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To those
who shared with us
the Radiant Joy
of
Our Mother's Golden Jubilee,
The Girls of '26
Dedicate this Book



ODE

COMMEMORATING THE GOLDEN JUBILEE
OF
REVEREND MOTHER MARY BERCHMANS

Back in the world's beginning God said
"Let us make man," and lo! from out the clay
Of common earth, the clay beasts tread upon,
He raised a glorious form and breathed therein
Tender and low and deep and strong, a soul;—
There stood a man!

Out of the clay of latter days, pressed down
By tread of centuries hurrying on, God wrought
Again a miracle of love and power;
In light of common day, in the bleak North
A woman framed to meet the winter wind
With elemental fires that deep within
Temper a heart with love like spreading flame
Of Autumn forests lighting all the wold,
Tender as Spring-time violets breathing low
Their dream-like fragrance all unseen;—'twas thus
God made a woman—our Mother!

Sacrifice she early took unto her breast,
Poverty her sister claimed. Wedded to Love
She stood above the world, in power acclaimed
By ministering angels Spouse of Christ their God.
Love dwelt with her and blessed her paths, and children
Sat about the hearth-stone of her heart and learned

His ways, and followed Him to Calvary.
A woman fit to rule, she first obeyed;
Bowed beneath burdens others could not share;
In silent watches of the night, or still
In the quiet of the dawn she counsel sought
Where the Cross loomed 'gainst the sky.

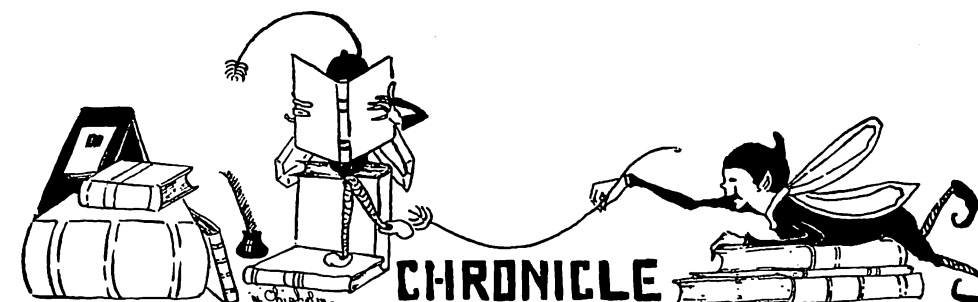
What though her fields are watered with her tears?
The halcyon days are come at last, at last!
Peace in her towers, plenty in her hand,
To feed the poor she lavishes the wealth
Of a harvest golden, rich as her own heart:
She smiles upon her children wistfully,
Remembering Spring-time mists and summer rains:
The clouds of doubt are rolled away; behold!
The Autumn-tide is here.

Peace! No loud rejoicing fills the vale;
Her children reverent, silent, stand and watch
Their Mother mount the highest crest of life
Reached by the few; with loving eyes behold
The light of God upon her Love!
Her life is love, and we are hers and she
Is ours. To-day is gathered up the gold
Of all her heart hath spent in sacrifice:
So let Love crown her His, while at His feet
Her children pour their mingled tenderness
And prayer, and offer up to God their thanks
For that He gave them—Mother!

Mount Saint Vincent,
November 1, 1925

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THIS Chronicle, let it be understood, contains only our "red letter" days. To attempt to put down all the various vicissitudes of individual school-girl life would be impossible, though perhaps not uninteresting. The opening of the year sees always certain groupings which form the basis of later work. September is the month for this trial grouping of classes, clubs, teams, and sometimes friendships. It is a busy month and an important one, but it leaves nothing to record. Our Chronicle therefore, starts in October.

MUSICALE, OCTOBER 4th.

THE first entertainment given to the school was an evening of song by an accomplished Boston tenor, Mr. James King, who for several hours held sway in his own realm and charmed us all with numbers gay and sad, classical and popular. As "The Fortnightly Flashlight" observed in speaking of the program, " 'A Universal Prayer' took the audience by storm, especially when Mr. King among other things thanked God for the cornfields! 'Meself' and 'McGinty' met with hearty applause. We were all proud of our graduate of '23, Marjorie Arthur, who accompanied Mr. King (on the piano). Altogether the evening's entertainment was one of real enjoyment, and we take this opportunity of thanking Mr. King for the pleasure his visit afforded us."

E. R.

HALLOWE'EN PROPHECY PARTY.

THE Beta section of the Alphakaibeta Club of former years is now a separate society and bears the name of the poet-soldier Joyce Kilmer. The Kilmer Club made a brilliant debut with a brilliant idea. Why not make the annual Hallowe'en affair a party of prophecy? No sooner had the idea taken root than invitations were out bidding all guests appear on Hallowe'en as the Fates would decree they should appear in 1950. What a racking of brains there was! What a scanning of the future! Sad to relate, no nuns were allowed to come to the party; so numerous young ladies whose hearts yearn

for the veil, had to relinquish their personal sentiments and accept the state of marriage, widowhood, or spinsterhood. The following accounts are taken from "The Fortnightly Flashlight" (Nov. 7th issue).

"The evening was well begun by a distribution of cards on which directions were given of stunts to be performed by the guests chosen for the purpose. Needless to say, the perfectly natural sounds of braying like donkeys, grunting like pigs, and quacking like geese seemed suitable to the participants. The prize for the contest was awarded to Miss Mary Romans who impersonated a traffic policeman.

The Mount champion apple-eater, Miss Reardon lost her title this year. Miss Ida LeBlanc showed an eating capacity superior to Miss Reardon's and so won the prize.

The Alumnae meeting of 1950 was especially good. The plans discussed for the Mistress of Discipline's Golden Jubilee were very interesting, as were also the changes which Time had made in the old girls. Mrs. Hutchinson (B. Butler) made a very matronly convener, and occupied the chair with an ease that indicated long practice. The most exciting moment of the whole evening was the brief vocal selection rendered by Signora Rudolpho Casa Bianca (nee Chesley). It was indeed a shock to her old friends of 1925 to realize the possibilities of a marvellous voice which exists unbeknownst to us all in the midst of this work-a-day Mount. (Dear, Oh dear!) Mrs. Heziah Spettigew (nee MacKenzie) was clad in deep mourning and could hardly restrain her tears for her dear departed Hezzy. Poor Agnes McNulty was changed indeed. Deaf from long years of talking, she was obliged to wield an ear trumpet. (Talkers take warning! Stop! Look! Listen!)

A delicious lunch was served to the venerable ladies, consisting (for old times' sake) of stewed prunes and tea and toast; after which the guests sang the Old Mount Song in fifty seven varieties of pitch, and departed. The farewell of their hostess was touching in its affectionate demonstration, and moved the audience almost to hysterics.

A. M.

HALLOWE'EN IN 1950.

(Also taken from The Flashlight).

ON entering the room, one no longer recognized the gymnasium. Orange and black, wily witches, gruesome skeletons, and plump pumpkins transformed the place into an ideal setting for a Hallowe'en party. The hostesses were garbed in the latest 1950 gowns, many of which were imported from Chaneles of Paris for the occasion. At six o'clock the "girls" of '25 began to arrive. Twenty-five years had wrought considerable changes. Mrs. Patrick O'Brien (nee Kennedy) who had come all the way from Ireland and brought her maid to grace the occasion, took the first prize. Mary Walsh in widow's weeds was particularly charming, and took second. Our Prefect of '25 came all the way from her ranch in Alberta, and wore the typical Western costume. The Prince of Wales' wife was also present with a lady-in-waiting. It would be impossible to give the details of all the costumes. Suffice it to say that not for a long time will M. S. V. see a more picturesque or a jollier party.

I. J. M.

THANKSGIVING.

SINCE the war, Armistice Day and Thanksgiving Day have come close together, making us realize how much we have to be thankful for. Since this is a special day set apart for reflecting on our blessings, let us look about us and thank God for the very particular benefits which affect our own small world. Let us be thankful for:

The new reservoir.
The rain that came to fill it!
The beautiful days that followed the rain.
The new "fixings" in the recreation hall.
The special dishes for the graduates.
The Shakespearian plays.
The mustard!
The Hallowe'en Party.

and last, but not least, let us be thankful for Thanksgiving itself; for are we not going home?

M. F.

WELCOME HOME!

WITH the third week in November there came a stir in the school. A very well-informed little bird had whispered the good news that Mother General had at length begun her homeward journey; in fact that she was now crossing the briny deep, and moreover, would be with us before another week was out! Well, the little bird was not far wrong; for a cable message arrived soon after, and on Tuesday morning, November 26th we lined up the driveway from the gate to the house, well wrapped up in coats and furs, for it was frosty, in company with a long line of Sisters, Novices, and Postulants. What a straining of necks to catch the first glimpse of the car! And what a flutter of excitement when the first car sped past us without an answering wave! But wait! That wasn't Mother's car at all! This is Mother now, bowing and smiling at everyone, and everyone waving and smiling back as if there were no one else on the avenue! The car stops at the front entrance, and our Mother swiftly alights and goes straight to the Master of the House. A few brief tense moments of silent prayer in the white Chapel, and then all take up the strains of the Te Deum. The hymn of thanksgiving rises full and strong from loving hearts, and the voices of old and young are joined in unison. It is a day of gladness indeed, not of boisterous rejoicing but of real content and the safe, happy feeling of children once more within reach of their mother's smile.

PROGRAM OF GOLDEN JUBILEE WEEK.

"Thou shalt sanctify the fiftieth year, for it is the year of jubilee."—Levit. XXV, 10.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER FIRST.

Community Tribute.

High Mass 9.00 A. M.
Jubilee Greetings 10.00 A. M.
Coronation 4.00 P. M.
Sacred Chorus and Benedic-
tion of the Most Blessed
Sacrament 5.00 P. M.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER SECOND.

Solemn High Mass 9.30 A. M.
His Grace the Archbishop presiding in the
sanctuary.
Celebrant, Rev. J. B. O'Reilly, C. J. M.,
Chaplain of Mount St. Vincent.
Sermon by Right Reverend Monsignor
Foley, D. D.
Dinner 12.00 M.
Pageant of Jubilee 2.30 P. M.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER THIRD.

Jubilee Banquet, College and
Academy Students 12.00 M.
Jubilee Pageant for Members
of the Community 4 00 P. M.

"Who shall find a valiant woman? Far and from the uttermost coasts is the price of her."
Proverbs XXI, 10.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER FOURTH.

Blessing of the Shrine of Our
Lady of Lourdes 10.00 A. M.
*This shrine is dedicated in thanksgiving for
the blessings bestowed upon our beloved Mother
Mary Berchmans during her fifty years of
religious life.*
Erection of the Stations of the Cross.
Alumnae Greetings to the
Reverend Jubilarian 2.30 P. M.

Jubilee Pageant for Members
of the Alumnae and the
parents of the students 3.00 P. M.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER FIFTH.

Solemn High Mass at St.
Mary's Cathedral 9.00 A. M.
His Grace the Archbishop presiding in the
sanctuary.
Sermon by Reverend C. E. McManus.
Reception at St. Patrick's
Girls' High School 2.30 P. M.
Chorus of Welcome.
Jubilee Address.
Jubilee Entertainment.

GOLDEN JUBILEE CELEBRATION AT MOUNT SAINT
VINCENT

MOTHER MARY BERCHMANS, SUPERIOR GENERAL
CELEBRATES FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

(Taken from the Diocesan Gazette December 5, 1925.)

MOUNT St. Vincent is this week the scene of demonstrations of joy at the completion of Mother Mary Berchmans' fiftieth year in religion. The program planned for the week has so far been carried out with an elaborateness and finish which it would be hard to rival. Every part of the celebration shows a marvellous perfection of detail and an unstinted prodigality of time and labor in the effort to express the overflowing enthusiasm of hundreds of religious daughters for their venerated Mother. The fact that Mother Berchmans has but recently arrived back from a pilgrimage to Rome adds to the spirit of joy and thankfulness to God on the part of her children.

Mother Berchmans is indeed a woman to inspire enthusiasm. Her personality is one to endear hearts and at the same time command the respect and admiration of those even who are but casually acquainted with her. During the twenty four years in which she has held the office of Mother she has won the esteem of the people of Halifax and the respect of the leaders of thought and education in the Maritime Provinces. Her influence extends even further; for wherever her daughters exercise their benign apostolate as teachers of the young, consolers of the poor, and servants of the sick, her spirit goes with them, her guidance counsels them, her courage cheers their loyal hearts in the midst of continual labor and sacrifice. The spirit of Mother Berchmans is one of buoyant hope. That her children are happy under her rule is sufficient proof of the wisdom of her administration, and of her tactful use of the gifts of mind and heart with which God has blessed her.

Mother Berchmans entered the Community of the Sisters of Charity in November, 1875. Almost from the first she was entrusted with offices of responsibility which required besides the qualities of leadership in the natural sense, a depth of religious faith and an ardor of love and zeal in the service of God of no ordinary degree. After holding the office of Superior in various houses of the Community in Halifax, Boston, and elsewhere, and after fulfilling several times the duties of Assistant Mother, she was elected to the highest office in December 1901. Since that date her efforts toward the good of the Community have met with remarkable success; both internally and externally she has moulded it to its present form, especially by securing in 1908 the approval of the Holy See for the Institute and establishing it thus on a permanent footing.

The Institute thus approved by the Church is directly descended from the Sisters of Charity founded by Mother Elizabeth Seton at Emmittsburg, Maryland, early in the last century. The Halifax Community came to this city in 1884 as a branch from New York. The difficulty of communication with that distant centre, however, and the circumstances of the time rendered it necessary to establish the Halifax branch on a separate

foundation. This was done by the advice of Bishop Hughes of New York and Archbishop Walsh of Halifax. By the arrangement then made the Halifax Community began a separate existence; and as time went on events proved the wisdom of the step. Halifax is now the centre of a flourishing Community which counts its foundations along the Western as well as the Eastern coast of Canada and the United States. The foundations of Mother Berchmans alone are twenty in number; these include schools both primary and secondary, hospitals, academies, and mission centres in the far West. Like the valiant woman spoken of in Holy Scripture she has indeed "stretched out her hand to strong things", and God has everywhere blessed her work. Under her direction buildings have been erected and improvements established in many houses of the Institute. Mount St. Vincent owes to her foresight and keen business instinct its present degree of prosperity and its rank as one of the finest institutions of its kind in Canada. Foremost among the objects of Mother Berchmans' care and solicitude is the Mount Chapel, which with its beautiful altars, decorations and fittings betokens culture and refinement of taste as well as zeal for the House of God.

This Chapel was the scene on Wednesday morning of a most impressive religious function. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Mount Chaplain, the Reverend J. B. O. Reilly, C. J. M. assisted by Rev. Cyril Martin, Deacon, and Rev. Thos. Curran, Sub-deacon. His Grace the Archbishop presided in the sanctuary, the Deacons of the throne being Rev. Wm. Brown of St. Charles' Church, Amherst, and Rev. Chas. McManus, Pastor of St. Joseph's Church of this city. The Assistant priest was the Reverend Francis Tresselle, C. J. M. Superior of Holy Heart Seminary; the Master of Ceremonies Rev. Wm. Smith. The sermon was given by the Rt. Reverend Wm. Foley who briefly and eloquently summed up the work accomplished by God's grace in Reverend Mother Berchmans, and through her in the Community; a work which has been for the greater glory of God, the furtherance of the Kingdom of Christ on earth, and the good of souls, especially in the Archdiocese of Halifax.

The Mass over, the clergy and guests assembled to pay their respects to the Golden Jubilarian. At noon all attended the dinner served in the Academy dining-room which was fittingly decorated for the occasion. The program presented by the pupils of the College and Academy consisted of A Masque of Jubilee, a beautiful allegory which portrayed the life of the venerated Mother as marked by the principal epochs in the history of every Christian soul, the Sacraments of Baptism, Holy Eucharist, and Confirmation. A series of tableaux brought before the spectators the most important events in the life of this Mother of the Sisters of Charity and ended with the Pageant of the Holy Year. The music both of the orchestra and the soloists was exceptionally good. The vocal selections were well rendered and won hearty applause. The whole program showed that breadth of culture and thoroughness of training for which the Mount is noted.

The program for the rest of the week includes a banquet for the pupils of the College and Academy, and a repetition of the Masque for the Members of the Alumnae who will present themselves at their Alma Mater on Friday to pay their respects to the Reverend Jubilarian. On Friday, also, the Shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes erected during Mother Berchmans' absence in commemoration of her Jubilee, will be consecrated and the Way of the Cross erected in a part of the College grounds which will henceforth be known as "Lourdes Park". On Friday afternoon the Masque will be repeated for the parents of

the children of the Academy. Saturday's program will take place at St. Mary's Cathedral where Solemn High Mass will be celebrated and a sermon preached by the Rev. Chas. McManus. The Mass will be sung by the pupils of the Sisters' schools in this city and all the children will be in attendance. In the afternoon an entertainment will be given at St. Patrick's Girls' High School at which the pupils of the highest grades of each school will present their greetings to Mother Berchmans. The celebration, brilliant thus far, promises to be one of the most remarkable this city has seen.

COMMUNITY CELEBRATES JUBILEE.

ON Tuesday afternoon the Community celebration was held privately, His Grace the Archbishop presiding. The Superiors of all the houses of the Institute, with the exception of those of the far West, were present to offer the felicitations of their respective communities, and a large number of Sisters from the City houses of the Sisters of Charity attended the impressive ceremony. The Reverend Jubilarian received the special blessing of His Grace whose long association with her in the different phases of the development of her work rendered this kindness of the Archbishop all the more touching. Mother Berchmans received also a special message and blessing from the Holy Father who granted a special indulgence to her and her religious family and to their relatives to the third degree. Cardinal Gaspari, Cardinal Protector of the Institute of the Sisters of Charity of Halifax, also sent a message of greeting and a medallion. The gift of the Holy Father was a medallion stamped with the images of the Saints canonized during the Holy Year. Letters and telegrams of congratulations have been received from both sides of the continent. Invited guests living at a distance sent felicitations and regrets at their inability to be present at the festivities. Bishop Morrison, who was expected up until the day before the celebration was obliged by illness to remain at home. Others who sent very kind messages were Bishop Anderson of Boston, Bishop Shane of the Catholic University of America, Washington; Archbishop O'Leary of Edmonton; Rev. J. Milway Fillion, S. J. Provincial; Bishop Le Blanc of Saint John, Rev. A. J. McLellan, of Ladysmith, B. C., Mother M. Vincentia, Superior of the Sisters of Charity of New York; Rev. G. LeCoutois, C. J. M. of the Eudist Seminary, Quebec; Rev. Wm. Ryan of Boston, Rev. J. Crowley of Plymouth, Mass., Rev. E. Meagher, C. S. C., of Montreal, and numerous others.

Beautiful testimonies of affection and gratitude have reached Mother Berchmans from her numerous friends. The display of gifts includes the products of rare artistic skill. Among these may be mentioned a Benediction cope embroidered in beads and jewels with beautiful hand-painted design, surplices and albs of hand-made lace, the work of the Sisters, besides altar linens, ciborium coverings, and vestments. Prominent in the display were sacred vessels, vases and accessories of the sanctuary. A beautiful chalice and monstrance were also conspicuous. The Academy of the Assumption, Wellesley Hills, Mass. sent a magnificent painting of Saint John Berchmans, the patron of Reverend Mother, and two smaller oval paintings of Mother Seton, the first representing Mrs. Seton before her entrance into religion, the other Mother Seton, Foundress

of the Sisters of Charity in America. Both these works of art are the handicraft of the Sisters.

The music of the Mass sung on Wednesday morning received high praise from the assisting clergy. Among those present who afterward attended the banquet and Jubilee Masque were: Rev. Father Deveau, Rev. T. Scanlan, Rev. J. Mullen, C. S. S. R., Rev. Miles Tompkins, Rev. M. Cole, Rev. J. Fleming, Rev. P. McMullan, Rev. P. McQuillan, Rev. T. Johnston, Rev. G. McDonald, Rev. J. Quinnan, Rev. A. Donahue, D. D., Rev. G. Courtney, Rev. P. Devine, Rev. A. Beaton, Rev. C. Curran, D. D., Rev. T. Sweet, Rev. W. Penny, Rev. J. P. Mackay, Rev. Jas. Boyle, Rev. J. Lannigan, Rev. W. Smith, Rev. L. Murphy, Rev. L. Gaudet, Rev. Louis Graham, Brother Stirling.

The High Mass sung on Tuesday for the members of the Community was celebrated by the Rev. P. A. Bray, C. J. M. and the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament given the same day was given by the Rev. J. B. O'Reilly, C. J. M., Chaplain of Mount St. Vincent.

LECTURES.

INTERESTING TRAVELOGUE.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 1.

(Taken from The Fortnightly Flashlight).

SINCE our Reverend Chaplain's return from Europe, we have been waiting eagerly for an account of his very interesting trip. The talk which Father O'Reilly gave us last Sunday evening justified our expectations. We went with him over the most interesting ground in the world, viewing public buildings, glorious cathedrals, historic palaces, and famous master-pieces with ever increasing interest. The climax of the journey was the visit to Rome which brought us into the very presence of the Holy Father within the walls of St. Peter's. The talk was all too short and our trip too rapid. We thank Father O'Reilly for the evening's entertainment.

JOAN OF ARC.

Everybody likes to hear about Joan of Arc, our newly canonized saint; so, of course, a lecture on her life by Mr. John Dwyer was heartily welcomed on Saturday evening, January 23. Pictures were shown of her home, her favourite haunts and the places associated with her interesting history; the towns she passed through, the Cathedral of Rheims, the court and the battlefields where she showed such excellent courage, and lastly the stake where she was burned, a true soldier of Christ. The lecture was delivered in a very interesting manner, and we wish to express our gratitude to Mr. Dwyer for his kindness.

E. R.

A COMMENTARY ON THE ACADEMIC WARS.

ALL the Mount is divided into three parts; one of which the Collegians inhabit; a second the Academics; those who in their own language, are called kids, in ours Aloysians, inhabit the third part. All these differ in language, customs, and laws. The soft white collar separates the Aloysians from the Academics; the uniform separates the Academics from the Collegians. Of these the Aloysians are the boldest, because they are the furthest from civilization and because confectioners least resort to them and import those things which tend to ruin digestion; so that in living memory there are none who can surpass these people in appetite, except perhaps the Graduates.

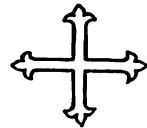
The Provincials are nearest to the Sisters who dwell on the other side, and with whom they are continually waging war; for which reason they also surpass the rest of the Academics in valor as they contend daily with their teachers in battles, when they either repel them from their classrooms through sheer stupidity, or are themselves repelled. One of these rooms which it has been said the Provincials occupy, takes its beginning at the central office. It is bounded on the North by the Sewing-room, on the South by the Study-hall, and on the West by the Studio Corridor. It borders too, on the south side of the Academy Corridor, so called because the Academics frequently assemble there for the purpose of discussing war or making peace.

The Academics rise at six o'clock and exercise themselves the greater part of the day in study, with brief recreations interspersed. The Aloysians rise at 6.45, recreate the greater part of the day, and occasionally devote themselves to study.

The Collegians extend in privileges and presumption far beyond the other tribes. They look to the South and to the Land of Promise, where the City of Halifax lieth. Frequently they make excursions from their own territory into the neighboring town and forage various shops, from which, laden with booty, they return to their own territory. These, it may be said, are occasionally obliged to give hostages and to exchange pledges with the ruling powers; but for general rules they have little regard.

CHARLOTTE MACKENZIE.

In Memoriam



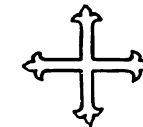
IN July came the sad news of the death of our beloved friend and benefactor, Father Elder Mullan of the Society of Jesus. His sudden passing into eternity was a shock to all who knew him. To us who mourn the loss of a friend and counsellor, consolation is brought in the thought of his entire dependence on God, and his eagerness to do the Divine will. It would seem that he needed no warning and would plead no delay. A true Jesuit, obedient unto death like his Master, he passed at a word from the battle field of earth to the joys of heaven. A High Mass of Requiem was sung in the Mount Chapel where the remembrance of his soul will never fail. The following verses are dedicated to his memory:

What triumph in heaven must have been
That day Christ's warrior entered in:
The toiling done
The battle won,
He kneels at the feet of his Lord.

What thrill of wonder and surprise
As Mary leans with shining eyes
And crowns the fight
Of her gallant knight
Who lays at her feet his sword.

What thoughts stir in the watchers' hearts?
That they weep not as their friend departs?
There's joy on the field
For he died on his shield;
He but waited his Master's word.

In Memoriam



To the memory of one
whose life as
a

Sister of Charity
was devoted to the students
of
Mount Saint Vincent Academy:
To

SISTER MARY DE SALES
(died August 1925)

we pay the living tribute
of
higher affections, nobler aims, purer lives,
for her fifty years of service.

*Eternal rest give unto her, O Lord,
and let perpetual light shine upon her!*

May she rest in peace!

A MASQUE OF JUBILEE.

CELEBRATING THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY
OF
REVEREND MOTHER GENERAL
MOTHER MARY BERCHMANS

PROGRAM

SALUTATORY / / / / / / / / / / MISS BARBARA SKERRY.
ODE OF JUBILEE / / / / / / / / / / MISS KATHLEEN PERY.

I

THE MASQUE OF INFANCY.

One starry night in January, Life, sent by God, brought to this earth a soul destined to do great things in the name of sweetest Charity. An angel chosen from the ranks of heaven received this precious soul and bore it ere long to the font of Baptism.

ORCHESTRA.

GAVOTTE MODERNE / / / / / / / / / / *Severn.*

II

THE MASQUE OF CHILDHOOD.

The children crowned their little playmate Queen of May; but the great May Queen stole her from them and chose her for her own.

ORCHESTRA.

LARGO / / / / / / / / / / (A. Dvorak) W. F. Ambrosio.
VOCAL: The Cry of Rachel / / / / / / / / / / *Salter.*
Crossing the Bar / / / / / / / / / / *Willeby.*
MISS ENA BARBERIE.

III

THE MASQUE OF YOUTH.

By the river of Dreams, Life led the child through a maze of bright fancies; but the watchful Guardian from heaven called forth more glorious images and mirrored in the reflecting pool of young imagination, the picture of a high ideal.

MASQUE OF JUBILEE.

CELEBRATING THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY
OF
REVEREND MOTHER GENERAL
MOTHER MARY BERCHMANS

PROGRAM.

VIOLIN SOLO: Valse de Concert / / / / / / / / / / *Severn.*

MISS HELEN STOKES.

VOCAL: Selected

MISS ELINOR DE WOLFE.

IV

THE MASQUE OF THE CHOICE.

When sixteen fair years had followed in her train, Life called the soul to make her choice. Suitors there were who held out alluring gifts,—Pleasure, Knowledge, Wealth, and Earthly Love, were there to claim her heart; but last of all came Sacrifice with no other boon to give save Love of God; and unto Sacrifice, at her own choice, Life yielded her dear child.

DUETT: Carneval / / / / / / / / / / *Ludvig Schytte, Op. 115, No. 1.*

1st Piano—MISS MARGUERITE McNEIL.

2nd Piano—MISS KATHLEEN RYALL.

V

THE MASQUE OF THE SEAL.

At the turn of the century, when the soul had reached the middle height, Life put into her hands the Cup of Responsibility. Strengthened by Sacrifice, she bowed to God's holy will and began her reign of love as Mother of the Sisters of Charity. Henceforth her life is typified by the seal of the Institute which bears the motto: *Deus Caritas Est.*

VIOLIN SOLO: Mazurka Op. 73, No. 2 / / / / / / / / / / *Rudolph Friml.*

MISS KATHLEEN RYALL.

VI

THE MASQUE OF THE HOLY YEAR.

In the Golden Year the soul is led by Life to Rome and is presented by the Guardian Angel to the Vicar of Christ on earth. In presence of the holy ones whom God has glorified in the fifty years of her sojourn, the soul sings her song of praise, while the saints and the beatified of the Holy Year bless God for the gifts and graces bestowed upon this chosen one.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS / / / / / / / / / / *Farmer.*

CHORUS

A MASQUE OF JUBILEE.

CELEBRATING THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY
OF
REVEREND MOTHER GENERAL
MOTHER MARY BERCHMANS

THE PERSONAGES.

Guardian Angel, M. ACKERMAN.	Life, K. PERY.	Religion, B. SKERRY.		
Sir Galahad, A. MACAULAY.	The Child, KATHLEEN LEARY.	Joan of Arc, H. ALMOLKY.		
The Sixteenth Year, J. MONTAGUE.	The 19th Century, STEPHANIE McISAAC.	The 20th Century, MARY CARROLL.		
Art, E. BARBERIE.	Science, B. BUTLER.	Invention, C. McKENZIE.	Education, M. ROMANS.	Liberty H. LAVERS.
Enfranchisement, H. DURNEY.	Emancipation, M. FLACK.	Discovery, J. BURGESS.	Progress, K. BURGESS.	
The Pleiades.				
J. BURGESS. M. CUMBERFORD.	C. WALSH. A. MURPHY.	I. McQUILLAN. R. ORLANDO.	K. PERY.	
The Suitors of the 16th Year.				
Pleasure, S. McISAAC.	Wealth, B. RUBINOVITCH.	Knowledge, H. DURNEY.		
Earthly Love, Sacrifice,				
M. FRASER. K. HAGEN.				
The Snow Fairies.				
P. JONES. B. GILLIS.	M. JONES. M. BYERS.	P. BUELL. L. WADE.	K. LEARY. S. TOLSON.	A. AUCOIN. R. WINTERS.
The Dreams of Youth.				
I. MACNEILL. K. HAGEN.	I. McQUILLAN. C. WALSH.	M. CUMBERFORD.		
The Canadian Martyrs.				
Brebeuf, H. LeBRUN.	Lallement, C. FERGUSON.	Jogues, J. LAHEY.	Goupil, LOU EMBREE.	Daniel, M. KYTE.
Chabenal, M. MACKEY.	Garnier, B. CUMBERFORD.	De La Lande, I. MACNEILL.		

A MASQUE OF JUBILEE.

CELEBRATING THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY
OF
REVEREND MOTHER GENERAL
MOTHER MARY BERCHMANS

THE PERSONAGES.

St. John Berchmans, F. GREGOIRE.	St. Margaret Mary, K. DORAN.	St. John Eudes, I. KENNEDY.
The Curé of Ars, M. SUMMERS.	St. Madeline Sophie Barat, PAULA LYNCH.	
The Little Flower of Jesus, ROSE ORLANDO.		
Mother Seton, M. HAMILTON.	Night, I. MARSLAND.	St. Vincent de Paul, M. MACKEY.
The Holy Father, C. CLANCEY.	The Bishop, H. McLENNAN.	The Holy Year, Q. DAIGLE.
The Children of Spring,		
M. LAUDER. M. HACHE.	H. MURPHY. N. LOWNDS.	B. RUBINOVITCH. M. WINTERS.
		M. DAVIDSON. B. KELLY.
Angels,		
D. TREMAINE.	E. RYAN.	H. AUCOIN.
Standard Bearer, D. RUDOLPH.	Attendant on Pleasure, N. WHELPY.	
Virgin Train of Religion,		
M. WALSH. C. WALSH.	M. HOUSE. A. McNULTY. W. DAIGLE.	C. BROWN. J. STADLER. M. RILEY.
		K. BEAZLY. J. BLACKADER.
Twenty Five Years of the Twentieth Century,		
E. HACHE. E. CAMPBELL. K. MURPHY.	H. LAVERS. I. McQUILLAN. M. CUMBERFORD.	J. GILLESPIE. A. MANTIN. F. ARCHIBALD.
E. BARBERIE. I. MARSLAND. J. BURGESS.	K. BURGESS. H. DURNEY. M. ROMANS.	M. FRASER. M. SAMSON. E. DE WOLFE.
		Q. DAIGLE.
		F. GOODMAN. M. POWER. C. McKENZIE.
		B. BUTLER. J. MONTAGUE. A. MURPHY.

A MASQUE OF JUBILEE.

I

THE MASQUE OF INFANCY.

(January)

The curtain rises on NIGHT surrounded by the PLEIADES. A depth of background shows a starry sky and trees crystallized as in a silver thaw. The PLEIADES or Star Fairies in long flowing robes of delicate colour, star-bespangled, encircle NIGHT who is clad in shimmering black and wears a crescent in her crown. The PLEIADES move in mazy dance as they sing:

SONG OF THE PLEIADES.

Drifting, shifting,
In a mazy dance,
Fairies on the wing,
Star-beams in a ring,
Tilting, liling,
Through the vast expanse,
Lo! O Queen of Night,
We follow in thy flight.

Soft music continues. The dancers glide in and out, constantly shifting and breaking into new figures and poses.

SONG.

(continued)

Light and airy
As a fairy
Dance we the hours away,
Oh, so gay!
With moonlight, starlight,
Crown we fair Night
Ere the dawn of day.

Enter the GUARDIAN ANGEL who stands expectant, listening, with wings outstretched. The PLEIADES, lightly touching each the shoulder of the next, form a chain of seven stars.

NIGHT: Fair Sprite, who art thou
That castest beams of heaven's light
More softly glowing than my beauteous Seven?

ANGEL: O Night, rejoice!
Blessed art thou, and blessed ye
Slow drifting Pleiades
That watch the silver-heeled hours,
And are the fire-flies of the sky!
Lo! the moment hastens from God's throne
Which beareth Life, swift-darting, beautiful,
Once more to earth. And I, who in high heaven
Have kept watch with the myriad-folded ranks
That through the ages from the dawn of all
Press round Creation's Lord,—lo, I was called—
(How sweet it thrilled through heaven's court, His voice!
Softer it melted on my listening will
Than mists of morn in those far vales below!)
I cannot speak the words that Love then spake,
But my whole being thrilled that I was chosen
To guide through earthly pilgrimage a soul
Made like to Him,—so like, in power of reason,
Memory, and will, I trembling wait
The happy hour that brings this charge to me.

NIGHT: Praise to Him forever! Call, star on star
To utter His surpassing loveliness!
And yet, methinks, 'twere fitting softer, gentler
Preparation we should make. Ye Seven
Gleaming Sisters, call upon the Snow-flakes
Pure and sweet, for lo! 'twas they were found
Most beautiful to deck the night He passed,
Himself, through all the fires of surging stars
Down to a maiden's breast, pure as the snow.

ANGEL: Be it so! I haste to watch the turning of the hinge
That lets Life through the gates of heaven.

Exit Angel.

INVOCATION.

(sung by the Pleiades).

Oh snow!
In thy radiance bright,
Fall softly this midwinter night,

Deck all in thy shimmering white,
For Life draws near.

Enter the Snow Fairies whirling one at first, then two, then all. They dance to soft music and end in a sudden whirl.

SONG OF THE SNOW FAIRIES.

Your bidding we haste with all speed
To follow, to hear, and to heed.
We spread o'er the earth our soft shimmering white
So pure!

Dance of the Snow Fairies (humming). The PLEIADES hide themselves as snow-flakes fall faster and faster from the sky. Lights grow dim, music ever softer. The snow-flakes cease to fall. The PLEIADES emerge from their hiding. Crystal curtains in the rear shut off the depth of sky.

Enter from the right LIFE bearing a burden wrapped in soft folds of white.

Enter from the left THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

LIFE holds up the burden on high and sings in recitative:

Yet once again doth Heaven renew its miracle,
Once more the Lord of all breathes into human clay!
Ye sons of God, creatures who serve His Hand
Bow down, and one more master claim!

ANGEL: I, warrior of God, called from the legion bright,
I claim this child, O Life! Thou and I
Shall be her willing servitors; her body
Thou, and I her soul shall keep
Till once again God's summoning shall sound,
And both return to Him Then shalt thou yield
To Death, His messenger, but I,—oh bliss!—
Shall bear my prize safe home to heaven, the goal
Of all our sojourning, and give to God her soul!

The ANGEL holds out his arms and receives the Child from LIFE. He goes out. DAWN comes slowly up, and a ray of rosy light falls over the Snow Fairies. The PLEIADES sink down.

The organ plays very softly.

Rear curtains of crystal part, disclosing the Baptismal font. The godparents stand on either side of the font. The GUARDIAN ANGEL leans forward from on high as the priest in surplice and stole pours the saving waters, and slowly

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

II.

THE MASQUE OF CHILDHOOD.

(May)

Spring scene. Apple trees in bloom on either side. A May-pole in the centre of stage. A green dais with natural wood throne at the right.

Enter the Children of Spring, laughing and singing. They circle around the May-pole dancing. One of their number runs up through the centre leading the May-Queen and the little King. The King and Queen take their places on the dais and watch the dance.

SONG OF THE CHILDREN.

Come! O come! 'tis a holiday
Let us run away!
We will go into the meadow
Where the children play,
Where the children dance and play.
Heigh ho! here we go!
Skipping, tripping, to and fro,
Heigh ho! on this day so fair.

One of the children sings alone:

Just over there is our May-Queen fair
In veil and gown of white.
Her cheeks are like the roses
Her eyes like stars so bright.
Beside her sits the King sedate,
He's careful that his crown is straight
And sings the songs with all his might.

All:

Heigh ho! Off we go!
Darting quickly to and fro
Heigh ho! In and out
We end with a mighty shout
Heigh ho! heigh ho!

Hand in hand we form a ring
Circling round we gayly sing
Heigh ho! such a happy holiday!

A light appears to the left. Enter the GUARDIAN ANGEL with spread wings. He beckons to the little May-Queen and sings:

SONG OF THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

Follow, follow,
Where the Virgin May-Queen stands!
Follow! Follow!
See outstretched her loving hands.
Follow! Follow!
List the heav'nly melody
Follow! Follow!
Follow, and be free!

The orchestra continues the theme very softly. The little May-Queen as in a trance descends slowly from the dais and takes the hand of the ANGEL who leads her out. The children stand entranced listening to the music till it dies away.

Enter LIFE.

LIFE: Come, my children, dance, be gay!
What is it breaks your roundelay?

LITTLE KING: Heard you not, O Life, the strange sweet song?
It sighed, methought, in the low Spring wind
Or fell from the sky like the lark's far cadences,
And lured our little queen away. She's gone!

Children look disconsolate and echo: She's gone!

LIFE: I know the song; 'twas Heaven's melody
That sings the May-time of the soul, when Love
Crowns purest Mary queen, and angels lead
White souls to her fair garden of delights.
Was not this the song?

LIFE repeats the ANGEL's song.

While LIFE sings, the curtains in the rear part and show our Lady smiling down on the little May-Queen, who still wearing her white veil and with a taper in her hand, looks up in rapture. The GUARDIAN ANGEL stands at one side. Children in the foreground kneel. The organ and violin play very softly Schubert's Ave Maria as

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

III

THE MASQUE OF YOUTH.

(June)

By the River of Dreams, the Fancies and Dreams of Youth appear in hues of the rainbow. YOUTH sits with LIFE on a rock at one side. The stage is very dim. Weird music. THE DANCE OF THE RAINBOW, very light and silent. The child watches the shifting figures fascinated.

Enter GUARDIAN ANGEL. *The music breaks into a low rumble. Scene brightens.*

ANGEL: Cease! Fancies of a child's imagining!
Hence, luring magic of a summer's day!

The dancers droop and flit away.

ANGEL: O Life, call forth those nobler dreams that lift
The soul to higher realms and set the heart
Athrob with loftier thoughts that on swift wing
Soar to the very stars. We cannot linger
Long beside this magic stream. Show forth
The dream of him who sought the Holy Grail
Through perils manifold, that knight so pure
That Heav'n vouchsafed the Vision Wonderful.

LIFE: (Sings or chants with gesture of invocation).

Down from the mountain steep,
Over the boundless deep,
Come in thy magic barque,
Galahad, come!

The stage again becomes dim. Blue and red lights play upon the water. The barque of Galahad appears from the left on the magic stream. Three angels appear from the other side and stand at the prow. The central one holds the Grail from which a ruddy light streams on the face of the young knight, who clad in mail, stands in the boat.

GALAHAD: What wilt thou with me, O Life?

LIFE: Tell us the meaning of the Grail!

ANGEL: Speak, O Galahad, for the sake of this child!

The child advances and kneels looking up at the Grail, so the light falls on her as well.

GALAHAD: Two things I found the Grail to mean;
The one, O Life, was this,—that whoso meets
The Master's Cup must drink; and whoso drinks
Shall find the chalice brims with bitterness;
Yet in the very quaffing of the draught
Shall find the Master's strength to meet what comes.
Thou who hast summoned me, must take the Cup
And hold it brimful for this child of thine!

ANGEL holds out the Grail to LIFE who turns away and covers her face.

GUARDIAN ANGEL: For me what message hast thou, purest knight?

GALAHAD: Angel of God, thou knowest best the second
Meaning of the Grail. Take this fair child
And lead her to the Eucharistic throne;
The Master waits for her; the Blood of God
Must flow through these young veins and make her strong

Angel takes the child out. Softly the hymn sounds from a distance, and faintly sweet the words are borne "Only a Veil between me and Thee." The curtains in the rear part showing THE FIRST COMMUNION. Before the music ceases the curtains close again.

LIFE: Strange, sweet showing! Holy Mystery!
But speak, O valiant knight, for thou hast fought
The holy wars of God,—how shall this child
Meet those fell foes that beset her way and mine?

GALAHAD: O Life, another must this strength reveal,
Even that fair Maid who led strong warriors on
To battle for the will of heaven. Lo! she comes!

The barque of Galahad glides onward to the left. JOAN OF ARC appears from the right, clad in armor and bearing her banner.

JOAN OF ARC: Jesu! Maria! God's high will summons me!
What wilt thou, Life?

LIFE: Show me the source of strength whence I may draw
To meet the subtle foes that block my way!
Prophecy what victory shall come
To my sweet child!

JOAN OF ARC: The prophecy I grant thee first, and then
Shall God vouchsafe the showing. This fair child,
O Life, shall leader be to thousands fighting
In the fight of God. I, Joan the Maid, did captain
Troops of men. She, by God's grace, shall lead
A host of virgins 'gainst the panoply
Of hell. Behold her source of strength!

Rear curtains part again showing the child kneeling before the Bishop for Confirmation. The assistant priest stands at one side, the GUARDIAN ANGEL leans from the rear, holding a white banner on which is inscribed beneath the symbol of a flaming heart Fortitudo.

Solemn music. LIFE stands in the foreground with JOAN OF ARC, looking up.

CURTAIN.

IV

THE MASQUE OF THE CHOICE.

(November 1875).

A garden enclosed by a low stone wall. A gateway with stone posts. A peacock is perched on the wall and wild flowers and vines hang over it. To the left a bower covered with arbutus and morning glory. LIFE stands waiting as the curtain rises, and to solemn music the Sixteen Years file slowly across the stage and take their places about the bower. The Years are arranged in order of size, from a tiny child to a girl of sixteen. The last of the Years, dressed as a bride, pauses before LIFE and kneels. LIFE lifts her up and embraces her:

LIFE: So thou hast come at last, the Year of hope!
Welcome indeed art thou to thy fair sisters
And to me! This day we celebrate
With festive pomp, for proud ambassadors
Shall sue the Sixteen Years of my dear child.
Ye must make the choice. Consider well,
Nor lightly offer all to every suitor.

A bugle note outside.

LIFE: Already at our gate the summons sounds:

Enter a page. Advancing to the foot of the throne of LIFE, he bows low.

LIFE: Speak! thy message!

PAGE: My mistress, Pleasure, waits with all her train
She fain would view thy Sixteen Years, O Life.

LIFE: Open wide the gates and bid her enter.

Enter PLEASURE and her train. Gay music.

LIFE: What wouldst thou, beauteous dame?

PLEASURE: I come to seek thy fairest child, and sue
The favour of her Sixteen Years.

LIFE: Not yet, O Pleasure, can the choice be made.
Thou hast first come, but thou art not the last
Of those keen suitors who this day haste hither.

PLEASURE withdraws to one side. Sound of loud music without.

Enter WEALTH, a knight in rich attire, followed by servitors bearing rich gifts.

WEALTH: Thou knowest me, O Life! and thou, Dame Pleasure!
(haughtily) Without me neither one could well exist:—

WEALTH: I parley not, but frankly make my offer:
Wilt thou, O Life, choose me, (thou must!) as suitor
For thy fairest child?

LIFE: There is no need of plea from mighty Wealth:
Thy gifts are eloquent enough; and yet
This choice I cannot make till all be seen.

WEALTH retires with an impatient movement. Solemn music. KNOWLEDGE enters clad in
cap and gown and bearing a scroll. She is followed by her devotees.

KNOWLEDGE: Light-bearer am I,—Knowledge is my name.
By these scrolls, worldly tinsel tarnishes;
The gifts of Wealth, the short-lived joys of time
That Pleasure offers, turn to worthless baubles.

Her servants spread out their charts and scrolls.

Behold the depths of satisfaction
I can ope for thee!

LIFE: Not yet, O Knowledge! But, wilt thou abide
Awhile, the choice must soon be made.

KNOWLEDGE goes to one side. The soft notes of a guitar are heard. Enter EARTHLY LOVE,
a troubadour, alone.

EARTHLY LOVE: I come alone, O Life; no fellows can I bide
Lest they should lure my prize before my eyes!
Surely thou wilt not hesitate; for what
Are Pleasure, Wealth, and Knowledge, without Love?

The others look dismayed. LOVE looks at them, twangs his guitar and laughs.

And what is Love
But Pleasure keenest, Wealth most bounteous,
Knowledge satisfying to the heart
Which else were lonely, sad, and empty?

LIFE: Thy plea is specious, Earthly Love; full many
A heart thou'st won by these same arguments.
And yet I wait for one more suitor. Ah!
She comes!

Deep silence while SACRIFICE enters. She is clad in soft flowing grey and wears a veil

SACRIFICE: Like Earthly Love, I come alone, O Life!
My name on earth is Sacrifice, but in heav'n
I bear the name of Love. Ah, be not wroth,
Brother of Earth! No one could e'er mistake us
Here below. Thou winnest thousands to

My one,—but ah! that one that chooses me
In mean disguise, hath chosen peace of heart!
No music sounds where'er I tread,
No Wealth or Pleasure smooths the way;
E'en Knowledge oft must pass me by;
But in the path of Sacrifice bloom flow'rs
Of heav'n and Silence spreads through the heart
A harmony more ravishing than all
The melodies of earth. Give me, O Life
This child!

LIFE: Wait, Sacrifice, as thou art wont to wait.
Suitors, attend! This is the test that wins
The choice: Long years ago a knight of God
Placed in my hands a chalice rare,—the Grail
Itself,—most wondrous gift of God,—

The Angel of the Grail appears bearing the chalice from which the light glows as before.

And thus he spake: Whoso meets the Master's Cup
Must drink; and whoso drinks shall find
The chalice brims with bitterness. This Cup
Awaits my child, and who shall win her must
Quaff deep the Master's draught. Pleasure, wilt thou?

PLEASURE turns away shuddering.

WEALTH? KNOWLEDGE? EARTHLY LOVE?

LIFE turns to each and each refuses and goes out hastily.

SACRIFICE, wilt thou?

SACRIFICE: springing forward and reaching for the Cup

That will I, Life, with all my heart!
I will drink the Cup! Daily will I sip
The bitterness and teach thy child to love
The Master's wine; so when at last the Grail
Is pressed unto her lips, she will not shrink
From bitterness, but strong with heav'nly love shall drink.

LIFE: taking the hand of the SIXTEENTH YEAR and looking round on the others,
My loving Years, what will ye? Ye have heard
The test. Believe me, ye can trust this Sacrifice.

The SIXTEENTH YEAR comes forward; the others kneel about her and SACRIFICE.

THE SIXTEENTH YEAR: Thee, SACRIFICE, I and my sisters choose!

SACRIFICE embraces her, and holding high the Grail from which the light still streams, leads the child by the hand out the garden gate, while the Years remain kneeling and watching.

The back drop curtain rises disclosing MOTHER SETON receiving the little bride. The ANGEL GUARDIAN stands at one side and SACRIFICE in the rear holds the Master's Cup. Softly the music of the profession hymn is heard and a voice sings the words, Just as I Am.

CURTAIN.

V

THE MASQUE OF THE SEAL.

(December 8, 1901)

The Palace of Time. Midnight at the close of the nineteenth century. The curtain rises disclosing the NINETEENTH CENTURY enthroned. Around her are grouped her votaries: Art, Education, Invention, Enfranchisement, Emancipation, Science, Discovery, Progress. The Ten Decades, bearing scrolls are joined in a semi-circle about her.

HYMN TO THE CENTURY.

Hail, O night,
O splendid night
That ends the wondrous story.
Thy years about thee reverent bend
O Century of glory!

The chimes begin:

Hark the chimes that sound the hour
That ends thy course so bright!
Peace and Plenty crown thy head
O Century of light!

O music of the Years,
Thou art ever abiding.
The flying echoes roll;
In the hush, O list!
Sighing low, singing go.

As the Hymn ends, the chimes sound twelve.

Enter the TWENTIETH CENTURY.

TWENTIETH CENTURY: Hail, Sister mine!

NINETEENTH CENTURY: Hail and farewell! the hour sounds
And I must go. I go alone to take my place
With those grand Centuries that preceded me;
Yet unashamed shall stand before those mighty
Presences. The Lord hath given me
Abundance. Behold, I leave to thee all these,—

As each is named, the votaries rise and pass to the side of the New CENTURY. Soft organ accompaniment is played during the action.

Art, Science, Liberty hard won,
Enfranchisement of the people, Progress fair,
Emancipation from the chains of slavery,
Education for the child and man,
Free intercourse for nations, Discovery,
Invention that makes labor light,—all these
I leave to thee.

Enter LIFE.

LIFE: And where, O Nineteenth Century.
Is she, the Queen of these? Where is Religion?

NINETEENTH CENTURY: O Life, thou speakest well; but understand,
Religion is not of the train of Time;
No homage doth she pay to me or mine
Nor doth she kneel my votary as these:
Rather serve her I and all my followers,
For she is Queen of all, and each doth bow
Before her in meek service. Lo, she comes,
The gracious one, to bid farewell to me,
The child of Time, and welcome with her smile
The new-born Century.

Solemn music is heard in the distance. Enter a train of virgins bearing lilies and led by RELIGION who carries the red banner of the seal of the Institute.

RELIGION: Hail, parting Century! I come to bid
Thee God-speed and to bless thee for thy service;
These virgin hearts thou'st brought to me and heaped
Thy gifts upon them. Thou, Child Century,
Art rich in thy inheritance; one treasure
More I will disclose to thee. Behold
This banner; mark its symbols well, for thousands
Will yet march beneath its folds. O Life,
Interpret thou its glorious symbolism

LIFE: Long since I learned its lesson. See! the Holy Spirit spreads His wings above the heart Of Charity, and all about a thorny Crown of daily sacrifice is woven; Sharp nails of Poverty, fair Chastity, And meek Obedience are magnetized, Drawn by that fire; and lo! a wondrous chain Of mysteries that Mary, Queen of Heaven, Hath taught, drops from the Triune Deity; There gleams the medal struck in highest heaven And called on earth miraculous,— to lowly Virgin given, by the Queen of Charity.

TWENTIETH CENTURY: Speak, O glorious one! whose crest is this?

RELIGION: Once more, O Life, thy message!

LIFE: It is the crest of one I reared a child, Who long years hath served Sacrifice with joy; Who, led by her up rugged heights, doth take This day the bitter Cup of God, to quaff For Love's own sake the Master's mystic wine That virgins makes. Behold all ye!

Rear curtains part and show MOTHER GENERAL receiving the Grail from Obedience. Poverty and Chastity stand at either side. At the right a bishop holds out to her the keys of office. On the left the Guardian Angel bears a white banner of the Seal. Softly the Hymn of the Seal begins and swells into a grand chorus:

CURTAIN

VI

THE MASQUE OF THE HOLY YEAR.

(November, 1925)

Rome. A hall in the Vatican. At the right, a throne on a dais. At the rear, broad steps leading up beyond crystal curtains which are drawn aside. The orchestra and organ begin softly Gounod's Sanctus as the curtain rises. The Twenty-five Years of our century, led by the standard-bearer with the papal insignia, come slowly down the steps. The HOLY YEAR, in cloth of gold, walks alone and bears the banner with the inscription: Open to me the gates of justice. The TWENTIETH CENTURY, bearing the banner of the Seal, takes her place opposite the HOLY YEAR. The YEARS group themselves in a semi-circle on either side of the dais. RELIGION enters, followed by the Saints and the Beatified of the Twentieth Century, and mounts the steps of the dais. The Virgin train occupy the steps in the rear. After these, LIFE enters

and takes her place at the left of the throne. The Saints and the Beatified in the procession are:

The Canadian Martyrs	JOHN DE BREBEUF.	SAINT JOHN BERCHMANS.
	GABRIEL LALLEMANT.	SAINT JOHN EUDES.
	ANTHONY DANIEL.	SAINT JOHN VIANNEY.
	ISAAC JOGUES.	SAINT JOAN OF ARC.
	CHARLES GARNIER.	SAINT MARGARET MARY.
	NOEL CHABANEL.	SAINT MADELAINE SOPHIE BARAT.
	RENÉ GOUPIL.	SAINT THÉRÈSE OF THE CHILD JESUS.
	JOHN DE LA LANDE.	

All these wear cassock and surplice except de la Lande, who is dressed as a hunter.

The music of the Sanctus continues until all are in their places.

RELIGION: Now are the gates of justice flung wide, now Doth Mercy pour its saving streams in floods O'er all the earth. Ye holy ones who stand Within the courts of Heavenly Love, pour forth Your sweet libation, that a fitting praise May rise from earth to His high throne Who gathered Long ago your perfumed lives, but saved Their fragrance for this Holy Year. Martyrs Of Christ in Canada,—Brebeuf, Lallemand, Jogues and Goupil, Garnier, Chabanel, Daniel and de la Lande, sound forth your praise And offer up the incense of your love!

As the Martyrs step forward, the orchestra and the organ sound the first notes of the GLORIA, and as all kneel together before the throne, the full burst of the chorus begins:

Gloria in excelsis Deo
et in terra pax hominibus
bonae voluntatis

Their homage offered, the Martyrs move slowly to the rear.

RELIGION: John Berchmans, sanctified by Holy Rule,
And Joan of Arc, who still leads armies on!
Two swords of God who fought for Christ and won!

As St. John Berchmans steps forward, the music of the GLORIA continues softly and as he lifts his book of rule, and JOAN OF ARC her sword before RELIGION, the Chorus sings:

LAUDAMUS TE!

RELIGION: Lover of the Holy Hearts, who first
Their ritual sweetly taught, John Eudes!
And thou, Apostle of the Sacred Heart,
Margaret Mary, messenger of Love,
The century of the Sacred Heart is come,
And to its reign the Church is consecrate.

The music continues softly as St. John Eudes and St. Margaret Mary make their offering; and as they retire, the full chorus swells into a glorious

BENEDICIMUS TE!

RELIGION: One like to Bethlehem's star I summon now,
Whose gentle ray led men to lowliness
And peace,—Vianney, Blessed Curé d'Ars!
And thou, O Madeline Barat, whose heart
Like to the Sacred Heart, hath spread its flame
Of love through all the earth! the Holy Year
We bless, that crowns you both with glory!

Music as before, leading up softly to

ADORAMUS TE! GLORIFICAMUS TE!

RELIGION: Child of the Holy Child, little Thérèse,
Who bore in thy young soul the Holy Face
And unveiled hidden depths of Mercy's love,
Flower of our century, bearing promise fair
Of fruit abundant in its harvest-time!
What ecstasy of praise can sing the glowing
Love of millions for thy name?

As the Little Flower comes forward to spread her roses at the foot of the throne, the music continues very softly and the Chorus sings very softly

GRATIAS AGIMUS TIBI PROPTER MAGNAM GLORIAM TUAM!

Thérèse turning, smiles and sings softly to the repeated phrase of the music

PROPTER MISERICORDIAM TUAM!

RELIGION: One last glory crowns this Holy Year;
Sing, O Life, the Golden Jubilee,
Display the banner fair, the symbol true
Of one like unto these, who yet on earth
A humble suitor kneels at Peter's Chair!

The rear curtains part, showing MOTHER GENERAL at the feet of the Holy Father. She bears the white banner of the Seal. The Holy Father's hand is lifted in blessing. The GUARDIAN ANGEL stands near. Soft strains of the GLORIA continued.

LIFE: A soul who followed Love through fifty years.
Who fain would follow on a century more
If that were possible,—God asks it not!
Behold, she begs of Holy Church new fire
For the burning heart, new labors for the

Thorny crown, new guidance from the Spirit!
See! In white harvest-fields her toilers bend!
From coast to coast of a great land they reap!
Yet few are they for such a task. Ye Saints,
Praise God for all the mercies granted her,
And pray that 'neath this banner thousands more
May follow in her lead, and march to Christ
And VICTORY!

Triumphant music. The rest of the GLORIA sung in full chorus.

CURTAIN

THE CHRISTMAS CONCERT.

SANTA Claus nearly went on strike this year. If it had not been for the energy of Mrs. Santa and the pleadings of the snow fairies we never would have seen the jolly old chap. He told us so himself, and refused for a while to listen to reason. Finally, Mrs. Santa took the affair into her own hands, harnessed up the only remaining brownie and started out for M. S. V. The entrance of the old fashioned sleigh on our dignified stage caused a sensation. With Ida Marsland as Mrs. Santa, and Mildred Morson as the brownie, there was no end of the fun. When Santa finally did come back under the strong persuasion of the snow fairies, the hearty embrace he received from his spouse made up for all his injuries, and so delighted the old fellow that he joined heartily with her in a most surprising jig. There were presents and compliments for all, and Santa was well repaid for his trouble by the gratitude of the Mount girls.

Later a beautiful tableau brought back the never to be forgotten scene on the hills of Bethlehem, and the strains of the "Holy Night" set all hearts throbbing with love for the Christ Child. Then with "Merry Christmas" ringing in our ears, we retired to bed, to dream of the holidays to come.

ENTERTAINMENT.

ON January 9th we were given a delightful musicale by a number of friends: Dr. and Mrs. Beckwith, Miss Molly and Master Charles and Bill Beckwith, in company with Mrs. Don Agnew, Mrs. Gordon Page, and the Misses Shaw and Egan. The quintette of stringed instruments showed the fruit of careful training and long practice. The hand-saw solos created quite a sensation, and Master Charles Beckwith won hearty applause for his skill in handling this novel instrument. Master Bill's solo "Matilda" caused much laughter, and "Jack and Jill" called for sustained applause. Dr. Beckwith's solos were enthusiastically received, and he is to be congratulated on the musical achievements of his gifted family.

MISSION CRUSADE PARTY.

FOR at least a week we were warned by a striking poster that an expedition was starting on Saturday, January 30th, to make a tour of the missions around the world. The cost of a round trip ticket was exactly twenty-five cents; so nobody felt that she would be bankrupt if she joined the happy throng that pressed into the music hall at 3.30. There at the door sat a fat Chinaman who strongly resembled our illustrious graduate, Miss Durney. Opposite the Chinaman, and a rival in business as well as in avoirdupois, sat a wild Indian who in spite of war paint and feathers betrayed our good natured Steve.

After laying in a store of tickets, the travellers proceeded to the Sandwich Islands where they bought rolls and sandwiches from three "natives"! Mary Summers, Jane Lahey, and Sarah McIsaac—who would have recognized these staid damsels in straw skirts and Hawaiian modes of coiffure and decoration! From the Hottentots' hut the travellers journeyed across to Western Canada where they spent some time at the Indian encampment enjoying "hot dogs." Soon, however, they were attracted to the gay pagoda across the water, and set out for China and Japan, where pretty Geisha Girls poured tea and doled out cookies. These were no other, we discovered than the Misses Barberie, McNeil, Orlando, and Le Blanc. As it was rather warm in this region, the travellers sought variety at the North Pole where genuine Eskimos served Polar ice cream from their snow hut.

After all provisions were exhausted, we settled down once more in China and helped to remove pagodas under the direction of two amiable Chinamen who bore a strong resemblance to Miss Stadler and Miss Mackey. The pagoda game symbolized the purpose of the entertainment. Wherever a pagoda is removed, the Cross is erected; China becomes less pagan for every five cents offered in charity for the missions.

Dancing was intermingled with the novel entertainment given by each group of the nations represented. The Chinese song of Miss Stadler and Miss Durney was heartily applauded, as were also the Hottentot and Indian performances. Ena Barberie as a Geisha Girl scored her usual hit. Evelyn Campbell and Ida Marsland nearly persuaded us that snow balls and icicles are good food for anyone who will come along to the North Pole; but we still prefer the comforts of civilization and the Cupboard. Alas! we were obliged to hurry home at five-thirty in order to be in time for study.

MARIE ACKERMAN.

OUR RETREAT.

AMID the school year we have many great events now and then which seem indeed, to be of much importance. At a certain interval each year there comes an event which surpasses them all in its importance. Classes are stopped, and our whole attention is given to this event. In February it came:—Our Annual Retreat.

The Retreat started on the evening of February fifth, and ended on the morning of February ninth. There was a program in common which consisted of Mass at seven-thirty, four meditations during the day, ending with rosary and Benediction each day.

Father Knox, S. J., from Montreal, was our retreat master. No one more efficient, no one more solicitous, could have been chosen. He has a perfect understanding of the modern world and in particular "the modern girl." With a deep personal spirituality, a well founded knowledge of the sublimity of our faith and its far-reaching consequences on our future lives, in time and eternity, combined with a wide experience which lent weight and conviction to his remarks, he succeeded, as the happy faces testified, in fulfilling his duty to our combined satisfaction. We recall his apt examples drawn both from the church's rich fund of saintly lives and from his own many activities and we appreciate again their import, as we smile over the occasional flits of humor which so enlivened them. Indeed the meditations made such deep impressions that many a firm resolution was taken to root up the follies and frivolities of us "moderns" who so often, alas, merely drift along with the tide; not realizing therein, our danger.

After Mass on Tuesday, the closing morning of the Retreat, Father Knox gave a very impressive sermon on the Papal Blessing, which concluded our three days of real joy and happiness.

MARGARET REARDON. '26, Sec. Sc.

VALENTINE PARTY.

ON Shrove Tuesday the music hall was the scene of festivity; for the Kappa Club entertained the school at a Valentine Social. The room was appropriately decorated in red and white with hearts reposing in all corners and suspended at all angles. The guests were greeted on their entrance by the King and Queen of Hearts who were attended by pairs of famous lovers. There we saw

Gabriel and Evangeline	CASSIE FERGUSON and AILEEN MACAULAY.
Romeo and Juliet	MARY SUMMERS and EILEEN RYAN.
Malcolm Graeme and Ellen Douglas	ISABEL MACNEILL and MARY McNEIL.
Dante and Beatrice	JANE STADLER and JOSEPHINE BURGESS.
The Knave and the Ace of Hearts	EVELYN CAMPBELL and MARGUERITE MacKEY.
Hiawatha and Minnehaha	ALICE DOWD and IDA LeBLANC.
Nectabanus and Guenivera	IDA MARSLAND and DOLLY McDougall.
Sam Johnson and Tetty	COLINE CLANCEY and STEPHANIE McISAAC.

In the course of the evening a cake walk by Sam and his worthy spouse was gracefully performed and highly applauded. The evening's entertainment began with a hunt for hearts. But as no one must, in seeking a heart, turn her back on the King and Queen without a penalty, numerous forfeits were paid. Mona Fraser and Joyce Roop caused greatest amusement when they were forced to feed each other corn flakes, blindfolded. Joey Gillespie made a very flattering toast to herself; Gertrude McLean and Madeline Kyte had to chew bon bons on a long string. A second contest made two hearts beat as one by the simple process of pinning them together. This was won by Marcelle Samson. Later, a delicious lunch was served, and dancing filled the rest of the evening.

N. W.

THE MID-YEAR PLAY.

THE Mid-Year Play, planned for February 11th, was in the keeping with the feast, and was entitled "Bernardette of Lourdes." The performance was, however, postponed until Monday evening, February 15th. The little one-act drama was very well staged and well acted. The scenes were three in number;

SCENE I.

The Grotto of Massabiella

THE VISION

SCENE II.

In Monsieur le Curé's Garden
(six months later).

THE EXAMINATION.

SCENE III.

The Grotto of Massabiella.

THE PROOF.

The cast of characters was as follows:

Bernardette Soubiroux	CONSTANCE WALSH.
Monsieur le Curé	STEPHANIE McISAAC.
The Bishop	HILDA DURNEY.
Madame Soubiroux	IDA MARSLAND.
Henri, little brother	HELEN AUCOIN.
Nanette	BEATRICE RUBENOVITCH.
Susanne	MARGARET LAUDER.
Marie	MADELINE DAVISON.
The blind child	BLANCHE GILLIS.
Mother of the blind child	SARAH McISAAC.
Our Lady of Lourdes	MARY CAROLL.
Villagers, children, etc.	

Stephanie, our jolly St. Nick of the Christmas Concert, made a charming Curé; while Hilda Durney, we must admit, is cut out for a bishop. Madame Soubiroux's accent savored of the Lakes of Killarney rather than the Pyrenees; but what of that? Connie, our star dancer, was a very demure little Bernardette, and Blanche Gillis as the blind child was perfect. Ena's Ave Maria was particularly beautiful in the scene of the miracle. The villagers, in spite of their varieties of raiment, were a very pious procession, and sang the Ave Maris Stella lustily. Mary Carroll, as our Lady of Lourdes, won the hearts of all. The whole performance was at once artistic and devotional, and inspired in all a greater love for our Blessed Mother in whose honor it was staged.

The play, however, was only one feature of the program prepared to celebrate the feast-day of our dear Mistress General. As St. Jane de Chantal celebrates her heavenly birthday in August, there is no opportunity during the school year to congratulate our beloved Mistress General on the happiness of her holy patroness. February 11th, therefore, has been accepted as a substitute for the real feast-day. On that day we enjoyed a blessed respite from work for four solid hours, and were free to do what we liked. There

was tobogganning, snow-shoeing, with a variety of pleasures to choose from; so the hours sped. The program prepared for the celebration was given on Monday evening, and was as follows:

OVERTURE Memories Huerter.

ORCHESTRA.

VOCAL DUET: Sweetly, sweetly sang the birds Rubenstein.

ENA BARBARIE, MARY ROMANS.

GREETING: Little Lady Icicle Pauline Johnson.

KATHLEEN PERY and JUNIORS.

READING: Ole Mistiss John Trotwood Moore.

IDA MARSLAND.

Address and presentation Mona Fraser.

BERNARDETTE OF LOURDES.

SCENE I.

VIOLIN SOLO: Serenade Espagnole Kreisler.

KATHLEEN RYALL.

PIANO SOLO: Solfeggio Bach.

MARGUERITE McNEIL.

BERNARDETTE OF LOURDES.

SCENE II.

VOCAL: Una Voce Poca Fa Rossini

Songs My Mother Taught Me Dvorak.

ENA BARBERIE.

VIOLIN DUET: Au Printemps Nevin.

KATHLEEN RYALL, MARGARET REARDON.

BERNARDETTE OF LOURDES.

SCENE III.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

INTERESTING ENTERTAINMENT—FEBRUARY 23RD.

TO "see ourselves as others see us" was the ambition proposed by the College Girls who, on the evening of February 23rd, introduced a well-known speaker on the Academic stage. This was no other than Miss Cora Ann McLaughlin, the well-known lecturer on Woman's Rights. As a side issue in her busy life, Miss McLaughlin has made a study of feminine charms, and has gathered a collection of famous beauties. After a few words of introduction, Miss McLaughlin proceeded to throw upon the screen the first of her famous collection, which was no other than a charming snap-shot of Margaret Romkey, one of the most remarkable looking girls of to-day, inasmuch as she still possesses her woman's crown of beauty and insists on showing it to advantage by wearing it flowing to her waist. Other specimens were equally interesting; Miss Macaulay, the well-known advocate and lecturer on the long skirt appeared in that garment; Miss Mary Summers charmingly snapped in the midst of masculine society; Miss Helen Le Brun photographed in the days when she took the prize for baby beauty; and others too numerous to mention were shown on the screen.

SAINT PATRICK'S DAY.

ON St. Patrick's Day, the Benson Circle invited the whole school to the music hall where we were introduced to the genuine "Pat" who had come all the way from Dublin for the occasion. Pat's numerous sweethearts wore a very pretty uniform of white with green Peter Pan collars, cuffs and cap with drooping feather. The hall was daintily decorated in white and green and when all the guests were seated at the numerous small tables scattered over the room, all began a new game "Going up to Blarney Castle." Lucille Theriault was the lucky winner of the prize. Pat then showed us what his Irish girls could do, in Catherine Brown's reading and Marie Ackerman's Irish lilt. Next came a bit of excitement, "The Latest Scandal." Varied and thrilling were the secrets disclosed to the public! When the guests returned to the hall after Benediction, refreshments were served, dainty, delicious and in abundance. During the luncheon we were entertained by still other colleens. "She is Far from the Land" was sung very beautifully by Mary Romans; and the pathetic history of the song as given by Nora Whelpley's account of Robert Emmet's sad romance, made a fitting setting for the music. Jean Montague and Mary Walsh received strong applause for their lively Irish reel, and Nora Whelpley's "Heart of a Shamrock" was very pretty. The climax of the evening, however, was the Minstrel Show given by Patrick himself in person, along with nine colleens. Mary House as "Pat" made the hit of the evening, and the remarks of the Irish Philosopher coupled with the songs of his pretty companions furnished a half hour's fun. Dancing followed and the party broke up, voting "Pat" and the "C's" the best of entertainers.

C. A. M.

MOUNT SAINT VINCENT ACADEMY.

GRADUATING RECITAL.

(May 1, 1926).

MISS ENA BARBERIE,
Dramatic soprano

Assisted by MISS MARJORIE ARTHUR, (pianist).

MISS MARGUERITE McNEIL, (pianist).

MISS KATHLEEN RYALL, (violinist).

PROGRAM.

Oh, had I Jubal's Lyre!	Handel.
Floods of Spring	Rachmaninoff, Op. 14, No. 11.
Dawn	Curran.
Songs my Mother Taught Me	Dvorak, Op. 55.
The Cry of Rachel	Salter.
Violin: Arioso	Bach.
Romance	Wieniawski, Op. 22.
MISS KATHLEEN RYALL.	
Ma Voce Poco Fa	Rossini.
(From Il Barbiere di Siviglia).	
Ave Maria	Mascagni.
(Adaptation from the "Intermezzo" Cavalleria Rusticana with orchestral accompaniment.)	
Nobles Seigneurs, salut!	Meyerbeer.
(From Les Huguenots).	
Piano Duo: Pas des Cymbales	Chaminade, Op. 36, No. 2.
MISS MARJORIE ARTHUR and MISS MARGUERITE McNEIL.	
A Birthday	Woodman.
A Spirit Flower	Campbell Tipton.
By the Waters of Minnetonka	Lieurance.
(with violin obligato).	
O Rest in the Lord	Mendelssohn.
(From the Oratorio Elijah).	

SILVER JUBILEE
of our Honored Chaplain
REVEREND JOHN BERNARD O'REILLY, C. J. M.

AS the Folia goes to press we are looking forward with eagerness to the month of June, when our Reverend Chaplain, Father O'Reilly, completes the twenty-fifth year of his ordination to the priesthood. On this occasion, the Sisters and pupils of Mount St. Vincent join in heartfelt congratulations of the Reverend Father, and in gratitude for his twenty years of faithful service as Chaplain of the Academy. Invitations have been sent to various friends among the clergy of the Archdiocese, that they may join us in making the Silver celebration worthy of the occasion. The program for Tuesday, June first, includes an entertainment by the pupils of the Academy, a banquet, and solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The afternoon's entertainment is as follows:

Overture	/ / / / / / / / / / / /	Severn.
ORCHESTRA.		
A Silver Coronal	/ / / / / / / / / / / /	Aloysians and Juniors.
Songs: Vale	/ / / / / / / / / / / /	Russell.
My Prayer	/ / / / / / / / / / / /	Squire.
MISS HILDA DURNEY.		
Violin Solo: Valse de Concert	/ / / / / / / / / / / /	Severn.
MISS HELEN STOKES.		
Songs: An Open Secret	/ / / / / / / / / / / /	Woodman.
Morning	/ / / / / / / / / / / /	Oley Speaks.
MISS ELINOR DE WOLFE.		
Violin Solo: Salut d'Amour	/ / / / / / / / / / / /	Elgar Op. 12.
MISS KATHLEEN RYALL.		
Song: Selected	/ / / / / / / / / / / /	
MISS ENA BARBARIE.		
In a Rose Garden	/ / / / / / / / / / / /	Acciani.
ORCHESTRA.		

DRAMA.
THE IDOLS OF THE GENTILES.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Varrius, Proconsul	/ / / / / / / / / / / /	HILDA DURNEY.
Sarc, Roman Officer	/ / / / / / / / / / / /	STEPHANIE McISAAC.
Creon, a Roman noble	/ / / / / / / / / / / /	IDA MARSLAND.
Electra, a noble lady	/ / / / / / / / / / / /	KATHLEEN PERY.
Eros, her son	/ / / / / / / / / / / /	MARIE ACKERMAN.
Ulyssa, daughter of Electra	/ / / / / / / / / / / /	CONSTANCE WALSH.

Soldiers, worshippers of Diana, Vestals, etc.

The scene is the Temple of Diana at Ephesus.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

MOUNT SAINT VINCENT ACADEMY

GRADUATING RECITAL

IN VOCAL EXPRESSION.

MISS KATHLEEN PERY.

Saturday, June 5, 1926.

The Sign of the Cross	/ / / / / / / / / / / /	Wilson Barrett.
The Song My Paddle Sings	/ / / / / / / / / / / /	E. Pauline Johnson.
The Childhood of Hiawatha	/ / / / / / / / / / / /	Longfellow.
Violin Solo: Canzonetta	/ / / / / / / / / / / /	Friml Op. 51.
MISS KATHLEEN RYALL.		
Ophelia: Hamlet, Act IV, Sc. 2.	/ / / / / / / / / / / /	Shakespeare.
Lady Macbeth: Macbeth, Act V, Sc. 1.	/ / / / / / / / / / / /	Shakespeare.
The Race	/ / / / / / / / / / / /	Campbell Rae-Brown.
Duo: Valse from Suite	/ / / / / / / / / / / /	Arensky, Op. 15.
MISSES MARGUERITE McNEIL, AND KATHLEEN RYALL.		
Physical Culture and Dance.		
Musical Recitations:		
One Spring Morning	/ / / / / / / / / / / /	Ethelbert Nevin.
The Little Damsel	/ / / / / / / / / / / /	Christina Rossetti.
Violin Solo: Romance	/ / / / / / / / / / / /	Wieniawski, Op. 22.
MISS KATHLEEN RYALL.		
Lullaby.		
The Pater Noster (translated from the French) Francois Coppée.		

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Academic Graduates



JANE LAHEY.

JANE came to the Mount from St. Patrick's High School in 1923 and began her scholastic career in Provincial B. Owing to the necessity of three years' residence before graduation, Jane has already finished her Sophomore year in the College. The most notable thing about Jane is her thoroughness in all she does and the good nature with which she meets the ups and downs of school life. Her industry, her happy smile, and her obliging ways have won for her the esteem of pupils and teachers. Whether she returns to finish her college career, or begins her life work, her qualities seem to assure for her success.

HILDA DURNEY.

HILDA first came to the Mount in 1918, but the next year resumed her studies at St. Patrick's. Last year she returned to the Academy to follow the Provincial A course, and is now ranked among the Graduates. Hilda is musical and appears often before Mount audiences both as a singer and in one or other of the rôles of our plays. Besides, she plays the violin in the orchestra. Her poetic propensities are well-known, especially to her classmates and to the Kappa Club who were entertained one evening by selections from her "book". Hilda's future probably lies in the field of literature, and with this end in view, she hopes to return next year to specialize in English and Music.



Academic Graduates

AILEEN MACAULAY.

AILEEN came to the Mount three years ago, and by dint of persevering work has since climbed the straight and narrow path to Academic graduation. Not only as a brilliant student is Aileen known, but her abilities in athletics and dramatics have brought her into prominence. Last year she captained the Purples, winners of the basket-ball shield and was a runner up in the tennis tournament. Aileen's musical skill is devoted chiefly to extracting strains of melody from the banjo-mandolin. For good sportsmanship and general popularity she has few equals in the school. Next year Aileen intends to take Sophomore at Dalhousie.

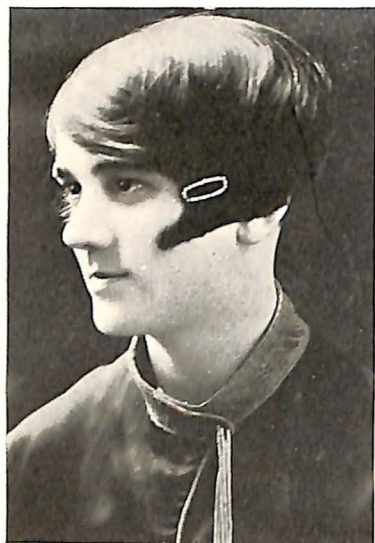


IDA BANCROFT MARSLAND.

IDA came to the Mount in 1921 from Moncton, N. B. Beginning her career as an Aloysian, she has attained to Graduating honors. Ida's elocutionary powers are known to all. She has taken part in every important dramatic performance staged at the Mount in the last four years, and frequently affords entertainment at recreation by her recitations as well as by her repartees. As "one of the foremost wits and writers of the day," Ida has contributed largely to the Flashlight. She plays basket-ball with the Blacks and is an enthusiastic "Gluten." Next year Ida plans to visit Rhode Island and will probably take up the nursing profession.



Secretarial Science



MARGARET REARDON.

ONE might say Margaret has been at the Mount from her infancy. 1915 was the date of her first appearance, and with one exception, she has returned every year since. As a student, she followed the Academic course through Senior C, and then entered the Commercial Class. After two years of serious work, she is graduating in Secretarial Science. For reliability, generosity, and industry, Margaret holds an enviable reputation. Although she has attained highest honors in the gymnasium, and played tennis, ground hockey, and basket-ball, it is in winter sports that she especially excels. She is pre-eminently a tobogganist, and is an enthusiastic Gluten. She has wielded the bow in the orchestra for many years; is a very capable librarian, and as President of the Commercial Club and Treasurer of the Sodality has proved that her vocation is Work.

GERTRUDE McLEAN.

GERTRUDE comes from New Waterford, C. B. During her three years residence at the Mount she has obtained a B license, a graduating certificate from the Commercial Class, and is now finishing her course in Secretarial Science. In the Commercial room Gertrude is noted for her proficiency in her work and her light heartedness. Last year she took the gold medal offered by the Underwood Company for general excellence in commercial studies. As Editor of The Startler, Gertrude has in no small way contributed to its success. Her adopted city is Halifax, and Gertrude is seldom seen at M. S. V. on Saturdays. We are not surprised, therefore, to hear of her intention of continuing her course at Dalhousie next year.



Commercial Graduates

MARTHA HOOD.

*Martha is an ambitious young lass,
Who always stands at the head of the class.*

THIS sedate miss and most conscientious student is Martha Hood from Fredericton, N. B. Martha is a deep thinker and a brilliant scholar. She is rather quiet but is always ready to enjoy a hearty laugh. This modest young lady is the winner of the highest rewards for Commercial work. Good luck, Martha, and may success be your portion!



QUEENIE DAIGLE.

*Queenie believes in using her brains,
Just take a glance at the marks she attains.*

YES, this is Queenie Daigle—that good looking lass who hovers around St. Ignatius' Class Room. Queenie likes to dance, and socials hold great attractions for her. Still she never neglects her studies and has attained a high record in her Commercial work. We all know she will meet with success. She is French and came to the Mount to learn to speak English. Her home is in Edmunston, N. B.





JOYCE ROOP.

*Joyce Roop among our best pupils ranks,
A maid that's just full of moods and pranks.*

JOYCE has been attending the Mount for four years and we presume she will return next year to Graduate in Secretarial Science. Joyce is Vice President of the C. D. S., is an Editor of the Startler and is always taking part in the different activities of the school. Joyce is from Bear River, N. S. Her ready wit and good nature have won for her many friends and have made her a favorite with her teachers. Joyce, we know, will at length take her Ph. D. (?)

MADELINE KYTE.

"Mirth, with thee I mean to live."

MADELINE Kyte after a year of Academic work came to the Commercial Department. Her happy smile and carefree shrug have obtained for her many friends. Though work was not Madeline's specialty until she came to us, she has redeemed herself wonderfully and we are all sorry that we are to lose her. Madeline is from St. Peter's and after spending two years at Mt. St. Bernard came to continue her studies here.



SARAH McISAAC.

*A popular lady is she;
At socials she's our busy bee.*

SARAH McIsaac one of the many Cape Bretoners who uphold the Commercial Class, came to the Mount last year to take care of her little (?) sister. It was her intention to return next year to graduate, but at present the attraction of Sydney has made her reconsider her decision. We do not know what Sarah's ambitions are, but we feel sure that whatever they are, they must be worthy of her—so, though all the Commercial regret to see her go, we hope Sarah will always be as happy as at M. S. V.



ALICE MURPHY.

*A winning smile, a happy face,
In all our hearts she's found a place.*

THIS petite demoiselle is Alice Murphy who has all the qualities which go to make a popular girl. She is perhaps the quietest member of the Commercial Class. Alice never seems to get angry at anything. She is a studious girl in school; but how about outside? Alice comes from Glace Bay, C. B. and is a graduate of St. Ann's High School.





HELEN McLENNAN.

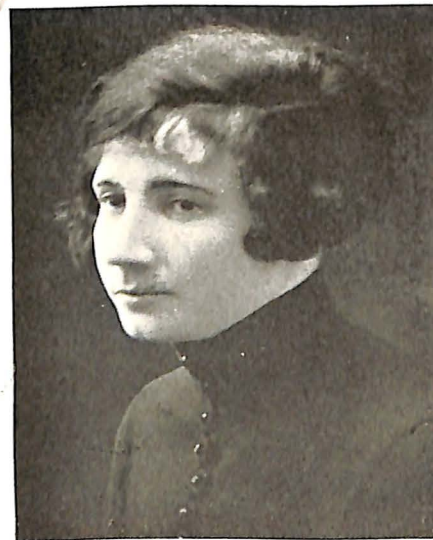
*Helen McLennan is a happy maiden
Who with cares is never laden.*

HELEN came to us from Margaree. When you first meet Helen you think she is quiet, but wait a while and you will promptly change your mind. She is a serious, active girl who is always willing to help out in any enterprise. Good luck to you Helen; we wish you success in your business career.

DOROTHY McDOUGALL.

*Dorothy McDougall, an engaging young lass,
Is always seen running in late to class.*

DID you hear that giggle? If you tried to locate it, you'd probably find it came from Dolly who is always ready for a good laugh. Her vocation will probably be stenography, but whatever she does, the class wishes her luck. Dorothy came to us after spending some years at Mount St. Bernard and Port Hood, C. B. is her home town.



MARGARET CARNELL.

*Margaret in her quiet way
Lives and works from day to day.*

MARGARET Carnell is another young lady who is never noisy—just quiet and refined. Although she is one of our day pupils that does not hinder her good work in her studies. In whatever Margaret undertakes to do, we know she will be a success, and the good wishes of the class go with her. Rockingham is her home.



HELEN LeBRUN.

*Helen LeBrun is a girl we admire
She's pretty and jolly and neat in attire.*

HELEN comes from Arichat, C.B. After spending two years at Mt. St. Bernard came to us to take Commercial. "Slow but sure" can be applied to Helen as this classmate of ours always believes in taking her time. Anyone glancing at Helen would be under the impression that she is made for success. Perhaps she will one day be "Mistress of Discipline."





ISABEL KENNEDY.

*Isabel Kennedy, so jolly and fair
Can tell funny stories with a wit that's rare.*

ISABEL Kennedy came to us from St. John's three years ago and gave us the impression that there must be some things worth while in that part of the globe. Tennis and dancing are Isabel's favorite pastimes. She rivals the great masters in portraying characters in our plays, and perhaps, who knows?—she may excel in this art some day.

RUBY BELL.

*Ruby Bell at a typewriter is ever presiding;
Her perfect deportment could never need chiding.*

RUBY seems to be a quiet girl, but those who know her realize that "looks are often deceiving." Ruby is always ready for a good time. Her sweet and even disposition has gained for her many friends among her classmates. We are sure that success will follow in Ruby's footsteps. She comes from LaHave, N. S.



THE COMMERCIAL CLASS.

ON September eighth, nineteen twenty-five, a class of light hearted girls started on that brilliant course which so many before them have trodden to success—the commercial. Month after month saw new students added to the number, until by Christmas we had become one of the largest Commercial Classes in the history of our Alma Mater, with a roll-call of thirty-one. Twelve of us cherish the hope of graduating this June.

The first term of the school year simply passed on wings for the Commercials, and the close of its strenuous four months brought English, Filing, and Junior Test examinations to try our knowledge; the results were excellent, and, I think, that every one went home for vacation the happier after those days of stress and strain. Most of the students returned on time in early January, though there had to be a few stragglers, but all were eager for earnest work. On March seventeenth, twenty of us won the Gregg Theory certificates; before Easter we passed the Senior Test, Law, and Bookkeeping examinations, and had the third term free for increasing our speed in both type-writing and shorthand and for completing the year's work. There have been several unusually good records made in speed type-writing; even before Christmas some of the students had attained thirty words a minute.

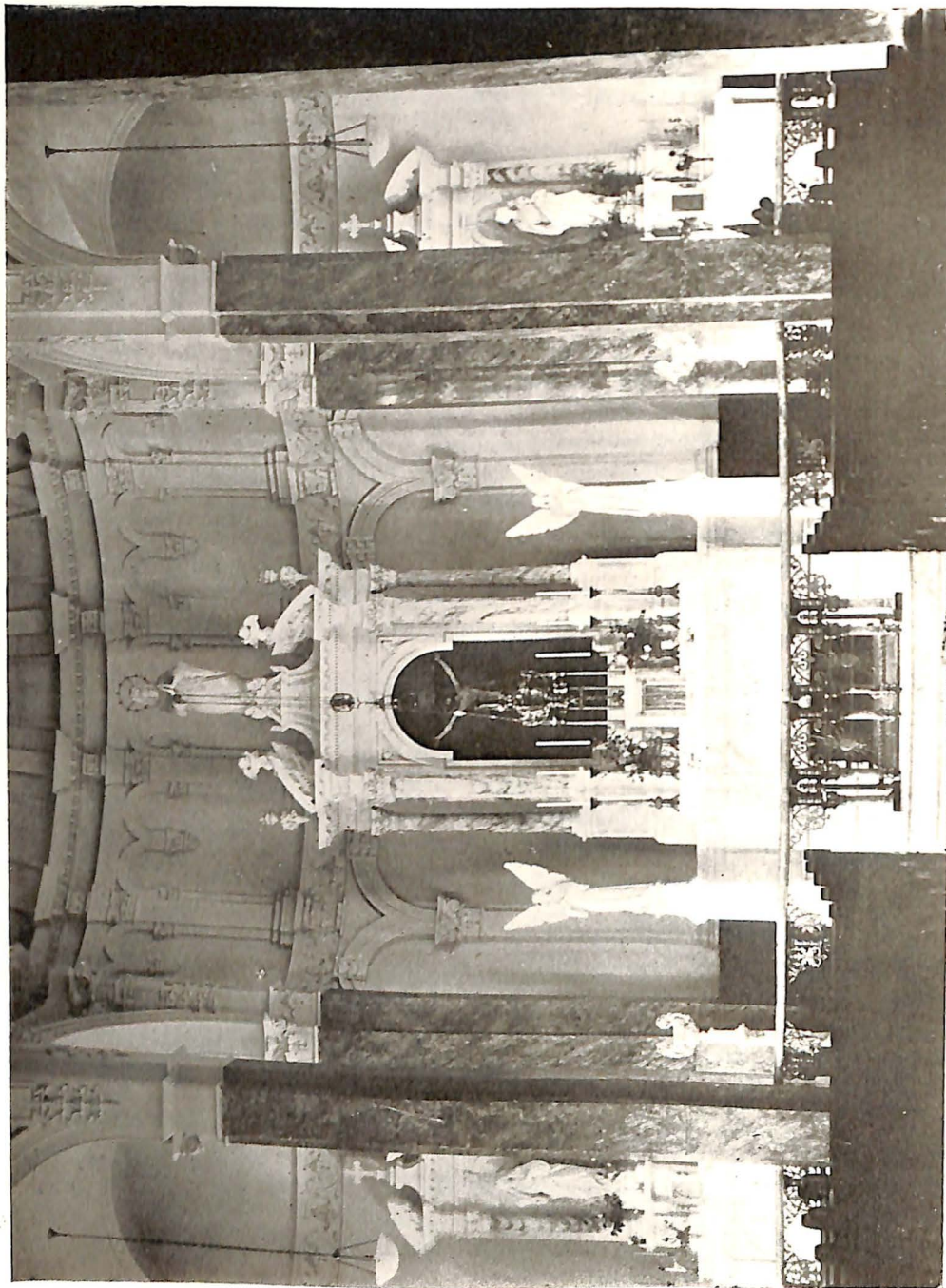
The unique event of the year was the installment of a gramophone as part of the Commercial equipment. "Music hath charms," to be sure, we realized at type-writing practice, for we found that our fingers could move to rhythm with extraordinary quickness and with that lightness of touch so necessary to efficiency in typing. The gramophone which was introduced as an experiment, has become a permanent stock-in-trade.

The class club, organized a number of years ago, has held regular, enthusiastic and enjoyable meetings throughout the present year. We still retain the custom of having debates as club entertainments which are always interesting.

The Commercial magazine made its "startling" appearance at Hallowe'en, Christmas, Valentine's, Saint Patrick's, and in May. The serial story, written chapter after chapter by different members of the class, proved the most popular feature of the book; but the editorials have been timely and well-written, and the local topics never failed to catch the schoolgirl's fancy. Each issue of *The Startler* has been welcomed by a wide circulation.

The class spirit of the Commercial may be expressed in the one word, loyalty—loyalty of the students among themselves, loyalty to their teacher and to the school. This is traditional, and we have merely kept the tradition in full vigor by rejoicing in the joys and sorrowing in the sorrows of the class and by reverence to authority, especially by appreciation of the teacher who guides and directs us, lighting our minds along the path of knowledge as our souls along the way of life.

MARTHA HOOD. '26 (Com.).



SANCTUARY OF THE CHAPEL

To our honored Chaplain
 REVEREND JOHN BERNARD O'REILLY, C. J. M.
 on the occasion of his Silver Jubilee

"Thou art a priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech". . . Psalm 109.

What is it to be a priest?
 It is to feel the Blood of God
 Course through the veins;
 To hold the Flesh of Christ
 In human hands;
 To make each day a sacred thing apart
 By one more lifting up of Calvary's Cross:

It is to walk in crowded lanes and city streets
 And bear the throbbing pulse of God
 Against the heart;
 To make exchange of Christ's dear Blood
 For sinners' tears
 And pour the balm of Mercy's love
 O'er misery's wounds:
 It is to slip the bolts of heaven's treasures
 Unto the poor,
 And cast abroad the wealth of God to souls:

What more? —to be another Christ on earth,—
 Ah then 'twere sad to die!—but lo!
 A mystery that sets the heart athrill—
 Behold, the mists of time
 Shall roll away, the centuries shall have ceased:
 In heaven's high sanctuary sublime
 Forever thou art a priest.



LOST:—Somewhere between April 1 and April 6, Eileen Ryan's hair. This hair, it is said, was pure gold, being 24 carot. Hence the large reward offered for its return.

WANTED:—For the Museum a ladder by which Miss Durney may ascend to her high notes.

LOST:—A doohinkie. Finder please return to Evelyn Campbell.

NOTICE:—Anyone possessing empty ginger ale bottles can dispose of them by putting them in D. McDougall's room.

WANTED:—By Hilda Durney an ear trumpet to gather in all the conversation of the refectory.

FOR SALE:—An old fashioned buggy. Apply to Molly Chesley, Kentville, N. S.

FOR SALE:—A new edition of a very useful text book (containing 1925-26 experience) *How I Became an Acrobat* by Eileen Honora Ryan.

TO LET:—The Club House of the Glutens. Large and airy, furnished in most modern style. For particulars see M. Reardon & Co.

FOUND:—The wrecks of four or five hearts. Owners will please apply to the Sewing Room.

AUCTION:—Any amount of hair pins and other female accidentals. Apply to Anna McLaughlin.

BIG OPPORTUNITY:—Any one interested in antiques, stop! look! LISTEN! Relics of the toboggans are offered as souvenirs at low prices. Apply to the Glutens.

MISTAKEN VIGILANCE.

MRS. Jonathan Fielding, attired in her brand new calico, just stepped into her garden as the stage coach came into view. Now Mrs. Fielding was no small personage in the village of Banbury, whether bulk or social position be considered; and moreover, she had no small notions of her own importance. To-day, she looked more important than ever and carried her head even higher as she glanced about on her acquaintances and neighbors, for to the envy of all, Mrs. Fielding was setting out for London. Now going to "town" in the coach was something every country dame relished at long intervals and hoped to experience again. Accordingly, a little group watched Mrs. Fielding climb puffingly into the huge vehicle. By dint of much physical exertion the good lady finally settled herself in a comfortable seat, and after giving her fellow passengers a suspicious survey, sat back with a satisfied sigh.

I say "a suspicious survey," because suspicion was one of Mrs. Fielding's strong characteristics, and now especially it was much stronger, for she had heard shocking tales of men in stage coaches who were not at all averse to letting their idle hands stray to other folks' pockets.

The coach lumbered on, now over hills, now through deep valleys, now rolling along a level road, again rumbling over a bridge. For long stretches there was nothing to break the monotony save the occasional crack of the postillion's whip as it gave the horses a sharp reminder to "get along there!" A stage-coach however, always carries animation with it and puts the human part of the world in motion as it whirls along. Mrs. Fielding noticed how its entrance into a village produced a general bustle. Some hastened forth to meet friends, some with bundles and handboxes to secure places, in the hurry of the moment scarcely able to take leave of the group that accompanied them. In the meantime, the coachman had a world of small commissions to execute. "A fine looking man!" Mrs. Fielding thought, as she watched him clamber down with surprising agility from his high box to deliver a partridge or a chicken,— "and so polite!" as he swung off his cap to the blushing housemaids to whom with knowing wink he delivered some token from a rustic admirer. "The silly hussies! to be standing there bowing and smiling when they ought to be about their work!"

As they passed through the villages everyone ran to the window or to the door, and she craned her neck to get a glimpse of someone she might know. On every side there were bright fresh faces, but she noticed nothing as fine in the way of calico or gingham as her own latest gown. At the corners of alleys and lanes were staring fellows who smiled at her broadly and to whom she returned a haughty glance of disdain. These were the village idlers who are to be found in every little town, to whom the passing of the coach is a matter for speculation for hours at a time. At the blacksmith's, the coachman and postillions had a lengthy conference with the wise men assembled there, and gave and took the latest news. The smith, that great giant with the horse's hoof in his lap, was not loathe to lay down the law to his weaker fellows, and swung his hammer vehemently punctuating his statements with emphatic blows. Mrs. Fielding knew him of yore; he

had courted her fourth cousin's sister years ago, but nothing came of the courtship; the fair damsel had turned him down in the end, and he solaced himself with another.

Observant of all things else, Mrs. Fielding did not neglect herself, and occasionally occupied herself with the management of her snuffbox. Between this little diversion and the task of guarding her pocket, she found her time well utilized. Ever and anon, her fat, red hand found its way into the labyrinth of pleats, whence it emerged complacently and then lay listlessly in her lap. Finally, weary of the sights, she settled back contentedly and gave vent to two or three capacious yawns. From this stage of drowsiness, she dropped into a light slumber, and soon was far off in the Land of Nod.

How long she remained in this unconsciousness she knew not; but being roused into wakefulness by an unaccountable power, she perceived that the smartly dressed individual whom she had noted in the corner on entering the coach, was now placidly seated close at her side! An icy tremor shot through her as she thrust her hand deep into her pocket, and touched,—horrors! was it possible?—a human hand! Now an unhuman hand would not have daunted Mrs. Fielding in the least; but a human one!

All the dark tales that had ever reached her ears about pickpockets and highway-men rose like a procession in her mind. She was petrified by the idea, paralyzed. Here was one,—a real, living, breathing robber sitting close beside her, with his hand in her pocket! He remained motionless, gazing intently out of the coach window; a rather smooth looking young man. How sly his twitching mouth, how contemptible his half-turned profile! Mrs. Fielding bore it for a moment, and then she could bear it no longer. Her limbs stiffened with indignation, her eyes blazed forth fire, as galvanized into life, she turned upon her neighbor:

"Sir! how dare you put your hand into my pocket!"

Thus addressed, the young man slowly turned, and looking into the flushed face, smiled as he replied:

"Madam! will you be kind enough to take your hand out of my pocket?"

IDA B. MARSLAND, '26.

THE DEGENERATION OF ENGLISH

Nausica's Request to Alcinaus.
(Pope's translation).

"Will my dread sire his ear regardful deign?
And may his child the royal car obtain?
Say, with my garments shall I wend my way
Where through the vales the mazy waters stray?"

(Butcher Lang's Translation).

"Father, dear, could'st thou not lend me a high wagon with strong wheels, that I might'st take the goodly raiment to the river to wash?"

(Modern Translation).

"Say, Pop, won't you gimme the key to the Lizzy? I wanna take my laundry to the chink's."

MONA FRASER.

TWO TALES OF THE SEA.

"Roll on, thou dark and deep blue ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain."

PEOPLE of every part of the world, regardless of race, language, rank, and civilization, have at least one interest in common; it is the unfailing interest in the sea. The strange fascination of the sea is evidenced in the human race often before the age of reason. Small boys are for the most part sailors before they are anything else, and are never happier than when sailing a miniature schooner, tilting on a tipsy raft, or playing ship wreck on the sandy beach. What boy is there that has not dreamed of being a sea captain, or a fierce pirate sailing unknown seas? Is it any wonder, then, that this love of the sea has found its way into literature and should find sympathy amongst busy men and women of the world?

Many writers have tried to depict the sea and life at sea, but only a few have really succeeded. The subtle mystery of its charm, as fathomless as its depths, has never been plumbed and never will be. What strange secrets "the deep unfathomed caves of ocean bear," what strange adventures are buried in the bosom of the ocean, will never be known until this world is gone forever; but as long as the sea remains its appeal will be felt. Those who feel the salt in their blood, who are drawn by an irresistible lure from the marketplace to the wharves, will always have time and interest to give to any new tale of the sea.

Perhaps the charm of the sea story lies in its utter unlikeness to anything on land, for life at sea is very different from life on shore. The salt breeze, acting like a tonic, inspires men with a zest for work, gives them healthy bodies and cleaner minds. The sailor's life is regular, full of hard work, sustained by wholesome eating, and enlivened by well-earned recreations; it is undisturbed by the petty trials and worries that wear down the work-a-day life of the bustling land. Naturally, close contact in every kind of weather brings about a feeling of comradeship, and the men live together as one large family. Life at sea, out of contact with the land, is perhaps the cleanest existence possible; but the land which defiles the sea at its edges, defiles the seaman as well. A sailor come to port stands a small chance of retaining either his money or his reputation. But the sailor on land is never the hero of a story; unless the land be a desert island . . .

I have said that many writers have taken the sea as their subject; all have treated it in different ways. Of the few who have been successful, we may mention Stevenson who in "Treasure Island," describes the adventuresome life of a pirate. That the story does not enlarge to any extent on the sea itself, is doubtless to the author's lack of intimate experience of the life of a seaman. Coleridge in "The Ancient Mariner" has left us a sea story which combines the supernatural element with a true love of beauty. The poem is full of strange wonders and vivid pictures, such as:

"The harbour bay was clear as glass
So smoothly it was strewn;
And on the bay the moonlight lay
And the shadow of the moon."

Yet "The Ancient Mariner," though told realistically, is of pure romantic element and does not give us a true to life picture of the sea.

"Moby Dick," the work of Herman Melville, gives a true account of sea life and especially of whale fishing. The author achieves his ambition which is, "to give a record of fact idealized." This story deserves the title given it by Mr. Clark Russel who calls it "the best sea story ever written; that is, if by 'sea story' one means a genuine 'yarn.'" The only work of the 20th century which might lay claim to the same title is Joseph Conrad's "Nigger of the Narcissus."

Side by side with the "Nigger" may be placed for an interesting study, John Masefield's long poem "The Dauber." Both contain vivid pictures of the sea and sea life. The aim of the two writers may be given in their own words:

Conrad says in his Preface; "My task which I am trying to achieve, is by power of the written word to make you hear, to make you feel,—it is, before all, to make you see." The purpose of his art is: "To arrest, for the space of a breath, the hands busy about the work of the earth, and compel men, entranced by the sight of distant goals to glance for a moment at the surrounding vision of form and colour, of sunshine and shadows; to make them pause for a look, for a sigh, for a smile,—such is the aim, difficult and evanescent and reserved only for a few to achieve." Conrad loved the sea and put his whole soul into his work.

Masefield's aim is found in the words of the Dauber:

"I want to be a painter," replied,
And know the sea and ships from A to Z
And paint great ships at sea before I'm dead."

Again, he says:

"It's not been done, the sea, not yet been done
From the inside, by one that really knows."

But while both men give us pictures of the sea, "The Dauber" looks pale beside the glorious realism of "The Nigger of the Narcissus." Masefield seems to get absorbed in the details of ship tackle which Conrad uses only as a fundamental basis for his study. Both writers were well qualified to write on the sea; but whereas Masefield spent only about a year at sea when he was a boy, Conrad lived the best part of his life on the deep. It is only natural then, that Masefield's outlook should tend to be rather superficial, emphasizing the petty trials and unpleasant experiences of sea life and overlooking the deeper element; and that Conrad's long companionship and sorely tried love of the sea should give him a keener understanding and a stronger grasp on the subject. This difference is clearly marked, as a careful study of the two pieces will show.

Masefield takes for his subject a poor struggling artist for whom the poem is named. To achieve his ambition to paint realistic pictures of the sea, this frail young lad ships as a common sailor before the mast, and in order to attain by constant contact with his subject to a better understanding of it, pursues a calling entirely foreign to his nature and tastes. The author rouses the sympathy of his readers by the pathetic tale of the hard life and cruel death of "The Dauber." The young artist, ashamed of his unfitness for the work required of him, tries to win the title of 'man' from the other seamen. This he does at last, but only when he himself has gone forever from the deck and the fore-castle:

"Catch hold there, you and you!
He's dead, poor son; there's nothing more to do."

Even up to the bitter end he holds on to his high ideal; his dying words rouse pity in the reader. "It will go on . . ." The appeal throughout is to sentiment rather than to the intellect.

Conrad writes chiefly for the glorification of the sea. Apart from the sea itself, the central interest is the character of James Wait, a West Indian negro. His short life on the ship and his strange death hold a peculiar fascination for the reader of the book as well as for the members of the crew of the *Narcissus*. It is a psychological study of a puzzling personality and the effect of that personality on a group of normal men. The treatment of the theme shows a careful and thorough study of human nature. Conrad explains to his readers: "From that evening when James Wait joined the ship—late for the muster of the crew—to the moment when he left us in the open sea, shrouded in sailcloth, I had much to do with him. He was in my watch. A negro in a British fore-castle is a lonely being. He has no chums. Yet James Wait, afraid of death, and making her his accomplice, was an imposter of some character—mastering our compassion, scornful of our sentimentalism, triumphing over our suspicions. But in the book he is nothing, he is merely the centre of the ship's psychology and the pivot of the action . . ."

In their treatment of the crew these two writers differ more than in any other point in the tales. Masefield's crew are hard, mean, thoughtless, even cruel, entirely lacking in any spirit of good fellowship, prejudiced, and inclined to snobbery. Their actions towards the Dauber are despicable, especially in the first part of the story. One of the young officers in training tries to be friendly and is rebuked by the mate:

"Si," said the mate, "I hear you've made a friend,
Dauber, in short,—that friendship's got to end;
You're a young gentleman; your place aboard
Is with the gentlemen abaft the mast."

When the Dauber leaves some of his paintings in an out of the way place some of the crew discovering them

"smeared the paint with turpentine until
They could remove with mess cloths every trace
Of quick perception caught by patient skill."

Readers of the poem cannot but despise the contemptible spirit of these fellows.

How different is Conrad's crew; tolerant, kind-hearted and generous, they do their utmost to aid a fellow seaman. When Donkin, a perfect good-for-nothing, announces in the bunk house "I ain't got nothink. No bag, no bed, no blanket, no shirt,—not a bloomin' rag but what I stand in," he is readily supplied by his mates with such articles as each one could spare. Though all the crew, with the exception of Donkin, who recognizes a kindred spirit, loathe Jimmy Wait, yet his very cowardice and helplessness arouse in them a pity which is manifested in numerous acts of charity and self-sacrificing kindness. In fact, "the nigger" rules the crew by his constant appeal to their gentler feelings. When he dies a common bond is gone.

It would take too long to quote any adequate descriptions of the sea from either piece. Here, however, are a few. Masefield pictures a still midwinter night:

"Armies of marching eyes, armies that yearn
With banners rising and falling and passing by
Over the empty silence of the sky."

Again, the glories of a tropic dawn:

"The tropic dawn with all things dropping dew,
The darkness and the wonder and the hush
The insensate grey before the marvel grew."

and the horrors of a storm off the Horn,

"That battle with a gale which strikes men dumb
The leaping topsail thundered like a drum,
The frozen snow beat in the face like shots,
The wind spun, whipping wave crests into clots,"

and the misery of working in such a storm, when the Dauber found himself the sport of the elements,

"Limitless power, mad with endless rage
Withering the soul; a minute seemed an age.
He clutched and hacked at ropes, at rags of sail,
Thinking that comfort was a fairy tale."

Then the peace after the storm:—

"To come after long months, at rosy dawn
Into the placid blue of some great bay
Treading the quiet waters like a fawn
Ere yet the morning haze was blown away."

The storm off the Cape of Good Hope as described in "The Nigger" holds one spell-bound for pages and pages. It is useless to cull from it; yet here is one picture:

"Out of the abysmal darkness of the black overhead white hail streamed on her, rattled on the rigging, leaped in handfuls off the yards, rebounded on the deck,—round and gleaming in the murky turmoil like a shower of pearls. It passed away. For a moment a livid sun shot horizontally the last rays of a sinister light between the hills of steep rolling waves. Then a wild night rushed in—stamped out in a great howl that dismal remnant of a stormy day."

The seamen's love of the Narcissus is told in tender lines:

"We all watched her. She was beautiful and had a weakness. We loved her none the less for that. We admired her qualities aloud, we boasted of them to one another as though they had been our own, and the consciousness of her only fault we kept buried in the silence of our profound affection."

"Whenever she rose easily to a towering green sea, elbows dug ribs, faces brightened, lips murmured:—'Didn't she do it cleverly?' But when she had not been quick enough and, struck heavily, lay over trembling under the blow, we clutched at ropes and looking up at the narrow bands of drenched and strained sails waving desperately aloft, we thought in our hearts: 'No wonder. Poor thing!'"

Here, then are two modern "Tales of the Sea." The writers of both attain that end of all art, which is, as Conrad himself says: "To snatch in a moment of courage, from the

remorseless rush of time, a passing phase of life." Both have succeeded in attaining to "such clearness of sincerity that the presented vision of regret or pity, of terror or mirth, awakens in the hearts of beholders that feeling of unavoidable solidarity; of the solidarity in mysterious origin, in toil, in joy, in hope, in uncertain fate which binds men to each other and all mankind to the visible world"

AILEEN MACAULAY '26.

AVOIDING CRITICISM.

I TOLD Bess she was foolish to take the chairmanship of that committee. Emily's voice had the complacent note of one who feels that her judgment is vindicated. "But she said that somebody had to do it, and so she went ahead, and now I guess she wishes she had listened to me."

"Why do you think that?" Mabel asked.

"Well, lots of girls found fault with the way she did things. Of course, it was a nice entertainment, but things didn't run just smoothly. There was a good deal of criticism and I imagine Bess knows it. If I had taken that chairmanship and been criticised that way, I'd have hated it."

"Criticism is not pleasant," her sister agreed.

"I should say not."

"I remember reading a rule for avoiding criticism. Perhaps you'd like to hear it."

"Yes, I would," Emily settled herself to listen.

"It's very short; just this: Do nothing; say nothing; be nothing."

Emily looked at Mabel blankly. "Do nothing; say nothing; be nothing!" she repeated.

"Yes, that's it."

"But—but I shouldn't like that."

"Then I'm afraid you'll have to expect criticism. The cowardly people who stand back, who refuse all responsibility, who are willing to be nonentities, do not attract enough notice to call out criticism. You remember Roosevelt said that the only man who never made mistakes was the man who never did anything. Worth-while, active, earnest persons are bound to be criticised, and part of the time the criticism is deserved. But to be criticised is not nearly so serious, in my opinion, as escaping criticism by being a nobody."

After Mabel had left the room, Emily sat thinking over the rule for avoiding criticism: "Do nothing; say nothing; be nothing!" And the longer she thought about it, the less she felt inclined to be sorry for Bess.

Selected from *The Commercial "Startler."*

A MODERN RAPE OF THE LOCK.

What queer mistakes from women's nonsense rise
 What things girls do that e'en cause some surprise;
 I will not say—my sex forbids that I
 Should censure pass and ask the reason why.
 Yet here I will set forth in true array,
 The story of the maker of a play,
 And show how much a woman brave may dare,
 When fortune hangs upon a single hair.

Across the footlights shone a brilliant scene,
 'Twas not an audience for a movie screen;
 A high class tragedy now graced the boards,
 A classic, such as ancient Greece affords:
 At least, 'twas whispered in the gallery
 That *this* was something the elite should see.

She sat beside her hubby and surveyed
 Through her lorgnette, the gathering throng, arrayed
 In costume *à la mode*—enough is said—
 But hush! a thrill! the author's just ahead.
 A lean young student with blank, hollow eye
 Who waits—and utters an expectant sigh.

At last the lights are dimmed, the music starts,
 And mid a loud applause the curtain parts.
 She sits alert, one hand upon his chair
 'Twould easy be to steal a lock of hair . . .
 Her woman's daring—ever to the fore
 Tells her to pluck—as woman did of yore.

There shines, almost beneath her very hand
 A golden, soft, and surely ripened strand
 Ready for plucking—if the plucker be
 As determined, ardent, sure of hand as she.
 A little knife she drew, with shears equipped
 And in a trice, the fatal lock was clipped.

She clutches it, the fruit of her dark deed:
 He lacks it not, so bent is he indeed
 On having this, the chef d'oeuvre of his hand,
 Receive the plaudits loud of all the land.
 And true, th' applause is keen, prolonged and loud:
 Act I, at least, has won the fickle crowd

Act II receives their 'proval, it is true,
 But still it seems to wane, and well he knew
 That once it wanes, it will not come again;
 Which proves, though, he, the fickleness of men.
 And thus he sat and thought with pain intense
 While back of him she sat in sick suspense.

Then scene by scene and act by act it dragged
 And hope by hope in desperation flagged;
 The climax passed, and though this fact we grieve,
 The yawning crowd began to take its leave;
 The author watched the exodus dismayed
 So punk a play before was never played.

"Is not this boring?" someone turned and said;
 Nor knew 'twas what he waited for with dread;
 And all the while the crowd did thinner grow,
 As sitting there the picture of dark woe
 The dramatist and his admirer pray
 A short and speedy finish to the play!

The crowd is gone, and silence reigns supreme
 Her tragedy the author does not dream:
 She turns to make her exit from the box
 Still clutching in her hand the severed locks —
 Ah, cruelty! this lady, cold but fair,
 Deliberately returns the stolen hair!

Moral: If she were asked her sisters to advise,
 The lady would perhaps reply thus wise:
 "Of a writer green, all females should beware:
 Until his fame is ripe, don't pluck his hair!"

MONA FRASER.

THE FAIRY TALE OF TO-DAY.

"When I was a beggarly boy
And lived in a cellar damp,
I had not a friend nor a toy,
But I had Aladdin's lamp.
When I could not sleep for the cold,
I had fire enough in my brain,
And builded with roofs of gold
My beautiful castles in Spain."

FAIRY tales have and always will have their own special place in literature. They will keep their charm forever. "Folk-lore, legends, myths, and fairy tales have followed all childhood through the ages, for every healthy youngster has a wholesome and instinctive love for stories fantastic, marvellous and manifestly unreal. The winged fairies of Grimm and Anderson have brought more happiness to childish hearts than all other human creatures." The human mind craves some release from the trivial matters of every day and turns to fairy land; there it becomes enchanted, thrilled, as unrealities follow one another in swift succession, until the reader is absorbed in his book. Over a child's story book people can dream themselves back in their childhood and be all the better for it.

"Yet the old fairy-tale, having served for generations, may now be classed as historical in the children's library; for the time has come for a series of wonder tales in which the stereotyped genii, dwarf, and fairy are eliminated, together with all the horrible and blood curdling incidents devised by their authors to point a fearsome moral to each tale." So writes L. Frank Baum, the creator of "The Wizard of Oz."

The moral fairy tale is no longer written in such strong accents. The moral still exists but the child receives it in gentler form and it penetrates his understanding more gradually but none the less surely. In the moral fairy tale there are two distinct classes of people; the good people and creatures who receive all the rewards and the bad people who are punished for their deeds and end their days in misery.

For the satirical fairy tale we may turn to "Gulliver's Travels." There is nothing but bitter irony between its covers. The book was not intended for children but as an invective against mankind.

"Alice in Wonderland" may be classed as a humorous fairy tale. To us it is a good natured criticism of the narrow cramped methods of children's education sixty years ago. Children of all nations have read "Alice in Wonderland." Why the book finds favor with the little ones is no mystery. It contains many interesting fictions and no repelling paragraphs of solid information; the book is composed mostly of the conversations of Alice and the creatures she comes in contact with. "Alice" possesses humour; and one of the most noticeable things about children is their sense of what is funny. Practical jokes, even at their own expense, will make babies laugh long before they talk.

Nowadays children are not taught goody-goody little verses as Alice was. The parodies on the Busy Bee and Father William are appreciated only by grown ups, but even a child can laugh at the lobster who turns out his toes and the sleepy dormouse and

the hatter who bites his tea cup. The court scene is beyond the comprehension of a child, as a satire on the juries of England; but its very muddle makes it all the more mysterious. Apart from its veiled and gentle satire, "Alice" possesses another charm; and that is its language which can be understood by the old no better than by the young, and which defies all logical analyzing and often parsing.

In the fairy tale of to-day the author strives to banish all heartaches and nightmares and tries to express all the wonderment and joy that his imagination can summon. "The Wizard of Oz" is a perfect example of this type of fairy tale. In it are found all the elements of wonder the imagination can create. Its humour is found principally in the characters; their words and actions would bring a smile to the hardest face. What could be more comical than the picture of the Scarecrow stumbling along on his way to the Emerald City? He is always falling over stones and running into objects that anyone with brains would walk around. The Scarecrow's description of his own creation is equally funny; how his ears were painted first so that he heard before he saw; and how next his right eye was made, which gave him his first glimpse of the world; then his left eye, and then after the completion of his head, the rest of his person. His sadness at his failure to scare the crows is really quite pathetic, and we become just as eager as he "to get brains."

Dorothy's discovery of the Tin Woodman fills us with wonder and pity. What a happy world this would be if everyone were as careful of all living things as the Tin Woodman! When he stepped on a beetle he shed tears so abundantly that he rusted his joints and Dorothy had to oil them before he could speak again. He resolved to ask the Wizard for a heart; "for", said he, "while I was in love I was the happiest man on earth; but no one can be in love who has not a heart."

The Cowardly Lion does not know why he is a coward unless he was born that way. "All the other animals expect me to be brave," said he, "but I learned that if I roared very loudly every living thing would get out of my way. I would have run if the elephants and the tigers and the bears had ever tried to fight me, —I'm such a coward,—but just as soon as they hear me roar, they all get away from me,—and, of course, I let them go." When the others say they are going to Oz to ask for favors, the poor old lion decides to go and ask for courage.

The journey to the Green City is filled with adventures. The incident of their fight against sleep in the poppy field is striking to say the least. Even the lion, that great beast, is overcome by the flowers and is rescued from death by such small creatures as mice. We hold our breath as the lion carries the travellers one by one on his back across the terrible gulf, and when at the second gulf the party is encountered by the Kalidahs, we scarcely breathe at all.

At last, however, they reach the Emerald City, and naturally everything is green when seen through green glasses. Dorothy is sadly disappointed when she is told by Oz that she must go and kill the wicked Witch of the West. She is greatly troubled too, for she has never killed anything willingly before. But Oz assures her that the Witch is wicked and ought to be killed. The fight with the wolves and the bees and the crows of the wicked witch is very exciting, but at last our friends are captured and carried off by the winged monkeys. The witch, however, can do the child no harm because she is protected by the kiss of the good Witch of the North, and the power of good is greater than the power of evil.

We are as surprised as Dorothy when the wicked witch melts away under the bucket of water which the child throws over her. The reunion of the friends is very joyful and the climax of the story is reached when they arrive at the Emerald City and petition once more for favors from Oz. The shock of their discovery that the mighty wizard is only a little old wrinkled, baldheaded man, does not diminish the faith of the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman and the Lion, but Dorothy's demand is harder to grant. He can think of no way to get her home to Kansas except by the air; so they build a balloon. Just as they are about to sail away, the little girl's dog escapes from her arms and in an effort to catch him she loses the chance of going home.

So they journey to Glinda, the good Witch of the South. On the way they enter into combat with the fighting trees and meet the Hammerheads. It is a great shock to us when the little man's head flies off his shoulders and hits the lion so that he goes rolling down the hill. With our skirts about us we pick our way through the china city and are relieved when the party leaves its inhabitants with no further damage than the loss of a church which the lion knocked down when he leaped over the wall. At last however, the adventures come to a close and Glinda's castle is reached. Only now Dorothy finds out the charm of the silver shoes which she had worn ever since her entrance into this strange land. She has only to wish and to take three steps and she is wherever she wills. So she takes her little dog in her arms, clicks her heels together, and makes her wish, "Take me home to Aunt Em!"

The secret of L. Frank Baum's art is, I think, the secret of the silver shoes. With them, as with Aladdin's lamp, lies every power. The writer's imagination carries us out of a little grey prairie town into a land of marvels and once we are in the land of Oz all things are possible. The secret is open to everyone. Young and old may put on the silver shoes and tread once more the Land of Dreams.

NORA WHELPLEY.

SPRING

The year like a bird flies south of Time
And gives itself to a warmer clime;
'Tis then we know, as the robins do,
That winter is fading to softer hue,
Discarding her vesture of coldest white
For robes of summer, silken light,
And now is enfolded in warmer sheen
Of her cloak of softest verdant green;
And all the creeping growing things
Come out of the dark as the frost takes wings,
And bathe once more in the sun's warm light
Which comes like the dawn out of darkened night;
So let us enjoy it whilst we may,
For it's here and gone like a passing day.

KATHLEEN RYALL.

THE WATCHING STAR

IN a little white room in a big house by the sea, a child was lying in a crib by the window, gazing with wide-awake blue eyes up at the sky. It was twilight and the stars were coming out one by one, peeping, and twinkling and hiding again, in and out of fleecy clouds. Little Sheila's mother had kissed her and tucked her in and had gone away; but now something had brought her back, for she was standing there in the doorway looking at her wakeful little daughter and wondering what it was that so absorbed her attention. She stole in very softly and whispered quietly so as not to startle the little dreamer, "Why aren't you asleep, dear?"

The blue eyes turned from the window and shone up into her own. "Why, Mamma, I'm waiting for my star."

"Your star? What star, dearest?"

"See, Mamma, it comes up every night just over there, and it's always laughing, and I can't go to sleep till it comes."

The mother's eyes looked out where the rosy little finger pointed, away out over the sea, where just above the horizon a great star shone tranquilly in the evening sky. Thoughtfully she gazed without speaking, and then, because she too knew the road to the land of dreams and the fairies, she bent down and clasped her baby close and said,

"Listen, Sheila. Do you know what the stars are? They are little gaps in the floor of heaven, and through them all our prayers and wishes go up to God."

"Oh, how lovely, Mamma! I am going to send mine always through that hole always," said Sheila delighted with the new fancy. "My star is the biggest, too," she added reflectively.

"Yes, dear, do; but never forget the stars are always there. Sometimes the storms will come, and the wind, and the rain, but the stars are there just the same, though they may seem to be gone. Do you remember the day you had to stay in because it rained?"

"Yes, Mamma, and in the night my star was gone."

"You thought it was; but look, there it is again as bright as ever. So you see, dear, God is always watching."

She turned to go, but the child's hand pulled her down once more. "Mamma, she whispered, "does Daddy see us through the stars? He's with God, you said."

"Yes, dearest, he does."

"And when you go to stay with Daddy, will you watch us too,—me, and Ted, and Edward too?"

A tender smile lit up the mother's face. "Yes, darling, I'll always watch. So go to sleep now like a good girl, for it's getting late and the Sandman won't like it."

* * * * *

Sheila was not many years older when she lost her mother; and as she had no one else to turn to, she clung to her brothers, especially to Ted, the younger of the two, and three years older than herself. They had always been chums, in spite of the difference

in age and character; but now they were drawn even closer together by their common sorrow. Ted was her hero, but he laughed at her fancies and called her a dreamer. He was passionate and proud and could scarcely be curbed, but her sweetness could always hold him in check. One day when they were playing together, Sheila told Ted all about her idea of the stars. He laughed uproariously. "You silly," he said, "what next will you be thinking of? Say your prayers like everybody else, and don't try to send them up through a hole."

She wanted to add the part about her mother, but now she did not dare. Her brother seeing she was hurt said, "Cheer up, sis, come and have a set of tennis."

She did not venture to tell her dreams to her brother again, but she dreamed none the less, and watched him the more as the years went by and he passed from kites and tops to the more serious things of life. He was nineteen when his tutor advised him to go up to the university for a training in medicine. Sheila saw little of him after that; even the summer holidays were taken up with trips and camping and associations with his friends. It was four years later that he came back for a short stay at home. Sheila was overjoyed at the prospect of the holidays. They took up their old companionship just where they had left off, and the sympathy between them seemed deeper than ever.

The first Sunday morning, however, Sheila got a shock. She came running down stairs ready for Mass and found Ted standing in the hall waiting for her. He looked at her almost in surprise.

"Where are you going all togged up?" he asked.

"To Mass, of course. Get your hat and come along."

He only shrugged his shoulders and laughed. "Nonesense, Sheila, I haven't been to Mass since I left home and I'm not going to begin now. This church going makes me sick!"

Sheila only stood and stared.

"Ted! You always used to come with me. What has come over you?"

"Oh, that was when I was young and foolish. I'm wiser now. Now Sheila, have sense. If you want to go, go; but I'm going down to the shore."

With that he stepped out the door and was gone before she could recover from her astonishment.

The summer weeks passed, but their joy was gone for Sheila. She knew there was no use in talking to Ted; all she could do was to pray and pretend nothing was the matter. They still went swimming and boating; they still played lively matches of tennis and sat in the long evenings watching the stars come out over the sea. They were often silent, and she wondered if her mother knew and what she thought. Was she watching as she had said? A weight had settled on the girl's heart. It seemed to her that the light of the stars was indeed gone.

The summer was almost gone when she received another shock. The Great War broke out, and Ted enlisted in the aviation corps. She was proud to see him in his uniform, but a shudder always passed through her when she thought of the risks he would run and what it would mean for his soul if he should be suddenly summoned before the God whom he denied. After he had gone away she prayed and pondered and asked herself what she could do to help his poor soul. At last her decision was made. It was hard to leave home and give up friends and old associations; it was hard to sacrifice her liberty;

but what were these things compared with her brother's eternity? She did not flinch; and the day came which saw her enrolled as a hospital Sister of Charity, among the daughters of St. Vincent de Paul.

Meanwhile, somewhere in France, Ted was risking life and limb for others, reckless and strong, guessing little that his sister's sacrifice was all for him. One night he set out on a dangerous expedition alone, the same laughing Ted, skimming the air on the wings of the wind. Suddenly there was a blinding glare, a loud explosion, and the air-plane crashed to the ground.

It was hours later when he came to his senses. Night was still in the sky and the stars shone down on the scene of bloodshed and wreckage below. He lay in a state of semi-consciousness, gazing upward at those tiny points of light. He could not at first guess what they were. Gradually thoughts began to form . . . The stars! . . . how bright they were! . . . Sheila used to love them . . . poor little Sheila! . . . what was it she used to say about the stars? . . . oh yes, God was behind them . . . God! He had not thought of God for so long . . . Then he realized he was dreadfully cold; he was growing numb. He tried to move, but there was a dart of pain and a hot stream rose to his lips. He was startled now into vivid consciousness. He was dying! . . . out there alone under the stars . . . Death! What was death? What would it bring him? He thought of his mother who had died long before. She had believed in praying like Sheila. . . Then Sheila's face came before him and he could hear her words: "Ted! You always used to go . . ." Death! It meant facing God. . . ah, was there a God? There must be! He could not be sinking into nothingness; he was going. . . somewhere. . . he knew not where. Then suddenly the words flashed into his soul, words as clear as if they were spoken in his ear: "O my God, I am sorry because I have offended Thee Who art so good. . . so good. . ." He drifted off again into unconsciousness, and again returned. . . Slowly the hours dragged on. He passed from hope to despair and back again to hope, and when at last his life flickered out it was with a gasp. "O my God I am sorry because Thou art so good!"

In a city hospital far away a Sister of Charity knelt at that same hour by the bed of a dying patient and pressed the crucifix to the parched lips and murmured softly, "O my God, I am sorry because I have offended Thee Who art so good. . . so good."

MARY SUMMERS.

THE PASSING OF THE YEAR.

The sky is bright, the earth is fair,
But within my soul a sorrow drear
Is stealing on with measured tread;
Turning my heart from flesh to lead:
The end has come, too late to say
"Dear Lord above just one more day
To show my love for those so dear"
Alas! too late the end is here.

I sorrow now when doors are fast
And those dear days of life are past
For golden time and patience lost,
For wasted hours' bitter cost.
But time is undisturbed by sighs,
'Tis thankless now my sorrow lies;
I stand alone with humble brow
And murmur low "I'm sorry now."

HILDA DURNEY '26.

ALICE MEYNELL, POET, MOTHER, FRIEND

THE frontispiece of Alice Meynell's "Poems" is a drawing of the author by John Sargent; in Katherine Bregy's "Poet's Chantry" one finds a photograph of Mrs. Meynell. A comparative study of these portraits is worth while; for both reveal the personality and poetic characteristics of Mrs. Meynell. The photograph portrays a definite mood, or perhaps, as photographs generally do, a studied pose; that pose which characterized Mrs. Meynell before the reading public. Flawless perfection and classic intellectualism are its dominant traits. Mr. Sargent in his drawing catches something more. In the slight figure and well-poised head there is the expression of a personality; the pensiveness that haunts her poetry together with an intensity of feeling that is hinted at but always restrained in all her writings. The drawing in the original was inscribed with three significant names; first, "Alice Meynell;" then, "Coventry Patmore to Francis Thompson." These men knew Alice Meynell, not merely Alice Meynell of the photograph as she appeared to all the world, but Alice Meynell of the drawing, a living, breathing personality, the mother of eight children and the inspiration of all who loved her; and when they praised her work enthusiastically, it was because they understood its underlying sources; they understood her. Mrs. Meynell, then, is something more than a mere literary woman, a writer of classic poetry and prose. Her dearest titles are those of Mother, and Friend; and if we would understand her fully, we must view her in all aspects.

As the gifted wife of a busy editor, Mrs. Meynell had much practice in writing. Yet she wrote before her marriage, and of her poems, perhaps the best known and the best loved because of their freedom from her later restraint are the thirty-five "Early Poems" thirteen of which were sonnets. The sonnet was the principal channel by which her emotional imagination escaped, but she early discarded this form of poetry. There is not a single sonnet in the "Later Poems" or in "A Father of Women." Of her sonnets perhaps "The Daisy" is the most noteworthy. Ruskin declared that its closing lines taken with "San Lorenzo's Mother" and "A Letter from a Girl to Her Old Age" were the finest things he had yet seen or felt in modern verse. In this sonnet God is the Poet, the daisy His poem. Mrs. Meynell, addressing the daisy says:

"Slight as thou art, thou art enough to hide
Like all created things secrets from me,
And stand a barrier to eternity."

and then questions:

"And how can I praise thee well and wide
From where I dwell,—upon the hither side?
Thou little veil for so great mystery."

Another sonnet "Your Own Fair Youth" is typical of Mrs. Meynell's longing to keep youthfulness of spirit. Again "The Letter from a Girl to Her Old Age" expresses the same idea. To a young friend she writes:

"To guard all joys of yours from Time's estranging,
I shall be then a treasury where your gay,
Happy, and pensive past unaltered is.
I shall be then a garden charmed from changing
In which your June has never passed away."

The little poem "To Sylvia" written many years later, contains the same message:

"The commonplace shall serve thee for this time:—
Never grow old!

Perhaps the strongest proof we have that Mrs. Meynell succeeded in never growing old, is the fact that the last volume she prepared for the press, "The School of Poetry," was an anthology for children between ten and fourteen years of age. She was over seventy when she died in 1923, yet to her readers she is always young.

There is a note of sadness in Mrs. Meynell's poetry, but it is not an unrelieved sadness; that which is lost materially she believes is more than gained spiritually:

"No, not sad; we are beguiled
Sad with living as we are;
Ours the sorrow outpouring
Sad self on a selfless thing."

The keynote of all her writing is struck in the memorable sonnet on "Renouncement." She lays aside her emotions for a higher purpose, and when they escape, it is only after a long purgation; restraint and reserve characterize almost every line she published. She was, we are told, a shy woman, and her well-guarded heart allowed only a guarded expression to its deepest feelings:

"I must not think of thee; and, tired yet strong,
I shun the thought that lurks in all delight—
The thought of thee. . . .

But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,
When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,
And all my bonds I needs must loose apart,

Must doff my will as raiment laid away,—
With the first dream that comes with the first sleep,
I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart."

That Mrs. Meynell had great spiritual insight can never be doubted after reading any one of her religious poems. "The Young Neophyte," one of her earliest pieces, is an eternal consecration surmounting time; fitly enough it was engraved on her memorial card. The vastness of Divine Love is evident in "Christ in the Universe." "I am the Way" is a declaration of faith by "a child of progress" at a troubled time in her life. "Via, et Veritas, et Vita" written at the same time holds the same idea:—

"You never attained to Him." "If to attain
Be to abide, then that may be."
"Endless the way, followed with how much pain!"
"The way was He."

Mrs. Meynell is extremely limited in her art; her self-imposed law of restraint keeps her to her own way, distinct and distinguished; as she herself declares, "a poet of one mood."

"A poet of one mood in all my lays
Ranging all life to sing one only love,
Like a west wind across the world I move
Sweeping my harp of floods my own wild ways."

But her ways are not wild; they are rather soft grey like the seas she describes in the next stanza:

"On all the seas the colours of a dove,
And on all the fields a flash of silver greys."

It is only three years since Mrs. Meynell died. How long her poetry will last can only be answered by time itself. She has been allotted a high place in English literature by some whose praise is not to be disregarded. Coventry Patmore proposed her name for the Laureateship as the successor of Tennyson. George Meridith described her poetry as "an exquisite play upon our finer chords, not to be heard from another." Rossetti declared that "Renouncement" was "one of the three finest sonnets written by women," and Francis Thompson that "the footfalls of her Muse awake not sounds but silences."

Anyone who likes intellectualism, idealism, sincerity, and delicacy in poetry will like Mrs. Meynell's verse. But whether the appeal of her poetry is permanent or not really does not matter. Mrs. Meynell treated life in the spirit of art, and that, one critic declares, "is not far from the Kingdom of Heaven, as the ultimate artist is God alone."

As a mother, Mrs. Meynell makes a very special appeal, not so much in her poetry as in her prose. She has dedicated a whole volume to *The Children*, which shows an intimate knowledge that could only be acquired by experience. Most mothers sentimentalize over their children; a few regard them as necessary nuisances; but very few, unfortunately, understand them and enjoy them. Mrs. Meynell is one of the last class.

In opening her first essay, "Fellow Travellers with a Bird," she says: "To attend to a living child is to be baffled in your humour, disappointed of your pathos, and set free finally from all preoccupations. You cannot anticipate him." To illustrate, she continues, "No man's fancy could be beforehand with a girl of four years who dictated a letter to a distant cousin with the sweet and unimaginable message, 'I hope you enjoy yourself with your loving dolls.' A boy still younger, persuading his mother to come down and play with him on the floor, but sensible perhaps that there was a dignity to be observed, none the less entreated her, 'Mother, do be a lady frog!'"

The patience of little children in illness is the subject of one of Mrs. Meynell's most charming essays: "Their self control in real suffering is a wonder. A turbulent little girl, brilliant and wild, and unaccustomed to deal with her own temperament, fell over the rail of a staircase, and was obliged to lie for some ten days on her back. Every movement was in a measure painful; yet during every hour of the time the child was not only gay but patient; not fitfully, but steadily resigned, sparing of requests, reluctant to be served, inventive of tender and pious little words never used before. 'You are exquisite to me, Mother,' she said after receiving some common service."

This mother finds children's language not only amusing but unique. She says, "The mere gathering of children's language would be like collecting a handful of flowers, single

of their kind. In one thing, however, children agree; that is the rejection of most of the conventions of speech. One child . . . will have nothing but the personal pronoun nominative. 'Lift I up and let I see if it is raining.' . . . To a later phase of life when a little girl's vocabulary was somewhat at random growing larger, belong a few brave phrases hazarded to express a meaning well realized. Questioned as to eating a certain number of buns just before lunch, the child averred, 'I took them just to appetize my hunger.'"

Mrs. Meynell's idea of a naughty child is quite different from that of most people, who consider him a pest. "The naughty child (who is often an angel of tenderness and charm, affectionate beyond capacity of his fellows, and a very ascetic of penitence when the time comes), opens his brief campaign and raises the standard of revolt as soon as he is capable of the desperate joys of disobedience. But even the naughty child is an individual, and must not be treated in the mass."

The chief virtue of children, in her opinion, is their entire lack of resentment. "What other things are we to learn of them? Not simplicity; they are intricate enough. Not gratitude; for their usual sincere thanklessness makes half the pleasure of doing them good. Not obedience; for the child is born with a love of liberty. And as for humility, the boast of a child is the frankest thing in the world. . . . It is the sweet forgiveness of children, who ask pity for their sorrows from those who have caused them, who do not perceive that they are wronged, who never dream that they are forgiving, and who make no bargain for apologies—it is this that men and women are urged to learn of a child."

Even if Mrs. Meynell's poetry and essays fail to give her a permanent place in literature, her friendship with Francis Thompson will insure her memory; for had it not been for her sympathy and encouragement, Francis Thompson would have lacked the inspiration that made him a worker in some sort, and a contributor to English literature.

In February 1887 Wilfred Meynell, at that time editor of "Merry England," received Francis Thompson's essay "Paganism Old and New" and a few poems. The manuscript was laid aside by the preoccupied editor, and when later he decided to accept the essay, the author was nowhere to be found. It was April 1888 before he communicated with Thompson then a friendless wanderer in the London streets, his never strong body a slave to opium. Thenceforward Francis Thompson was a frequent visitor at Palace Court, the Meynell home in Kensington. Slowly and doubtfully the idea of a rescue came to him; he was not ready to believe that he was fitted for a literary career, and he exhibited no interest in the plans made for his benefit. Alice Meynell and her husband had taken a strong liking to the young author, and realizing the seriousness of his physical condition, persuaded him to consult a doctor. The doctor declared that recovery was impossible, and that abstention from opium would hasten his death. Nevertheless the risk was taken, and Thompson left a private hospital a few months later temporarily cured.

Early in 1892 the poet went to Pantasaph in Wales where he took up his lodging at the gate of the Capuchin Monastery. Here he prepared his "Poems" and here the first proofs of his book reached him through Mrs. Meynell who wrote: "I am very glad that Mr. Lane asked me to send you the first pages of the book, your poems, to which I have so long looked forward. It is a great happiness for me to do so. I cannot express to you how beautiful your poems are." The book was dedicated to Alice and Wilfred Meynell. The poet had great faith in his friends' opinion, especially in Alice Meynell's. Before the publication of "New Poems," he wrote to her, "Herewith I send the proof. If after

you have read it, you say 'This is bad poetry,' I will cut out half the book; but not half a line to please the publisher's whim for little books and big margins."

From the publication of this volume till his death in 1907 Thompson lived quietly in London. Many admired his work, but he had few friends, the Meynells being the only family with whom he was intimate. They were with him when he died on November 13th. On the breast of the dead poet were violets from Alice Meynell whose praises he had so divinely sung.

Mrs. Meynell frequently in her letters used the term "friend and child." The phrase fittingly describes her attitude towards Francis Thompson. She was interested not only as a friend but as a mother, in everything he did, giving him assistance whenever possible and endeavoring to make his solitary life happy. Her poet bore his emotions regarding Mrs. Meynell secretly and set them free only when he had decked them in the imagery of verse. He was shy of his own inability to be communicative, and shy of his own ardent feelings towards her. The little poem "Domus Tua" is perhaps his most telling tribute:

A perfect woman,—Thine be laud!
Her body is a temple of God.
At doom-bar dare I make avows:
I have loved the beauty of thy house."

ISABEL J. MACNEILL.

MUSICAL HITS FOR ALL SEASONS.

"Mighty Blue"	"Last Saturday Night"
—Prime.	—Beans.
"As My Mother Used To Do"	"Gone Are The Days"
—Darning Stockings.	—Vacation.
"When Lights Are Low"	"Parade Of The Wooden Soldiers"
—Undressing In The Dark.	—Road.
"Where The Dreamy Wabash Flows"	"The Rosary"
—Lavatory.	—Beads.
"Stumbling All Around"	"Dawn Chimes"
—Basket Ball.	—Rising Bell.
"I'll See You In My Dreams"	"Somewhere A Voice Is Calling"
—Shorthand.	—Press Cleaning.
"That's Where My Money Goes"	"Oh How I Hate To Get Up In The Morning"
—Cupboard.	—M. S. V. Chorus!

MADLINE KYTE, '26 (Com).

LETTERS OF CELEBRITIES

HISTORICAL research on the part of zealous students at M. S. V. reveals the following letters hitherto unpublished and only recently translated into English. The first two being in classic Greek, are no doubt authentic. At least so declares Prof. E. Campbell, our Greek specialist. The translation is vouched for by Miss C. MacKenzie and Miss M. Chesley, both of the famous B History class. The Russian translation was a greater difficulty, but this too, was achieved by Prof. E. Campbell whose admiration of Peter the Great sustained no diminution by the details revealed to the reader in this interesting epistle to William III of England. We publish these for the good of society in general and for the Historical Society of M. S. V. in particular.

I.

From Aspasia, wife of Pericles, to her beloved and revered father, Axiochus, in Miletum, Ionia.

Greetings!

As it has been some weeks since word has come to me from Ionia, and I know your anxiety concerning my health and my life with my honored husband Pericles, I am sending this letter by special messenger, who will leave to-morrow for Miletum. May he speedily bring me word of your well being!

Dear father, go into the garden and observe closely the actions of the little tortoise there; then you will understand why the tortoise, a creature which never leaves its house, is a symbol of domestic life in Greece. Athenian women are held in careful repression; their noble lords believe that culture is for males only! Although their chief study is Homer, yet when they take to themselves wives, they appear to forget the freedom of women in Homer's time. These Grecian women live secluded lives at home in separate women's apartments. Poor creatures! They have no public interests, and understand nothing of philosophy; indeed, many of them cannot appreciate the important concerns of their husbands.

I was greatly surprised and amused a few days ago, to learn that the wives of our esteemed Phidias and Thucydides are not able to read! Of Socrates' wife, Xantippe, gossip relates many lively stories, and I have heard Xenophon, Anaxagoras, and some of the other wits present at our symposiums, twit Socrates with his wife's peculiarities. Such a charming group! How I delight in crossing lances with men who converse so brilliantly. I am afraid the Athenian women look on me with some jealousy as an invader of their customs. They are rarely seen on the streets and never meet their husbands' friends, —a thing I would not, forsooth, endure.

What new thing at Athens shall I relate to you? The most important undertaking now in the public eye is the building of the long walls, running the whole width of the Isthmus, from sea to sea, joining Megara and our ports on the Corinthian Gulf. When this great task is completed, Athens can prevent invasion by land from the Peloponnesus, and will afford a refuge in time of war within these spacious walls.

Our present home is in the city, but I have persuaded Pericles to build a more comfortable and up-to-date house in the suburbs. We have already drawn up the plans and are busy deciding details. Our present home has but a wooden frame covered with sun-dried clay. It is built flush with the street and the door opens out, so that passers

by are liable to bumps unless they keep to the middle of the thoroughfare. In the new house I am going to have a vestibule at the front door, leading into a square hall where there is a court open to the sky and surrounded by a colonnade. The court is to be paved in mosaic. Except for the hall, the lower floor will be used for store rooms and sleeping apartments for the men of the household and the male slaves. The upper story is for the women. At present we have few windows and those facing the street are closed in by a wooden lattice; but I intend to have more in the new house.

I spend much time in conversation and I take numerous pleasure trips with Pericles, driving out of the city to visit his country farms and houses. It is these recreations that are keeping me young in body and spirit. I look with contempt on these Grecian women who dawdle away their time listlessly at their toilet or in vacant idleness. It is their unwholesome living and lack of exercise that has led to the necessity of their excessive use of red and white paint and other cosmetics. All this I scorn, as it is brought on by nothing else but their idleness; still, they know no better and have naught else to do.

I usually attend the banquets at our own home, but never those outside as they are for men only. It is when the eating is over that the real entertainment of the evening begins with wine. Drunkenness, however, is rare, though the drinking lasts late, accompanied with serious or playful talk, with singing, and with story telling. These banquets form the chief feature of Athenian entertainment; nearly every house gives one nightly.

As to my happiness, my dear father, nourish no fears. Ours is a union which is as enduring as life itself and which is truly a wedding of minds.

Most heartily do I send my respects to my dear father and all my kinsmen.

Your affectionate daughter,

ASPASIA.

II.

From Thucydides at Athens to Phidias in exile (about the 121st Olympiad).

Greetings, my dear Phidias!

Your noble epistle was received with much exuberation, and I rejoice to learn that you have not completely vanished. You are unusually modest all of a sudden—something new? For the last ten years I have endeavored to locate your whereabouts in vain.

Allow me to say that the town is not itself since you have gone out, along with so many more of our old chums. Recall the jolly hours in Aspasia's salon. My good Phidias, have you heard that that remarkable creature has entered another matrimonial alliance with an insignificant individual in her native city? You remember she retired from Athenian life when the renowned Pericles succumbed to the claws of the naughty plague. Alas, and alack!

Recollect if you can, the handsome Alcibiades. That chap seemed to have a remarkable gift (apart from his many others) of changing his colors like a chameleon. With us, a most ardent Athenian; at Sparta where he cuts his flowing locks and subsists on black broth, a most edifying advertisement of their meagre life; at Susa a Persian in attitude, garb, and speech. (That little lisp of his was undeniably fascinating to the women!) Well, the wild youth had a great lark when he abandoned our expedition in Sicily to pass the tip to Sparta that won them their victory at Syracuse. After a brief holiday in Sparta, he sped over to Persia and gave old Tissaphernes the odd hint concerning his late friends and admirers and punctured their soaring plans. And then, when he had finished his spree he came back to us!—and would you believe it?—was received with open arms by his bereaved mother Athens! Stir up your brain, my dear boy and recall the gorgeous tail he clipped from his rare Asia Minor dog just to raise excitement. Well, it seems to me he ruined his native city for much the same reason. I dwell at length

on his doings since the news of his death somewhere up near the Bosphorus is still the talk of Athens.

Well, since he and our hopes have departed, this town has been hot. The Thirty made things lively while they were with us. I tell you Phidias, this massacre business is a dangerous thing. They did their best to rid Athens of all noble blood and pretty nearly succeeded. Their fling lasted about eight months. It is over now, and we are trying to get settled down to our old life. The walls however, are gone—thank Sparta for that!

Have you heard? (Of course not—how could you?) Xenophon is back with a thrilling tale of adventure through the wilds of the Persian mountains. I can imagine they had a pretty hard fight dodging those barbarians. The old fellow gets a lot of boosting for his pluck in getting the Ten Thousand back at all, and I'm glad of it.

No doubt you will be grieved to hear that our old friend Socrates met his fate at last. Public feeling began to run a bit too high against him on account of his disregard of the gods, but I have a strong suspicion there were personal grudges at the bottom of it. He drank the cup at the bidding of the Heliaea. I have always feared he would get himself into trouble. Anaxagoras also has passed out. Young Plato is coming into fashion. I sometimes attend a symposium at the Academe, but it is not like old times. Besides, I am busy working on my History.

Herewith, my good Phidias, farewell. The Parthenon still stands and you are not forgotten. Perchance you may yet come back to us.

Faithfully, your old friend,

THUCYDIDES.

III.

From Peter of Russia to William III, King of England. Written probably about 1698.

Moscow.

Dear William:

I intended writing before to thank you for all your kindness to me while I was in England; but the fact is, that I have been rather busy settling the "Streletsi affair" of which you have read in the papers no doubt.

It pained me indeed to have to take the rod in hand on my arrival home; but I felt it my duty to do so. I was very lenient with my wife Eudoxia, and my sister Sophia, who were mixed up in the affair. I contented myself with giving them the "boyish bob" and confining them to a monastery. As to my two brothers, Tedor and Ivan, and other rebels, I felt it necessary for the common good to cut off their heads. Although this caused me great grief, I insisted on performing this sad duty myself, as I knew the soldiers were likely to treat them roughly. But indeed, I was so weakened during the process that I had to revive my strength between each two heads with a capacious draught of brandy.

I have succeeded in introducing many European customs and effecting many reforms in Moscow. Long robes and boorish beards are now taboo. I consider them abominable, and I have imposed a penalty on anyone daring to appear in public in these obnoxious skirts and with the old fashioned chin adornment. It was a hard task; at first I was necessitated to carry my shears with me wherever I went in case that I should meet an offender and be obliged to curtail the superfluous part of his garment. Only yesterday I met two such, and had to take drastic measures with them.

I am giving a dance at the Kremlin this evening. I only wish you and your beautiful loquacious wife could attend. I am to lead the quadrille; and even if I do say so myself, I make a charming figure in my silver buckled pumps, silk stockings and knee breeches. My partner is to be Lady Theda Kiuskow. She is a perfect Venus, and is vastly improved since she has adopted the European custom of wearing stays. Do you know William,

the first time I heard of these articles was in Germany. I was at the Imperial Ball, and had occasion to remark in the course of a waltz that the German ladies had particularly hard bones. Imagine my astonishment when I learned this was part of their regular feminine accoutrement!

By the way, William, three manicurists have set up beauty parlors in Moscow, and one is permanently established at the Kremlin. When my new town on the Bay of Riga is finished, I shall introduce them there. The people down there are not ready for them yet; particularly as they are at present obliged to use their hands in carrying away the mud from the marshes. A number of my people have died from the fever contracted there,—some thousands they say,—but, what will you have? One must break eggs to have an omlet, eh Willie? When the town is finished, even Amsterdam won't be able to come up with it. I am thinking of calling it after myself,—St. Petersburg.

I am personally supervising the building of a fleet modelled on the yacht you gave me. That little skiff affords me great pleasure, and I like nothing better than cruising around on week ends. I make frequent excursions to Azof which are at the same time both pleasurable and profitable.

I have bought a little Lap dog (right from Lapland, a thorough-bred). He is really the most intelligent creature I have seen from that region; and so amusing! I do not see how I was ever without one.

My aide-de-camp, Stanislaus Borinskiosky, has just informed me that there are two gentlemen with whiskers outside, who need a shave; so I shall have to close. Kindly pay my profoundest respects to your royal Mary in whose company I spent many a pleasant evening. Many thanks again, dear William, for your exceeding benefits to me.

I remain

Sincerely your admirer,

PETER OF RUSSIA.

HALIFAX

"IT is doubtful whether there is in all America a city of sixty thousand inhabitants into which there is packed a more varied assortment of buildings, institutions, historic memorials, 'sights' and personages of interest to the casual sojourner than in Halifax. It fairly teems with things that are "different"; its very atmosphere is saturated with the spirit of novelty and mild adventure, and he who has not seen Halifax, has yet much to see. Perhaps its most impressive physical feature is its lofty Citadel Hill, from which the Royal Standard has daily floated these many years; and certainly the view of city, harbor, ocean, and suburbs obtainable from its ramparts is of itself worth a pilgrimage from any part of America.

"The Northwest Arm, a sheet of water about three miles long and one quarter to three quarters of a mile wide, with receding coves and advancing headlands which relieve the monotony of a regular shore line, provides entertainment for thousands of people. It is a place of ever changing lights and shades. Hundreds of canoes and small boats glide about the smooth surface. Attractive club houses and summer cottages line its shores. Tennis, golf, club dances and regattas, with innumerable other outdoor sports, are going on all the time, and provide no end of entertainment for residents and visitors. The Northwest Arm by sunlight or by moonlight is a place of entrancing

beauty " This enthusiastic description of our city is found in *The Gregg Writer*, a magazine of world-wide circulation; and though there is no need of our endorsement, we give it heartily. Our native city, however, has still other advantages.

For its size, Halifax has a remarkable number of educational institutions: Dalhousie University which ranks with McGill, and six colleges besides, King's, Saint Mary's, the Technical, Halifax Ladies', Maritime Business, and last but not least, the College of Mount Saint Vincent. There are various high schools and numerous grammar schools, many of them conducted by religious, both Brothers and Sisters, an excellent School for the Blind and an equally excellent School for the Deaf and Dumb.

The great business asset of Halifax is its deep, spacious harbor, open for trade all year round, and one of the finest in the world. Ships of all nations have anchored in its waters. The latest feature to be added is a large Grain Elevator, which will give employment to many.

An American visitor to the city tells this story to illustrate the character of its people. On one occasion, being at a distance from his destination and uncertain how to get there, he saluted a passing soldier and inquired his way. The soldier saluted in return saying, "Follow me, Colonel"—the inquirer had commanded as major in the Civil War—and walked back, keeping just ahead of his companion, until they reached the place for which the Major was looking. Then, with another salute, the courteous soldier left him.

The atmosphere of culture prevailing Halifax naturally fosters a gift of literary expression in its citizens, and many of these have made a name in the world of letters. One to win fame as poet and authority on poetry is Marguerite Wilkinson, who has written several books of verse and edited others. As critic, Mrs. Willkinson has an unusual gift of sympathetic discernment. Another distinguished Haligonian of to-day is Michael Williams, the editor of *Commonweal*, who has given picturesque glimpses of his native place in *The High Romance*. But best known to Mount pupils is our own alumna, Mrs. Angus MacDonald, who, as Agnes Foley has won distinction among Canadian writers by her charming lilting lyrics. Among the best known Halifax writers of to-day are Professor Archibald MacMechan and J. D. Logan.

The social relation existing in Halifax between the Catholic and the non-Catholic, between the rich and the poor, and the friendly feeling among religious denominations has made the progress of all classes as nearly uniform and perfect as is possible. The Sisters of Charity are teaching in no less than five public schools: Saint Patrick's High, Saint Mary's, Saint Joseph's, Saint Thomas Aquinas, and Oxford Street. It is this spirit of tolerance, of enlightenment, which makes our city by the sea a veritable 'city on a mountain that cannot be hid.'

MARGARET F. REARDON, '26 (Sec. Sc.)

TWO MEMORABLE VOYAGES

THE first voyage was in May, 1913, when I embarked on the Pacific Steamship "Orcoma" at Coronel, Chile, with my mother and three brothers, the eldest two of whom were going to school in Scotland.

Our first port of call was Punta Arenas, (Sandy Point) the most southerly city in the world. It is situated in the Magellan Straits. On the second day out from Coronel, a fearful storm arose and it was with the greatest difficulty that the captain was able to make his entrance into the Straits at Cape Pilar. Once inside the Straits, everything was calm, and we were allowed on deck. Several passengers were injured by glass from the port holes, which were forced in by the violence of the gale. In the midst of our anxieties, it was difficult to keep from smiling at times when attempts were made to serve the meals in the dining saloon. On such occasions we frequently found that, owing to the rolling of the ship, the soup, instead of being on the table, was on our lap.

Several ships were lost in this tremendous storm, on the West Coast. The "Orcoma" was also reported lost. But, thank God, such was not the case. After taking on cargo and passengers, we sailed for Port Stanley in the Falkland Islands. From there, after four days, we reached Monte Video, where passengers were also taken on. The next port call was Rio de Janeiro. As the steamer remained there for a day and a night, we took the opportunity of doing some sight seeing in this beautiful city. After eight days sailing from Rio de Janeiro, we touched at Isles of St Vincent. After a short stay there, we sailed for Liverpool, arriving there after a thirty four days voyage, during which we had travelled about eleven hundred miles. Six months afterwards, I returned to Chile, by the same route on the Steamship "Ortega."

My second voyage was made during war time, just after the Battle of the Falkland Islands, when the British ships under Sir Dafeon Sturdee defeated the fleet of Admiral Von Spee, thus avenging the loss of the "Good Hope" and the "Monmouth" which had been sunk with all hands in the battle of Coronel a short time previous. One Cruiser, "Dresden," of the German fleet, escaped from the battle of the Falkland Islands. The knowledge that this ship was at large, paralyzed for a time, the shipping on the West Coast of South America.

In January, 1915, I embarked on the "Ortega" with my mother, who had been called to Scotland, owing to the serious illness of my eldest brother. We had to wait several days until the Chilean Government sent one of their Battleships to escort our ship to Punta Arenas. After this voyage, no lights were allowed after darkness fell.

After leaving Monte Video, great alarm was experienced one day when it was found that our ship was being signalled by a battle ship. Naturally, every one expected the worst and thought that war ship in question could be no other than the "Dresden." After a time, we were immensely relieved to find that it was the H. M. ship "Glasgow," one of the victors in the Falkland Islands battle, that was approaching. I shall not readily forget the scene of enthusiasm and the mighty cheer that arose when the "Glasgow" drew near. That was one occasion when one felt proud of the British navy.

In spite of the many restrictions after nightfall, there was no lack of amusement and sport among the passengers, the majority of whom were British volunteers from the different South American republics. We eventually reached Liverpool after a voyage which had lasted seven and a half weeks. Four months afterwards, on the recovery of my brother, we again set sail for Chili, this time, in the midst of the submarine campaign carried on by the Germans. We had boat drill and were compelled to sleep with our life belts on. It was a very exciting time until we reached Monte Video. There, we joined my father who had come by the way of the Transinway Railway from Chili. He also had had quite an experience when on reaching Los Andes, it was found that severe snow storms had blocked the railway in many places and that all transportation was cancelled. However, with four men and six guides, father set out and walked from Rio Blanco, on the Chilean side, to Los Cueves, the first station on the Argentine side, just at the entrance to the famous tunnel that cuts the Cumbre. The time taken to traverse this distance was three days, owing to the conditions caused by the numerous avalanches. As a matter of fact, the Transinway Railway in that particular season was not open to traffic until two months later.

Our voyage from Monte Video to Port Stanley was uneventful, because of the fact that the "Dresden" had been sunk by H. M. ship "Kent" at Juan Fernandez, thus allowing shipping to be carried on without fear of danger, another proof of the far reaching activities of the British Navy.

We passed through the Magellan Straits with beautiful moonlight nights, arriving in Coronel, thirty-nine days after leaving Liverpool.

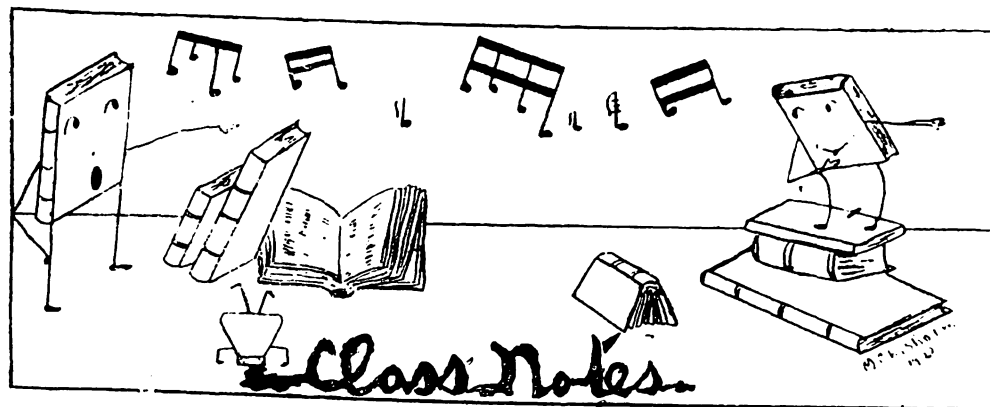
It was pleasant to get back to Chili, which we had grown to love very much. The people of Chili are hospitality and kindness itself. I venture to say that in no other country in the world, will the stranger experience the courtesy and kindness that he will in Chili, the land of blue skies, lovely women and gallant men.

BLUEBELL CUMBERFORD, Senior D.

SOME CHEMICAL EQUATIONS OF M. S. V.

- I. Acid (any member of the Faculty) + Base (any of us) produces a Salt. (Sometimes in the form of tears).
 - II. Stairway + High Heels = Precipitation.
 - III. Combustible Substance (porridge) + Supporter of Combustion (silence for breakfast) = Explosion.
 - IV. Food in private room + (mention no names) = Displacement.
N. B. (Some equation might represent replacement but this has never occurred yet.)
 - V. Gas (hot air under pressure) when given an outlet = effervescence (loud recreation).
- N. B. Tests for all these chemical reactions on exhibition at all times. New discoveries are made in the regular bi-monthly tests of Provincial A and B.

IDA MARSLAND, '26.



THE A's

(Parsed by the Grammatical Board of Censors).

AILEEN MACAULAY:

Noun, occasionally proper, most singular, feminine gender, subject to political controversy, and to frequent bursts of energy. Its construction is generally strongly objective, never agreeing in person and always feminine in matters of dress. Sometimes attracted towards the masculine, but as yet single and unlimited.

Rule: any noun that is used to unqualified address in a harangue in the upper corridor thereby becomes objective.

IDA MARSLAND:

Noun, uncommon, variable, dual (or one-half of a dual) neuter, no case (defective in this matter). This noun is generally lacking in various articles, and is used with several conjunctions which link it to other nouns for which it has an affinity. It is frequently used with interjections. This is one of the few nouns that have a voice and this is rarely modified.

MARY SUMMERS:

Interrogative pronoun, (sometimes personal), feminine gender, singular number, occasionally demonstrative in reference to several things, especially politics and literature.

Rule: an interrogative pronoun is used to introduce questions direct and indirect, and in the latter case requires a verb in the subjunctive mood.

IDA LE BLANC:

A definite article whose function is to limit all improper nouns. It is used adherently to modify exaggerated remarks that may occur and is in direct antithesis to any hyperbole. In this construction the article is rare.

Rule: the article has often demonstrative force and points out one or more things, or a whole class of things.

MARY McNEIL:

A relative pronoun, third person, singular number, and agrees with its antecedent Mary Summers in all points of taste, choice, and opinion.

Rule: a relative pronoun must agree with its antecedent in number and personal matters, but its case is its own.

JOSEPHINE BURGESS:

A co-ordinate conjunction joining Aileen Macaulay and Ida Marsland, two concrete nouns. This joining generally takes place when translation from French occurs.

Rule: Co-ordinate conjunctions join like things.

EVELYN CAMPBELL:

Verb, transitive, irregular, sometimes present, occasionally progressive, mood variable. It agrees with its subject A. M. in number and person, and has for its object the study of Greek. N. B. This verb is transitive at odd times, especially between classes, and then its object is the removal of books. It has a strong past, but is more commonly found in the vivid future construction.

ISABEL MACNEILL:

Noun, uncommon, abstract, very singular, nominative case, subject to day dreaming. This noun is generally found in opposition with the principal subject, Mathematics, which is unlimited and invariable.

Rule: A noun that is subject to anything is in the nominative case.

STEPHANIE McISAAC:

Verb, strong, active, always present, indescribably optative mood, third person, never singular but always found in conjunction with one of two objects, Sarah or Ena. Agrees with its subject (?) in all things. Frequently lacking in voice. Future less vivid, hence optative mood.

Rule: A verb in perfect agreement with its subject may be sometimes found in this extraordinary mood.

ALICE DOWD:

Is a pronoun, personal, singular, third person, case depends on construction in which it is placed. Generally it substitutes for a noun in any capacity, but particularly in basket-ball connections. Then it may be said to play the part of the noun it stands for, and thus saves a tiresome repetition of the noun.

Rule: A pronoun can always substitute for a noun and then there is always perfect agreement.

E. RYAN.

APPENDIX I.

The following is added without the permission of the Censor, but we trust it will parse as well as the rest.

EILEEN RYAN

Participle, present, taken from a very irregular verb, and hence lacking in some parts, noticeably in those derived from Latin and French. This part of speech can never stand on its own feet and is sometimes called a dangling modifier. Its voice is generally active and its mood indicative of its capacity for variability. When used with verbs it appears progressive. It is sometimes called a verbal noun, but this is a mistake, as it never can retain an article.

THE B's

(As the Rhyme Rolls On).

MOLLY CHESLEY.

There was a young lady so jolly
To compare one with her would be folly;
When it comes to her art
Naught else has a part,
Who else could this be but—just Molly?

AGNES McNULTY.

There was once a young lady so pert
Who her classes one day did desert;
She remained in the city,
Oh, deplorable pity!
And the following day was inert.

MARGARET TOBIN.

There was a young lady named Tobin
Whose attention was constantly rovin';
She twisted her curls
And smiled at the girls
When they tried mathematical probin'.

MARGARET PRENDERGAST.

A young maiden went on a diet,
She became very sober and quiet;
Till at length one sad day
She just faded away,
And her parting words were, "Never try it!"

FLORENCE ARCHIBALD.

After serious, prolonged contemplation,
Archie-bald solved a strange situation;
And fixed her affection
In one steady direction,
Which fact needs no verification.

KATHLEEN RYALL.

There was once a young lady named Kitty
Who went one Spring day to the city;
With scarcely a thought
She bought and she bought,
And now she is broke,—what a pity!

MARGARET ROMKEY.

There was once at the Mount a queer creature
Who had one most distinguishing feature;

She kept her long hair,
Oh, how could she dare?
Could one have the heart to impeach her?

FANNY GOODMAN.

Fanny Goodman the sewing room lured
And with all kinds of excuses inured,
She went every day
Her homage to pay.
Till her place in the room was assured.

LUCILLE THERIAULT.

There was once a young girl named Lucille
Who encountered a startling thrill;
One night in a dream
She presided at Prime,
Is it possible dreams to fulfill?

KATHLEEN DORAN.

There was once a young lady named Katty
So neat and so nifty and natty,
She used every day
To the sewing room stray
Which seemed very useless and batty.

MILDRED and EDNA HAMILTON.

There once were two Hamilton sisters
Who solved mathematical twisters;
With a formula set
There was nothing to bet
'Gainst these two very clever persisters.

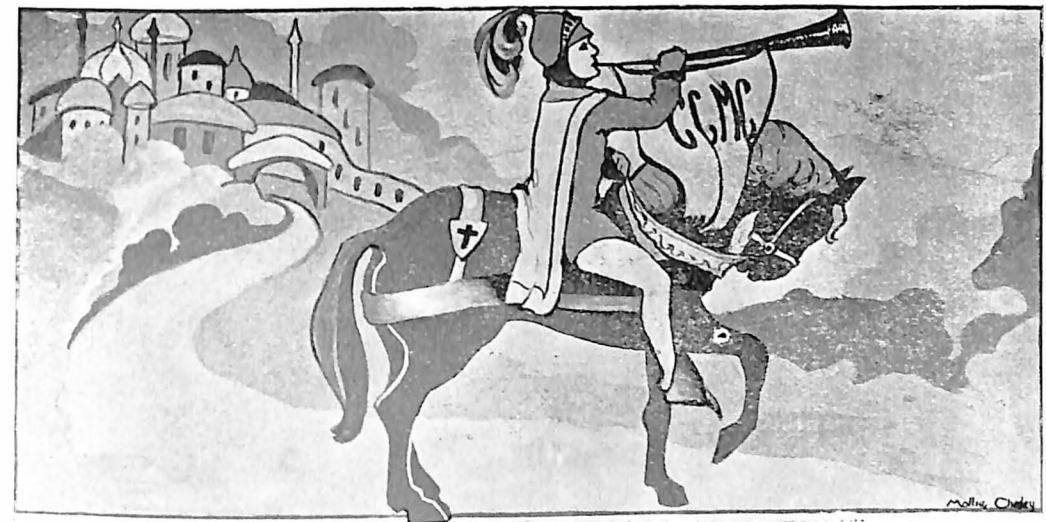
LILIAN ROMKEY.

There once was a maid, Lily Ann
Who late at her German began
But she followed the class,
This "fleissige" lass,
For her motto was ever "Ich kann."

LOUELLA EMBREE.

There was once a young lady named Lou
Who her studies did fiercely pursue,
With her lessons rehearsed
All her troubles dispersed
And her happiness naught could undo.

C. A. M.



FIRST ANNUAL CONVENTION CANADIAN CATHOLIC STUDENTS' MISSION CRUSADE

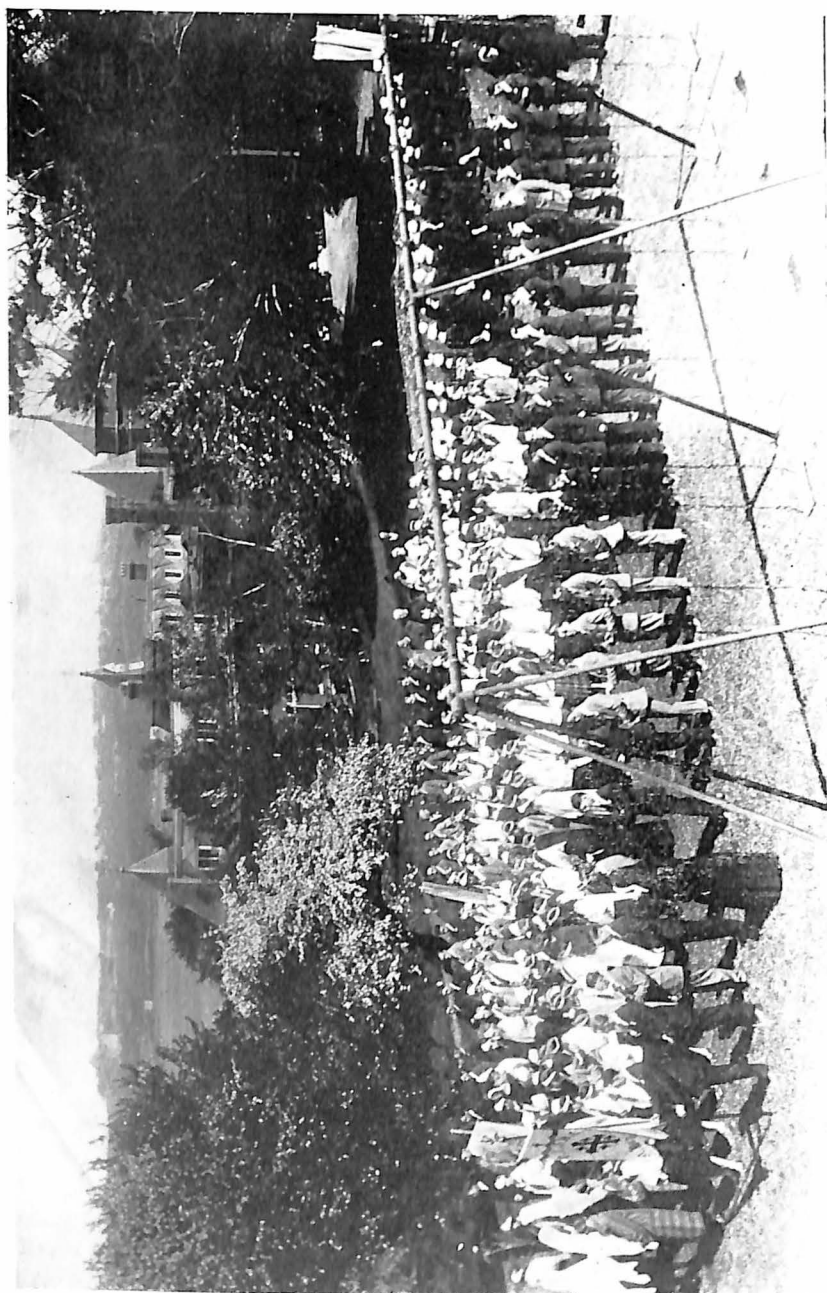
MOUNT ST. VINCENT COLLEGE.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

June 7, 1925.

ON the Feast of the Holy Trinity, June 7, 1925, the first Annual Convention of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade in the Archdiocese of Halifax was held at Mount St. Vincent, under the auspices of the Sisters of Charity. The Director of the undertaking was the Rev. Charles Curran, D.D., whose zeal and energy has brought about an amalgamation of the separate units of the Crusade in this city. Four units sent representatives and members; St. Mary's College, The Academy of the Sacred Heart, St. Patrick's Girls' High School, and Mt. St. Vincent. Altogether, there were about three hundred students present.

The proceedings were carried out in a most orderly and impressive manner. At three o'clock (Daylight-saving time) the procession formed in the front driveway, and proceeded to the Chapel. Each unit wore its own emblem and carried its own banner. After the singing of the hymn "Thy Kingdom Come" an act of consecration to the Blessed Virgin was read by Miss Mary Lyons of Mt. St. Vincent. This was followed by an act of consecration to the Sacred Heart by Miss Margaret Woods, a pupil of the Convent of the Sacred Heart. The hymn, "Sacred Heart in Accents Burning" was then sung by the congregation, and the procession passed out of the Chapel and out of the building. All in the glory of a June day, with apple blossoms and lilacs and the spread-blue of Bedford Basin, it was an impressive spectacle to see this army of Catholic boys



FIRST ANNUAL CONVENTION C. S. M. C. MOUNT ST. VINCENT COLLEGE JUNE 7th, 1925.

and girls winding through the beautiful paths and up the green hillside to our Lady's Grotto. Here a prayer was offered by Alfred Leizermann of St. Mary's College, a hymn to the Blessed Mother sung, and the procession returned, reciting the Rosary for the Missions. All immediately passed to the Assembly Hall where the programme was opened by a sacred song by Miss Ena Barbarie.

The business meeting was opened by Reverend Doctor Curran who touched briefly on the principal points interesting to all Crusaders; its object, its beginning, its growth. In eight years the Crusade has grown in the United States and Canada to a membership of 500,000 students. Father Director also pointed out the advantages of the separate organization and work of each unit. Reports were then read of the activities of each unit:

Mt. St. Vincent report	MISS MONA FRASER.
St. Mary's College	MR. JAMES HAYES.
Academy of the Sacred Heart	MISS MADELINE PAGE. and MISS CONSTANCE McQUIGAN.
St. Patrick's Girls' High School	MISS GLADYS HAWES.

Papers were then read as follows:

"The Field Afar and the Catholic Student"; a Contribution of Intelligent Interest and Youthful Endeavor. Written by Madeline Page, delivered by Catherine Hanifen. (Academy of the Sacred Heart).

"The Benefit of Organization and Specialization in the Active Life of the Church." Written by the Girls of St. Patrick's High School.

"The Aggregate Results of Material and Spiritual Sacrifices in Behalf of the Missions." Paper prepared by Rose Orlando and delivered by Barbara Skerry. (Mt. St. Vincent).

"The Catholic Student and the Missionary Vocation." Paper written and delivered by John Hutton. (St. Mary's College).

Comments on the papers followed each: Sacred Heart Academy Paper, Rev. Leo Murphy; St. Patrick's, Rev. Brother Culhane, (St. Mary's College); Mt. St. Vincent, Mr. P. J. Phelan, Principal of St. Patrick's Boys' School; St. Mary's College, Rev. C. E. McManus.

The Reverend Director then asked for resolution from the units, and they were presented as follows:

Mt. St. Vincent	MISS HELEN WAKELY.
St. Patrick's	MISS GLADYS HAWES.
Sacred Heart Academy	MISS MARGARET WOODS and KATHLEEN MEAGHER.
St. Mary's College	MR. ERIC O'CONNOR.

The resolutions approved, the Reverend Director proposed the formation of an executive body by the appointment of a member from each unit; this member for the present is the representative girl or boy in charge of the Mission Crusade work of the school, or the prefect of the Sodality in the high school or Academy.

Intermission followed the business meeting, and the guests passed to the pupils' dining-hall for refreshments.

At a quarter after five the procession formed again in the main corridor and entered the Chapel. An impressive sermon was delivered by the Rev. C. E. McManus who took for his text words from St. John: "And you shall give testimony of Me, because you have been with Me from the beginning." The speaker dwelt upon the responsibility of the soul to its Creator and the fair promise held out to Holy Mother Church through the Catholic youth of the day, who trained under such advantages, are capable of becoming social and spiritual leaders in the future. Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament followed, and the day's proceedings closed with a full chorus of "Holy God." For splendid organization, refinement and culture, and energetic good will, the First Annual Convention of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade in the archdiocese of Halifax could not be surpassed.

MISSION CRUSADE ACTIVITY OF MOUNT ST. VINCENT, 1925-1926.

Besides the material donations here set down, generous spiritual alms have been offered for the Missions.

DURING SUMMER VACATION.

Balance at Last Report	\$ 5.50	DISTRIBUTED TO VARIOUS SOURCES.	
Received from Mite Boxes	24.15	Austrian Missions.	
From other Sources	2.75	Propagation of the Faith	
Mission Crusade	1.50	India and Africa.	
Other Offerings	42.67	Western Missions.	\$ 75.45
Total	\$ 76.57	Canadian Extension	
		Reverend Father Fraser.	
		Catholic Literature.	
		Other Foreign Missions.	

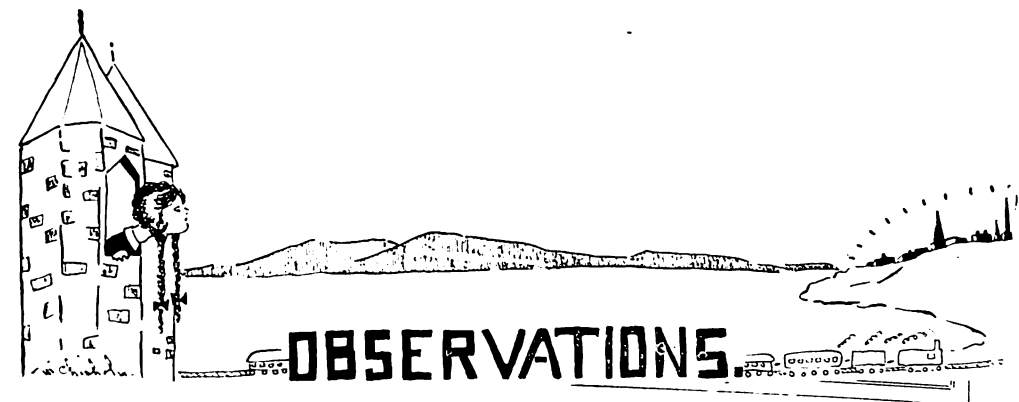
RECEIPTS FOR SCHOOL YEAR.

SCHOOL YEAR SEPT. TO CRUSADE MEETING IN MAY.

Balance	\$ 1.12	Mite Boxes at Easter	40.47
Mission Crusade Tax (November)	62.25	Other School Sources	4.35
Other Sources (November)	5.00	Donations during School year, including	
Mite Boxes to Christmas	41.03	\$250.00 for support of Seminarian	445.00
Other Sources (December)	7.50	Entertainment. First Academic Christian	
Mission Crusade Tax (January)	11.15	Doctrine Class	35.00
Entertainment. Christian Doctrine College Class	34.16	Total	\$692.78
Mission Crusade Tax (February and March)	5.75		

EXPENDITURES FOR SCHOOL YEAR.

Support of Seminarian	\$250.00	other Missions)	26.00
Paid to Reverend Dr. Curran for Propagation of Faith	51.20	Austrian Missions	86.25
Mission Crusade Dues to Toronto Centre	17.60	German Orphans and other Charity	26.10
Reverend Father Fraser and China Seminary	85.19	Canadian Martyr Fund	15.00
Catholic Extension Canada	35.15	Maryknoll (Literature and Mission Offerings)	11.23
Given to Reverend Dr. Curran for Special Missionaries	15.00	General Mission Literature	3.10
Western Canadian Missions	25.16	Postage and Exchange	1.78
Africa Missions (Charity and Literature)	22.00	Total	\$670.76
Charity through "The Lamp" (Hindu and			



IT has been observed that certain of our French faction have been busy interviewing heralds from Rockingham.

Cassie Ferguson, we remark, still wears roses on her hat.

Miss Kathleen Ryall has in consequence of long practice adopted as her motto, the brief but telling phrase: Failed in order!

Is there any truth in the report that Bea Butler is devoting her life to the care of homeless cats?

Having arrived at the cross roads of life, Miss Barberie is stuck there, perched like Patience on her hope chest, reviewing her lectures on the disadvantages of married life and contemplating a career. Where next, Ena?

We understand that Miss Mary McNeil intends to tour Nova Scotia this summer lecturing on "The Short Skirt."

It is remarkable how Dolly has brightened up since the murder incident in St. Teresa's room. Her case won out, we are glad to say.

The A's call themselves the Kappa Club, but they are better known as "The Goggle Society."

An interesting discussion has been going on for some weeks among the College students. The absorbing topic is: Who spilled the perfume in Cassie's room?

After long debate the decision has been reached by the Kappa Debating Society. Resolved: that A. McLaughlin's loss of her hair is a matter of congratulation.

As we look back on the year, one of the biggest hits of the season was Eileen Ryan's appearance in angel garb in the Masque. We trust, however, that our brilliant freshman's loss of her golden locks won't lessen her chances for heaven.

It is a matter of serious concern that the Mount Zoo has lost its pet lizard. Miss K. Ryall will give the details of the catastrophe to anyone interested in the fate of the poor reptile.

The distance from Bedford "as the bird flies" or "as the track runs" has been exactly measured by E. Campbell and M. Cumerford. Any information concerning time tables and walking tours can be obtained from these young ladies.

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

A WEEK after the opening of school in September, the Children of Mary held their first meeting, and elected the following officers for the year:—

Prefect	COLINA CLANCY.
First Assistant	ROSE ORLANDO
Second Assistant	JANE LAHEY.
Secretary	BEATRICE BUTLER.
Treasurer	MARGARET REARDON.
Mistress of Candidates	ENA BARBARIE.
Readers	MONA FRASER.
	MARGARET REARDON.
Mass Section	KATHLEEN DORAN.
Librarians	HILDA DURNEY, MARY WALSH, EILEEN RYAN.
Sacristan	KATHLEEN DORAN.
Choir Mistress	ENA BARBARIE.

On our patronal feast of the Immaculate Conception, nine new members were welcomed into the Sodality and the flock of candidates was increased by a reception of eighteen. At this ceremony, the chaplain, Rev. J. B. O'Reilly gave a very devotional address in which he developed Pope Pius's comparison of Our Blessed Mother to a rainbow. Father O'Reilly is always most eloquent in uttering the praise of Our Lady.

Rev. Ronald Knox, S. J., began the exercises of the annual retreat by a vigorous instruction, on the evening of February fourth. We entered expectantly on these days of grace, learned and unlearned much and sanctified our souls during them, and then returned confidently to the routine of daily life to try out our good resolutions.

Kathleen Doran who is in charge of the Mass Section, has found all prompt in contributing. On one Sunday of each month the Holy Sacrifice has been offered for members of the Sodality. Hilda Durney, Mary Walsh, and Eileen Ryan who have controlled the supply of library books, report that the Sodalists, in spite of the high pressure of their study program, keep up the practice of making a short spiritual reading daily. Gertrude McLean has sent sixteen pounds or more of stamps to Maryknoll to be converted into money for the Foreign Missions.

The following Alumnae members have sent contributions of money:—

Molly Wood, Marian McPartland, Mrs. Costigan, Christine O'Leary, Kathleen O'Leary, Vivian Power, Marie Power, Mary Arbing, Theodora Lithgow, Margaret Nott, \$3.00; Mary O'Brien, Mary McHugh, Jean Heffernan, Kathleen Shea, Margaret Jeffers, Mary Marsland, Kathleen Allison, Ethel Tobin, Margaret Davidson, \$2.00; Alice Reardon, Mary Macdonald, Margaret Ross, \$1.00.

Five of last year's Sodalists were happily called to the religious life: Mary Lyons, Florence Martin, Tillie Bates, Ethel Campbell, and Clara McNeil.

Throughout the present year, The Children of Mary have met regularly once a week to hear an inspiring talk, rich in wisdom and charity, from Sister Directress. Every evening, Sister has assembled us to prepare our meditation for the following morning, so we should be most unresponsive did there not shine in our lives

"Something of the lovely light
From our gracious Lady's life."

BEATRICE BUTLER, E. de M.



KAPPA CLUB.

Resolved: That it is better to speak well than to write well.

COMMERCIAL CLUB.

Resolved: That Boarding School is superior to Public School. Decision for Affirmative.

Resolved: That Reading is more beneficial than Travelling. Decision for Negative.

Resolved: That Three Weeks Vacation in Summer is better than Three Weeks in Winter. Negative.

Resolved: That Written Examinations are better than Oral. Decision for Affirmative.

Resolved: That Modern Woman has Not degenerated. Affirmative.

KILMER CLUB.

Resolved: That Novel reading is a waste of time. Affirmative.

Resolved: That the Explorer is of more value than the Inventor. Affirmative.

Resolved: That Hannibal was a greater general than Caesar. Negative.

BENSON READING CIRCLE.

Resolved: That the art of cooking is of greater value to a woman than the art of sewing. Affirmative.

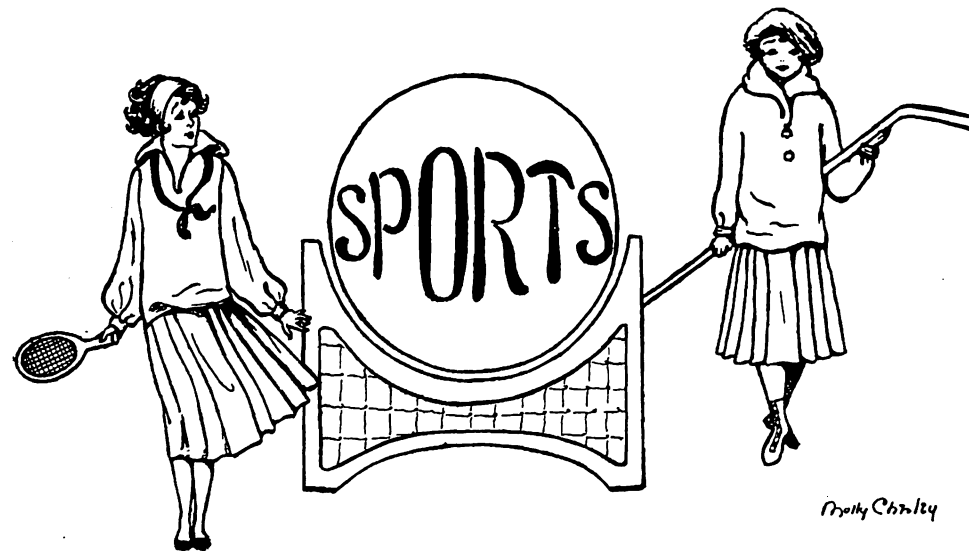
Resolved: That written examinations should be abolished. Decision in favor of the Affirmative.

Resolved: That the study of French is more beneficial to the student than the study of Latin. Decision in favor of the Negative.

SETON CLUB.

Resolved: That the English were justified in expelling the Acadians from Nova Scotia. Negative.

Resolved: That talent is a greater asset than beauty. Decision in favor of the Affirmative.



Molly Chisley

SOON after our return in September tennis was started, the courts being occupied by enthusiastic players until late in October.

Basketball practices were held out of doors during October and November, and when the weather became too cold, we had recourse to the gymnasium, where the League matches were started.

Throughout the winter months tobogganing was the chief sport—the most ardent devotees forming the famous Gluten Club. Skating was very popular for a short time, and two or three informal hockey games were played. Unfortunately the snow soon spoilt the ice. Although there were only three or four pairs of snow-shoes in the school, they were always in demand and quite a number of girls enjoyed tramps through the beautiful woods around the Mount.

Now that Spring is here again we are eagerly looking forward to tennis.

BASKET-BALL TEAMS.

"Keep good humor still, what e'er you lose."

BLACKS.

Rt. For., I. MACNEIL.
Lt. For., C. FERGUSON
Rt. Cen., I. MARSLAND.
Lt. Cen., M. MACKAY.
Rt. Def., M. SUMMERS.
Lt. Def., C. CLANCY, (Capt).

REDS.

Rt. For., A. MORAZE.
Lt. For., J. GILLESPIE.
Rt. Cen., S. McISAAC.
Lt. Cen., M. FRASER.
Rt. Def., K. MURPHY.
Lt. Def., C. McKENZIE, (Capt).

PURPLES.

Rt. For., A. MACAULAY, (Capt).
Lt. For., E. RYAN.
Rt. Cen., J. BURGESS.
Lt. Cen., E. CAMPBELL.
Rt. Def., STEPHANIE McISAAC.
Lt. Def., I. LeBLANC.

BLUES.

Rt. For., K. RYALL, (Capt).
Lt. For., M. HOOD.
Rt. Cen., F. ARCHIBALD.
Lt. Cen., N. WHELPY.
Rt. Def., A. McNULTY.
Lt. Def., F. GOODMAN.

LEAGUE SCORES—Blacks, 73. Purples, 100. Reds, 36. Blues 66



REPORT OF THE ALUMNAE.

THIS, the Golden Jubilee year of Reverend Mother Berchmans, will be one ever memorable to her daughters in religion and to her children of the Mount—to all, indeed, who have felt the influence of her genial, forceful personality. November first is really Reverend Mother's anniversary day, but owing to her presence in Rome at the time, celebrations were postponed, and it was on December fourth that the Alumnae gathered at their Alma Mater to offer her jubilant congratulations. Miss Mary Reardon, the president, voiced their appreciation of Reverend Mother's years of enlightened, vigorous leadership, especially of her fostering personal interest in the work of education, which has made her beloved by a full generation of Mount students. A generous spiritual bouquet and an equally generous purse of gold from the Halifax, New York, Saint John, Moncton, and Newfoundland chapters, as well as many floral offerings, were then presented. Reverend Mother made a gracious speech of thanks, related several incidents of her Holy Year pilgrimage in a most interesting way, and then distributed medals which had been blessed by His Holiness. This ceremony was followed by a charming entertainment in the auditorium.

As usual, the orphans were remembered at Christmas and were offered ten dollars in gold as prize at Closing.

The reading circle has already done much, but after the advent of the graduates of '26, it should do much more in travelling the wonderlands of literature. This year, one most delightful evening was spent in the mystic world of Francis Thompson's *Hound of Heaven*. The list of subscriptions to *The Bulletin*, which is the official organ of the I. F. C. A., reached a total highly creditable to the diligence of the convener. This quarterly needs no introduction; its pages are brimming over with items of interest to the Federated Alumnae.

The work of the Braille has come on apace through the zeal of the committee in charge. The members—Mrs. Cormier, Mercedes Finn, Marguerite Phelan, Florence Connors, May Tobin—meet every week for the study of the Braille transcription with the intention of preparing prayers and short stories for the use of the blind. In behalf

of those who have not leisure for studying Braille, the Alumnae Association sent ten dollars to the Proof Reading Fund of the I. F. C. A. Besides, a donation of twenty-five dollars was given to the Education Fund, I. F. C. A.

Perhaps the most important undertaking of the year has been the raising of a scholarship fund for the purpose of maintaining a student at the Mount Saint Vincent College, *in perpetuum*. This is timely, since during these years the college must be built up, and there is no doubt that all loyal daughters of Alma Mater will respond generously. Acknowledgments are due to:—

Mrs. E. J. CRAGG (Lorette Donahoe)	\$50.00
DOCTOR MARGARET MACDONALD	25.00
Mrs. D. P. McGRATH (Katherine White)	25.00
MISS MINNIE MACDONALD	25.00
MISS MARY NEVILLE	10.00
MISS MARGUERITE McEVOY	10.00
MISS MARY REARDON	5.00
MISS ANGELA GEELE	5.00

A plan has been outlined whereby each Alumna will be enabled to contribute to this Endowment Fund in the noble cause of education.

Halifax Alumnae have not been alone in furthering the interests of Saint Vincent by-the-Sea; they have been ably seconded by the members of the Saint John, New York, Boston, Moncton, and Newfoundland chapters. These, notably Saint John, have succeeded in keeping the girls together and in carrying out in valiant fashion all proposals for the common good. The convener of the Saint John chapter came over for the annual Alumnae dance; the delegate to the annual reunion was Miss Winifred Ritchie, who was a guest of Alma Mater during her stay in Halifax.

As an illustration of what genuine loyalty and persevering energy can do, we cite the example of Miriam Allison and Elspeth Andrews who on their own responsibility, gave a dance in Boston for the Mount Scholarship Fund. They cleared sixty dollars which they immediately forwarded to their Alma Mater. Let the spirit of initiative displayed by these two young ladies bring courage to other members who are merely waiting an opportunity to do likewise.

An item of interest has reached us. Doctor Margaret MacDonald, formerly Governor of the Canadian branch of the I. F. C. A., made the pilgrimage last year to Rome.

ALUMNAE SODALITY OF OUR LADY IMMACULATE.

OFFICERS FOR 1926-1928.

Prefect	Mrs. WILLIAM APFLECK.
1st Assistant	Miss LENA CASHEN.
2nd Assistant	Mrs. C. J. REARDON.

CONSULTORS.

Mrs. O. CORMIER.	Miss MARY DENCE.
Mrs. C. C. HANRAHAN.	Miss PERYL DALEY.
Mrs. F. FINLAY.	Miss MARJORIE WAKELEY.

ALUMIANA

IT may be possible that some of the former pupils mentioned in these pages are as yet not active members of the Alumnae Association. If any find themselves in this predicament, they can find a solution to the difficulty by sending their name and address to the Sister Directress of the Association at the Mount.

WEDDING BELLS:

GLADYS McCORMIC is now Mrs. Urban Pineau and intends to make Sydney her home. MARIE THOMPSON was married last fall to Mr. Arthur Brennan and is living in Saint John, N. B.

MARGUERITE CURRIE, now Mrs. Wm. Henry Palmer, has made her home in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

JOAN VANBUSKIRK, Mrs. Louis Silver, is living in Dartmouth.

EVELYN COLWELL was married last fall to Dr. Bryce Climo, and is living in Halifax.

WELCOME!

To Mrs. J. E. Madden, Lynn, Mass., (Clemens Callahan), a daughter, Jean.

To Mrs. Edward Cronan, Saint John, N. B. (Florence Kiervin), a son.

To Mrs. Maurice Cunningham, Halifax, N. S. (Helen Reardon), a little girl, Jean Francis.

To Mrs. Colin Daly (Nora Hares), Trinidad, a daughter.

To Mrs. Fred Kirby (Annie McIsaac), a daughter.

HERE AND THERE:

Mrs. ERNEST MCKAY, (Meg Brown), paid us a visit last fall with her little daughter Joan. The Alumnae offer condolence to Margaret on the death of her father.

CATHERINE CHESLEY still holds her position in Kentville as private secretary to Mr. Graham of the D. A. R. She occasionally pays us a Saturday afternoon visit.

MARIE POWER is in business for herself. Good for you, Marie!

TILLY LIVINGSTONE and BARBARA CAMPBELL have been attending the Normal College at Truro during the past year. Barbara paid the Mount a visit at the beginning of March and spent two happy days in company with her sister Evelyn who is now at school.

MARGUERITE PHELAN has been teaching for the past year in Halifax.

MADLINE FRAWLEY (Mrs. J. H. Hunt) is now living in Glace Bay where her husband is Manager of the Royal Bank.

Mrs. APREA (Rita Seay) spent the winter at Miami, Florida.

MARY VAUGHAN (Mrs. MacAusland) has moved to Rochester, N. Y. where her husband is Vice President of a large firm. She wishes to be remembered to all her old friends.

IVY SHEFFIELD has a very good position in a wholesale house in North Sydney.

LOUISE MONRO has decided to remain in California, and has taken a position in a bank.

MARGUERITE BELLIVEAU, JEAN MACDONALD, and ISABEL SOY are completing their course in New York and are very much interested in kindergarten work.

NOREEN HERMAN (Mrs. H. J. Mullen) is living in New Brunswick, New Jersey. She has three lovely children, two girls, Frances and Patricia, aged respectively, 8 yrs. and 6; and a boy, Buddy, aged 2. Her sister Kathleen is following the nursing profession in Boston.

AILEEN O'DONAGHUE, graduate of '20, visited the Mount with her mother in March. She was then en route for "the Old Country" where she is to remain indefinitely.

NORA HARES (Mrs. Colin Daly) is living in Trinidad. We hope that Mrs. Rivlyn Costigan (Lillian Kennedy) will soon pay her long promised visit to the Mount.

KATHERINE (Gennie) MACDONALD, graduate of '16 paid us her first visit in March. She enjoyed roaming through the halls and visiting the Commercial Room where she expressed her envy to the pupils of to-day for their improved conditions.

EDITH CLEARY is still heart whole and fancy free, and is living with her mother in St. John's, Newfoundland.

DOROTHY HOGAN, one of our Commercial Graduates of '25 holds a position in a bank in Saint John, N. B.

MARGARET (Peggy) DAVIDSON is still in Moncton, N. B.

NORA McLAUGHLIN, formerly of Parrsboro, has been nursing for some years in Massachusetts. She is at present in Fall River where she seems to have plenty of work and enjoys her surroundings.

ELSPETH ANDREWS is working in Boston.

GERTRUDE MURRAY has moved with "the firm" to Worcester, Massachusetts and enjoys her work as much as ever.

TEDDY LITHGOW is studying music in Boston. She spent her Christmas holidays at the Mount and in Halifax with her former school mates.

PAULINE MARSDEN has a very good position in Halifax.

HELEN MEEHAN of St. John's, Nfld., is still a very busy nurse.

CARMEL O'REILLY, Commercial Graduate of '21 is now living in Springfield, Massachusetts, where she holds a very good position. She writes frequently to the Mount and is looking forward to the time when she can pay a visit to her Alma Mater.

EFFIE MESSENGER, having graduated from a training hospital in Providence, R. I., has been doing professional work in Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Her last letter was headed "On board the Celtic, Off the Irish Coast." She says: "At present I am on my way to South Africa, (Cape Town) with a former patient. We are going to spend two months there and return to America in June." She expected to visit Queenstown, Liverpool, London, Plymouth, Gibraltar, The Canary Islands, and St. Helena.

POLLY BYRNE O'REILLY is as busy as ever in St. John's, Newfoundland and though her little girl, Alison, is her first care, she still takes an interest in commercial affairs.

EILEEN and KATHLEEN KINNEY are living in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Eileen has a good position with the Employers' Liability Assurance Company.

CASSIE O'LEARY (Mrs. Tuttle) brought her little son to pay us a visit last September.

ALBERTA SOY, having graduated from the Roosevelt Hospital, New York, is doing private nursing in that city.

MARIE FEENEY is doing professional work in Montreal.

EVA ABBIS, commercial graduate of '23 is doing secretarial work in Edmunston, New Brunswick. She wishes to be remembered to all her old friends.

MRS. MONRO, (Lena Firlotte) spent a day at the Mount last summer.

MARION HALIBURTON is doing excellent work as a district nurse in Toronto. Her old friends offer condolences to Marion through the Folia for the sad death of her brother.

AGNES DOUCET, now Mrs. Joseph Landry, is living in Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts.

MOLLY WOOD, Com. '23 has become an experienced traveller. She visited us several times this year on her way to and from New York. She has a position with her father in St. John's, Newfoundland.

NELLIE WARD is training in St. Mary's Hospital, Brooklyn, New York, and frequently sees Angela Geele, who is in business in New York City.

HELEN WAKELY is following the Arts course at Dalhousie. MURIEL DONAHOE is now completing her Junior year at the same college. JESSIE MCINTYRE takes her B. A. this year.

KATHERINE WHITE (Mrs. Daniel F. McGrath) visited the Mount in September with her husband and little daughter, Marie Ann.

ROBINA ROMANS, '25 is staying at home in Bear River.

PHYLLIS CAROLL is teaching in Turner's Falls, Massachusetts. Her sister Dorothy is training at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Brighton.

LOTTIE HOLLOWAY is still a busy nurse in Boston, Mass. She visited us last fall and everybody was glad to see her.

Four of our last year A's entered the novitiate in September; MARY LYONS, CLARA McNEIL, TILLIE BATES, and EVELYN CAMPBELL.

MARY McNEIL, (Sister Agnes Eucharistia) and FLORINE WRIGHT (Sister Mary Blanche) made their profession at Easter.

MARY ARBING is making a very successful nurse at St. Mary's Hospital, Brooklyn, New York.

ALICE WARD, '25 is taking a commercial course in Yarmouth, her home town.

ETHEL TOBIN is working in Boston as a private secretary.

MARY HOLMES is training at the Roosevelt Hospital, New York.

KATHLEEN ALLISON holds a position in a bank in Winnipeg. Her sister Miriam teaches music in Boston.

JENNY DULHANTY has made a tour of Canada, going almost to the Coast. She has paid us a visit recently, but intends to turn again Westward. Her sister Margaret is working in a bank in Winnipeg.

HELEN POWER (Mrs. Leo Carter) had the happiness of visiting Rome and the Holy Land during the past year, and was in Rome for her brother's ordination to the priesthood. Recently she sent us a picture of her three year old son.

MARY McDONALD, our brilliant graduate of '24 is now holding a Government position in Halifax. MARY THOMPSON is working as a Government stenographer in the same building.

ALEXIA KYTE, (Mrs. Arthur Cameron) is the wife of a very promising young physician in Wyandotte, Michigan.

MAY McCORMAC holds a responsible position in her father's office in Charlottetown, P. E. I. Recently May has had a rather severe operation, but is now on the road to complete health, we trust.

EULA RICE is an enthusiastic school teacher in Edmunston, N. B. She visited us at Christmas and spent two very happy afternoons at the Mount.

KATHLEEN HAGEN is finishing her Junior year at Dalhousie.

GLADYS HOWARD is working in the Royal Bank in Bathurst, New Brunswick.

MARY and MARGUERITE WALSH are at their home in Gary, Indiana. Mary is superintendent of nurses at the hospital there; while Marguerite is Assistant Treasurer and Secretary of the Board of Managers of the Bank in Gary. We feel proud of the fact that she is one of the youngest of the twenty-four women who hold so responsible an executive position. Two of our travelling sisters were visited by Mary and Marguerite in Chicago, and afterwards were entertained by them in Gary.

MARGARET SMITH, Com. '23 paid us a visit in October. She has a good position in North Sydney.

MARY OWENS, besides being Secretary of the St. John Alumnae Chapter, holds a position with the Junior Red Cross Society and likes her work very much.

MRS. JERRY DE WOLFE, (Kathleen Reardon) has taken up her residence in Montreal and is much missed by the Halifax Alumnae members.

MARGARET NOTT has distinguished herself at the Cathedral High School in New York, making the highest marks in the Regent Examination. She is now preparing for College work.

✓GLADYS BLANK graduated from St. Mary's Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y.

✓EILEEN BRADSHAW visited the Mount last summer. Her sister Dorothy is training in a hospital in Somerville, Massachusetts.

✓FRANCES FOLEY is still in Los Angeles, California.

MARGARET and MARY JEFFERS motored down from Oxford one day last summer and spent an enjoyable afternoon at the Mount.

A photograph of LISTER and ESTELLE WYNER, Amelia Green's two charming children holds a prominent place in one of the music rooms at the Mount.

✓JEAN HEFFERNAN is as active as ever in her home town, Springhill.

DOROTHY McNEIL is at present in Lorne Creek, British Columbia.

In August KATHLEEN and CHRISTINE O'LEARY motored down to Halifax and paid a visit to the Mount. Both were filled with grief to find that their beloved friend and Mistress General of school days, Sister de Sales, had been buried that morning.

HELENA GAUL has just returned from Florida where she spent the winter months. She writes that she had a very enjoyable trip.

MADELINE DUBÉ has been training in the Lakeside Hospital, Chicago, for the past four years and will graduate on June 2nd. Congratulations, Madeline, from your Alma Mater and old friends!

MARY O'BRIEN writes from Malone, New York, where she is teaching in an institution for the Deaf. Her mother is now with her, having made her home in Malone. Last summer Mary spent a few days in Toronto and made the trip through the Thousand Islands, returning to New York by way of Niagara and Buffalo. She is very faithful in her correspondence with her Alma Mater.

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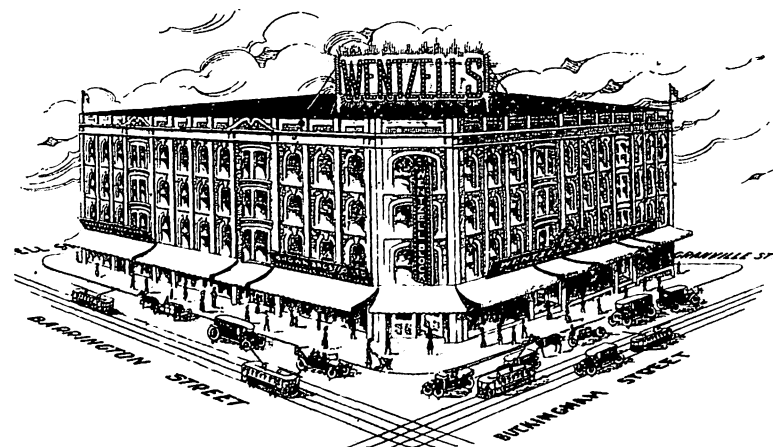
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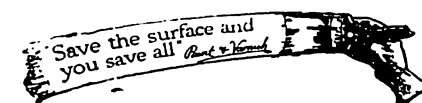
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 1 teaspoon vanilla

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