



Golia  
Montana







# Folia Montana

Mount Saint Vincent  
Halifax, Nova Scotia

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The Blessings of the Holy Year  
be upon all our friends!

To our dearly beloved  
Mother Mary Berchmans, Mother General,  
for fifty golden years  
a leading spirit among that vailiant band  
which has dared and done so much  
for the glory of God and Holy Church;  
and during twenty-five,  
the Guide and Inspiration of  
The Sisters of Charity of Halifax,  
and Mother not only of  
her spiritual daughters  
but of the souls entrusted to their care;  
to this truly Valiant Woman  
who has put out her hand to strong things  
and provided so wisely for all,  
we, the girls of '25, and children of her household  
offer our Mount Leaves.



## TABLE OF CONTENTS

The Mount in Autumn	7
Our Mother General	8
The Groat Lost and Found. A Poem	11
Chronicle of the Year	12
Our Graduates	25
Commercial Graduates	29
Opportunity	31
The Commercial Class of 1925	35
Our Locals	36
Clubs	24
Orchestra	37
New Year's Day, 1940	38
Thomas a Kempis: His work and Influence	39
Little Pat. A Story	44
A New Dictionary of Mount Terms	46
A Three-Legged Race	48
Courage	49
The Library	51
A Likeness With a Difference	52
Indian Island	60
Where My Caravan Has Rested. Verse	26
The Progress of Failure	64
A Symposium of Immortals	68
A Local Drama	69
Tomorrow. A Poem	71
A Distinguished Visitor	72
Pauline Johnson	73
Santa Claus Daddy	75
Le Divin Voleur. A Poem	80
Mount Proverbs	74
Observations	81
Class Notes	83
Sports	88
Debates	90
Missionary Activities (C. C. S. M. C.)	91
Sodality of the Children of Mary	93
Ads	96
Alumnae	97



THE MOUNT IN AUTUMN.

THIS place claims my heart, and I love it more month after month. As with all things else, since I began to love it, I watch it slowly become more beautiful. The Mount—a chapel, a convent, a school, a quiet strip of blue water, with God's Infinite Heaven protecting all—rests silent with a mass of color. Autumn with its beauty creeps into every leaf, and sets the hills aflame. From Saint Joseph's Height, where I am now sitting, I view the scene below me. Nothing could be more exquisite. The breeze and the clouds pass over it; the hazy sunlight makes brilliant the watchful dome and brings out the colors on the hill-side beyond, and softly fades. As from an infinite distance is borne the sound of the evening bell. I make a frame of my hands and take one more look at my picture. On the walls of the great galleries can hang nothing more beautiful.

M. CHESLEY.



## OUR MOTHER GENERAL

IN 1924 Mount Saint Vincent closed the first half century of its existence with a burst of praise. "Jubilate Deo!" we sang, looking back in wonder over the fifty years of our Alma Mater's life; and now again when the second half of the century is opening in hope, a new song rises to our lips—for there is new cause of joy. This year our dearly beloved Mother General reaches the goal of her fiftieth year of service in the ranks of the soldiers of God. God's chosen one,—and our Mother! She is surrounded by love; for from heaven there comes the smile of the Master as He looks over the fields that have become beneath her hand "white to the harvest"; and on earth there is the jubilation of those who "return, carrying sheaves,"—not their own, but hers who "hath planted and watered" and to whom God has given the increase. November 1925 will mark the turning of the golden year; but before that month has brought its triumph, we who are privileged to watch the progress of 1925 at the Mount must review briefly the striking, noble history that makes up our Mother's life.

To comparatively few souls does Christ say, "Follow Me!" in the way of the Counsels; to fewer still does he give the command, "Lead on, and others will follow!" The gifts of leadership are rare; the heights of leadership are lonely. Yet from her earliest years, Mother Mary Berchmans was a chosen leader, and from the beginning of her religious life she has been kept upon those heights; in the midst of us and one of us, yet bearing the burden of special responsibility to God, and by that reason nearer to Him than to us. She came, a bright, energetic, strong soul to give herself to God, in 1875. Then, the new Mother House at Mount St. Vincent had not been founded two years. It was a time of stress for the Community, and the poverty and difficulties that beset the beginning of every work of God were not wanting in the young postulant's life. With all of these, however, she was able to cope. Even thus early it was apparent to all that here was a soul to whom the word Fail had no significance; and so, five years after her religious profession, there came the first call to superiorship. She was sent to Saint Joseph's Convent, Halifax, to govern the little community there; but before her term of office was ended, her talents had been recognized, and she was appointed to a place in the General Council. From that time on, with the exception of one year when ill health brought her back to the Mother House to recuperate her strength, she held office successively at Saint Mary's, Halifax, Saint Patrick's, Roxbury, and Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Arnprior, Ontario. Moreover, she held a place in the Council of Three Mothers.

History tells of a Hildebrand, who after acting as advisor to five popes, at length had the dreaded office thrust upon his own strong shoulders, and felt the awful keys heavy in his own hands. It was God Who had placed him so close to the Chair of Peter, and it was God Who would sustain him on that

throne of tribulation. So Hildebrand went forward to victory, but victory how hardly won! Our Mother's case was similar. It was natural that she who had stood so long beside the helm and had helped to steer the frail vessel through perilous waters in the darkest night, should at length take the tiller into her own strong hands. In December 1901 she was elected Mother.

It was a time of hope. A new era seemed to have dawned with the opening century, and strong in the graces of the Holy Year just passed, she faced new responsibilities as she had always faced the old, cheerily, energetically, trusting in God. Mother's trust in God has always been remarkable. How could it be otherwise? And the Great Pilot has never failed her. Did she dream at the turn of the century, that the next Holy Year would find her still at the helm, with steady hand, and keen eye, and joyous heart?

What an outpouring of blessings has there been during the past twenty-five years! blessings temporal and spiritual, graces for individual members and for the Community in general,—all lavished without stint by the royal hand of the Master. Not that the Cross has been wanting. Far from it! The Cross has marked every undertaking of our Mother, and from that has come her wonderful success. At every turn there was difficulty, and often deepest anxiety and secret grief. The evidence of her external work shows it must be so; wherever there is fruitfulness of life there has been sorrow of soul. It is the law of life put forth in the words of Divine Wisdom Itself; "Unless the grain of wheat, falling into the earth, die, itself remaineth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

External works appeal to the eye; they are the criteria by which the world judges of success. Success has come to our dear Mother General in a remarkable degree, especially in her foundations. To the general public these are a subject of admiration; to the deep-thinking few, a cause for rejoicing, that "unto those that love God, all things work together unto good." The first undertaking of Mother Berchmans was the completion of the Halifax Infirmary which had been begun by her predecessor. About the same time, a laundry building and dormitory were erected at Mount St. Vincent, and in 1903 the corner-stone of the new Chapel was laid. A whole wing was added in the course of 1904, and after that another which forms the South Annex. A new system of electric lighting was introduced, a new reservoir dug, a new power house erected. These are but a few of the exterior improvements which have taken place during the past twenty-five years. Within the Mother House one improvement has brought another, until the whole interior working order of the establishment runs so smoothly as to be a marvel to visitors. The Chapel especially has been the object of our Mother's deepest solicitude. Its furnishings have come slowly, but in them no expense has been spared. From the beautiful Cararra marble altars and the superb three manual organ, down to the last detail of the sacristy and the smallest accessory of the sanctuary, all has received our Mother's closest attention and gives proof of her untiring zeal for the House of God. Moreover, the Ceremonial of Holy Mother Church



is most dear to her heart, and must be carried out punctiliously by every member of the household; Sisters, pupils, and servants. All the great festivals are under her direction, celebrated with a pomp and magnificence equal to that of the largest churches.

The first of her Foundations was that of Saint Teresa's Retreat, a work formally begun in 1895 but organized into a Mission only in 1902. Altogether the foundations of Mother Berchmans are twenty in number, and include houses for all the various works of the Institute; hospitals, schools both primary and secondary, and especially four Mission Centres in the Far West. Nova Scotia, Massachusetts, and New York have seen the rise of these institutions of learning and charity, and the call is ever sounding from "yet other cities." The Jubilee Year will see a further extension of the good work, and a strengthening of that chain of foundations which extends from Halifax to Vancouver.

But for foundations, subjects are necessary. This, after all, is the strength of a religious community; not numbers, but worth. The life of every order depends on every member of it. Long training, careful selection, and above all, solid spiritual formation, are necessary for the carrying on of the great work entrusted by the Church to the Institute of the Sisters of Charity. As all intellectual life depends upon early education, so all spiritual life depends upon the groundwork of strong principles laid deep down in the soul. Thus, also, religious life is founded on what is called the novitiate, or the training of the recruit for the labor and sacrifice by which the great undertakings of Holy Mother Church are carried forward, by the blessing of God, to success. The organization of a novitiate is a long, slow process, and its final form must be the result of experience, labor, and prayer. That the Novitiate of the Institute of the Sisters of Charity has reached its present perfection of organization, is due largely to the untiring efforts of our dear Mother. Her keenness of observation and power of discrimination, her logical common sense joined with high religious enthusiasm, have made the Novitiate a model of its kind. Under this splendidly organized system of training, numerous subjects have during the past twenty-five years been received to Religious Profession, and trained spiritually and mentally for the various works of the Institute. As the education of youth is one of the primary objects of Mother Seton's Community of the Sisters of Charity, so it has ever held an important place in the thoughts of our dear Mother General. The Normal School training is a part of the Novitiate curriculum; but the work of formation goes on through the first years of teaching by special courses given at the Mother House every summer. A number of Sisters have passed through standard universities, notably Dalhousie, The Catholic University of America, London University, Creighton University, Omaha; Fordham University, New York; and Notre Dame, Indiana. The crowning of the hopes of many years was the erection in May 1925 of Mount St. Vincent into a college by a special act of the Nova Scotia Legislature.

But more important than all is the unique development of the life of the

Institute under the wise administration of Mother Berchmans. As a result of conditions which existed at her entrance into the Community, Mother understood as perhaps few others could, the need of a firm basis for the existence of the Sisters of Charity of Halifax. During the administration of her predecessors special favors had been obtained from the Holy See, but it was reserved to her period of office to gain the long desired approbation of the Holy See for the Constitution of the Institute. In 1908 a temporary approval was granted by Pius X. of blessed memory; and in 1913, all things having proved satisfactory, the approval was made permanent, and the Institute confirmed in all the privileges granted by the Holy See to those religious communities which enjoy the special favor of Rome. Under the approved Constitution, Mother Berchmans was elected Mother General in 1908, re-elected in 1913, and by special dispensation, re-elected a second time in 1920. On this occasion she received a personal message of congratulation from the Holy Father. She is now still in her third term of office under the approved Constitution, and has, we trust, many years yet to glorify God in the service of Religion. Never had Religion a more zealous, a more tireless, defender; never had a Community a wiser, gentler, sweeter Mother. Like the valiant woman of Holy Scripture she has stretched out her hand to strong things, and we of her household, rising up, call her blessed.

### THE GROAT LOST AND FOUND.

Thou Who hast picked me out of the dust,  
Safe in Thy hand I lie;  
Waiting, my soul looks up in trust;  
Master, what can a groat buy?

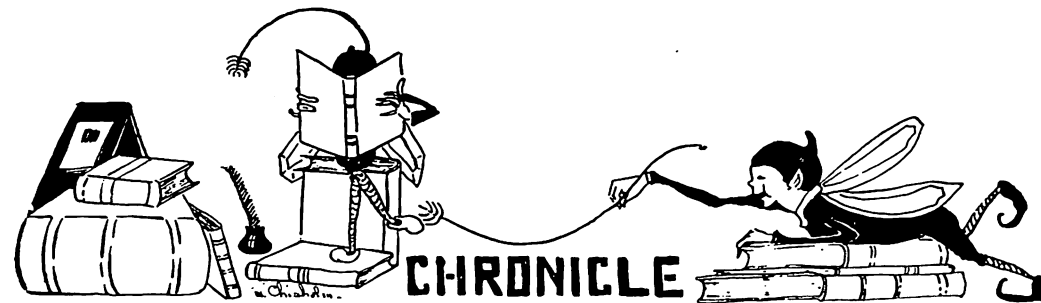
Use me for barter as Thou wilt,  
Though it be things of little price;  
A bit of tinsel or of gilt  
Bought for Thee by my sacrifice.

Would I could win souls for Thee,  
Precious gems to delight Thine eyes!  
Alas! what can a nullity  
Purchase for Thy paradise?

Thou Who has coined me, stamped my worth,  
Teach me my use to understand;  
Naught has value, all is dearth  
In me,—apart from my Master's hand.

M. A.





## HALLOWE'EN.

THE first social event of the year was the "Fête des Enfants" given by the members of the A and B Club on Friday evening, October thirty-first. The music hall, artistically decorated with the conventional cats, witches, and skeletons of the witching season, presented a picturesque nursery. The little hostesses received their guests promptly at 6.30 as the young folks' bed-time could not possibly be deferred beyond half past eight. Into the hall they trooped, frocks and rompers, socks and sashes in pretty groups. Then the big ring was formed, and the program opened with "Farmer in the Dell." Rag dolls and teddy bears sat with more aristocratic china beauties in the comfortable cosy corners till their owners came to claim them. Meanwhile the contests began. Little Miss McIsaac, charmingly arrayed in rompers with dainty Mary Jane bow, flitted about in the peanut race, but lost the prize and smashed a cut glass (?) dish. In the apple-eating contest, little Miss Reardon won first prize (what a big bite she has!) To think of her surpassing little Phyllis Carroll! The petite Alice Pettigrew won the booby. In the rainy day contest, Miss Butler was somewhat late, and Miss McIsaac couldn't manage her gloves. Poor dears! They are evidently not used to dressing themselves, and needed Sarah! The prize was won by Miss Beazley. Two of the hostesses, Miss Margaret Ross and Miss Helen Al-Molky charmed their guests by rendering a duet in perfect rhythm. The recitations of Miss Kathleen Pery and Miss Margaret Nowlan were remarkable for clear enunciation, while the youthful performers showed no sign of nervousness before the large assembly. The witch scene was delightfully weird, and the "horrorscopes" of prominent members of our society were much enjoyed. Lolly-pops and ice-cream were abundant, and dancing became the final source of entertainment. Altogether, the "Fête des Enfants" was a huge success, and hearty thanks are due to the hostesses, the Misses Ward, Ross, Pery, Al-Molky, McIsaac, Barberie, Nowlan, Roop, and the "Directress."

E. RYAN.

## MISSION CONCERT.

(December third)

ON the feast of Saint Francis Xavier, the Second Christian Doctrine Class gave an entertainment in the Music Hall for the benefit of the Chinese Missions. The performance was opened by an interesting sketch of the life of the great Jesuit Apostle of the Indies, which was read by Theodora Gettings. The reader, after pointing out the immense amount of work accomplished by the saintly missionary, emphasized the need of continuing the work so nobly begun.

The program consisted of vocal and instrumental solos, readings, and orchestral selections. As most of the members of school orchestra belong to this class, the music was very good. The whole program showed careful preparation and painstaking labor, and the class is to be congratulated on their spirit of initiative as well as for their ability as entertainers.

I. J. M.

## THE CHRISTMAS SALE.

(A Personal Experience)

Broke! Broke! Broke!  
I sit dejectedly . . . .  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me!

TO make a long story short,—I went to the Christmas Sale . . . . On Friday and Saturday, December fifth and sixth, there was general agitation throughout our peaceful domain. Something unusual was happening. Clothes brushes were busy, shoe polish appeared, and even cuffs were pressed into service. Everyone shone like Sapolio. I bethought myself, the Christmas Fair was at hand. At the psychological moment the music-hall doors were opened, and in we tripped. "'Twas worth ten years of glorious life to witness the array!" According to their individual tastes, my companions betook themselves to the various tables. Following the crowd, I began at the extreme left, and putting a hole in my purse, secured a bag of candy. Exhilarated by the success of my first venture, I moved to the novelty table. Big dolls, little dolls, white dolls, black dolls,—all seated in a row, placidly viewing our fortunes! Just for the novelty of the thing, I made a few purchases, and then turned to the Fancy Table, but as I have not yet bought a hope chest, I withstood the temptation and passed to the "Grab," that fascinating mystery. What treasures fell to my lot! An iron-holder! A pin cushion! . . . . "Civilization moves westward," our history teacher tells us, so I moved on to the Punch-Board. On the way I passed the Animals' Fair. Yes, "the



birds and beasts were there." I purchased a fascinating parrot, and by association of ideas, was moved to invest in a "hot dog" . . . . Then I bought another "hot dog" and then I had my "tea" which consisted of two more "hot dogs" and a dish of ice-cream . . . . . and then, . . . . . I wanted to lie down and die.

M. LYONS '25.

### THE CHRISTMAS CONCERT.

ON December seventeenth the Aloysian Division entertained the Seniors by a delightful presentation of "The Squeaking Puppet." It was decidedly an all-star cast, the personages being as follows:

The King	- - - - -	MARIE ACKERMAN.
The Queen	- - - - -	CONSTANCE WALSH.
The Prince	- - - - -	MARGARET LAUDER.
The Puppet	- - - - -	MADLINE DAVIDSON.
The Witch	- - - - -	BEATRICE ADAMS.
The Brownie	- - - - -	MILDRED MORSON.
The Goody	- - - - -	IRENE MCQUILLAN.
The Cat	- - - - -	KATHLEEN LEARY.
The Poor Girl	- - - - -	MARY CUMERFORD.
The old Woman	- - - - -	DOROTHY MORSON.
Santa Claus	- - - - -	IDA MARSLAND.

The Junior Orchestra furnished very good music all through the performance which is splendid evidence that the rising generation of Mount musicians promises to equal the glory of our Orchestra present and past. When the puppet was converted and had lost her disagreeable squeak, and when the curtain fell on a jolly Santa Claus surrounded by the happy Prince and his cousins, the scene shifted, and we were taken far off in spirit to the land that will never lose its charm. A tableau showed the Judean hillside, and in the foreground the Crib of the Divine Child. Saint Joseph stood reverently in the background, while beside the manger knelt the Maiden Mother. The Three Kings formed a picturesque group as "opening their treasures, they offered Him gifts." During the solemn and sweet interval, the organ softly sounded the old familiar hymn and Ena Barberie's rich contralto rang out in the beautiful tender strains of "O Holy Night!"

The proceeds of the concert were devoted to the Mission Crusade; and surely the Divine Babe smiled down on the happy little group who gave so generously of their best efforts for the spreading of His cause.

Still, the spirit of Christmas was effervescing in Senior hearts and must have outlet. That outlet came on the night of the eighteenth, when the Flashlight staff summoned Santa Claus, Mrs. Santa, and their children from the North Pole, and distributed appropriate gifts to the Seniors. Mrs. Santa

(Stephanie McIsaac) was a very motherly person, who narrated an interesting tale about Daniel in the Lion's Den and danced a light-footed jig with her jolly spouse. The Claus children very much resembled goblins; they carried the presents and made themselves useful in distributing them, as their honored father read the accompanying verses. Before their departure the whole family, nine in all, sang that stirring old tune which never fails to rouse the Mount Girls' hearts, "We wish you all a Merry Christmas!" So it was over. School closed next day, and with heavy grips and light hearts, we turned homeward.

### INTERESTING PHENOMENON.

#### Eclipse of the Sun.

ON Saturday, January 24th, God's bright candle shone as usual during the early part of the day, but was doomed to flicker before the morning was over. At about 9.30 all the budding scientists of M. S. V. were crowded at every available port-hole awaiting the phenomenon in breathless suspense. When the first spot put in an appearance, it was hailed with applause, but when it continued to spread, the applause died into silence. No very powerful glass was needed to view the sight. Home-made apparatus was supplied by films and smoked glass, which latter, however, left a few trade-marks on the fair countenances of the would-be astronomers. Several of the more enthusiastic of the observers betook themselves to the roof, whence they could not be enticed even by Gouter or the idea of a walk on the road. No doubt their soaring spirits barely escaped being wafted away to the heavenly regions. We rejoice to say that they are still with us. In fact they decided to stay and make the retreat before proceeding heavenwards.

IDA MARSLAND.

### MORE INTERESTING PHENOMENON.

#### Retreat

THE Three Days' Retreat began on February 4th. The exercises were given by Rev. P. McMahon, S. J. from Wednesday evening to Sunday. Sunday was a "free day" and Father McMahon "received." Needless to say, many took advantage of the opportunity, and no one came away unconsolated. It was really a time of wonderful grace for us all, and we wish to thank the good Father who showed himself so affable and took such interest in each one.

Father McMahon returned to the Mount during Holy Week to give a retreat to one hundred members of the Saint Patrick's Alumnae. We feel sure that his work for them must have had abundant fruit.



## SHROVE TUESDAY.

Alphakaibeta Club Entertains.

(Taken from "The Fortnightly Flashlight.")

ON Tuesday evening, February 24th, Chief Katabelstipehaha of the three Nations known as the Provincial B's, A's, and Sophmores, held a Reception in the Reserve where the Indian clubs generally hang out. The Reserve was artistically decorated for the occasion. Groves of imported fir trees gave the spot a sylvan atmosphere. Rugs and Indian blankets hung at various angles, while festoons of gay colored balloons and feathers were suspended mid-air. From the centre a glowing camp-fire cast its rosy light on the long tables at which the guests were seated. It was altogether a brilliant and striking assembly. Among those present were Miss Isabel Kennedy in a beautiful gown of shell pink satin with sea green scarf, which scarf it may be noted gave her an altogether seaful appearance. Miss Eva Barberie in navy blue canton with flowing white scarf presented a very charming picture. Miss Mary Power in green and blue "shot" silk was likewise charming; Miss Beatrice Butler in black velvet with elbow sleeves (!) drew more than a casual glance. These are but a few of the notabilities who were guests of the Chief Katabelstipehaha.

The Chief received his friends in all his regalia and surrounded by all his warriors who, it is rumored, patronized the cosmetic specialist, Madame Butler, in order to do justice to the occasion. Madame herself was quite terror stricken at the result of her operations, and is said to have fled from the room in the midst of the decorating process when one of the Chiefs under treatment turned and faced the artiste. What wonder that the creating artist was startled when the ingredients (on dit) were cocoa, lip-stick, pencil and shoe-polish! The result, however, was entirely satisfactory, and in their paint and feathers the chiefs were a striking group, to say the least. Their gentle squaws, becomingly attired, waited on the guests and their lords at table.

After a delightful repast consisting of tomato bouillon, chicken salad (genuine), California olives, petit tea rolls, ice cream, cake, and coffee, the guests were entertained with the following program:

Chief reveals his name in its origin and awards prizes to correct guessers. (The Commerical Club, Benson Circle, and Novitiate.)

Kashmiri Song	- - - - -	CHIEF MIWAKA.
War Dance	- - - - -	CHIEFS.
Recitation	- - - - -	LAHLEET.

## WAR COUNCIL.

From the Land of the Sky Blue Water	- - - - -	MALABEAM.
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Dancing followed, and altogether everyone spent a most enjoyable evening.

The Club Members are, the Misses Colina Clancy, Helen Wakely, Mary Lyons, Rose Orlando, Jane Lahey, Hilda Durney, Clara McNeil, Tillie Bates, Ethel Campbell, Aileen Macaulay, Isabelle Macneill, Stephanie McIsaac,

Tillie Livingston, Robina Romans, Barbara Skerry, Ida Marsland, Marguerite McNeil, Marguerite Phelan, Barbara Campbell, Madeline Kyte, Eileen Ryan.

M. F.

## SAINT PATRICK'S DAY.

IN response to the call of Saint Patrick and the Shamrock Fairies, all the pretty colleens of M. S. V., arrayed in their best finery, flocked to the Music Hall on the night of the Seventeenth of March, to be entertained by the members of the Benson Reading Circle. The hall was very prettily decorated in green and white, with dainty drop lights and artistic window draperies. The pillars were effectively entwined, and the stage was very attractive. A huge M. S. V. in green hung in the centre, and the serving tables were prettily covered. A miniature Blarney Castle flew the flag of Erin over an array of dainty cups and saucers. The hostesses made charming Shamrock Fairies in white and green.

The programme opened with Tombola, the prizes for which were won by Eileen Ryan, Phyllis Carroll, and Mary Hogan. Between sets, Miss Charlotte Mackenzie sang "Kitty Tyrell," and Miss Beatrice Butler, "Mother Machree." Later in the evening a little interlude was presented by the hostesses. The interlude, consisting of singing, dancing and pantomime, had two parts, entitled "The Wild Shamrock" and "The Blessed Shamrock." In the first part Miss Beatrice Butler as St. Patrick, chanted the beautiful "Hymn of Praise" of Tara and blessed the wild Shamrock Fairies. In the second part, Miss Kathleen Doran, as Dark Rosaleen, is mourning the loss of her children and the persecution of the Faith at home. She is surrounded by the Shamrock Fairies who are now her true friends. St. Patrick enters and consoles the mourning mother, prophesying her greatness which will spread through every nation. Miss Kathleen Ryall read a paper entitled "St. Patrick's Day," and Miss Eunice House, "The Glory of Ireland." The prologues were read by Noreen Lownds.

Later, refreshments were served, while the orchestra played Irish airs. Dancing followed, and the evening closed with a lusty chorus of the school song, "The Dear Old Days." The members of the Benson Circle are: Beatrice Butler, Mollie Chesley, Jean Montague, Mary Montague, Kathleen Doran, Charlotte Mackenzie, Kathleen Ryall, Doris MacDonald, Luella Embree, Eunice House, Mary House, Mary Flack, Lucile Theriault, Kathryn Burgess, Katherine Beazley, Noreen Lownds.

M. FRASER.

## MOTHER GENERAL'S DAY.

OWING to the absence of our dear Mother General on a visitation through the West, the celebration of her feast day, usually fixed for November, was deferred until the early Spring. On Lady Day, therefore, the girls of '25

entertained Reverend Mother and the Sisters with a presentation of "Marie Antoinette." The Programme was as follows:

Overture. - - - - - Orchestra.

Address and Presentation.  
MISS KATHLEEN PERY.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

ACT I.

Little Trianon, the paradise of Marie Antoinette.

Country Dance (Nevin) - - - - - Orchestra

ACT II.

Paris: The garden of the Tuileries.

Violin Solo - - - - - MISS HELEN STOKES.  
Waters of Minnetonka - - - - - Lieurance.  
Dawn - - - - - Curren.

MISS ENA BARBARIE.

ACT III.

Paris: The Hall of the Tuileries.

Violin Solo - - - - - MISS HELEN GRANT.  
Chanson Provencale - - - - - Dell 'Acqua.  
Love's on the Highway - - - - - Woodman.

MISS BRENDA MCFATRIDGE.

ACT IV.

Paris: The Prison of the Temple.

Etude - - - - - MacDowell.

MISS MARJORIE ARTHURS.

ACT V.

Paris: The Conciergerie.

God Save the King.

The drama was vivid a portrayal of the events which centred about the unfortunate Queen of Louis XVI. The costumes and setting were exquisite,

and the interpretation remarkably good. The cast was particularly well chosen, as follows:

Louis XVI., King of France - - - - BARBARA SKERRY.  
Duc d'Orleans, brother of the King - - - STEPHANIE MCISAAC.  
Comte d'Artois, brother of the King - - - HILDA DURNEY.  
Comte Mirabeau, leader of the National  
Assembly - - - - - IDA MARSLAND.  
Jean Marat, leader of the Sans Culottes - - HELEN AL-MOLKY.  
Lord Besenval - - - - - CATHERINE BELLIVEAU.  
Charles, nephew of Comte Mirabeau - - - AILEEN MACAULAY.  
Prince of Luxembourg, Captain of the Swiss  
Guard - - - - - HILDA DURNEY.  
Gentlemen of the Court - - - - - ISABEL KENNEDY, ISABEL MACNEILL,  
FANNY GOODMAN, MARY ROMANS.  
Pages - - - - - MARY FLACK, DORIS RUDOLPH.  
1st Guard of the Temple Prison - - - ISABEL KENNEDY.  
2nd Guard of the Temple Prison - - - MARGARET NOWLAN.  
An Official of the Republic - - - STEPHANIE MACISAAC.  
Simon the Cobbler - - - - - HELEN AL-MOLKY.  
Marie Antoinette, consort of Louis XVI. - KATHLEEN PERY.  
Louis Charles, Dauphin - - - - - BEATRICE ADAMS.  
Marie Therese, daughter of Marie Antoinette MARIE ACKERMAN.  
Madame Elizabeth, sister of Louis XVI. - MERCEDES FINN.  
Juliette Polignac, lady-in-waiting to the Queen MONA FRASER.  
Jeanette Bault, wife of the keeper of the  
Conciergerie - - - - - SARAH MCISAAC.  
An old Woman, attendant in the Temple Prison BARBARA CAMPBELL.  
Ladies of the Court - - - - - CHARLOTTE MACKENZIE, MARY POWER.  
JEAN MONTAGUE, KATHERINE BEAZLEY,  
Soldiers of the Guard, attendants, etc.

It was an altogether unexpected pleasure to have His Grace, Archbishop McCarty, present. Accompanying the Archbishop were the Reverend Charles Curran, D.D. and the Reverend Wm. J. Brown of Amherst, N. S. The Reverend J. B. O'Reilly, C. J. M. was also present as a special guest. The program from start to finish was a brilliant success, and Marie Antoinette was voted one of the most remarkable performances ever produced on the Mount stage.

ON Sunday, April twenty-sixth, our beloved chaplain, Rev. J. B. O'Reilly, C. J. M., gave his farewell talk to the girls of '25. We were sorry to lose him, but at the same time rejoiced in the thought of the privilege accorded him in being permitted to visit Rome during the Holy Year, and above all, to be present at the cannonization of the venerated Founder of the Congregation of Jesus and Mary, of which Father O'Reilly is a member. An address of appreciation was read by Rose Orlando, and a purse of fifty dollars presented. The next morning, the whole school lined up on the stone wall to see the train pass



which was to bear our good friend and father to Montreal. There was a flutter of handkerchiefs as the express rushed past which must have made the passengers wonder. We trust to have Father O'Reilly back with us in September when he returns from Europe.

ON Saturday evening, May 9th, the First Christian Doctrine Class held a Tombola party for the benefit of the missions. Five beautiful prizes were offered, and the evening's entertainment proved a great success. A sum of more than ten dollars was realized, a goodly offering to a cause where every little counts. The class deserves congratulation for its zeal and energy, and the executive committee for the success of the whole undertaking.

### CONCERTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS.

DURING the year the elocution class and the singing pupils have given us many pleasant evenings, in conjunction with the school orchestra and violin and piano artistes. On Saturday evenings when there was no other set programme, we enjoyed moving pictures. Some good scenarios were presented in the course of the year; among them, "White and Unmarried," "One a Minute," "Oliver Twist," "Slippy McGee," "Gentle Julia," "The Romance of a Movie Actress," "Six Cylinder Love," "The White Sister." Special thanks is due from the school to the managing Sister who took so much trouble to obtain for us films both suitable and entertaining.

### LECTURE AT MT. ST. VINCENT.

By Geo. W. Kyte, M.P.

ON Thursday evening, January 22nd, the student body of Mt. St. Vincent, together with the Faculty members enjoyed an interesting talk given by Mr. George W. Kyte, Whip of the Liberal Party. The subject chosen was "Prophecies Unfulfilled, and Topics of To-day and Yesterday," and was presented in Mr. Kyte's usual graphic style and with his compelling eloquence. Though himself a man of vision, Mr. Kyte did not attempt to put forth any prophecies, political or otherwise; he merely recalled several forecasts made in the past by political leaders, surveyed rapidly the circumstances justifying those prophecies, and pointed out very clearly in the light of present day conditions, the non-fulfillment of these prognostications.

The speaker began with Confederation, traced briefly the conditions existing in this country before and after the Rebellion of '37, the union of Quebec and Ontario, and the final amalgamation of the Dominion in 1867. The lecture was especially illuminating, and delivered as it was in Mr. Kyte's compelling style, was enjoyed by all.

### INTERESTING LECTURE.

(Taken from The Fortnightly Flashlight)

ON Thursday evening, March 12th, Mr. John Dwyer gave a very interesting talk on his recent tour through Italy and Switzerland. The slides accompanying the lecture were most entertaining and instructive, especially those of the Little Saint Bernard Pass. Sentimental souls were delighted with the pictures of Venice, while the B's simply beamed with intelligence when they beheld the spot where Caesar was assassinated and where Mark Anthony harangued the mob. The Italian churches with their beautiful architecture and ornate trimmings were very impressive and caused many an Oh! and Ah! We were given some idea of the destruction caused by Vesuvius when the pictures of Pompeii were shown. The view of the volcano in almost dormant condition closed this interesting set of slides. All enjoyed the evening immensely and desire to express thanks to our kind entertainer for the pleasure his visit afforded us.

E. R.

### THE CHAPEL.

THE Mount Chapel is our pride and delight; and no wonder. As each year passes, something further is added to its beauty, and its classic perfection is enhanced by new gifts. The last additions are two marble side altars, sculptured to match the main altar by the same Italian artist, Ferdinando Palla. They are really works of art, and are the objects of the admiration of visitors. The one on the gospel side of the chapel is dedicated to the Sacred Heart and has a wonderful life-size statue of our Divine Lord, of pure white marble standing against a background of Pavonazetto. That on the epistle side is Saint Joseph's altar, and has a corresponding statue of the benign Saint holding the emblematic lily. The frontal design of each has a piece of sculpture set in: on the Sacred Heart altar, the Nativity of Christ; and on St. Joseph's, the death of Saint Joseph.

Both altars have been sanctified by use; especially during the Forty Hours' Devotion and the Holy Thursday services. In conjunction with the other ornaments of the chapel these glorious monuments of Faith and Love preach the glory of God to all beholders.

On Sunday evening, May 17th, the Canonization Day of "The Little Flower," a special program was given in her honor. A series of pictures accompanied by readings from her charming Autobiography showed the whole course on earth of this wonderful little saint. An allegorical interlude followed, in which the nine principal virtues of Saint Thérèse strewn flowers before her shrine. At the conclusion, the Little Flower herself stepped from out her frame, and threw roses to her little votaries and to the spectators. All joined heartily in the Hymn to The Little Flower which was sung at the end of this charming little ceremony. During intervals in the program Miss Ena

Barberie sang Faure's "Sancta Maria," and the orchestra played "The Rosary." The part of Little Thérèse was taken by Miss Kathleen Pery; that of the Guardian Angel, by Miss Barbara Skerry. The flowers were:

Violet (Humility)	- - - -	MARY FOLEY.
Rose (Love)	- - - -	OLIVE SPEAR.
Harebell (Simplicity)	- - - -	PATSY JONES.
Daisy (Confidence)	- - - -	MILDRED MORSON.
Forget-me-not (Abandonment)	- - - -	DOROTHY HARRISON.
Apple Blossom (Obedience)	- - - -	MARGARET LAUDER.
Sunflower (Prayer)	- - - -	BEATRICE ADAMS.
Sweet Pea (Zeal)	- - - -	MADELINE JONES.
Lily (Purity of Heart)	- - - -	KATHLEEN LEARY.

### THE COMMERCIAL PICNIC.

As the Folia goes to press, invitations have just been issued for a genuine old-fashioned picnic to be held on the grounds of the Archbishop's summer residence at Dutch Village. The date set is the national holiday, Queen Victoria's birthday, which will be celebrated May 25th. Hurrah for the holiday! and Hurrah for the Commercials!

The last event we note for the year is perhaps the most momentous our Chronicle has ever contained. This is the passing of the Legislative Bill which was signed by the Governor of Nova Scotia on May 7th; by which "the institution heretofore known as Mount Saint Vincent Academy conducted at Rockingham by the Sisters of Charity, shall hereafter be deemed and taken to be a college under the name of 'Mount Saint Vincent College,' and shall have the usual powers and privileges exercised by a college, and shall have power to confer degrees in Arts, Science, and Music."

To the good friends who made such a benefit possible, both Faculty and students owe a debt of gratitude which shall last as long as Mount Saint Vincent stands. May the future College fulfill the brightest hopes of these true benefactors, so that Education itself may own them as its preservers and promoters.

## SENIOR GYMNASIUM EXHIBITION.

SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1925.

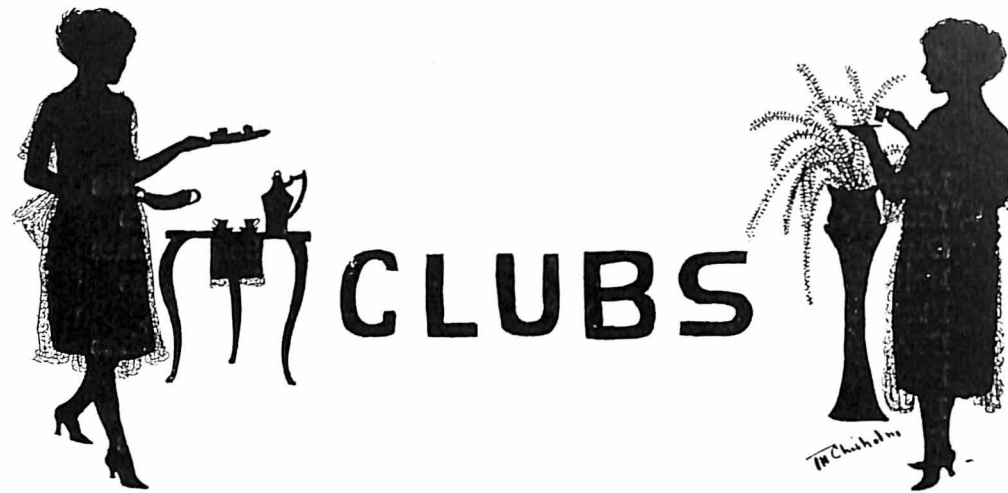
Marching Tactics	- - - - -	Second Class
Indian Club Drill	- - - - -	First Class
Dumb-bell Drill	- - - - -	Second Class
Ball Drill	- - - - -	First Class
Free Exercises (apparatus)	- - - - -	General
Bar-bell Drill	- - - - -	Second Class
Fencing	- - - - -	First Class
Indian Club Drill	- - - - -	Second Class
Wand Drill	- - - - -	First Class
Arch-ball	- - - - -	First Class
Swedish Ring (Folk Dance)	- - - - -	General

### EXCHANGES.

The FOLIA MONTANA wishes to acknowledge the receipt of the following year books and magazines, all of which made pleasant and profitable reading:

The Botolphian, Boston College High School, Boston, Mass.  
 The Stylus, Boston College, University Heights, Mass.  
 Voices from Oakland, Academy of the Assumption, Wellesley Hills, Mass.  
 The Viatorian, St. Viator College, Bourbonnais, Ill.  
 The Loyola Review, Loyola College, Montreal.  
 The Sheaf, St. Joseph's Collegiate Institute, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia.  
 The Georgetown Journal, Georgetown University, Washington.  
 The Ateneo Monthly, Ateneo de Manila, Philippine Islands.  
 The Patrician, Saint Patrick's High School, Roxbury, Mass.  
 The Setonian, Seton Hill College, Greensburg, Pa.  
 The High School World, Saint Patrick's High School, Halifax.  
 The Unquity Echo, Milton High School, Mass.  
 Saint Joseph's Lilies, St. Joseph's College, Toronto.  
 The Echo, Seattle College, Seattle, Washington.  
 Saint Joseph's Prep. Chronicle, St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia, Pa.  
 Between the Years, Wentzell's, Halifax.





## ALPHAKAIBETA.

President	-	-	-	-	-	HELEN WAKELY.
Secretary	-	-	-	-	-	MARY LYONS.
Treasurer	-	-	-	-	-	ROSE ORLANDO.

## A AND B.

President	-	-	-	-	-	ENA BARBARIE.
Secretary	-	-	-	-	-	ALICE WARD.
Treasurer	-	-	-	-	-	MARGARET NOWLAN.

## COMMERCIAL.

President	-	-	-	-	-	MARY McDONALD.
Vice-President	-	-	-	-	-	MARGARET REARDON.
Treasurer and Secretary	-	-	-	-	-	MONA FRASER.

## BENSON CIRCLE.

President	-	-	-	-	-	BEATRICE BUTLER.
Secretary	-	-	-	-	-	MOLLIE CHESLEY.
Treasurer	-	-	-	-	-	JEAN MONTAGUE.

## OUR GRADUATES

## ROSE ORLANDO

"Seldom was a snood amid  
Such wild, luxuriant ringlets hid. . ."



ROSE, our privileged Sophomore, comes from Bridgetown. With her dark eyes and dark curls, she is a true daughter of sunny Italy; but she has none of the hot-blooded impetuosity of her race. Calm and sweet, and with a smile for everybody, she is a universal favorite. She has been at the Mount for three years, and obtained her "A" last year with marks which are the envy and despair of the class of '25. Rose holds the position of First Assistant in the Sodality of the Children of Mary, and is treasurer of the Alphakaibeta Club. The College hopes to see her back next year to continue her B. A. course.

## PHYLLIS CAROLL

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall."

PHYLLIS, or "Phil," as she is popularly called holds the Mount in long acquaintance. She was one of the B class of '20 and a Commercial graduate of '21; so her education has been thorough and broad. As the life of a "school-marm" appeals to Phyllis, she returned after three years' absence to take her "A." Her superior experience and strong personality are a stimulus to the members of the class, and her privileges their envy. On one occasion Phil gave a demonstration to the B class in the art of teaching. If "coming events" cast true shadows, we hope that her class will prove as brilliant as the A's were on that occasion.





MARY LYONS

"Humour is the salt of life  
And Mary is the shaker."

MARY came from Boston four years ago and entered on an arduous (?) course of studies as a Senior D. Her happy smile, her carefree shrug, have obtained for her the appellation "Rip"; but Mary is no dreamer. Though work was not a specialty of hers till she came to "A," her record has been very creditable, and occasionally brilliant. Her sense of humour and wide sympathy have made her one of the most popular girls of the school. As secretary of numerous societies she is a busy scribe. At basket-ball and tennis she upholds the Blacks, and is an all-round good sport.

HELEN WAKELY

"A countenance in which did meet  
Sweet records, promises as sweet."

HELEN is proud to be a native of Halifax. She came to the Mount three years ago and in her very first year formed the friendship with "Mary" which is the model of school-girl ties. Modest and unassuming, she has nevertheless a depth of good judgment and a fund of common sense on which her friends can always rely. Though a good talker, Helen has acquired the difficult art of listening, and is a lover of peace. She has a special adaptability for Mathematics, that gift seldom found in women (!) and will return, we hope, to take her B. A.



ROBINA ROMANS

"Still the wonder grew  
That one small head could  
carry all she knew."

ROBINA comes from Bear River, N. S. and has been with us four years. Somewhat of a philosopher, and a thinker of her own thoughts, she never has time to waste on anything less intellectual than cross-word puzzles. Whatever Robina attempts is usually accomplished, and for that reason we are sure of her success in A. She is a good musician, a good athlete, and a good student. With such abilities, Robina will surely not make an end of her studies but will continue to pursue the road of learning which she has learned to love.

ALICE WARD

"A mind at peace with all below,  
A heart whose love is innocent."

ALICE is a staunch little maid from the port of Yarmouth. Her eyes are as blue as the seas, and she is as happy as a gull when sails(?) are afloat. For three years she has persevered in the difficult path that leads to graduation, and at length has reached the top. Sweet and shy, Alice is well known only to a few, but her acquaintance is well worth making. What Alice's future will be we can but conjecture. Perhaps she will return to the Mount and apply for the post of Assistant Librarian!







M. S. V. COMMERCIAL GRADUATES.  
 Central—Mary McDonald, Secretarial Science.  
 Standing—Catherine Belleveau, Pauline Marsden, Cassie Smith, Margaret Reardon.  
 Sitting—Anna Smith, Gertrude McLean, Theodora Gettings, Dorothy Hogan.

## THE COMMERCIAL GRADUATES '25.

### MARY MACDONALD

This lass from Cape Breton is gentle and kind;  
 The like of our Mary you seldom will find.

MARY came to the Commercial class last year and graduated with distinction. With a record for speed, excellence, and general reliability which it would be hard to surpass, she joined the Commercial ranks again in September for the purpose of obtaining a diploma in Secretarial Science. All her hopes and the expectations of her companions have been fulfilled. She carried the silver medal from the Underwood Company for fifty words a minute and obtained all her certificates. Quiet and unassuming, Mary is nevertheless the class leader and is a power for good. Whatever she puts her hand to, she does it with her whole heart. Need we say that our hopes for her future are the brightest?

### GERTRUDE MCLEAN

Gertrude McLean is a maid of great stunts.  
 She can whisper, and study, pass notes all at once.

Gertrude is one of the liveliest members of the Commercial Room and is always ready for a good time, especially if there is a mischievous side to it. But this does not interfere with her progress in class as her report is always one of the best. Good luck, Gertrude from the Commercials of 1925!

### PAULINE MARSDEN

In character Pauline is very strong  
 And in life she'll surely get along.

Pauline hails from Halifax and thinks it is the one spot in the world. She graduated with high honors from St. Patrick's High School and attained the Scholarship from that school. Pauline never neglects her studies and has attained a fine record in her Commercial work. We all know success is awaiting Pauline in her business career.

### DOROTHY HOGAN

In Dot's brown eyes there's always a twinkle  
 And on her brow never a wrinkle  
 In her own way her trials she meets.

Dorothy claims St. John as her home and she thinks there is no place just like that city. Her friendly disposition won for her many friends at M. S. V. but we wonder what she would do without her sister Mary. Shorthand is her favorite study in which she excels, both in speed and in beauty of outline. "Dot" has that engaging characteristic of a pleasant personality and we are sure that she will succeed in whatever she undertakes.

## MARGARET REARDON

Margaret, R. an engaging young lass,  
Is always seen running in late to class.

Margaret is that jolly little miss who is known to all Mount pupils for many years back, as she has spent practically all her years at the Mount. She expects to return next year to graduate in Secretarial Science. She is Vice-President of the C. D. S. and has done splendid work during the year. Margaret possesses such businesslike qualities that we know M. S. V. will soon hear of her success in the business world.

## CATHERINE BELLIVEAU

Catherine is a girl we all admire,  
And in the future, I presume,  
A stenog's duties she'll assume.

For a time Catherine was undecided whether she would continue her Academic studies or take Commercial. We are all glad she decided in favor of Commercial and we know she is too, for she has done splendid work during the year in this department, and expects to return next year to graduate in Secretarial Science. In whatever she undertakes to do, we know she will be a success, and the good wishes of the class go with her.

## THEODORA GETTINGS

"Teddy" from Boston has her transcripts always right;  
If she follows her talents, her future is bright.

"Teddy" is the only member of our class from the land of the "Stars and Stripes," and a reference to that worthy banner is the most effective way of bringing her to action, for "Teddy" is a dreamer. Of course she does not dream all the time, and when it comes to the typewriter, she is the most wide-awake pupil in the class. Her record is the envy of us all. May her future bring her the success that has attended her as a Commercial!

## CASSIE SMITH

"There was a little girl  
And she had a little curl  
Right down in the middle of her forehead . . . . ."

We need not add the rest, for Cassie from North Sydney is always very, very good . . . that is when she is in class. Out of class Cassie is full of fun and ready for any amusement. She has done very good work, especially in shorthand and unless she settles down early to matrimonial existence, will make a very good stenographer. We know her sunny disposition will carry her through every difficulty.

## ANNA SMITH

Anna can typewrite with speed and skill;  
She works with a smile and a ready good will.

Anna, we are told, was really loath to leave North Sydney, but she had heard so much about the Mount and especially about the Commercial Room that she determined to come and see for herself. Now she has become so enthusiastic that we can hope to see her back next year for Secretarial Science. She has had a very successful year. Congratulations and good luck, Anna!

## OPPORTUNITY.

Opportunity is a thing which is offered to everybody, but how many people take advantage of the opportunities that come their way? Many just simply let them pass because they have not the ambition to use them; others because they seem too difficult to attempt; and some people are always waiting for greater opportunities which will never come, letting the ones that come pass on. But there are always the good and bad in life, and there are those who know an opportunity when it comes their way and always make the best of it. It is these to whom we have to look in life, and we marvel at them,—yes, we all do. Why? Because they are worth while. They are the people who do and dare, and do not quit before a thing is completed.

Opportunity is the favorable conjuncture of circumstances. Life is opportunity; and what would life be worth without opportunities? Opportunity is what keeps us looking forward, and looking forward is the happiness of life. Opportunity is an invitation to seek safety and an appeal to escape from things which are low and vulgar. Sometimes sickness and poverty are good opportunities because when one is poor one has the opportunity of getting rich. The saying that "Lowliness is young ambition's ladder" is a very true one. Opportunity is never lacking; but we lack will, faith, desire, aim, and purpose.

It is only when we walk in the spirit, following the steps that God marks out for us that life is opportunity, rich as earth, wide as the heavens, and deep as the soul.

DOROTHY HOGAN, Com. '25.





STENOGRAPHY AND TYPEWRITING CLASS.

## STENOGRAPHY AND TYPEWRITING PUPILS.

AT last the Gregg System of stenography has taken root in the syllabus of the Mount curriculum. For fifteen years the Isaac Pitman System was taught with great success and very satisfactory results in office work; but the ease and dexterity with which the beginning classes have adapted themselves to the Light Line System make it evident that the change is a beneficial one.

In these days of progress when time is such an important factor, it is apparent that the simplest, the most readily learned, and at the same time the most legible system is the one to be adopted. So, while the Gregg was accepted only in theory two years ago, it is evident that it has come to stay with us.

The pupils have won theory certificates and also have been successful in obtaining the one hundred word speed from the Art and Credentials Department. They have tried the O. G. A. tests and intend to persevere with them until Mount Saint Vincent Academy is represented as a one hundred per cent "Banner Class." All are very much pleased with the new Underwood Awards; and many of the medals, particularly the bronze have found their way to this department. The intensity of the stroke count in the Gregg is very helpful, and seems to be a fairer method than the old one of counting words.

## THE COMMERCIALS.

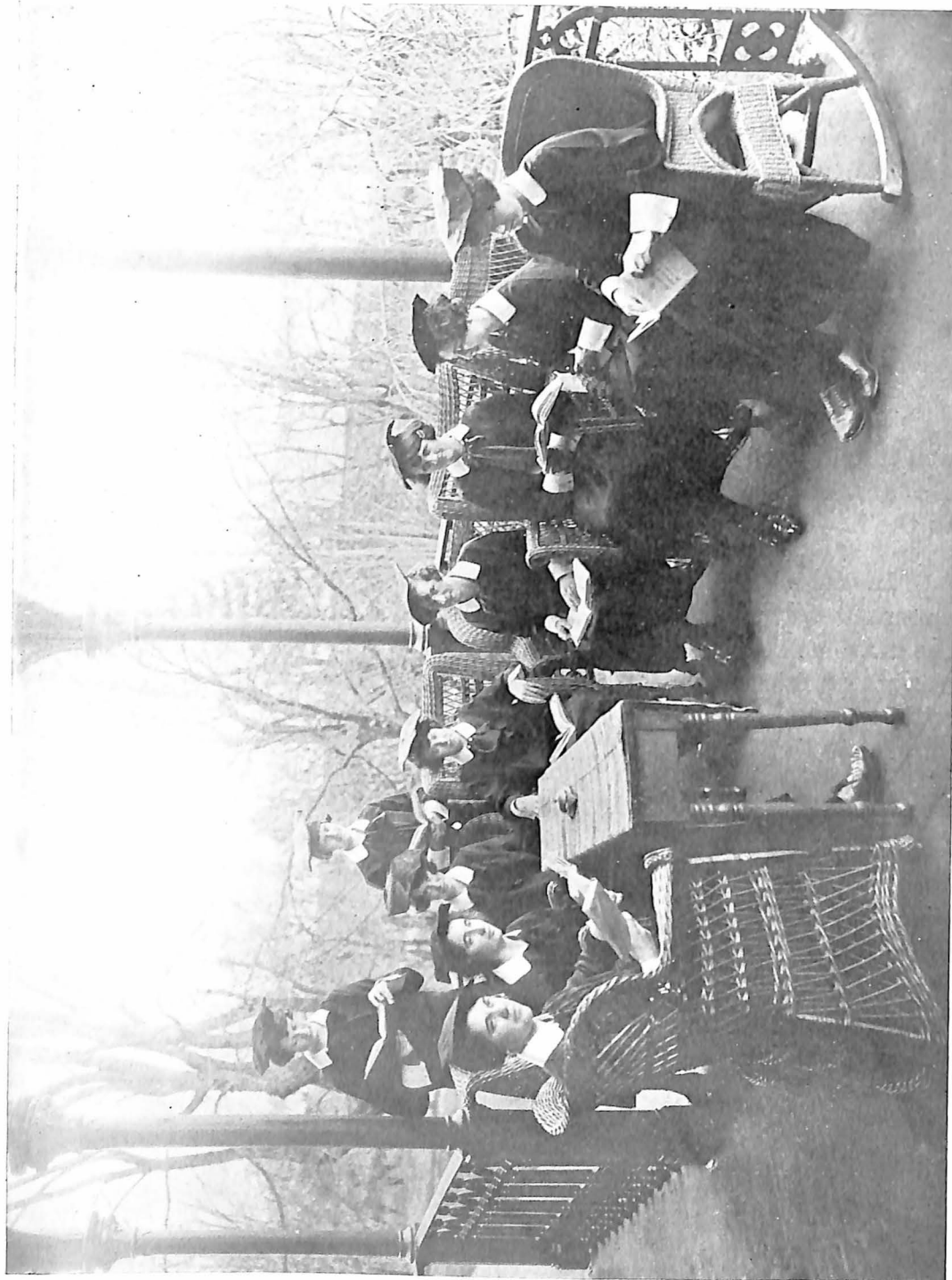
THE Commercials started class together on September eighth, and with the exception of Margaret Davidson who was called home after Christmas, they are finishing the course together. From the very first, their good will and serious determination to succeed were evident. It did not take long to get into the "business swing," and they have been swinging ever since. Most of the class members wrote their English examination and obtained their certificates before Christmas. Then came the book-keeping examination and the Gregg Theory exam! Commercial Law followed, and then all were free to work up speed in typewriting and shorthand preparatory to the final tests. Nor must we forget Filing,—a very useful and interesting part of the course early in the year.

In October, the Commercials began to edit a quarterly magazine called "The Startler," a periodical which has certainly lived up to its name. This magazine does not consist of merely stories and jokes; there are always some sound editorials and serious articles in each issue. "The Startler" also publishes the serial story (quite a thrilling affair!) which is written by each of the Commercials in turn.

The members of the Commercial Club seem to enjoy one another's company, especially on Sunday evenings, when a great sigh goes up when the bell rings at 7.15 for dismissal. They have had several good debates. On March 29th, convinced by the arguments of Miss Belliveau and Miss Fraser, the class resolved in the presence of the Senior A's and B's, "that the life of a stenographer is more desirable than that of a teacher."

To all their teachers the Commercials desire to express their gratitude and appreciation, but especially to that one teacher who has devoted to them her time and energy without stint, and to whose devotion they shall owe in large measure whatever success may come to them in the business world.

M. F.



COMMERCIAL LAW CLASS.



## OUR LOCALS.

We have been very fortunate this year in having two very interesting local papers which were both stimulating and helpful. The Folia acknowledges a debt to both. The Commercial Startler, mentioned elsewhere in this book, had for editing staff the following:

### *Editor in Chief:*

MARY McDONALD, Sec. Science '25.

### *Associates.*

#### *Our Book:*

PAULINE MARSDEN, '25.

#### *Here, There and Everywhere:*

THE CLASS.

#### *Wise and Otherwise:*

DOROTHY HOGAN, '25.

#### *Our Ads:*

MARGARET REARDON, '25.

#### *Question Box:*

GERTRUDE MCLEAN, '25.

#### *Editorials:*

CATHERINE BELLIVEAU, '25.

### *Daily Journal:*

MARGARET DAVIDSON and MONA FRASER.

The FORTNIGHTLY FLASHLIGHT was, as its name indicates, a bi-weekly sheet. The staff was sorry to lose Margaret Ross who was obliged on account of illness to leave us at Christmas.

### *Editor in Chief:*

MARY LYONS, '25.

### *Business Manager:*

HELEN WAKELY, '25.

### *Reporters:*

EILEEN RYAN.

THEODORA GETTINGS.

IDA MARSLAND.

### *Advertising Section:*

AILEEN MACAULAY.

MOLLIE CHESLEY.

### *Poet's Corner:*

ISABEL MACNEILL.

MARGARET ROSS.

MONA FRASER

CHARLOTTE MACKENZIE.



### VIOLINS.

MARGARET REARDON.

KATHLEEN RYALL.

HELEN STOKES.

ENA BARBERIE.

CATHERINE BEAZLEY.

HILDA MURPHY.

VIOLET HACHE.

RHODA SIMONS.

ADRIENNE LEMIEUX.

MARY MONTAGUE.

HELEN GRANT.

HILDA DURNEY.

BARBARA SKERRY.

ROSEMARY FINN.

MILDRED MORSON.

BEATRICE RUBENOVITCH.

EUNICE HOUSE.

ANGELA DE WOLFE.

### PIANOS.

MARJORIE ARTHUR.

THEODORA GETTINGS.

MARGUERITE MCNEILL.

ANNIE MANTIN.

### VIOLA.

MARGARET REARDON.

### ORGAN.

## NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1940.

## A PROSPECT.

I REMEMBER well how they used to call me a dreamer at school. It's so long since I've dreamed that I really have forgotten how. But I must take this New Year's Day off and pay a call I have long promised myself. I must go back to M. S. V. . . . .

I find myself at the familiar gate, with its rusty chain a trifle rustier swinging with the same old contentment. I proceed to the main entrance; and seeing that it is still a seasonable hour, I ring the bell. A familiar looking Sister opens the door. Colina! No, Sister Columbine Clare. Delighted! She escorts me into No. 1 music room, that scene of so many tragedies, and there, as large as life, is Helen Grant who informs me she is graduating (actually!) in violin. Queer noises issue from the next room, and in answer to my inquiries and offers of assistance, I am informed that it is only Kathleen Ryall, who, having graduated in piano, violin, cello, flute, organ, mandolin, and harmonica, is getting ready for heaven by learning the harp. I wondered dimly if it was the "Harp of the North" about which I had once heard so much, or "the Harp that Once Through Tara's Halls" . . . . . but I politely refrained from asking. Sister C. Clare, returning at this moment, offered to take me on a tour of inspection and I gladly assented. I found the Music Hall decorated with vivid yellow mural paintings, the work of Signorina Fortunati (erstwhile Molly Chesley). Brilliant work I should say! From the Junior recreation hall a familiar voice proceeded, and on looking in I beheld Ida, reciting for the benefit of the younger set "The Cremation of Sam Magee." I could not linger, so stirred was my heart by the familiar words, but followed my guide upstairs. On passing the Senior C classroom, I beheld a plump child, the image of Ena Barberie, seated at a front desk reading "Silas Marner." Where the Mistress of Discipline used to stand was now a silent policeman (which I thought quite an improvement.) The Sewing room was decorated with trophies altogether marvellous; among them was a towel embroidered by A. Macaulay, now Professor of English at Dalhousie University. In a little ivory frame was a fragment of theme written by Rose Orlando, now departed this life, and on the table was a book entitled "The English Language" by André Morazé. I was informed by my guide that the Misses Wakely, Lyons, Davidson, Reardon, Skerry and Belliveau were members of the Faculty. Poor Hilda Durney had died at a tender age, but it was a painless death, and she said that she was happy to go . . . . . Slowly and sadly I passed through all the old familiar scenes, until at length Sr. C. Clare escorted me to the front door, and I betook myself home, conscious that in the course of sixteen years I had learned little and forgotten less, and that M. S. V. still held a large place in my heart.

THEODORA GETTINGS.

## THOMAS A KEMPIS: HIS WORK AND INFLUENCE.

*"Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto."*

DURING the 15th Century there was written in an obscure part of the world a book which, as George Elliot says, "works miracles to this day, turning bitter waters into sweetness: while expensive sermons and treatises, newly issued, leave all things as they were before. It was written down by a hand that waited for the heart's prompting; it is the chronicle of a solitary, hidden anguish, struggle, trust and triumph—not written on velvet cushions to teach endurance to those who are treading with bleeding feet on the stones. And so it remains to all time a lasting record of human needs and human consolations: the voice of a brother who, ages ago, felt and suffered and renounced—in the cloister, perhaps, with serge gown and tonsured head, with much chanting and long fasts, and with a fashion of speech different from ours—but under the same silent far-off heavens, and with the same passionate desires, the same strivings, the same failures, the same weariness."

The book is "The Imitation of Christ" and the writer, as everyone knows, is Thomas a Kempis. His real name, however, was Thomas Haemerken, and he was born in Kempen, not far from Cologne, in 1379. His parents were hard working people, noted for their piety and simplicity. Thomas early showed signs of piety and at thirteen expressed his desire to enter a monastery. Shortly after, he placed himself under the direction of the Brothers of the Common Life at Deventer and began his spiritual career. Little did his humble parents realize that the son whom they so generously offered to God would become one of the greatest men of his age and that his work would have an influence on the spiritual life of countless millions.

The Superior of the Congregation of the Brothers of the Common Life, Florentius Radewyn, a man of vast learning and profound piety, took a deep interest in the boy. Of his affection for his master Thomas speaks in the biography he wrote years later. "Once," he says, "it happened that I was standing near him in the choir, and that he turned to our book to sing with us. Standing behind me, he placed his hand upon my shoulder. Delighted and astonished at this gracious condescension, I remained still, scarcely daring to move." From the school of the Brothers of the Common Life at Deventer, Thomas passed in 1399 to the Monastery of Mount St. Agnes, near Zwolle, under the direction of the Canons Regular of Saint Augustine, where his brother John was superior. In 1407 he made his vows, and in 1413 was ordained priest. He labored as a monk for some seventy years, and knew no

world but that of the monastery. It was from his own experience that he wrote:

The cell constantly dwelt in, groweth sweet . . . . .  
a dear friend and a most pleasant comfort.

Here it was that he transcribed the Roman Missal and the entire Bible in four folio volumes, and in addition, composed and copied a surprisingly large number of mystical and devotional treatises. Likewise he wrote a chronicle of the Mount St. Agnes Monastery, and biographies of Gerard Groot, Founder of the Brothers of the Common Life, and of Radewyn, his early master. Besides he was an accomplished and enthusiastic musician. He held at various periods of his long life the offices of procurator, superior, master of novices, and died in his ninety second year on the feast of Saint James the Less, 1471.

In November, 1897, a monument to Thomas à Kempis was erected in the church of Saint Michael at Zwolle. Against a background of colored sandstone is a symbolic statuary in which Thomas à Kempis, kneeling, writes down the words of Christ. Below is an inscription in Latin, the first words of the Imitation:

He that followeth Me walketh not in darkness.

The Imitation was not a continuous, uninterrupted piece of work, but was the slow growth of forty years of life at Mount Saint Agnes. Most probably the fifth chapter of the fourth Book, dealing with the dignity of the priestly state, was written about the time of Thomas' ordination. The other chapters were written gradually as the result of much reading, reflection, experience and prayer. No wonder then, that the Imitation touches all points of the spiritual life and is as wide in its range as humanity!

The First Book opens with the words of our Lord:

He that followeth Me walketh not in darkness.

The thought developed is contempt for the world and its vanities, and attraction to heavenly things. The First Book is personal. It points out the way in which daily trials should be borne, the value of truth, the profit of adversity, of compunction of heart, and of meditation on death. It concerns every man to know the truth and to be thus set free to work out his salvation;

A humble knowledge of thyself is a surer way to God than a deep search after learning.

He who seeks after truth must be immune to the flatteries and vain amusements of this world, for in them is delusion and darkness of heart; in them individuality is lost.

Book II. opens with the words:

The Kingdom of God is within you, sayeth the Lord. Turn thee with thy whole heart unto the Lord and forsake this wretched world and thy soul shall find rest.

Here a new way, the way of the interior life, is opened out to the soul:

Christ will come to thee and show thee His own consolation, if thou prepare for Him a worthy mansion within thee.

Having sought and found the truth, the pilgrim to heaven must prepare within his own soul a sanctuary where

He shall answer for thee and will do all things well and as is best for thee.

Jesus is our Love and deserves a familiar friendship and consideration. It is well to meditate on God the Creator and Supreme Being, but how much more natural and profitable is it to consider the familiar presence with us of Jesus Christ, the God Man, Who lived and died out of pure love of us! Jesus understands human nature and so there should be no cloaking or concealing of our thoughts, desires, and ambitions when we speak to Him; but,

Many follow Jesus to the breaking of bread, but few to the drinking of the cup of His passion.

Many say with Peter, "Lord, it is good for us to be here" when the road of life is smooth and nothing mars their happiness. But when crosses and difficulties begin to show themselves, faith and courage should be just as strong. Do not happiness and tribulation both come from Jesus Christ? And is He not the Man of Sorrows? If life is to be truly an imitation of His life on earth, the cross must be born, not only with resignation, but with love and eagerness, nay with gratitude, for we must ever remember while bearing our "splinter of the cross" that

Through many tribulations we must enter the Kingdom of God.

Book III. treats of interior conversation:

I will hearken to what the Lord will speak within me.

Christ teaches in a special, personal way the soul that has suffered and has become detached from all things for His sake. Humility is the only cure for the wounds caused by Pride, and this virtue Christ holds out to His disciples:

I came down from heaven for thy salvation, not of necessity, but Love drawing Me thereto, that thou mightest learn patience and to bear temporal sufferings without repining . . . .  
I became of all men the most humble and abject, that thou mightest overcome thy pride with My humility.

Nor is suffering without its promise of reward. The Divine Teacher realizes the need of encouragement, and so He holds out

Glory for the reproach thou has suffered here, and a garment of praise for thy sorrowings. . .

The Third Book ends with the sublime prayer which sums up all the soul's reasons for confidence and ends with the words:

To Thee, therefore, do I lift up mine eyes; in Thee, my God, the Father of mercies, do I put my trust. . . .  
Direct me along the way of peace to the land of everlasting light.



Book IV. is a treatise on Holy Communion: it is in part a collection of the words of Christ concerning the Sacrament of the Eucharist, as found in the gospel of Saint John:

Come to Me, all ye that labor and are burdened and I will refresh you . . . . . the bread that I will give is My flesh for the life of the world . . . . . He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My Blood abideth in Me and I in him.

Holy Communion is the food of the soul, and absolutely necessary for its life. It is the greatest mystery of our religion:

O the wonderful condescension of Thy tender mercy toward us, that Thou, O Lord God, the Creator and Giver of Life, dost deign to come into a poor soul and with Thy whole Divinity and humanity appease her hunger.

Book IV. is the fitting climax following the other three books. These seem to develop the three-fold command of Christ:

If any man will come after Me . . . . .

1. Let him deny himself. (Book I.)
2. Take up his cross. (Book II.)
3. And follow Me. (Book III.)

How dost thou seek any other than the Royal Road?

In the First Book, the seeker after Truth is warned of the disposition necessary to a candidate for the Spiritual Life,—abandonment of all worldly desires and vanities, and zealous amendment of life. But this is only the beginning, the entrance of the Royal Road. If he would attain to the interior life, he must follow his Lord in the path of suffering; but this way of the Cross is brightened by the presence of the Master "Who goeth before," and "speaks within." This is the lesson of the Second and Third Books. In the Fourth not only Christ's spiritual conversation is promised, but His bodily presence in Holy Communion, and the soul is strengthened to persevere unto the end.

The effect of a first reading of the Imitation on an eager, impetuous soul is described by George Eliot in the well known passage in *The Mill on the Floss*, where Maggie Tulliver comes on the shabby little book which voices her soul's highest aspirations:

"Maggie drew a long breath and pushed her heavy hair back, as if to see a sudden vision more clearly. Here, then, was a secret of life that would enable her to renounce all other secrets . . . . . here was a sublime height to be reached without the help of outward things . . . . . here was insight, and strength, and conquest, to be won by means entirely within her own soul, where a Supreme Teacher was waiting to be heard. It flashed through her like the suddenly apprehended solution of a problem, that all the miseries of her young life had come from fixing her heart on her own pleasure, as if that were the central necessity of the universe; and for the first time, she saw the possibility of shifting the position from which she looked at the gratification of her own desires . . . . . of taking her stand out of herself, and looking at her own life as an insignificant part of a Divinely-guided whole. She read

on in the old book, devouring eagerly the dialogues with the Invisible Teacher, the Pattern of Sorrow, and the Source of all strength; returning to it after she had been called away, and reading on till the sun went down behind the willows. With all the hurry of an imagination that could never rest in the present, she sat in the deepening twilight forming plans of self-humiliation and entire devotedness; and, in the ardor of first discovery, renunciation seemed to her the entrance into that satisfaction which she had so long been craving in vain. She had not perceived . . . . . how could she, until she had lived longer? . . . . . the inmost truth of the old monk's outpourings, that renunciation remains sorrow, though a sorrow borne willingly. Maggie was still panting for happiness and was in ecstasy because she had found the key to it. She knew nothing of doctrines or systems, . . . . . of mysticism or quietism; but this voice out of the far-off Middle Ages was the direct communication of a human soul's belief and experience, and came to her as an unquestioned message."

This, then is the power of the Imitation. It is "the direct communication of a human soul's belief and experience," and as such it must touch every other human soul that is really in earnest about the things that count. The Imitation stands next to the Bible, and no wonder. Its simplicity, its absolute truth, its persuasiveness, have won for it renown throughout the whole world. It is not a book for the educated classes alone; no,—all men may read therein and understand, for lo!

God walketh with the simple, revealeth Himself to the humble, giveth understanding to little ones, and discloseth His meaning to pure minds.

MARY LYONS, '25.

## TO THERESE OF THE INFANT JESUS.

A shower of heavenly roses  
Falls gently on the earth,  
Diffusing a rare perfume,  
Disclosing a soul's worth;

A shower of fadeless petals  
Of childlike trust and love;  
Roses of grace that allure the soul  
From earth to heaven above.

Ah! Little Flower of Jesus,  
'Tis thy dear hands that give  
These blossoms rare that from Christ's Heart  
Spring forth and ever live!

CLARA MCNEIL.

## LITTLE PAT.

The merciless sun beat down upon a group of tired but happy boys, seven in number, assembled on the O'Donavan premises about five miles from Dublin. "Drill" was over for the day; seven "rifles" lay on the ground, while their owners, seated in a semicircle around an older boy listened with intense eagerness to what he had to say. The speaker was the captain of the little band, and the seven were his "men." Of the "men," not one was over sixteen or under fourteen years of age; but "the Captain," Patrick O'Donavan was eighteen, and presented an ideal of advancing manhood to his worshipping followers. To be sure, the old ladies of the neighborhood always called him "little Pat," though he was nearly six feet tall; but to the boys he was "the Captain," to be admired, loved, and imitated. Somehow each of them felt that he loved them more than they could understand. He took an intense pride in them, and seemed to know what they expected of him. He treated each of them as a younger brother, instructing each according to his knowledge of military tactics and spurring on towards their great ambition, to be "Soldiers of Ireland." To be that was to be a success.

"Now, boys," he was saying, "we got along pretty well to-day. A little more hard practice and yoe'll be the finest lads in the country. A better behaved company cannot be found anywhere; and sure, poor Ireland needs us! Some day, perhaps we'll be able to do something for her; who knows? At any rate, we've got to do better and better each time."

There was a cheer from the group, and they rose to disperse.

"Say, Captain," said Mickey O'Toole, "can't I take my gun home just for to-night?"

"Indeed, and you can't, Mickey O'Toole," answered Pat promptly. "You know as well as I do, that it won't do to go parading around with a rifle. Ye'd have the British cops after you in no time! Ye'll stack yer gun in the barn with the rest of them."

It was as Pat had said. Ireland was in a state of unrest. There was talk of nothing else but Sinn Fein, and Ulsterites and Constitutionalists. An uneasy feeling was abroad; stories were spreading of injustice and retaliation. Little Pat himself could not help being anxious; to be caught "drilling" was to be arrested for rebellious dispositions and intentions. He felt that he better break up his little squad for a while, for it was not fair to the lads to put them in danger when the Northerners were on the look-out for the least sign of trouble. To be sure, their "rifles" were home-made wooden affairs, with tin bayonets; but the skill and the spirit were there, and he knew that the practice had done its work. He came to a decision, and on July 15th ordered a "review."

Across the field and back they marched, shoulder to shoulder. "Little Pat" was thrilled. They were a wonderful squad, his boys. Then there

came charging and bayonet encounters, a double run, and a final leap over the ditch at the end of the meadow. They paused breathless, and Pat came running over to them. Somehow his face was not smiling to-day; he looked sad and thoughtful.

But hark! What was that? A cracking of the bushes behind them, a clank of arms, and six British soldiers emerged from the underbrush. Real soldiers, and real rifles! Pat stood and stared. Then fear seized him; not for himself, but for his boys, especially for his younger brother who was among them. There was no fear in his tone, however, as he put the question,

"What brings you here?"

The leader of the intruders scanned the group. Their mission was evident.

"You are Patrick O'Donavan?" He spoke in a hard tone, and without waiting for answer, continued, "You are under arrest for assembling and drilling for rebellion. You and your men will follow me immediately."

The "men" looked at one another in fear and astonishment; but Pat stepped forward. He would never give the boys over that easily; they might take him, but the boys had done no harm! He made a move as if to resist, but the officer was prepared, and a puff from a revolver lodged a bullet in Pat's leg. In a moment all were seized, and marched away while the little Captain was half carried, half dragged from the spot. In vain he remonstrated and pleaded for his boys; the law was the law.

They were taken Northward; and then the trial came off and the boys were released. It was hard for little Pat to see them go; but he was glad it was only he that would see the prison bars. It was a great injustice, but he must not complain. Was it not for Ireland! He was a "soldier of Ireland," and would die for the title. His wound had grown very bad. No attention had been paid to it during the first days, and when finally a surgeon was called in, it was too late. Blood poison had set in.

Three weeks later news came to Dublin, to the sorrowing O'Donavan family and to the anxious lads. Little Pat was dead. Then on a sultry afternoon a messenger arrived with a letter. He had come straight from the dying "Captain," and the letter he carried was addressed to the dear Mother and Father Pat would never see again:

"Mother and Father, I am dying, but I am so happy to be dying for Ireland. In a little while all will be over, and then you can be happy too. Father Ryan, God bless him, is with me, and will send this along to you. Do not feel that you have lost me, for I shall just be waiting for you in a better country. Remember me to my dear old pals, and tell them I shall continue to pray that they may become real 'soldier' men. Good-bye. God bless you both! Pat."

THEODORA GETTINGS, Com. '25.

## A NEW DICTIONARY OF MOUNT TERMS

(By a disciple of Sam Johnson).

- A—ABSENCE:** noun (common to some people).  
Def: a state in which the mind is often found and to which the body would fain resort, especially during class hours.
- B—BELLS:** noun (very common).  
Def: the source of Perpetual Motion.
- C—CASE:** noun (likewise common).  
Def: a form of temporary insanity, fatal if taken seriously.
- D—DUMB:** adj. (vulgar).  
Def: lacking pep.
- E—EATS:** noun: (likewise vulgar). Used only in the plural.  
Def: fodder.
- F—FOOD:** noun (rare). See EATS.
- G—GOUTER:** noun (colloquial).  
Def: an essential provided for the general good of the student body.
- H—HASTE:** noun (improper).  
Def: a state of frenzy witnessed after the third bell. (See PANIC).
- I—INSPECTION:** noun (abstract, sometimes extract, often subtract).  
Def: a process invented for the prevention of mice in private rooms.
- J—JIMMY BOOK:** noun (special).  
Def: the treasure of a sentimental soul.
- K—KIMONA:** noun (common).  
Def: an evening dress consisting of multitudinous folds.
- L—LATIN:** noun (proper).  
Def: a language once alive but long since dead. Said to have been murdered, and consequently to haunt unlucky students.
- M—MONDAY:** noun (proper).  
Def: the day after Saturday and Sunday. DIES IRAE!
- N—NOTES:** noun (used only in plural).  
Def: daily judgment.

- O—ORDER:** noun (obsolete in some localities).  
Def: that self command which characterizes "the perfect girl."
- P—PRIME:** noun (colloquial).  
Def: a torture devised for modest unassuming students.
- Q—QUIET:** noun (uncommon, but considered by the Faculty proper).  
Def: the state required after lights are out.
- R—RULES:** noun (common).  
Def: the bars of liberty.
- S—SILENCE:** noun (uncommon).  
Def: the unknown quantity (or quality?).
- T—TRES BIEN** noun (very proper).  
Def: an indication of angelic temper and conduct.
- U—UNIFORM:** noun (altogether common).  
Def: citizen's clothes. Two general species; the spotted variety belonging to the leopard class, and the neat shiny variety belonging to the cat family.
- V—VANISH:** verb (intransitive, very active).  
Def: to spirit away. Frequently used of food kept in private apartments.
- W—WEIRD:** adj. (colloquial).  
Def: overcome by the creeps; the sort of feeling one gets on receiving a summons from the Mistress of Discipline.
- X—XMAS:** noun: (common in vocabulary from September to January.)  
Def: the Golden Age of weary students.
- Y—YELLS:** noun: (rare).  
Def: the proper accompaniment of a basket-ball game.
- Z—ZERO:** noun: (provincial).  
Def: the last word to a despairing heart.

AILEEN MACAULAY, Prov. B.



## A THREE-LEGGED RACE.

The electric car stopped, and the numerous newspapers that hid sundry passengers were raised just sufficiently to allow their owners to see a stout individual in a grey business suit puffing towards a seat. There was a seat, or what would ordinarily serve as a single seat, beside a thin, nervous-looking gentleman who immediately squeezed himself as far as possible towards his neighbor to make room for the newcomer. That was not enough. No sooner was the car started when the stout gentleman must needs tie his shoe-lace. It was a difficult piece of work, but he finally accomplished it, and came up with a jerk which knocked poor Slim's hat all awry. Then he decided to get his newspaper from a pocket some distance in the rear, and after many contortions produced it and spread it out so that it half covered both his neighbors. At that Slim decided to put his paper away and take advantage of the daily news spread before his chest; but no sooner was he interested in a paragraph of political scandal when "swish!" the page was turned, and he found himself looking at "Freckles and His Friends."

The car sped on. Slim closed his eyes in sheer weariness. Suddenly there was a jerk and a pull. His stout friend was taking his departure, but he was also taking Slim with him! The next second he lost his balance and would have fallen had not someone behind him held him up. The grey business suit was pushing through the crowd . . . . . Confound that shoe-lace! He was being towed along to the door. There was no help for it, however, and the conductor was getting impatient. By this time Mr. Stout had become conscious of additional freight and gave his foot a shake. A struggle ensued; both attempted to break loose but it was of no avail. Then they decided to go on, and reached the door amid the laughter of the passengers. Then a quandary arose. How were they to get out? The door was narrow, but by side manoeuvring they managed to squeeze through; but once more there was a halt, for the step was small and the feet were large. The conductor, forgetting his annoyance in the novelty of the situation, advised putting the tied feet down first; but the attempt was not successful, and before anyone could lend a helping hand, they were lying in the street.

The car sped on, and the conductor could only look back and wave farewell to the two victims struggling in the mud. An automobile coming up swiftly nearly ran them over. A policeman angrily called to them to "move on!" A tribe of small boys, interested at once, surrounded them, jeered at them as they struggled to their feet, and followed them to the nearest shop where a knife cut the Gordian knot at last. Somehow or other, the close contact of the last ten minutes really created a sympathy between them, and they became excellent friends. Now Slim and Stout are seen frequently together, but neither has ever attempted since to tie a shoe-lace in a street car.

ALICE WARD, '25.

## COURAGE.

Were we asked what quality the most successful men and women of all times possessed, the answer might well be, "Courage!"

The life of Abraham Lincoln, one of the greatest men of history, is an example of courage in its truest sense. Born of humble parents, his chances in life were seemingly few. It was said of him that at table he was confronted with laziness in the left, in the person of his father, and with ignorance on the right, in the form of his mother. Was not such a boy to be pitied? Yet he had the great courage to persevere in overcoming the disadvantages with which nature had burdened him, and finally to rise gloriously to success. His was a life of courage, not the thrilling type of courage; but the kind that requires perseverance.

It is not necessary to seek out history for the lives of courageous men. In Canada to-day there lives a man who has risen from the lowest ranks by means of courage. That man is Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighan, leader of the Opposition. He began life as the son of a farmer, yet people said of him when he was but a young boy, that one day that lad would be Prime Minister of Canada. Has he not nobly fulfilled their prophecy? What does his success mean? It can mean nothing else from one in his station in life but perseverance to work, to learn, to fail perhaps, but to try again; and is not such perseverance courage?

It can never be that all of us will rise to fame and honor. Yet it is not beyond our means to practise courage in our daily lives. It cannot be denied that for an employee in an office it requires courage to acknowledge a mistake. How many of us would rather let a mistake slip by, knowing that perhaps we should not be found out. It requires courage to bear a censure, without losing our temper, especially when that censure is not wholly deserved by us. And does it not require courage to confess a matter to your companions, who on that account will inwardly bear resentment towards you?

In short, in our daily lives, we have abundant opportunity to practise courage in all our undertakings. Let us remember that while it takes courage to persevere in little things, it is the little things that after all count in this world; so let us aim to perfect ourselves in minor duties, remembering that one can never be great who is not great in small things. Oh, then, for the courage to be great, the courage to live up to our motto "Maximum in Minimis."

PAULINA MARSDEN, Com. '25.



THE LIBRARY.

## THE LIBRARY.

The new library is only a year old; and already we wonder how we ever got on without it. Its quiet atmosphere, its comfortable chairs and tables, even its soft-toned coloring, make it a delightful room for reading and study; and it is seldom unoccupied.

It has been said that books may be ornaments, tools, or friends. While we have a few that are ornamental, none are merely so. During the year some valuable additions have been made in philosophy, biography, history, and fiction. To the Canadian Literature section, which still occupies too small a space, came volumes of Pauline Johnson, and Marjorie Picthall, and Professor Logan's new book, "Highways of Canadian Literature." The French section is growing steadily. Special attention has been given to the literature of "Le Grand Siècle"; but a number of new volumes of modern French poetry and fiction have been likewise added.

Thanks to the kindness of good friends, the fourteen substantial volumes of the Cambridge History of English Literature now stand on our shelves. The latest gift is a new and interesting collection of twenty-three volumes called "The Pocket University."

The total number of books is now over seven thousand; but there are still empty spaces, and room for as many more. It has been asserted that until your library numbers at least ten thousand books, the less said about it the better. With the help of our benefactors, we hope soon to be justified in talking about our library.



## A LIKENESS WITH A DIFFERENCE.

IT was through his essays, that I became acquainted with Robert Louis Stevenson. In them he seemed a chivalrous, romantic figure dwelling in a world striking, appropriate, picturesque. It was clear that decidedly applicable to him was his own belief that "no man lives in the external truth, among salts and acids; but in the warm, phantasmagoric chamber of his brain, with the painted windows and the storied walls." Into that chamber the reader was given free access, for few writers are more frankly autographic than Stevenson. The blood of light-house builders and Presbyterian preachers ran in his veins, and several of his critics see evidences of this twofold inheritance in the skill of the artisan and the touch of the philosopher always evident in his writings. These touches of philosophy I had found stimulating and arresting and they appeared to ring true. Then, too, his endeavor, "To find out where joy resides and give it a voice above singing" seemed a task for which he was well fitted. So it was with lively interest that I began reading the recently published *Life of Stevenson* by Rosaline Masson and that supplementary "Intimate Portrait" by his stepson, Lloyd Osbourne. I ended, disappointed, depressed.

As his biographer has said, "The story of a life so fantastic, so brilliant, so unknown in its relations could not fail to appeal to the imagination." One followed, step by step the shifting scenes of that life, from the troublesome Edinburgh lad, the careless Bohemian of Fontainebleau, the half-starving pariah of San Francisco, the indomitable invalid of Davos, and Nice and Bournemouth to the final transformation in that far off South Sea island where he found himself lord and master and priest of a patriarchal home, chieftain of a devoted clan of feudal retainers, and, as a result of years of untiring labor, an author popular in Britain, the Colonies, and America. To the pathos of his banishment into a sort of sunset glory of a far-off sky is due, Miss Masson thinks, much of the romance that clings to the name of Robert Louis Stevenson, the thrill of hero worship, the inspiration, the almost personal love that he evokes.

Then his brave struggle against sickness, his refusal to be pampered and coddled as an invalid during that long search for health which began in 1873 when he was just twenty-three years old and continued till the end in 1894; his determination to die, as he quite literally did, with his boots on, cannot fail to arouse admiration for the man. Through it all, this lover of words with whom "the love of lovely words" was a passion, kept perseveringly at his business "learning to write." He himself in his last years attributed his success, not to unusual talent but to really remarkable industry,—a genius for work. His energy and enthusiasm made him, though an invalid, look on

life and art as a man of action. It was when he was suffering greatly at Skerryvore, in "the land of counterpane" that he wrote "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Kidnapped," and a number of short stories that are so robustly and abundantly alive that it seems incredible that they came out of a sick room.

On the other hand, one soon realizes that Stevenson's parents had little comfort from their only child. The long-suffering, thrifty Scotchman deserves, I think, much credit for his patience and generosity in dealing with his extravagant, eccentric son. Up to the end Stevenson was never able to understand money matters. He never ruled his life, we are told, on the lines of common sense; instead, the lazy oblivion of the artist in all hatefully sordid matters was combined in him with the happy-go-lucky spendthrift way of the sailor ashore.

It was in 1880 when Stevenson went to California to meet Mrs. Osbourne who was to be his wife, that his father definitely cast him off, outraged by what he regarded as his recalcitrance in religion, life, and morals. Then Stevenson went to the depths. Alone, ill, without funds, almost starving, he nevertheless kept a brave front and resolved to put his own philosophy of cheerfulness to a final and crucial test. When, however, death seemed inevitable, and before the eagerly expected help had arrived from a pitying but not quite forgiving father, he wrote his Requiem:

Under the wide and starry sky  
Dig the grave and let me lie.  
Glad did I live and gladly die  
And I laid me down with a will.

But the last lines lose their force when you read that "he was not afraid to die but grievously disappointed; for his passionate dreams of success and happiness were unfulfilled, and he was dying, as far as his work was concerned, a failure."

Just here, it seems to me, Stevenson himself began to be somewhat of a failure. Life to him meant his work which gradually became not a means but an end in itself. In one of his early essays he had declared that he "was hungry for the greater world; not the shoddy sham world of cities, clubs, and colleges, but the world where men still live a man's life." Elsewhere he wrote, "Books are a mighty bloodless substitute for life," Yet, as time went on, it was in books, chiefly his own, that he became absorbed. If, as they claim, it was his tremendous prepossession for his work that kept him alive, he paid a heavy price for it, inasmuch as it left him less a man. There is proof of this in his stepson's admission: "Although Robert Louis Stevenson always wrote so feelingly about his friends, it was remarkable how well he could do without them. Few men had so little need of intimacies as he. Human intercourse of some kind was essential, but anyone with any originality of mind or power of expression would suffice,—(As, "copy" or amusement, or audience for this brilliant, fascinating talker, I fancy). He continues, "It was his work that always came first, that animated all his thoughts, that was the consuming joy and passion of his life. Unconsciously I think he graded his friends by their interest in it, regarded



them as helpful satellites who could assist and cheer him on his way." How could one's enthusiasm remain at high pitch in face of such evident egoism?

Other evils followed. There are several instances recorded of childish rages over honest, helpful criticism of his work. Of course, it was his ill-health coupled with this absorption in his own work that accounted for the fact that "there were times when Stevenson was terribly on edge with nerves; when he would fly into a passion over nothing; when jaded and weary, he would give way to fits of irritation that were hard to bear. "Yet," Mr. Osbourne adds, "his repentances were as impulsive as his outbreaks: and despite this darker side he was one of the most unselfish, lofty-minded and generous of men; there was no pettiness in him, nothing ignoble or mean." This was the Stevenson reflected in his writings; he, not the reader, was the loser.

As time went on, he was haunted by the fear that his power of producing imaginative literature was failing him, and he said despondently to a friend, "After all, a few tales for boys is about the sum of my achievement." Miss Masson thinks even this would not have been a poor achievement and asks, "Is it a little thing that not one of Stevenson's books but is as pure as his own stream that fell into the pool at Vailma? That his books bring no message to youth but what is manly and cheerful, brave and honest, patriotic and loyal?—no inspiration but to courage and truth?"

But what of religion, of God's place in his life? Of Stevenson at twenty-four it was said that he was "one of those who by nature are impelled to look beyond the limitations of human experiences and knowledge and strain their eyes to discover what lies beyond." Of that search into the unknown there is little evidence later. In the "Intimate Portrait" where one might expect some discussion of this most important aspect of a man's life, the only mention of religion is that at Skerryvore Stevenson had "a season of religion" when he was a sort of disciple of Tolstoy's—an enthusiastic supporter of a "Christianity without Christ"—a state of affairs to be accounted for by his poor health!

At Samoa he was a fairly regular attendant at the Church of England services, was on friendly terms with the missionaries of all denominations, and gave them substantial donations, and in his own home, conducted a weekly "Prayer Meeting" for his family and servants. It consisted of hymns and a chapter of the Bible, in Samoan as well as in English, then a prayer written by Louis for each occasion, and finally, the Lord's Prayer. Sir Graham Balfour says "These prayers of his give an almost unconscious revelation of the faith of Stevenson, of his reach toward the Infinite, and an insight into the clean soul of the man."

There is little evidence, however, from his daily life to prove that this faith was either lively or comforting, or that it was accompanied by any strong or personal love of God which would have made so different those last days. Into that Arcadian life there had crept a shadow which hovered over those about him who were conscious of his physical martyrdom which he regarded as "physical dishonor." He admitted that the petty, miserable ailments that kept him in perpetual torment made him at times long for death, and he talked

of "the long rest" as might a pagan. It was noticed too, that his glance often lingered persistently and musingly on the peak of Vaea which he had chosen for his place of burial. What his thoughts then were he never divulged. Had he come after all to live in external truth, forgetful of that inner chamber? Had he ever in his Bible readings met that wondrous text, "The Kingdom of God is within you?" Or heard that sweetest of all invitations "Abide in Me and I in you?" Alas, we can only apply to him what he had once said must be each man's epitaph: "Here lies one who meant well, tried a little, failed much,—another Faithful Failure!" Who does not feel impelled to add "Oh, if thou hadst but known the things that were to thy peace!"

Not long ago I received a welcome gift,—the Collected Works of Joyce Kilmer, with a memoir by his friend and literary executor, Robert Cortis Holliday. A sentence from the book notice on the jacket caught my attention, "Indeed such was the power of this young spirit over other men that even now he has become a legend, his excellence a popular heritage, benefiting and enriching human life." My thoughts at once went back to Robert Louis Stevenson. With him in mind I began reading, not thinking so much of their literary output or excellencies,—for undoubtedly Scotland's "Third Robbie" was the greater writer,—but wondering rather how they compared in the greater business of living. I knew little of Kilmer except that he was a gallant figure, another of those winning personalities.

From the memoir, I gathered that he was a rather funny, mirth-provoking, small boy. Later his life at school and college was that of the normal American youth. Though he early evinced the literary man's usual distaste for mathematics, he was in no way particularly exceptional; but was always "zestful of living well"—when he had the price. He married at twenty-one, taught school for a time, and then went to New York, resolved to make a living by his pen. The saying "He that takes the pen shall perish by the pen," was not verified in his case, for at the hard work of words he succeeded and made money. He was at this time "a gracious, slightly courtly young presence with excellent, gentlemanly manners, a smile, winning, charming, as fresh, warm and clear as spring sunshine, and eyes remarkable for their quiet glow."

Kilmer advanced joyously from a mere retail salesman in Scribner's, to a lexicographer, then to a religious journalist on a Protestant paper. Finally he reached Newspaper work, becoming in time, one of the most accomplished, prolific, and industrious journalists of his day. His activities were multitudinous and diverse,—writer, editor, lecturer, member and frequently secretary of no end of societies and committees. Still, his numberless friends found that of him it was true that "a busy man is never too busy to do one thing more." Indeed he thrived on serious responsibilities and insistent obligations. But of all his work it was evident that "The rhymers' honest trade" was his primary concern. He felt "The title of poet's a noble thing, worth living and dying for." Still,

It is stern work, it is perilous work to thrust your hand in the sun,  
And pull out a spark of immortal flame to warm the hearts of men.



In his poetry he has been called "the singer of the simpler annals of humanity," and in all his works he reveals the worth of common things.

Notwithstanding his unbelievable literary industry, Kilmer had, it is said, none of the trying idiosyncrasies of the artistic temperament, but was social and domestic in his habits to an amazing degree. Despite his unceasing activity he enjoyed the best of health and "ate mammoth meals with prodigious satisfaction"—in pleasant company if possible; for even lunching alone he seemed to regard as a misanthropic perversion.

And all this time was his work beginning to absorb him as it had Stevenson? Was it becoming an end in itself?

Ever a ready writer and speaker, he was in his early days merely a graceful troubadour who thrummed pleasant things to his lady love and had a bright eye to his singing robes. He distinctly enjoyed being classed with the literati and there was at that time "a perceptible aroma of literary self-consciousness about him." But with the years he developed a sovereign disdain for what he termed "intellectual flub-dub." His biographer says that "When his business took him near to God, when he found that

Poems are made by fools like me  
But only God can make a tree.

then he began to be a poet," and that with the gift of Faith, he was born again. Generally he talked little of his religion, but in a letter to one of his Jesuit friends he told of the daily visit he had been making for some months to a Catholic Church just off Broadway where he prayed for Faith. It was at this time that his little girl Rose was struck with infantile paralysis and he acknowledged, "When faith did come, it came, I think by way of my little paralyzed daughter. Her lifeless hands led me: I think her tiny still feet knew beautiful paths." He adds that he thought the Paulist father who received him and his wife into the Church was rather disappointed that they showed no emotion during the ceremony. He admits very honestly, "Our chief sensation is simple comfort—we feel that we're where we belong, and it's a very pleasant feeling." His spirit had found its home and was content.

"His talent now became a winged seed which in rich soil which had mothered so much art, found fructification." It is claimed that, in his time and place, Joyce Kilmer became the laureate of the Catholic Church. All acknowledge that once a Catholic, in all matters of religion, art, economics, politics, as well as in faith and morals, his point of view was obviously and unhesitatingly Catholic. When his wife wrote to him at the Front, that she was working at a book in collaboration with a friend, he hastened to tell her that if the spirit of the book was not obviously and definitely Catholic it would grieve him deeply to see it published with her name attached. "Faith," he said, "should illuminate everything Catholics write, grave or gay. You see, the Catholic Faith is such a thing that I'd rather write moderately well about it than magnificently well about anything else. It is more important, more beautiful, more necessary, than anything else. You and I have seen miracles—

let us never cease to celebrate them." And he further urges her, "Be zealous in using your exquisite talent in His service of Whom, I am glad to have said, Apollo was a shadow." The spirit in which he did his own work is clear from his admission, "I can honestly offer 'Trees' and 'Main Street' to our Lady, and ask her to present them as the faithful work of her poor unskilled craftsman to her Son. I hope to be able to do it with everything I write hereafter."

The second great change in Kilmer's life, testing heart, soul, body, mind, was the war. As the father of four children he might have felt justified in holding back, for a time at least. That he would go, all felt to be inevitable. "A poet is a soldier, an idealist with the courage of his song" he said, and Christopher Morley wrote of him—"The poet must go where the greatest songs are singing." He might have been justified in going as a war correspondent—work for which he was eminently fitted; but he enlisted as a private that he might the sooner reach the front and get into the fight.

Hard as must have been the sacrifice of all dear to him, he refused to burden others with his troubles. John Bunker was among the last to bid him farewell and he wrote:

You didn't pose, self-conscious of your lot,  
Or speak of what might be or might have been;  
You always thought heroics simple rot,  
And so you merely wore your old-time grin.

The letters for which those at home waited so eagerly were not at all those of the literary man with one eye on possible publication. They were simple, unadorned, giving as much news as censors would permit, full of the genuine humor of the man, unselfish, unwilling to give them any worry about himself. It was, he wrote, the pleasantest war he had ever attended, "nice war, nice people, nice country, nice everything." The hysterical note in some American papers disgusted him and he declared emphatically, "I wouldn't be back in the States having meatless, wheatless, boozless, smokeless days for anything."

And what of his work? Was he searching for copy, as Stevenson did on his travels? All his days Kilmer had been trying to get closer and closer to the heart of life. In the war his profound instinct for humanity found fulfillment. But he was too close to life to write about it. Now that he had a perspective on his life at home he smiled with indulgent pity on some literary aspects of it. When friends urged him to begin the book they felt he should write, he replied, "To tell the truth, I am not at all interested in writing now-a-days, except in so far as writing is the expression of something beautiful. And I see daily and nightly the expression of beauty in action instead of words, and I find it more satisfactory." Even more revealing is his letter to Reverend E. F. Garesché, S. J. "I have discovered from some unforgettable experiences, that writing is not the tremendously important thing I once considered it. You will find me less a bookman when you next see me, and more, I hope, a man."



Suffering too, was doing its work in his soul. Though the hard things were kept bravely in the background, there were some hints of what he was enduring in the few poems sent home:

For Freedom's sake he is no longer free,  
That pain may cease he yields his flesh to pain,  
He dwells in night, Eternal Dawn to see,  
And gladly dies, abundant life to gain.

Physical suffering, felt by Stevenson to be "dishonour", Kilmer sanctified by uniting it to that endured by his Master in His Passion. In the last stanzas of the poem beginning,

My shoulders ache beneath the pack  
(Lie easier, Cross, upon His back).

it is easy to see that he recognized this as an opportunity to repay, in some small measure, the goodness of his leader to him.

Lord, Thou didst suffer more for me  
Than all the hosts of land and sea.  
So let me render back again  
This millionth of Thy gift, Amen.

The hardest cross of all to bear was separation from his family and especially from his wife. His letters to her,—the longest, sweetest, most pleasing that he wrote, make your heart ache with sympathy for the brave little woman, now alone with her memories. She must find comfort in one of the last where he tells of an idyllic afternoon spent in the May sunshine with some of his comrades reading from the Oxford Book of English Verse, poems which brought her most poignantly and beautifully before him. Then he corrects himself by saying that she is always with him in his heart and brain. "But it's dangerous to write this—it draws so tight the cords that bind me to you that they cut painfully into my flesh. Well, we are to be together sometime, inevitably and soon in terms of eternity. For we are absolutely one, incomplete apart, and in Heaven is completeness. How unhappy must lovers be who have not the gracious gift of faith!"

There is the secret of his courage, his resignation—his faith. Long ago he had written what, even then he meant whole-heartedly, and must now have often repeated:

Thank God for the bitter and ceaseless strife,  
And the sting of His chastening rod!  
Thank God for the stress and the pain of life,  
And oh, thank God for God!

That his God was ever near him, that he might receive Him each morning in Communion and visit Him the last thing at night, this was his consolation.

The King of Kings awaits me, wherever I may go.  
O who am I that He should deign to love and serve me so?

It was this living Faith that helped him, as he told his wife, to endure great and continued hardships,—to live through them and bear himself like a man. His friend, Father Duffy, testified to this when he wrote "Joyce was absolutely the coolest and most indifferent man in the face of danger I have ever seen. It was not for lack of love of life, for he enjoyed his life as a soldier—his only cross was the distance from home. It was partly his inborn courage and devotion—he would not stint his sacrifice—partly his deep and real belief that what God wills is best." And later he said: "He was one of those soldiers who had a romantic love of death in battle, and it could not have missed him in time."

That his Captain was drawing him closer by the bonds of love and preparing him for the home coming is evident from several of the letters written toward the end to intimate friends among religious. To one he says, "Pray for me that I may love God more and that I may be unceasingly conscious of Him—that is the greatest desire I have." In another, "It seems to me that if I can learn to love God more passionately, more constantly, without distractions, that absolutely nothing else can matter . . . . I got faith, you know, by praying for it. I hope to get Love the same way."

When the message "Stevenson is dead" was cabled around the world, a host of readers, writers, critics, friends, grieved that nothing more would come from the pen of one of its most popular writers. The effect produced by the later message—"Sergeant Joyce Kilmer killed in action, July 30, 1918" may not have been so wide spread,—as a writer he had not been given the opportunity to fulfil the promise of his youth. As a man,—surely in their great sorrow, his dear ones must have felt that he "had fulfilled a long space in a short time." Did they, I wonder, in his own words say:

This man had home and child and wife  
And battle set for every day.  
This man had God and love and life;  
These stand, all else shall pass away.

ALUMNA.





## INDIAN ISLAND.

THERE is a small island in the Bras d'Or Lakes about ten miles below St. Peter's in Richmond County, known as Indian Island. It is uninhabited except during one month each year, and then by Indians; hence its name. The island is dedicated to St. Anne and is supposed to be the place where the Indians of Cape Breton and Nova Scotia as far as Pictou County were instructed in the Catholic Religion for the first time, by Father Millard, a native of France.

But you may wonder why the Indians still gather there at a certain time every year. It is to continue the work begun so long ago; for missionary work is carried on during this month. This annual mission opens on the first Sunday after the feast of St. Anne. Most of the marriages take place during this month and the children receive their First Communion. The house, the only building on the island besides the church, and generally known as the Glebe house, is really a council house where the officers are elected for the coming year and any new laws are enacted; criminal cases or cases of misbehavior are also dealt with by the Chief there.

Father Pacifique is in charge of this mission. He is of the Franciscan order and was exiled from France about twenty years ago when the French Government dispersed all religious communities. He is now with a community which is established at Restigouche. He has made a study of the Indian language and speaks it very fluently. Besides this he has had Indian prayer books printed and an Indian newspaper started. During the summer months, he preaches missions to the Indians of the Maritime Provinces.

One Sunday, known as Mission Sunday, is a general day, and anyone who wishes may attend. For this reason several boats make a special trip to the Island. I had often wished, through curiosity, to take in this excursion and at last I persuaded my mother and my sister to come. We left at 8 A. M. on the S. S. Richmond and arrived at the Island in time for Mass at eleven o'clock.

As there was no wharf large enough for the boat to dock, it anchored some distance from the Island, and we were transferred from the larger boat to a small skiff and thence to our destination.

I did not have much time to look around at first, as we went directly to the church; but I did have time to notice the thick clusters of wigwams around the church and decided to reconnoitre afterwards. The church was not by any means the rude structure I expected to find, but really beautiful. The altar was done in white and gold and was very prettily decorated. On the left hand side was a statue of St. Anne, the special protectress of the church as well as of the island.

It is remarkable how these people so uncultured and caring so little about their mode of living and those things which mean so much to civilized man,

have for more than three centuries adhered so strongly to their Faith. "And some fell upon good soil and growing up bore fruit an hundred fold," may truly be applied to these Cape Breton Indians. The sincerity with which they keep up the practices taught them so long ago, is certainly worthy of praise.

Look back and picture the condition and beliefs of these Indians three centuries ago, and imagine the patience and untiring efforts which were necessary on the part of the missionaries to implant the truths of our religion as deeply as they did. But the faithfulness of their flock now shows that their efforts were rewarded. How the teaching of the "black robe," as they called the missionaries, must have appealed to them when it has been so carefully preserved and handed down from generation to generation! Although they are at such a disadvantage, living as they do, so scattered, and without regular services, they are extraordinarily faithful in coming to the yearly devotions. The care with which they have preserved their religious traditions was shown in the reverence with which they assisted at Mass. The two Indian boys who attended the priest were perfectly trained in their duties. It was a High Mass, and the choir consisted of several men who besides singing the responses also sang Indian Hymns.

Mass over, we sought out a secluded spot and took our lunch and then wandered about looking curiously at the unusual sights. The wigwams especially interested me. All of course, were of the same shape, like an inverted cone, but the covering on all was not alike. There was one which especially attracted my eye and which was really a wonderful bit of work. Instead of the usual covering of old mats and other coarse material this one was made wholly of birch-bark, small pieces of the bark being neatly sewed together. A few others were made partly of birch-bark, as if those making them had started out with the intention of making as complete a piece of work as possible but soon got tired of the tedious task and decided to finish in a simpler manner.

At three o'clock the church bell rang, announcing the procession which is one of the chief features of the day. In this procession the statue of St. Anne is carried from one end of the island to the other end, where a cross has been erected in honor of Father Millard, their first missionary. The procession is led by several little children who strew roses on the ground and during the whole time Indian Hymns are sung.

At four o'clock the whistle of the boat blew warning us that it was time to get on board, and for the next half hour small boats were busy plying between the Island and the steamer.

MARY McDONALD, Sec. Sc.' 25.



## WHERE MY CARAVAN HAS RESTED.

(A Tale of the Wilds of Ottawa).

That bright idea was not too bad  
That Mr. Thomas Fisher had,  
To realize in these latter days  
His youthful dream of a horse and chaise,  
By building on a modern plan  
A by-gone travelling caravan.

Of course 'twould be a superior kind;  
Instead of hitching up behind  
A horse, he'd put a motor in it,  
The thing could go a mile a minit—  
Thus Thomas Fisher dreamed his dream  
And forgot things are not what they seem.

He found at length a hard-up man  
Who stood and listened to the plan;  
Then Thomas rushing home to tea,  
Made haste to tell his family,  
Who open-mouthed about the table  
Sat awe-struck at this latest fable.

At morn each day his song began,  
"I'm building up my caravan . . ."  
And every evening, morn and noon  
His family hearkened to that tune.  
The children, little imps, expressed it,  
"Where Daddy's Caravan Has Rested."

So week by week, and day by day,  
The "Creature" flourished every way,  
At length his wife one misty night  
Returning home beheld a sight—  
A "something" with mysterious hood—  
A gaping crowd around it stood . . . .

The lady thought 'twight be a fire;  
But no! 'twas only Black Maria!  
At length her mind recalled the "plan".  
So *This* was Father's "Caravan!"  
You, gentle reader, will not blame her—  
Her curiosity overcame her.

She nearer drew to the back door  
And gazed the small compartment o'er;  
And one could tell, to see her face,  
She thought it quite a cozy place.  
Things which chanced beneath her eyes  
She soon began to recognize.

Green cushions which the seats upholster  
She knew to be her own old bolster;  
The frosted globe which lit the frame,  
She knew from her own bedroom came;  
And other things drew her attention  
Which really'd take too long to mention.

Now many times she'd heard related  
How the machine was manipulated,  
Yet auld acquaintance was forgot,  
She stood as if she knew it not;  
And lest her family she should meet  
She went home by another street.

That night again, when at their tea,  
T. F. addressed his family;  
"Now listen, kids, ye Scots wha hae!  
The trial trip 'll be Saturday.  
Bring all the girls and boys you like,  
We're going to have a good old hike!"

Saturday came, bright and fair;  
The children and their friends were there;  
Mamma waved all a glad goodby,  
And turned back with a happy sigh,  
To think of the whole peaceful day  
That she would have with them away.

They journeyed forth, their praises loud,  
While Father beamed upon the crowd.  
Then all at once, without a warning,  
The chauffeur, every tone in mourning,  
Said, "Mr. Fisher, do you mind?  
I think I've left the crank behind."

I'd better tell you now than later,  
There was trouble with the carborator;  
Without a crank there was no knowing  
How they could ever "get her going!"  
Said little Tom, "We'll reach the top  
Of a good hill, and then we'll stop."

The Father with a look of joy  
Perceived his genius in his boy;  
So on they journeyed through the land  
To seek a place where they might stand.  
And here and there, and far and wide,  
They cruised about the country-side.

The children clamored for their victuals,  
(Mamma put in such lovely pickles!)  
But though they travelled many a road;  
That caravan could not be whoa'd.  
At last, at last upon their sight  
Appears in truth the long sought height.

Then, as they lunched, Papa orated,  
"Always when things look complicated,  
Use brains, and with a little will  
You'll find the necessary hill!"  
(In point of fact, Papa forgot  
'Twas little Tom that cut the knot!")

When the repast was quite completed  
The driver in the front was seated,  
And four behind prepared to shove  
To depths below from heights above;  
"One push," said Pa, "then all jump in it!  
Then 'Home, James, home,' a mile a minit!"

She sailed right down, smooth as a bird,  
But not an engine chug was heard!  
They reached the bottom of the hill,  
The Caravan was standing still!  
In silence then they contemplated  
The level road, with breath abated.

And once again they push and strain:—  
'Twould simpler be to move a train,—  
When to their aid came two young men  
Who set her rolling on again.  
"Get in," said Pa, "while she is going;  
For when she'll stop, there is no knowing!"

The country youths stared all around it;  
'Twas plain to see they were astounded.  
Their admiration was so strong  
T. F. began anew his song  
Of how this wonder he'd designed  
By the sheer cunning of his mind.

And now they neared the roaring city,  
To stop again would be a pity;  
Mamma had said that in broad day  
The "car" must stop a block away;  
So up they steered a quiet street,  
And halted in this safe retreat.

When in they rush, Mamma's surprise  
Is such she can't believe her eyes.  
"Why you're back three hours too early!  
You must have had a puncture surely!"  
And when at last she'd heard the tale  
Her laughter shook her like a gale.

Pa ventured forth again one day;  
When he returned, he'd nought to say:  
But after that the children knew  
The Caravan must be "taboo."  
T. F. still mourns the cash he spent  
On light, insurance, and barn rent.

Reader! The moral, to be frank,  
Is this: when travelling, take a crank;  
Should obstacles your pathway fill,  
You know the rest,—*Just Seek A Hill.*

MONA FRASER.



## THE PROGRESS OF FAILURE.

"Most progress is most failure"

Cleon—(Browning)

DOES progress lead to failure? Such is the question that many a thinking heart puts to itself and to the universe as time rolls on and generations succeed one another in the possession of the earth. Browning's poet, the Greek Cleon, had studied out the question, and his verdict was for failure. "Most progress is most failure."

Cleon is the successful man of the world. He has reached the greatest heights attainable to human intellect; he has united in himself the gifts of poet, artist, sculptor, architect, and philosopher. In the heyday of his fame, he receives a letter from a Greek tyrant Protos, which may be reduced to the following questions:

- (a) Have you indeed accomplished all that is reported of you?
- (b) Have you not attained the very crown of life?
- (c) How do you look on death?
- (d) How do you look on fame?

Cleon answers these questions in the light of paganism. He first acknowledges the rich gifts of Protos, and then goes on to say that all is indeed as the tyrant has heard. Many of the artistic treasures that adorn the house of Protos are his work, for he is both artist and poet, and author of both engravings and poems engraved. He is a philosopher as well, and understands human nature as it has never been understood before: "Also I have written three books on the soul, proving absurd all written hitherto." He boasts likewise of being a musician: "In fine, all arts are mine." But for Cleon, the having attained to reputation in many things is not satisfying to the soul. The men of old attained perfection each in a single point; he in all, but "Where they reached, who can do more than reach?"

Though Cleon has attained the very crown of life, he admits that he is not content to leave his works behind him. He, the artist, must die; they, the works remain. He is not in this more fortunate than Protos whose works die with him. He compares the advance of the soul in knowledge and capacity for joy to the ascent of a watch-tower . . . . "but alas!

The soul now climbs it just to perish there,  
For thence we have discovered . . . . .  
. . . . .there's a world of capability  
For joy spread round about us, meant for us,  
Inviting us; still the soul craves all,  
And still the flesh replies, "Take no jot more  
Than ere you climbed the tower to look abroad!

Even as the water spurring from the tube of the naiad on the fountain is to the boundless sea, so is man's joy compared with the joy which may be had.

"What boots to know she might spout oceans if she could?  
She cannot lift beyond her first straight thread,  
And so a man can use but a man's joy  
While he sees God's.

Nay, it is not true he has attained the very crown of life . . . . . Cleon confesses "Most progress is most failure."

For what is Fame? Because he carves young figures, is he himself young?  
Because he can show how to live does he thereby live the more?

If I carve the young Phoebus, am I therefore young?  
Methinks I'm older that I bowed myself  
The many years of pain that taught me art!

I can write love-odes; thy fair slave's an ode.  
I get to sing of love when grown too grey  
For being lov'd . . . . .

Protos has argued that the poetry and paintings of Cleon will last when he is dead, while of him, the tyrant, there will be no memory. But of what use is fame to the dead? Cleon's fate is all the deadlier inasmuch as his phrases will live to mock him in men's mouths. And even as death draws near and old age benumbs his faculties, his sense of joy increases towards that day when he believes he will no longer feel it. He has tried to work out a philosophy that there is an after-life where the capacity for joy will equal joy, but no!

"Zeus has not revealed it; and, alas!  
"He must have done so—were it possible!"

Cleon closes his letter:

Live long and happy, and in that thought die,  
Glad for what was. Farewell . . . . .

Yet Cleon has had his lights:

Long since, I imaged, wrote the fiction out,  
That he (Zeus) or other God descended here. . . . .  
. . . . .This is a dream.

But the main point of the poem is found in the closing lines:

I cannot tell thy messenger aright  
Where to deliver what he bears of thine  
To one called Paulus . . . . .  
Thou canst not think a mere barbarian Jew  
As Paulus proves to be, one circumcised,  
Hath access to a secret shut from us?  
Thou wrongest our philosophy, O king,  
In stooping to inquire of such a one. . . . .



It is interesting to speculate what a letter would have reached Protos if his messenger had found Paulus, and had put to him the questions asked of Cleon. What would have been Paul's answer to that first query: Are you as great, as wise, as I have heard reported? Would not the great Apostle have replied as he wrote to the cultured Greeks and Romans:

To the Greeks and to the barbarians, to the wise and the unwise I am a debtor. (Rom. 1, 14).

By the grace of God I am what I am . . . . . (I. Cor. 10).

And again:

We preach not ourselves, but Jesus Christ, our Lord; and ourselves your servants through Jesus . . . . . (II. Cor. 4:5).

. . . . . by manifesting the truth commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God. (II. Cor. 4:2).

And if our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost; in whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds . . . . . that the glory of Christ Who is the image of God should not shine on them. (II. Cor. 4:3 and 4).

We speak not in the learned words of human wisdom, but in the doctrine of the spirit, comparing spiritual things with spiritual. But the sensual man perceiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for it is foolishness to him, and he cannot understand . . . . . (I. Cor. 2:6-7).

Howbeit, we speak wisdom among the perfect; yet not the wisdom of this world, neither of the princes of this world that come to nought. But we speak the wisdom of God in a mystery, a wisdom which is hidden, which God ordained before the world, unto our glory . . . . . (I. Cor. 2:6).

For what man knoweth the things of a man but the spirit that is in him? So the things that are of God, no man knoweth, but the Spirit of God. (I. Cor. 2:11).

And to the second question: Have you not attained the very crown of life?

I am become foolish . . . . . for I have no way come short of them that are above measure apostles . . . . .

. . . . . in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses,—for Christ.

Yet the signs of my apostleship have been wrought . . . . . in signs and wonders, and mighty deeds. (II. Cor. 12).

To the third query: "How do you look on death?" how joyously would Paul reply:

I die daily . . . . . (I. Cor. 16:31).

For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain . . . . . (Phil. 1:21).

and

The things that were gain unto me, the same I have accounted loss for Christ. (Phil. 3:7)

For indeed,

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man what things God hath stored up for those that love Him. (I. Cor. 2:9).

According to the grace of God that is given me, as a wise architect I have laid the foundation . . . . . (I. Cor. 3:10).

For other foundation no man can lay but that which is laid in Christ Jesus . . . . . (I. Cor. 3:11).

Every man's work shall be made manifest . . . . . and the fire shall try every man's work what sort it is . . . . . (I. Cor. 3:13).

And to the last question: the great Revelation has indeed been made:

God Who at sundry times and in divers manners spoke in times past to the fathers by the prophets, last of all in these days hath spoken to us by His Son. Whom He hath appointed heir of all things, by Whom also, He made the world . . . . . (Heb. 1:1).

And in Him we live and move and have our being, as some of your own poets have said, For we are also His offspring . . . . . (Acts 17:28).

What then matters fame?

Let no man deceive himself; if any man seem to be wise in this world, let him become a fool that he may become wise. (I. Cor. 3:18).

For the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God . . . . . (I. Cor. 3:19).

Let no man therefore, glory in men . . . . . (I. Cor. 3:21).

For professing themselves wise, they became fools. (Rom. 1:22).

For the foolishness of God is wiser than men, and the weakness of God is stronger than men . . . . . (I. Cor. 1:25).

But the foolish things of this world hath God chosen, that He may confound the wise; and the weak things of this world hath God Chosen that He may confound the strong . . . . . (I. Cor. 1:27.)

The opinions of men count for nothing:

Behold, it is a very small thing to me to be judged by you, or by man's day . . . . . (I. Cor. 4:3).

Progress in this world is often failure:

For what hast thou that thou hast not received? (I. Cor. 4:7).

And failure in this world is often progress:

For unto them that love God, all things work together unto good.

and

The fashion of this world passeth away. (I. Cor. 7:31).

HELEN WAKELY, '25.



## A SYMPOSIUM OF IMMORTALS.



IT was the night of Shakespeare's birthday. From a certain library, not so far away, I thought I heard a sound of revel, and voices. It was late, very late; and most respectable folk were off in Dreamland. Then why this sound of revelry by night disturbing my peaceful slumbers? I tiptoed down to the door of the Library, looked in,—and—“mirabile visu!”

A sumptuous banquet-table filled the brilliantly lighted room; and around it sat the most singular gathering I had ever seen. The guests were each at a different

stage of the banquet, but all seemed to be enjoying themselves hugely, and to be talking at an almost incredible rate.

Presiding at the board was a large, pompous person with a waistcoat very much frayed, and a smile broad and beaming. At once I recognized him—Micawber, and none other!

“Most estimable friends,” he was proclaiming, “our conglorification on this incomparable occasion should be untermiated! It is an occasion truly Parnassian, nay, even the Olympian dieties might grace our festal board without relinquishing one iota of their pristine sublimity. The acquirement of our liberty, the enfranchisement from covers of books, though but temporary, is glorious!”

“And don't you think, Mr. Micawber,” broke in a girl's voice, “that Hamlet looks a lot better since he came off the shelf?” It was Ophelia who spoke,—a slender, dainty, young thing with poppies in her shining hair and a trailing robe of rosy pink. “You know,” she continued, stealing another glance across at Hamlet, “it wasn't being insane, it was being hemmed in between the two covers of that book that made me drown myself! I was tired of such a high and dry life! There was no ice-cream in Denmark either!” and she took another spoonful of chocolate ice, with a very contented smile.

Next to her, Huckleberry Finn was struggling with a leg of chicken, and endeavoring at the same time to keep his tattered straw hat, which he never removed, from sliding off his tousled head.

“Aw, that old book about me was clean crazy!” he cried between bites, “I never did half of them things the book blamed on me! And a fella didn't

git half a chance to do what he liked! When I wanted to go hikin' that chapter would have me swimmin'. If I wanted to swim, the fella what wrote about me would have me fishin'. Was there any fishin' in that brook you tumbled into, Ophelia?”

Ophelia shivered daintily. “Yes,—Eels and minnows and awful things. If Hamlet hadn't pulled me out, I don't believe—”

“Don't tell him about that, for goodness' sake!” Hamlet gasped in a genuine stage-whisper, “that's not in the book! Shakespeare let me save you privately; but he said not to let in any publicity or it would ruin the play! It's not realistic!”

But another voice rose above the din. “Friends, Romans, countrymen,” roared Mark Anthony, “lend me your votes. I come to interest you, not to bore you! I count on you at next election to support me as your defender!”

“Then you're making a mistake!” growled Jacques of Arden. “You politicians can't talk anything but your silly little business! Ugh! I am sick of life; 'twere better not to be! Life is a dreary, weary thing; it boreth me to tears!”

“Your all wrong, all wrong!” laughed littly Pollyanna, who was sucking a peppermint stick at the end of the table. “It's not life that's dreary, it's you. Monsieur Jacques, you won't see the glad side of things and that's why the corners of your mouth go down!”

“Huh!” Jacques growled, “wait till you know the world a little, Miss Optimist! You'll find it is sin and deceitfulness and weariness! You don't know the world yet!”

“Why, I'm learning!” Pollyanna laughed back, “I'm trying to learn the best half of the world first. Then I can get along on that, without knowing the other part! See? Oh, I do wish you would be happy, Monsieur Jacques! Try to think sunshine thoughts; not dark cobwebby ones! Be happy now, because in a little, little while, we have to go back to the books on the shelves!”

Suddenly the sound of music was heard,—faintly at first, and then louder and clearer as the minstrel advanced. It was none other than the Pied Piper, and his music was as sweet as the song of a lark. Up rose every man, woman, and child of the gathering, and followed him. Mr. Micawber and Mark Anthony; Hamlet and Ophelia; Huck Finn and Pollyanna, and even melancholy Jacques; all joined in the procession, dancing to that weirdly wonderful music. Farther and farther away they seemed to go; faint and fainter grew the Piper's luring call; and with a start . . . . . I awoke, to find the light on and the dormitory astir; my wonderful dream quite over!

E. E. S.



## A LOCAL DRAMA.

WITH kind permission of the author, we quote a scene from Miss Aileen Macaulay's new play, entitled "Home Was Never Like This!" It will be noted that the gifted writer's dramatic pen scratches true to life.

Scene: The School Dining Room. At a table near the door are seated eight girls of different sizes and varieties. The characters are as follows: Bright Commercial, The Office Bend, Vanity Fair, Calamity Jane, Slim Jim, Dreamy Rip, Titian Poetess, and The Quietist (the last serving).

When the curtain rises, the Office Bend is holding her hand over her mouth in a desperate effort to suppress anxiety to talk. A *Bell Rings* sharply.

OFFICE BEND: Thank goodness! I thought that bell would never ring!  
Do you know what Sister . . . . . said to me to-day?

BRIGHT COMMERCIAL: (rudely interrupting) Girls, there is no person in the Mount who has a greater sense of humour than our teacher.

VANITY FAIR: (adjusting her hair which somehow persists in getting out of place) I fail to see your point. Why, our English teacher . . . . .

CALAMITY JANE: (holding her face) Oh, my tooth! My tooth!

THE QUIETIST: Perhaps it needs some candy, Jane.

CALAMITY JANE: Oh, you're always slamming *me*!

(The Office Bend has meanwhile been expatiating on her first remark.)

DISCIPLINARIAN: (passing) Well, Miss, did you come here to *eat* or to *talk*?

The Office Bend looks modestly down at her plate and nervously takes up her fork.

THE TITIAN POETESS: (addressing Rip who has been contemplating the ceiling for some time) Have you ever noticed her voice?

DREAMY RIP: (with a start) Whose voice?

TITIAN POETESS: Why *HERS*, of course!

QUIETIST: (frantically waving a spoon mid-air) For the tenth time . . . .  
Do any of you girls want some of this concoction?

CALAMITY JANE: Give some of the darling little crumbs on top, please.

VANITY FAIR: (turning up her dainty nose) No, thank you.

BRIGHT COMMERCIAL glances toward the slide at the end of the room, then drops her fork, opens her mouth and eyes, and falls back limp. The Office Bend pours out a glass of Water.

SLIM JIM: What's it? S'matter?

BRIGHT COMMERCIAL: (recovering) Oh! Oh! I can scarce believe my eyes!

RIP: Why should you?

THE QUIETIST: What on earth ails you?

BRIGHT COMMERCIAL: It's an absolute fact . . . . . yes, I firmly believe . . . . .

OFFICE BEND: Believe what, silly?

BRIGHT COMMERCIAL: Lemon pie! I see it coming!

*Tableau:*

All gaze toward the slide.

CALAMITY JANE: And *Meringue* on top!

*Chorus:*

"O JOY OF JOYS!"

*Curtain.*

## TO-MORROW.

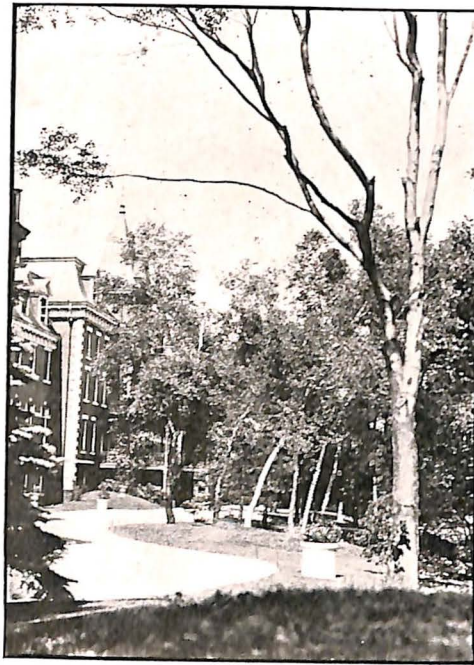
We strive the more as each day passes by,  
Toward hidden things that lie  
Beyond our grasp. With Happiness our goal  
And with uplifted soul,  
All unaware of sorrow and of tears,  
We wait the coming years.

'Tis well To-morrow's hidden from our gaze,  
And that the tanged maze  
Of future paths is as a closed book  
Before our eyes. We look—  
To scan Futurity with prying eyes,  
But ever veiled it lies.

MARJORIE SCRIVEN.



## A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.



'T WAS Chemistry Class, and Chlorine reigned supreme. My tired nerves, my o'ertaxed brain succumbed to  $Cl_2$  and I slipped off into the Land of Nod. Suddenly I started as a loud knock sounded at the door. Our teacher, immersed in the g(h)astly fumes, paid no attention to the rap, nor to the visitor who immediately entered without invitation. Behold, as the door opened, there stood upon the threshold a man of some fifty years, with drab coat, slouch hat and linen not too white. What was that under his arm? It looked to me like a dictionary. With a mighty stride he crossed the room, and I shuddered as I recognized our friend, Sam Johnson! Yes, it was he and no other. He rudely and characteristically ignored the presiding genius of the classroom, and facing the class, ran

his eye over the fair countenances before him. Without further delay, he approached the first lassie and inquired her name . . . . . Macaulay? Scotch! His frown was awful to behold. He passed to the next . . . . . Macneill! Another! With a look of disdain he directed his attention to a plump little maid with twinkling eyes . . . . . McIsaac!! I trembled as she blushing declared her name. The irate Doctor moved on. The next was Campbell . . . . . alas! alas! . . . . . The sky grew darker and darker; his eyes shot fire. My turn approached. He stretched out his hand and I beheld the chapped skin and the chewed nails . . . . . I received a dreadful poke in the arm! I reeled and nearly lost my precious balance. I murmured "Marsland, sir . . . . . try Marsland! . . . . . Bancroft Marsland! . . . . ." A voice sounded in my ear: "What are the properties of Chlorine?" I opened my eyes and beheld my neighbor's elbow ready for another attack, this time on my ribs; I blinked . . . . . "Soporific!" I answered.

MARTHA HOOD, Prov. B.

## PAULINE JOHNSON.

PROBABLY at no other time did Canadians take so great an interest in their own literature as at the present day. An English education was once complete if the student possessed a knowledge of the classic English writers; but not such is the situation to-day. We have a literature of our own, and we have reason to be proud of it. Canadians are beginning to be enthusiastic about their own poets and writers, and even school children are urged to study the literature of Canada. For this purpose the Canadian Book Week has been introduced in the schools, and has met with enthusiasm.

What school child from the fifth grade upwards does not know Pauline Johnson, the beloved poetess of the Mohawks of Brantford, "that splendid race to whose unswerving loyalty during two centuries, not only Canada but the entire British Empire owes a debt that can never be repaid?" The genius of Pauline Johnson is recognized, not only in Canada but all over the great continent of the West.

Emily Pauline Johnson, known as the Indian poetess Tekahionwake, was born at "Chiefswood" on her father's estate in the Reserve near Brantford, Ontario, in 1862. She was of Indian and English descent, and always insisted that her poetic gifts and literary tastes were of Indian origin. There is nothing in her poems to corroborate this belief of hers; no rhythm, or color, or concept, that may be described as purely Indian. It is more likely that she inherited her literary gifts from her cultured English mother, and her dramatic ability from her eloquent grandfather, "the Mohawk warbler."

Even as a little girl she was very fond of reading, and took delight in writing rhymes. She had not many educational advantages: for two years she had a nursery governess, and for three years attended an Indian school near her home. She finished her school days at the Brantford Central School. Before she was twelve, she had read Shakespeare thoroughly, and thus without doubt, cultivated the dramatic instinct in her that made her in later years a popular writer, not only in Canada but in the United States and the British Isles.

In 1895 she published her first volume of poems "White Wampum"; in 1903, "Canadian Born"; and in 1912, "Flint and Feather," an inclusive edition of her collected poems. Pauline Johnson is truly "the Voice of the Indian People" who before her coming had been dumb and inarticulate. This is shown by "The Cattle Thief" and "A Cry from an Indian Wife." A true Canadian poem is her "Prairie Greyhounds," which represents the song sung by the trans-continental trains on their passage from East to West, and West to East.

The school-child begins to love our Indian poetess after reading or studying her beautiful poem "The Song My Paddle Sings." When asked what appeals to him most, he exclaims, "I can hear the clear rippling waters and see



an Indian girl drifting along in her canoe; around the bend where the rapids roar the canoe plunges ahead, guided by the strong hand on the paddle. I can hear the ripple and then the rush of the water and the song of the paddle as it slips, dips, through the waters." This poem is really unsurpassed for suggested sensation of wind and stream. Its musical appeal is supreme.

As a verbal musician, Pauline Johnson is given a very high place among Canadian poets. This quality is shown in "The Birds' Lullaby", and "The Songster." Her verse is soothing with a subtle rhythm and winning cadences. She could paint Nature in words, with a wealth of color and a delicacy of detail unsurpassed. She is unequalled as a lyrist of the passion and pathos of romantic love. In her poetry we feel sincerity, simplicity, music, pathos, and a deep sympathy with human nature. That she possessed the unconquerable spirit of her Indian forefathers is shown in the lines she wrote a short while before her death. When told by the physicians that she could not live much longer, she took as a text Tennyson's line, "And he said 'Fight on!'" and wrote that touching poem which begins:

Time and its ally, Dark Disarmament,  
Have compassed me about,  
Have massed their armies, and on battle bent  
My forces put to rout;  
But though I fight alone, and fall, and die,  
Talk terms of peace? Not I!

She died March 7, 1913. In accordance with her own request, she was buried in Stanley Park, Vancouver. On the simple boulder which marks her grave is carved the one word: "Pauline."

PHYLLIS CAROLL, '25.

### MOUNT PROVERBS.

"It's a long corridor that has no Sister."  
"Out of bite, out of grind."  
"A stitch in time saves an hour in the Sewing-room."  
"Fine feathers make fine pillows."  
"People who live in private rooms should never raise tones."  
"A dollar in the pocket is worth two in the office."  
"It's the late bird that catches the dickens."  
"To stir is human; to sit still divine."  
"Absence makes the Sister ponder."  
"An ounce of pretention is worth a pound of sure."  
"Honest tea is the next best thing to cocoa."  
"Sleep and the dormitory's with you; snore, and you sleep alone."  
"Never put on to-day what you can leave off till to-morrow."  
"Protestation is a waste of time."

M. F.

## SANTA CLAUS DADDY.

IT was Christmas Eve. Boston Common was ablaze with lights and black with a swaying mob. Men, women, and children jostled one another in the tide that swelled each moment and spread out in ever widening circles from the central point of interest. Underfoot the snow was crisp and dry, the scent of evergreen was on the air, while overhead a multitude of stars looked down cheerfully on this puny multitude below. But the centre of all was a tree,—towering in its majestic symmetry over the crowd, spreading its great arms to the four quarters of the earth, fragrant, fresh, unfading,—sparkling from base to apex with light,—a magnificent symbol of that most evergreen of fragrant memories, that strongest and sweetest of benign influences, grandest and most far-reaching of mighty events on the shifting stage of this passing world,—grandest, and simplest, too—Christmas!

Ugh! there was another push from the outer ring, as a group of reefered school-boys threw themselves against the crowd to gain admittance. But it was a good-natured crowd, and as the circle of living beings carried the movement forward, a ripple of laughter accompanied the expostulation as a wave breaks on a beach. Truly, it was a motley gathering. Staid-looking business men with neat parcels under their arms were pressed up against shop-girls whose high-heeled slippers would not allow of equilibrium but sent them bumping into tired looking clerks or demure school-marms. Still, it was all the same; everybody suffered and everybody laughed; for the lowest and the poorest there was light and laughter, and if there wasn't much space,—well, move in again!

A young man with a turned up coat collar elbowed an athletic looking figure and turned with a grin to apologize.

"Hello, Jim!"

"Why, hello, Frank! Have you been standing here all this time and I didn't know it?"

"Not exactly," said the other with a good-natured smile. "I started into the crowd somewhere on Boylston Street, and I've been carried thus far."

"Worked your way in like a needle, eh?"

"No, like an honest man. No needle ever worked as hard as I've worked in the past half hour!"

"Well," said the other laughing, "I envy you your skeleton proportions; I've been a fixture here for twenty minutes."

"You amount to something,—you carry weight, I don't. Let me hang on to you for goodness' sake, or I'll land in the front row of the orchestra!"

"All right. Here! grip my arm—wait a minute! I'll shift the parcel. There! that's better."



"Say, Jim, it's kind of silly for all these folks to be standing out here in the cold, isn't it?"

"A rare spectacle—that's why you and I are here."

"Honest, I'm surprised to see you here."

"And inwardly delighted to find a fellow-fool! But after all, it's not so foolish. I heard the waits last year and the year before,—in fact every year since I came to Boston four years ago. I like it, you know. Christmas comes only once a year, and it sort of makes a fellow warm inside. When he hasn't got a home, he has to get his pleasure out of the streets, and tonight of all nights, folks seem kinder, more friendly and pleasant than one generally sees them. It's a rare spectacle all right!"

"Sort of the 'peace on earth' spirit,—yes, that's it!"

"To men of good will—"

"They're darned few, I think."

"Oh no,—there are more of 'em than you think. You have to be knocked about a bit to see it."

"Ugh! there's a sample of good muscle, if not of good will. I almost lost my balance with that shove."

Another shift of the crowd,—another ripple,—and then the bells began to chime and silence fell on the dense mass. Soft and clear and silvery, now the swinging rhythm rose and fell, and in the distance voices began to sing, swelling, hushing, swelling again, bursting on the frosty air, till with the ever widening circle of sound, the swinging harmony reached to the limits of the crowd, and the full tide of song overflowed. "Peace on earth! Good will to men! Peace to—men—of good will!"

The two men standing side by side took up the refrain—the frail little woman with the large eyes and the hungry face,—the smart-looking college youth,—the high-heeled shop-girl,—the staid man of business,—the thin-jacketed newsboy,—all joined in the chorus that rang out into the night. The roar of traffic, the flashing of electric signs, the whir of motors, the rumble of trains, seemed very far away; there was peace for the space of a breath,—a long, deep breath—and for a few solemn heart-beats the crowd was one in the fellow-ship of song. Then the brief lines ended and the singing ceased, and the whir and the buzz went on again as if there were no such thing as Christmas or Christ, or peace, or love.

Frank Meehan was moved. He gripped his companion's arm. There was a short pause, and then another move in the crowd, and the singing began again.

"Say, Jim, doesn't this bring back our Christmas at the front. Will you ever forget those Frenchies that sang 'Minuit Chretiens!' and passed out next day to a man in the big bombardment?"

"That reminds me,—I'm going to Midnight Mass at the cathedral. Are you coming?"

"Let's see! It's eleven twenty now. I might as well. I have to play Santa to-morrow morning at the Orphanage,—that's a job my sister has in

for me every year. She's a white-bonnet Sister of Charity, you know, down at the Harrison Avenue Home. She says I'll have to come every year till I get some kids of my own, so I guess I'm in for life!"

"Just wait a while, Frank. Give yourself a chance,—and believe me, when you've kids of your own you'll be a happy man. When you've lost them you'll understand."

"I'm sorry, old man! I'd forgotten about that."

"It's all right. Move on. I'm not a weeping crocodile, but times like this hit hard."

Frank said nothing. He thought of his own bright home with Father, Mother, younger sisters and brothers,—a houseful of laughter and love,—its gayety checkered with the comedies and tragedies of daily intercourse. He liked Jim. He felt for him. But Jim was such a funny chap. His married life had been cut short by a tragedy—yet Jim was always the same, cheerful and pleasant. With his wife and child gone, Jim hadn't a soul in the world belonging to him except a brother in the far west. Yet he was open to everybody; no comer ever met with anything but a hearty greeting from Jim, and no one ever left him down-hearted. He had loads of friends,—but he didn't seem to belong to any of them. He was at everybody's service, but nobody ever thought much for him. Here was a proof of it. On Christmas Eve every man was scattered to his own, and for the time being Jim was forgotten, though no doubt his mail bag would be full in the morning, and tokens of 'esteem' and 'friendship' would be piled high upon his table in that lonely lodging on Tremont Street. Well, it was funny,—

"Jim," he said aloud, "Would you come to the Orphanage with me in the morning? and then come out to the house to dinner? You know I feel like an ass with all those nuns . . . ."

"So you want a brother ass! One's enough for any stable of Bethlehem."

"Oh, come on!"

"It's awfully good of you, Frank, but really, my landlady would be terribly disappointed if I didn't show up for dinner. She's rather sweet on me, you know."

"Confound your landlady! Will you come?"

"Do you really want it? You know, I'm not accustomed to nuns . . . ."

"Well you can play granddaddy beautifully you know . . . . you're always popular with the kids."

A shade passed over Jim's face. He strode along in silence until they reached the cathedral door. Bright light shone from within and a steady stream of people poured into the three portals. On the steps Jim turned.

"I'll go," he said.

"All right . . . . at nine-thirty . . . . the corner of Harrison Avenue."

The crowd streamed on, and the two men separated.

Midnight tolled. Up in the clear sky came the last quarter of an old, old moon, and shone peacefully over the massive cathedral towers that sheltered thousands in adoration before the King of Ages . . . . as peacefully as



nearly two thousand years ago it silvered the hillside of Judea and lighted the shepherds' path as they went over to Bethlehem.

\* \* \* \*

Promptly at nine-thirty on Christmas morning Jim Hardy stood at the corner of Harrison Avenue. Throngs of worshippers passed him by, strangers all, but each had the light of Christmas in his eyes and the ring of Christmas in his voice. He had not long to wait, however. Presently Frank appeared in a brand new overcoat,—a present from Father, he explained,—a decidedly good-looking felt hat from brother Fred—and a pair of suade gloves fit for any dandy—the gift of sister Anna.

"You know," he said, half apologetically, "I have to wear them all to show Mary down at the convent . . . . They'd be awfully disappointed if I didn't."

"And so would she, I suppose," said Jim.

Frank only grinned and glanced down at the suit-case he was carrying.

"All this is the family contribution for Mary . . . but it'll be the orphans' by night-fall. That girl never could keep anything for herself . . . . Anyhow, it'll give her pleasure to give it away, so what's the odds?"

Arrived at the convent, they rang the bell and a neat little girl wearing a huge red bow over her saucy dutch clip, bowed modestly to the two young men who asked for Sister Josepha, and ushered them into the stiff little parlor.

In a few minutes the door opened and a pleasant-faced Sister appeared. Her voice was pleasant too, and Jim's heart warmed at her "Happy Christmas!"

"Of course," she said, "the babies can scarcely wait another minute for Santa. You should have been with them last night. There were all kinds of pretexts to hop out of bed and run to the window or peep out into the corridor to see if he hadn't come yet. I couldn't begin work downstairs until half past eleven. Come, Frank, it's time to dress up."

"Say, Jim, you'd make a much better Santa than I . . . . Besides, the kids know my voice. Come, let's dress you up!"

Jim laughed.

"Just as you say Frank,—perhaps you'd like to talk to your sister . . . ."

"Oh no," interrupted Sister Josepha hastily. "It isn't that at all, and if you'd rather not . . . ."

"Come,—what if I'd rather? Give me the togs, Frank, and in ten minutes you'll swear it's Saint Nick himself emerging from the dressing room."

"Very well," said Sister Josepha, "I'll come back for you in fifteen minutes, and then we'll see!"

It was a genuine looking Santa Claus that stepped into the big recreation room a quarter of an hour later. The children screamed with delight. In a moment the folding doors were thrown open, and there,—joy of joys!—was a glittering Christmas tree that had grown in a night and had blossomed and borne fruit too, for from its boughs hung all sorts of good things, from candy horses, cows and camels, to dolls and drums and whistles and nuts.

In a moment Santa Jim was surrounded. In a moment he had forgotten that queer lump that had stuck in his throat for the past twenty-four hours, and the smile behind the painted mask was as broad as the grin on the mask itself.

Frank stood in the door with Sister Josepha, while the white cornettes of several Sisters passed like great snowy birds from one happy group to another distributing the good things that Saint Nick handed out.

"He seems to be enjoying it," said Sister Josepha.

"He is right at home in the midst of kids," answered Frank. "Just look at him now with that little chap!"

"Poor little boy! He's the only one I couldn't satisfy. The others asked for drums and horses and automobiles. but he wants a real live daddy. Wait, I have his letter in my pocket. Here it is."

She opened out the crumpled piece of paper and handed it to Frank. In a childish hand was written with painstaking care: "Dear Baby Jesus, pleez sen me a father. yours with love Jimmie Hardy."

Frank gave a start.

"Why, that's Jim's own name!" he said.

"Well?" said Sister Josepha with a smile, "You don't suppose our Jimmie is connected with your bachelor friend, do you?"

"Bachelor! Who said he was a bachelor? I'll bet anything that kid is Jim's own. Why, he does look like him, doesn't he?"

"Stop romancing, Frank, and tell me about him. Then if there is any truth in what you say we can soon find out. The boy is seven now. He came to us when he was two . . . his mother brought him. She was a pretty little woman, and very intelligent and refined,—a Canadian girl. Her husband had been killed overseas. He was a reporter for the Canadian press, I believe, and met his end in an airplane."

"No, he didn't, no, he didn't," interrupted Frank.

"Wait now,—don't interrupt—As I said, the girl was a Canadian; he was a Westerner. She belonged to Halifax, and after her husband's death she returned there to live with her people. Then came the Halifax disaster in 1917, and her father, mother, and brother were killed and their home ruined. She had enough money to come to Boston, and expected to get work as a stenographer. So she brought the child to us, a darling boy . . . . That was in the Spring of 1918 . . . . in the Autumn she took the Flu and died. So there, . . . that is Jimmie's history."

"And I can tell you Jim's history. In 1916 I met him overseas,—one of the best men we had on the reporting staff. He did have an airplane smash, but the plane fell on the other side of the lines, and he became a German prisoner. No one knew where he was for a long time, so they put him among the missing, and then the report went around that he was dead. That was because some of our men found the smashed plane one day when they took that particular area. In 1918 he came back to us, but the sad part of it was that he hadn't heard a word from his wife since. I suppose that when he wrote



she had left Halifax, and so she thought he was dead, and he thought she had been killed in the Halifax disaster. So there! that's Jim's story,—except to add that he is one of the finest fellows going, and if that's not his boy, I'll be too disappointed to live."

"Look, here he comes now. The child does look like him," said Sister Josepha.

Jim approached, but as he came, he stooped down and whispered to the child. Then they dropped hands and the boy went back slowly to his mates.

The smile was gone now from under the mask, and the voice sounded strangely tense in contrast with the jolly exterior:

"Good God! Sister, I can't stand this! Who is the boy that goes by the name of Jimmie Hardy?"

Sister Joespha led the way back to the little parlor. Hardy tore off the mask.

"Tell me Sister! Is that my boy?"

"Judging by what Frank tells me, it is; and judging by this (she pulled out the crumpled scrap of paper) you've been sent by God Himself."

Hardy read the childish scrawl: Dear Baby Jesus pleez sen me a father, yours with love Jimmie Hardy." He stood fingering it a moment, folding and unfolding it, then raised his head, and the steady grey eyes,—so like little Jim's—were brimming with tears.

"We'll let the explanation wait, Sister," he said, "Let me go and kneel by the Crib. Send the boy in there."

In a moment Santa Claus had disappeared; and when little Jim crept softly into the chapel, a real daddy waited for him beside the manger bed while in the sunshine of the Christmas morning Baby Jesus smiled and stretched out His tiny arms in love.

M. A.

#### LE DIVIN VOLEUR.

Il vint dans la nuit  
Une nuit de douleur;  
Il entra sans bruit,  
Il vola tout mon cœur:  
Helas! Il s'enfuit.

Je guette son retour  
Quand la nuit s'en ira  
Et qu'il se fera jour:  
Mon âme se rendra  
A lui seul pour toujours!

E. de M



We understand that Miss Livingston has finished her course in dramatic art and can now impersonate anyone, English or otherwise.

Besides her Commercial course, Margaret Reardon has been taking a serious Librarian's course which occupies all her spare time.

It is rumoured that Mary Power is to return next year to take her B. S. (Bachelor of Sewing).

Ena Barberie's hope-chest is still "hoping." The amount of pillow-slips embroidered by Miss Barberie during the past year would supply a hotel.

The "Dumb-bell Class" are becoming so efficient that they can now cross their feet high above their heads.

We thought the McNeils the only canaries, but we have discovered a "Dicky" and a "Dodo" in our midst.

Now that Mollie has taken to music, she always has her "notes."

It is an open secret that Miss Joyce Roop is nearing the fulfillment of her long cherished hope, and has almost attained to her Ph. D. (Pharmacy Dream).

There is no doubting André Morazé's progress in English when she knows when to say "Yes! We have no bananas."

It's a long, long way to the Refectory; but somehow Steve's heart is right there. We fear she is getting thin doing "the Daily Dozen" back and forth from the slide.

We understand that Isabel Kennedy, though obliged to leave our society earlier than she expected, still hopes to return to work for her M. A. in office management.

Speaking of degrees, the Mount thermometer falls bi-monthly with great regularity.





ALPHA KAPPA BETA CLUB.



## THE SYNTAX OF THE A CLASS.

(An Analytical Study.)

Subject: COLINE CLANCY.

Enlargement: long, lean, lanky.

Action word: gardening.

Direct Object: the study-hall at 8.05 a.m.

Indirect Object: ????????????

Extension: (place) Iona—or County Clare.

(time) Not particular.

(manner) liesurely.

Subject: HILDA DURNEY.

Enlargement: fat, fair, full of fun.

Action word: Kelly.

Direct Object: to startle the A's.

Extension: (manner) bustling.

(time) it matters little.

Subject: PHYLLIS CAROLL.

Enlargement: ambitious, active, argumentative.

Action word: Town and Telephone.

Direct Object: letters.

Extension: (place) around any corridor.

(manner) capable.

Subject: JANE LAHEY.

Enlargement: short and shy.

Action word: English!

Direct Object: to make 100% in everything.

Indirect Object: Barbara.

Extension: (manner) blushing.

(place) St. Caecilia's classroom.



Subject: ETHEL CAMPBELL.  
Enlargement: Cool, calm, conscientious.  
Action word: Veni, vidi, vici!  
Direct Object: To get her B. A.  
Extension (place) St. Ignatius' Classroom.

Subject: BARBARA SKERRY.  
Enlargement: gay, garrulous, genial.  
Action Word: On with the dance!  
Direct Object: To have a good time.  
Indirect Object: To write a supplement of Bradley.  
Extension: (manner) bubbling.  
                  (place) Telephone Corridor.  
                  (time) all times.

Subject: MARY LYONS.  
Enlargement: cool, comfortable, and comical.  
Action Word: wanting.  
Direct Object: to get through with a push.  
Indirect Object: Peace at any price.  
Extension: (manner) indolent.  
                  (place) St. Agnes' Classroom.  
                  (time) all times.

Subject: HELEN WAKELY.  
Enlargement: level-headed and lady-like.  
Action word: Greek!  
Direct object: No one knows.  
Indirect object: to keep a private delicatessen.  
Extension: (manner) quiet.  
                  (place) not far from Mary.  
                  (time) morning, noon and night.

Subject: TILLIE BATES.  
Enlargement: Irish, impish, impulsive.  
Action word: For pity sakes, Clara!  
Direct Object: to make JUST a pass.  
Extension: (manner) rather shy.  
(place) with the other Cape Bretonners.

Subject: CLARA McNEILL.  
Enlargement: willowy and winsome.  
Action word: Where's Margie?  
Direct Object: a grasp on Chemistry.  
Indirect Object: Never to waste a minute.  
Extension: (time) none.  
(place) her desk.

Subject: ROBINA ROMANS.  
Enlargement: sedate, studious.  
Action word: strongly opposed to any.  
Direct Object: Who knows?  
Indirect Object: Cross word puzzles.  
Extension: (time) spare moments.  
(manner) occupied.

Subject: MARGUERITE McNEIL.  
Enlargement: petite and pleasant.  
Action word: Practice!  
Direct Object: To be with Clara.  
Extension: (time) 8.10 p. m. (night study).  
(place) A classroom.  
(manner) too leisurely for the rest of us.

## THE PROVINCIAL B's.

As they appear to others (and to themselves).

AILEEN MACAULAY.

To the Mistress General . . . A dear little girl.  
To the Mistress of Discipline . . . A very industrious little lady who is  
never known to break a rule. (?)  
To the Mistress of Studies . . . A fairly good student.  
To her Elocution Teacher . . . 'She might do something if she ever practised.'  
To herself . . . "Quite Dumb."  
To the school . . . "A good head."

IDA MARSLAND.

To the Mistress General . . . A budding angel.  
To the Mistress of Discipline . . . "Always late."  
To her English Teacher . . . A walking dictionary.  
To herself . . . Awfully unlucky.  
To her school-mates . . . The leavings of scrapes.

STEPHANIE MCISAAC.

To the Mistress General . . . A sweet child.  
To the Mistress of Discipline . . . A bunch of good nature.  
To her Elocution Teacher . . . "Very earnest."  
To herself . . . Not half as important as Sarah.  
To her school-mates . . . A "scream."



MARTHA HOOD.

To the Mistress General . . . An ambitious child.  
To the Mistress of Discipline . . . Not too bad.  
To her History Teacher . . . A star of the first magnitude.  
To herself . . . Overworked.  
To the school . . . Worried.

MARGUERITE PHELAN.

To the Mistress General . . . A young hopeful.  
To the Mistress of Discipline . . . A talking machine.  
To the Mistress of Studies . . . Somewhat of a student.  
To her English Teacher . . . A shocking speller.  
To herself . . . At a loss for words.  
To her friends . . . A second Mary Pickford.

TILLIE LIVINGSTON.

To the Mistress General . . . An amiable child.  
 To the Mistress of Discipline . . . A joke.  
 To the Mistress of Studies . . . A type of the Impossible.  
 To her Christian Doctrine Teacher . . . Lax.  
 To herself . . . Before an exam, smiling.  
    During an exam, less smiling.  
    After an exam, least smiling.  
 To the school . . . The Mount Harlequin.

## EILEEN RYAN.

To the Mistress General . . . A nice child.  
To the Mistress of Discipline . . . Very good when she's asleep.  
To her gym teacher . . . A born acrobat!  
To herself . . . Daddy's girl.  
To the school . . . A comedy of errors.

MADLINE KYTE.

To the Mistress General . . . A spoiled child but with many good qualities.  
 To the Mistress of Discipline . . . A trial.  
 To the Mistress of Studies . . . Needs prodding.  
 To her Christian Doctrine Teacher . . . Will never be a theologian.  
 To herself . . . Excusable.  
 To the school . . . A sphinx.

BARBARA CAMPBELL.

To the Mistress General . . . A good girl.  
To the Mistress of Discipline . . . A chatterbox.  
To the Mistress of Studies . . . Clever when she wants to be.  
To her Chemistry Teacher . . . A budding Scientist.  
To herself . . . Speechless!  
To the school . . . A walking gramophone.

## ISABEL MACNEILL.

To the Mistress General . . . A sensible girl.  
To the Mistress of Discipline . . . Perfectly reliable.  
To the Mistress of Studies . . . A delicate child who must not be allowed to  
worry over her lessons.  
To her Mathematics Teacher . . . An enigma.  
To herself . . . A hopeless case.  
To the school . . . A burning light.

THE CALAMITY OF FRIDAY, THE THIRTEENTH.

(A Movie Pantomime)

Time: 7.15 P. M.

Picture No. 1. A student seated at table. Expression worried. General gloom. Suddenly she starts, and assumes a listening attitude.

Picture No. 2. The door opens. Enter the Censor.

Picture No. 3. Mutual interrogation marks.

Picture No. 4. The wardrobe is thrown open. Hats, coats, blouses, etc. descend from their respective hooks.

Picture No. 5. Exclamation points from the student. Sparks from the Censor.

Picture No. 6. The bureau cleared at one sweep.

Picture No. 7. Books, papers, general utensils, leave the table.

Picture No. 8. Expostulation on the part of student. Grim determination on the part of Censor.

Picture No. 9. The Censor ascends a chair. Student falls on her knees.

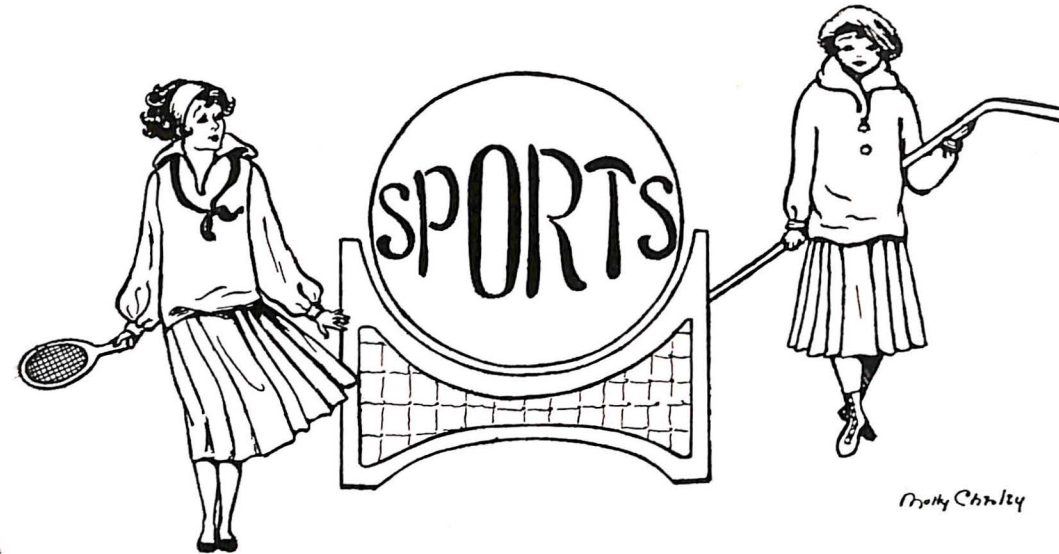
Picture No. 10 The top of the wardrobe is disclosed.

Picture No. 11 Horror on the face of Censor. Student faints.

Picture No. 12. The door opens and shuts. The student rouses herself and gazes at the wreck. The Censor is gone!

A. M.





## M. A. A.

President	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	COLINE CLANCY.
Secretary	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	MARY LYONS.
Treasurer	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	HELEN WAKELY.

## BASKET-BALL TEAMS.

"Keep good humor still, whate'er you lose."

## BLACK SHIELDS.

Rt. For., M. LYONS.  
 Lt. For., R. ROMANS.  
 Rt. Cen., H. WAKELY.  
 Lt. Cen., H. DURNEY.  
 Rt. Def., C. CLANCEY, (Capt.)  
 Lt. Def., P. CAROLL.

## RED SHIELDS.

Rt. For., K. PERY, (Capt.)  
 Lt. For., C. MACKENZIE.  
 Rt. Cen., K. RYALL.  
 Lt. Cen., SARAH McISAAC.  
 Rt. Def., F. GOODMAN.  
 Lt. Def., K. DORAN.

## PURPLE SHIELDS.

Rt. For., A. MACAULAY, (Capt.)  
 Lt. For., I. MACNEILL.  
 R. Cen., M. PHELAN.  
 Lt. Cen., E. RYAN.  
 Rt. Def., STEPHANIE McISAAC.  
 Lt. Def., I. MARSLAND.

## BLUE SHIELDS.

Rt. For., T. GETTINGS, (Capt.)  
 Lt. For., M. HOOD.  
 Rt. Cen., A. MORAZE.  
 Lt. Cen., T. LIVINGSTON, (M. FRASER)  
 Rt. Def., I. GAVIN.  
 Lt. Def., H. GRANT.

## BASKET-BALL SCORES.

Black 25      Purple 51      Red 44      Blue 21

## SHIELD WINNERS.

Purples: AILEEN MACAULY, (Capt.)

SEPTEMBER brought energetic folk to the tennis courts which were well filled each day, even when the whistle summoned a dozen players to the basket-ball field. Through October and part of November basket-ball was our mainstay out of doors; and when the weather became too cold, we turned to the gymnasium. Christmas brought ice and snow and a fair hope for real skating. The reservoir, however, was soon deluged in snow, so after only two or three days' good skating, we took to the toboggans. The hills were perfect for the sport, and we certainly did have some fun.

Now that Spring is beginning to smile on us, it is basket-ball once more; and tennis promising a fair tournament. Last year's tournament, by the way, was won by Teddy Gettings, whose name is inscribed on the shield in the gym. The cup-winners for basket-ball for 1924 were the First Blue Team, with Coline Clancy for Captain.

## RADIO NEWS.

M. S. V. Broadcasting Station.

(Any Night)

- 7.10 Operetta around the pharmacy door: "Good night Nurse!"
- 7.15. Two new jazz hits, the popular vocal melody entitled "Come on Kitty!" followed a piano feature "Kitten on the Keys."
- 7.30. Strains of Sacred Song with organ accompaniment.
- 8.30. "The Maidens' Prayer" rendered by youthful voices.
- 8.50. Solo and Choruses of "How Dry I Am!" and "Another Hot Drink Wouldn't Do Any Harm!"
- 9.00. Bed-time Stories told by Sr. A. G. on the Upper Flat.
- 9.30. Grand Symphony of Snorers in full concert.

M. FRASER.



## ALPHAKAIBETA CLUB.

*Resolved:* that homework should be abolished. Affirmative 92½; Negative 90.  
*Resolved:* that it is better to be a Jack of all Trades than Master of one.  
 Affirmative 58; Negative 56.

## A AND B CLUB.

*Resolved:* that greater benefit is derived from reading essays than from reading poetry. Decision in favor of the Negative.  
*Resolved:* that the lives of authors are more interesting reading than their works. Decision in favor of the Affirmative.

## COMMERCIAL DEBATING SOCIETY.

*Resolved:* that the woman who cares for her home has a harder time than the man in the office. Decision in favor of the Negative.  
*Resolved:* that it is better to love than to be loved. Affirmative, 5 points.  
*Resolved:* that Nova Scotia is a better country to live in than Newfoundland.  
 Decision in favor of Negative, 25 points.  
*Resolved:* that the life of a stenographer is preferable to that of a school teacher. Affirmative.

## BENSON READING CIRCLE.

*Resolved:* that long hair is more suitable to a woman than short hair. Affirmative, 191; Negative, 185.  
*Resolved:* that America promises more for the future than Europe. Affirmative, 178; Negative, 176.  
*Resolved:* that James Fitz-James rather than Roderick Dhu, is the hero of "The Lady of the Lake." Affirmative, 157; Negative, 160.  
*Resolved:* that it pays to advertise. Affirmative, 212; Negative, 169.



## CANADIAN CATHOLIC STUDENTS' MISSION CRUSADE.

## MOUNT SAINT VINCENT UNIT.

## TREASURER'S REPORT—SEPTEMBER 1923—JUNE 1924.

RECEIPTS		EXPENDITURES.	
Crusade fees	- - - - - \$10.55	Propagation of Faith	- - - - - \$ 7.00
Mite Boxes	- - - - -	To Chinese Priests	- - - - -
(Christian Doctrine Classes and other sources)	- - - - - 51.04	(through Rev. Chas. Curran, D.D.)	- - - - - 25.00
Other Activities:	- - - - -	C. C. S. M. Crusade	- - - - - 11.00
(a) Lottery (1st C. D. Class)	- - - - - 15.50	Rev. J. M. Fraser (China)	- - - - - 29.12
(b) Concert (Elocution pupils)	- - - - - 10.30	Rt. Rev. Thos. O'Donnell (West)	- - - - - 29.02
(c) Moving Pictures	- - - - - 7.00	Miscellaneous	- - - - - 6.50
(d) Debate (Alphakaibeta Club)	- - - - - 8.30		
Total	- - - - - \$102.69	Total	- - - - - \$107.64

N B—Difference is balance from 1922-1923.

## TREASURER'S REPORT—SEPTEMBER 1924—EASTER 1925.

RECEIPTS		EXPENDITURES.	
Crusade Tax	- - - - - \$70.80	Propagation of Faith	- - - - - \$40.00
Entertainments:	- - - - -	Rev. J. M. Fraser (China)	- - - - - 60.40
Middle A Class,	- - - - -	C. C. S. M. Crusade (dues)	- - - - - 16.15
Elocution pupils,	- - - - -	Rt. Rev. Thos. O'Donnell (West)	- - - - - 50.25
2nd C. D. Class	- - - - -	Miscellaneous	- - - - - 23.50
Moving Pictures,	- - - - -		
Benson Circle	- - - - - 42.05		
Mite Boxes	- - - - -		
(Christian Doctrine Classes and other sources)	- - - - - 75.77		
Other Sources	- - - - - 5.55		
Total	- - - - - \$194.17	Total	- - - - - \$190.30

ROSE ORLANDO, '25.



Spiritual alms offered to the Missions:

Masses, 1,291; Communions, 1,449; Visits to the Blessed Sacrament, 1,089; Way of the Cross, 631; Rosaries, 1,317; Spiritual Communions, 2,705; Angelus, 3,229; Grace, 4,530; Acts of Mortification, 1,716; Acts of Self-denial, 829; Hours of Silence, 1,213; Hours of Labor, 967; Hours of Recreation, 1,039; Hours of Study, 1,132; Office of the Blessed Virgin, 328; Aspirations, 238,279; Sign of the Cross, 7,123.

THE FIRST ANNUAL CONVENTION.

OF

THE CANADIAN CATHOLIC STUDENTS' MISSION CRUSADE

IN THE ARCHDIOCESE OF HALIFAX.

To be held at Mount Saint Vincent, Trinity Sunday, June 7th, 1925.

## PROGRAM

3.00 P. M. Business Meeting.

- A. Opening remarks, Diocesan Director.
- B. Presentation of Reports,
  - 1. Mount St. Vincent.
  - 2. St. Mary's Boys' College.
  - 3. Academy of the Sacred Heart.
  - 4. St. Patrick's Girls' High School.
- C. Reading of Papers,
  - 1. Academy of the Sacred Heart: "The Field Afar and the Catholic Student."
  - 2. St. Patrick's Girls' High School: "The Benefit of Organization and Specialization in the Active Life of the Church."
  - 3. Mount St. Vincent: "The Aggregate Results of Material and Spiritual Sacrifices in behalf of the Missions."
  - 4. Saint Mary's College: "The Catholic Student in the Missionary Vocation."

D. Election of officers to Diocesan Executive.

5.00 P. M. Intermission.

5.30 P. M. Reunion in Chapel.

Sermon.

Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament.

MOUNT SAINT VINCENT SODALITY

OF

OUR LADY IMMACULATE AND SAINT AGNES.

THE opening meeting of the school year was held on the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross when the annual election of officers took place. Those who held official position in the Sodality during the year that is now ending are: —

[illegible]

At the reception on the Feast of The Immaculate Mother, December eight, three candidates were received members; eight members were transferred to the Mount Sodality and fourteen were admitted as candidates.

From the reports submitted by the Heads of the Various Sections, it is evident that the Society has kept up its traditional spirit of piety and zeal.

Margaret Nowlan, Head of the Mass Section has shown marked zeal in her faithful endeavours to procure the funds necessary to have the Holy Sacrifice offered each month for the Sodality. The merits of the Masses are shared with those non-resident members who generously send donations to the Sodality Fund.

From the Librarians we learn that every day many minutes were devoted to spiritual reading by a large number of the members.

The object of the Sodality being to instil into the hearts of the Sodalists a real practical piety such as will influence their lives, it is hoped that the fidelity and fervor practised by the Members of this, the Jubilee Year of Holy Mother Church, will produce such results that Our Blessed Lady's Name will be honored by them and through their good example will be extended throughout all ages.

Five of the former Children of Mary pronounced their first Holy Vows in Religion;—four in the Institute of the Sisters of Charity and one in that of the Good Shepherd. Gladys O'Reilly, now Sister M. Eleanor, Mary Emerson, Sister M. Genevieve, Francis Kelly, Sister Francis Josephine, Emmie Frecker, Sister Agnes Therese. Eileen Skerry, Prefect of the Children of Mary for the

year 1919, was professed in the order of the Good Shepherd. Eileen Shannan a Sodalist of last year is now a novice in the Mount Novitiate and is known as Sister Maria Evarista.

The Sodality wishes to thank the following non-resident members who so generously aided with its charitable activities. Mrs. Richard O'Rielly, Mrs. Rivlyn Costigan, Mrs. Arthur Cameron, Miss Kathleen O'Leary, Miss Christine O'Leary, Miss Marie Power, Miss Mary Arbing each \$5.00; Miss Vivian Power \$3.00; Miss Marie Thompson, Miss Gertrude Thompson, \$2.25 each; Mrs. Leo White, Miss Mary Jeffers, Miss Margaret Jeffers, Miss Agnes Dolan, Miss Margaret Nott, Miss Mary Walsh \$2.00 each. Miss Mary O'Brien, Miss Mary McHugh, Miss Jean Hefferann, Miss Ethel Tobin, Miss Mary Marsland, Miss Miriam Allison, Miss Kathleen, Miss Katherine Theriault \$1.00 each.

We would remind the non-residents of the indulgence of forty days granted by His Grace, Archbishop McCarthy to the Mount Children of Mary every time they write E. de M. after their names.

ALUMNAE SODALITY OF OUR LADY IMMACULATE.

Prefect - - - - -	MISS MILDRED DONOVAN.
1st Assist. - - - - -	MISS NELLIE POWER.
2nd Assist. - - - - -	MRS. WILLIAM HEALEY.
Treasurer - - - - -	MISS MARGARET O'SULLIVAN
Secretary - - - - -	MISS MARJORIE HAWES.
CONSULTORS:	
MRS. F. FINDLAY	MISS DORA DAVIDSON.
MISS MINA EGAN	MISS ANNA SMITH.
MISS LENA CASHEN	MISS GERTRUDE SHEEHAN.

The regular monthly meetings of the Alumnae Sodality have been occasions of grace in the lives of Our Lady's clients.

Those who are faithful in attending, regret that the benefits offered by these assemblies are not enjoyed by a larger number. The pleasure of meeting former school friends is made greater in remembering that these friendships are being renewed in the love and honor paid to Our Mother, Mary.

The Sodalists fully realize the debt of gratitude they owe to Right Reverend Monsignor Foley whose zealous devotedness to their spiritual welfare is evidenced at the meetings by the earnestness of his exhortations.

To Reverend Doctor Curran also they owe heartfelt gratitude for his kindly interest shown in their regard; and to the Sisters of St. Mary's, who have given them such warm hospitality.

The December meeting was held at the Mount on the Feast of Our Lady Immaculate when the usual program was carried out.

On their arrival the girls enjoyed a chat with their former teachers and friends, after which they assembled in the chapel to renew their consecration to Our Blessed Mother.

The devoted chaplain. Reverend J. B. O'Reilly, C. J. M., delivered an appropriate and soul-stirring discourse on words of the Canticle of Canticles, applicable to Our Lady. Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament followed

during which the Sodalists were deeply touched by the exquisite singing and music.

A dainty luncheon was served in the Assembly Hall where friends again enthusiastically expressed themselves appreciative of the spiritual exercises just participated in.

Before leaving a very impressive little ceremony took place in the library where the Reverend Chaplain vested in surplice and stole entered, and blessed the life-sized crucifix, the gift of a number of the "loyal girls of long ago" to Sister de Sales on the occasion of her Golden Jubilee. The choir rendered touchingly the hymn, "O Holy Cross," after which Mrs. Edward Kinney read with great fervor the following beautiful prayer to Our Crucified Lord:—

Dearest Lord, to-day we publicly enshrine Thy Cross in our midst, as long since Thou hast enshrined it in our hearts. Rule over us from this throne of Thine, and draw us daily to Thyself. Once more we pledge ourselves to Thy service, and offer Thee our hearts. Once more we promise to fulfil that desire of Thine that we should draw from Thy Hands and Feet those nails more painful to Thy Sacred Heart than the iron to Thy Flesh:—that lack of appreciation of Thy Beauty and Goodness; that lack of gratitude of Thy many blessings; and that heedlessness to Thy inspirations which Thou dost so deplore in Thy chosen ones. Make us truly Thine; nail us with Thee to the Cross, but with nails far different from those we have inflicted on Thee. Nail us by those nails with which Thy Father fastened Thee; by Thy infinite love of us, by Thy gratitude for all Thy Father bestows on us through Thee, and by Thy tender mercy to receive us. Associate us with Thee, O Our Crucified Lord in Thy Sacrifice, that so we may be joined with Thee in glory. Give us as our daily bread the Memorial of Thy Passion, that so we may persevere unto the end, and say with Thee, "It is finished."

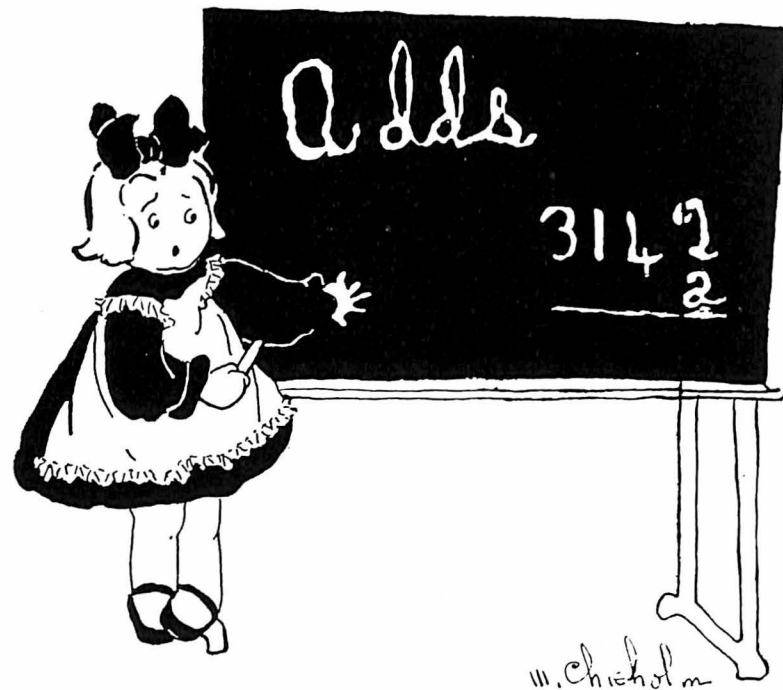
Amen.

AN ANECDOTE OF SAINT AGNES.

The night was dark, the moon was low,  
The loud winds were up and away;  
Between the white curtains to and fro  
I saw a ghostly shadow sway:  
I hid my head beneath the sheets  
And longed for day.  
Slowly the shadow larger loomed;  
I uttered a smothered cry.  
It put its finger to its lips  
And murmured, " 'Tis only I!"  
Perchance you have guessed the mystery  
As my tale is inclined to lag;—  
'Twas Eileen, nurse of the dormitory  
In search of a hot water bag.

I. J. M.





**Wanted:**—By the Infirmarian, a special nurse for C. Beazley.

**For Sale:**—Any amount of perfume. Apply to G. McLean & Company.

**Wanted:**—By M. Reardon and A. Ward a book on nautical operations, so that they may learn how to manage their Sales.

**Auction:**—By the Mistress of Discipline. A large and varied collection of objects valuable chiefly by reason of personal association. Compacts a specialty.

**Information Wanted:**—By the Misses Wakely and Lyons concerning the disappearance of glass-ware from their side-board.

**Real Estate:**—Our agent assures us there is a boom on in St. Caecilia's Classroom. Miss Barbara Skerry is clamoring for a mortgage, while Miss J. Lahey is said to hold a lease for an indeterminate time. Anyone interested apply to T. Bates.

**Wanted:**—A capable electrician to establish means of communication between St. Stanislaus Dormitory and St. Agnes' Lavatory. Notify Charlotte McKenzie.

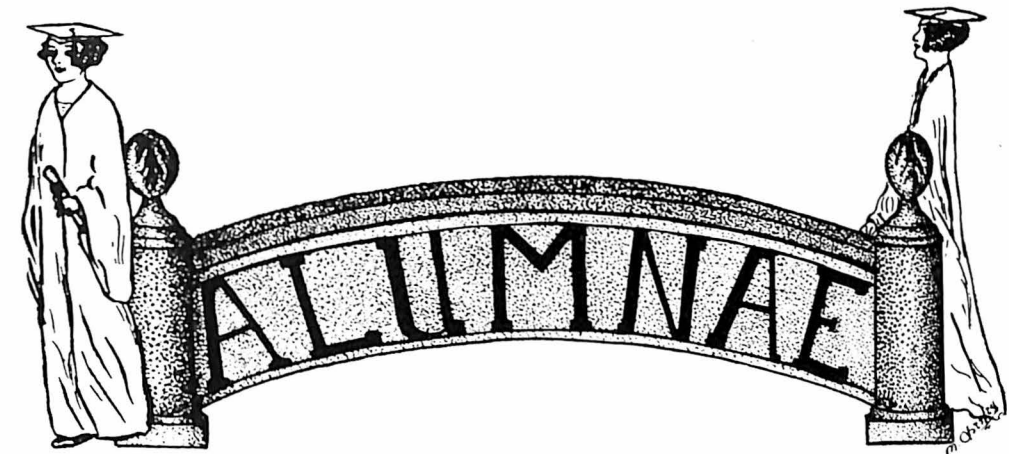
**Demonstration Offered:**—The *Daily Dozen* as a reducing process. Apply to Beatrice Butler.

**Free Instruction Offered:**—In the very popular art of *Comedianism*. Lessons given every Mon., Wed. and Fri., 3-4, by Mademoiselle M. Fraser.

**Latest Fiction:**—A sequel to *The Doctor*, by Phyllis Carroll.

The title of this new book is not yet decided, but we are assured that the story surpasses any of its forerunners and in one part, is actually autobiographic. Anyone who has read *The Swagger Stick* or *The Military Man* will be on the lookout for this latest bit of Nova Scotian romance.

**Lost:**—In the vicinity of the refectory a perfect equilibrium. Finder please inform Steve McIsaac.



## REPORT OF THE ALUMNAE.

THE perusal of the following events will prove to the skeptical that the year 1924-25 was a momentous one in the history of Mount Saint Vincent Alumnae.

The 23rd of September was the auspicious date of the first meeting. It took place at a musicale and informal tea, in honour of Mrs. Robert Devine, at the time Trustee for Canada. Taking advantage of Mrs. Devine's visit to Nova Scotia the joint Alumnae of Mount St. Vincent and Saint Patrick's invited her to address the gathering of Halifax ladies. Mrs. Devine's speech delivered in her own happy way, was a summary of the work accomplished by the I. F. C. A. The objects of the Federation are Religious Education, the Furtherance of Catholic Literature, and Social Service. Mrs. Devine pointed out the incalculable good that can be done by the combined strength of thousands of Catholic women all over the world united in these common and most worthy aims.

The October meeting was in no respect less interesting than the one of the former month, when we were given an intellectual treat, in the report of Mrs. O. P. Cormier, the voting delegate of Mount Saint Vincent at the Convention of the I. F. C. A. in Philadelphia.

This report consisted of a description of the program of the Convention and a brief sketch of the writer's impression of her visit to Philadelphia. At this Convention in the "City of Brotherly Love" Nova Scotia had a complete representation. It was the only province in the Dominion that could boast seven delegates to uphold the honour of their Alumnae.

The delegates from Nova Scotia were:

The Federation Sister	- -	SISTER M. COLUMBA.
The Governor of Nova Scotia	-	DR. MARGARET MACDONALD.
The Voting Delegate	- -	MRS. O. P. CORMIER.
The Alternate	- - -	MISS PERYL DALY.

and four visitors, Sister Mary Michael, Federation Sister for St. Patrick's, Mrs. Aprea, Miss Wakely and Miss Minnie MacDonald. Besides these guests to the Convention there were present Catherine Manley, Florence Kelly, Birdie Kelly, Edna Pitts and Gladys Blank. All the Alumnae living in New York were invited to attend these meetings, but some, owing to various circumstances, were unable to do so.

At the Convention the practice of the first Saturday Holy Communion which was formally adopted at Louisville was strongly stressed. This beautiful devotion is being ardently pursued by many Catholic Alumnae. We hope soon to be able to say that Mount Saint Vincent is second to none in this respect as in so many others.

At the close of the meeting at Philadelphia, a resolution was passed to pray for the canonization of Mother Elizabeth Seton. This should appeal particularly to those girls who have been taught by Sisters of Charity, true daughters of that noble woman who began her great work in Emmetsburg, Maryland. Reverend Mother Berchmans delighted the Alumnae with a gift of the "Life of Elizabeth Seton." Henceforth the Mount Alumnae will be well acquainted with the life of their great patroness.

The toast "To Canada" and an address on "The Pleasures of Life" was composed by Mrs. J. P. Byrne of Ottawa. Unhappily Mrs. Byrne was not able to attend the Convention, and owing to the death of her sister, Mrs. T. M. Fraser, had not the honour of delivering the response. Mrs. O. P. Cormier as substituting delegate fulfilled her duties.

The annual shower of toys to St. Joseph's Orphanage at Christmas was a generous one. This charity is a regular practice of the society and one that is much appreciated. In addition to the Christmas shower, ten dollars in gold was donated to the Orphanage, at the close of the school term.

The Alumnae Association has made vast strides not only in befriending others, but in advancing their own intellectual interests. To this end we have the reading circle. Under the guidance of the convener, we have spent some very enjoyable evenings.

Several subscriptions have been gained for the "Bulletin," the official organ of the I. F. C. A. The work of the "Bulletin," has received an impetus through the zealous efforts of Miss Wakely.

A matter to which at present the Alumnae is devoting its utmost labors and towards which every effort is being concentrated, until the objective is realized, is the raising of a perpetual scholarship fund. The proceeds of the annual dance is to be given for this purpose. After that function the girls are trusting that their hopes will be built on a solid foundation.

While Halifax has been winning golden opinions, and acquiring fresh laurels, the outside Chapters have been co-operating with Headquarters and have maintained a friendly and a glorious rivalry for the honor of Alma Mater.

In particular must the St. John Chapter be commended for its splendid work. The regular meetings have been well attended, the Sewing Circle for the poor has been inaugurated and is progressing favorably and the first Saturday Holy Communion is well established.

The following item copied from a local paper will give us an idea of their energy and zeal: "St. John Chapter of Mount St. Vincent Alumnae met last evening at the home of Miss Winnifred Ritchie, 66 Sydney Street with the president Miss Elizabeth McGaffigan in the chair. The secretary's report and correspondence were read by Miss Mary Owens while Miss Ritchie gave the report on the treasury. Reports also were received on the recent assembly and bridge under the auspices of the chapter showing it to be a very successful venture socially and financially. The president said that clothes had been provided for a needy child by the chapter. The next meeting of the chapter will be held at the residence of Miss Eileen O'Regan, Elliott Row. Dainty refreshments were served at the conclusion of last night's session."

Moncton with Miss Cora McSweeney as Convener reports full meetings and the conclusion of a most successful bridge.

Miss May O'Mara of St. John's Newfoundland, has done her best in interesting the girls in the affairs of Alma Mater. She resigned in March and is succeeded by Mrs. T. Kennedy, (Annie Callahan). The same may be said of the Boston Chapter, under the capable direction of Mrs. Daniel McGrath.

Mrs. F. J. Desmond has organized a circle in Newcastle, N. B. and should be commended for her energy and initiative.

The Glace Bay Chapter with Miss Lexina MacDougall as Convener and Miss Ethel Tobin as Secretary, under adverse industrial conditions, has done much to keep the girls united.

Mrs. Alfred Casnova of Havana and Mrs. Jules Girouard of Quebec have not communicated with the Mount up to the time when this report goes to the press.

The New York Chapter has gained eternal fame through the hospitality and cordiality extended to the delegates on their way to and from the Convention. This Chapter called a special meeting in October to discuss plans for the entertainment of the visitors. The meeting was at the home of Mrs. Constance Green. There were fifteen present. Miss Florence Kelly also entertained the guests and altogether their stay in New York was so delightful that when the time came to depart they did so with many a backward glance and many happy memories of their visit.





## OFFICERS OF MOUNT ST. VINCENT ALUMNAE.

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Mother General Sisters of Charity  
Mt. St. Vincent, Halifax, N. S.

## FEDERATION SISTER

SISTER M. COLUMBA,  
Mt. St. Vincent, Halifax, N. S.

## PRESIDENT

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MRS. F. S. FINLAY ✓  
MRS. C. J. REARDON ✓  
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MISS MARY BURKE ✓  
MISS MARY DENCE ✓  
MRS. M. SCANLAN ✓  
MRS. A. D. STEVENS ✓

## CONVENERS OF COMMITTEES

Reading Circle  
MRS. EMERSON

## PRESS

MISS MARJORIE HAWES

## BRAILLE

MRS. O. P. CORMIER

## HISTORIAN

MISS K. MURRAY ✓

## BULLETIN

MISS MARJORIE WAKELY

MARJORIE HAWES.

THE Alumnae gift to Alma Mater on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee was a cheque of \$1,000 to be used for library furnishings. The donations were:

Halifax Chapter (Alumnae Dance)	- - - - -	\$154.00
Glace Bay Chapter	- - - - -	150.00
New York Chapter	- - - - -	52.00
Boston Chapter	- - - - -	50.75
St. John, N. B. Chapter	- - - - -	50.00
St. John's, Nfld. Chapter	- - - - -	50.00
Moncton Chapter	- - - - -	25.00
Misses Minnie and Catherine MacDonald	- - - - -	75.00
Mrs. W. J. Wilgus	- - - - -	25.00
Mrs. A. Aprea	- - - - -	25.00
Mrs. E. J. Cragg	- - - - -	20.00
Miss Mary Neville	- - - - -	20.00
Miss Tilly Chisholm	- - - - -	10.00
Mrs. A. Green Winer	- - - - -	10.00

## Other donors were as follows:

MRS. D. J. McMASTERS	MRS. ROMANS	MISS M. HAGERTY
MRS. COLIN McISAAC	MISS M. WAKELY	MISS M. CURRIE
MRS. T. M. FRASER	MRS. O. P. CORMIER	MISS M. COX
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MRS. AND THE MISSES HAGEN	THE MISSES JEFFERS	MRS. M. WALKER
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MRS. W. McKENNA	MISS AGNES POWER	MISS K. DOYLE
MISS K. BROWN	MISS M. LYONS	MISS C. GLASSEY
MISS ANNA SMITH	MISS L. McQUINN	MISS N. GLASSEY
MRS. GEORGE LYNCH	MRS. JOHN SAGE	MISS J. GLASSEY
MRS. J. DWYER	MRS. T. J. HANRAHAN	MISS A. FOLEY
MRS. R. A. McLEOD	MISS N. HAVERSTOCK	MISS F. FOLEY
MRS. A. H. FLINN	MISS J. McINTYRE	MRS. C. COURTNEY
MISS M. HAWES	MRS. R. H. LLOY	MRS. L. F. HAMM
MISS H. WARD	MISS A. KINNEY	MRS. J. FINLAY
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MISS C. GREANEY (California)	MRS. G. PAGE	MRS. R. G. BEAZLEY
MRS. R. C. McLEOD	MRS. F. FINLEY	MRS. J. CLOUTIER
MISS D. SKERRY	MISS G. MEAGHER	MISS AGNES CURRAN

## ALUMNIANA.

The Alumnae mourns the death of three of its daughters, and asks of all associates their prayers for the repose of the souls of:

MRS. T. M. FRASER, (Toots Burns) of Ottawa, (died on board The Minnedosa, October 5, 1924.)

MAUD DOBBIN, St. John's Nfld., (died at her home, January, 1925.)

MRS. A. COURVOISIE, (Anna Nugent), Savannah, Ga., (died at her home, March, 1925.)

Mrs. Fraser's death came as a shock to all her friends. She had sailed with her husband in June to attend the British Empire Exposition, and though not enjoying perfect health, had visited various parts of England, Scotland, France and Switzerland. Full of enthusiasm and happy in the prospect of being soon reunited with her children, she was homeward bound, and had almost accomplished half the journey across the Atlantic when death came to her in the early dawn of October fifth and she passed to her eternal Home while she slept. The body was brought to Bathurst, N. B., where her three children and her devoted sister, Mrs. J. P. Byrne, awaited it. To her may be applied the following beautiful lines:

"Death seemed afraid to wake her,  
For, traversing the deep,  
When Home he came to take her  
He kept her fast asleep.  
And haply in her dreaming  
Of many a race to run,  
She woke, with rapture beaming,  
To find the journey done."

*Sympathy*—The Alumnae and pupils of the Mount offer their condolence to the following who have lost through death a member of their families: Catherine Brown (her mother); Mrs. Frank Mullen, (little daughter); Agnes and Grace Power, (their mother); Josie and Mary Lamie, (their father); Kathleen Morgan (Mrs. Lunney) and her sisters, (their mother); Mary and Vera Currie, (their father); Mrs. Gillis (M. Larsen), her father; Mary and Constance Walsh, (their mother), Mrs. Fred Clark (Susie Christian) her mother; Muriel Selig (her mother).

*Wedding Bells;*

Rachel Hagen is now Mrs. D. Campbell and is living in Bridgewater.

Blossom Davidson is now Mrs. D. Agneu and is living in Halifax.

Kathryn Shaw is now Mrs. West Davis and is living in Halifax.

Alexia Kyte is now Mrs. Arthur Cameron and is living in Wyandotte, Michigan.

Barbara Johnson is now Mrs. Thomas Holland and is living in Halifax.

*Welcome;*—The Mount holds out its arms to the following wee visitors:

To Mrs. Ernest McKay, (Margaret Brown) a son.  
Mrs. Fred Crooks, (Dorilda Skerry) a son.  
Mrs. D. F. McGrath, (Katherine White) a daughter.  
Mrs. F. L. Kirby, (Annie McIsaac) a son.  
Mrs. Gwynne-Timothy, (Dorothy Zwicker) a son.  
Mrs. Richard Grennan, (Elizabeth Gorman) a daughter.  
✓ Mrs. Angus MacDonald, (Agnes Foley) a daughter.  
✓ Mrs. F. Finlay, (Doone Cox) a son.  
Mrs. J. Cameron, (Hilda Nolan) a son.  
Mrs. Leo Currie, (Evelyn Jenks) a son.  
Mrs. Leo Carter, (Nellie Power) a son.  
Mrs. H. Creaghan, (Yvonne Buckley) a son.  
✓ Mrs. C. C. Hanrahan, (Kate Hurley) a son.  
Mrs. Wm. Hagerty, (Mary Kinney) a son.  
Mrs. D. Agneu (Blossom Davidson) a son.

*Here and There*

MARY MARSLAND, our brilliant graduate of Secretarial Science '24, has a very good position in Woonsocket, R. I.

CATHERINE CHESLEY, '24, another secretarial science graduate is devoting her talents to the service of the D.A.R. at Kentville as private secretary to Mr. Graham.

MARJORIE MCLEOD, (Mrs. Cloutier), was visiting her mother in Halifax in April and spent a happy afternoon at the Mount.

DOROTHY MCNEILL left Glace Bay in April to take up her residence in Dome Creek, British Columbia.

MARY OWENS is kept very busy as Secretary of the Saint John Chapter of the Alumnae and of the Children of Mary Sodality. Her letters are very interesting.

CAMILLA GLASSEY is now Mrs. Arthur, and is living in Glace Bay.

✓ KATHLEEN O'LEARY visited Jersey City in the Spring, but intended to return to her home in Richibucto, N. B. where her sisters Elise and Christine are still to be found.

LOTTIE HOLLOWAY was graduated with honor from the Boston City Hospital and is now nursing in Boston.

GLADYS HOWARD has a stenographic position in the Royal Bank at Bathurst, N. B.

JEAN GLASSEY is training at the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal.

KATIE MCNEIL, Mrs. Guy Harris, visited the Mount in the Spring and brought her little daughter. She is still residing in Glace Bay.

MARJORIE MARSHALL is teaching in Halifax.



GLADYS McCORMAC is her father's stenographer in Charlottetown. Her sister May spent several days at the Mount in the Autumn after a very strenuous course at MacDonald College.

✓ LOUISE MUNROE has a very good position in Whittier, California.

MARGUERITE BELLIVEAU, ISABEL SOY, and JEAN McDONALD are taking a course in kindergarten teaching in New Ygrk.

HELEN GORMAN is training at the Roosevelt Hospital, New York.

GERTRUDE McKENZIE, (Mrs. Gordon Page) is still very popular in Halifax musical circles.

✓ MARY THOMPSON has an excellent position in the Provincial Treasurer's office in Halifax.

✓ MAY TOBIN is learning the teaching profession at the School for the Blind in Halifax. Her sister Ethel is teaching at Saint Anne's School in Glace Bay.

GERTRUDE MURRAY has a stenographic position in Boston. She visited her home last summer. Her sisters, Geneva and Kathleen, are still in Halifax. Claire is training for the nursing profession in Providence, R. I.

HELEN WYMAN is teaching music in Bridgewater. Her sister Josie, (Mrs. Fred Davison) is also in Bridgewater. She has two little boys, Ivan and Billy.

MRS. L. G. POWER and her daughter Kitty have spent the past eighteen months in Europe. They had the happiness of being in Rome for the opening of the Jubilee Year. Though not one of its first pupils, Mrs. Power came to the Mount in its early years and graduated before the close of the first decade. On Senator Power's death eight hundred volumes from his library were donated to the Mount.

EULA RICE has spent the past year at Fredericton Normal School where she has had remarkable Success.

MARY ARBING is training at St. Mary's Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MARY KANE is still at her home in St. John. Mary Marsland wrote that she was entertained in St. John during her brief stay there by Mary Kane and Mary Owens.

KATHLEEN FRASER, (Mrs. Shanon Clift) is still popular in Saint John's dramatic circles. Kathleen had the privilege of being received into the Catholic Church before her marriage, and received her First Communion on her husband's birthday, several days before the wedding.

GRETA BRUNT is training in a hospital in Baltimore.

CONSTANCE ANDREWS is teaching in her home town, Liverpool, N. S.

MARY KEATS, (Mrs. Barry) visited the Mount in September with her two children. She was then on route to Pittsburg, Pa., where she is to make her home.

GLADYS BLANK is training at Saint Mary's Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y. Her sister Mildred is following the same profession in Boston.

NORA HARES is still in British Guiana and writes occasionally to the Mount. MURIAL DONAHOE, KATHLEEN HAGEN, and JESSIE McINTYRE, are attending Dalhousie. Muriel won a fifty dollar prize for Latin and Greek.

✓ MADELINE FITCH is taking a special course in cello in Boston.

ANNA McLAUGHLIN is attending Normal College in Truro.

LEOLA McKAY is still at her home in Truro. She visited the Mount in April.

ENA KYTE, FLORINE WRIGHT, and MARY McNEIL are now in the novitiate at the Mount and bear the names respectively of: Sister Madeline Gertrude, Sister Mary Blanche, Sister Agnes Eucharistia.

MAY LANNIGAN is still at Niagara, where she has made a success of teaching music. Her talents are devoted in part to Church service and she is much appreciated as an organist.

The Alumnae is especially pleased to hear that one of its members, Sister Maura, has for several summers been on the teaching staff of Notre Dame University, Indiana. Her Ph. D. thesis has obtained high praise and is widely recommended as a text book on Shakespeare. As Moira Seton, she was given fifth honorable mention in an international ballad contest. There were several hundred competitors and only twenty-seven mentions. At present, Sister is stationed at Wellesley Hills, where she holds the position of professor of English at The Academy of the Assumption.

The congratulations of the Alumnae are also given to Gladys O'Reilly (Sister Mary Eleanor) Mary Emerson (Sister Maria Genevieve,) Frances Kelly (Sister Frances Josephine) and Emmie Frecker (Sister Agnes Terese) who have pronounced their Holy Vows during the past year.

DOROTHY GRANT, (Mrs. Connolly) visited the Mount one Sunday in April.

ANNIE MORISSEY paid us a visit the same day. Annie has made a successful business woman and holds a very good position in her home town, Parrsboro.

FLORRIE DWYER, Mrs. Scully, has returned from Europe and is now with her mother who is ill in Toronto.

JEAN SHATFORD, (Mrs. Mills) paid a short visit to the Mount one morning in December in company with her husband. The object of the visit was to present two beautiful dolls for the Christmas sale. Both the visit and the gift were thoroughly appreciated.

MARGARET DAVIDSON was unable to return to the Mount after the Christmas holidays, on account of the illness of her mother. She is continuing her work however, through a correspondence course with her Commercial teacher.

BETH CRAIG visited the Mount on her way to Boston in November.

EVA ABBISS has held a responsible position in the National Bank of Edmundstun, N. B. When that bank amalgamated with the Royal Bank of that city, Eva decided to take a much needed rest to recruit her health. She is now visiting her uncle.

✓ IDA CAMERON, (Mrs. Allan McCormack) is the mother of three lovely children.

FLORENCE KELLY, (Mrs. Hanley) spent a month at the Mount last summer with her little daughter Marie. She came all the way from Chicago for the Jubilee celebration and was joyfully welcomed by all her old friends.

ANNA TAYLOR, (Mrs. Lemont) motored from Delaware, Ohio, with her husband and three children and spent a delightful morning at the Mount in July.

RITA SEAY (Mrs. Aprea) came from Savannah for the Jubilee celebration and spent June with us. Her voice is as beautiful as ever and she was obliged to entertain her entertainers frequently during her visit.

OLIVE REDDEN, (Mrs. Gunnar Mortenson) is now travelling in the Orient with her husband.

MAMIE KEATING visited the Mount in February on her way to New York.

CLAIRE MURPHY was graduated from the Mount Sinai Hospital, New York in April.

GEN McDONALD still holds her position in the Canadian Bank of Commerce in Sydney and is doing work in accountancy.

✓ EDNA PITTS was graduated with honor from Saint Mary's Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y. She won the medal for dietetics and intends to continue her studies.

AILEEN O'DONOGHUE is still in Canso and has very fond remembrances of the Mount.

MARION MCPARTLAND is visiting Winnie McEvoy, (Mrs. Lyon) in Los Angeles.

✓ KATHLEEN and FRANCES FOLEY are also in Los Angeles, and the little group of Mount girls occasionally meet to talk over the latest news from across the continent.

PEARL and RHEA BUTLER are at home in Liverpool, N. S. Pearl paid several visits to the Mount during the year, in company with Florence Penny and Mona Mahar.

MARIE POWER is doing splendid executive work with The Markland Fruit Company in Kingston, N. S. She and Vivian paid us a visit in April.

RUTH PARSONS, (Mrs. P. E. Appleby) now resides in Brighton, Mass.

ELSPETH ANDREWS is also living in Brighton. She is a faithful correspondent with the Mount.

CLARA QUINLAN has been for several years on the teaching staff at "Glen Eden," a private school in Stamford, Connecticut. Her subjects are Mathematics and History.

## PASS IT ON!

An advertisement is like a smile.

## WHY?

It blesses him that gives and him that takes.

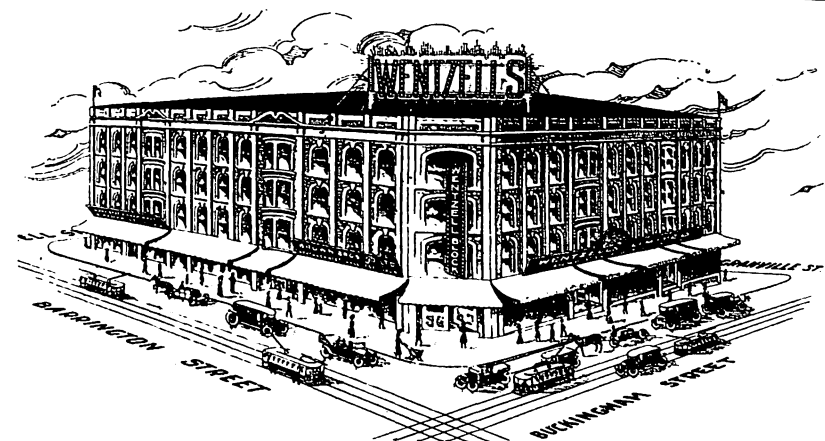
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The Big Store of the Maritime Provinces aims at these three essentials in supplying groceries, household remedies, stationery and miscellaneous requirements. It is the modest fact this is probably the only Company in Canada issuing a **complete** grocery catalogue. Send for catalogue or send names of friends to whom a copy will be mailed free. Also ask for historical booklet "The Years Between."

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ARMY AND NAVY DEPOT—FOUNDED 1820  
HALIFAX, N. S.



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4 tablespoons condensed  
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1 tablespoon water  
1 pound brown sugar  
2 tablespoons butter  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
Put all the ingredients in a saucepan—heat and  
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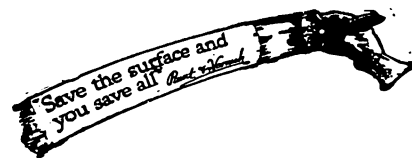
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