

St. Mary's College  
Halifax

The

BOVESIAN

GRADUATION NUMBER

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# *The Collegian*



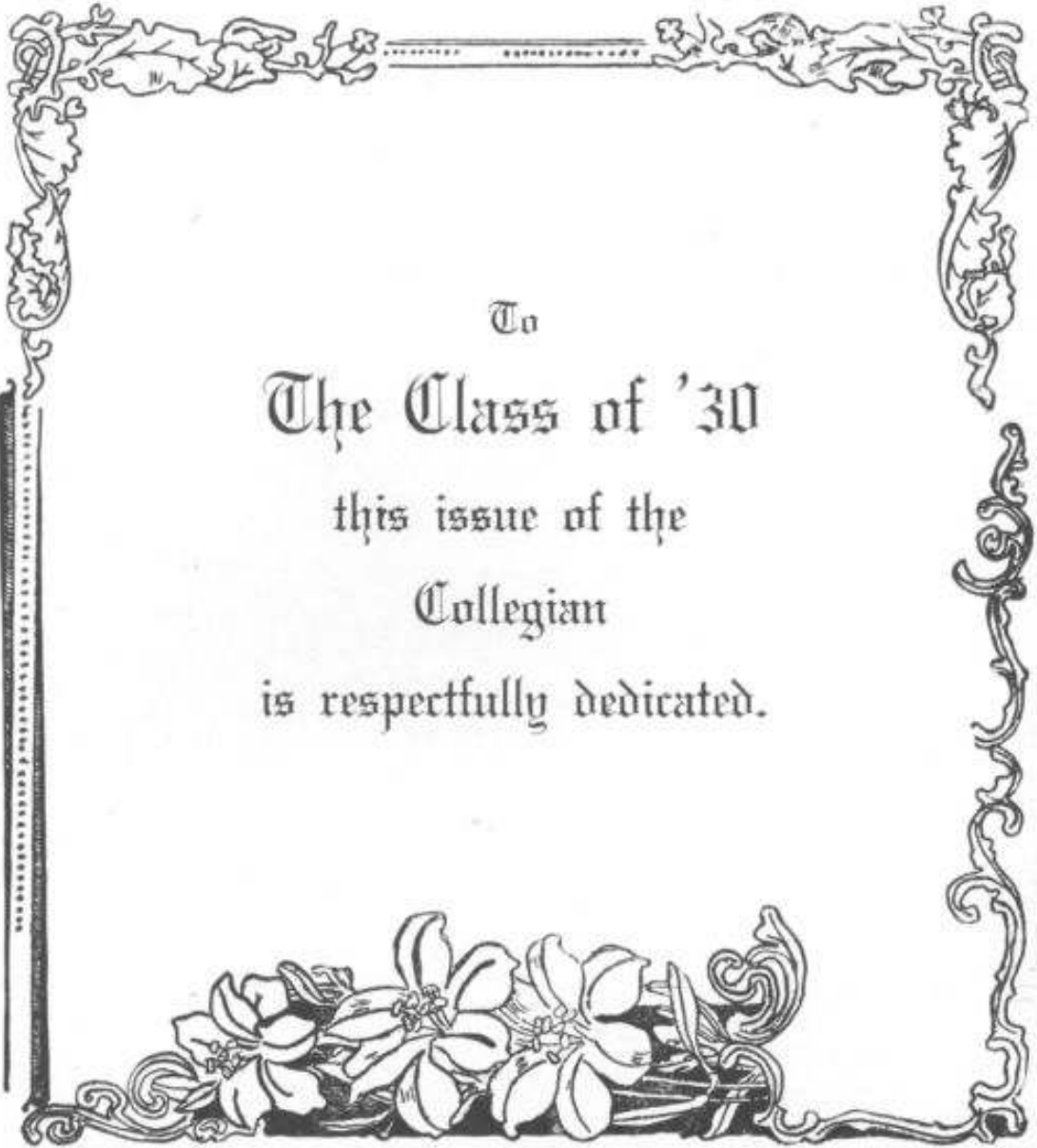
Graduation  
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JUNE 1930

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St. Mary's College  
HALIFAX



To  
The Class of '30  
this issue of the  
Collegian  
is respectfully dedicated.

# The Collegian

Published Monthly by the Students of St. Mary's College  
Halifax, Nova Scotia

Vol. 7

JUNE 1930

No. 7

## EDITORIAL

### ON PARTING

The saddest thing about a word of parting is its finality. For it is easy to wave farewell when we know it is not farewell but only a brief interlude but in true parting the little words "never" and "never again" are beating at the door to one's heart and the sorrow even though the "sweet sorrow" of the poet is real and undeniable.

The thought that one may never come back or at least that the coming back will never be the same is bitter to the human heart even in the sweetest joy of achievement—bitter-sweet, like memories.

Very soon to many of us there will be nothing but memory for many of us to bind us with St. Mary's. Memory and we should add the marks of manhood which is after all the most precious thing a College can give.

For all that we may have received, which we shall carry through life, we may in just one small word express our appreciation. Thanks and thanks again.

*"To know, to esteem, to love—and then  
to part*

*Makes up life's tale to many a feeling  
heart!"*

### ST. MARY'S—FLORESCAT!

*"—we must take the current when it  
serves,  
Or lose our ventures."*

If it were our pleasure to turn aside, if only for a brief moment the veil which enshrouds Tomorrow, and to see disclosed the future of St. Mary's, what would we desire to behold there? Undoubtedly, the unanimous opinion would be—a greater St. Mary's, a St. Mary's of larger buildings and increased student enrollment, but having the same spirit and high standard of teaching as now prevails. Not that those things, in themselves mean greatness, for that is "a philosophy for fools" but rather that with them St. Mary's might be enabled to extend her influence, the influence of Catholic education, than which there is none greater.

Situated in the centre of a city of culture, with the legislative buildings, judicial buildings and theatres close at hand, St. Mary's is ideally situated so as to give her students, besides scholarship, a breadth of view, and a contact with men and events, which other Catholic colleges in the Maritimes lack.

Progress, for St. Mary's, will not come, however, from a passive acquiescence in events. Stronger qualities are necessary, vision and courage, the vision to perceive the responsibility which St. Mary's owes to Catholic education, a responsibility which transcends personality and is a duty, and the courage to carry the great struggle onward.

## History of Class '30

Class of '30! Four short years ago, a phrase dimly connected with a sheep-skin and a degree, but only cursorily thought of in the rush and hurry of the moment, but, now with those four years past history these words take on a tremendous added significance, but why get sentimental. Why not let us consider those four years, years of eventful happenings, to the Class of '30, at least.

On a September day, in 1926, Class of '30 got underway, which is to say that they came together for the first time. Their strength was somewhere in the vicinity of twenty seven students, all imbued with the idea of attaining higher scholastic attainments and if the Good Fates were willing, a degree. This class was noteworthy in the line of Sport, practically every Sport Captain of the year was in that class and the cream of the Basketball, baseball, and hockey talent was included in their number.

The yearly debates produced some outstanding speakers and in the realm of Oratory, the honor of the Class was upheld by Walter O'Hearn who captured the Nova Scotia Oratorical championship.

With the start of the year twenty-seven, many of the old faces were absent. Some of these were to be seen at other colleges. About an equal number of the Class went in for Arts and Engineering respectively. The most outstanding event of this year was the formation of the twin societies, the Engineering Society and Tau Gamma Society at the College. These societies came into existence mostly through the efforts of the members of the previous Freshman class. The closing of the year was marked by a social entertainment and by a sojourn at Jim Dyer's camp.

The third year saw further decimation in the ranks. Whether it was the Latin, we cannot say, but

the result was that several of the previous year's students were missing at the opening "Adsum". Later it was learned that two of the number were continuing their courses at other institutions. Somehow the class survived their absence as it did a very stiff course in Latin, and other subjects, which somehow or other always seem to come in the way of persons hunting for the elusive B. A. degree. This year was notable for the Art's wonderful victory over the disciples of the rod and transit in Hockey. But feelings were not hurt so much that the two units couldn't get together at the close of the year for another very pleasant time and "a good time was had by all."

The last year, well, what can we say about it? Almost anything, some wit will observe. Maybe he would be right. This year saw the staid Senior Arts room turned into an office for the Collegian and Athletic Association combined. This was a grievous breaking of traditions. Scholastics were previously the only ghosts known to haunt these venerable rooms, but somehow or other, the books were not so completely forgotten as conditions on the surface seemed to show. This year brought a new professor but an old pupil to St. Mary's in the person of Rev. Dr. Burns, straight from Louvain. He had the very diverting hobby of Metaphysics and endeavored during the year to get his proteges interested in the delights of this fascinating subject. Enthusiasm and labor had its reward in a mild interest being awakened in Metaphysics. They told us that it meant "after physics" but personally, we preferred it "before Physics."

"Actum est," we say, yes, "actum est," but while those four years lasted they were eventful in deeds, fruitful in friendships and scholarship and what more could be desired. One thing remains and it is to thank the Brothers sincerely for their efforts in our behalf. Their efforts have been many indeed.



#### JAMES W. DYER

Now what can we say about him. Oh, yes, he is President of the Mission Crusade Society, which office he has held for three years. His efforts in office have been noteworthy. Continual Mission Crusade meetings have developed in him a fluent style of debating. Jim has been the inspiration and driving force behind many a student effort at St. Mary's. Like all good soldiers, Jim goes to camp in the Summer. A flair for Mathematics has led him to take a position in a certain amusement park near Halifax, where he has been experimenting in order to earn the average saturation point of the American tourist, the liquid in question being soft beer.

#### ARTHUR SHEEHAN

Mr. Sheehan came into our midst in the snowy January of '27 driven hither by the bleak winds of St. John (pardon us, Saint John). He will admit, when pressed, that the latter city is his native domain, but exhibits a becoming modesty about that historic fact. He graduates this year, having captured honors during his years at St. Mary's in practically everything but Bohemian folk dancing. As Managing Editor of the Collegian and President of the Athletic Association he has made a deep impression on the life of St. Mary's. We extend to him every success in his future career.

#### WALTER D. A. O'HEARN

The genial "Wal", as he is known to intimates, has poetical proclivities, if you comprehend what we mean. Even to such an extent as to win an International prize for one of his brain children. An outstanding orator, a keen debater, Walter also indulges in dramatics, newspaper work and even Soccer. He is Vice-President of the Tau Gamma and is on the executive of the Glee Club. Incidentally he edits the Catholic newspaper, the "Weekly Gazette" in his spare moments. Do we hear someone saying "Not bad!"





#### EDWARD O'CONNOR

O'Connor is the name. Secretary of the Athletic Association, but what of it? He is blessed with one of those perpetual smiles and a great sense of humor. Debating and dramatics are his forte. He is a brilliant student. Boys, we almost forgot it. He is President of the Holy Name Society. He has several failings, for instance, bridge, camps and soft beer. He will drink orange or root, as the case may be, which is our idea of the world's worst pun. He has that happy faculty of getting a lot of things done in the shortest time. Have you heard the story of the three Irishmen—My, wasn't that funny?

#### WILLIAM B. MURPHY

Call him Billy. He handles the finances of the Crusade Society, which doesn't seem to worry him. At the time of going to press (Where have I heard that before?) Billy has enough French and Latin homework done to earn him his M. A. But it will probably come in handy in after life. He has one of those mind which four out of five HAVEN'T got, the super keen kind.

From his frequent use of the terms "bridge" and "contract", one would assume that he is inclined towards Engineering, but we must assure you that it isn't so. Will you play another rubber? So sorry, but we must go.



## DEBATES OF YEAR

JOE E. BEDE

Realizing the importance of public speaking we have at St. Mary's a debating season. This is a feature term looked forward to by the students with pleasure and looked back on with perhaps more pleasure, remembering the hours of patient waiting and listening while a fellow student has for a time the whole body of the college at his disposal, trying to imitate commercial travellers, radio and criminal lawyers, with the humor of a dentist, so that the worthy and honorable judges will multiply for his side and divide for the other.

Thus each year we have these debates; their motto is quality, and their quality has been and is excellent. Many of the old orators have passed on leaving us with but pleasant memories; many new faces appear each year coming to us as pleasant surprises.

This, the Nineteen Thirty Debating Season is over, and went over big. It was an entirely successful term and as one daily paper sums it up in short "St. Mary's College Annual Debating Season reached its greatest peak of logic and wit, this season." There were six debates each discussing universally important and interesting problems. And what is more they were new and unhackneyed, hence by the originality alone, they got more interest and deserved to get it.

Mr. A. Laba introduced the first debate and debaters, being chairman. In a brief and appropriate speech he pointed out that those debating were Seniors and it would probably be their last official debate in the college much to our sorrow.

These Seniors, veteran and polished debaters plus a modern controversial question equalled a pleasant hour of educational listening.

"Resolved the Talkies Development will eliminate the spoken drama from the legitimate stage within the next ten years." This subject was twisted in all possible shapes and phases and viewed from all angles, the speakers throwing in a little psychology and philosophy to influence the judges.

The team captained by Mr. W.D.A. O'Hearn and ably supported by Mr. E. O'Connor and Mr. James Dyer succeeded in defeating the negative, composed of Mr. A. Coolen, Mr. W. Murphy, Mr. E. G. Dyer, under the able leadership of Mr. A. T. Sheehan.

The Juniors came next, consoled by the fact that age came before beauty, n'est-ce pas?

These Juniors experienced with inexperience plus a subject which demanded experience personal or otherwise, and a great deal of it to discuss; attention and fascination to

listen to, equalled our warmest congratulations and we gave them in full measure.

Judging from the monotonous length of some of the speeches the speakers must have spoke from experience, personal only. Mr. Donald Murphy's team of Mr. F. Nealy, Mr. L. O'Brien, Mr. Hugh MacDonald and Mr. Joseph Boudreau upholding the affirmative were victorious. The strong speaking negative consisted of Mr. B. Sheehan, capt. Mr. F. Finlay, Mr. John Somers, Mr. E. Murray and Mr. E. Feetham, Mr. A. Coolen, chairman.

Oh yes and the subject was "Resolved a Year of Travel is more beneficial than a Year of College."

The next was on Disarmament; this naturally suggests war and war was used to advantage, swaying the audience and taking care of the temperamental nature of the judges; the team under the leadership of Mr. Gerald Murphy, being Mr. J. Heffler and Mr. L. O'Neil succeeding in gaining a tight decision over Mr. D. MacPherson's learned helpers Mr. A. Laba and Mr. Edward Gerrior.

Mr. O'Connor a senior man then introduced in an unheard speech the first of the Freshman debates. The new comers who showed the Seniors and Juniors that even their own opinion of themselves could be equalled by the Freshies.

These Freshies strutted their stuff long and loudly, like noted authorities on bathing beauties, on "Resolved that the future of Travel is in the Air." Mr. Victor O'Connor the friend of widowed mothers and strayed donkeys was leader of the winning team; with him Mr. Arthur Clancy, a future M.P. (milk peddler), and Mr. Louise Nelson inventor of four wheel brakes for baby carriages, defeating the man who invented shaving, Mr. F. Carroll, captain and the reason for divorce, Mr. John Connolly, Mr. L. Norris the man with a hobby, Physics and Mr. Ralph Hanifen who will soon reveal the secret of serious study by correspondence courses, etc.

Discussing the important question of "Resolved that Polar Expeditions are Scientifically Justified" and telling the audience much new knowledge in a time-limited way and widening the scope of the hearer on a modern world topic, Polar Exploration, Mr. Harold Egan agent for odd socks, with free apple sauce a sideline, and captain of the affirmative, leading, Mr. Leo MacDonald the man who can keep a secret, and Mr. George Healy who believes where there's light there's heat, were conquered by Mr. Walter Murphy's team who believes bigger and better neckties make a nation great, leading Mr. Edwin Christian a great admirer of the changing scenery in front of S.M. C. and Joe E. Bede writer of this rubbish.

The last group of Freshmen to debate, staged a verbal battle lasting for one overtime period. Hurling argumental bombs with accurate aim at the innocent judges, it was a war about a war. The subject was resolved "America's Influence in the Great War was more influential in winning the war than Great Britain's."

After a hard battle and one too close to be judged by decision, Captain Mr. John Lynch who in his spare time is a prohibition agent sh-h-h! and his crew, Mr. Jack Christian, the only worthy rival of Scarface Al Capone, Mr. George Burleton the man who smiles (he knows his Vergil) Mr. Hugh MacDonald, the only living example of the fourth of July, Mr. Frank "Curly" Granville, (he knows she just adores the man who smokes a pipe), nosed out Mr. Edmund O'Leary a noted authority on style and tombstones, captain, leading Mr. Edward Sinnott, who admires the beauties of Halifax like a real Rhubarb Vasalino, Mr. John Grant, chief navigator of the S. S. Dartmouth, in cases of emergency (he gets out and pushes), Mr. William Pepper who is already on the road to be a famous detective, and Mr. Cecil "Dick" Hamilton commonly referred to as "The Shakespeare of Weymouth."

## CHRONICLES 1929-30

College opened for the School year of 1929-30 on Sept. 9th. Some of the old familiar faces were missing from our midst but in their place came a younger crowd, to carry on the good work. Three of last year's faculty had left us for other climes, Brother Daly, who was so popular with the students, Brother Croke, of everlasting fame as professor of Math. I and Brother Walsh the genial Faculty representative on the A.A. In their stead came Brothers Pakenham, Lynam, and Leonard who filled their places most successfully. Another change in the Faculty brought Rev. John Burns one of the Alumni recently of Louvain who has imparted his knowledge of Philosophy to the Arts' Classes.

During the middle of October we had a visit from one of our favorites, Paul Kollins. Mr. Kollins generously presented a two hour program, including scenes from Skakespeare and others of a lighter vein, demonstrating his versatility to a delighted audience.

Other visitors to the College were Rev. Fr. Granville and Rev. Fr. Durney on their first visit to the College since their ordination to the priesthood. Talks were given by both priests, Father Durney speaking about the fostering of a College spirit, and Father Granville in his talk, spoke about the College of former days, and the changes that have taken place. He also stressed the need of Catholic education. At the request of the priests Bro. Sterling granted a half-holiday as a celebration of the occasion.

St. Mary's Collegiate Rugby Team concluded a very successful year under the management of "Bim" Coolen with Ed. Williams B. A. of the Alumni as coach.

The Annual meeting of the Holy Name Society was held in October. At it the following efficient Executive was elected. Edward O'Connor Arts '30 President and with him "Larry" O'Neill, "Babe" Gerroir and Jack Heffler.

The services of the Jubilee were held at the College during October. They were conducted by Rev. Dr. Curran and were attended by the whole College.

Still another visitor to the College during October was Rev. Fr. Cosman of Drum Kelleher, Sask. He has been engaged in missionary work in the West for fifteen years.

Benediction was held on the first Friday of November by the Rev. Dr. Curran. During his sermon he dealt with the month of November dedicated to the souls of the departed.

The eagerly awaited Annual Mission Crusade Tombola was held Saturday Nov. 23rd, and was a huge success as anticipated. The several lovely prizes were won by Alban Murphy, E. Reyno, John Dickey, Bro. Pakenham, Arthur Hamilton, Eric Ryan Frank Donohue and others. The success of the tombola is due to the untiring efforts of the President Mr. James Dyer and his able assistants.

On Saturday, Dec. 14th, Rev. Brother Sterling presented the pins to the winning teams in Football and Basketball.

The political situation cast its reflection greatly upon St. Mary's this year. Mr. E. J. J. Probert the popular President of the Alumni was victorious in his election for Aldermanic honors in Ward six. Mr. Probert is manager of the K. C. Irving Oil Co., in Halifax and the best wishes of the College are extended to him.

A hard campaign was also waged between two prominent members of

the Senate, Mr. R. E. Finn, K.C. and the Hon. Dr. G. H. Murphy. Congratulations are offered to Dr. Murphy, the victor, and to Mr. Finn, on the splendid fight he put up.

On Friday, Jan. 31st a lecture much enjoyed by the student body was given by the Rev. Dr. Curran on the "Ideal Catholic Day." This lecture was accompanied by lantern slides. Dr. Curran was put to much trouble to obtain these slides and we appreciate his kindness in delivering such an interesting lecture.

A lovely gift of a set of books was presented by Mrs. J. C. O'Mullen to the College library. The Faculty and students are much indebted for this collection.

Forty Hours Devotion was Held at the College during February. This was the first time it was held for some time and it was quite an inspiring spectacle to see the different classes take turn in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament. During the Devotion Rev. Dr. Curran gave two of his always fitting lectures.

St. Patrick's Day on Monday, March 17th was fittingly celebrated at the College by the suspension of all classes.

One of the brightest and most cheerful students at the College, Thomas Dickie passed away. Tom, as he was popularly known had been ill only a short time and his death came as a surprise to the students. His loss to the College is keenly felt. May his soul rest in peace.

St. Mary's Intercollegiate Hockey Team this year has reflected great credit on the College. By virtue of their 3-1 win over St. F. X. and their 2-0 win over U. N. B. they captured the Maritime Intercollegiate Title held for the first time by St. Mary's College. Congratulations are in order for the Team.

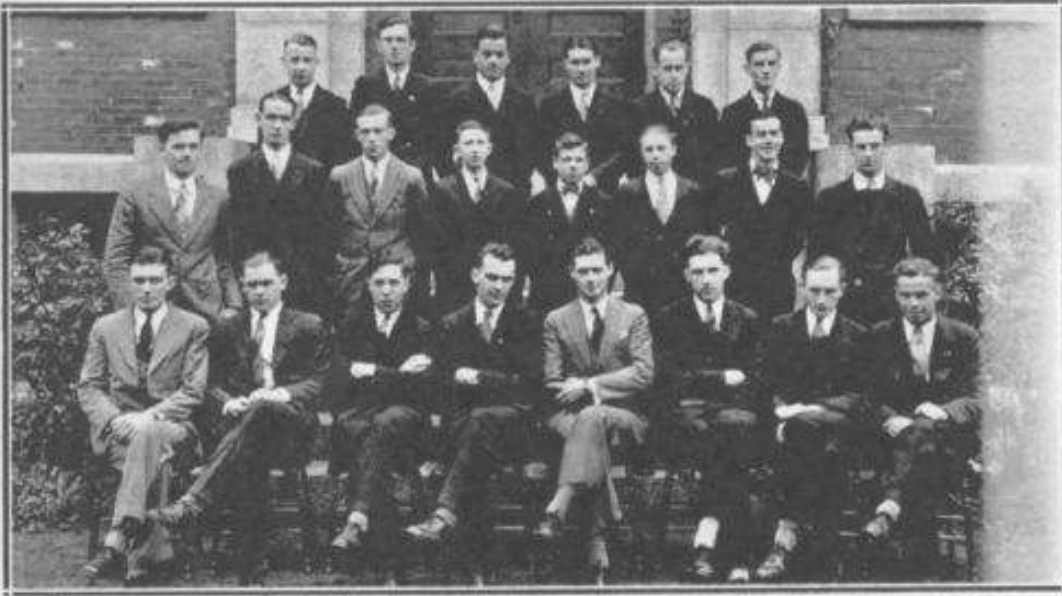
The day after the St. Mary's U. N. B. game was celebration day at the College. Classes were suspended for the day and the day was given over to enjoyment.

On Tuesday, April 15th the Elocution Contest was held. A splendid victory was won by Jack Finlay in the Junior Division with Gerald Churchill giving him a splendid fight for first place. But it was in the Senior Division that the competition was so close. Alban Murphy showed that he possessed much of the talent that his elder brother has and gave a remarkable rendition to win first place. But Leonard Meehan and Frank Donahoe in 2nd and 3rd positions were very close to Alban.

This year the Glee Club was again started. This organization has long existed in the fact of having an orchestra but this year an executive was elected with Mr. Gerald B. Murphy as President. Already the executive has done much in the advance of music and dramatics.

A very beautiful Monstrance was presented to the College by a close friend of the College. The Brothers and students appreciate this lovely gift and wish to thank the donor sincerely.





SENIOR ARTS AND ENGINEERS

## ARTS NOTES

*"Omne bene  
Sine poena  
Tempua est ludendi  
Venit hora  
Abs que mora  
Libros deponendi."*

Old Holiday School Song.

Another number is finished and Time, the great musician prepares to turn over a new leaf in his large book of college tunes. For what is each year of college but a song, a beautiful melody, the memory of which is even more exquisitely pleasing than the actual hearing. As I seem to have struck upon a nice metaphor, let us continue it further, and please stop that yawning, don't show your *uvula*. To some the college tune just played by Time was a jolly sprightly ballad, and these are the fellows who got through with good marks and not much hard work. To others the selection was a fine symphonic composition with lots of wearisome passages, and these got through successfully with plenty of plugging. To some, again, it was a sombre funeral

march because they wanted so badly to pass, and tried so hard, but didn't. And then there are some who think the piece was just the low-down blues, for these fellows didn't care much whether they passed or not, didn't do any work, and went under.

Now don't think that I'm going to go into a description of all the types of musical compositions and of college students finishing a year, for no such intention is in my mind. If you must have a final admonition or a moral or something, just ask yourself what kind of music you think it was that Time just played on the strings of human life, but whatever you do, don't accuse me of being balmy just because I tried to put this metaphor over on you. Metaphors are not my forte at all as I said at the beginning of the year (about 2 weeks ago) and if I indulge in one now and then you must overlook its flaws.

From the foregoing bally you have no doubt gathered the fact that this is the last issue of the Collegian for the current College year and that likewise the year 1929-30 is over. Between you and me, we have a great group of B. A. graduates this year. There are five of them and I'm so



ENGINEERS

sorry, I can't write about them individually because Time and space is so limited. If the time and space at my disposal were unlimited (page the professor of philosophy) then maybe I could begin to tell you some of the good points of the five artistic bachelors. But even at that I should only be painting the lily, so perhaps it is just as well that I refrain. Of course you all know the names, Dyer (the genial Jim); Murphy, (the multum-in-parvo Bill); O'Connor (smiling Eddie); O'Hearn (Walter the poet) and Sheehan (Art, well, just art).

In Junior Arts there are found the potential Bachelors who, D. B., this time next year will have received the sheepskin and the two-letter appendage.

Well, m'lads, I guess that's about all for this year. Maybe you and I will meet again. Maybe. Don't worry, I'm not going to quote anything. But wait, let me answer a question. "How do you make a peach cordial?" Jack Heffler asked me not long ago. Well, Heff, try taking her out to dinner. All right, I'm off. Save the bullet.

D. McPHERSON.

#### ENGINEERING NOTES

Another year has passed onward and a few more Engineers are leaving the folds and stepping forth to take their places in other colleges to finish their courses. To them we give a parting handclasp, and a well wishing word. To the Engineers who leave later on, to follow their footsteps we wish them every success during their years at St. Mary's.

The year just passed was a very good one for the Engineers. From the forming of the Engineering Society to the present date, everything has gone forward with a bang. Every Engineer has been behind every Engineering Scheme.

While we have had little success on the athletic field during the past year, we feel that it was necessary to give the Frat Men some encouragement so that they wouldn't become disheartened.

The Bowling League carried on by the Engineers was a great success. Although we didn't get the Spoons the winners were presented with, very fine pocket knives by Mr. Martell of the bowling Alleys. The winning team was also given pins by the Engineering Society.

To the Engineers should go quite a bit of praise as a result of the Senior's wins on the hockey lines. For without the services of Gerrior, the stalwart defence men, Dyer and Finlay, and last but not least Mike Parrot, the bird in the gilded cage, the Intercollegiate team would have been out of luck. By the way, Mike seems to be a fairly good athlete on the baseball field, he can both pitch and catch (for the sake of the Frat Men, not at the same time).

If everything turns out O. K., the majority of the Engineers hope to find themselves under the one roof, next September in the little old town of Truro, where three weeks are enjoyed to the best of our ability.

It is reported that:

Johnny is going over to crack the sailors in the British Navy during the holidays.

Fin is heading for inland China where he will attempt to show the Chinese to play marbles.

Bim and Dick are leaving for a tour of Nova Scotia including Herring Cove and Terrance Bay to spring the newest jokes on the inhabitants.

Gerry sets forth on a flying tour of Cape Breton and Newfoundland to try and teach the inhabitants how to sing.

Feet is leaving for the vast acreages of the northern lands in an attempt

to teach the Eskimo the modern methods of hair bobbing and shaving. It is rumoured that he will take Barry along with him as scissor and razor salesman.

### 20 YEARS FROM NOW

Dick was heard saying that he was sorry that he had but one son to give to the University as he wanted several more tickets to the game.

The shades of night were falling fast  
The guy stepped on it and rushed past,

A crash, he died without a sound

They opened up his brain and found—Excelsior.

Some troops were standing in the front trench on the eve of attack. One was approached by an officer and asked, "What would you do, Jim, if you saw the whole German Army coming toward you?"

"What would I do? Why I sure would spread the news thru the whole of France.

Dynamite, Dynamite,

T—N—T

Engineers, Engineers,

S—M—C.

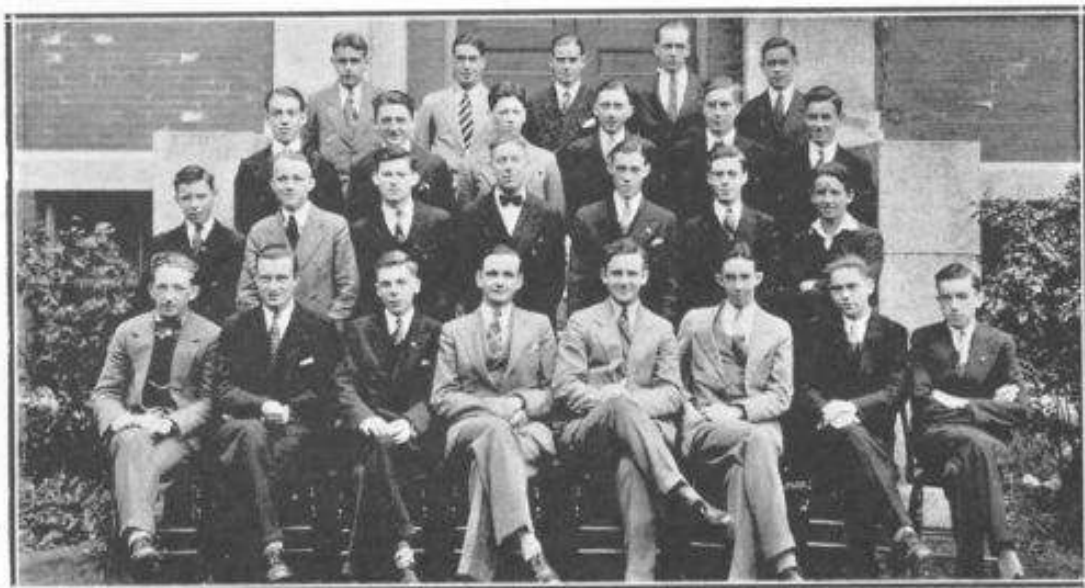
Rah! Rah! Rah!

At end of notes,

Pierre Jambon.







### FRESHMEN

The history of the Freshmen Society was very short and so we will not dwell on it at length.

Everything seemed fine at the outbreak of hostilities and a progressive program was planned for the year.

Then came the trouble. The future Engineers began taking classes with the Engineers and shortly after the embryo mechanics were invited to join Engineering Society. Seeing no way out of it but to do this the inevitable break came between the Freshmen and Freshmen-Engineers. The Phi Phi Sigma then took the place of the Famous Freshmen Society and from that time on the latter society has been a thing of the past.

About the only thing, worthy of note which the original society did was to establish a library, which in a short year has attained quite a size.

With the College year now drawing to a close, those terrible exams are appearing on the horizon and that means work. When the smoke of battle shall have cleared away, we wonder how many will have passed. That is the big question. But we

are all hoping for the best, which is quite philosophic, don't you think?

In closing, we wish to thank the Brothers heartily for their troubles and we wish that they may enjoy the holidays quite as much as we shall.

### OUR COVER

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:  
Its loveliness increases; it will never  
Pass into nothingness; but still will  
keep

A bower quiet for us, and a sleep  
Full of sweet dreams, of health, and  
quiet breathing."

—Keats: Endymon.

If Burke's statement that "No work of Art can be great but as it deceives" be true, then the design of our Cover surely partakes of great art inasmuch as the simplicity of both the conception and the execution of the Design tend to deceive and to conceal the genuine Art that a closer attention reveals. Perhaps we may have to reproach ourselves with not having given the Cover more than a mere passing glance. The perfection of Art is to conceal Art.

We were fortunate in securing such a cover design for our Graduation number for 1930. The cover is an original design by Br. James P. O'Farrell art Instructor to the Normal and Training College in Dublin. Bro. O'Farrell studied under Professor Whalen of the Museum of Art, South Kensington, London, Eng., and is the holder of diplomas of distinction, among them being the A. C. T. Diploma from the College of Science and Art, Dublin. He has had a very successful exhibition of his work in Dublin in 1928-29. His work is characterised by a boldness and a daring coupled with an engaging simplicity which produce a work of rare harmony. This he loves to develop principally in colour by his preference for subjects permitting the employment of subdued effects and tone values.

In the Design of our Cover Br. O'Farrell has given us a lovely example of his work conforming in every detail to the best canons of pure Celtic ornament, skilfully weaving the scrolls and interlacing bands so characteristic of the ancient Irish manuscripts. The lettering is also Celtic in design, thus permitting

embodying in his plan the Crest of the Congregation.

The whole makes a wonderful picture of just balance, of rare charm, of simplicity and imparts to our Graduation Number a dignity of which we are proud.

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### OLD FRIENDS FOR NEW

J. Lynch

We have all heard the old quotation,  
Perhaps in another way,  
"Don't exchange old friends for new"  
You may regret it some day.

It was with a feeling of sadness,  
That we heard our president say  
We must leave the old Society,  
And the Engineers broke away.

Straightway the rest got together,  
And there were many gray hairs,  
Before the Phi Phi Sigma came,  
To banish all our cares.

The old saying may be true,  
And has proved so in many cases.  
But the Phi Phi Sigma is greeted  
Everywhere, with smiling faces.



CHAPEL—ST. MARY'S COLLEGE



## SAINT AUGUSTINE



*Arthur T. Sheehan*

IT has been said that it is the office of genius and learning as of light, to illustrate other things and not itself. Like many generalities, which savour of the dogmatic, there is much that is untrue in this statement. Human nature is really of too complex and diversified character to lend itself to rigid generalization. The Ego, no small part of human nature is always with us and continually craves the right to display and explain itself. This is the motivating influence behind every autobiography, from the humblest diary to that wonderful book of self-revelation, the Confessions of St. Augustine, the supreme masterpiece of autobiographical literature.

In these lyrical Confessions, written in the ink of genius, with the pen of learning, we find the history of a soul, told with a charm of diction which captivates us and a sincerity of feeling and utmost ardor, which enraptures our imagination. It is an autobiography of singular lyrical beauty in which we perceive the journey of a soul, which had sunk to the depths of an Inferno of self-degradation, only to mount the toilsome and steep path of purgation and to be borne aloft, on the pinions of Grace to the Beauty and Truth Supreme of the Heaven of its desires.

It has been well said that "a great book is the lifeblood of a master spirit" and in this revelation of a soul and its travail, written with consummate literary skill, by a man who had ranged the whole scale of Good and Evil, we perceive the truth of the statement. It is the quintessence of thought and feelings of a great Saint.

Aurelius Augustinus, whose father was but "a poor freeman of Thagaste" had early quaffed the waters of the "Pierian Spring" and had experienced the intoxication, which comes of learning and academic success. Gifted with a keen mind, which for depth of thought and range of power, was the wonder and admiration of his schoolmasters, the young student was urged and aided on to a course of education, which led him through the famous University of Carthage, to professional honors at Carthage, Rome and Thagaste, where he gave of his rhetorical talents to teach the aspiring orators of these cities. While at the University, he came under the evil influence of pagan philosophy and bad companions, which turned his thoughts and desires to a life of scholarship and pleasure. Experiencing an intense love for Latin and the classics of that language, he gave himself over to an appreciation of Virgilian poetry, weeping meanwhile "the death of Dido for love to Aeneas, but weeping not his own death for want of love to God."

Under the aegis of the Carthaginian University, his rhetorical powers had ripened and matured and "his speaking was most applauded in whom the passions of rage and grief were most pre-eminent and clothed in most fitting language." The study of Greek curiously enough repelled him although in poetic form, it was much of a pattern with the Latin, and in poetic value was more often superior.

The adulation of friends and the keen delights of scholarship were as rare wine to this young man and in proportion as his worldly success increased he sunk lower in the moral realm. His mother, the gentle St. Monica, model of all earthly mothers save one, was grief stricken at her son's moral downfall and she wept bitter tears for his repentance. But the lust of life carried

the young man "over the precipice of unholy desires" and as he, himself expressed it "all his beauty consumed away." He had not yet been bathed in the purifying waters of Baptism and his mother "was startled with holy fear and longing."

His soul, ever anxious for Truth, led him to seek it in the doctrines of the Manichees. To his mother, this seemed the final blow. Sad and almost in despair, she repaired to the home of an old friend, a saintly old bishop, who, chiding her for importuning, said these consoling words to her, "Go thy ways, and God bless thee, for it is not possible that the son of these tears should perish." These words which were Balm of Gilead to her stricken heart, seemed as if they "sounded from Heaven."

But the doctrines of the Manichees were too shallow to hold the keen mind of an Augustinus, and the young neophyte sought further light. Coming to Milan, he was thrilled with the beauties and truths of the Catholic doctrines as revealed by the holy lips of St. Ambrose in his beautiful sermons. Spiritual insight appeared at last to have been granted to the young man but human pleasures and natural desires were not to be stilled so easily in the breast of Augustinus. In anguish his heart cried out "Give me chastity" but his body replied "not yet." For months, the struggle went on in his soul between grace and nature and finally the former conquered. Augustinus with his young son, Adeodatus, was received into the bosom of Holy Mother Church. In the beautiful Cathedral of Milan, on Easter Sunday, 386, A.D., the quondam sinner received the Bread of Life, with his mother, from the hands of Ambrose. It was a crowning consumation for Monica, who had suffered all the pangs of mother love at her son's waywardness. Gazing upon his mother, receiving Holy Communion in his company, the seed of a religious vocation was sown. Three years later, the young man entered the priesthood and six years later was consecrated Bishop of Hippo. The remainder of his life was filled with a labor of love in the Vineyard of his Father. Relentlessly, but never bitterly, he combated heresy by spoken word, by writing and by act. His writings as contained in the "Confession," "the City of God" and "Christian Doctrine" were to form the basis for much of the scholastic philosophy but over and above all these, the name and tradition of Augustinus or St. Augustine, will ever remain as the model of true penitence.

The name of Augustine will survive as the model of true penitence, but there will ever be united with it a tradition of beauty and surpassing loveliness. The world will ever thrill at the sincerity of thought and melody of diction as found in the "Confessions." Their poetry as a brook ripples through every page of that book, bubbling up in beautiful passages, which delight the eye and ear with their phrasing, running along in shallow draughts only to come to a magnificent waterfall, or series of falls of "purple patches," in which word melody and intensity of feeling reach new emotional heights. Throughout the book, the soul lays bare its secret misdeeds to the prying world as a partial atonement to the One, who had suffered so much for it even to dying an ignominious death on Golgotha's heights. The soul realizes deeply its debt and from its inmost recesses, there comes the cry for further penance.

"Prove the valor of Thy warrior  
When the din of war is rife,  
But refuse not sweet refreshment  
To the victor after strife,  
Be Thyself my prize eternal,  
Thou, my everlasting life."



## FORT STE. MARIE



As one approaches "Martyrs' Shrine" from Midland, Ontario, he sees, seated upon a hill that rises in terraces before him, a large chapel whose two Gothic spires stand clear against the sky. Across a field on his right, and beyond a railway track, he notices a thick grove of elms conspicuous by its treeless surroundings. A broad stream passes beside it and continues on, under a bridge, towards the road. This stream is the shrunken remains of the Wye River and the grove of elms on its bank, guarded as it seems by the Shrine on the hill, marks the site of Fort Ste. Marie.

Taken as a historic or a sacred shrine, there are few spots in the Dominion more hallowed than that grove of elms. Could you have seen it in the year 1644 a strangely cheerful sight it would have been in its setting of miles and miles of forbidding forests—a bit of smiling rural France, shipped across the sea and transplanted in the wilderness. In the middle of a spacious clearing and close by an ample stream you would have seen two palisaded enclosures. One of these, secure with stone bastions at its four corners and two of its walls reinforced with cement, was the Fort proper. Within this was the dwelling of the community. A broad moat, open to the river and rippled by the canoes of friendly savages, ran along two sides of the fortress separating it from the second enclosure that sheltered the Indian guests. A small barnyard was noisy with fowl; some pigs too and cows add colour to the scene; and all, with the fields of corn and beans and wheat that lay about the palisades, must have made you feel it was a settled country you were in—if only your thoughts did not wander off into the ring of forest beyond.

Five years before this, with money from the French Prime Minister, Richelieu, Father Jogues had planned and built Fort Ste. Marie. The eight priests, who with their lay assistants were engaged in the Huron mission throughout North Eastern Ontario, were in need of some central station to be a "House of Bread" whither they might retreat from time to time to pray in quiet and renew their strength before returning to their lonely, wearing tasks in the Huron settlements. In a short while it became the base for twenty-four missionaries; more and more smaller stations that looked to Ste. Marie for all their needs sprang up among the Huron and at last it seemed that the mission, begun in 1615 by the Recollet, LeCaron, had permanently rooted Christianity in Huronia.

But a great cloud was hanging over the Huron nation: the Iroquois, attacking its border villages, seemed bent upon its utter extermination. In 1642 Father Jogues, bringing supplies to the Fort from Quebec, accompanied by Rene Goupil and some French and Huron companions, had fallen into their hands. Goupil and most of the others were killed after prolonged torture while Father Jogues, by the help of the Dutch commandant of Fort Orange, after a year of horrors among the Iroquois, escaped to France. More villages were attacked and a paralyzing terror spread like a disease through the whole Huron nation, who perhaps believed, as the Iroquois legend had it, that some friend had formed the league of the Five Nations (the Iroquois) and destined their own destruction.

The Mission however was in its heyday. The Iroquois ceased their ravages and the Huron, whose savage hearts had been tamed by the fear of impending doom, reverently turned to it as a holy place of pilgrimage. In

hundreds they would come, these once suspicious red men, to hear the words of the Fathers and share their hospitality, until in 1645 a decree of Urban VIII granted special indulgences to all who should visit the shrine and Father Ragueneau, superior of the mission, could write: "During the past year we counted over three thousand persons to whom we gave shelter and this did not include the large number who came continually to pass a day with us."

A change came however in 1648. Father Daniel had just finished his annual retreat at the Fort and returned to the village, St. Joseph's, thirteen miles away, when the Iroquois fell upon the settlement, captured some of its inhabitants, massacred the rest with their priest and retired in triumph. In March of the following year they struck again. This time St. Ignace, but seven miles from Ste. Marie, was first prey; St. Louis, three miles nearer, fell next and Fathers Brebeuf and Lalemant were taken and martyred. On the Iroquois came; a band of Huron met them but were thrown aside. They were nearly within sight of Ste. Marie when another band of Huron, mustering within its walls, rushed forth and drove them back to St. Louis. It was the last, perhaps too the bravest fight the Huron ever fought; they perished, of course, hopelessly outnumbered; but the tide of attack was broken and the Iroquois subsided.

Fort Ste. Marie was saved but the spirit of the Huron had been completely crushed. Though still strong in numbers, instead of uniting for defense, they set fire to their own villages, which might be of use to the Iroquois and in dejected bands dispersed among other tribes, a great number seeking shelter at Ste. Marie. The Fathers welcomed the fugitives as they came and reaped a plentiful harvest for Christianity; but seeing their people no longer a people and only a desolate country about them, with heavy hearts they fired their buildings and set out with the Indians they were sheltering, to the greater security of Christian Island in Georgian Bay.

That was the end of Fort Ste. Marie. For a year Christian Island became Fort Ste. Marie (the Second), but famine and disease among the Indians and occasional attacks of the relentless Iroquois drove the Huron chieftains to ask to have the remnant of their people taken to Quebec. This was in 1650: the Huron mission with the Huron nation simply ceased to be.

Fort Ste. Marie has not yet been restored. With the exception of a little granite memorial and an iron fence about its site, it can be seen much as the rains of three centuries have left it:—four mounds of masonry—the four stone bastions—with the remains of walls between, plundered (is it too hard a word?) a few years ago to furnish stones for the railway bridge near by; and a dry gully—the old moat—leading down to the Wye River. It boasts not, as you see, to have witnessed martyrdom, although about it, within a radius of a dozen miles, three of its missionaries met their death and the ashes of Brebeuf and Lallemand lie beneath it. Its glories are rather the quiet labours that prepare for the brighter flash of martyrdom, glories of which we catch a glimpse in a Chabanel vowing to hold to his furrow to the end, though he would never see it in flower, or in a Brebeuf gazing in vision upon his own future martyrdom and that of his companions. But none the less, Fort Ste. Marie must stand out in Canadian annals as a beacon of civilization in the wilderness, the home whence future saints and martyrs carried forth Christianity to a nation that was dying, whose history had been one of darkness, paganism and crime, to light up its last hours with the light of glory.



TAU GAMMA SIGMA EXECUTIVE

### THE TAU GAMMA SIGMA SOCIETY

With the final meeting held late in May, at which the officers for the following year were elected, the Tau Gamma Sigma Society brought to a close the three years of its existence, three years which have been marked by a large increase in membership and much activity.

Due to unforeseen circumstances, the main social event of the year had to be cancelled. However, a diverse program of events held throughout the year, maintained a healthy interest in the Society's activities. In the realm of hockey, the Tau Gamma hockey team, succeeded after a very strenuous battle with the cohorts of the Engineering Society, in carrying off top honors. This marked the second victory in the two year's of competition between the societies. In the debating field, the Arts retrieved their laurels, lost last year. The end of the debating season, showed a clean sweep for the Arts. Not

satisfied with these victories, the Tau Gammers entered the bowling field although few of their members had previous experience in the game. A very exciting schedule was played by the members. Games were played every Wednesday during the late Winter and Spring. At the conclusion of the schedule, a picked team from the Arts met the Engineers' best in a sudden death game and Lo and Behold another championship had found its way into the Arts fold. In baseball the Arts also won. In conjunction with the Engineers and Freshmen, the members entertained the visiting U. N. B. team at a dinner held at the Lord Nelson Hotel. During the final term, it is hoped that the society will hold several very interesting functions.

The officers for the year have been:

President—Arthur T. Sheehan.

Vice-Pres.—Walter D. A. O'Hearn.

Secretary-Treasurer—Gerald B. Murphy.



## ENGINEERING SOCIETY EXECUTIVE

## THE ENGINEERING SOCIETY

The Engineering Society has again enjoyed a very successful year, due largely to the sterling work of its genial president, Mr. Gerald Dyer. This year marked the entry of the Freshmen-Engineers into the society and with the addition of these able first year members of the society received a marked increase.

Under the able guidance of the president, a list of activities socially and otherwise, were drawn up and carried out to the letter.

Unfortunately, most of the activities in the line of sports were not as successful as they might have been, nevertheless, every contest was marked by the predominant spirit of the mechanics, even though their ability was lacking in some respects. The fraternity boys combined, that is, those of the Tau Gamma Sigma together with those of the Phi Phi Sigma, succeeded in overcoming the Engineers in a game of hockey played in the college rink. However, the game was very close and was

only won in the closing moments through the earnest efforts of the goal judge. In a game of baseball, and it can hardly be called a game, for it lasted only two innings, the Frat men held a slight margin over the Engineers, the game being called with the score 6-2 in favor of the former.

In debating, likewise, the frat men came out on top, carrying off major honors in two classes. Perhaps the most marked activity of the Engineering Society this year was the organization of a Bowling league. Three teams were picked and a very successful season was enjoyed. In a match game with the Frat men, the Engineers again came off second best. It might be worthy of note that immediately after the organization of the Engineer's bowling league, the Frat men combined to form a similar league. This reminds us of the old saying "Monkey see, etc."

The executive for the year is: President, Mr. Gerald Dyer, Treasurer, Mr. Edward O'Leary, Secretary Barry Sheehan.





## PHI PHI SIGMA EXECUTIVE

## PHI PHI SIGMA

J. Lynch

The year 1929-30, saw the inauguration of a new society in St. Mary's College.

The First Arts classmen decided to break away from the old staid Famous Freshmen Society, and after the departure of the Freshmen Engineers got together on the organization of the present Phi Phi Sigma.

A new slate of officers was drawn up and was as follows:

President—Mr. Frank Carroll

Secretary—Mr. Harold Egan

Treasurer—Mr. Frank Foley

Historian—Mr. John Lynch

The society was accepted by its older brothers, the Engineering Society and the Tau Gamma Sigma on an equal status with themselves.

Something worthy of mention is the generous way in which the society contributed to defray expenses of the

banquet given to the visiting team from U. N. B. We were rightfully proud to be in position to hear our President offer to donate a considerable sum when the matter of money seemed one of the main items.

The society has started off in its premier year a huge success. It is left for our fellow-classmen of Matric to carry on the good work.

In the line of sport, the Society has not shown its mettle, having been neither challenged nor challenging in any interclass games yet. We might mention however, that three of the victorious Arts bowling team were Phi Phi Sigma men and also that of the nine men on the Arts baseball team, which recently defeated the Engineers, seven were of the new Society, so you see we do not lack the talent, it is rather that we do not get the chance to show it.

The theme song of the Society is "We're all pals together, and we are all for one and one for all."

## THE MISSION SOCIETY

The past year has been a very successful one for the Mission Crusade Society. At the beginning of the year the following officers were elected: Mr. James Dyer, President; Mr. Gerald Murphy, Vice President; Mr. Donald McPherson, Secretary; Mr. William Murphy, Treasurer; Mr. John Connolly, Librarian.

Regular monthly meetings were held throughout the year, at each one of which there was held some special missionary feature at once interesting, entertaining and instructive. During the first term a monster tombola was arranged which netted the neat sum of eighty dollars. Then about the middle of the second term was presented a most successful musical show "Seven-eleven." This show was a hit in every way, the quality of the performance being excellent, while the box-office showed a total profit of thirty-five dollars. The mission Canteen under the capable management of Mr. William Murphy and his assistant, Cecil Hamilton, was open for business, rain or shine, every class day of the year and the money realized from its operation formed a most helpful donation to the cause of the Missions.

May 5th marked the beginning of the annual Mission Week which as usual proved a fine display of missionary zeal and enthusiasm. Among the outstanding features of the week were talks by visiting priests, a mission play written by Walter O'Hearn of the graduating class, entitled "The Maker of Crosses," and, last but not least, the collection of yearly dues.

There is one name without which a sketch of the Society's activities would be most incomplete indeed, and that name is Rev. Dr. Curren. Dr. Curren, the Spiritual Director of the Society was far more than a mere sideline director of events, and it is with nothing of the maudlin that the executive wish to thank him most heartily for his generous assistance.

D. McPHERSON.

## THE HOLY NAME SOCIETY

The past year marks another milestone in the history of the Holy Name Society. The record of the society during the past year can be favorably compared with any previous year.

From a council of the senior arts and science students a board of energetic officers was nominated and the whole slate was unanimously accepted by the student body. Edward O'Connor Arts '30 was elected president and he immediately outlined a varied and interesting program for the year. At the first meeting new members to the number of sixty were enrolled. Shortly afterwards all the members paraded in a body to St. Mary's Villa where, under the auspices of all the Holy Name Societies of the city, Benediction was celebrated in the presence of His Grace Archbishop O'Donnell.

During the year many meetings were held which due to the interest and care of the Spiritual Director, Rev. Dr. Curran proved highly entertaining. Papers on various tropics were read at these meetings and then an open floor discussion took place. These meetings were eagerly awaited by the student body and to be present at a meeting of the Holy Name Society was a rare treat in itself. Never before did a half-hour seem so short.

The treasurer Lawrence O'Neill at the last meeting stated that a small surplus was on hand and this would be applied to some special work of the college. Of course the society like all societies was a bit cramped for funds but altogether it was not a bad financial year. The society closed the year with a surprising record and the usual support of the whole college. The students of next year have a high make to shoot at and we sincerely hope they will do as much as, in fact more, than the society has done this year. They have a great foundation on which to build and our parting advice is not to leave it a foundation but start to work and build.

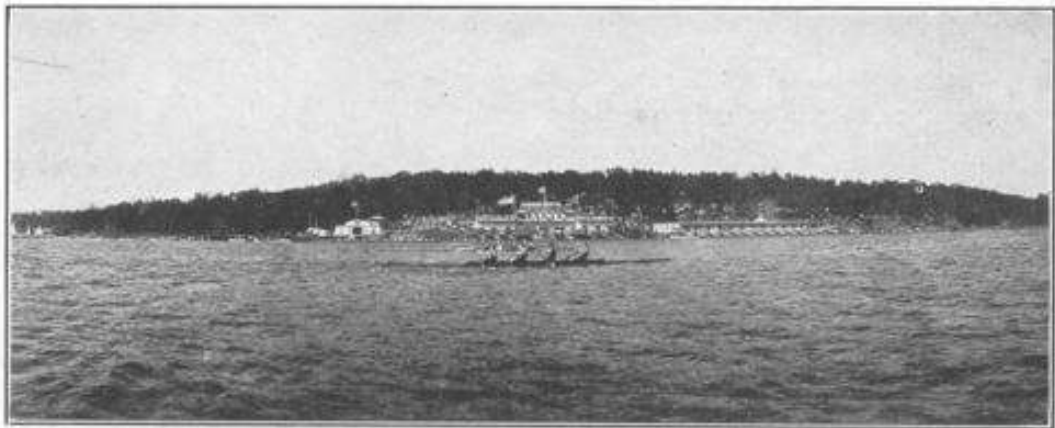
J. HEFFLER

## THE NORTH WEST ARM

THE visitor from the United States—as all visitors from the United States—had been complacent, patronizing, somewhat bored. Leaning in the full glory of his sports jacket and plus fours over the railing of the excursion launch, he surveyed the eccentric skyline of Halifax with no particular interest.

"Nice little town you've got here" he vouchsafed "nice—but slow. I've been here all of three hours and up to now I haven't seen much out of the ordinary."

Just then the launch swung about in the choppy waves, rounded Point Pleasant—Point Pleasant, crowned with the granite austerity of the Memorial Shaft—and swung into the North West Arm. Full upon the view of the little excursion party burst an unvisioned glory of blue water glinting with sunbeams, of savage cliffs and lawns smooth as<sup>2</sup>down, of tree-cloaked hills sloping gently to the waves' edge.



SCENE ON THE NORTH WEST ARM

The cigar almost dropped from the mouth of the visitor from the United States.

"Sa-a-y", he gulped, "that's some little river!"

It is not to be wondered that strangers frequently mistake the North West Arm for a river. Suffused with a Rhine-like charm, its surrounding scenery of almost a Rhineland ruggedness, for a half mile or so it matches in panoramic beauty any of the world's famed inland streams. The Cabot Memorial Tower, a glorified sightseer's gallery, erected during the present century, serves not only to give a comprehensive view of the Arm scenery, but bisects it rather neatly.

On one side, the harbour entry side, it is almost starkly primitive in its beauty. Here is the land of coves—Herring Cove, Portuguese Cove, Fergusson's Cove, all villages in their own right. Their rock-hewn cliffs and granite-speckled hills, broken here and there by green fields and a narrow precipitous road, have reminded observers of the ferts of Cornwall. In others an afternoon's drive 'round the coves to Sambro and home by Prospect has

called up memories of the rocky hills and the cool, clear sunlight of the Irish Coast.

Whatever the outer fringes of the Arm may recall, the inner portion evokes memories of a far more urban tinge. Here is Flemming Park on which the Tower is built, favorite picnic ground of two generations of Haligonians, mooring-place of a thousand canoes during the lazy summer afternoons. Although not on the Halifax side of the water, this great well-kept expanse is city territory, being a gift to Halifax of a famed Canadian—the late Sif Sandford Flemming.

But whence come the canoes that swarm so gaily over the Arm waters? From the opposite side of the water, where are boathouses and bathing clubs in profusion. It is one of the boasts of Halifax that none of her inhabitants need go without baths—in the summertime. For the person who does not belong to one or more of the numerous aquatic clubs—Waegwoltic, Jubilee, St. Mary's, North West Arm are names of a few such—can board a tram car in the heart of the city and within ten minutes find himself by Horse-Shoe Island, where are located the magnificent public baths; or to Franklin Park he may journey which provides free bathing facilities for its patrons.

Only in recent years has North West Arm been such a corporate blessing to the City of Halifax. Not so many decades ago its sloping banks were crowned with large and rambling dwellings—summer homes of the great and near great, while an occasional dinghy moored discreetly to a landing stage was the sole evidence of life on its placid waters. The pleasure boats, the light yachts, the racing shells, the gay canoes which turn the summertime into perpetual carnival, had not yet been launched.

But, whether or not the world has been made safe for democracy, the North West Arm has, due to the kindly whim of the fates and an increased tax assessment. Through the great homesteads, now become clubhouses, stream crowds of happy-tired holidaying folk, while down by the waters edge Hoi Poilli and Vox Populi sport with the wavelets and know that life is good.

W. D. A. O'HEARN.

## Requiescat in Pace

In the death of Thomas Dickie, St. Mary's lost one of her best students. Tom was a great exponent of the Scout movement and in every way he exemplified the true scout. Always thoughtful towards others, and always desiring to "do a good turn", he gained a host of friends. His great popularity was evidenced by the magnificent turnout of friends at the funeral Mass.



## TODAY'S BEST FEATURE

Crack—Bang—Sis-s-s-s Good evening s-s-s-sis awk ladies and gentlemen bang—bloop—crack and others of my unseen audience. This is Spinoza Sajilla of the Columbia Broadcasting System announcing a presentation of the United States Tobacco Company makers of Winingham after dinner-between-the-acts-or before going to bed cigars.

In this day of over-indulgence in the sweet things of life, it is very necessary to avoid that ever threatening shadow which marks the danger point. This is a good reason for keeping out of the sun. You avoid any unnecessary shadows. On rainy days however, or even on foggy days, of course, it will not be so necessary to avoid that dangerous shadow because the sun will scarcely cause any shadows and so you can smoke to your heart's content, which is only another point for rainy days—they know a good cigar when they extinguish it. Cigars are gradually becoming the pock mark-er-I mean the hall mark of the fashionable man, whether it be at on the Riviera, at the Lido, Atlantic city or even Spring Garden Road on Sunday afternoon. Everywhere you will see the Beau monde inhaling the se fragrant cigars. In Chicago, even the Chamber of Commerce have adopted as a good civic motto "Reach for a Winingham instead of a revolver." In the fashionable city clubs, four out of every five have it—What, you ask?—Why, what else but a Winingham after dinner—before getting out of bed—between the acts cigars which are known the world over as the acme of after-dinner before getting-up in the morning between—the—acts cigars. And now, ladies and gentlemen, before proceeding with our regular musical program, let me give you a word of advice, "Reach—When you are going down for the third time, reach for a Winingham instead of the manilla—it's a better rope.

## MAC'S BAG O' TRICKS

"You never know what's in it."

My dear, dear readers, (affectionate, what?), did you ever hear the story of the couple of rotten eggs? No? Well, that's just two bad! Heh! heh! And have youse ever hoid de story of de silent news reel? Well, I won't tell it, cause it isn't a noise story. And of course you've never heard the story of the Manx cat, because a Manx cat hasn't got a tale. My! My! Aren't we just bubbling over with wise cracks today? Yes, sir, "Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble, I need a shave, just feel my stubble" as Shakespeare quaintly put it. Speaking about poetry and spring those poems of the Freshmen in last month's Collegian were very nice. But I noticed that there was not a single one on love, and, thinking it a shame, since it was Spring and all, that this subject had been overlooked (or steered clear of), I hunted around till I found the following little love lyric written by—but, ah! I can't tell you that.

Love leads the way,  
Through flowery dells,  
Whilst happy birds do whistle,  
The foolish lover  
Follows on,  
And treads upon a thistle."

If I told you that the author of that was Burns, you wouldn't believe me. Well you'd be right. Burns didn't write it. No, it wasn't I either. Unlike Vergil, *hos versiculos non feci*. I may have written the Rubaiyat, but I didn't write that.

## FINALE

And that's about all for this year. Mac asks readers going away rather eagerly to spend their vacation in the country to remember to always keep the head covered in the presence of woodpeckers. Teuf-teuf, cheerio, Bye-bye.—MAC.



GLEE CLUB AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY



THE COLLEGE ORCHESTRA



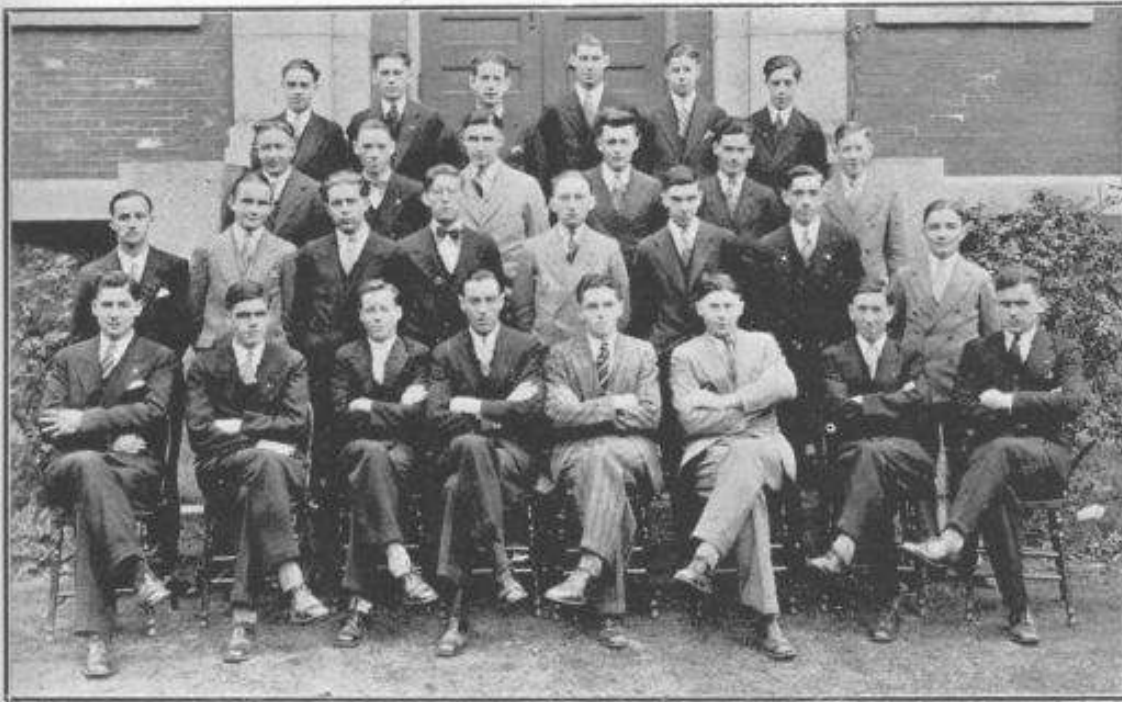
HIGH SCHOOL DRAMATIC SOCIETY



ALBAN MURPHY  
Senior Champion Oratorical  
Contest



JACK FINLAY  
Junior Champion Oratorical  
Contest



## MATRICULATION

### "KEN" KENNEDY

Ken doesn't think speech was given man to conceal his thoughts. He just says what he wants to. Ken is a great checker player, his motto being "give one and take three."

### WILLIAM COLLIN MacDONALD

Willie "Mac" hails from Judique. Recently tried to scale the roof to pursue his studies. Thinks Judique excellent spot for air-port.

### PETER E. SULLIVAN

Pete is Irish though he comes from New Glasgow. He is a leader in sport activities and is just one bundle of good humour.

### CHARLES MURPHY

Charlie, I think he's Irish and a Cape Bretoner. What more could a man desire to be. Charlie's getting along fine except that when he laughs he gulps himself to sobs.

### ROY HOGANSON

"Hoggie" is a new-comer from St. Pat's. He brings with him a liking for basket ball and was successful in making the High school team.

### ARTHUR J. MEAGHER

Art is a serious chap and his forte is scouting. He recently had the unique experience of visiting London at the Boy Scout Jamboree.

### FELIX SHANNON

Felix is an old student at the college and has been one of us for three years. He is a very fine chap and is a genius at Vergil. He is a talented Nightingale, good-natured, and always has a supply of scribblers and pencils.

### DANIEL FOGARTY

Dan Fogarty, alias "Fog" is our Montreal representative and a very likeable and agreeable chap. Dan is a good student as well as a keen sportsman. He is an amateur actor, and also a singer of some repute.



### RUDOLPH DELANEY

"Decker" is a new-comer to the college, having come from St. Pat's High. He is a good student, and by his genial manner has become a favorite with the students of the class.

### MERVYN SULLIVAN

Mervyn Sullivan, alias "Nemo" is well known to the students of St. Mary's for his keen wit and satire. He came to the college in '27. Nemo's main feature is playing baseball. Those who have not heard him, must surely be deaf.

### ALPHONSE TROUDELL

A Frenchman hailing from Shawinigan Falls, Quebec. During his short stay with us, he has learned to speak English like a native, and is still hoping to improve.

### ARTHUR HAMILTON

The lad from Weymouth is one of the top-notchers of the class in the educational line. He is a quiet chap but he sure knows his turnips.

### EARNEST FALVEY

Earnie, otherwise known as the "Genius" plays a mean hand at hockey and has succeeded in making the "Senior High School" team. Noted for his wit and good sportsmanship. He is one of the Halifax clan by the way.

### LEONARD MEEHAN

Len is distinguished from his class mates by his splendid oratory. He is also an amateur actor of some repute.

### FRANK E. HANRAHAN

Frank I have found out is very closely associated with Herring Cove.

He is a splendid singer and frequently mimics certain lady singers.

### CLARENCE FLEMING

Clarence has been attending St. Mary's for the past three years and is quite a renowned athlete his strong point being hockey.

### JACQUES BERENGER

Jacques Berenger, known as "Lefty" or "French" is an all round athlete, and is one of the few south paws attending the college.

### DONALD "CHESTER" CARROLL

"Chester" as his name implies hails from the famous town of Chester. He has a form which even Tarzan would envy.

### BASIL COADY

Basil is a real good sport as well as the leader of the class in scholastic pursuits. For the two consecutive years of high school he has been winner of the Gold Medal.

### JOSEPH SHERMAN MacDONALD

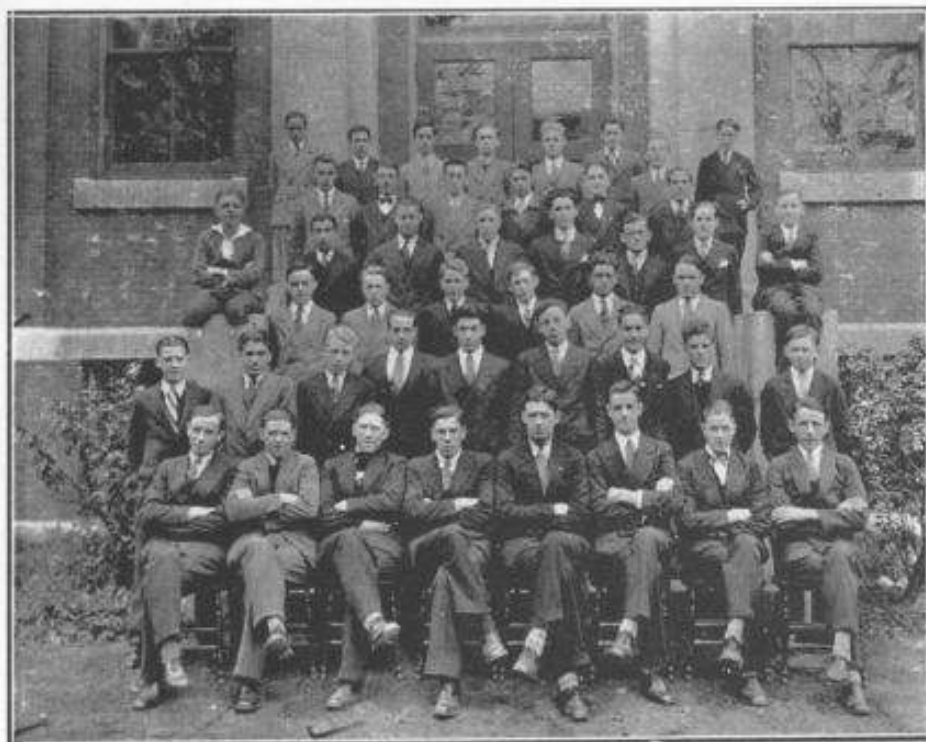
Joe Sherman "Mac" looks with pride to Sheet Harbour as the spot which is sacred to him. He chews gum occasionally and plays a good game of handball.

### ATTAMOR TEVESQUE

Tevesque is another of the many Frenchmen from Quebec. Besides learning to speak English, he has become quite a hand-ball player.

### PAUL LE GENDIL

Paul who is also from Quebec, is picking up base-ball rapidly and as a tennis player, he's a wow!



GRADE X

## CLASS NOTES, GRADE X

Allan Ross

It seems hardly possible that another year has rolled by, and we will soon have to say our farewells, for a short time at least, to our best friends, most of whom we hope will be successful in attaining what they came here for, and to those who have been successful we offer our heartiest congratulations.

With those who were not fortunate enough to secure the much desired "Sheepskin" we sympathise, although we feel that it is not a year wasted for a student just because he has not quite measured up to the mark.

The class honors will either go to Henry Tangle, Gregory Murphy or Harry Mitchell and we all wish to congratulate these gentlemen.

We may very safely say that this was one of the most successful years for Grade X in the history of St. Mary's, both in studies and in sport.

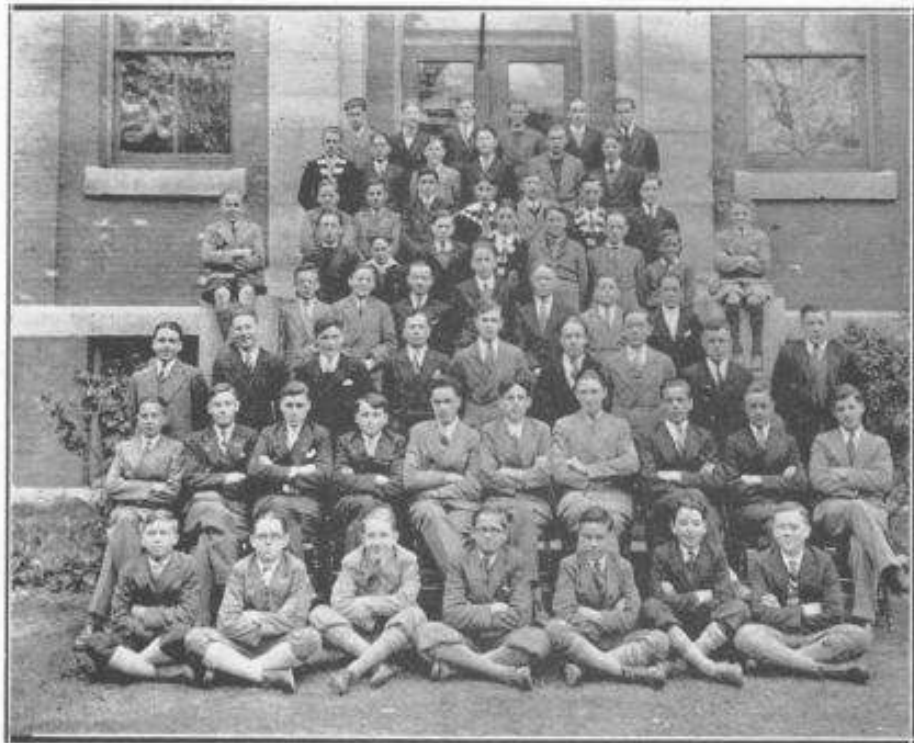
We wish to congratulate Alban Murphy for winning the Elocution contest and also Frank Donahoe and Gregory Purcell who came second and fourth respectively.

At the first of the year, just fifteen students turned out for Rugby from this class and of that number, twelve made places on the team.

The next sport we come to is Hockey, the big game at St. Mary's. Five students from this class played on the two High School teams and no small share of the honors won by these teams are due to them.

We also trimmed some of the teams so badly in the interclass competitions that it would not be a good policy to mention the fact for there are some large sized youths in the other classes.

In the midst of the Hockey season, Basketball came into the picture and we are sure if it were not for Hockey, there would have been more students from this class on the team, as it was there were three members of the loop squad from this class.



GRADE IX

About the track meet which is to come off shortly and will be over before this is printed we hope to come first as we did in all the rest of the sports but if we do not it will take a strong team to beat us.

By the look of these notes one can say that we have had a very good year in sports, and if you don't think that it is true, find out for yourselves, and you'll have to agree with us that we are not "blowing" but there isn't any "bushels" around big enough to hide our light.

The last thing we want to know is "Why did Frank Donahoe stop practising his 'Moose call.'"

Last but not least we want to thank our professors who have tried so hard to get us through our year and if any do not get over it, it will not be the fault of the professors. In closing we wish to thank them and wish them a very happy vacation.

We hope that the students of this class of 30-31 will keep up its good name.

ANGUS ROSS.

## GRADE IX

Now that we are on the last lap and in the home stretch, perhaps it wouldn't be amiss to say a few words about the best class in the High School (Listen to that one, Grade X). The question is what can we say. Almost anything, I can assure you, as long as it is good.

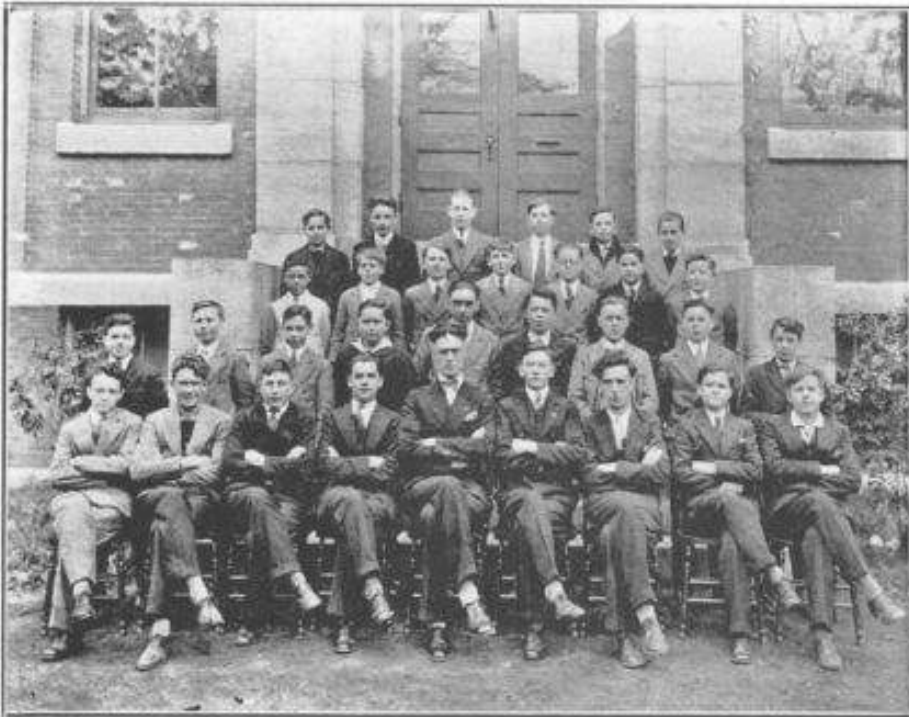
In basketball we did well, that is we beat the one and only grade X. The score, I believe was about three to one, which is a fair idea of the values of each class.

Many delightful luncheons were held in the old Grade nine room, Mr. Doyle pouring on several occasions.

During the year, the many and varied witticisms of Mr. Dunn kept the room in continuous chuckle.

Oh, yes, almost forgot to mention it. Perhaps it isn't worth mentioning. Grade Ten beats us in Hockey. Score immaterial.

Many delightful gatherings were held in the rink. Mr. Shute was



PREPARATORY

generally host on these occasions, that is until he started to paint the town red, only to get his paints mixed up.

During the last few weeks, the College took on a very quiet air, for, you understand, the College division had disembarked, leaving the mere Collegiates in charge of the vessel.

Well, I am running out of ideas so let us call it a day.

But first we must thank the Brothers for their many strenuous efforts in our behalf. The examinations will tell whether we have profited by them.

Au revoir!

“ “ “Dock”

### PREPARATORY

Introducing for the last time none other than Prep., the one and only class of 1930. Why must we be so modest.

All good things must come to an end, they tell us, and it seems the truth. Those terrible weekly tests are once more a thing of the past.

Only the big tests remain and then two months of getting up late, swimming and the various pleasures of Summertime.

All in all we have had a great year. Preparatory has shown up well in all the games she played in and has carried the honors for the High School in many a battle with outside teams, particularly College Street.

Mission week was a very interesting time this term and when it came to the collection for the foreign missions, Prep. weren't in the background, by any means.

It was too bad that field day didn't come off, as we had some great material to enter in the meet. It will have to be next year, but then next year, we will not be Prep. But maybe we still shall be. One never knows, does one?

Finally, it would seem a good idea to move a vote of thanks to the Brothers for their great efforts in our behalf, so I shall move, second, and pass this motion myself.

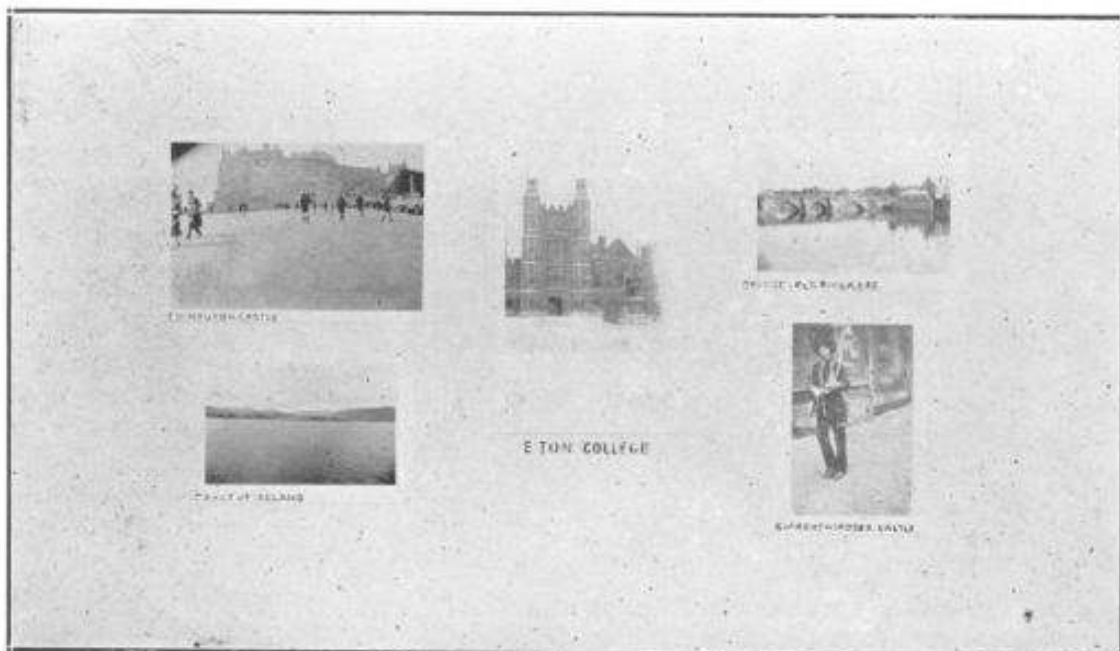
FINLAY.

## OLD COUNTRY GLIMPSES

By a student with a note-book

ENGLAND: would it be Americanized with ice-cream parlors and gas-stations in the shade of its ancient castles? Or would it have its own distinguishing differences? I wondered a great deal thus about our Mother Country as I prepared for the trip, but once there, I had no need for conjecture—I saw.

My first surprise was seeing what I thought impossible, a car which goes and yet is smaller than a Ford. To give you an idea of its size, four of us lifted it with ease about a foot from the ground. Then the owner appeared and hopped in and before it had reached the corner, this small miniature car would have broken all the speedlaws of Halifax by doing forty-five. Another



curious sight was the double-deckers, not cigarettes but tramcars and omnibusses. These were strange to us, so of course the first one we boarded, all of us made a dash for the top and with unusual quickness gained a seat. Then we saw a notice forbidding anybody to stand for the laws of gravity still held good even in this huge vehicle.

Another odd thing in the way of transportation are the trains. What a laugh we had when we saw them. I hope the English people near us were not insulted, for the trains are but toys compared with ours. Three of their cars would fit in one of the C. N. R.'s. Their Pullmen cars are of the compartment type holding eight persons, who, once in, are prisoners unable to move from this limited space till the train stops. For extra long journeys,

say about eight hours at the maximum, special trains resembling our Canadian ones are used. We had a lunch on the train but instead of going into the dining car, they arranged tables between our seats. Thus began the preparations for a meal which we thought would never begin, almost an hour being spent in the slow lengthy process of setting these tables. Then we began our meal by the eat and wait system. This slight annoyance was forgotten when we arrived at our destination after a speedy trip.

There were numerous other customs strange to us but I shall have to condense them. One has his hair cut at a hairdresser's where you can get a shave, haircut and shampoo for the price of a haircut on this side. Slot machines are common, put in a coin and out will come stamps, Kodak film, fruit, nuts, matches, etc. Bicycles and motorcycles, driven both by ladies and men, are very common. In the town of Oxford, out of a population of 50,000 there are 40,000 bicycles. The English theatre is the same as ours. The majority showing American films, but the audience during the picture are permitted to smoke and ices and sweets can be ordered from the usher.

English schools have their time-worn customs also. At Oxford if they beat Cambridge, it is the custom of the students to break all the windows in a certain quadrangle. Let's institute the custom at St. Mary's, eh, what? While at Eton, all students must walk on one side of the street while in the town of Windsor.

These are but few of our many amusing incidents, but space is limited, so I will end by telling a little story which is true. While at a luncheon in a certain city, a few of us were fooling by wasting some salt, the waiter noticing this came up to us and said, "There is a country where the people have the motto, 'WASTE NOT, WANT NOT'". That city was Glasgow, Scotland.

A. J. MEAGHER.



## ALUMNI NOTES

The year just closing has witnessed the usual number of activities of the Alumni Association. The annual reunion banquet held in the Queen Hotel on Dec. tenth, is conceded to have been the best attended and most enthusiastic in the history of the organization. The members also entertained at a most enjoyable social evening in Halifax Hotel in Feb. of this year. The Association has not taken part in any athletic activities with the present students this year. It wishes to congratulate the various college teams which made such a wonderful showing this year, especially the inter-collegiate team which captured the Maritime Inter-collegiate Hockey Title in the first year of their entry into the league.

Plans are under way for the securing of a larger active membership and it is expected that within the next few months all those who have attended St. Mary's College will be canvassed. A word might here be said to those students who are this year leaving the college to join the Alumni Association, the object of which is to promote fraternal union among former students and to keep alive the loyalty

which the student owes his Alma Mater.

## Ex. Off. Patrons:

His Grace Archbishop F. J. McCarthy.

His Grace Archbishop Coadjutor T. J. O'Donnell.

## Ex. Off. Pres.:

Rev. Bro. C. C. Sterling.

## Hon. Pres.:

The Very Rev. Dean McManus.

## Pres.:

Major E. J. J. Probert.

## 1st Vice-Pres.:

Rev. William Burns.

## 2nd Vice-Pres.:

W. W. Walsh, K. C.

## 3rd Vice-Pres.:

J. W. Inglis, Jr.

## Sec. Treas.:

Harold J. Bartlow, B. A.

## Historian:

Geo. Mullane.

Executive:—Rev. Dr. Curren, D.D., Dr. G. R. Burns, P. J. Hannifen, Le. Currie, Cyril Doyle, L. L., Gerald O'Neill, Dr. H. R. Corbett, E. Maurice Beazley, John Ead, Owen Meehan, Alex. Sampson, B. A. O'Leary.




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ASSOCIATION

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E. G. O'Connor, - - *Secretary*

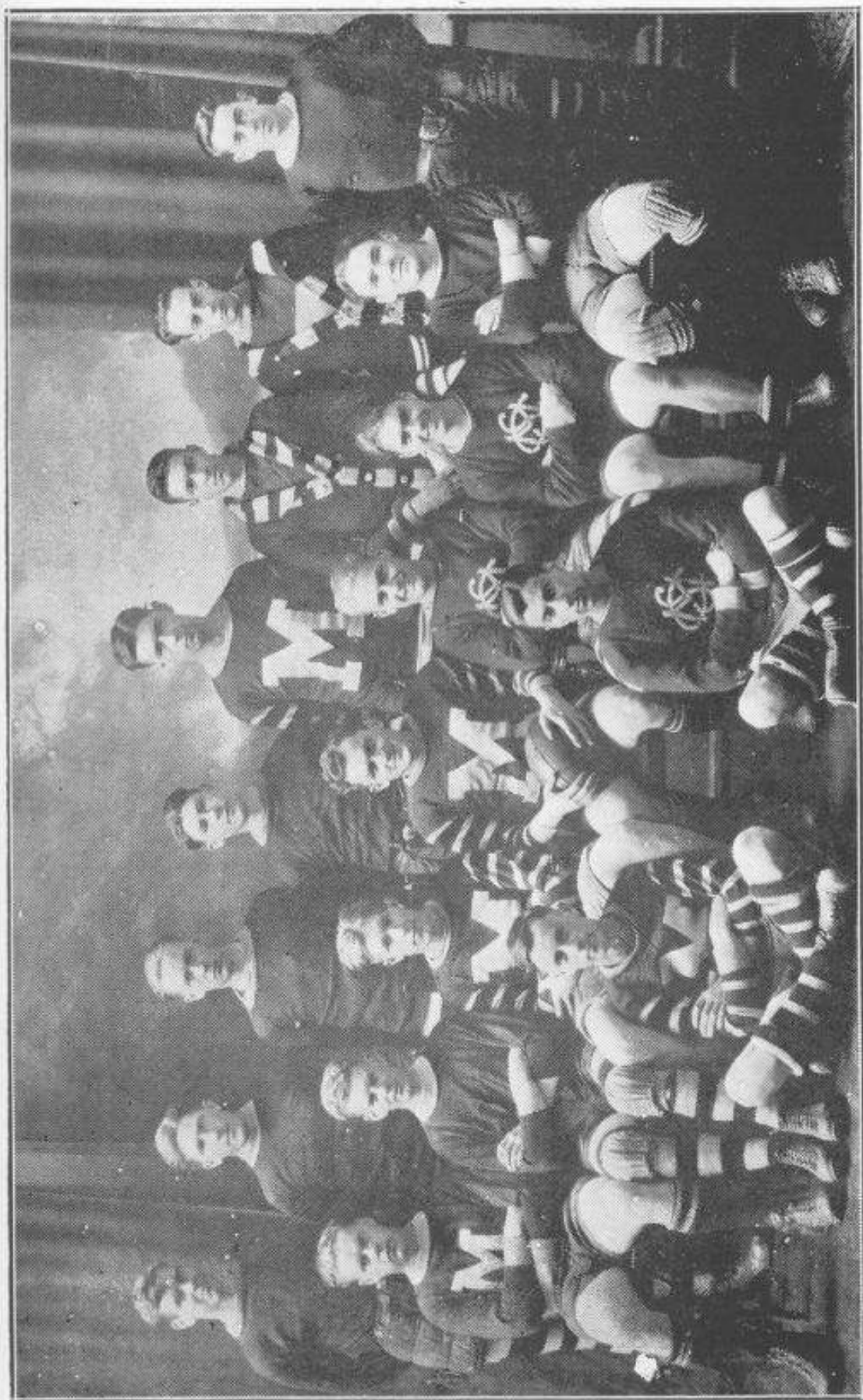
M. Alan Coolen, - *Treasurer*

Fro. Mahar, - *Faculty Advisor*

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### FOOTBALL

The third year of Rugby at St. Mary's failed to produce any of the splendid success which the two years previously enjoyed. The entire province waged a series of eliminating struggles in which S. M. C. had no hand. After several weeks of pigskin driving from amidst the tangle of opposing clubs St. Francis Xavier emerged victorious winning the right to play St. Mary's College for the provincial honors.

Then suddenly when least expected the Xaverians defaulted, awarded to the Maroon and White a championship won without playing a game or kicking a ball. This method of winning a championship appealed to neither students, team, and, might I say, faculty.

A title game was arranged with King's Collegiate and almost confident of success, the Santamarians departed for Windsor. But weeks without practice had broken up team-play and it was a sorry lot that fought to retain the championship title.

The Blue and White battled the S. M. C. boys inside their own thirty yard line and with much dribbling and with the kicking of Cole, Kings emerged from the contest six points to the good.

It was particularly sporting of the A. A. A. to sponsor such a trip made not through necessity but suggested in the first place by the wish for outside competition and secondly pure sportsmanship. We cannot honestly be champions while there is a better team.

Members of the team were:

Forwards: Kennedy, (Capt.), Aliotis, Pender, Sullivan, Doherty,

Ross Smith; halves, Langley, C. Nelson, Murphy; three quarters, J. Nelson, Mullinger, McDonald, Doherty; full back, Fullerton.

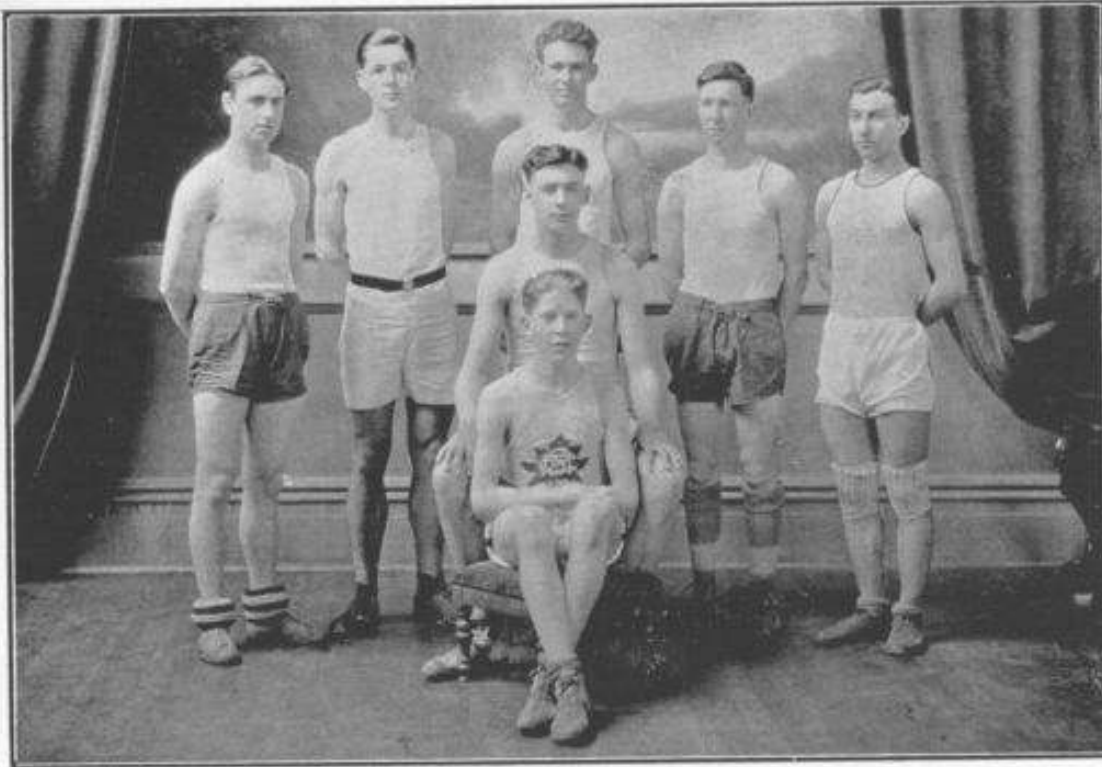
### HIGH SCHOOL HOCKEY

The High School has added two more provincial titles to its long list of conquests. By defeating St. Pat's, the Senior High won the Nova Scotia title. The New Brunswick winners fought S. M. C. for the Maritime title and gave the Maroon and White a four-nothing lacing.

The game against Bathurst was a fairly interesting contest but the boys from up North were all over the Halifax hockeyists. The speedy forwards walked through the defense, completely baffled the forwards and but for the splendid work of Sullivan, the S. M. C. boys would have had a worse score against them.

Falvey and Flemming fought hard and with Charlie Nelson missed several chances to score. Ken Burns appeared worn out and though he played a fine game but it was not quite up to his usual standard. Doherty played well and was in his usual pugnacious or rather playful mood. The subs. tried hard, but of the entire team Falvey, Flemming and the New Glasgow goalie were the big lights in the contest.

Once again St. Mary's College are Nova Scotia Provincial High School champions. It was hard to give up the Maritime title so brilliantly won last year but nevertheless we cannot win all the time and the Paper makers brought to Halifax from the Bathurst a team better in every way with the exception of fighting spirit of the S. M. C. team.



HIGH SCHOOL BASKETBALL TEAM

## BASKETBALL

This year's season of Basketball did not turn out very well. A two game series was played with the Halifax County Academy and with Park High.

The first game with Park was won by St. Mary's. This was certainly good work on the part of the Maroon and White players for they had had little previous practice. The majority of the players were more interested in Hockey at this time of the year and Basketball had to take a back seat.

The second game brought together the Academy and St. Mary's. These two rivals, from time immemorial, have been playing for the City championship and this year it was the Academy's year.

In the first game, the Santamar-ians put up a stiff battle and when the

battle was over, the Academy were a mere five points ahead.

However the second game was terrible. The Academy started out to win by a big score and they certainly were not disappointed. As Academy baskets kept sinking, the spirits of Santamarian rooters accordingly dropped. Academy completely controlled the play. They put all the science into the game and all St. Mary's had was the fight.

Lack of practice was the main cause of such a fiasco. The material on the team was good, the coach was very good but the boys were too much interested in Hockey to worry much about basketball.

The manager of the team, a basketball player of no little ability himself worked hard for the success of the team but there was no championship team to be won by St. Mary's this year and his efforts were of no avail.

## Our Intercollegiate Hockey Team

Ever since 1927 when St. Mary's first placed a Hockey team in the City Intercollegiate League she has demonstrated beyond a doubt her ability to defeat bigger teams from bigger Colleges and that in Hockey she stands supreme among the City Colleges.

In '27 she won the C. I. League. In '28 she duplicated this trick. And in '29 she walked off with the trophy without a single defeat chalked up against her. But it is of this year that I intend to write.

This year St. Mary's went further. Despite the "sage" advice of the pessimists we entered a team in the Maritime Intercollegiate League. With a forward line that was the fastest the College ever knew, a goalie with an A-1 reputation and a defense that could lump harder than any other defense we ever had, things looked bright. Every student expected big things of his team and that team certainly lived up to the boys' expectations. But let us review the doings of this team from the opening of the season until that historic night of Feb. 25th.

At the first of the season practice games were arranged with the R.C.E.'s and the Imperial Tobacco Co. These resulted in St. Mary's being on the long end of such scores as 8-1 and 10-1. Everything pointed to a successful season. Then on the night of Jan. 14 we faced off with Tech. in the Forum. Thereby opening the C. I. League as well as the Maritime.

It was the hardest game that Tech ever put up against us but our boys had struck their stride and nothing could stop them. With the result that when the smoke of battle had cleared away we were on the long end of a 6-3 score.

Our next visitors were our old rivals from Kings. For some reason or other the blue and white clad players didn't seem to register that night. While our boys showed combination, head work, and good goal-tending, everything that was needed for a brilliant victory. The score was very

much one-sided, being 6-0.

The next game on the schedule was with Tech. In this game the Engineers gave us plenty to think about, but our lads were equal to the occasion and stepped right into the fast skating Tech men. Result S.M.C.-4, N.S.T.C.-1.

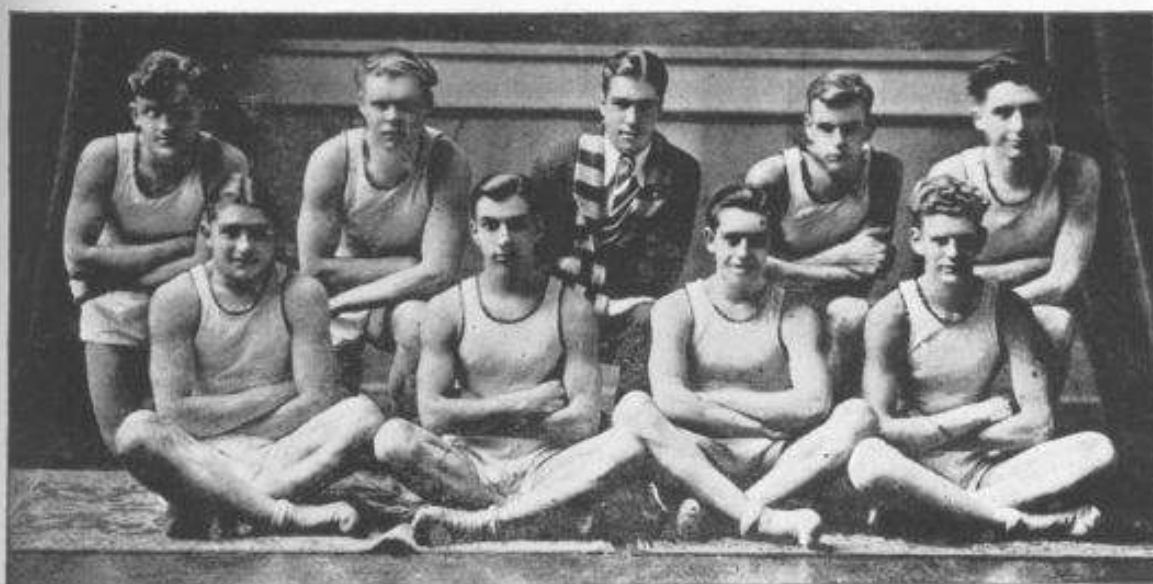
By virtue of this win we won our section of the M. I. L. and were crowned C. I. R. champs for the fourth consecutive year. Truly a splendid record for any hockey team from any College.

The next game in the Maritime Intercollegiate circuit was with the highly rated St. F. X. team. None of this year's students will ever forget our anxiety over that game, nor our joy upon winning it.

In that struggle St. Mary's showed her old fighting spirit as it has never been seen before. Playing on strange ice against a team that knew hockey from A to Z, our boys fought from the opening to the closing gong. The whole squad worked like a machine and as a result there was no particularly brilliant individual star. But mention must be made of Mike Parrot's brilliant work in the nets. In the opening canto of the game shots were literally rained upon him but he was equal to the occasion and time and time again robbed the blue and white shirted players of what seemed like sure goals. In the second and third period our men played hockey as they had been taught to play it, with the result that they drilled in three goals while holding the Antigonish collegians to their lone tally, scored in the first few minutes of the game. By virtue of this win we advanced to the finals. And on the night of February 25th we met the fast skating University of New Brunswick sextette for the championship.

The closing gong saw St. Mary's on the long end of a 2-0 score and Intercollegiate Champs of the Maritime Provinces.

E. C. O'LEARY, Eng.'32



TRACK TEAM



KEN KENNEDY  
Maritime High School 440 Champion

## TRACK MEET

St. Mary's High placed fifth in the Maritime Interscholastic Track Meet. Out of twelve aspirants for track honors, ten had to be chosen to take part in the Meet. The team was under the able care of Brother Garvey and Frankie Foley. Mr. Nelson of Windsor Junction kindly assisted St. Mary's team during the Meet.

Ken. Kennedy won the Maritime 440 championship and the performances of Bob D'Anjou and Jack Nelson were outstanding. In the mile relay, the St. Mary's athletes ran a beautiful race but a heavy list of previous heats told on D'Anjou, anchor man for St. Mary's and St. Mary's couldn't get better than a third place.

D'Anjou after a brilliant race with Phillips of King's Collegiate captured second place in the two-twenty.

In the half mile, Jack Nelson ran a fine race to place third.

Other members of the team were:

Ken. Kennedy, Mike Murphy, Jack Nelson, Neil McLellan, Robert D'Anjou, Frank Nash, Amedie Daniel, George Aliotis, Charlie Purcell, Charlie Nelson, Frank Foley (Manager).



NOVA SCOTIA HIGH SCHOOL SENIOR CHAMPIONS

Fleming, Kennedy, Fullerton, Nelson, O'Connor, (Mgr.), Burns, Sullivan,  
Pender, (Capt), Doherty, Falvey.



NOVA SCOTIA HIGH SCHOOL JUNIOR CHAMPIONS

Flemming, Kennedy, Nelson, O'Connor, (Mgr.), Burns, Aliotis,  
Doherty (Capt.), Murphy, Fullerton.

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## "The Last Laugh"

Two Hearts That Beat as One.—"I am a woman of few words," announced the haughty mistress to the new maid. "If I beckon with my finger, that means come."

"Suits me, mum," replied the girl. "I'm a woman of few words myself. If I shake me head, that means I ain't comin'."—*Sidmouth Observer*.

Knows How They Feel.—

### NOTICE!

I am now ready to receive your axes.—M. R. Storm, County Collector.—*Illinois paper*.

Pass the Pitchfork.—Following on yesterday's defeat of the Government in the Dail, a meeting of the Cabinet was held this morning, presided over by President Cosgrave.—*Dublin Evening Herald*.

Indeterminate Sentence.—An uplift worker, visiting a prison, was much impressed by the melancholy attitude of one man she found.

"My poor man," she sympathized, "what is the length of your term?"

"Depends on politics, lady," replied the melancholy one. "I'm the warden."—*Boston Transcript*.

Wuxtry Speshult—A Chicago gangster died a natural death. That looks like a swell plot for a mystery yarn.—*Judge*.

Boy Wo Made Good.—Null—"I started out on the theory that the world has an opening for me."

Void—"And you found it?"

Null—"Well, rather. I'm in the hole now."—*Churchman*.

### HOW ABOUT A CAT?

Wanted: An experienced maid for mousework. (Ad in Toronto paper.)

### THE MERE MAN

"Should a man keep anything from his wife?" queried the lecturer.

"Enough for lunch and carfare, anyway," said an interested listener.

### ARCHEOLOGICAL NOTE

I read not long ago that a very ancient coin, thought to be the equivalent of a modern cent, had been unearthed in a Scottish village. But I certainly do not believe that a skeleton on its hands and knees was found near by.

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Yet, when speaking by telephone, the person some 750 miles away hears almost at the same instant that you utter the words.—Only the minutest fraction of a second being lost.

The explanation of this is not difficult. Electricity is the quickest thing on earth; and when you speak into the Telephone your words are transformed to electric impulses; these travel over the wires to the far distant station in less time than one can appreciate; and are then restored to their original nature in the receiver of the telephone.

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## COME HOME

First colored lady: "Yo husband's in de hospital. Ah thought he was jus' off on a holiday."

Second similar (with pride): "He was, Mirandy. He was, but ah interrupted him."

## AN ILL WIND

"Have you heard that our friend McFarlane became rich at a single stroke.

"No, how come?"

"His rich uncle had it."

## TOUGH LUCK

Teacher: "Give me a sentence with the word 'fascinate'."

Johnny: "I have nine buttons on my shirt but I can only fascinate."

## THE VICAR OF BRAY, SIR

Wanted: A strong donkey to do the entire work of a country clergyman. (Ad in a country paper).

## SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN

The infant.

The little girl

The girl.

The young lady

The young lady.

The young lady.

The young lady.

—Capper Magazine.

## LIKE FATHER

Music Teacher: "Your daughter is improving, but when she gets to the scales I have to watch her pretty closely."

Mother: "That's just like her dad. He made his money in the grocery business."

## THE RULING PASSION

"They say Boggs is crazy on the subject of golf and his wife is equally crazy over auction sales."

"Yes, and the funny part of it is they both talk in their sleep. The other night a lodger in the next flat heard Boggs shout 'Fore', and immediately Mrs. Boggs yelled 'Four and a quarter'."

## RESEMBLANCE

She was the kind of woman who could be relied upon to say the wrong thing wherever she was. At a recent dinner she turned to her neighbor and said:

"Doctor, can you tell me who that horrible-looking man is over there?"

"I can," replied the medical man "That is my brother."

There was an awkward pause while the woman racked her brains for something to say. The doctor was enjoying her discomfiture.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she stammered, blushing. "How silly of me not to have seen the resemblance!"—Vancouver Province.

## FIRE PAINTINGS

Romantic Lady: "Do you ever see pictures in the fire?"

Embittered Art Circle: "No. But I've seen lots that ought to be!"

## NATURAL MISTAKE

A man and his wife were having tea in a fashionable restaurant.

"Shall we dance, dear?" asked the husband, rising from his chair.

"That wasn't the orchestra playing," replied his wife. "The waiter dropped a tray of China."—Fort William Times-Journal.

## NOW, YOU KNOW

"Pop, what's a monologue?"

"A monologue is a conversation between, let us say, Mr. and Mrs. Jones."

"I thought that was a dialogue."

"No, a dialogue is where two persons are speaking."

## THE SUPERLATIVE

"This is a good restaurant, isn't it?" said the customer to the waiter who had brought his order.

"Yes," replied the waiter. "If you order a fresh egg, you get the freshest egg in the world. If you order a cup of coffee, you get the best cup of coffee in the world, and——"

"Yes, I believe it, I order a small steak."—Tid-Bits, London.

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