17 points.
Louise Wade, (Class II), 16 points.

INTER-CLASS MEET: April 12th.

1. Points for Posture.
2. Rope-Climbing Contest.
3. Basket-ball Throw.
4. Vaulting with rope.

INTER-CLASS SCORE: Class I, 315. Class II, 315.

Highest Number of Points (Class pin awarded): Dorothy Morson, (Class I) 35 points.

Annette Sormany, (Class II) 25 points.

INTER-CLASS MEET: May 24th—Cup awarded.

- | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. 25 yard dash. | 4. Hurdle race. |
| 2. Standing broad jump. | 5. Archery Contest. |
| 3. Running high jump. | 6. Relay race. |



ALL STAR TEAM.

BASKET-BALL TEAMS.

BLACKS—(Freshman).

Rt. For. M. MORSON, (Capt.).
 Lt. For., P. MELANSON.
 Centre, M. McMILLAN.
 Rt. Cen., G. GILLIS.
 Rt. Def., K. OWEN.
 Lt. Def., C. HENLEY.
 E. MOORE.

REDS—(Commercial).

Rt. For. M. HACHE, (Capt.).
 Lt. For., M. DOUCETTE.
 Rt. Cen., M. McNEIL.
 Centre, A. DALLAS.
 Lt. Cen., L. KNOWLTON.
 Rt. Def., M. GALLANT.
 Lt. Def., T. CLEARY.
 Subs: A. SORMANY.
 M. TOOMEY.

PURPLES—(B).

Rt. For. B. ADAMS.
 Lt. For. D. MORSON.
 Centre, M. MACDONALD.
 Rt. Cen., C. LANGLEY.
 Rt. Def., M. MACDOUGALL, (Capt.).
 Lt. Def., M. BUREL.

BLUES—(C).

Rt. For., G. MERCHANT.
 Lt. For., C. CRAGG.
 Rt. Cen., M. ARCHER.
 Centre, M. KINGSLEY.
 Lt. Cen., K. KEARNEY.
 Rt. Def., E. McNAMARA, (Capt.).
 Lt. Def., U. WHELAN.
 Subs: D. BLENKHORN.
 E. MULLINS.

YELLOWS—(D).

Rt. For., C. COMERFORD.
 Lt. For., J. GRANT.
 Rt. Cen., H. MELITIDES.
 Centre, E. CARROLL.
 Lt. Cen., M. LANDRY.
 Rt. Def., L. McNAMARA.
 Lt. Def., M. GREENE.
 Sub: E. BOUTLIER.

SCORES. BLACKS 52. PURPLES 67. REDS 31. BLUES 62. YELLOWS 28.
 Shield awarded to Purples. (Mary MacDougall, Capt.)



COLLEGE-ACADEMY GAMES

ACADEMY ALL STAR.

Rt. For., M. MORSON.
 Lt. For., B. ADAMS.
 Centre, M. MACDONALD.
 Rt. Cen., K. OWEN.
 Rt. Def., M. MACDOUGALL.
 Lt. Def., E. HARDING.

Dec. 12, 1929.

Score College 2

COLLEGE.

Rt. For., T. MONAHAN.
 Lt. For., A. RUSSELL.
 Centre, F. HOULIHAN.
 Rt. Cen., L. THERIAULT.
 Rt. Def., A. MACLENNAN.
 Lt. Def., P. CLANCY.

Academy 2.

ACADEMY ALL STAR.

Rt. For. M. MORSON.
 Lt. For., B. ADAMS.
 Centre, M. MACDONALD.
 Rt. Cen., K. OWEN.
 Rt. Def., M. MACDOUGALL.
 Lt. Def., M. GALLANT.

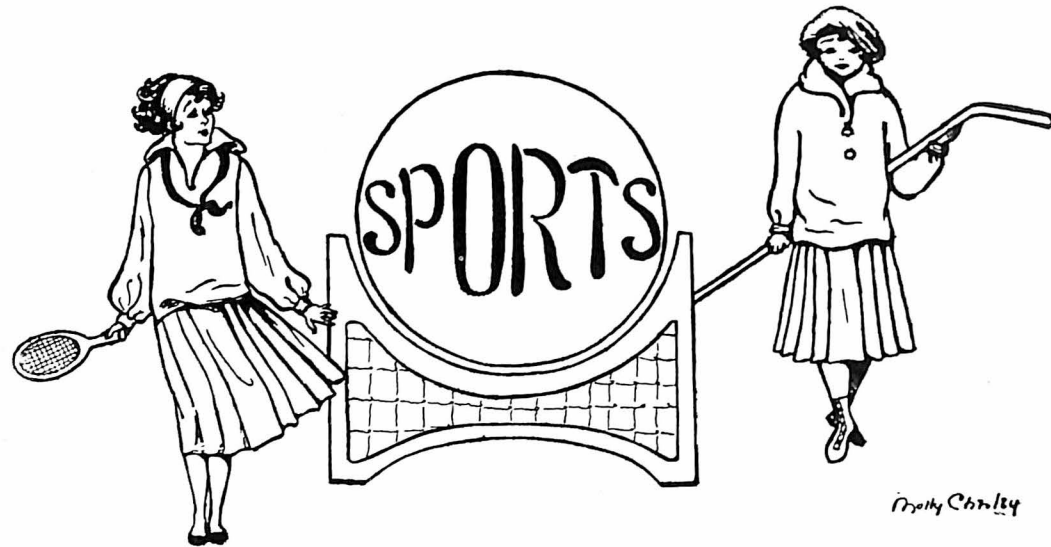
April 10, 1930.

Score College 12

COLLEGE.

Rt. For., N. BUCKLEY.
 Lt. For., P. CLANCY.
 Centre, F. HOULIHAN.
 Rt. Cen., L. THERIAULT.
 Rt. Def., B. CHISHOLM.
 Lt. Df., C. GOUTHREAU.

Academy 2.



STAR SKATERS.

MARY K. MACDOUGALL.
REGINA COMEAU.
PAULINE MELANSON.
ANNETTE SORMANY.

GLADYS FELLOWS.
ELEANOR MOORE.
MADELINE KENNEDY.
BETTY KELLEY.

EXPERT SKIERS.

KATHLEEN KEARNEY.
FLORA KEARNEY.

ELEANOR McNAMARA.
LOUISE McNAMARA.

ENTHUSIASTIC TOBOGGANERS.

DOROTHY MORSON.
JANE THORUP.
KATHERINE OWEN.
MARY K. MACDOUGALL.
MARY ARCHER.

PAULINE MELANSON.
MILDRED MORSON.
BETTY KELLEY.
MARY HACHE.
MARGARET MACDONALD.
CLARE CRAGG.

THERESA CLEARY.
BEATRICE ADAMS.
MARION REARDON.
CLAIRE HENLEY.
FRANCES ROMKEY.

BASE-BALL FANS.

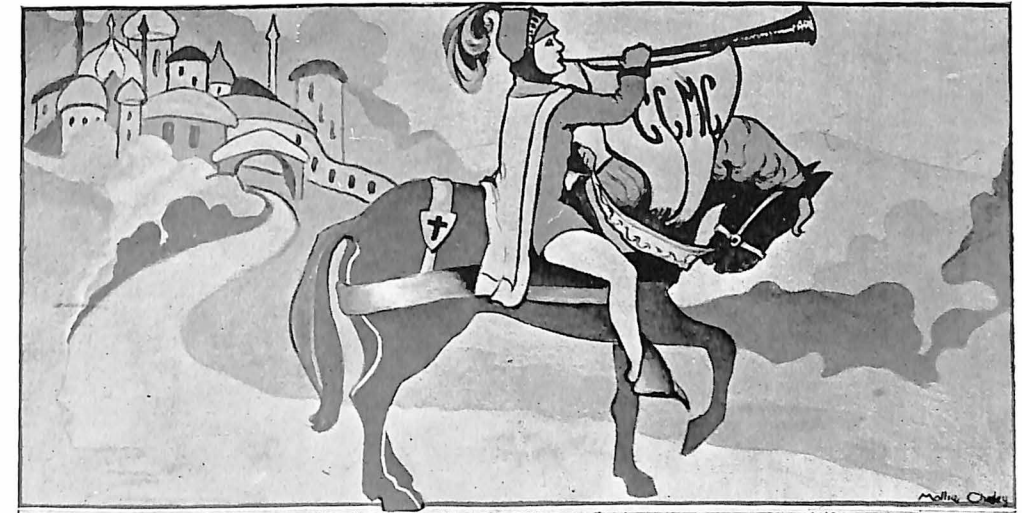
HELEN HALL.
MILDRED MORSON.
REGINA COMEAU.
MARY GALLANT.
MARY DOUCETTE.
PAULINE MELANSON.

MARY ARCHER.
LOUISE McNAMARA.
BEATRICE ADAMS.
HELEN HENLEY.
ANNETTE SORMANY.
KATHLEEN KEARNEY.

ELEANOR McNAMARA.
THERESA CLEARY.
DOROTHY MORSON.
HELEN MILTIDES.
MARY GREENE.
CATHERINE COMERFORD.

TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

June 9-11th.



THE SIXTH ANNUAL CONVENTION

OF THE

CANADIAN CATHOLIC STUDENTS MISSION CRUSADE
CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART

Halifax, Nova Scotia.
SUNDAY, MAY 11, 1930.

God Wills It.
PROGRAMME.

I. REUNION IN ASSEMBLY HALL 2.30

- (a) Singing of Hymn: "God Wills It."
- (b) Opening Remarks: Reverend Diocesan Director.
- (c) Presentation of Reports.
Mount Saint Vincent (Eileen Ryan).
Saint Patrick's Boys' High School.
Saint Patrick's Girls' High School.
Saint Mary's College.
Convent of the Sacred Heart.

(d) Reading of Papers.

The Far North Missions of America.

Mount Saint Vincent.

(written by Marie Amirault, read by Mary Hache).

The Three Passionist Martyrs of China.

Saint Patrick's Boys' High School.

The Responsibility of the Growing Generation towards the Home Missions.

Saint Patrick's Girls' High School.

The Life Story of a Typical Pagan's Conversion.

Saint Mary's College.

The Invaluable Work of Missionary Sisters in Foreign Lands.
Convent of the Sacred Heart.

(e) Addresses.

(f) Drafting of Resolutions.

II. SOCIAL INTERMISSION.

III. REUNION IN THE CHAPEL.

Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart.

SOLEMN BENEDICTION.

Crusaders' Hymn.

THE SACRED HEART FOR ALL THE WORLD.

With joyous note let earth resound,

O'er hill and dale let it rebound:

A new crusade do we proclaim

With raptured hearts in this refrain:

Refrain:

The Sacred Heart for all the world,

The whole world for the Sacred Heart!

Our banners to the winds unfurl,

Our battle cry to all we hurl;

Like knights of old there's no reprieve

Until all men this truth receive.

FINANCIAL REPORT FOR THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR

MAY, 1929-MAY, 1930.

RECEIPTS.

| | |
|---|----------|
| Balance from last year | \$ 17.72 |
| Mite Box offerings (including \$20.00 for Masses from College Students) | 202.36 |
| Mission Entertainments | 74.93 |
| Donations (including offering for support of a seminarian) | 508.13 |
| Mission Crusade fees | 122.52 |
| Miscellaneous | 29.06 |
| Total | \$954.72 |

EXPENDITURES.

| | |
|---|----------|
| Propagation of the Faith (including Jubilee alms) | \$106.65 |
| Catholic Church Extension Society (and Mass intentions for priests in Western Canada) | 210.50 |
| Mission Literature | 16.84 |
| China Mission Seminary and Father Fraser | 137.00 |
| Father Gavan Duffy and Hindoo Missions | 45.72 |
| Mother Kevin and the Negro Missions | 25.00 |
| Philippine Islands and Austrian Mission | 40.07 |
| Holy Land | 7.25 |
| Various Mission Charities | 43.00 |
| Mission Crusade Expenses | 56.00 |
| Towards support of a Seminarian (destined for Western Canada) | 250.00 |
| Postage, exchange, etc. | 4.04 |
| Total | \$942.07 |

OTHER MISSION ACTIVITIES.

1. Distribution of Mission Literature.
2. Stamp collecting (former pupils contributing).
3. Gifts of altar linens and church accessories to needy priests.

SPIRITUAL OFFERING FOR THE MISSIONS.

September, 1929- May, 1930.

| | |
|---------------------------------|--------|
| Masses | 2,934 |
| Communions | 2,812 |
| Visits to Bl. Sacrament | 3,528 |
| Beads | 2,043 |
| Stations of the Cross | 1,102 |
| Acts of Charity | 1,844 |
| Acts of Mortification | 4,089 |
| Aspirations | 56,736 |
| Office of Immaculate Conception | 226 |



OFFICERS OF THE CHILDREN OF MARY SODALITY
E. MacGILLIVRAY M. HACHE P. MELANSON M. KENNEDY C. HENLEY M. MacDonald



SODALITY OF OUR LADY IMMACULATE AND SAINT AGNES.

OFFICERS.

| | |
|------------------------|------------------------------------|
| Prefect | PAULINE MELANSON. |
| First Assistant | MARY HACHE. |
| Second Assistant | CLARE HENLEY. |
| Secretary | EUNICE MCGILLIVRAY. |
| Treasurer | MARGARET McDONALD. |
| Mistress of Candidates | MADLINE KENNEDY. |
| Stamp Section | THERESA CLEARY, MARJORIE KINGSLEY. |
| Librarians | SHEILA MCSWEENEY, REGINA COMEAU. |

Regular Meetings every Sunday, 10.30 A. M. Office of Immaculate Conception 2.30 P. M.

General Assembly for Points of Meditation every evening at 8.30.

Regular Instruction by Rev. J. B. O'Reilly, C. J. M., every Sunday.

Special Reunion and Procession in honor of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, December eighth.

Reception of Candidates, February 2. Reception of Children of Mary, May 24th Annual Retreat, conducted by Rev. Charles Curran, D. D., Feb. 16-19th.

HALIFAX ALUMNAE SODALITY.

OFFICERS.

| | |
|------------------|----------------------|
| Prefect | MISS MARY NEVILLE. |
| First Assistant | MRS. G. McKENNA. |
| Second Assistant | MRS. J. P. DWYER. |
| Treasurer | MISS MARY MACDONALD. |
| Secretary | MRS. J. K. MEUSE. |

General Assembly first Sunday of each month at St. Mary's Convent. Course of instructions given by Rev. Charles McManus, V. G.



THRILLS!

ADDRESSES BY DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.

His Grace, Archbishop O'Donnell.
 Charles G. D. Roberts.
 Dr. H. F. Munro and Mrs. Beatrice Ensor.
 Rev. M. M. Coady, Ph. D.
 The Hon. John Murphy.

TREATS.

Musicales: Edward Johnson's concert.
 Poppeldoff's Recital.
Movies: The King of Kings.
 West Point on Parade.
Operas: The Mikado.
 I Pagliacci.
 Carmen.
 La Traviata.

SPECIAL.

The Earthquake.
 Bi-monthly exams.
 P. T. Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
 Night Skating.

Academic Graduates



PAULINE MELANSON.

WEYMOUTH, NOVA SCOTIA.

PAULINE, our musician and dreamer, has been at the Mount for three years, and has at last attained the goal of her ambition in giving a wonderful recital and graduating with honor. We are all proud of Pauline, of her musical gifts, her pretty voice, and especially of her qualities of mind and heart. Unanimously elected Prefect of the Children of Mary Sodality, she has fulfilled her trust faithfully. Her gay ways, her love of sport, and her power of sympathy have made her one of the most popular girls in the school, and we hope to have her back with us next year. Our hopes precede her and our good wishes will follow her in her musical career.

MARY HACHE.

DARTMOUTH, NOVA SCOTIA.

AFTER attending the Academy of the Assumption at Wellesley Hills for three years, Mary came to the Mount six years ago; so one might say she has grown up here. During her long career she has acquired fame as an actress, and her popularity may be gauged by the hearty applause which greets her every appearance. Besides her histrionic talent and her musical ability, Mary has proved herself a proficient business woman and graduates this year in Secretarial Science. It is rumored that Mary is to return to the Mount as a permanent resident. Who knows?





MILDRED MORSON.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

MILDRED arrived ten years ago at the Mount a tiny Junior, and has returned each succeeding year to gather new laurels for herself. An excellent student, Mildred equally excels in sports. She is proficient in every kind of gymnastic work and for the past two years has played forward on the All-Star basket-ball team. Her musical talent is also considerable. She performs equally well on the piano and the violin and plays in the school orchestra. So creditable an Academy Graduate will, we hope, join the dignified ranks of the cap and gown.

MARGARET SHANAHAN.

NORTH SYDNEY, CAPE BRETON.

MARGARET came to the Mount last year from Saint Joseph's Academy in North Sydney and returned this year to be numbered among the Graduates. This shy, dark-eyed, little lass has proved an untiring worker, and for perseverance and steadiness few can excel her. Her name is found often on the monthly Honor Roll. We feel sure that Margaret, whether she returns to College or enters a higher career, will be a credit to her school and class, and a woman of genuine worth.



ELEANOR MOORE.

KENTVILLE, NOVA SCOTIA.

ELEANOR has been three years at the Mount and her stay has been marked by steady work and sure progress towards the goal of graduation. Now that the goal is attained, we expect that she will turn with equal zest to "fresh fields and pastures new," whether at college or in the nursing profession. Though quiet and studious, Eleanor enjoys a dance at recreation and is a good athlete. Her gracious manner and ready smile indicate the deeper qualities which have won the admiration of her classmates. She has often received honorable mention and we feel sure that she will acquit herself with the same fidelity in larger fields as she has always done at M. S. V.



GWENDOLYN HARNISH.

HUBBARDS, NOVA SCOTIA.

GWEN, the "baby" of the class, is really its leading member. Interrupted last year in her studies through illness, she returned in September to carry them through. Now that the promised reward is in sight, we all congratulate her on her success. Proficient and reliable, sunny and happy, she is never too busy to help, and always "serves with a smile". We feel that the qualities that have made her a favorite with the class will continue to bring her success in the future.





LILLIAN DAIGLE.

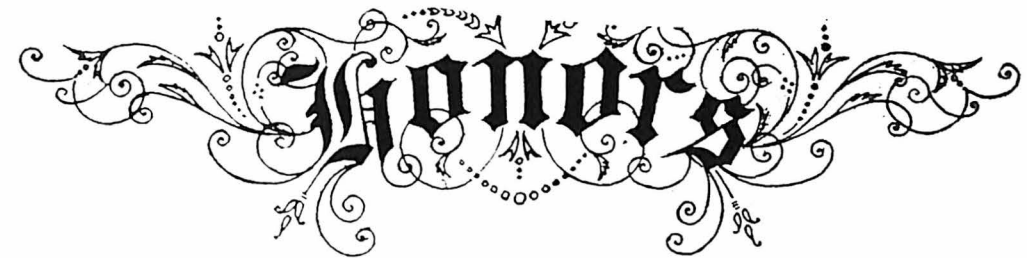
(Commercial Graduate)

EDMUNDSTON, NEW BRUNSWICK.

LILLIAN, like Gwen, came to the Mount last year, but an operation obliged her to give up her course before it was quite completed. She returned to the Commercial Class in September, but once again illness took her away. This time, however, it was not for long, and after Christmas she resumed work. She is the life of the class, a lover of fun and sport, merry at recreation and always among the dancers. English was not very familiar to her when she came to the Mount, but now she speaks and writes it very well. Book-keeping is her favorite subject. We all wish her happiness, and success in whatever career may be hers.

Gone are the happy school days,
Remembrance will not let them die;
Another phase of life is dawning,
Dawning as the hours fly:
Unknown paths to you are beckoning
And the girlhood pleasures flee;
Time and thought will count the reckoning
Each shall make in days to be.

D. M.



| FRESHMAN | B. CLASS | COMMERCIAL | C. CLASS | D. CLASS | MIDDLE CLASS |
|---|--|---|--|--|---|
| HONORS FOR SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER. | | | | | |
| *F. Romkey. *M. Morson. *M. Shanahan. P. Melanson. | D. Morson. M. MacDonald. *E. McGillivray. *G. Hook. | *M. Toomey. L. Knowlton. *M. Doucette. | *M. Kingsley. *G. Fellows. | *J. Thorup. *D. Otto. *M. Cummings. A. Deveaux. | R. Mancini. M. Landry. A. Landry. |
| E. Moore. C. Henley. | C. Langley. | L. Daigle. | | E. Carroll. | |
| HONORABLE MENTION. | | | | | |
| M. Belliveau. *M. Morson. *F. Romkey. C. Henley. L. LeBlanc. *M. Shanahan. P. Melanson. | *E. McGillivray. C. Langley. M. MacDonald. *G. Hook. D. Shanahan. | NOVEMBER HONORS. G. Harnish. *M. Doucette. *M. Toomey. | *G. Fellows. *M. Kingsley. U. Whelan. | *M. Cummings. *D. Otto. *J. Thorup. | M. Landry. R. Mancini. A. Landry. M. Keenan. |
| G. Gillis. E. Moore. | | HONORABLE MENTION. M. McNeil. L. Knowlton. M. Hache. | E. McNamara. N. Belliveau. S. McSweeney. | E. Carroll. | |
| DECEMBER HONORS. | | | | | |
| M. Belliveau. *M. Morson. *F. Romkey. M. Shanahan. P. Melanson. | R. Finn. *G. Hook. D. Morson. *E. McGillivray. R. Sweeney. C. Langley. M. Hache. E. Gaul. | *M. Toomey. T. Cleary. G. Harnish. *M. Doucette. | *G. Fellows. *M. Kingsley. U. Whelan. | *J. Thorup. *M. Cummings. *D. Otto. | M. Keenan. M. Landry. L. Wade. C. Owen. |
| C. Henley. | M. K. MacDougall. | HONORABLE MENTION. M. McNeil. L. Knowlton. | D. Blenkhorn. E. McNamara. C. Cragg. | E. Carroll. | R. Mancini. |
| M. Belliveau. F. Romkey. | *M. Long. *G. Hook. C. Langley. | JANUARY HONORS. M. Doucette. *M. Toomey. G. Harnish. | *G. Fellows. M. Kingsley. E. Mullins. | D. Otto. J. Thorup. | M. Landry. R. Mancini. M. Keenan. |
| *M. Morson. C. Henley. M. Shanahan | R. Sweeney. *E. McGillivray. M. MacDougall. M. MacDonald. | HONORABLE MENTION. A. Dallas. L. Knowlton. T. Cleary. L. Daigle. | U. Whelan. | *M. Cummings. E. Carroll. E. Boutilier. | C. Owen. L. Wade. |
| *M. Morson. | *M. Long. C. Langley. | FEBRUARY HONORS. *M. Doucette. *M. Toomey. G. Harnish. | *G. Fellows. M. Kingsley. E. Mullins. | J. Thorup. *M. Cummings. D. Otto. | M. Quinn. M. Landry. M. Keenan. R. Mancini. |
| F. Romkey. M. Shanahan. | E. McGillivray. R. Sweeney. G. Hook. D. Morson. M. MacDonald. | HONORABLE MENTION. A. Sormany. L. Knowlton. L. Daigle. A. Dallas. M. McNeil. | M. Archer. U. Whelan. | E. Carroll. | |
| *M. Morson. M. Belliveau. | *M. Long. | MARCH HONORS. *M. Toomey. | G. Fellows. | | M. Keenan. R. Mancini. M. Quinn. |
| M. Shanahan. | | HONORABLE MENTION. M. McNeil. M. Gallant. L. Knowlton. | | | |
| *M. Morson. M. Belliveau. C. Henley. | M. Long. C. Langley. | APRIL HONORS. M. Toomey. M. Doucette. G. Harnish. L. Knowlton. | G. Fellows. M. Kingsley. E. Mullins. | J. Thorup. M. Cummings. D. Otto. | M. Landry. |
| M. Shanahan. G. Gillis. M. McMillan. | R. Sweeney. N. Friel. M. MacDonald. G. Hook. | HONORABLE MENTION. A. Dallas. E. McNamara. M. Archer. D. Blenkhorn. | | E. Boutilier. E. Carroll. | M. Keenan. |

N. B. Those marked with * received honor medals

Honors

MUSIC

| ADVANCED SENIOR | INTERMEDIATE | JUNIOR | PRIMARY |
|--------------------|---|--|--|
| OCTOBER HONORS. | | | |
| *Pauline Melanson. | Agnes Dallas. *Mary Hache. *Eunice McGillivray. | *Gladys Fellows. *Jane Thorup. *Marjorie Kingsley. | *Blanche Gillis. *Louise Wade. |
| HONORABLE MENTION. | | | |
| | Doris Blenkhorn. | Clare Hanley. Madeline Jones. | |
| NOVEMBER HONORS. | | | |
| *Pauline Melanson. | *Mary Hache. *Eunice McGillivray. | *G. Fellows. *J. Thorup. *M. Kingsley. M. Jones. | *B. Gillis. |
| HONORABLE MENTION. | | | |
| | D. Blenkhorn. | C. Henley. M. Archer. | L. Wade. P. Jones. |
| DECEMBER HONORS. | | | |
| *Pauline Melanson. | *Mary Hache. *Eunice McGillivray. Doris Blenkhorn. Agnes Dallas. | *G. Fellows. M. Landry. *J. Thorup. *M. Kingsley. M. Archer. | L. Wade. *B. Gillis. |
| JANUARY HONORS. | | | |
| *Pauline Melanson. | Agnes Dallas. *Eunice McGillivray. | *G. Fellows. *J. Thorup. *M. Kingsley. *M. Jones. | *B. Gillis. *P. Jones. |
| HONORABLE MENTION. | | | |
| | Mary Hache. M. Kennedy. D. Blenkhorn. | M. Archer. M. Cummings. M. Landry. | L. Wade. L. Knowlton. |
| FEBRUARY HONORS. | | | |
| *Pauline Melanson. | M. Hache. *E. McGillivray. | *G. Fellows. *J. Thorup. *M. Kingsley. *M. Jones. | *B. Gillis. P. Jones. |
| HONORABLE MENTION. | | | |
| | A. Dallas. M. Jones. | M. Landry. M. Archer. M. Cummings. | L. Wade. L. Knowlton. |
| MARCH HONORS. | | | |
| *P. Melanson. | | *G. Fellows. *M. Jones. | L. Knowlton. *B. Gillis. *P. M. Jones. |
| APRIL HONORS. | | | |
| *P. Melanson. | M. Hache. A. Dallas. D. Blenkhorn. | G. Fellows. J. Thorup. M. Landry. M. Jones. M. Byers. | M. Long. B. Gillis. L. Wade. P. M. Jones. |
| HONORABLE MENTION. | | | |
| | | C. Henley. | |
| VIOLIN HONORS. | | | |
| | | *K. Kearney. | |

COMMERCIAL CLASS

HERE we are! Another class of Commercials. Early in the month of September nineteen hundred twenty-nine, about twenty girls took the first steps toward obtaining a Commercial diploma.

Our curriculum was composed of English, Bookkeeping, Typewriting and Shorthand. English was not so difficult and we felt very businesslike as we wrote our first letter as secretaries. November brought us certificates in English Correspondence. We worked for them though!

Filing followed and we all enjoyed that course (after we had learned something about it). "Seeing is believing," and as our teacher never allows us to accept business ideas on "faith" she took the class on an observation trip into the city, one bright December day to inspect the files at Moir's and the Office Specialty. Observation of these files enlarged our knowledge and the following day we wrote our examination in Filing, which examination was sent by the Office Specialty, Toronto. The results were encouraging, for eighteen certificates were sent us.

Of course in the beginning we all fell in love with the typewriters "at first sight". There is a fascination that makes us, whenever we have a spare moment always think of the typewriter (Mary Doucette will tell us why). The first few lessons, like everything new, were the most difficult and the hope of obtaining speed was a million miles away. Nevertheless, "practice makes perfect" and before many days we were in the "swing." With the help of our little phonograph, rhythm came and then we could type nicely. Before Christmas we took our O. A. T. test and all who wrote were successful. Before long we shall write our senior O. A. T.

Bookkeeping, a special hobby of ours, was our afternoon subject. From three to four o'clock the minutes flew, and when the bell would ring there was a general "awh!" from the class. We left bookkeeping behind when we received our certificates on December twelfth.

On opening our shorthand manual we exclaimed at once "What are we ever going to make out of these hieroglyphics?" Now shorthand is second nature to us(!) After Christmas most of our time was devoted to shorthand style and theory. The result of the style test was that two gold awards were given and many of the pupils obtained certificates. Theory was written as usual on the 19th of March. From now on, Dictation, Law and Commercial Geography are the work of the day.

The most pleasant of all our pleasant days is Sunday. Our Club meets every Sunday evening; then we have a talk over the week's work and get ready for another week. We do not "talk shop" the whole time, however. Commercial Club never becomes monotonous; it is really a debating Club, so that explains. Each Sunday there is a different program; debate, reading circle (our favorite) or a business meeting. The Commercial story, which is a continued one written week by week by the pupils, is always read with interest and we look forward eagerly to the exciting ending of our own very much alive

heroes and heroines. Sister occasionally reads stories of other Commerical years and we enjoy them immensely.

Our year is now drawing to a close and we all join in saying that it was a very happy and we feel successful year. We loved our work and we loved our teacher, and our success is mainly due to her.

MARY McNEIL.

SONG HITS OF 1930

| | | | | | |
|--|---|---|---|---|----------------------------------|
| "My fate is in your hands" | / | / | / | / | When one has to report. |
| "Chant of the Jungles" | / | / | / | / | Singing Class. |
| "We're in the army now" | / | / | / | / | Gymnasium. |
| "Coquette" | / | / | / | / | Mary de la Ville (etc.). |
| "Love, your magic spell is everywhere" | / | / | / | / | Margaret Long. |
| "Mistakes" | / | / | / | / | Betty Kelley. |
| "A Bundle of old love letters" | / | / | / | / | Censored Mail. |
| "Tickling the Ivories" | / | / | / | / | Jane Thorup. |
| "Tain't no sin" | / | / | / | / | Beatrice Adams. |
| "The Lost Step" | / | / | / | / | Harriet Myers. |
| "Forget the Past" | / | / | / | / | Katherine Owen. |
| "Was it a Dream?" | / | / | / | / | Margaret MacDonald. |
| "Smile a little" | / | / | / | / | Moiria Desmond. |
| "Love sends a little gift of roses" | / | / | / | / | Teresa Cleary. |
| "Mean to me" | / | / | / | / | Mary Archer. |
| "Should I?" | / | / | / | / | Helen Melitides. |
| "If I had a talking picture of You" | / | / | / | / | Dorothy Morson. |
| "I get the Blues when it rains" | / | / | / | / | Eunice MacG. |
| "Barnacle Bill" | / | / | / | / | Mary K. MacD. |
| "Three Little Miles from Town" | / | / | / | / | M. S. V. |
| "What a Day!" | / | / | / | / | Sheila MacS., Mary B., Mary McS. |
| "Why be Good?" | / | / | / | / | Clare Cragg. |
| "Don't Wake me up" | / | / | / | / | Agatha Fultz. |

THE DEBUTANTES

October leaves are gathering fast,
The invitation has come at last!
They flit, they whirl, they jump with glee;
What whispering round each family tree!

What hustling and bustling up and down,
As each tries on a bright new gown;
Some are in red and some in green,
And orange and yellow with satiny sheen.

The wind rushes up with frolicsome gait
To carry the ladies, for none must be late;
Now the crickets are chirping in perfect time,
And the leaves softly rustle their skirts in rhyme.

How lightly they dance, how spritely they seem
As they whirl in the light of the stars' friendly gleam;
The Maples are queens of beauty and grace
But there's no sign of pride in any fair face.

The music dies down and all is still
For the dawn is now breaking just over the hill;
The leaves change their gowns and sink deep, deep—
Like tired children they too must sleep.

ELEANOR MOORE, Freshman.

A NEW GIRL'S DIARY

September, 9th: School opened last night, and the Mount echoes with the prattle of girlish voices and the patter of baby feet. The uniforms are very pretty; very smart looking, with white collars and cuffs. I made out my program this morning. I have two afternoons a week free from half past two. I guess I shall ask Sister if I may go to town those days. I know some boys from St. Mary's College, so I am sure she'll understand. We got up at seven o'clock this morning, but I guess that was merely because we had so much to settle to-day. Of course we shall not get up at that time every morning. They call bread and butter and cocoa "goo-tay" here.

September 14th: I've learned much since my last entry; principally that "free time" isn't free here. Tuesday, 10th and Wednesday, 11th, nothing extraordinary happened. Thursday, ditto. Friday after supper we new girls went down to the gym., and two Sisters taught us to wave our arms gracefully. Every other evening we have a thing called "notes," which to my mind resembles Judgment Day better than anything else. But the old girls say "prime" goes one better.

September 25th: Three months from to-day! heavenly! If anyone wants to reduce, the Mount is the place. Strenuous work! Whew! I spend the early part of the morning skilfully dodging girls, tables, chairs, with a half dozen dinner plates under one arm and a dozen soup plates under the other; in other words, I have my charge in the refectory.

October 10th: The next time we have Holy Hour I am going to borrow two violin cushions for my knees. Yesterday we had a lecture from a celebrated writer. Among other things he read a poem on "Tantrums." I didn't think such things a nice subject for poetry; but our English teacher says poetry may be written about the most commonplace things.

October 25th: Last Saturday we new girls (always the new girls!) were conducted to the basket-ball field in battle array, gym suits and white sneakers making a fine show. Then the hurdles were set up and the circus began. I stepped on the first, sat on the second, crawled under the third. After such miserable failures, I determined to jump the fourth. I leaped valiantly, but behold! when I recovered from the attempt I found myself seated on the ground facing the direction whence I came. I am convinced I am no athlete.

Sad to relate, this diary suddenly breaks off here. It was evidently confiscated by the Mistress of Discipline, though the owner will give no satisfactory information. After long and powerful argument we were finally able to convince her of the value of this literary jewel and to secure her permission for its publication, on condition, however, of her name being withheld.

CLARE CRAGG, Sen. C.

ON A VISIT TO MY GREAT AUNTS

ONE day, wearied with the monotony of life, I decided to pay my respected great aunts a visit. Entering the vestibule of their home, I banged the knocker ferociously, —for the benefit of Aunt Hepzibah's deafness. The door opened, and what a reception followed! There was Aunt Clarissa, and there was Aunt Clarissa's pet dog, a namesake of her old-time ardent lover (imaginary or otherwise) both trying to get at me at once. It was Daniel (the dog) who got me first, and thereupon followed a series of violent attacks upon my shins. That snarling piece of impishness received a shock when he found himself rolled up in a yellow ball at the extreme end of the long hall; but I received a greater shock when Miss Clarissa Florendina raised her voice and let loose at me every statute of the S. P. C. A. supplemented by a few fine additions of her own!

My repulse of Daniel was viewed with great satisfaction, I perceived, by Miss Hepzibah, who now came forward, with her hand cupped to her ear for the full enjoyment of every yelp. Well! . . .

Aunt Hepzibah's sitting room occupies the right side of the hall, while Aunt Clarissa's directly faces it on the opposite side. There I stood in the middle of the hall between the two ladies, each insisting that I honor her first. A mental picture flashed upon me of the two women before Solomon and the helpless child between them. Would that some of the wisdom of that shrewd king could have entered my puzzled brain at that moment!

Ah! the fragrance of flowers drifted in through the open window. The rose garden! I begged to be shown thither, and there among the delicate blooms I breathed easy once more. But alas! why did I comment on the beauty of the red roses? Immediately Aunt Clarissa approvingly patted my shoulder and nodded a pretty "I-told-you-so" towards the now rigid Miss Hepzibah. Evidently they had agreed to disagree on the subject; the triumphant Clarissa and the disgruntled Hepzibah both looked to me for a settlement, —but alas! words failed me.

Luck was with me, however, for the maid announced tea just then, and promising myself to keep my opinions to myself at least for to-day, I sat down between my rival relatives. Strawberries and cream! My eye strayed to the tempting muffins placed before Aunt Clarissa; but at the next moment I perceived the stale bread directly in front of Aunt Hepzibah. Simultaneously I was offered both, accompanied by a double lecture about the number of calories and vitamins in each. The calories increased, and soon the climax was reached:—I was reduced to the painful necessity of refusing both. Moreover, I found myself talking to great-great-grandfather, who smiled encouragingly at me from the wall; for if I talked directly to one hostess, the other refused to listen.

Aunt Clarissa, with tear-dimmed eyes, related to me for the fortieth time the romance of her life; but this time Daniel was dark and handsome with gleaming white teeth. Aunt Hepzibah strove to arouse my interest in hook-mats, and in truth, I *was* interested, but it was impossible to express myself on the subject just then. Finally, we adjourned to the parlor and I thought to recline comfortably in a large arm chair. An uncomfortable feeling, however, immediately possessed me, and springing from the chair I turned to gaze upon a large maltese cat, which evidently considered possession as nine-tenths of the law.

I turned to the horse-hair sofa and was about to sit down when I perceived two bright eyes and two rows of sharp teeth ready for action. Daniel again! Unlike his namesake, who, as I had heard over and over again, was a very chivalrous gentleman, Daniel at refused first to allow me to sit beside him, and it was only after much coaxing from Aunt Clarissa that he finally acquiesced.

Aunt Hepzibah now got one of her fits of extreme deafness, and every remark I ventured brought from her, "You know, I'm a little deaf; speak louder!" Every sentence had to be repeated in high C, until at last purple in the face I shouted the words: "Time to go home!"

Daniel accompanied me to the gate, merely as a part of his duty; but alas! the gate on swinging open hit him forcefully, and for the second time that day he howled dismally. But I was not prepared for the sequel. Before I could apologize for the gate, the miserable little beast sprang at me, and tore my dress to shreds. Aunt Clarissa came forward and rewarded the cur with a lump of brown sugar!—a reward for his agility, no doubt; but I did not wait for more. I limped home and as I crept into the house I heard my baby brother singing himself to sleep with

"Hark, hark! the dogs do bark,
The beggars have come to town:
Some in tags, and some in rags,
And some in tattered gowns."

I stole up the back stairs and went to bed, assuring myself that monotony is not the worst evil in life.

FRANCES ROMKEY, '30.

TWO SONGS.

Within the lonely room
Death lingers:
Moonlight streaming in the window
Throws long shadows on the floor
And from afar a song,
A sound as of children's voices,
Rises and falls and dies away.

Outside in the stillness
A banjo sends soft notes
Quivering along the moonlight.
Another song arises
Slow and pathetic,—and a smile
Sad or sardonic?—flickers on the face of the dying:
Or was it the play of the moonbeams?

BEATRICE ADAMS.

M'CONNACHIE

M'CONNACHIE... is the name I give to the unruly half of myself: the writing half. . . . My desire is to be the family solicitor, standing firm on my hearthrug among the harsh realities of the office furniture; while M'Connachie prefers to fly around on one wing."

Let this be the apologia of the Barrie of Dear Brutus, Peter Pan, Mary Rose, and A Kiss For Cinderella. In this modern age when flying is "in the air," so to speak, he is the only playwright who persists in lifting himself off the earth. "My humble branch," he says, "may be described as playing hide and seek with angels." In the midst of a world that is decidedly on its feet, (and its feet often in the mud) he persists in slipping away into regions where most grown people do not venture. Peter Pan, the boy who never grew up, is the nearest incarnation of Barrie that we can imagine; and it is Peter Pan who says—do you remember?—"To fly, you must have faith. As soon as you cease to believe you can fly, you cease to be able to fly." It is the spirit of eternal childhood that makes Barrie the favorite not only of the children but of the men and women of to-day.

There is a marked similarity between some of the plays of Barrie and some of the poems of Blake. There is an ecstatic note common to both, and an innocence of heart that is very rare. Blake's spirit of youth and imagination is found in the absolutely child-like "Infant Joy":

"I have no name:
I am but two days old."
What shall I call thee?
"I happy am
Joy is my name."
"Sweet joy befall thee!"

Just as "Infant Joy" is one of Blake's Songs of Innocence, so are "A Kiss For Cinderella," and "Peter Pan," Barrie's Songs of Innocence. The immortal Peter Pan is Barrie. He appears as Puck in the Never Never Land—the land where lost dreams go. Have you, perchance, lost your childhood? Then, find it again with Puck in the magic world of make-believe. It is not exactly a make-believe world, though, but a world within our reach. Few of us attain it, however—perhaps because we have not the faith which Peter Pan says we must have. Barrie—or Puck, as he appears here—is the eternal boy. When Hooks asks him who he is, he cries triumphantly, "I am youth, I am joy, I am life. . . ." In this rings the whimsical spirit of the ethereal Never Never Land—the land where lost dreams go. If you have perceived the magic lying beyond the horizon of our every-day world, the land that is "east to the sun, and west of the moon," then be glad, for you are one of the fortunate few who really and truly "believe." Can you see the spirit of Puck—the wistful, fantastic spirit that cries out in Peter Pan, "Do you believe? If you believe, clap your hands. A fairy can never die if you believe in him." If you can see this, then surely, surely, your faith will unlock for you the door of the land where the lost dreams go.

In "A Kiss For Cinderella," Barrie shows us the dreams of a real Cinderella—a London waif. There is more sentiment, more pathos here, than in Peter Pan, but there is the same imagination of the man who has not lost his childhood. While there is a delightful humor about this play there is a pathetic side, too. Barrie certainly has Cinderella's "invite—her big card," to a child's land of romance, when he shows us the yearnings and the imagination of "Miss Thing."

"It is fine to be called darling; it heats me up. I've been wearying for it, Godmother. Life's kind of hard." Barrie seems here not to be from the world of "grown-ups," but from the land where children's dreams are made. He seems to be an inspired child writing for children.

We laugh at the idea of a ball in a room where everything is made of gold, and of a king and queen who are attired like their portraits on playing cards, but none but a cynic could help feeling a little ache 'round the region of the heart, when they consider that poor little Cinderella's idea of perfect bliss is to hang on to a strap on the Underground, and to munch away at a banana. It was a ball, "not as balls are, but as they are conceived to be in a little chamber in Cinderella's head." Who else but one from the land of children's dreams could have conceived the picture of the king and queen seated on rocking chairs—little Cinderella's idea of comfort and luxury untold! Can it be a grown-up who makes the king say, "There is a paper bag for each, containing two sandwiches, buttered on both sides, a piece of cake, a hard boiled egg, and an orange or a banana?" Surely not a "grown-up," but Puck—happy, joyous, youthful Puck, from the Never Never Land. Imagine Prince Hard-to-Please "smacking the Lord Mayor's face with princely elegance," and, imagine the Lord Mayor "taking it as a favour" and oh, Puck! Who but you would say that "the courtiers gently smack each other's faces, and are very proud to be there?" Laughter, and tears—we find plenty of both in this truly delightful "Song of Innocence."

In "Mary Rose" there is a different Barrie, a different atmosphere, entirely. Perhaps the boy Barrie has grown up—but that is a sad thought, if we think of him as "youth, and joy, and life." There is still some of the earliest Barrie, for a spirit of eternal youth cannot ever be quite hidden. It shines through, in this new elfland which he has created. There is nothing definite, nothing tangible about this play, but there is a suggestiveness, an elusive something that must captivate the most exacting reader. "Mary Rose" is so wholly and entirely "other-world" that it treats of what we have never known, perhaps never can know.

There is in this play a Never Never Land—not, as in Peter Pan, the land where lost dreams go, but the land of enchantment—the spirit world that lies around us. We are not told where Mary Rose has been, but we must know that she has been in some other world. There is no visible agent here, but a vague unseen power seems to give visibility to the flimsiest of hidden fancies of the imagination. Celtic folk-lore supplies the mystery and the enchantment to this tale of the land of poets and dreamers. The very name of Mary Rose's beloved island—"The Island that Likes to be Visited" tells us that there is something very "other-world" about it. And it is that whimsical "something" that convinces us that Barrie—the boy Barrie—has not entirely grown up—as yet.

Dear Brutus, and *The Admirable Crichton* are Barrie's "Songs of Experience". In these two plays he appears as Lob—"certainly rather like what Puck might have grown

into, if he had forgotten to die." Truly, Barrie has at last grown up. The Never Never Land is now the land-of-might-have-been, the land-of-never-again.

Lob, who is of course, Barrie, invites several "quite nice people" to visit a strange wood, on Midsummer Eve. There they are given a second chance, and they discover the vital, bitter truth that:

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves that we are underlings."

One of Lob's guests says "Three things they say come not back to men nor women—the spoken word, the past life and the neglected opportunity. Wonder if we should make any more of them if they did come back to us?" And, when these did get their second chance, they found that after all, they are governed by "something that makes us go on doing the same sort of fool things, however many chances we get." In Lob's enchanted wood, we are all might-have-beens—"ghosts—shades, made of sad folk's thoughts."

The Admirable Crichton is more malignant, more ironic. It might be called a social satire—but there is much more to this play than appears on the surface. It shows what we "might have been" under different circumstances—"If the Case were Altered." Even in the most laughable portions of the play the tragedy of it all, overhangs, and tears must needs be close. Underneath the scintillating comedy, is a dull little soreness, a wish that we too might not be "might have beens," for it is true that "Too late-never-forever-forever-never-are the saddest words in the English tongue."

This then, is M'Connachie, who has, really with little effort, broken away from the family solicitor. He flies around in the bright sunshine, and takes us on a delightful escapade—away from the world of "every-dayness" to the Never Never Land. And there amid healthy fantasy, lost dreams, and gayest romance, we play hide and seek with the boy who is "youth, and joy, and life." Or dwelling a while in the land of "might-have-been," we grow wiser, kindlier; our hopes for our better selves revive, for "faith is the evidence of things that appear not," and above all things M'Connachie prizes faith.

KATHERINE OWEN.

JACK FROST.

Someone tapping at my window
In the chill December morn;
Old Jack Frost in all his splendor
Comes to greet me with his horn:
And I see the soft snow falling,
Hear the wind that whistles free;
High in the air his elves are calling
Through the stately old pine tree.

MARGUERITE MERCHANT, Sen. C.

"A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT"

FREDDIE, aged ten, was standing quite mannishly before the fire, his legs wide apart (Napoleon-like), his hands thrust deep into his pockets. As usual he was thinking; but this time he was thinking aloud:

"O golly! Won't I be glad when I grow up! And won't I smoke!" (His mother had caught him lighting a dried fern cigarette the day before—He hoped she heard him now).

As it happened, his mother did *not* hear him, but his father did, and he chuckled behind his newspaper.

"Good for you, son," he said. "But why not begin now?" Laying his newspaper aside he rose and walked over to Freddie's side. Freddie was casting a longing glance at a box of cigars lying on the mantle. His eyes opened in astonishment when his father placed the open box on the table before him and said, "Come on, Freddie, take two. Now put this one in your pocket and we'll have another smoke later on in the evening."

At that moment Mother entered the room and opened her mouth in amazement, but on receiving a nod from Dad, merely took up her sewing and sat down. The boy was at a loss for words, but managed to say:

"Gosh, Dad! I always wanted to smoke cigars too, 'cause they make you look so grown up. Yum! I just can't wait to start off!"

He was interrupted by his father holding a lighted match before him. Then came the moment he had so longed for: he was smoking his first cigar! Mother, looking up from her sewing, nodded encouragingly as the boy tried to imitate his father.

"Mum dassen't say anything," he thought, "long as Dad's lettin' me. . . . It's kind uv awkward, though, and not so easy, but Dad says those smoke rings are easy as wink once ya get on to 'em."

Then came a sudden fit of coughing; but Mother just smiled on and Dad said good-naturedly:

"You're doing fine, son. You and I are going to have a good old smoke by the fire every night. There! Take a good deep puff. . . . That's it!"

What was that his father was doing? Making smoke come out of his nose. Ah! That was easy, 'cause he had tried it lots of times with the cigarettes he made in his gang's camp. "Ugh! The smoke gets caught in my throat and Oh!! it's in my eyes! Say, Mother, I can't see!" he choked.

But his father brought him a glass of water and picked up the cigar he had dropped on the carpet, then patted the boy on the shoulder. Why, Daddy had smoked all of his cigar and was helping himself to another! Freddie had better hurry 'cause he had another in his pocket. . . .

Wasn't the room rather stuffy? Perhaps he had better ask Mother if he might open the window? Perhaps it was just his imagination. Here was half his cigar gone and he hadn't sent any smoke rings in the air or made the smoke come out of his nose. Gosh! the room *was* stuffy!

The father seemed not to notice the increasing sallowness of the boy's complexion, but winked at Mother who seemed to be knotting her thread most of the time.

"Freddie, perhaps you'd better lie down and finish your smoke. Here's an ash tray; make yourself comfortable," he said reassuringly.

"Golly, Dad, I wuz jus' thinkin' of that" replied Freddie and tried to laugh it off; but really, his head *did* feel rather heavy. Mother seemed to be spinning about the room on her chair and Dad was actually sitting on the mantle-piece reading his newspaper. Everything was quite unnatural. He began thinking over what he had eaten during the day.

No! He hadn't eaten any green apples. He *had* wanted to eat the bowl of whipped cream that the cook had left in the pantry, but he had been caught just in the act of taking it. Then that delicious lemon pie they had had for dinner. He had not been allowed a second serve, because there was company, and boys *must* be polite when there is company around!

Could it possibly be the cigar! The funny taste he had in his mouth was really smoky. Gosh! Now Mother was sitting on the mantle-piece and Dad was standing on his head reading the newspaper. There *was* something radically wrong somewhere, and since he had never felt this way before, it must be the cigar that was the cause of it all. Perhaps he had better sit up again. . . .

His father sat watching the shadows passing over the boy's face, and when Freddie finally struggled to sit up, he merely motioned to Mother. Mother on her part realized that the time had come to clear the decks for action, so to speak, and quickly left the room.

Poor Freddie dropped the cigar feebly into the tray, never to place it or any of its kind into his mouth again. Suddenly everything plunged into darkness. . . .

A few hours later Freddie lay tossing his head upon the pillows; but strange to say, in his misery he was still thinking! "What horrid old things cigars are. I'll never touch another again!"

Just then Mother came in with some delicious chocolate cake. The very sight of it made him sick. If he hadn't smoked that cigar he could have had two pieces of that cake!

Next morning he awoke to find that he had not yet quite gained his equilibrium. He wouldn't be able to play on the base-ball team this afternoon—he, the best player of the gang! (He hoped the fellers wouldn't find out!) Smoking sure had its disadvantages.

Why didn't the toast and jam taste as delicious as it did on other mornings? And above all, why couldn't he swallow without almost turning a somersault? "My smoking-days are over," thought Freddie, and just as he was about to put his thought into words, his mother said, "Your father is calling you, Freddie."

When the boy arrived before his father he kept his eyes glued to the floor.

"How about that cigar, son?" asked Dad.

"Ugh! Gosh, Dad, it's all squashed," said Freddie, glancing in the direction where the ash tray had stood last night.

"Well, I'll give you another. In fact you can have the box, because I have plenty," said his father pleasantly, watching how the boy would take the proposal.

"Thanks all the same, Dad,—but I guess they don't agree with me . . . and . . . say Dad! . . . just wait a minute! Please don't light that cigar while I'm here. Just give me a chance to make the kitchen . . ."

That afternoon Freddie left the house with a large piece of chocolate cake in each hand and a base-ball mit under his arm, and wondered how he could ever have preferred a cigar when Mother had such luscious things in the pantry!

PAULINE MELANSON, '30

OUR DAILY CONSTITUTIONAL

The bell rings out gaily at four o'clock
And now (with disgust) "Must we go for a walk?"
The sky is cold, and dark, and drear—
But out we go each day of the year.

"Get on your coats and get into line,
We must be out in a very short time!"
This is what greets us each day without fail,
In spite of the cold, and the snow, and the hail.

"Where are my rubbers?" "I can't find my coat!"
Are some of the sayings that come just by rote;
But nothings avails; with a scramble and shove
We are out of the door with only one glove.

Two by two we saunter along
For "going in three's" is very wrong!
We talk and we laugh in spite of the cold,
And the news of the day is told and retold.

"Get off my heels!" or "Fill up that gap!"
"Keep to the right or there'll be a mishap!"
Thus we are driven like sheep from the fold,
And keep bleating and bleating, "Phew! but it's cold!"

With cheeks and noses of reddest hue
Back we all plod till the Mount comes in view,
Then with a rush we make for the door,
And remain safe inside till next day at four!

MARGARET FRIEL, Freshman.

WHO MOVED PARNASSUS?

FOR centuries Parnassus had stood immovable, the inviolable home of the Muses. There it remained, wrapped in clouds, lofty and obscure, approached only by poets. Then one bright day someone hitched Pegasus to Parnassus and brought it down to the homes of men. His idea was to bring literature down to the common man, into the lonely farm-houses where the only reading material known besides the Bible is the *Farmer's Almanac*. He argued: "It is all right for college professors to construct five-foot shelves of Linoleum Classics,—but it's good, homely stuff that the country people want . . . something that will make their minds travel from their acres of ground, something to let them see how insignificant they are—to give them new life and new ambitions . . ."

For the "Professor" had discovered a truth. He had noticed that uneducated people regard "literature" only as something studied in College, something quite beyond their sphere as well as beyond their reach. But in reality, what is Literature? Literature is life—as expressed by the finest voices of the past. And what are books for? The Professor says: "A book is good only when it meets some human hunger or refutes some human error."

It was reasons like these that set the Professor travelling over the highways and byways with a cartload of books that are worth while. For, said the Professor, "When you sell a man a book you don't sell him just twelve ounces of paper and ink and glue—you sell him a whole new life. Love and friendship and humor and ships at sea by night—there's all heaven and earth in a book, a real book I mean. Jimminy! If I were the baker or the butcher or the broom huckster, people would run to the gate when I came by—just waiting for my stuff. And here I go loaded with everlasting salvation . . . and it's hard to make 'em see it. That's what makes it worth while—I'm doing something that nobody else from Nazareth, Maine, to Washington has ever thought of. It's a new field, but by the bones of Whitman it's worth while. That's what the country needs—more books!"

He continues: "Do you know, it's comical. Even the publishers, the fellows that print the books, can't see what I'm doing for them. Some of 'em refuse me credit because I sell their books for what they're worth instead of for the prices they mark on them. They write me letters about price maintenance—and I write back about merit maintenance. Publish a good book and I'll get a good price for it, say I!"

A business like that would need no advertisement. "If I sell a man a book by Stevenson or Conrad, a book that delights or terrifies him, that man and that book become my living advertisement. A doctor is advertised by the bodies he cures: my business is advertised by the minds I stimulate . . ." Yes, stimulate in the right way, so that people would long for something better than the daily newspapers and the *Farmer's Almanac*. If you ask more than half of them "Do you read?" the unhesitating answer would be "Sure!" But when the vital question is put to them, "What do you read?" the true case is revealed.

Just like everything else, however, when people get a taste of something good and wholesome they want more. But literature must be brought to them by personal contract.

The enterprise has something of a missionary character. Some of the Professor's speeches show exactly what is needed. Addressing a crowd around his van he says: "Calling us men doesn't make us men. 'No creature on earth has a right to think himself a human being if he doesn't know at least one good book. The man that spends every evening chewing Piper Heidsieck at the store is unworthy to catch the intimations of a benevolent Creator. The man that's got a few good books on his shelf is making his wife happy, giving his children a square deal, and he's likely to be a better citizen himself. . . . You are all used to hucksters and fellows selling every kind of junk from brooms to bananas; but how often does anyone come round here to sell you good books? You've got your town library, I dare say, but there are some books that folks ought to own. I've got 'em all here from Bibles to cook books. They'll speak for themselves. Step up to the shelves, friends, and pick and choose."

There are plenty of people to write books, but how few give up their time to spreading good literature! "As for me," says the Professor, "I have always suffered from the feeling that it is better to read a good book than to write a poor one. . . . The world is full of great writers about literature, but they're all selfish and aristocratic. Addison, Lamb, Hazlitt, Emerson, Lowell,—take any one you choose—they all conceive the love of books as a rare and perfect mystery for the few—a thing of the secluded study where they can sit alone with a candle, and a cigar, and a glass of port on the table, and a spaniel on the hearth-rug. What I say is, who has ever gone out into the high roads and hedges to bring literature home to the plain man? To bring it home to his business and bosom, as somebody says? The farther into the country you go, the fewer and worse books you find. I've spent several years joggling around this citadel of crime, and by the bones of Ben Ezra I don't think I ever found a really good book (except the Bible) at a farmhouse yet, unless I put it there myself. The mandarins of culture—what do they teach the common folk to read? It's no good writing down lists of books for farmers and compiling five-foot shelves; you've got to go out and visit the people—take the books to them, talk to the teachers and bully the editors of the country newspapers and farm magazines and tell the children stories—and then little by little you begin to get good books circulating in the veins of the nation. It's great work, mind you! It's like carrying the Holy Grail to some of these way-back farm-houses. I wish there were a thousand Parnassuses instead of this one."

So wish we all! And perhaps by now you have guessed the Professor's identity, for the man who moved Parnassus and put in on wheels is none other than Christopher Morley, most genial of American writers. Though he does not travel about with a library on wheels, he has spread his philosophy far and wide. For him life holds much that is cheerful and inspiring. His books "go home to men's bosoms" because he is above all, human. Someone giving a brief introduction of Morley, the literary man, wrote, "He is jolly, gay, and carefree:—Morley, the father of four children and a typical "home man." The object of this criticism drew a circle about the word 'carefree' and wrote beneath, "Not always!—Gosh, man, he's human, ain't he?"

MILDRED MORSON, '30.

THE AERONAUTS

"SSH! they are all asleep," whispered Peter Pan to Tinker Bell as they balanced themselves on the edge of the window sill. "See, Tink, this one sleeps with her hair all tied up in combs and rags."

"Oh, I know who it is," cried Tink joyfully. "It's Edith Landry!"

Peter and Tinker Bell, on their way to the Never, Never Land, had seen the open windows of the Mount and decided to fly in and look around. Tinker, who was accustomed to her own pretty fairy apartment, was eager to see what the Mount girls' rooms were like.

Edith awoke with a start and saw the glimmering light of the fairy.

"Why, it is Tinker Bell!" she exclaimed, "Where is Peter Pan?"

(You see Edith is well acquainted with fairies and so she knew one immediately).

At that Peter flew in and perched himself on the foot of Edith's bed. "Would you like to fly with me, Edith?" he asked shyly.

"Why, of course!"

"Well, you shall," said Peter. "Now please think of something awfully pleasant, something that makes you very happy, and then you will be able to fly."

Edith closed her eyes and pressed her hands together earnestly, just as she does when she says her prayers. She thought and thought of all the nice things she had known in life,—algebra, and prime, and silence at meals, and all sorts of things, but finally she knew she had it: she thought of Theorem 15. Immediately, before she had even begun the proof, she rose in the air, so suddenly that she hit the ceiling with a thud. The noise awoke Mary Merchant, so Peter flew over to Mary's bed to make her acquaintance. Now Mary would have immediately dropped off to sleep again had not Tinker Bell tugged at her arm. But when she saw who her distinguished visitors were, she was wide awake.

"Would you like to fly with me?" asked Peter.

"Fly? In an aeroplane?" said Mary, quite stupidly.

"No, of course not! I said fly with me,—the way I fly; it's much nicer," said Peter.

"Now, think of something awfully nice!"

Mary closed her eyes tight and thought. She thought of the coming holiday, but found herself sitting stolidly on her bed. Then she thought of the bi-monthly exams, and off she went. She too, hit the ceiling, but it really didn't matter; she was flying.

"You know, Peter," she said when she came down again, "I could never go with you alone. Let's wake some other girls."

"All right," said Peter good-naturedly. "Tink! I say, Tink! where are you anyway?"

Tinker Bell had flown downstairs; so Peter, with Mary and Edith flew after her. They found her in the Studio corridor, having an argument with Jane Thorup. Jane was glad of an opportunity which would furnish her vocal machine with ammunition for words, volley after volley. This young lady understanding thoroughly the laws of gravitation, was trying to convince Tinker Bell that you really couldn't fly, you know. At that Edith called out, "Think of Bach, Jane, think of Bach!"

Jane thought of Bach, and immediately she was transported with the others up to St. Agnes Dormitory.

"Oh, Peter, listen!" cried Tinker Bell, "What funny words that girl is saying. Do you hear?"

They all listened attentively, and sure enough, the same phrase was mumbled in a high voice, "Non, non, je ne l'aime pas! Je ne prends pas l'elocution."

"Tis something about elocution," said Peter, nodding his head.

"Let's wake her too," said Mary clapping her hands. "She'll be oodles of fun!"

They had a hard time waking her and a harder time making her understand, but at last Marie de la Villefromoy joined the band. What did she think of? Why, what but elocution!

"Dis is wonderful. Let's get some more girls," said Marie as they all floated down the stairs. Edith led the way, and they flew down to the Study Hall flat. Peter was rather slow, as he had stopped to look at the bird in the cage at the top of the stairs. Finally he joined them.

"Where next?" he asked.

"Let's take Nancy," suggested Jane. "She'd love to come!"

So Peter flew into Nancy's room and touched her on the shoulder. Immediately he came flying back.

"Goodness!" he exclaimed, "What's the matter with that girl? My, but she jumped!"

Jane and Mary giggled, but Edith saw that Peter was embarrassed.

"Nancy is always like that, Peter," she said. "I'll go and wake her."

Nancy didn't want to go at all. She said she had only her cotton nightdress on and was sure she'd get a cold.

"I'll get a fur coat for you," said Jane, "Do come!"

"All right, I'll come, but if I get a cold, it will be your fault," Nancy mumbled sleepily.

They were all ready now, and flew out of the study-hall windows. Nancy was leading, as she was now very much excited over the trip. In fact she was flying so fast that Peter had to put some fairy dust on her to keep her from speeding.

As they flew, Marie discovered that she had forgotten her dictionary and wanted to go back for it, but Peter persuaded her that it would be foolish to try, as she would never find the Mount again without him. Tinker Bell and Marie had now become great friends, for Tink was fascinated by her accent.

At last they reached the Never, Never Land. It was a very quaint place and very pretty. They stopped at a little town, and Peter announced, "Look we are just in time for the circus!"

"Gracious!" said Edith, "Who is that on the tight-rope over there?"

"Where?"

"Why, it's Margaret Long! How graceful she has become!" said Jane.

"I wonder who is singing 'Ain't She Sweet?' so prettily," said Mary.

"It certainly looks like Germaine Merchant."

"And it is! Just look at the crowds about her!"

"There's Lucille Knowlton doing the latest dance from Kentville," said Edith.

"But, where is Nancy?" she cried frantically. "Catch her quick, Jane, she must have fallen asleep!"

Jane was tired of looking after Nancy and said so. So Peter led them back to the Mount.

Suddenly Edith felt her bed-clothes pulled violently. It was Saturday!!! She crawled out of bed sleepily, while a voice in the distance announced in decisive tones: "You have *One Minute* to get down to prayers!"

DOROTHY MORSON.

ON BEING A BIG SISTER.

"Kayo!" I hear in a loud stage whisper as I pass along in the line. It is my smallest sister, Mary. Involuntarily my hand seeks my pocket. As she draws nearer my fingers close around my last dime. Experience tells me I am soon to be bereft of even that. And experience is right: because-well, she just *had* to have some candy, you see.

Then there is, "Kayo, you're going to take me to town, aren't you?" I say "no!" most emphatically, but for all that, I escort my young sister around the metropolis on Saturday. The agony is not too great until my eye is drawn to Mary's pocket, which evidently has a hole in it through which peanuts and candies drop, one by one, on the floor of the Green Lantern! Even then I can hold up my head; but oh! she stoops and begins to pick them up, proclaiming in a loud voice, that "really these are too good to waste!" "Come on, Kayo," she says, "help me pick them up!"

I can bear taking Connie to town. She is really a nice child, and well behaved; but oh! the trials of a big sister when she insists on counting her money in the bus, on the street, or in the Five and Ten!

Then there are the unnumerable things to be found for them,—hats, gloves, shoes,—everything a child could possibly lose. And then there is *finance*! It is wonderful to be treasurer for small sisters. At any rate there is no need for arithmetic, for they defy all mathematical principles. When we first came to school this year, Mary gave me a dollar to keep for her,—put it on deposit, so to speak. Every day since she has come to me for "ten cents of my dollar, please." The other day she asked me how much she had left of her dollar! And then you envy big sisters!

What an awful "sinkin' feelin'" in your heart when you hear your small sister's name announced, and know it is the prelude to a punishment!

But on the whole, I guess it's worth it;—don't you think so, all you other "big sisters?"

KATHERINE OWEN, '30.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF THE MARITIMES

IN two very interesting and enlightening lectures, delivered on March 9th and March 10th, Reverend Doctor Coady, of educational fame, offered us some new ideas for consideration. As these ideas seem worth keeping and handing on to other people, I shall attempt to summarize them here:

First of all, Canada's big work is to build up a civilization. A civilized nation is one that has an orderly economic structure, an efficient government, and has attained some achievements in cultural subjects. The foundation of all civilization is Religion. In order to bring about a proper idea of this civilization, there are four points to be considered; viz. the realization of our possibilities, the need of a thinking people, the development of the principle of co-operation, and the development of a spirit of patriotism.

The Maritime Provinces are the greatest possession of Canada. They are "as a diadem on the brow of Canada," and in the great work of winning for Canada a place in the sun, the Maritime Provinces have much to contribute, not by way of material wealth, but by way of a steadying force,—the human element and the cultural element. The Maritimes possess an immense natural wealth and a great population,—great, that is, not in numbers but in spiritual force and the qualities of leadership.

Though wealth is not the prime factor in our outlook, it is nevertheless, a necessary factor. We must have a certain degree of prosperity if we are to keep our schools and make our influence felt. Why cannot this people with abundance of material resources make of this section of the country what Alaska has made of hers? It is necessary that our people realize the economic wealth they have at their disposal, and until they do, the Maritimes will suffer from the emigration to the United States. Economic conditions must be bettered, not for the sake of amassing wealth, but in order to keep the people at home.

Education is an important factor which should make for the realization of possibilities. Here, Education must develop four things: the economic sense, patriotism, a thinking people, a co-operative people.

The economic sense is being fostered in our young people to-day by an effort on the part of educators to make the girls and boys aware of the need there is to open their eyes and see the possibilities around them. The introduction of the study of Economics into the schools is a sensible move along this line.

Patriotism is awakened in the hearts of a people by making them conscious of the worth of their native land, by rousing them to an appreciation of its beauties and its associations. Nowhere should this be easier than in our own beautiful Nova Scotia.

But the most important thing for us to do is to learn to *think*. Without a thinking people, patriotism becomes mere sentiment. Thinking is merely putting things together in our own minds, adjusting means to an end. One of the greatest enemies of thinking is the too common expression, "I can't". If we say, "I can't" we are defeated before we commence. The things we *can* do are about ten times as great as those we *think* we can do. The first essential, therefore, is to get it into our heads that we *can* do the

thing. The War proved this. The Maritimes did wonders during the War; why not now? What these provinces want is a kind of people who will search for something to think about, who will find a problem and solve it. Ramsay MacDonald is the type of a man who *thinks*. He was able to put his vision of a thing into reality. Why can't the people of Nova Scotia make their vision a real thing? The only way to obtain what we need in the Maritimes is to raise a group of thinkers who will not stop until they have at least *started* to carry out their ideas.

The next and the best point to consider in bringing about the proper idea of civilization is the development of co-operation. Big results require the union of many minds in one idea. After all, co-operation is nothing but a hard-headed business principle. The wonders accomplished in the west by the Canadian Wheat Pool illustrate the force of co-operation. That difficulties have arisen in regard to the Wheat Pool is no fault of the people of Canada. These difficulties have their source in extraneous causes and they will eventually find their solution. The fact that Canada, a land of about ten million inhabitants led the world from 1925-29 in the exportation of wheat should be a matter of just pride. If Nova Scotia could organize her fisheries on the principle of co-operation, as she is trying at present to do, we should see great results in our part of the world.

Of course, without the spirit of patriotism none of this could be carried out, and we should have a race of disloyal, ambitionless, illiterate people instead of patriots, thinkers and co-operators. Following these ideas, we shall go forward; we shall develop the possibilities of the Maritimes and attain that "place in the sun" which is ours for the grasping.

MARGARET FRIEL, Freshman.

SPRING SECRET.

The Indian pear-tree that stands by the grotto
Is a little Mexican girl in her First Communion dress.
She leans her brown arm on the wall
And asks, "Dear Mother, will He come soon?"
And our Lady smiles and answers, "Soon!"

The Indian pear tree draws in her sweet breath;
She shakes the folds of her dainty dress.
But our Lady smiles for she knows that when
The great procession comes chanting by
The little pear-tree will cast all her finery
In the dust for His feet to tread on,
And tremble lest He look up as He passes.

THE OPENING OF THE HOUSE.

(As seen by a school girl).

There is an old ditty that comes to my mind at this moment:

"I went to the animals' fair,
The birds and beasts were there . . ."

Well, the man who wrote that had nothing on me: I went to the Opening of the House of Parliament, and—I am a wiser girl! I have made up my mind to be a politician, for there is in that career an excitement for which I crave, and moreover, one need not be very learned, for "Talk is cheap", and I can talk.

I was reading a book, taking life easy, when I heard Auntie say, "Well, if you're going to the Opening of the Session with me, you'd better hurry!"

I looked at my watch,—1.30, and thought, "Great grief!" what's all the rush about? That affair doesn't begin until three." However, I tore down stairs and sprang into the car, which started at break-neck speed, swerved around several corners, and then crawled down the street leading to the Parliament Building, as if we had suddenly joined a funeral procession. People jammed between cars shook fists at the drivers and ducked in all directions. The police were out in full force. Cars blocked the way on either side so we were forced to join the pedestrians who came from everywhere. I was standing just without the doors, hunting through my pockets for my invitation when I was brushed aside in one sweep by a large person. Recovering my footing, I turned to express my opinion of him when Auntie whispered, "Sh-sh-h-h! That's So-and-So." Everybody else stood aside to allow him to pass, for he was a Member.

The next person who came in contact with me I allowed to pass with a sweet smile (I saw others older than I do it before) and on glancing up beheld a powerful negro! Such pushing, and shoving, and tramping, and talking! I buried my elbow in a stout lady with a purple hat and received at the same time an impetus from the rear that sent me victorious to the very door of the Assembly room. With hat balanced somewhere on the back of my head and clothes in disorder, feet astride, and arms akimbo to ward off further attack, I gazed with amazement on the scene before me. Here within the doors only faint murmurs could be heard, while outside was a pressing, perspiring, shouting mass of people.

We were shown to our seats by pages. But! what is the idea of putting us into stiff backed chairs when there are plenty of easy ones just in front of us? I made myself comfortable in one of the latter, and became conscious of eyes. Auntie from her seat in the rear beckoned me back and whispered that those chairs were reserved for Members! I returned to my former place, saying out loud, so that my neighbors could hear and would not think me green, "I was just seeing what a Member feels like when he sits in one of those chairs!"

Whilst waiting for things to begin, I gazed about the room, and my gaze fell on the throne. Why, it was of ordinary oak,—not much art about that! And I was expecting a magnificent throne of glittering gold such as I always read about in the fairy tales. There was a table before it, and on either side were arranged two sets of chairs. I was on the left side since I belonged to the Opposition; and the Government body sat on the right.

There was a painting of Joseph Howe on the wall. I had studied about him in History and informed my aunt of the fact, but she was not very much surprised.

Gracious! I was disturbed in my observations by a sudden discharge of musketry. Perhaps somebody was hurt! I looked around, but I seemed to be the only person concerned. Everybody else was looking at a door from which a person was approaching with a big gold club called a mace, which he placed on the table. He was followed by a man with a white wig on, who climbed up and sat on the throne.

A group of handsome gentlemen dressed in uniforms entered and took their places on either side of the door, while an elderly gentleman passed through their midst and went up to the throne. The other one with the wig immediately jumped off it, and I asked Auntie in an undertone if he had made a mistake in his seat. We all stood up until the newcomer sat down, and then he read something that somebody handed to him, and immediately got up and went out, followed by his bodyguard. The paper evidently dealt with measuring bills, for I heard the words "measure" and "bill."

The other gentleman now resumed his seat on the throne, this time with a silk hat on, and chewed his moustache. A man sat at the table and wrote something: then got up and spoke a few words to two men on the right side. They immediately jumped up and led a person to the table for the throne-sitter to size up. He looked the chap up and down and then said, "Let the honorable gentleman take his seat."

Straightway another from that side arose and said to the throne-sitter, "Mr. Speaker, I move . . ." He certainly made a mistake, for this chap on the throne doesn't speak at all. On the contrary he merely listened, and so did we all, while the man who "moved" talked on and on, growing redder and redder in the face, about a death which we all heard about ages ago, and about campaigns, until he got out of breath and wheezy and then he sat down.

Everybody on his side of the room applauded, and so did I, until the people around me looked at me awfully, so I stopped. After a while another Member got up, adjusted his specs, swelled out his chest, put his thumbs in the lapels of his coat, and said, "I second what my honorable colleague has moved . . ." He talked much about acres and square miles of forest, and kept hunting through a pile of papers until he found some figures which he proudly quoted and then sat down.

Then a man on our side of the room arose, and everybody (on our side at least) applauded. So, glancing about to make sure this time I joined in the clapping as hard as, I could. The gentleman in question waved a paper frantically in the air and talked about the common people, until a man with a beak for a nose bawled out "Order! Order!" The two glared at each other and both sides whispered, but our fellow continued to talk and wave his paper. The two parties certainly don't love one another, for how they muttered and glared!

At last the beak-nosed gentleman stood up and said, "I move that the debate be adjourned till to-morrow's session." And with that everybody began to move. But the funny part of it was that the two who had glared at each other so dreadfully walked out of the room arm in arm, laughing and talking!

And that was all there was to the Opening of the House that the papers talked so much about!

FRANCES ROMKEY, Freshman.

ECLIPSE.

THE strains of a popular waltz drifted out over the moonlit garden and fell upon the ears of the young couple sitting beside the fountain. It was, without doubt, an ideal night for a summer dance, and to young James Davis, just graduated from law school and home for a holiday, this was an auspicious moment, one for which he had waited all evening. How many times in the past four years he had lived it over in his mind,—had framed what he would say, what Eileen would say. And now that the time had arrived, he was at loss for words. Something in the attitude of the girl made him hesitate. Was it quite the same Eileen that he had left four years ago, Eileen the swift and mischievous, who had grown so quiet and so dignified? Yet when she smiled, it was the same old Eileen who had teased him, laughed at him, but had promised just the same that she would wait for him to "grow up". Jim could hardly realize that such good fortune was for him.

"Eileen," he began, "you know I have an awful lot to say to you. Just think, I've been away for four whole years and though I've been home nearly a week this is the first time we've been alone; isn't it?"

"To be sure, Jim. But we have the whole summer to talk, haven't we? and it will be a long time before we have such a glorious night as this again. Let's go back inside—I want to dance. I simply can't keep still listening to that orchestra."

Jim looked rather disappointed, but instantly rose and followed her into the house. So his great chance passed. But, there would be others. . . .

Through the gay summer they were partners in all the activities that make a holiday pleasant, but not once did he get a chance again. Eileen seemed the same; yet she was different. How could he know that during the past four years the girl had thought seriously of becoming a religious? And so she laughed off his seriousness and left him very much to "Tweet", her younger sister who quite adored him. He attributed this friendly indifference on her part to the fact that as yet he had not begun to practice his profession. As a matter of fact, he had nothing to offer her; so very sensibly he looked for an opportunity for making a start. A favorable opening in a law firm was given him early in September, and Jim accepted it eagerly. . . .

In the five years that followed the two girls heard frequently from the young lawyer, and he in turn received many letters from "Tweet". Eileen, however, wrote only two or three short notes; for since her mother had died she saw no reason for remaining in the world. True, she cared as much as ever for Jim, but she felt that she never would be happy save as a religious. All this was quite unknown to her sister, for Eileen had no intention of entering until she should see "Tweet" happily married.

At the end of five years Jim returned, successful and confident, for now he held the junior partnership in his firm. It was "Tweet" however, that he saw most of; and Jim was not quite satisfied. Hang it all, hadn't he come back for Eileen? But it had to be admitted, "Tweet" was pretty. . . .

Eileen looked on quietly, and thought, "If I could only get out of the way for a while!"

The opportunity soon presented itself. One hot July day Eileen came running up the path waving excitedly an official-looking envelope.

"Tweet, look! I'm going away."

"Away!" echoed Tweet. "Away where?"

"Just read this letter and you'll see. I'm so glad I don't know what to do," and she danced around on the verandah.

Her sister read the letter twice before she exclaimed,

"To a girl's camp, Eileen! Imagine, off to the middle of the woods for the rest of the summer! You'll be bitten to death by black flies and mosquitoes, and besides,—you'll miss all the good times here!"

Then she added, "What will Jim say?"

"Oh, bother with Jim! You can look out for him, and I'll wager he won't miss me. I'm leaving to-morrow afternoon, so I'll have to pack in a hurry. See you later!"

She rushed into the house and upstairs two steps at a time, leaving "Tweet" to recover from the surprise. How could Eileen go away like this? It was absurd! Of course Jim would be angry, and she herself would miss her. But deep down in her heart "Tweet" could almost rejoice in the thought of four weeks with Jim to herself, with no fear of his eager, "Oh, here comes Eileen!" Of course "Tweet" was not jealous, but she did like Jim.

The next four weeks flew by on wings, and now Eileen was coming home. As she stepped off the train she spied "Tweet" and Jim waiting for her, and by the radiant look on their faces as they rushed towards her she knew that "it" had happened. Nothing was said, however, to give any hint of the matter, until that evening. All during dinner they kept her laughing over the various occurrences of the past month, but when they had moved into the cool porch, Jim said rather nervously,

"We've a secret to tell you, Eileen, haven't we 'Tweet?'"

"Oh, yes, such a gorgeous one! You'll never guess, Eileen!"

"Can't I?" laughed Eileen. "Then you'd better tell me!"

They were on either side of her in a moment, holding her hands, "Tweet" laughing up into her face.

"Eileen," she said "We're engaged! Are you glad?"

"Glad!" breathed Eileen, "Oh, you darlings, come and tell me about it!"

She led the way to the davenport, and there they sat and talked until midnight. Then Jim went home, and as the two sisters stood in the light of the front door watching him stride down the path, "Tweet" gave her sister a little ecstatic hug: "Eileen, you darling!"

The next few weeks were full of the usual bustle and excitement dear to the heart of the prospective bride. The wedding was set for mid-September, for Jim was to represent his firm in the South for at least a year. Only one shadow dimmed Tweet's happiness; Eileen would not be near her.

"Don't mind about me, darlings," laughed Eileen. "I have a plan which will surprise you, but I shan't tell you until your wedding day."

And so it came about that while the wedding guests sampled the cocktails under the big pavillion on the lawn, and the beaming bride greeted her friends under the spreading

chestnut tree, Eileen, giving last-minute directions to the waiters in the background came just within earshot of a remark which stung her very soul:

"Yes, she's going to be a nun—can you credit it? A case of disappointment in love, I should say,—the old story. He used to admire *her*, you know."

And as usual, came a flat, drawling voice, "You don't say! A case of eclipse, eh?"

EUNICE MCGILLIVRAY, '31.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO MY ROOM-MATE'S NOTE-BOOK

"Then felt I like some watchers of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken. . . ."

IT was one evening when I was retiring early that I first spied "the Book." By "the Book" I mean my room-mate's note-book. I was tidying the cedar chest when I came across it, and I said to myself, "If not, why not?" I had no idea that it was private, and so I carelessly turned the pages.

The first thing that caught my eye was some arithmetic. Yes, it certainly is necessary to know that fifteen and fifteen make thirty (especially on Saturdays). On the next page were some history notes. For example, "In 1929 Laura Secord was the most popular candy manufacturer in Canada. . ." and "In 1749 Columbus made his second voyage to America." Then came some cooking notes, for why else should she write: "Powdered Biscuits—First place two powder puffs dans le jardinier, etc."

On turning the next page I came face to face with her retreat resolutions. Sh!-sh! Drawings. Some sketches—skeletons (after Lent, I suppose), a few profiles (Greek flappers), some bones and teeth—(She must have been studying anatomy). Now some harmony. I learned that fish have scales but they never learn to play; that notes are payable as well as playable. Some bars of music there were, but in what key or clef—who can tell? Then some poetry:—Roses are red, violets are blue, and sweet peas are of various colours—(some of that "blank" verse she has been talking about, I suppose). Economics—30 cts. for biscuits, 20 cts. for cheese and crackers—"owe M. K. a dollar" (hm! I had forgotten about that!). Memo: Don't forget to call at the Rosery on Saturday. . . .

The next page revealed sewing notes. Memo—"had stitches removed five times this week"—some operation! Then some remarks apropos of English. She wonders how Sam Johnson nearly starved when he lived on Grub Street. . . .

Gecmetry—figures of all sorts; a feeble attempt at a joke (no doubt to relieve her overworked brain). "If a rhombus resembles an omnibus, where is little Polygon?" Chemistry—scraps of formulae, absolutely unintelligible. Physics—"Eureka!" Just as I was coming to something really interesting the door flew open and my room-mate entered. What followed I spare the reader. . . . I hereby resolve never more to peek!

MARJORIE KINGSLEY, Senior C.

MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENTS.

I

Time: Saturday, five minutes after the arrival of the 5.20 bus.

HIGH heels are heard several floors below, the slamming of several doors, excited "Hi there's"; "won-derful time," etc. Parcels are scattered here and there; but there is only one thought in the mind of the home-comer; to get to *her* desk before *she* arrives on the scene! Up the stairs, three steps at a time, a few glances up and down the corridor—and at last within *the room*! Now to get the little vase out of the cupboard and put the roses in; dash to the nearest tap for water, and put all safe on the desk. Step by step, the cupboard is reached. What a relief! The flowers are safe and she is just putting them on the desk when footsteps are heard, a rattle of beads, and it is *herself* on the threshold! It is too late to flee. She blushes and stammers. Then suddenly there is the welcome sound of a bell. The situation is immediately relieved.

MARY ARCHER, Sen. C.

II.

A strange clergyman was by chance, visiting our home. He had to call on some former parishioners and left the house, telling us that he would not be back till six o'clock.

Quite idly, my sister Lil wandered into the room where his surplice lay and immediately a bright idea entered her head. This she at once communicated to me, and forthwith rushed upstairs for a sheet, while I struggled into the parson's outfit. In a few moments Lil, swathed in the sheet lay stretched out on the sofa, a corpse ready for burial. Opening the prayer-book (a dictionary) I announced my sorrow at being present to perform this melancholy duty.

"Ashes to ashes, dut to dust"—I was just concluding, when who should appear on the scene but the Reverend Mr. Rush! I certainly *was* sorry I was present at that moment, and if to ashes I could have returned, there would have been no hesitation on my part. Fortunately, "Mr. Minister" enjoyed the joke far more than we did, though I remained "in the dust" so to speak for some time afterwards.

FRANCES ROMKEY, Freshman.

III.

"I was sure I had only ten cents in my pocket, but what was that jingling? Oh! I'm in luck! I have *fifteen* cents, just enough for a soda!!"

Such were my thoughts one hot summer afternoon as I walked into the "Tamarack" independent of all the world, and especially of the people who sat around at the small tables, sipping sodas and eating ice-cream.

The soda was so refreshing that I did not mind waiting for my turn to pay. Besides I was enjoying a scene between the clerk and a small boy who had started in on a cone for which he refused to pay cash. Finally I handed my money over the counter. But why, oh why, did the clerk look at me so strangely! I blushed and tried to look with a nonchalant air into one of the show cases as I turned to go. But he called loudly enough for everyone to hear: "Miss,—er, Miss, haven't you made a mistake?"

Why do I feel myself getting red as I behold *eleven* cents in the clerk's hand?

"Never mind!" he said good-naturedly as he grinned. "It's all right!"

I quickly made for the door and managed an escape; but what was my embarrassment when, trying to be dignified in my exit, I stumbled on the threshold and fell sprawling on the pavement.

URSULA WHELAN, Sen. C.

THE PRICE OF GENIUS.

GENIUS has its price. To deny this truth is to deny the testimony of the centuries. In every path of life that tempts man's feet to follow the gleam of an ideal, suffering is found, and in every soul that has attained its goal along that path is found that same mark,—the seal of pain. A Michelangelo struggling with tremendous forces within him, taciturn and aloof, produces pictures and statues that are the despair of succeeding generations. A Beethoven, violent and irascible, stricken with the one affliction most fatal to the musician—deafness—wrests from his tortured soul the music that haunts the centuries. So was it with Paganini; restless, passionate, taciturn to a degree that marked him off as possessed by an evil spirit, he has left his mark on the music of the violin as Beethoven on the pianoforte and Michelangelo on marble.

Paganini's life and character bear the impress of a genius haughty and sullen, tempered by a vein of tenderness for the poor, and genuine religious feeling. Born in 1784 at Genoa, Nicola Paganini was the son of a street porter who played the violin indifferently and earned money at occasional dances or concerts. That his playing was indifferent is evident from the fact that he was very poor and his services not often in demand.

The poverty of the family and the failure of the father fired young Nicola's ambition to do something worthy. When he was ten years old he could play as well as his father, and soon he could play better. He practiced on his father's violin six hours a day; and now when the patrons of his father came, they would say, "We would just as lief have Nicola." Soon after this they said, "We prefer to have Nicola." And a little later they said, "We must have Nicola."

When he was twelve the boy was making as much money as his father ever had, but the father took his son's earnings, as was his legal right. It was finally decided to take young Nicola to the celebrated musician, Rolla, for advice as to his education. Rolla was sick in bed at the time that the boy called and refused to see him. While waiting outside the lad took up a violin and began to play. The invalid raised himself on his elbow and pantingly inquired, "Who is the master who is playing?"

"It is the lad who wants you to give him lessons."

"Send him away. I can teach that player nothing!"

When he was fifteen Nicola escaped from his father and went to a musical festival at Lucca. He managed to get a hearing and was engaged at once as soloist. In a month he had accumulated a thousand pounds in cash. Naturally such success turned the head of this lad who had never before had the handling of money. He began to gamble, and soon lost even his violin, a "Stradivarius" which had been presented to him. When he played again it was on a "Guanerius", and after its owner, a wealthy man and a violinist had heard him, he said, "No fingers but yours shall ever touch this instrument again!" Paganini accepted the gift, and this was the violin which he used for forty years and which on his death passed to the city of Genoa. There it may be seen to-day sealed in its glass case.

Strange stories went about during his life-time concerning Paganini's almost preternatural power; it was even said he had made a compact with Satan.

Heinrich Heine, himself a genius (but not a Christian) thus describes the appearance and playing of Paganini:

"The Hamburg Opera House was the scene of this concert, and the art-loving public had flocked there so early and in such numbers that I only succeeded in obtaining little place in the orchestra. A religious silence reigned through the assembly and every eye was directed toward the stage.

At last a dark figure which seemed to have arisen from the underworld appeared upon the stage. It was Paganini in his black costume—the black dress-coat and the black waist-coat of horrible cut. When Paganini began to play a gloom came over my eyes. Only at times when a little lamp that hung above cast its sorrowful light over him could I catch a glimpse of his pale countenance. Behind him moved a face whose physiognomy indicated a lusty goat-nature. And I saw at times long, hairy hands seize assistingly the strings of the violin and guide the hand which held the bow. Then a bleat-laugh of applause accompanied the melody which gushed from the violin ever more full of sorrow and anguish. . . ."

How could Heine know, how could the public guess where Paganini went when he disappeared for long months from their gaze? Not even his business associates knew where he spent that time; but a traveller reported having discovered him in a monastic retreat in the Swiss mountains, wearing a horse-hair robe and a rope girdle. Such was indeed the case. After every concert season Paganini retired to a monastery and there the monks guided his retreat. There he found the rest which his soul craved; and there he practiced on his violin, hour after hour, day after day; and after each retreat he issued forth with new powers that electrified his hearers;—"effects taught by the devil!"

While this strange figure, "tall, gaunt, pale, satanic" was taking all musical Europe by storm, inventing for his instrument a technique which revealed unheard of possibilities, another musician became fired with zeal for Paganini's art. This was Liszt, the most formidable virtuoso of the piano then living.

One book of studies to which Paganini had desired to subject all his followers especially attracted Liszt. He locked himself in his studio, determined to liberate Paganini's spirit from his instrument. As if to conquer Paganini himself and to beard him, so to speak, in his den, he took the master violinist's own compositions and through ways bewildering and difficulties well-nigh insurmountable, transferred them to the piano.

Out of these studies came "La Chasse". What a chase did Liszt follow through those flute and horn calls! through the windings and hidings, the lure and the rapture of pursuit and the joy and exultation of capture, as in the hunt of some wild thing. But when one knows Paganini, is it not his own restless spirit that one recognizes in this mad music, that spirit which flung him into reckless gambling, and led him afterwards into stern repentance? For Paganini always returns to the grandeur of his art; he is the eagle of violinists, the mysterious spirit whom none can approach. Liszt thought he had caught something of that spirit, but we find him writing to a friend in Genoa, "What a violinist! what an artist! Heavens! what sufferings, what misery, what tortures in those four strings!"

THE DAILY DOZEN.

(Being a brief account of the main stunts of the student body).

VOL. 232, No. CCCLVIII. MOUNT ST. VINCENT ACADEMY. FEBRUARY 21, 1930.

HOUSE-BREAKER CAUGHT.

Daylight Brings Discovery to Inmates of Third Floor Apartment.

Shortly after midnight on Thursday, the inmates of Apartment No. 7 on the corner of College Street and St. Stanislaus were disturbed by the entrance of a house-breaker from a window in the rear of the building. The distracted ladies who share the apartment, three in number, spent the hours pursuing the burglar from one hiding place to another, but all efforts were fruitless. With the dawn they summoned the police and called in the neighbors, and a large crowd gathered. By 8 o'clock all traffic was blocked along College Street and the police had to confess themselves baffled, for by this time the burglar had managed to secure an unassailable position on a pipe which leads through the apartment and connects with the house next door. The mistress of the mansion, with tears in her eyes, besought the passers-by to aid in the capture, but no one seemed brave enough to tackle the criminal, who from his safe position merely winked at the crowd below.

After various suggestions and strenuous efforts one of the police climbed to the height of the pipe, and valiantly seized the burglar. He made no resistance and was conveyed immediately to the lockup where he remained all day. After much consultation, as he refused all food and threatened suicide by starvation, he was removed to a house of detention in the neighborhood of the farm. There he remained several days, but somehow or other, made his escape.

His capture will be richly rewarded. The following description will serve to identify him: Brown Owl, age about one month. Eyes large, expression surprised, size about 6 inches long.

Weather Forecast: The usual bimonthly storms are predicted for this week. The locality of the Chemistry Lab. will probably be a centre of explosions, owing to previous vaccum in that region.

INVESTIGATION AND WARNING.

In the court room this morning before Stipendiary Belliveau two students were tried and acquitted. Miss Beatrice Adams of wide reputation was prosecuted on the charge of neglect in obeying discipline bells and of causing disturbance by not appearing promptly on duty. Lawyer Cleary succeeded in having the prisoner acquitted after a solemn pledge had been exacted that the aforesaid prisoner will forfeit all pictures of Rudy Valee. The other prisoner was held for the more serious charge of exceeding the speed limits on the stairs on Saturday morning, to the imminent danger of all pedestrians. The prisoner, according to the traffic policeman of Main Corridor, tore down three flights of stairs in two seconds. Only after the special pleading of Attorney Henley did the jury give the verdict of acquittal, and this largely on the plea that the prisoner would have otherwise sustained serious loss.

However, a final and decisive warning was given by the Judge that for any second offense the aforesaid students will be ostracized and other penalties be inflicted.

THE DAILY STORY.

(concluded).

DISASTER.

By Clare Cragg.

One lily-white hand flew tremblingly to her throat, while with the other she grabbed desperately for support. Slowly she sank into a nearby chair and gazed straight ahead with unseeing eyes. Oh, no! it could not be! It *could not*! Bracing herself for the shock, she looked again. Horror of horrors. The second look confirmed the first! Flinging herself back into the chair she wept violently. Unheeded tears ran down her ears discolouring her pearl ear-rings, down her cheeks, digging furrows through her rouge, and around her neck, taking the curl out of her hair.

Continued on page 3

ADS.

"Say it With Flowers!" Cleary & Co. florists of long standing popularity declare that their motto is the basis of all success in love.

Make Money Barbering! Become an expert by attending the course given weekly by Dorothy Morson. Address: "A" Lavatory. Admission free.

Rabbits and Pets suitable for decorating boudoirs sold by Eunice McGillivray who for many years has been the official model "skeleton" for Meat Bros., St. John, N. B.

"How to Master the Trill on G". A small volume by the talented sopranos Madeline Kennedy and Margaret MacDonald. For private reasons these two young prima donnas prefer to do most of their work back-stage.

"Why are We always the Bridesmaids, but never the Blushing Bride?" a new popular song published by Misses Gillis and Shanahan.

PERSONALS.

Miss Clare Cragg is improving in her studies, according to the latest Prime report. The fact is that she has one half-hour extra study, a reward for her victory in the private debate recently conducted: "Resolved, there shall be no more music lessons."

Miss Germaine Merchant has published a new song: "In Hay Fever Time, Sweet Adenoid."

It is rumoured that Miss Eunice MacGillivray is writing a book entitled "When I Saw the Skeleton."

The members of the M. S. V. Sport Association showed their mettle yesterday afternoon when the ski-ers, tobogganers, and skaters made haste with the gouter and betook themselves to the hill at 4 P. M. Miss Eleanor McNamara and Miss Kathleen Kearney, both renowned Newfoundland sportswomen made breath-taking leaps over the embankments, carrying each an avoirdupois of about 175 lbs. The Misses Dorothy Morson, Pauline Melanson, Marion Reardon, and Kay Owen, champion tobogganers, narrowly escaped catastrophe by precipitating themselves into a thorn bush. Casualties are reported for Miss Clare Cragg (wooden leg splintered), Miss Mary Landry (knee out of praying order), Miss Helen Miltides (nose out of joint).

Miss Ann Paquet is taking a course in "That Gentle Art of Making-Up."

Miss Agatha Fultz has offered to give free lessons every day on the correct use of the expressions, "Perhaps I will," and "Maybe I won't."

BELIEVE IT OR NOT.

The Misses Kelley, Lanigan, and Cragg are the dancing teacher's models of grace—every Friday night.

The greatest phenomenon that ever happened occurred in February, 1930: a Monday and a Tuesday both fell on Saturday.

The girls in the Studio Corridor have adopted a few mice that they may take lessons in quiet.

No robot can come up to Frances Romkey for active springs and perpetual motion.

DOROTHY DIX CORNER

Dear Miss Dix:—

I am a young girl of seventeen, attending a large boarding school. I am considered nice looking by my friends. My one trouble is that I am excessively shy. I cannot give utterance to the witty sayings that rise to my lips; my laughter is scarcely audible. This is a great draw-back, as some of my neighbors are inclined to be jocular and like to be appreciated. How can I overcome these defects? Please tell me!

A shy brunette,

BETTY KELLEY.

P. S. I even curl my eyelashes, but that doesn't help.

Dear Miss Kelley:—

So many letters come to me similar to yours, that I feel I know your case thoroughly. I am deeply sympathetic, and my advice is this:

1. Every morning when you take out your curl papers before your mirror, carry on an animated conversation with yourself. This will strengthen your voice and improve your facial expression.

2. At breakfast listen to the enlivening talk of your table-mates. Imitate them.

3. While sweeping your room practice springing your own little jokes on your room-mate.

Faithfully carry out these instructions, and I am sure that at the end of a few years your shyness will be practically gone. Also, keep on curling your eyelashes; it will eventually do some good.

Sincerely,

DOROTHY DIX.

WHERE TO GO.

(Patronize your neighborhood Theatres).
TO "The Studio" this week comes the great talkie success, "Rough Riders". This scintillating, dazzling, amazing picture has an all star cast, including Betty Kelley, Mary K. MacDougall, Cack Comerford, Mary Archer, Kay Owen and Madeline Kennedy. Much humour is contributed by Teresa Cleary and Kaddy Langley. The theme song is "Crazy over Horses," with a special supplement "The One That I Love, Loves Me."

Next week at the Studio we shall see the silent drama, "Wake Me Early," starring Jane de Blois Thorup and Eleanor Moore.

The "Study Hall" has been crowded for the past fortnight with fans all eager to see the brilliant production "The Day Dreamer". Two old favorites have returned to the screen in their talkie debut and the expectations of their admirers have not been disappointed. Honors for this picture are divided between Dorothy Morson and Agnes Dallas. Theme Song: "I'm a Dreamer, but Aren't we All?"

At the "Library" this week—more talkies!—"Incessant," starring Mildred Morson and Kay Owen. The Theme Song—the most attractive feature of this charming comedy, is "Eat an Apple Every day."

The "Music Hall" as ever, provides a strong attraction. This is due to the appearance of the famous musician Pauline Melanson in "Absence of Mind", her best performance since "Hungry." Miss Melanson has the leading rôle in this picture, and sings very beautifully two haunting songs: "My Lover is a Fisherman" and "I Forgot to Remember."

The "Laboratory" presents this week a picture of interest to all scientists. A well known actress appears in this silent drama, which in intensity and passion approaches the tragic. The title is suggestive, "The Experiment That Worked." Hats off to the courageous young heroine, Peggy Friel, who can face even a concert hall with fearless eyes! This new production promises to make her even more popular than her first brilliant performance as "Ann Hydrous" which took "The Laboratory" by storm some months ago.

At "The Office" this week we find the delightful old yet ever new comedy "The Mail" starring Madeline Kennedy. There are two performances every day, and the audiences never fail to appreciate the song hits: "Pray tell me, is it open?" and "Oh!

May I Never Fail the Daily Mail!" both sung by Miss Kennedy, the first with chorus, the second solo.

The "Elocution Chamber" this week has two new stars in a sparkling vaudeville show "Ow! You Go First!" No introduction is needed, of course, to Germaine Merchant and Sheila McSweeney.

The "Collegiate" presents a startling talkie success "So This is College"! starring Gerry Murphy, Mary House and Toot Buckley, who offer a new scream song, "Mary Had a Hair Cut."

POETRY SECTION.

The following poem is written by Miss Clare Cragg and dedicated to the same.

ME, Etc.

Me, myself, and I
 (I cannot tell a lie)
 Is only me
 And I can see
 Just me, myself, and I.

For me, myself and I
 My love will never die:
 I am so sweet,
 Quite fit to eat,
 Dear me, myself, and I!

'Bout me, myself, and I,
 I really am quite shy;
 But it's only fair
 To take my share
 For me, myself, and I.

Whenever little I
 Me, or Myself, do spy,
 I get a thrill,
 Almost a chill,
 For me, myself, and I.

THE DAILY STORY.

Continued from page 1

When her sobs had subsided she looked for the third time. Suddenly she made a heroic resolve and dashed out of the room, returning with a small black bottle in her hand. She crossed the room to the spot where had stood when she had first seen it, and standing there she... applied the iodine to the... pimple.

Moral: Use Putt's Cream!

318 A

BATES?" The orderly at the hospital desk hopped up briskly and pulled out a drawer from the filing cabinet:—

"A... Ab... At... B... Ba... Yes, here it is" Bates,—John,—room 318, sir. Step to the elevator at your left, sir. Orderly on the third floor will show you, sir."

He resumed the newspaper which he had been reading and the elderly gentleman turned away in the direction of the elevator.

The brisk elevator boy looked the tired man up and down. He evidently came from a long distance, and his tall figure leaned wearily at the side of the cage. His manner was preoccupied.

"A gent all right," said young Billy to himself, "tell by the cut of his clothes. Wonder who's sick?—Perhaps its himself is going up for examination."

Bump! Here they were already at the third floor. The passenger stepped out, nodded to the boy, and walked down the long corridor.

The atmosphere was sickening with the smell of drugs, and the constant appearance and disappearance of the white-capped nurses was almost weird. At the end of the passage, a small window commanded a view of the busy streets below. In the light of the window at the matron's desk sat a grim, rather sullen-faced woman. Her cap was perched on a coil of rich brown hair and her features were angular and sharp. As the visitor advanced she rose to meet him.

"Good afternoon, sir."

The gentleman was evidently in a hurry and merely nodded and said quickly, "I have just come from Chicago and I wish to see my son, who I am told, is in room 318."

"Yes, sir, right this way."

Warily he followed the nurse down the long, soundless corridor until, at length, they reached room 318. At the door they were met by a frail-looking little nurse.

"How is the patient to-day?" asked the matron.

"I am afraid he is sinking fast. He will probably not last long."

Meanwhile the anxious father was peering into the little room.

The furnishings were few. Beside the small, narrow bed, there was a wicker-back chair, a bureau and a stand upon which was a reading lamp. In the dim light the face on the pillow looked ghastly.

"You may go in now, if you wish," said the matron and left them.

He advanced into the room and in the mirror he caught a glimpse of his own face become deathly pale. His heart gave a start and he stood rooted to the spot.

"John, my dear John! Oh my dear boy!" He bent over the still figure. "John, John, don't you know me?"

The patient turned over, and for the first time Mr. Bates got a clear impression of the cadaverous face.

With a start, he drew back and gave a short laugh.

The nurse, greatly puzzled, looked at him rather reproachfully.

"Is there anything the matter sir?"

"There must have been some mistake at the desk. This is not my son—Thank God!"

He hurried out and down the long corridor to the elevator. The elevator boy wondered at the whimsical smile which played upon his countenance and surmised that the doctor had pronounced him O. K.

They reached the main floor, and once more Mr. Bates walked up to the orderly's desk.

"Sorry to bother you, but there's some mistake. My son is not in room 318."

The orderly, who was still reading the paper, seemed rather indifferent.

"What did you say the name was?"

"Bates—John Bates."

Once more the files were produced and for a second time the orderly scrutinized the cards.

"Ah, here it is! John William Bates, Room 318A—oh yes, that's in the building just across the street."

Mr. Bates passed out and crossed the street.

Without any further difficulty he was conducted to room 318A. As he approached a familiar laugh rang out, and he heard his son exclaim, "Say nurse, how about my going home next week?"

GLADYS FELLOWS, Senior C.

THE THOUGHTS OF PENDER'S BUS.

I know I'm clumsy and much out of date,
I'm always too early, or else much too late;
But there's one time when people don't give me a frown—
That's the "month-end" when Mount girls go to town!

I'm bumpy, I'm shaky, I'm rattly too,
And some day, I'm sure I'll be put in a zoo;
Some folks very coolly look me up and down—
But oh! I'm a limousine when Mount girls go to town!

My squeaks are quite numerous, and indeed very loud;
Most disdainfully I'm viewed by ladies so proud;
But none of these drawbacks my spirits may down
On the happy "month-end" when Mount girls go to town!

Scorned though I am by the "powers that be,"
Yet am I filled with laughter and glee,
In my ears there is music that all troubles can drown,
When in their silks and their satins the Mount girls go to town!

KATHERINE OWEN, '30.

THE CASE FOR GEOMETRY.

(A One-Horse Play, or if you like, a Morality).

Scene: The C Classroom, which has assumed the appearance of a court room.

Time: 2 A. M.

Personages: The Plaintiff, Geometry.

The Defendant, a Militant C.

The Bailiff.

The Clerk.

Twelve Jurors (all of them Theorems).

The Interested Parties: Here may be included Axioms, Corollaries, Definitions, Exercises, Hypotheses, Problems, Enunciations, Proofs (these last all Q. E. D.'s).

It may be remarked that these are all on the side of the Plaintiff. On the side of the Defendant we have a few popular jazz Melodies, several Sketches, one or two Dreams, and one portly figure, Laziness. A group of nonentities, such as Inattention and Inaccuracy, are crowded about the door. Concentration is conspicuous by his absence.

The judge now takes his place and the jury go to their box. The judge calls the court to order. The case is an action for Breach of Promise.

JUDGE: Are all the interested parties present?

RESPONSE: Yes, your Honor.

JUDGE: Swear in the witnesses.

(The witnesses are sworn in).

JUDGE: The Plaintiff will now state his case.

ATTORNEY FOR PLAINTIFF: A Militant C scholar agreed to take Geometry for one year.

After the Christmas holidays, however, she would not have anything to do with Geometry. Geometry therefore sues her for Breach of Promise.

JUDGE: Will Geometry please take the stand?

Geometry, a straight rectangular figure, with a very circular head and tortoise-shell glasses, moves forward.

ATT. What is your name and occupation?

GEOM. Geometry. My work is to develop the reasoning power of human beings.

ATT. Your age?

GEOM. Only about 5,000 years.

There is a murmur through the court.

ATT. Do you know the Militant C, the Defendant in the case?

GEOM. I know her, but she does not know me half so well.

ATT. Did she seem to like you at first?

GEOM. Yes, a little, but then her liking seemed to wane, and after the holidays she would have nothing to do with me.

ATT. But have you given her some reason for this conduct?

GEOM. I have been as easy as possible with her. My axioms and corollaries will bear me witness in that.

ATT. Let the defendant take the stand.

Geometry retires and the C comes forward looking very nervous.

ATT. Your name and occupation?

DEF. C Pupil. My work is to try to love Geometry, I guess. But believe me, it's *hark work*!!

ATT. Is it true that your conduct towards Geometry is deserving of reproach? Did you not agree to take Geometry?

DEF. Well,—yes. I agreed to take Geometry, but I don't like his relations.

There is a stir here among the interested parties. Some Corollaries rise up in protest. The Definitions hold up their hands in horror and the Proofs sit glaring at the defendant.

ATT. Indeed! And which of these relations do you dislike most?

DEF. Problems, Theorems, Exercises,—oh, I can't begin to name them all.

ATT. You do not include the Hypotheses?

DEF. No. They all begin with an If. You can always get away with an If. In fact, I rather like them, though they *are* boring.

ATT. What about the Axioms?

DEF. Oh, they're so silly! As if I didn't know that things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another.

ATT. And the Definitions? What's wrong with them?

DEF. They're so unnecessary!

ATT. And the Corollaries?

DEF. They're so flat!

ATT. May I ask you what you find interesting?

DEF. Interesting? Why,—er,—a movie magazine.

ATT. Do you ever see a movie magazine?

DEF. Er,—sometimes.

ATT. When?

DEF. Oh, that's telling!

ATT. I repeat,—When?

DEF. You'd never guess!

ATT. You admit that you have devoted your attention to other pursuits than Geometry.

DEF. I should hope so!

ATT. Had you any reason?

DEF. I just hated Geometry.

ATT. I now call on those other pursuits. Will Miss Daysie Dream please take the stand?

The Defendant retires and Miss Daysie Dream, a sylphlike figure flutters to the stand.

ATT. Your name and occupation?

WITNESS. Daysie Dream. Sometimes they call me Rosie. And my occupation? It is to fill the idle hours of feeble minds.

ATT. How do you fulfill your occupation?

WIT. Oh, I direct the tired gaze across Bedford Basin and lull the weary brain into a half slumber with sweet mem'ries.

ATT. Do you know the defendant in the case?

WIT. Oh, yes. Many a weary hour I have beguiled for her.

ATT. Had you any assistance in this work?

WIT. Yes, I have a friend and helper, Mr. Jazz. A most delightful person. Do you know him?

ATT. Keep to the point, please. It makes no difference whether I know him or not. I now ask him to come forward.

Witness takes her place and a fashionably dressed gentleman steps briskly up to the stand. He takes his place, but shifts continually from one foot to the other as if he cannot keep his feet still, and shrugs his shoulders every little while.

ATT. Your name and occupation?

WIT. Mr. Jazz. My occupation is to—well, keep people's minds off serious things.

ATT. Have you had much to do with the defendant?

WIT. Yes, quite a good deal. She seems to like me.

ATT. Will you please mention some of the attractions you have held out to her?

WIT. Well—er,—“Some Sweet Day,” and “Dance the Night Away,” and “I'll Get By,” and—

ATT. Enough! You may retire.

Mr. Jazz leaves the witness stand and steps down the aisle as if dancing a fox-trot. The Attorney for Defence now takes the case. He calls the first witness in an effort to prove that Geometry is not interesting.

ATT. Will Theorem Sixteen now take the stand?

Theorem Sixteen, blushing deeply at being singled out from among so many of her sisters comes shyly forward.

ATT. Your name in full, please?

WIT. The-Three-Angles-of-a-triangle-are-together-equal-to-two-right-angles.

ATT. Do you know the defendant?

WIT. I have a passing acquaintance with her.

ATT. Do you see her often?

WIT. Oh, yes, every morning.

ATT. At these times is she with Geometry?

WIT. Only occasionally in the study-hall, but in the class-room she has to put up with him.

ATT. But, has Geometry tried to make himself as interesting as—Mr. Jazz for instance?

WIT. The idea! To place Geometry, on the same plane with Mr. Jazz!

ATT. That will do. Will Miss Daysie Dream please take the stand again?

WIT. (tripping smilingly forward) Present!

ATT. Miss Dream, I think you told us before that your purpose is to help feeble minds. Do you consider this C feeble-minded?

WIT. No, but she soon will be, if I am long enough with her.

ATT. You are not very friendly with Geometry?

WIT. Oh, no! He despises me.

ATT. You may be seated. Will Geometry please return to the stand?
Geometry comes forward with alacrity.
ATT. You said you were five thousand years old. Where were you born?
GEOM. With the Pyramids, they say.
ATT. Don't you think you are rather old for the young lady?
GEOM. Not at all. I'm just as fresh as ever.
ATT. Unfortunately, she is, too. What benefit do you propose to confer on her?
GEOM. I propose to teach her to think.
ATT. How do you propose to accomplish this feat?
GEOM. Let us take a little example: By experiment and measurement it is found that the length of the circumference of a circle is roughly $3\frac{1}{7}$ times the length of its diameter; that is to say, *circumference* = $3\frac{1}{7}$ *nearly*. And it can be proved that this diameter is the same for all circles. A more correct value of this ratio is found by theory to be 3.1415926. Thus the value of $3\frac{1}{7}$ or 3.1428 is too great and correct to two places only.
The ratio which any circumference bears to its diameter is denoted by the Greek letter *pie*, so that *circumference* equals *diameter* times *pie*. Or if . . .
At this the poor C is overwhelmed and unable to keep her balance any longer faints dead away. There is but one word on her lips: Pie! All her friends, Miss Dream and Mr. Jazz among them rush to her, and bring her out of the classroom into the open air.
The court is nearly empty. None are left save a few Axioms, Corollaries, Theorems and Definitions who are listening spell-bound while Geometry continues his harangue.
GEOM. As I was saying before my opponent had to leave—If R denotes the radius of the circle. . . .
JUDGE. That will do, sir. The case is adjourned till to-morrow morning.
Outside the voice of the C is heard wailing: He never said anything about pie before!

EILEEN MULLINS, Senior C.

INDOOR MEET.

(Prizes awarded).

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. 50 yard dash (to Algebra class) | GERMAINE MERCHANT. |
| 2. Momentary High Jump | NANCY FRIEL. |
| 3. Running Broad Jump | FRANCES ROMKEY. |
| 4. Hurdle Race | EDITH LANDRY. |
| 5. Delay Race (to morning prayers) | a draw between all contestants. |
| 6. Starchery Contest (Thursday night) | KATHERINE OWEN. |
| 7. Tact-ics (getting to town) | MARION REARDON. |
| 8. Evading | All wrong doers. |

RAIN

I love each way the rain falls;
Its ushers black, ungracious clouds
Or weeping skies of pearly grey:
There is a rich gloom which enshrouds
The ending of a sullen day;
When thunder snarls and skies are torn
With forks of jagged silver light,
The raindrops start, plop softly down,
Then chased by bleak relentless winds
That spur them on with howling jeers,
They sweep into the heavy night
And drench the world with angry tears.

I love the misty showers that fall
In crystal strokes, like slender thoughts
That vanish as they come to birth;
There is a rain that brings sad dreams
Its lonely drip like wasted years,
Small dying hopes, and silent fears.
I know a little laughing rain
That taps against my close-shut door
It steps on care, and mocks at pain,
And whispers words of fairy lore
That shake my soul with sudden mirth
And fill my mind with magic store.

I love each way the rain falls:
It makes me think of strange sweet things—
The rustlings of angel's wings,
Love's foolish tears, lithe racing feet,
Wet slated roofs, and dripping streets;
A sea-tanged breeze, a dew-washed tree;
Small crystal arrows piercing sod;
The swish and thud of tireless sea:
My frail and human love for God,
His everlasting love for me.

NORA HARES DALY, '23,
Trinidad, B. W. I.

A TALE OF BERMUDA

WHY is this place called Spanish Point, Don José?" asked a young American boy of our dignified old host.

"Well, that is a long story, but if you really want to hear it, I'll tell it."

The old man settled himself comfortably in his chair under the big cedar tree and gazed for a while meditatively over the expanse of blue water that broke in quiet ripples on the white sand, and began his story:

"Long, long ago, before anyone had thought there was such a place as this, an ancestor of mine was seeking adventure in Spain. Like most Spaniards of his day, he longed to try his luck in El Dorado, the Land of the Setting Sun; so he fitted out a ship, got a crew together, and began the voyage across the Atlantic. After weeks on the sea they ran into a hurricane and in the storm they were carried far out of their course. The steering gear too, had been injured, and in the calm that followed, the vessel drifted about helplessly for several days. On the fourth day a speck appeared in the distance, and before long they were in close view of a green island. Here Don José (he had the same name as I) found adventure.

Eagerly they set out in the small boats lowered from the vessel. They had already perceived that the island could not be approached in any other way on account of the great reefs that extended out from the shore. For a while the three little boats kept together, but Don José, who was in command, ordered his men to land on the further side of this point. The others soon disappeared into a little bay, and he and four men with him pulled their boat high up on the sand and started to explore.

Don José looked with wonder on the strange sights of the island. Never before had he seen such blue water and such white sand, which in places seemed to take on a pinkish tint. In the high cedar trees birds of bright hues had built their nests. He wandered on, lost in amazement, and soon, noticing the silence, he realized he was alone. The island seemed uninhabited, and he felt no fear. His companions from the other boats, meanwhile, had also landed and were wandering in search of water.

After some hours, he turned back to the direction from which he had come, and reached at length the spot where the boat was drawn up on the beach. A great stillness reigned, and in the light of the afternoon sun he gazed in horror and consternation on the scene. His four companions lay slain upon the sand! What had happened? Their own weapons were wet with blood, but there was no trace of any foe. The struggle had been brief and tragic. Not knowing what to do, he remained with the bodies, but in hiding, lest the murderers should return.

Late that night when he had almost fallen asleep he was roused by the sound of voices. He crouched motionless behind the big rock and waited. The moving lights came nearer, and soon he perceived that the voices spoke Spanish. It was his own men, searching for him and his party! He heard the exclamations of horror as the light of the torches fell on the group lying in the sand, and now he crept forth. He told his story and listened to their account of the day's exploration. They had found not a human being, though they had penetrated far into the island.

The night was passed restlessly and in the morning Don José went over the ground of the tragedy once more. All that he found was some dice trampled into the sand. . . .

They buried the bodies of their comrades here on the shore, and quickly made for their vessel. Those on board had seen no ship save their own, and to this day the mystery remains. The crew maintained that the island was enchanted, and that the men had been seized with madness and had killed one another."

"But," said Dick, "what do you think happened, Don José?"

The old Spaniard shrugged his shoulders. "There were the dice. . . ." he said briefly.

AGNES DALLAS, Commercial.

A DISSERTATION ON DOUGHNUTS.

(Inspired by Charles Lamb).

Of all the delicacies in the whole mundus edibilis, I will maintain doughnuts to be the most delicate princeps absoniarum. I do not refer to biscuits—things between dough and cakes—but a brown and fluffy circle, just five minutes out of the pan, guiltless of being either heavy or stale, with no touch of dryness, and fried to a turn, I am not ignorant that our ancestors were not so dumb as not to know and to value the taste of a real doughnut. Blessings on the man (or, more likely, woman) who added this recipe to the family cook-book.

There is nothing like these sweetened circles enclosing holes, I vow; those flaky, tasty, well browned, not over-cooked rings. The teeth are challenged by the sugary frosting, and the palate is delighted with the first bite.

Unlike mankind, a bundle of virtues and vices inexplicable intertwined and not to be unravelled without hazard, they are good throughout—even to the hole, which is sometimes altogether too spacious.

Cream of tartar biscuits, apple pie, ginger bread, and innumerable other dainties I dispense as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, on the tongues of my table-mates. But a stop must be put somewhere:—I take my stand on doughnuts. I may say in conclusion, "Three cheers for Doughnuts, quintessence of all pantry products!" May my digestion never forbid that I should be loud in their praise!

MILDRED MORSON, '30.

OFF STAGE

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players."

THOUGH I hate to talk about myself, let me introduce myself. I am a player—I shall not say an actress—and in my long life, from childhood to ripe seniorhood at M. S. V. I have taken many parts. In short, I am a person with a past as well as a present (and a future I hope). As I sit and reminisce I recall the first years of my career—to be more exact, the first occasion of my public appearance. I was a Junior—ordinarily in pinafore, but on this gala occasion a fairy in gauze, with wings! (my first wings! Last ones? Let's hope not!)

As I grew older I began to take more dignified parts, dignified did I say?—well, to some extent. One one occasion I was "The dog barks in the yard"—Going off the stage weeping over the downfall of my son—the Prodigal Son—I had to forget myself and become a dog barking at a beggar—! Did any of the audience know that? I should say not! One of our distinguished guests thought we had the dogs from the farm, and could not understand how they knew when to bark.

Did you ever see or hear of Santa Claus in Heaven?—well just come to M. S. V. around the Christmas holidays and you will see him. Of course, I do not say that he will be up there with his whiskers and rubber boots on—oh! no! You would not recognize him transformed into an angel in white, with wings large enough to fly over the world. Do I know what I am talking about? Yes, certainly, for I have been he, and I have been so transformed.

One of the most thrilling parts I have played was as "a voice in the mob." Thunder and lightning are also interesting and likewise the part of "the wind wafting blossoms to the ground." One can send snowflakes in the same way. It really gives one a lot of satisfaction to act the weather man. Once I was a canary in Paradise.

Oh! there are many stories, I could tell you but I fear it would fill a book, or at least a pamphlet. You see, as I said before I do not like to talk about myself—.

Did you ever see a scene behind the scenes? Well, I invite you to M. S. V., but not as a visitor—because visitors do not see behind the scenes. I invite you to come and board.

While the play is in progress let us take a peep into the dressing-room. Angels are running around with a wing in one hand and an apple or a soda cracker in the other. Soldiers are seen sleeping on guard—guard of what?—the back door, so as not to let the angels fly out and make a noise in the back stairs by the flapping of their wings,—(or their tongues). The star actresses are rushing around getting everybody to help them, whispering, so as not to be heard in the auditorium; and by so doing injuring the mellow of their voices and then taking a mouthful of orange juice to restore them.

Once I saw two angels playing bridge with a soldier and a Greek dancer—Believe it or not! And all the while the Prodigal son was dashing around looking for a safety pin.

Now that I am about to return from the stage I offer my reminiscences to the public. Behind the cheerful mask of comedy I am the disillusioned actress,

MARY HACHE.

CHAPEL MURAL PAINTINGS.

TWO years ago the decoration of our chapel began with the painting of two beautiful mural pieces over the side altars. On the right side of the sanctuary, over the Sacred Heart altar is "The Agony in the Garden." The subject is especially appropriate for the altar. It shows Our Lord kneeling, praying for strength to support the sorrows of His Heart. The expression on His Face is grave and full of suffering. The light which shines in the garden comes from a beautiful angel who stands before Him, clothed in white, and in the shadow of the trees the three disciples, Peter, James and John are sleeping from weariness in watching with Him.

On the left side of the sanctuary above the altar of St. Joseph is a very attractive picture, "The Espousals of Our Lady." We see the High Priest standing on a dais, extending his hands in blessing over Mary and Joseph as they kneel before him. Joseph holds a lily in his left hand, and with the right he is placing the ring on the finger of his spouse. On either side are groups of people, perhaps among them Zachery and Elizabeth.

In September, 1928, the four Evangelists were placed in the pendentives of the dome. On the gospel side of the altar is Saint Matthew with the seraph beside him, for his gospel begins with the genealogy of Christ. Next comes Saint Mark, who has a lion with him, because he speaks in his opening chapter of the voice of one crying in the wilderness. Next in order is Saint Luke with an ox, because he begins with the sacrifice of Zachary; and lastly Saint John with an eagle on account of the marvellous opening of his gospel and the sublime heights to which he soars. These four paintings are truly wonderful in color and form, and the contrasts are so marked as to give them a striking effect.

February of 1930 saw the completion of four more magnificent paintings. These were placed in the wall spaces at the end of the transepts, with a stained glass window between each pair, and a triple window group below, affording splendid lighting effects. Our chapel has the Way of the Cross, and the main altar has over it the Crucifixion; and so the four subjects now chosen complete the story.

On the Gospel side is "The Traitor's Kiss." The scene is that which immediately follows the Agony. Our Blessed Lord is standing in His white garment and crimson robe. His dark brown hair flows over His shoulders. His left hand hangs loosely, while with His right He greets with firm hand-clasp His false friend. The intense strain of the moment is suggested by the attitude of the two central figures. In the distance we see the soldiers with lighted torches marching through the glade.

On the same side of the chapel, and separated from the above by a stained glass window is "The Repentance of Peter." Here our Lord is being led from the hall of Caiphas. He appears over the wall of the parapet, looking back at Peter, who stands ashamed, with his hand pressed against the wall and his head bent. We note the contemptuous sneers on the faces of the soldiers who sit idly by the entrance to the palace. A maid is going up the stairs with a pitcher on her head; she has one hand on her hip and she looks suspiciously at Peter. Just above is the cock at whose warning voice Peter has been roused to a sense of his guilt.

On the Epistle side the story is continued. The first painting is "The Dream of Claudia", wife of Pilate. She has had a dream concerning this Just Man, and is very much tormented by it. We see her coming down the stairway, with her hand across her forehead. An angel is beside her, whispering to her. As it were in the distance, we see a cloudy vision of our Lord standing; the crown of thorns is on His head, the cross on His shoulder, but there is a light of glory around Him. The mob presses about Him, but farther off is a great crowd of witnesses, the martyrs who are one day to follow Him. The stairway leading up to Claudia's chamber looks so real that one feels as if one could actually ascend it.

The last painting is the "Ecce Homo," after Ciseri. This subject shows Pilate in his flowing gown, standing with hand outstretched on the balcony of the House of Judgment, asking the people to look at the pitiable figure of Christ. The bright sunshine gleams on the tessellated floor of the balcony. Jesus stands facing the mob, His hands bound behind His back and the crown of thorns on His head. He is naked save for the scarlet cloak thrown carelessly about Him, and a sneering soldier stands on guard behind Him. The Governor's curule chair with his robe thrown over it is at the left, and a little group of attendants is on the right. In the shadow of a pillar Claudia stands looking very disconsolate. Below the balcony the mob extends far into the distance, and even the house-tops and the balconies of the white buildings are crowded.

In these last two paintings we see the efforts of a woman to save Christ. These inspiring works of art have all been produced by one of the Sisters, whose genius and piety have set not only upon our walls but upon our hearts lasting images of Sacred History.

It remains to speak of the exquisite little picture in three panels over the sacristy door, just below the grating which opens into the Sacred Heart Chapel of the Infirmary. This represents Saint Catherine of Sienna at the moment when she is being presented to Christ, her Bridegroom, by our Blessed Lady. The Saint is in white and our Lord is placing a ring upon her finger. An angel is seen in each of the side panels; the one in front of the saint holding the crown of thorns, the one behind holding the crown of glory. It is a beautiful picture, and suggests the fitting application of the story of the Passion, and the love and self-sacrifice it inspired in the saints.

BETTY KELLY, '31.

NEIGHBORLY.

Nan: I have an awful toothache.

Nancy: I'd have that tooth out if it were mine.

Nan: So would I,—if it were yours.

O SALUTARIS HOSTIA!

IN this "age of the Holy Eucharist" nowhere is devotion to the Blessed Sacrament more evident than at the Mount. The beautiful chapel with its rich ornaments and perfect appointments indicates to the visitor that this is indeed, the centre of the house, the throne-room of the King.

Here may be seen from early morning till nine o'clock at night, two kneeling figures, motionless before the main altar, and when we ask the reason, the answer is, "It is the Perpetual Adoration." It is edifying to see two novices with eyes cast down, going to kneel before their Lord. They relieve one another in pairs every half hour, and one feels that their reverence and love for the Blessed Sacrament draw down many blessings on the house.

Most impressive it is to see morning after morning the whole household assembled for the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Every pew is filled; first there are the college students in cap and gown, then the Academy girls in their white veils, then the white-coifed novices, row on row, the postulants behind them in their demure little caps and capes, the servants, and last of all, the Professed Sisters. Oh! the solemnity of the moment of Holy Communion, when in perfect order the occupants of the pews follow one another up the main aisle and down the side aisles back to their places, the organ meanwhile breathing softly, or a hymn being sung by those who are waiting their turn.

There are days when we are favored with Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. Every Friday after Mass the choir intones the *O Salutaris*, and hails our King on His altar throne, for the whole day to hold solemn audience. This is our privilege also on the first Sunday of each month, and on all great feasts. Tribute is also paid to our Eucharistic Lord in frequent Benedictions. It is edifying to see all flocking again to the chapel at the close of the day as at the beginning. Once more there is the spectacle of adoration and love. As we gather around the altar and the choir (or oftener, the congregation) sings the praise of Him Who is about to give His blessing, one is transported to as near Heaven as is possible in this workaday world. These devotions are practised every evening of the months of October, May, and June, on Wednesdays in March, and on every Friday of the year, besides special feasts.

Holy Hour on the eve of the First Friday of each month is always impressive. Here public reparation is made to the Heart of Jesus in accordance with the desires which He expressed to Saint Margaret Mary. On the morning of the First Friday a special act recited after the Consecration of the Mass unites the whole household by a bond of Eucharistic love and calls down a blessing on our family life.

To assist at the Forty Hours' Devotion or at the Holy Week Devotions at the Mount is an experience never to be forgotten. The procession of the Blessed Sacrament which marks these occasions is composed of novices, College Students and Children of Mary. All the Sisters, both those in the procession and those kneeling in the pews, carry lighted candles. Not a footfall is heard, and as the long line winds slowly around the chapel all are in adoration of the Divine Master.

We may say that in our chapel our Lord is never alone. Besides the Perpetual Adoration, there are frequent visits to the Blessed Sacrament. It is a custom with many to pay a little visit to the chapel during indoor recreation. Sisters and pupils spend as much time as possible there with Jesus.

Thus is our faith manifest. Jesus in the Holy Eucharist is the beacon-light that holds us our best ideals and leads us on to higher things. Jesus is in our hearts and on our lips: Praise be forever to Jesus in the Most Blessed Sacrament!

MARGARET BELLIVEAU, Freshman.

A SCHOOL SCANDAL.

On a gay holiday Ann drove to town
She was frisky and gay, with never a frown.

To a shop she did hie, and asked for some "liquor",
Said she to the clerk, "You are slow; please be quicker!"

That very same clerk seemed muchly surprised,
And Ann thought that she had him hypnotized.

He politely informed her he did not sell "liquor"
And all the folk in the shop turned to snicker.

Poor Ann told her aunt that no drink could she buy;
"What did you ask for?" was Auntie's reply.

When Ann said "Liquor" Auntie turned pale
For she knew the poor girl wanted just—ginger-ale.

MARJORIE KINGSLEY, Sen. C.



A PAGE FROM OUR BIRD BOOK

The "A" Species.

PAULINE MELANSON (Chiefa Musicianarum):

Description: Plumage of head, black; eyes grey shading into blue. This bird flies very high and at times seems unaware of time or destination.

Range: Weymouth to M. S. V. In winter St. Agnes Classroom to the Music Hall.

Migrations: To the moon every few minutes.

Call: "Anything to-oo-oo ee-e-a-t??"

MARGARET BELLIVEAU (Ornis Lachrymosus).

Description: Head plumage dark, eyes hazel and very large. This bird is discovered often by its plaintive note. Like the nightingale it reserves its song for the hours of darkness and only those who lie awake are aware of the long-drawn, pensive quavers which float away in a minor key, like a trail of mist.

Range: Meteghan to M. S. V.

Migrations: "A" Classroom to bed; bed to Chemistry Lab.

Call: "Histor-ee-ee is ee-easy—make-it-up!—make-it-up!"

MILDRED MORSON (Parva Pianissima).

Description: Head plumage dark brown. The most distinguishing feature about this bird is its eyes, large and brown and very bright. By daylight this little warbler is always on the alert. Occasionally it perches pensively on a balustrade or stair, and then is up and away in a moment in the direction of the music corridor.

Range: Halifax to M. S. V.

Migrations: Music rooms to Library; Library to Gym.

Call: A merry chirping sound that might be interpreted: "Clar-ee! Clar-ee!"

MARGARET FRIEL (Noisiesta Twiniae) more commonly known as "Peggy."

Description: Very light headed—plumage and otherwise—eyes very blue. In winter, body enveloped in red of a painfully bright hue. This bird looks intelligent, but it must be remembered that appearances are deceiving. No "early worm" tempts it from its nest in the early morning, but it is very lively in the evening, when it warbles incessantly.

Migrations: To town every Saturday.

Range: Moncton to M. S. V.

Call: (very plaintive, heard just before class). "What have we-ee to stud-ee?"

FRANCES ROMKEY (Activita Springaris).

Description: Head plumage long and abundant, medium brown. Throughout the Geometry season music fairly pours from the throat of this songster, and at no other time does it appear so lively. (For difference of opinion see the remarks of Gwen Harnish on this subject). Any slight noise, such as the shunting of a train, is enough to set this bird into a fit of trepidation.

Range: Lunenburg to M. S. V.

Migrations: Very frequent. Summer residence in West Dublin. Has been known to visit the House of Commons in her flight.

Call: "Dad-dee's com-ing!"

CLAIRE HENLEY (Captivum Dimissum).

Description: Head plumage light brown, and fairly short. Eyes blue. This member of the "A" family is exceedingly active and easily excited; short of flight, with a song that is a kind of chuckling warble.

Range: Sheet Harbor to M. S. V.

Migrations: Classroom to Chemistry Lab., then sudden flight to Study Hall, terminating in Lab.

Call: "Uncle Reg-ee-ee is he-ee-ere!"

MARIE MACMILLAN (Geometrica Avida).

Description: Rather small and quiet bird. Plumage of head brown, eyes greyish blue and very bright. During recreations this bird seems to sing with more abandon than during class season, excepting in the Geometry period, which seems especially conducive to melody.

Range: New Waterford to M. S. V.

Migrations: Pharmacy to bed; bed to class.

Call: "Did you see-ee-e Gen?"

GENEVIEVE GILLIS (Pharmacetica Petita).

Description: Head plumage brown; eyes hazel. Soars very high in certain flights of fancy, e. g. Latin class.

Range: New Waterford to M. S. V.

Migrations: Pharmacy to Library; library to Latin Class.

Call: "Mar-ie, Mar-ie!"

KATHERINE OWEN (Fugitaria Disciplina).

Description: Head plumage very light; eyes blue. This bird must, we think, be related to some of the stuffed specimens that adorn the museum, as it hovers in that vicinity day and night.

Range: Annapolis Royal to Rockingham.

Migrations: Studio Corridor to Sewing-room.

Call: "A little-bit-of-bread-and-no-oo-o chee-ee!"

ELEANOR MOORE (Ornis Studiosus).

Description: Head plumage light brown, eyes brown. The song of this bird is rarely heard, but if by accident it is aroused, one is amazed at the noise.

Range: Kentville to M. S. V.

Migrations: St. Agnes Classroom to Studio Corridor.

Call: A sweet, low sound in class; in the privacy of its nest the notes are stifled, as it keeps its head under its wing. Sounds very much like "Slee-ee-eep! Slee-ee-eep!"

MARGARET SHANAHAN (Diligentia Quieta).

Description: Head plumage raven black; eyes brown. To see this unobtrusive bird one must keep a sharp lookout for at five o'clock in the evening when it may be found in "A" classroom.

Range: North Sydney to M. S. V.

Migrations: Between second and third story.

Call: Too soft to be distinguishable, but very pleasant and melodious.

A SHORT, SHORT STORY.

(With a long, long moral).

The Girl had finished her last February exam. She heaved a deep, deep sigh of relief. "No more exams till the May tests," said she to herself,—a very sympathetic listener.

Then the girl went over to her room, powdered her little, little nose, adjusted a curl over her left eyebrow at exactly the right angle, and humming "It's Over!" she sauntered in a very, very leisurely manner down the corridor.

"Good-bye, exams, until the May tests!" she apostrophized. "March, April,—two whole months!" Then without a care in the wide, wide world, the Girl came upon the Bulletin Board. Another Girl stood there with mouth and eyes wide, wide open.

The Girl looked and saw—

"MAY TESTS BEGIN ON FRIDAY, MARCH 28TH."

(X marks the spot where lies the body).

K. O.



E. RYAN, L. THERIAULT, A. BUCKLEY, M. HOUSE, A. MANCINI, G. MURPHY, M. EGAN, D. DAIGLE, A. McLELLAN,
M. BRENTON, M. McSWEEN, M. DE LA VILLEFROMOY, M. GALLANT, T. CLEARY, M. DOUCETTE, M. TOOMEY, L. DAIGLE, M. HACHE,
G. HARNISH, E. GAUL, M. McNEIL, A. SORJANT, I. COTE, L. KNOWLTON, A. DALLAS, SR. ST. CELESTINE.

COMMERCIAL CLASS.

OWING to a change in requirements for Commercial Graduation, there are fewer Commercial Graduates this year. This is chiefly because the rule demands not only a full "B" course before entering the class, but at least two years' residence in the Academy after completing "B". The pupils who compose this year's class are all of superior merit, but most of them have not fulfilled the "residence" requirement. If all return, next year's class will fill the usual Commercial quota in the number of Graduates.

Let us give you a little sketch of our class as it looks to us. Besides our Graduates of '30 and the group of College girls who are with us in the Secretarial Science subjects, we have a brilliant group of girls who aspire to graduation.

Did you say Typewriting and Stenography? MARY DOUCETTE shines there. We are safe in saying that Mary may be found in the Commercial Room at any odd moment. Her capacity for energy does not confine itself to the classroom, however, for she is equally strenuous at games, especially basket-ball and base-ball, and is very fond of dancing and of singing. She has a way of making friends that will serve her well in the future.

MARGARET TOOMEY represents Kentville in our class. Always calm, she is noted for her reliability as well as for her common sense.

LUCILLE KNOWLTON comes from Parsborough, N. S. Her good nature and generous spirit is well known, and her capacity for work has brought her to success in her first year.

MARY GALLANT is a native of New Waterford. Her sweet smile and pleasant manner have won her many friends. She is a good sport and excels especially in basket-ball and rope-climbing.

AGNES DALLAS came many miles to school, for her home is in Bermuda. In the three years that have elapsed since her arrival Agnes has won laurels as a musician and a dancer, and her heart is still with "the arts". As a commercial student she has applied herself vigorously and with success.

MARY McSWEEN is the only representative of "the biggest town". She came to the Mount several years ago, and was a member of last year's B class, but decided in September to turn her talents to business. Mary is always lively at recreation and a good sport. Her hopes of entering on a business career will, we trust, be soon fulfilled.

IRENE COTE hails from the U. S. A. She arrived from Boston a month late for class, but before long she was perfectly at home. "C" Latin is a side affair with her, but her chief interest is her commercial work. Irene is a good athlete and especially shines in the gymnasium.

MARIE DE LA VILLEFROMOY—a rather difficult name to get over one's tongue, as we found for a long time in the first term; but practice has made us proficient in its pronunciation, as it has also brought English home to Marie. She is a native of St. Pierre, and while

Elocution may have helped, Commercial work has hastened her knowledge of our language. She is a charming girl as well as a good student.

THERESA CLEARY from North Sydney is always ready for fun. This is her second year at the Mount, and she hopes to return again in September to finish her Commercial course. Theresa is interested in all school activities, especially in athletics, and always scores high at the gym meets.

ANNETTE SORMANY from Edmunston, N. B., is a French girl, who has made rapid progress since her coming to the Mount in September. She is an excellent student and an all round sport. Her good humor and sweet manner have won the hearts of all who know her.

MONA BRENTON, a day pupil whose home is in Rockingham, is known as "the tall fair girl with the lovely pink cheeks." She is very quiet and an excellent student. Her high marks have won our admiration and her sunny disposition and kind ways our affection. We hope she will return next year.

MARY McNEIL comes from New Waterford. Her good sense and reliability and capacity for steady work have made her one of the foremost Commercial girls. Mary obtained her "B" last year in her home town, and hopes to continue her course in Secretarial Science. We should like to see her go on to college.

This year we are honored by having with us as a student one of the "Grey Nuns" of Ottawa. Sister St. Celestine won the scholarship offered by the Alumnae of Mount St. Vincent to the Catholic Women's League of Canada, and has attended all our classes since September. We have enjoyed her quiet company and will miss her when she returns to Rideau Street.

THE END OF A PERFECT DAY.

Underwood, Corona, and L. C.
Failed on every one!
Couldn't get one hundred words,
Law cases aren't much fun.
Forgot both pen and pencil,
(Losing hope and failing fast)
Didn't get Geography notes;
End of a perfect day at last!

L. K.

THE B'S ON THE AIR.

THIS is Station C.L.C. announcing from our studio at M. S. V. Before we close our series of broadcasts I want you to know some of the C. L. C's better. And so to-night, since this is our last night on the air, I am going to tell you something about the groups around me.

What's this? Eunice and Duckie quarrelling over Virgil in the front seat? You might suppose they were at Latin Class; but they are merely rehearsing. You all know the famous "Agatha" whose talks on Voice Culture and Costume Designing are so inspiring. Well, Agatha bids you farewell till next year. And then there is talented violinist, Mary K. MacDougall, whose strains you have listened to in rapture. Well, Mary K. talks in that same strain. Bernie and Betty are flushed with excitement; they had to rush up here from St. Ignatius Classroom.

You must excuse me a moment while I quiet Nancy. . . .

Well, back again, and no wonder Nance was jumping about with a Caesar in one hand and a medal of St. Jude in the other! Down in the corner the two famous historians Moira and Harriet are discussing the Thirty Year's War—I heard Thirty, anyway—perhaps it was an examination mark!

Our dear Dora has her veil on. I know she has her mind set on the prayer line, but her heart is in North Sydney at the convent. Dorothy meanwhile has a group in the corner, reading aloud to them her translation of Caesar in verse. (There's no telling to what heights of fame her genius may lead her!)

Margaret MacDonald is practising a little dance she is going to teach the Juniors. She does love the little ones! And there is Ruby with her "Trig" open before her conning to-morrow's lesson.

I suppose you didn't know that Margaret Long has a deep affection for French and Algebra. She will lecture in French on the Binomial Theorem next year, if she returns. And Mary Merchant, our famous actress, promises to give some talks on Domestic Science.

Gladys Hook has talked so much that you will no doubt be relieved to know that she is going to give her voice a rest for a few months. Nan Belliveau on the other hand, is going to practice Elocution during the summer, so as to be in good trim for next season. Catherine Langley has been taking lessons from Nan, they say.

Edith Landry is busily engaged at this moment making paper roses for her patron saint, and Evelyn Gaul is sitting beside her reciting Mark Antony's Funeral Oration (you have heard her impersonate Doctor Johnson, I'm sure).

And now we are signing off. We shall be on the air next September, but no longer under this station. This is Beatrice Adams announcing from the Canadian Literary Club at Mount Saint Vincent.

THE KEY OF C.

WE have had no sharps or flats; the C's are quite normal, sane, hard-working creatures. Just glance—

Notre Personel:

MISS SHEILA MCSWEENEY, our class president, an apt needlewoman, has, like her friend Miss G. Merchant, rendered much assistance to the Dramatic Society of M. S. V. during the play "Heart of Flame". Miss McSweeney will return to M. S. V. to obtain her sewing degree.

MISS MARY ARCHER, our vice-president, who has invariably succeeded in climbing the rope and in performing other gymnastic feats has, during the past year, proved herself to be a brilliant English scholar as well as an athlete.

MISS MARJORIE KINGSLEY, secretary of the Benson Reading Circle and a valuable member of the Junior Orchestra, has announced that she hopes to continue as piano-player for the Orchestra during the next season. She also aspires to teach Junior Gymnastics.

MISS URSULA WHELAN, author of the famous "Roger's Coming" has started another book entitled "Homing."

MISS GLADYS FELLOWS, "Star of the C's" is as yet uncertain as to whether she will renew her contract and return to play the leading role in "To B or not to B."

MISS ELEANOR MACNAMARA, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank MacNamara of Newfoundland has shown tendencies towards the scientific life and it is hoped that she will return to M. S. V. to obtain her B. Sc.

MISS MARION REARDON, our red-haired mathematician has after considerable coaxing, decided to take up Geometry again.

MISS MARGUERITE MERCHANT has, during the past year, been taking lessons in the management of children and will in the future start a kindergarten class in Sydney.

MISS DORIS BLENKHORN has published an inspiring Cook Book in which she gives various methods of using squash and gravy together.

MISS KATHLEEN KEARNEY has taken up a study of French and English and is frequently to be seen at all hours of the night in the library, where she is lulled to sleep by the radio next door. She is a well known athlete and a famous singer.

MISS GERMAINE MERCHANT has earned the everlasting gratitude of the director and cast of the play, "Heart of Flame." She is a well-known artist, and gave many hours of her precious time to painting costumes.

MISS EILEEN MULLINS, who occupies the room just outside the Immaculate Dormitory, proved herself courageous and quick-witted when her cousin, who rooms with her, took a weak turn. Miss Mullins is a brilliant Latin scholar.

MISS CLAIRE CRAGG's artistic temperament leads her to constant efforts with her pencil. Her attempts at composition have had serious results and we understand she is threatened with a break-down. Moreover there are musical complications.

C. C.

THE SENIOR D'S.

IF we would put our report into Prime language it would be something like this: "All the D's are diligent workers and remarkable persons in one way or another:

MARGARET CUMMINGS is a book-worm of note, but punctuality to her means nothing. She is inclined to be a dreamer,—(but "aren't we all?")—and merits special mention for long questions.

DORIS OTTO deserves special mention for Elocution. She is inclined to pay less attention to her other studies and is often heard talking to herself. At recreation she diligently practises her musical giggle, which is improving daily.

CATHERINE COMERFORD's lessons are generally neglected owing to her interest in violin. She spends much of her time listening to the accounts of her friends' experiences in this musical study. She also has strong opinions on the matter of house-cleaning, and gives after-breakfast talks on the subject each morning.

MADELINE KENNEDY is most diligent in the school office to which she devotes hours every day. Her attendance on the Daily Mail is also remarkable.

EVELYN BOUTILIER is very faithful at her charge and deserves special mention. Whatever time is left after this labor of love she devotes to preparation of her History lesson.

EILEEN CARROLL leads the class in Algebra and can solve the naughtiest problems. History to her is also a serious affair. What free time she has she devotes to Dramatics.

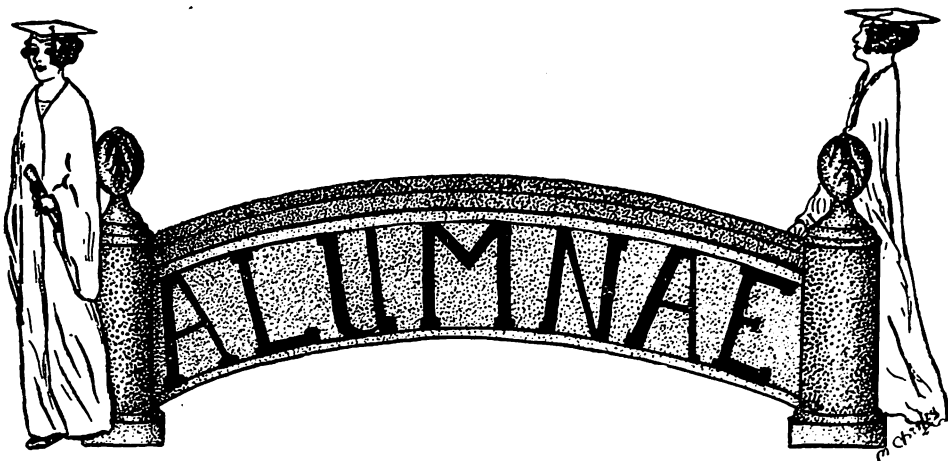
MARY GREENE merits special mention for avoirdupois and frequent interesting talks on the geography and history of Newfoundland, which always begin with, "Listen till I tell you." Many of these are given in the refectory, and might really be considered "Table-talk."

FLORA KEARNEY has special mention for her long and exceedingly interesting letters home, recounting her various adventures and her hopes for the future. One need only to peep into her press to discover that Flora is one of the neatest girls in the school.

LOUISE MCNAMARA's chief characteristic is that she resembles Eleanor. Her favorite subject is cooking, but she also deserves special mention for her interest in violin and in pharmacy, in which latter subject she gives instructions free of charge to all who apply.

JANE THORUP merits as the writer of this report that no mention shall be made of her peculiarities.

J. T.



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1929-1930.

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ALUMNAE

AS the years advance, loyalty to Alma Mater by her devoted Alumnae, near and far, steadily increases. This year has been one of golden achievement. It is difficult to specify any particular Chapter or Convenor—the work of each has been so outstanding.

The New York Chapter has perhaps kept up the most regular correspondence owing to the efficiency of the capable Secretary, Miss Angela Geele. Reports show that the New York Chapter, of which Mrs. Constance Greene is the President, like the Moncton and St. John Chapters, take turns in entertaining at the various homes. This makes of each meeting a delightful social event.

Moncton has twelve active members and this small Chapter has faithfully borne its part towards the Scholarship Fund.

In far off sunny California, the spirit of the Mount Alumnae is joyfully apparent. Reports of their meetings are very interesting.

In Halifax the general Meetings have all been well attended and the various social and philanthropic activities have been participated in wholeheartedly and joyfully.

A most successful Bridge was held at the Lord Nelson Hotel in October, at which the sum of \$230.00 was realized. To Mrs. Healy and the capable Committee who assisted her, much credit is due.

The annual shower for the Orphanage, for the past two years under the direction of Mrs. Sage, has been an unqualified success. Through the kindness of the members and the good management of the Convenor each orphan of the intermediate division was remembered by a toy or useful article at Christmas.

The Reading Circle with the inspiring Convenor, Mrs. Emerson, has never been so prolific of pleasure and profit. The meetings at each of which there were readings and original papers on Canadian Literature, interspersed by songs and musical selections, were held at different homes and were sources of happy memories. The attendance at each was large amounting several times to over thirty.

The First Saturday Communions, Propagation of the Faith and the Quarterly Bulletin under the Convenorship of Mrs. Healy, Miss Marguerite Mackie and Miss Margaret Tobin, respectively, all report work well done.

Mary's Day celebration under the guidance of Miss Mary Neville promises much honor to the Lady on May 10th.

In conclusion I must pay tribute to our retiring President, Mrs. M. Scanlon, under whom I am privileged to work. The success of the Alumnae is due in no small measure to her splendid leadership, charming manner and wide influence for good. We hope that her interest will not cease with her retirement, but will continue through the years and be as productive of good as heretofore.

MARJORIE HAWES,
Corresponding Secretary.

MOUNT ST. VINCENT ALUMNAE

LITERARY CIRCLE

Wednesday Evening, April 30th.

Convenor—MRS. OTTO EMERSON.

Hostess—MISS MARY SHANNON.

PROGRAMME

1. O CANADA!
Orchestra
2. INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.
MRS. OTTO EMERSON.
Convenor.
3. PIANO SOLO.
MISS PEARL DALEY.
4. PAPER—"Moore and his Melodies."
MRS. MACKENNA.
5. H. M. S. Pinafore (selections).
Orchestra.
6. VOCAL SELECTIONS. (Irish Melodies).
MISS M. ACKERMAN.
7. PAPER—"LONGFELLOW."
MISS C. MCGRATH.
8. Selections from Opera Martha (Verdi).
Orchestra.
9. PAPER and Vocal. Scotch Songs.
MISS C. MCGRATH.
10. "The Hours spent with Canadian Authors by our Literary Circle."
MRS. OTTO EMERSON.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

WESTWARD HO!

DURING the past decade the Mother House of the Sisters of Charity at Halifax has sent out band after band into the West. The call sounded first from British Columbia; it has gone on, increasing in its power of appeal, for it is the cry of souls. "Charity begins at home", and before we turn to the foreign field there is work to do in Canada. And it is being done. At the cost of great sacrifice both to the Community and the pioneers, it is being nobly done.

Our Alumnae may be interested in the facts:—

Ladysmith on Victoria Island is a real missionary centre. It was there that the Community first became acquainted with Very Reverend Thomas O'Donnell, D.D., now Coadjutor Archbishop of Halifax, but formerly Bishop of Victoria. Much is being done for souls at Ladysmith, and at great cost; but what matter the cost if souls are brought back to the Master?

In Vancouver City there are four schools, Our Lady of Perpetual Help, St. Joseph's, St. Helen's Academy, and Our Lady of Sorrows, the last situated in the parish of the Servite Fathers. Fallen away Catholics are many in the West, and religious teachers are few. "The fields are white to the harvest, but alas! the harvesters are few!"

Edmonton, Alberta, has three schools conducted by our Sisters, two commercial and one a grade school. Conditions are favorable, and results are gratifying. Here Archbishop O'Leary is the "pastor bonus" who by his encouragement and charity brings sunshine into the lives of the laborers.

Alberta also boasts of four hospitals of the Halifax Sisters of Charity, one at Barrhead, Immaculata at Westlock, St. Ann's at Hardesty, and latest of all, that of Jasper. Hospital work is a crying need, and the development can hardly keep pace with the demand. All of these hospitals have had immense difficulties to contend with, not the least being the financial condition of the West that is the outcome of the wheat situation; but in every case the cheerfulness of the Sisters and the genuine good will of the people have triumphed over every difficulty.

What is true of the Alberta hospitals is also true of the lone Manitoba foundation at Swan River where three Sisters took possession of a hospital last Autumn. Already an immense amount of good has been accomplished, and the spiritual consolations more than outweigh the trials of the little community.

Only one western mission has crossed the border into the United States. That one is situated in Renton, not far from Seattle. There a flourishing school is being conducted, and with the co-operation of zealous priests much good is being accomplished.

We tell you these things, Alumnae, because we know you will be interested. Some of the Sisters who are laboring in the far West are former Mount girls whom you knew at school. If you can help them materially, why not send a donation to Reverend Mother General "for the Western Missions?" If you are really interested, you will at least pray for the work. "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

ALUMNA.

ALUMNIANA

THE FOLIA MONTANA wishes to convey sympathy to the following who have suffered bereavement:

- To Mrs. D. V. Dooley (Constance McLeod) on the death of her little daughter.
- To Mrs. George Lynch (Paula Rawley) on the death of her mother.
- To Mrs. J. Coughlin and Mrs. John Gray (Geneva and Gertrude Murray) on the death of their mother.
- ✓ To Jean Glassey on the death of her father.
- ✓ To Mrs. J. Inglis on the death of her little son.
- To the husband and family of Mrs. R. H. Lloy (Sadie O'Toole).
- To the husband of Mrs. R. A. McLeod (Alethea Manley).
- ✓ To Catherine Brown (of Halifax) on the death of her father.

WEDDING BELLS.

- ✓ GLADYS BLANK was married to Mr. F. Ross.
- WINNIE BURNS to Mr. J. Meuse.
- ✓ FLORENCE MARTIN to Mr. Gerald Mielke.
- MARION MCPARTLAND to Mr. Alfonso Scott.
- ✓ MAY McCORMAC to Mr. Hervé Bilodeau.
- GERTRUDE MURRAY to Mr. John Gray.
- ✓ HELEN WAKELY to Mr. F. E. Regan.
- ✓ ISABEL KENNEDY to Mr. Frank McNamara.
- MOLLIE WOOD to Mr. Francis Kelly.
- WEEDA DAIGLE to Mr. George Wilkes.

WELCOME!

- To Mrs. J. COUGHLIN (Geneva Murray) a son.
- To Mrs. D. F. McGRATH (Katherine White) a daughter.
- To Mrs. W. J. CURRAN (Geraldine Donahoe) a daughter.
- To Mrs. COLIN DALEY (Nora Hares) a daughter.
- To Mrs. C. McDOWELL (Greta Ogle) a daughter.
- To Mrs. BRYCE CLIMO (Evelyn Colwell) a son.
- To Mrs. DON AGNEAU (Blossom Davison) a daughter.
- To Mrs. FRANK McNAMARA (Isabel Kennedy) a daughter.

- ✓ ALEXIA KYTE (Mrs. A. Cameron) who is living in Michigan, sent a picture of her eldest child, a beautiful boy. Madeline Kyte has been visiting her this winter.
- ✓ MURIEL DONAHOE, who took her M. A. at Dalhousie last year, has been teaching at Marymount College, Tarrytown, N. Y. She spent Christmas vacation at home and visited the Mount.
- MOLLIE CHESLEY returned shortly before Christmas from Paris where she has been studying art. Her visit to the Mount was much enjoyed. Her sister Catherine paid us a visit in February accompanied by Nano Ward. Both are doing secretarial work for the D. A. R. though Catherine, we hear, is about to enter a career of nursing in a New York hospital.
- ✓ CLAIRE MURPHY spent Christmas with her parents in Halifax. She has a position as assistant in a doctor's office in New York, and is as friendly as ever with Mary Holmes who is also living in New York.
- ✓ HELEN WAKELY REGAN spent a few days in Halifax in January before sailing for Europe with her husband.
- ✓ COLINE CLANCEY and ROSE ORLANDO are studying Social Service at McGill.
- ✓ ALICE WARD has a position in Yarmouth.
- JEAN McDONALD is assistant to a dentist in New York, where Marguerite Belliveau is teaching in the Italian district.
- DOROTHY ZWICKER (Mrs. Gwyn-Timothy) paid us a visit one afternoon in December. She had then recently returned from England, where she had spent three months with her two little boys, and was on her way to join her husband who is "flying" with a commercial aviation company north of Winnipeg.
- ✓ MARGUERITE McNEIL visited us for a fortnight in January and took part in the entertainment of His Grace. Her sister Clara, we are glad to say, is much improved in health.
- FLORENCE KELLY HENLEY royally entertained some of the Sisters who were in Chicago this summer. Her home, her four children, and her husband are as charming as Florence herself.
- ✓ MARY WINDEATT, who has made her home in San Diego, California, occasionally sends a breezy account of her doings. At present she is taking a course in journalism at the University of California.
- MRS. ERNEST MACKAY (Margaret Brown) with her husband paid a visit to the Mount last summer.
- MRS. EDWARD CRONIN (Florrie Kiervin) has left St. John for New York City where she expects to make her home in future.
- ✓ ELLA WILLIAMS is teaching music in New Glasgow. She visited us in February and spent a pleasant afternoon in the old haunts.
- JANE LAHEY is still at her post in the Board of Censors Office in Halifax.
- ✓ MILDRED HAMILTON is training in a hospital in Regina, Saskatchewan. Her sister Edna is teaching school.

- ✓ MARY McDONALD, a very active Alumnae, holds a responsible position in the Customs Department in Halifax. Her sister Mildred was obliged to give up her position for a time because of ill health.

While some of the Sisters were in New York last summer they were visited by a number of Alumnae, among them IDA MARSLAND and CARMEL O'REILLY, who have both completed their training as nurses; MARGUERITE BELLIVEAU and JEAN MACDONALD; MARGARET NOTT, who is attending Hunter College; MARY FLACK, who has a very good position with the Metropolitan Insurance Company; ANGELA GEELE, EDNA PITTS and FLORENCE KELLY, the last two of whom are doing social service work. MARGARET DULHANTY, who is a stenographer, was also in the group.

- ✓ MARY SULLIVAN (formerly of Glace Bay) is now living in Halifax, and is a frequent visitor at the Mount.
- ✓ BEATRICE RUBENOVITCH is taking a business course in Montreal. She writes often to her old friends at M. S. V.
- ✓ ANNA CAMERON is training at the Halifax Infirmary. She occasionally indulges her literary talent, as we saw from the excellent story of Saint Patrick published in a March magazine.
- ✓ CONSTANCE McGRATH is teaching at St. Patrick's Boys' School.
- JOEY GILLESPIE has a position in Moncton.
- ✓ CONSTANCE WALSH sent us a very grown up photograph of her charming self. Connie is a lady of leisure in St. John's, Nfld.
- ✓ MARY HARRIS is at last enjoying "Home Sweet Home" in St. John's.
- ✓ MARGUERITE MACKEY is teaching in Bedford.
- MARGARET FARRELL is doing stenographic work in Boston.
- ✓ HILDA DURNEY is working in a broker's office in Halifax, but still keeps up her singing and comes to the Mount for lessons. Occasionally she gives us a treat at the Saturday night recitals.
- ✓ MARY SHANNON has a music class in Halifax and pays an occasional visit to the Mount.
- ✓ ISABEL MACNEILL has a position as assistant librarian in Dalhousie University Library. She also keeps up practice with her brush and pencil and maintains her interest in dramatic art.
- ✓ AILEEN MACAULAY hopes to take her M. Sc., this year at Dalhousie.
- NORA FITZRANDOLPH is at home in St. John, N. B.
- MARY COMERFORD visited the Mount on her way home from New York where she had spent several months. Her sister Catherine is in the Academy this year.
- RUTH ADAMS holds a secretarial position in Lunenburg.
- LOTTIE HOLLOWAY visited us this Spring before returning to Boston. Lottie had just recovered from a long illness and intended to go back to the nursing profession.
- MARGARET CAMERON is a student nurse at St. Joseph's Hospital, Glace Bay.
- ✓ KATHLEEN DORAN is working in the Royal Bank at Windsor.

- ✓ MARY ROMANS is training in the Royal Victoria Hospital at Montreal.
- ✓ ELEANOR COLEMAN is teaching music in Halifax.
- ✓ MARGARET McMANUS finished her dietician's course at the Victoria General Hospital in December and spent some time with relatives in Cape Breton.
- RITA LeBLANC is working in her home town, Moncton. She visited us in May.
- CATHERINE BROWN is living with her mother in Chicago.
- LUCY FLETCHER and BARBARA MULOCK are attending the Provincial Normal School at Truro.
- MARGARET MAHONEY, having graduated from St. Joseph's Hospital, Glace Bay, is doing private nursing in Halifax. Her sister Angela is at home.
- BERNADETTE RUEL is working with her father in Levis, P. Q.
- ✓ NOREEN HEALY is attending Saint Patrick's High School and is a frequent visitor at the Mount.
- MARY and DOROTHY HOGAN are at home in St. John.
- SARAH McISAAC visited us for a week during the winter but spent most of her time with her novice sister, Sister John Stephen. Sarah has announced her engagement to Mr. Alphonse Arsenault and is to be married in June.
- JOYCE FAIRN is enjoying her leisure in Halifax, and occasionally visits the Mount.
- ALICE and GERTRUDE SMITH are at home in North Sydney. Their sister Margaret was home from New York last summer with her two children. Alice spent a week at the Mount in October and we were delighted to have her with us.
- ✓ MARIE ACKERMANN is a frequent visitor. She is taking a business course in Halifax but still finds time to dance.
- ELEANOR WALSH has a position in Halifax and occasionally visits the Mount.
- JEAN MONTAGUE is training at the Halifax Infirmary and loves her work. Her sister Mary is to give her graduating recital in violin this spring.
- MRS. DONALD LOVE (Edith Cleary) who is living in Brooklyn, N. Y. sent a photograph of her small son, John Dudley, who looks like a very bright boy.
- LOUISE MUNRO still finds California a good place in which to live and work.
- HELEN GRANT as a member of an orchestra in Halifax, is putting her musical training to good advantage.
- MARCELLE SAMSON was married last September to Mr. Paul Vezina. They are living in Grande Alé, Quebec.
- ✓ MAY McCORMAC, after spending two years in Chicago, was married in November to Mr. Hervé Bilodeau and is now living in Montreal.
- ✓ GLADYS McCORMAC (Mrs. Urban Pineau) is now the mother of three little girls. Her home is in Sydney, C. B.

- ✓ MRS. RIVLYN COSTIGAN (Lillian Kennedy) is still living in Bell Island, Newfoundland, She has sent some charming snaps of her little daughter Catherine.
- MARION McLELLAN and MARJORIE HAVERSTOCK occasionally visit the Mount.
- MARGARET MEAGHER is a stenographer for the Harbor Commission in Halifax.
- MARJORIE O'BRIEN is continuing her studies at Acadia College.
- ✓ JOSEPHINE MUNRO holds a very good bank position in Amherst.
- ✓ JEAN HEFFERNAN is still in Springhill, where she ambitions some day to become "the oldest inhabitant."
- ✓ DOROTHY McNEIL is living in Hartford, Connecticut.
- RAYMONDE SORMANY is at home in Edmundston, N. B. Her sister Annette is at school here.
- HAZEL FRANCIS is a frequent correspondent and continues her interest in Mission work by sending an occasional donation of stamps or money. She is now living in New York.
- ✓ ROSEMARY FINN left school at Christmas to do commercial work in Halifax.
- GRACE AMIRAULT is at home in Pubnico and is a regular correspondent.
- MARGARET SMITH (of Halifax) was graduated this year from St. Mary's Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- MARY ARBING and NELLIE WARD are following the nursing profession in New York.
- BRENDA McFATRIDGE having completed her training, is assistant in a doctor's office in New York.
- When Mother General and Sister Evaristus visited the West in the Autumn they were visited in Winnipeg by Mrs. HAYDEN, LOUISE GRASSBY, and KATHLEEN ALLISON.
- SISTER LOUIS GRACE (Viola Mullins) made her profession last August and is now missioned in New York.
- ✓ PEARL SUTHERLAND after completing her Junior year in college last June, entered the novitiate in February.
- Among the college students are a number of last year's graduates: IRENE McQUILLAN, ANNIE MANTIN, ANNIE MANCINI, MARGARET LAUDER, AGNES GARNIER.
- JULIETTE LE BLANC has a position in the Shawmut Bank in Boston. She writes that her health is better than it has been for several years, for which we are glad indeed.
- RUTH PARKER is also in Boston, and the two girls have continued their school-friendship.
- CHARLOTTE MacKENZIE is working hard (as usual) in the nursing profession in far-away Victoria.
- CARMENCITA TONARELI Y RAFCAS was delighted to entertain visiting Mount Alumnae at her home in Havana last winter. BEATRICE (Kyte) DOHERTY and her husband spent a week or more in the Cuban city, and HERLINDA OLAND several weeks. HERLINDA brought us happy news of the Tonarelis and of MATILDA (Yglesias) CASANOVA, and by way of illustration, a photograph of Carmencita's little flock of four boys and one girl. They are beautiful children.

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| Deposits of: | End 1st Yr. | End 2nd Yr. | End 3rd Yr. |
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| \$ 1.00 Weekly | \$ 52 69 | \$106 95 | \$162 84 |
| 10.00 Monthly | 121 65 | 246 92 | 375 98 |

Open a savings account and prove it. Savings department at every branch.
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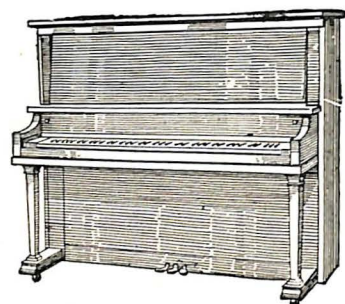
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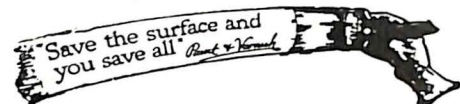
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Unsurpassed in beauty,
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the Heintzman is found in
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PHINNEY
Music Co., Ltd.



Canada's Great Surface Saver

For more than three generations B-H "English Paint" has been saving the surface of homes, factories, bridges, barns, etc., throughout Canada. It has been generally accepted and proved by experience to be Canada's Surface Saver.

B-H "English" 70% Brandram's Genuine BB
Paint Pure White Lead
30% Pure White Zinc
100% Pure Paint

The reasons for its superiority lies in the above formula that appears on every can. Its base is the world famous Brandram's Genuine BB White Lead (70%) and Pure White Zinc (30%). Mixed with Pure Linseed Oil, this base makes the finest paint for Canada's vigorous climate.

This superior paint will go farther and last longer than other paints.

For Sale at the Better Stores Everywhere.

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MONTREAL, HALIFAX, ST. JOHN, TORONTO, WINNIPEG
MEDICINE HAT, CALGARY, EDMONTON, VANCOUVER.

Hardwood Flooring

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.

The Piercey Supply Co., Ltd.
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Wholesale Domestic and
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MILK
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Made from selected leathers, high grade
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Just the case for your correspondence.

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THE EXCLUSIVE LEATHER HOUSE
118 GRANVILLE ST. HALIFAX, N. S.

PROGRESS

Sound business principles and a
policy of gradual expansion have
marked the steady growth of this
Bank for over fifty years.

To-day, one of the largest and
strongest banks in the world, it
serves every phase of business and
private life at home, and is taking a
leading part in the expansion of trade
in foreign markets.

The Royal Bank of Canada

STUDENTS GRADUATES "OLD GIRLS"

You have learned a lot at School and College—but you have
a lot yet to learn!
One thing you can learn right now is that we have the finest
stock of China, Glassware and Crockery in Nova Scotia, and
furthermore, on account of our connection with the Markets
and our large buying advantages, we are able to fill your require-
ments satisfactorily.

WEBSTER, SMITH CO., LTD.

China, Glassware, Cutlery, Earthenware
For Residences or Institutions
174-178 Granville Street at
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STUDENTS!

You will get the best values at our
store in

Loose Leaf Books and Refills, Bound
Note Books, Drawing Paper, Foun-
tain Pens, Pencils, etc.

FRANK M. O'NEILL
AND CO., LTD.

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J. H. C. MURDOCH QUEEN DRUG STORE DISPENSING CHEMIST

Manufacturer of

Famous Hemlock Preparations
Ezy Tablets

Ships medical supplies, toilet articles,
photo supplies.

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FOOTWEAR

All the soft shades are featured in the advance styles — **Rose Blush, Honey Beige, Dove Grey, Ivory**, as well as **Patent** and **Satin** with the always popular **Black**.

Graduates will find at this store a choice of White Slippers in Cuban and High heels.

WALLACE BROS.

Better Footwear

GREEN LANTERN BUILDING.

Teachers' and Pupils' School Clothes

Cleanliness is one of the things teachers impress upon their pupils—clothes cleanliness is taught both by example and precept

FRENCH DRY CLEANING

doubles the wearing life of skirts, suits and dresses. You'll not have to buy new clothes nearly so often if you send your togs to US once in a while.

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PHONE, Sackville 34

Care free vacation days when you radiate health and happiness—this is the time for a portrait for old friends and new.

BY

Gauvin & Gentzel

HALIFAX.

Flowers by Wire or by Mail

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.

THE ROSEY

The Fraser Floral Co., Ltd. C. Fraser, Manager

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS

- $\frac{1}{4}$ 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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