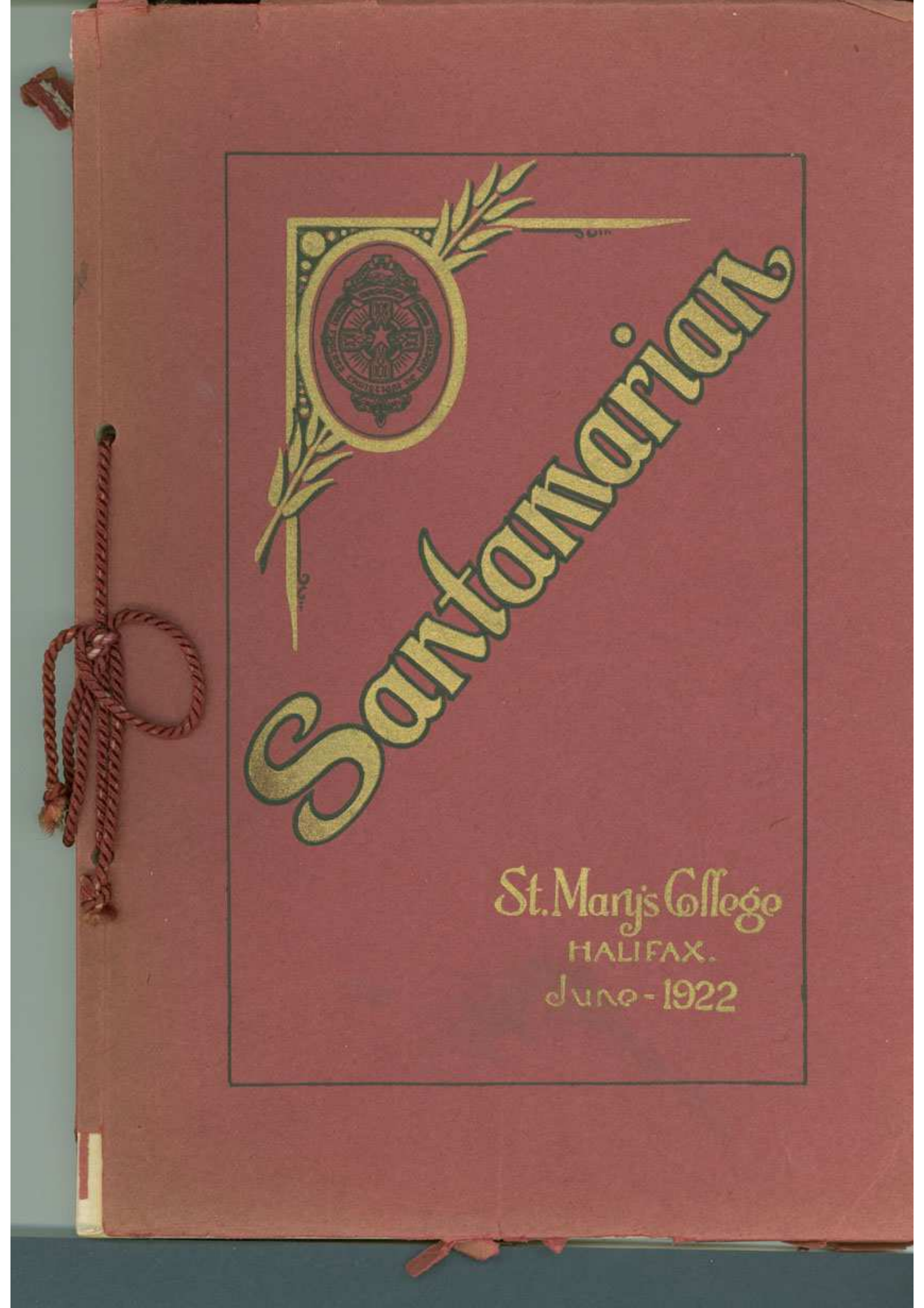
Santamarian
St. Mary's College
HALIFAX.
June - 1922

St. Mary's College

Halifax, N. S.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS OF IRELAND.

PROVIDES COURSES IN

Arts, Engineering, High School and Preparatory.

Admits Resident and Non-resident Students.

PROSPECTUS FORWARDED ON APPLICATION.

"Santamarian"

Nineteen-Twenty-two

"Age Quod Agis"

I call the greatest of all goods, to know happily how to enjoy our condition and to be content.—*Montaigne.*

Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still,

He who knows how to fail, has won
A crown whose lustre is not less.—*Adelaide Proctor.*

The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
A man's the gowd for a' that.

Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part: there all the honour lies.

The friends thou hast and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel. —*Shakespeare.*

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea.
Low, low, breathe and blow
Wind of the western sea. —*Tennyson.*

The ways of God are ways of mercy still,
Full many a blessing springs from seeming ill.

Thou that dids't bow the billows' pride,
Thy mandate to fulfill,
Oh, speak to passion's raging tide,
Speak, and say, "Peace, be still!" —*Mrs. Hemans.*

Glorious it is to wear the crown
Of a deserved and pure success,

Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day

Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

Longfellow

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.—*Tennyson.*

Senate of St. Mary's College

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The following members constitute the Senate of the College according to the Charter as amended in 1918:

Most Rev. E. J. McCarthy, D.D., Chancellor.
Right Rev. Monsignor Murphy, V. G., Vice-Chancellor
Right Rev. Monsignor Underwood.
Right Rev. Monsignor Foley, D.D.
Rev. Charles E. McManus.
Rev. Joseph D. Curry.
Rev. Alphonsus R. Donahoe, Ph. D., J. C. D.
Rev. Br. P. J. Culhane.
Rev. Br. W. B. Cornelia.
Hon. Richard G. Beazley, M. L. C.
Hon. Robert E. Finn, K. C., M. P. P.
Thomas W. Murphy, K. C.
Hon. Justice Chisholm.
Hon. Judge Wallace.
Hon. Senator Martin.
Edward Blackadder, M. D.
John A. Neville, Esq.
William R. Powell, Esq.
William R. Wakely, Esq.
John J. Penny, M. A.
Edward V. Hogan, M. D., C. M., M. R. C. S., L. R. C. P.
George H. Murphy, M. D., C. M., F. A. C. S.

"SANTAMARIAN"

JUNE, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-TWO

FOREWORD

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LAST year the students of Saint Mary's College decided to publish their year book, the Santamarian. Their plans materialized and the Santamarian made its appearance. At first we considered our efforts in the light of a venture and were more or less doubtful as to the welcome it would receive. We were astounded and are extremely grateful for the appreciation and encouragement voiced everywhere. The tributes paid to our efforts by the press, friends and past students have made us look upon the production of this year's Santamarian rather as a joy than a task.

Having thus made a successful start it is our duty to keep the Santamarian in the limelight. Our efforts are now centered in the direction of making it a brighter, more interesting and more useful periodical. The Santamarian should be a link in the chain of friendship existing between past students and their Alma Mater. To realize this ambition the editors invite the cooperation of all our former students. We wish it to be a medium by which they can keep up their intercourse with the College and also with each other. To achieve this aim the editors are giving this year a column to reminiscences of old times. We would appreciate the addresses of all past students in order that those who wish may communicate with their old chums.

Here it would be in order to pay tribute to the willingness of all who have been asked to contribute. In every case we have been encouraged by such remarks as: "I am only too delighted to do anything in my power." Such answers certainly prove that we should consider ourselves as lucky editors.

We are open to any suggestions or ideas which might enhance the value of the magazine.

As we are anxious to have the book ready early in June we are unable, happily or otherwise as the case may be, to publish the results of this year's examinations.

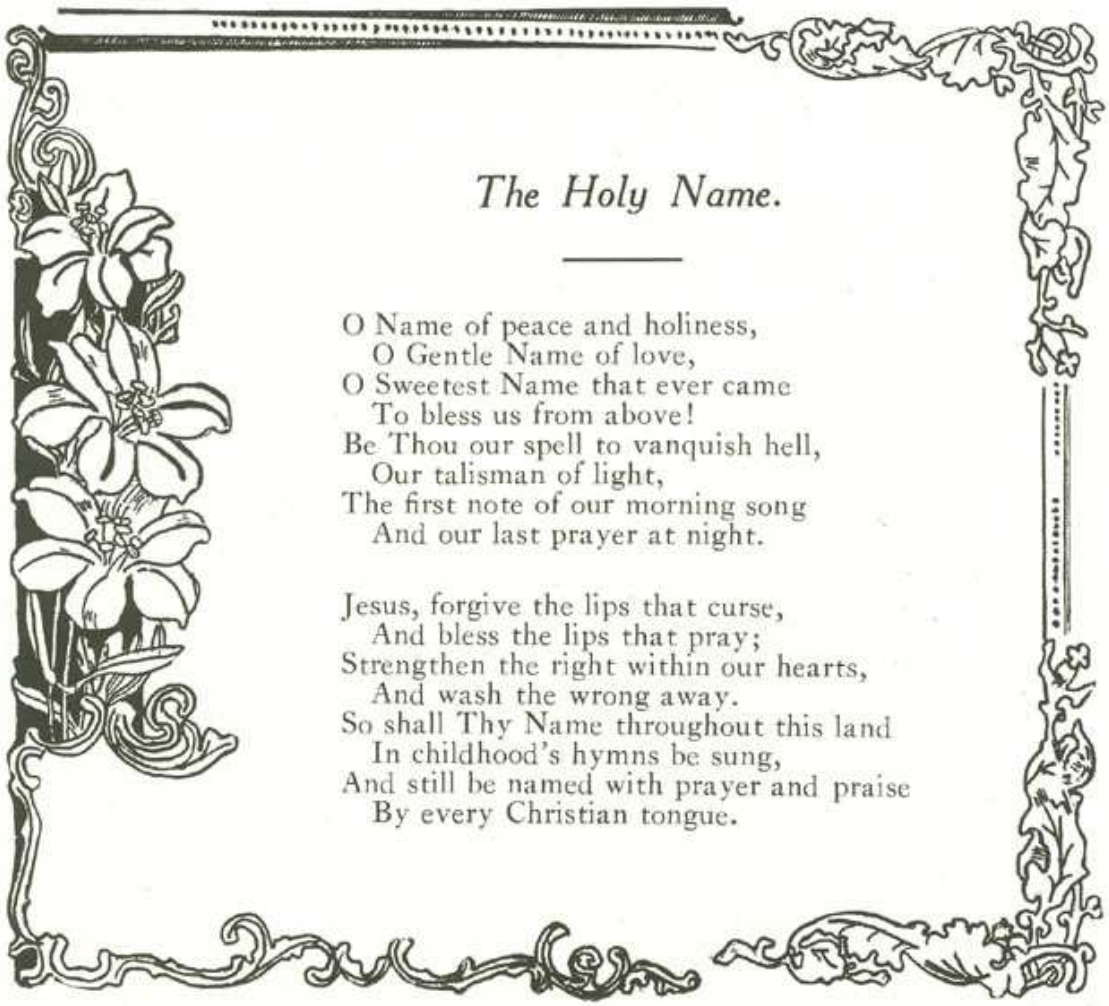
We would suggest that each year's Santamarian be preserved and eventually bound. Their value will increase as the years pass by.

We must express our thanks to our advertisers, subscribers and to the many willing workers who have helped so enthusiastically in producing this issue.

To our advertisers we owe the duty of soliciting in their interest the patronage of our readers. We ask you to observe the old motto; "Support those who support you."

With these few remarks we introduce the Santamarian to the reader. Having completed our task we can only hope and pray for calm seas with a fair wind to waft our lttle craft into the harbour of success.

W. J. Burns.



The Holy Name.

O Name of peace and holiness,
  O Gentle Name of love,
O Sweetest Name that ever came
  To bless us from above!
Be Thou our spell to vanquish hell,
  Our talisman of light,
The first note of our morning song
  And our last prayer at night.

Jesus, forgive the lips that curse,
  And bless the lips that pray;
Strengthen the right within our hearts,
  And wash the wrong away.
So shall Thy Name throughout this land
  In childhood's hymns be sung,
And still be named with prayer and praise
  By every Christian tongue.

Realism in Modern Philosophic Thought.

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SINCE the days of Immanuel Kant, the chief objective of philosophic speculation has been to solve the problem of Knowledge. Criteriology, as a separate branch of metaphysic, is distinctly modern. The critical Logic of medieval philosophy has outgrown the restricted scope of traditional treatment. Parting company with its twin science Dialectic, it now takes its place with Ontology, Cosmology and Psychology in the ranks of the metaphysical sciences.

It would be a grave mistake, however, to conclude from the torrential flood of recent epistemological literature, that modern philosophy first directed attention to the criticism of the foundations of knowledge. "The erroneous impression is sometimes conveyed by modern writers that the age of philosophical criticism, first prepared by Descartes (1596-1650), only dawned with Kant (1724-1804); that previously philosophers in the main had naively and unreflectingly taken for granted as unquestionable a multitude of epistemological assumptions which post-Kantian criticism has, at all events, fearlessly analysed. As a matter of fact the critical analysis of knowledge is as old as philosophy itself. In the fifth century before the Christian era the Kantian Criticism had its forerunner in the *Homo mensura omnium* of the Grecian sophist, Protagoras; and the modern subjectivism of the Middle Ages,—which it has been so customary among modern advocates of untrammelled criticism to regard as a system truly typical of naive dogmatism,—devoted its highest efforts of thought for centuries to distinctively epistemological problems in its controversies on universal ideas, on individuation and distinctions, and on the respective domains of reason and faith. It is probably because, in contrast with much of modern thought those medieval investigations did not issue in widespread scepticism and intellectual chaos, that their real value to philosophy has been so commonly underrated." (*Coffey P. Epistemology, vol. p.* 13)

With the knowledge of this supercilious contempt for medieval philosophy fresh before the mind, it is curious to note the strong current of philosophical thought towards the basic doctrines of Scholastic epistemology. In contemporary critical literature the tendency rowards realism waxes notably more marked as the spreading conviction of the emptiness of the various theories of Subjectivism comes to be more widely accepted. None regrets the emancipation of philosophy from the maze of ninetenth century Idealism. Systems which obscured in mists of the pure subjective the realities of existence are forced to yield to the exigencies of an experimental age. The time is come when thinking men have passed beyond a feeling of impatience with "practical approximations in the economy of thought." A thorough disgust for whatever smacks of relativity in thought-processes has given rise to a

vigorous effort to escape from the irksome confinement of Idealism into a broader, saner and more common-sense view of the great world of real things.

Philosophy must emerge from the realm of vapid speculations which have led to nothing but chaos and contradiction and prove its usefulness in the sphere of practical life or else lapse into decadence—a discredited encumbrance in the field of scientific thought. Something more stable is imperatively demanded as a metaphysical basis of cognition than the nebulous theorizings and catch phrases of modern Idealism. "Monism," says Professor Joad in his *Essays in Common-Sense Philosophy*, "in the old sense of the word seems to have lost in repute. It is the object of this essay to sketch some of the chief lines of argument which in quite recent years have led to a deposition of Monism from its enthronement on the philosophical chair and to consider the chief alternative suggested. For if the reconciliation between Philosophy and common-sense is not to be irretrievably endangered, Monism must be denounced."

Reaction, particularly violent reaction, frequently results in the evil of the opposite extreme. From the dizzy heights of the philosophy of the absolute the pendulum swung to Pragmatism and the voluntaristic theories of truth. The expedient replaced the absolute in the philosophical interpretation of life. An exaggerated teleology begot a theory of constant flux and perpetual evolution of truth. Through the extraordinary vogue which James and Dr. Schiller acquired the humanistic view of truth and knowledge made ever fresh conquests. In the popularity of "Creative Evolution" Pragmatism reaches its apogee. Bergson, the most brilliant exponent of the philosophy of socialism, adds force in nothing more, to the discussion of the problem of Knowledge. But his work, like that of many another modern philosopher is "smitten with barrenness because he cannot get out of the slough of epistemological discussion." "The problem of knowledge", says Professor W. R. Sorley, in the Gifford lectures for 1914-1915, "has been too much with us and has tended sometimes to obscure our view of the realities which knowledge can reveal."

Simultaneous with the spread of Humanism and "La Philosophie de la Contingence" the dualistic hypothesis gradually developed into a more or less orthodox theory of realism. To the reader of the English philosophical literature this steady advance is traceable in the writings of Moore, Russel, MacIntosh and Joad as well as among the Americans, Woodbridge, Montague, Pitkin and Perry. The monograph, "A study in Realism," by Professor John Laird, of the Queen's University, Belfast, is a notable contribution to the foreward movement. Mr. Laird stands firmly on the ground of realism in perception and builds up a body of conclusive proofs in support of the dualistic explanation of knowledge. Yet like most of the modern writers who lack the clarity of the scholastic metaphysician, his ideas of the good, the beautiful and the true reveal a regrettable obscurity and confusion of thought. At all events, works like this emphasize the trend of the modern thought. They help to bring us nearer to the day when sane and sober thinkers will definitely acknowledge the absolute necessity of thorough metaphysical training in the school of Aristotle and his traditional interpreters, if a truly satisfactory solution of the problem of cognition is ever to be attained.

The realism of Aristotle and St. Thomas differs much from modern realisms. The Scotch School of Common Sense, whose shining lights, Hamilton and Reid, base their

ARCHBISHOP McCARTHY.

realism on Intuition alone, gives us a theory too unsystematic to offer as an alternative to the more fully developed Pragmatism and Absolutism. The neo-realists, both in England and America, glide superficially over questions which demand profound investigation and leave themselves open to a disconcerting ambiguity of interpretation. A slight misunderstanding of some obscurely worded statement would suffice to make their theories identical with the ultra-realism of William of Champeaux and certain other medieval philosophers. Of the Scotch School, McCosh, perhaps, comes nearest to the Aristotelean concept of duality. When in his Defence of Fundamental Truth he asserts that, though substance and quality are known in one concrete act, "yet we may separate them in thought," he approaches the real solution. Here on the brink of the gulf he stands and hesitates but fails to go down into it and explore.

In the last analysis the only systematic and fully developed realism is the realism of Aristotle and the Scholastics. The tendency towards Aristotelean philosophy (which Professor Case has clearly pointed out) has aroused a vivid interest in Scholasticism. Louvain, with its Institut Superieur de Philosophie, has given a great impetus to the general movement. The erudition and profound scholarship of its professors, and the high standing it has attained as a seat of scientific research have attracted the attention and gained the respect of the entire learned world. Names like Mercier, Nys, DeWulf and Ladeuze are not to be trifled with. Through the excellent work apparent in the numerous reviews, monographs, dissertations and larger works issued and inspired by the University of Louvain, the influence of this great Catholic institution of learning is felt in every country of the world. As far back as the year 1896 M. Picavet, Professor of the School of Higher Studies of Paris, wrote in the Revue Philosophique a number of well-informed articles on Neo-Thomism. And this is how, perhaps with a touch of tragedy—he winds up the end of his last article: "Catholics, united by Thomism, which they round off with an ample stock of scientific knowledge, have made themselves masters of Belgium; they are to be reckoned with in America and Germany; their influence is growing in France, and even in Holland and Switzerland."

The masterly encyclical of Pope Leo XIII, known as Aeterni Patris, on the study of Philosophy, has had far-reaching effect upon modern learning. "It brought to the attention of the learned and of thinkers who stood outside Christianity a world of thought generally unknown to them. Hence it is not unusual to find those in non-Catholic circles yielding their need for homage to the superiority of St. Thomas Aquinas, and the importance of the movement in the direction of the return to his teaching." (Mercier, D. Card., Contemporary Psychology, P. 331). Professor Rudolph von Ihering, of Gottingen, writes in his famous book, *Der weck im Recht*, "In this second edition I add a note, thanks to Father Hohoff's review of my work.....He shows me by quotations from St. Thomas Aquinas that that great thinker had already thoroughly and correctly perceived both the real, practical and social and the historical elements of morals. He is quite right in blaming me for my ignorance. But such reproaches are much more deservedly addressed to modern philosophers and Protestant theolgians who have failed to turn to account the sublime ideas of such a man. Now that I know this vigorous thinker I ask in wonder how it is that such truths as he taught were ever allowed to fall into such utter oblivion by learned Protestants. What mistakes would have been avoided if his teaching had been faithfully preserved! As

for myself, had I known it earlier, I think I should not have written this book, because the fundamental ideas which I meant to put forward were already expressed by this powerful thinker perfectly clearly and with remarkable fertility of mind.....Unfortunately I am no longer in a position to take up medieval Scholasticism and contemporary Catholic morals, and to repair my neglect of them. However whatever success my book may meet with should help Protestant scholarship not to overlook such help as it may secure from Catholic theological learning."

M. Charles Gide, editor of the *Revue d'economie politique*, another Protestant scholar writes thus: "The renaissance of Catholic Scholasticism and also of Thomism makes a study of these supposedly fossilized doctrines indespensible, and in unearthing them one is astonished to find how living they are, and how they resemble those of to-day, and how little progress we have made after all." (*Revue d'economie poloit ue*, 1896 *pp.* 514 *foll.*)

The truth of what M. Picavet said regarding the spread of the influence of Scholasticism in Holland is manifest in the words of Professor van der Vulgt (*cfr. Philosophisches Jahrbuch III*, 1890 *S.* 133.) "What a suprise is in store for him who has never known St. Thomas except through the hostile account of others, and who one fine day happens to come into direct contact with him through his own works! Such a man is not of an age but for all time! All honour to this initiator! All honour to his work!"

Huxley himself is just as categorical. "Nowhere in the world at that time (the thirteenth century) was there such an encyclopedia of knowledge in the three departments (of theology, philosophy and nature) as was to be found in these works. The scholastic philosophy is a prodigious monument to the patience and skill with which the mind of man undertook the enterprise of building up a logical theory of the world with the help of such materials as it possessed. On the other hand a number of men of extraordinary culture and learning devote themselves thereto as the best theory of things yet put forward. And, what is still more remarkable, they are men who use the language of modern philosophy, and yet think as the Schoolmen thought" (*Select Works, p.* 233)

The study of Mercier's "Contemporary Psychology" or Father Leslie Walker's "Theories of Knowledge" inspires admiration of the masterly treatment of the great problems of epistemology which characterizes the works of those trained in the school of the Angelic Doctor and his Peripatetic forbears. In the last analysis the solution of the current questions of our age, be they philosophical, social, national or religious, can only be found in the principles of Christian wisdom.

That great body of knowledge has been built up by the patient labour of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church. Their work is carried on from age to age by men whose sound judgment and clear vision make them worthy heirs to so precious a legacy of thought. Utilizing at once the writings of the philosophers of pagan antiquity and the truths of revelation, they eliminated the errors of pagan speculations; perfected the discussion of problems incompletely treated in preceding ages; supplemented the old, time-honoured doctrines with every fresh discovery of true science; interpreted the new in the light of traditional science and thus built up what Dr. Dorlodot calls the only philosophy worthy of the name.

Rev. G. B. Phelan, M. A.

A Forgotten University.

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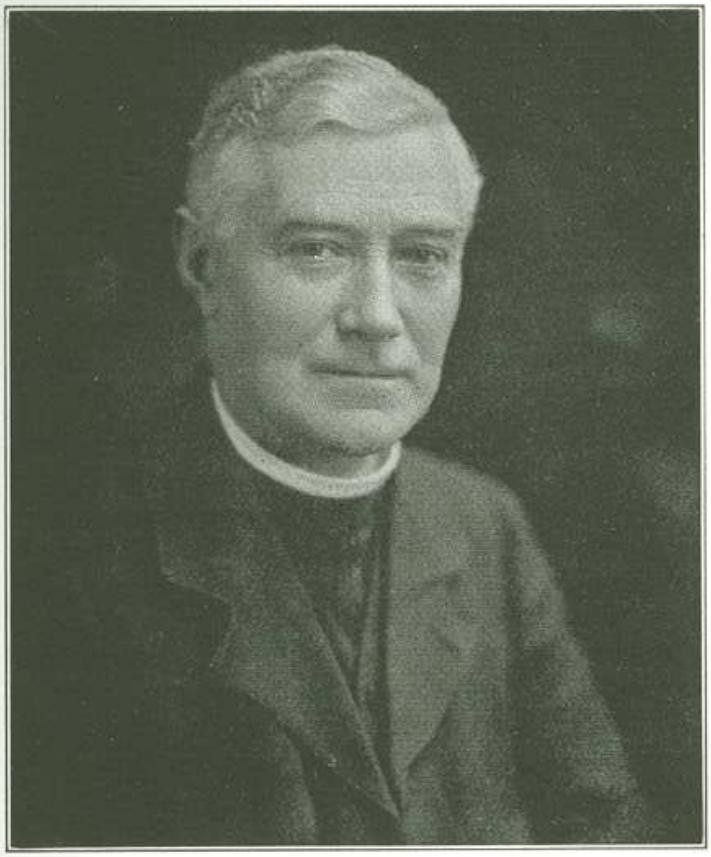
IT is much to be regretted that there are very few people living today who are aware that Halifax once boasted of a University, one which began a most promising career with the most lofty ideals and high standards, which came to an untimely and unfortunate end and the existence of which is now almost forgotten.

On the 4th of April, 1876, an Act of Parliament received the sanction of the Lieutenant-Governor. It was entitled "The University Act, 1876," and the preamble was as follows: "Whereas, it is desirable to establish one University for the whole of Nova Scotia on the model of the University of London, for the purpose of raising the standard of higher education in the Province, and of enabling all denominations and classes, including those persons whose circumstances preclude them from following a regular course of study in any of the existing Colleges or Universities, to obtain academical degrees: Be it therefore enacted," etc.

Clause I provided that "all the persons on whom respectively any of the institutions following conferred any degrees in any branch of knowledge other than theology, that is to say: Kings College at Windsor; Acadia College at Wolfville; Dalhousie College and St. Mary's College in Halifax; St. Francis Xavier's College at Antigonish; and Mount Allison Wesleyan College at Sackville, New Brunswick; and all the persons on whom respectively the University hereby created may hereafter confer any degree, are hereby declared and constituted a body politic and corporate by the name of the University of Halifax." By an amending Act passed in the following year, the Halifax Medical College was added to the list of affiliated Colleges.

It will be seen that the design was not to create a teaching University but an examining and degree-conferring body which would be absolutely non-sectarian. The idea was to enable students who had finished a course at any of the denominational colleges mentioned, as well as any who had studied privately, to obtain a degree of high standard that would secure recognition anywhere in the world. Thus, the main project of the scheme was, as was distinctly specified in the preamble, to provide a University on the model of the London University, which, as is well known, is not a teaching body, and whose degrees rank among those of the famous Universities in Europe and the United States.

The Governing Body consisted of a Visitor, who was the Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia; a Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor; and twenty-four Fellows. The first and only Chancellor was the Rev. George W. Hill, rector of St. Paul's Church at the time and a very able and broad-minded man. The Chairman of the Convocation was Malachi Bowes Daly, Esq., B. A., M. P., who was afterwards knighted.



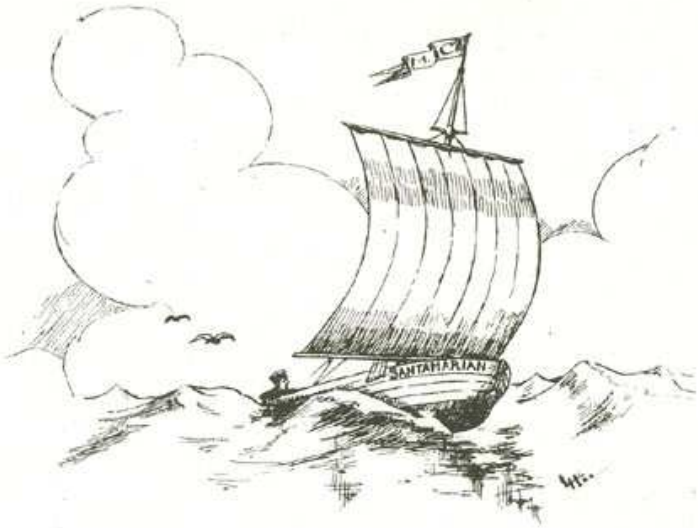
VERY REV. BR. P. J. HENNESY
SUPERIOR GENERAL
IRISH CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.

The Registrar was Frederick C. Sumichrast, a highly-educated foreigner who afterwards became a professor of modern languages at Harvard University. Among the Fellows were the following Catholics: The Rev. Thomas J. (afterwards Monsignor) Daly, M. A., who represented St. Mary's College; the Rev. Ronald Macdonald, who represented St. Francis Xavier's College; the Hon. Edward Farrell, M. D., the Hon. Lawrence G. Power, LL.B., and the Hon. J. S. D. Thompson, Attorney-General, afterwards knighted and made Premier of Canada. Of these, Father Macdonald was examiner in Logic, Mental and Moral Philosophy; the Hon. L. G. Power in Constitutional Law and Constitutional History; and the Hon. J. S. D. Thompson in Equity and Real Property Law. Professor J. B. Currie, who was on the staff of St. Mary's College at the time, was examiner in English Language and Literature. In the Faculty of Medicine, there were four Catholic doctors among the Examiners: Dr. Ternan, R. N., Dr. B. G. Page, M. R. C. L., Dr. Farrell and Dr. J. Somers.

The University provided Faculties in Arts, Science, Laws and Medicine, and granted a number of degrees in each Faculty. The first examinations, which were Matriculation only, were held in 1877. Examinations were held and degrees conferred in 1878, 1879 and 1880. After that the University became defunct owing principally to the Legislature failing to continue the annual grant of two thousand dollars for its maintenance, which had been provided for in the Act of Incorporation. Another reason, however, was the fact that comparatively few of the Graduates from the various affiliated Colleges undertook the University examinations.

More than forty years have passed by since the dissolution of the University—forty years of stirring events and great changes. One by one, the prominent men intimately associated with it have passed away, so that now, since the death of the Hon. L. G. Power and Sir. Malachi Daly within the last two years, their number has dwindled to almost nothing. Its founders practically all dead and its very existence but a hazy remembrance in the minds of a few, it would seem that the University of Halifax will forever be a thing of the past; yet, for all that, the Act creating it has never been repealed; and though it is not likely to be ever again put in operation, we may hope to see the objects at which it aimed realized in the near future, in a larger and greater institution than the "University of Halifax."

Frank C. Page.



The Seven Wonders of the World.

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WE frequently see reference in our reading to the "Seven Wonders of the World" and a brief account of these wonders may be of interest to some. They were:

1. Pyramids of Egypt, of which it may be said of Cheops, the largest of them all, that it is 764 feet square at the base, and including 20 feet at the apex that have been removed, was 500 feet high. The pyramid contains 90,000,000 cubic feet of masonry, and covers an area of over 13 acres, being larger than Madison Square, New York. Herodotus tells us 400,000 men were employed 20 years in building it. It was the tomb of kings.

2. The beautiful and immense Mausoleum which Artemisia erected in Halicarnassus to the memory of her husband, Mausolus, king of Caria. Concerning the tomb itself we know not much, but of Artemisia and of her excessive love for her husband, many stories are told, one of which is that her grief for his death was so great that she mixed his ashes with water and drank them off.

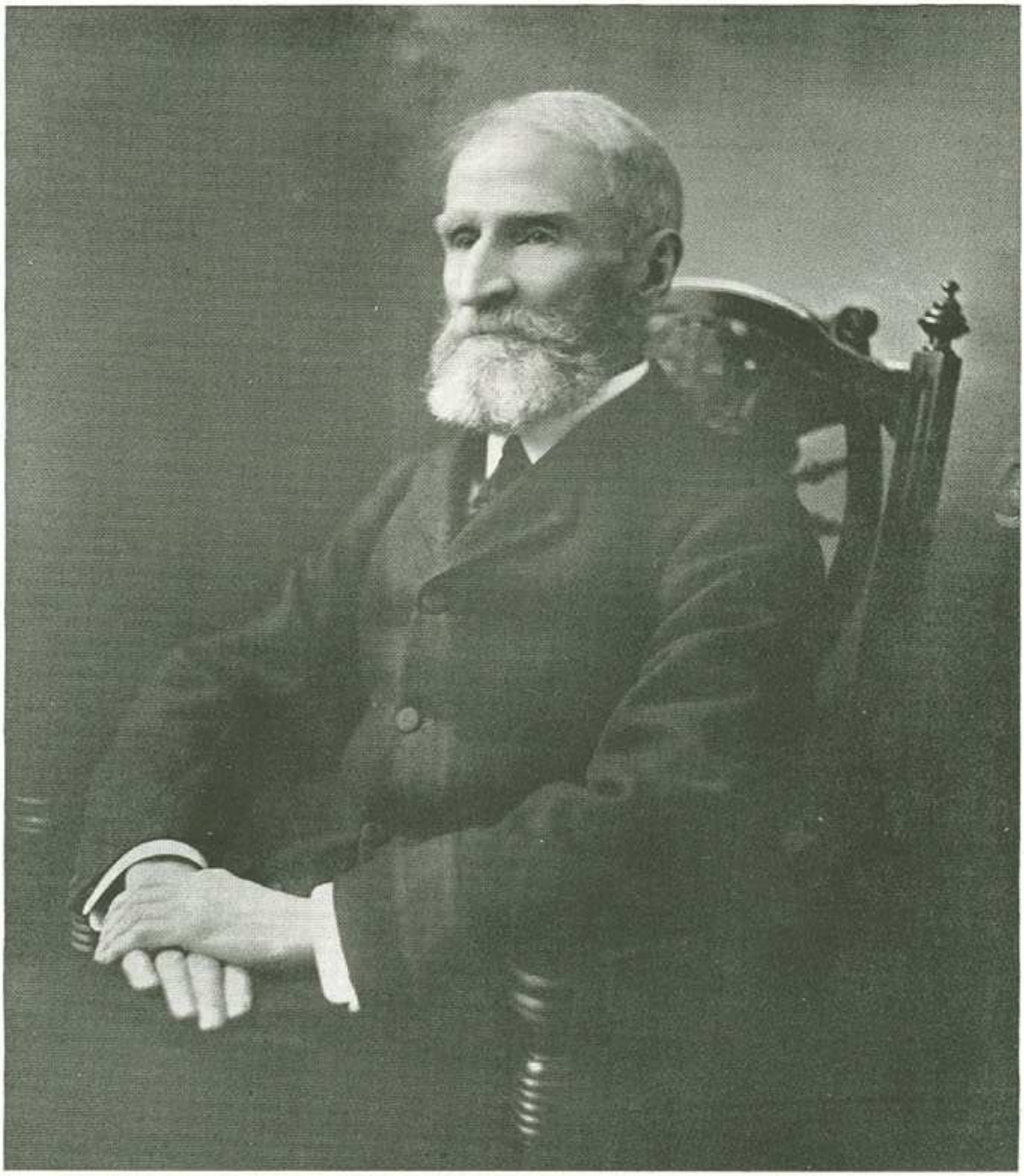
3. The Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, the building of which occupied 220 years. The whole length of the temple was 425 feet, and the breadth 220 feet, with 127 columns of the Ionic order, in Parian marble, each a single shaft 60 feet high, and the gift of a king.

4. The Walls and Hanging Gardens of Babylon. The walls were 337 feet 8 inches high and 84 feet 6 inches broad. Inside the outer walls was a second of equal height. The famous hanging gardens were 400 feet square. They were carried on arches above arches until the height equalled that of the city walls. On the top the soil was made so deep that large trees could take root in it.

5. The Colossus at Rhodes, a celebrated brazen image. It was twelve years in building, and was so large that it was popularly considered to have stood beneath the mouth of the harbour, and that ships sailed between its feet. This however is doubtful. There were few persons who could reach round the the thumb with both arms, and its fingers were larger than most statues.

6. The Statue of Jupiter Olympus. This was by the famous sculptor Phiddias.. The god was represented as seated on his throne of gold, ebony, and ivory, and the figure was itself of ivory and gold; and, though seated, yet of such vast proportions it almost reached the ceiling of the temple, which was 68 feet high.

7. The Pharos, a lighthouse 550 feet high, at Alexandria, Egypt. Its light could be seen 100 miles out at sea. This tower was designed as a memorial of the King Ptolemy, who ordered his name to be inscribed on the pediment. The story goes that the architect, however, first cut his own name in the marble, placing over it, in stucco, the name of the king. In a few years the name of the king was worn away leaving that of Sostratus, the architect, to blaze forever on the front of the unrivalled monument: yet not forever, as no vestige of the monument has for ages been visible.



THE LATE HON. SENATOR L. G. POWER, P. C.

Senator Power.

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IN the rich fulness of Christian manhood, having attained the patriarchal age of four score years, Hon. Lawrence G. Power was called to his reward. In his passing Saint Mary's College lost one of her oldest and best friends.

Senator Power was born in Halifax on the 9th of August 1841. His father was one of the most ardent of the early supporters of Saint Mary's College. The subject of this sketch began his school life at a day school taught in the basement of Saint Patrick's Church. When this class was disbanded he became a pupil at St. Mary's College, where he remained for seven years.

Leaving Halifax in 1858 he proceeded to Ireland, where he entered St. Patrick's Lay College, Carlow, and from thence he went to the Catholic University, Ireland. On his return to America he resumed his studies at the Harvard Law School where he obtained his LL.B. in 1866. He read law with J. W. and J. N. Ritchie and was called to the Nova Scotia Bar in December 1866.

He was Assistant Clerk and Clerk of Bills, Nova Scotia Assembly 1867-1876; summoned to the Senate February 2nd 1877, appointed Speaker January 1901; sworn of the Privy Council January 1905; was Alderman of Halifax from 1870 to 1873 and 1874 to 1877; was a member of the Board of School Commissioners from 1869 to 1879 and 1866 to 1889. He was a Director of the Halifax Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, the School for the Blind and also the Halifax Visiting Dispensary.

The Late Senator was well known as the author of a pamphlet on "The Remedial Bill" from the point of view of a Catholic member. He also wrote "Richard John Uniacke"; "The whereabouts of Vinland" and "The Irish Discovery of America." These three were read before the Nova Scotia Historical Society.

He was one of the Senatorial delegates to the Coronation of King George. He was a member of the Halifax and Saraguay Clubs; the Knights of Columbus and the Charitable Irish Society, and was president of the Nova Scotia Game and Inland Fisheries Protection.

However it was as a true Catholic, fully aware of the necessity of interior sanctity that his merits shone brightest. In rain or shine he attended Daily Mass at St. Mary's Cathedral and many citizens who used to meet him on Spring Garden Road, going or coming from mass, will miss his kindly smile and greeting.

To Mrs. Power and family Saint Mary's College extends its heartfelt condolence.

Wm. J. Burns, '23

Dante.

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DANTE ALIGHIERI was born at Florence in the year 1265. His father died when he was about nine years of age, but his mother, whose praises are frequently on his lips, watched him and placed his education in the hands of a competent master. He is said to have studied at Bologna, Padua, Naples, and even Paris and Oxford, but there is no means of confirming the statement. What is tolerably certain is that he mastered the learning of his age. He was a musician and a painter, a theologian and a linguist of no mean order. Born in turbulent times his life was destined to be an eventful one. Even in early manhood he was filled with the desire to place himself in the ranks of the leading politicians.

To realize this ambition he succeeded as a primary step, in having his name inscribed in the books of the physicians and apothecaries. Without this certificate he would not have been able to accept the position of prior of the trades, one of the offices in the state, conferred on him in June, 1300.

A few months after the poet's birth the victory of Charles of Anjou over King Manfred at Benevento ended the power of the empire in Italy, placed a French dynasty on the throne of Naples and secured the predominance of the Guelphs in Tuscany. Dante thus grew up midst the triumphs of the Florentine democracy, in which he took some share, fighting bravely with the cavalry in the battle of Campaldino in 1298. In this battle the Guelphs were victorious, defeating the Tuscan Ghibellines with great slaughter.

Dante's first appearance in public life was in 1295. From that time on his name is frequently mentioned amongst the leading speakers and debaters of Florence. At the beginning of 1300 the papal jubilee was proclaimed by Boniface VIII. It is doubtful whether Dante was numbered among the pilgrims who flocked to Rome. The inhabitants of Florence, which place was at the time in a disastrous condition, were divided into two factions the "Whites and the "Blacks." The former were the constitutional party whereas the latter was made up of the more turbulent and aristocratic citizens. The discovery of a plot amongst certain Florentines in the papal service brought things to a crisis and a collission occurred between the two factions. Shortly after this, Dante was elected prior.

In his new office Dante's real troubles commenced. Authorities disagree as to the exact nature of these, but it is certain that he came into disfavour by being too lenient with several of his friends who were listed as state enemies. Leading members of the opposite party took advantage of this charge and trumped up other charges to the effect that he was unfriendly to the Church and guilty of heresy. After

several cruel sentences he and the whole white party were banished from Florence. Thus we find that at the early age of thirty-five, he was driven from his beloved city, and forced to eat "the salted bread of the exile."

From this time forth the life of the poet becomes semi-mythical. We find some traces of him first at Orezzo, then at Sienna, then at Verona. He himself says: "Through almost all countries where the (Italian) language is spoken, a wanderer, well-nigh a beggar, I travelled, showing against my will the wounds of fortune." His sympathies now lay entirely with the Ghibelline party. The expedition of the emperor Henry VII in Italy in 1310, roused Dante's hopes to the highest pitch. He wrote a letter advising Henry as to the proper course of action to follow. However, Henry wasted his time, lost his opportunity, and died in 1313. With his death, the fire of Dante's ambitions was consumed, and he devoted the remainder of his days to nobler pursuits. He died in a friend's home in Ravenna on the fourteenth of November, 1321.

Such, imperfectly sketched, was the career of the great poet, whose name is now ringing throughout a world which, six hundred years ago, refused to give him a shelter. Before passing on from his life it is necessary to give some account of Beatrice to whom Dante credited all his beautiful and heavenly thoughts. Some historians claim that they met only once in early childhood, but this seems hardly plausible when we consider Dante's own assertions as to their intimacy. It seems safer to say that they met in childhood, and on several occasions in later years. Although Dante speaks as though they were intimate friends, she probably knew little of him. Nevertheless throughout all his life he held her as his model of all good and holy attributes. Her death in 1290 came as a great shock, and in his first work the "Vita Nueva" he echoes back the cry of anguish which broke from his heart on that occasion. The most inspiring lines in his work are descriptive of her; she was "a thing come down from Heaven to earth to make manifest a miracle." It was her spirit which afterwards led him through the beauties of Paradise. In describing this abode he says, it was a place where "she (Beatrice) gloriously gazeth upon the countenance of Him who is blessed for ever and ever."

All Dante's life, his boyhood, his experience in politics, his exile and his wanderings, was but a preparation for a work, the completion of which marked the climax of his life. He had seen the world a prey to anarchy and tyranny, abandoned to lust, pride and avarice, and these all had their effect. He had been a witness to the tyranny of kings, the oppression of the poor, and the moral corruption, then spreading like a black torrent over the land. And, in his own life he had wittnessed a like process; he had seen "the model of his life" pass away, and himself sunk in what he thought an abyss of sin. His return to thoughts of Beatrice converted his ways and he deemed himself an apostle sent to convert the errors of the masses, if they would but listen to him. This is the sentiment which surged into the heart of the exiled poet, and which prompted him to produce his masterpiece.

Thus, out of Dante's misfortune, the world found her rich account; the Divina Commedia was begun and finished in his years of exile. This work is now ranked amongst the first of the world's great masterpieces, and is not, as some have been inclined to call it, a mere dream or vision, but it has all the phases of stern reality. In

it the author condensed all the wisdom and devotion of his age. He, as the author, was a man with a mission; fiercely, terribly in earnest, to reform all corruption, to elevate the state and to heal the wounds of his country. "The object of the poem is professedly to remove men from their state of misery, and to lead them to the state of felicity." Dante fulfilled his mission to such an extent that even to this day the work suggests and urges the morals intended by its author and applies to present day evils.

The essence of Dante's philosophy, is that all virtues and all vices proceed from love. The "Purgatorio" shows how love is to be set in order; the "Paradiso" shows how it gradually worked up to perfection and in the end attains union with the Divine Love. His debt to the Fathers and Doctors of the Church is not appreciated to so great an extent as is his debt to the classical writers. That there is such a debt and a great one will become more and more evident, as research lays open the truth. His theology was based on Saint Thomas Aquinas, though he occasionally departs from the teaching of the Angelical Doctor. His mysticism is based on Saints Gregory, Isidore, Anselm and Bonaventure. "The harmonious fusion of the loftiest mysticism with direct transcripts from nature and the homely circumstances of life, all handled with poetic passion and the most consummate art, gives the 'Divina Commedia' its unique character."

"Dante is ours," wrote Pope Benedict XV to the Archbishop of Ravenna, in his encyclical, encouraging him to make fitting preparation for Dante's six-hundredth anniversary. This sums up the attitude of the Church. Many superficial readers of Dante have asserted him to have been a heretic, an enemy of the Church, and of the Pope. Such have drawn false conclusions. Dante always lived up to his faith, and never once denied a single fundamental principle. To him the church was "the Spouse of God;" the "Spouse of Christ;" the "Divine Chariot;" "Christ's Army." The Pope was "the successor of Peter;" the "Vicar of God." Before expressions so full of incontestable faith as these, one may wonder how Dante's orthodoxy ever came under a cloud. His work "De Monarchia" was indeed placed on the Index, but not on account of heresy, but because it was considered dangerous if placed in the hands of the enemies of the Church.

Dante may be said to have made Italian poetry, and to have stamped the mark of his lofty and commanding personality on all modern literature. In England as far back as Chaucer he was looked upon as the foremost writer in the history of literature. Later we find Shelley, Byron, Tennyson, leading him back with glorious chants of recognition; Carlyle and Ruskin setting his praises forth in impassioned prose; Longfellow and numerous others translating him; and in a word the whole world in ecstasies over the "wonderful Italian." Besides being the foundation of Italian poetry, Dante was the great instrument by which the language of Italy was purified and harmonised. Before his time numerous dialects destroyed the harmony of the country, but on the publication of the Divina Commedia, a marked improvement took place in Italy. At the present day she is blessed with an easy and graceful language, and this is indirectly the result of the influence of Dante's works.

Considering Dante as a man, we can well agree with Ruskin when he says: "Dante was the central man of all this world," and with Carlyle that he was the "spokesman of the Middle Ages." In considering his poetry we see why Carlyle said that it was

similar to "everlasting music." One need not wonder that his poem is regarded as the most lasting thing which Europe has ever produced. Dante had, during his twenty years' exile "written a Bible for the Italian people." He had made himself the herald's voice of the Catholic religion while this world lasts. He has proclaimed to every succeeding generation that in God love and righteousness are one. "The triumph of Christian art in its highest and most enduring form, we owe to Dante Alighieri."

W. J. Burns.

Pope Benedict XV.

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THE morning of Tuesday, September 3, 1914, has dawned on Rome—a balmy morning, rising cloudless and golden tinted beyond the Quirinal and the Esquiline, and flooding the Vatican and the dome of St. Peter's with its first beams. Few there are, if any, within the Vatican and the conclave who have not been beforehand with the dawn. And to-day there is more need than usual in their being early before the mercy-seat. And ere yet the early hours have passed, the voice of the master of ceremonies who is here the organ of the church, is heard, as he passes along the corridor where the electors are lodged, pronouncing the Sacramental formula "In capellam, Domini"— To the chapel my Lords! And to the chapel, with the docility of school boys obeying a summons to morning prayers, the venerable train of purple-robed prelates go at once. The sub-dean celebrates a Low Mass, after which all take their seats. Now begins the real work of election.

To each elector is given a "schedule" or voting paper, and each has a printed list of the names of all the cardinals. On the altar stands a large chalice with its paten, made and consecrated for this special purpose. The Cardinals advance one by one to the altar-steps. The elector, kneeling, pronounces in a loud and distinct voice the solemn words: "I call Christ our Lord, who will judge me, to witness that I elect the person who before God I think should be elected." Then, ascending the platform of the altar, he lays the folded "schedule" on the paten, and from this drops it into the Chalice. After the voting each Cardinal takes his seat, while the others' votes are being counted. Finally the names are called aloud, and each elector places a mark on the printed list, opposite the names that have just been called. Time and time again the name of Cardinal Della Chiesa was called, until at last the two-third majority required was passed. The question now arises, Will Cardinal Della Chiesa accept? The master of ceremonies accompanied by the sub-dean, the senior cardinal priest and cardinal deacon approach his seat. "Do you accept the election canonically made of you as Supreme Pontiff of the Catholic Church?" asks the sub-dean amid a

stillness so painful that one might alomst hear one's heart beat. Cardinal Della Chiesa rises; his whole frame shakes with uncontrollable emotion. With a quivering voice, he affirms his own unworthiness. But he bows to the Divine Will. The sub-dean kneels thereupon before him; the master of ceremonies makes a signal and all the cardinals rise and remain standing in homage to the new Sovereign. The sub-dean then asks: "By what name do you wish to be called?" "By the name of Benedict XV" is the answer.

And so Pope Benedict XV stands forth in history to begin a new era for the Church, for Catholicity, for Civilization.

Giacomo Della Chiesa was born in Genoa on November 2nd 1854. His father was the Marquis Della Chiesa, and his mother Vicvanna. Migliorati of another noble family, which over 500 years previously had given a Pope to the Church in the person of Innocent VII. The young Della Chiesa made his early studies in Genoa; entered the University there, and took the degree in law in 1875, at the age of 21. He had been destined apparently by his father for the legal. profession. But he decided now to study for the Church. He had read philosophy; he entered at once on his theological studies in Rome, took his degree, and was ordained priest in 1870 at the age of 24. He now entered the Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics, and devoted himself to those higher and special duties which prepared him for his future duties for his final position of Head of the Church. In 1883 he went to Madrid as secretary to Monsignor Rampolla, then appointed Nuncio at Madrid. And when Cardinal Rampolla returned to Rome, to become Secretary of State, under Leo XIII, he brought his secretary, Della Chiesa, who continued as his private secretary, and appointed him Minutante in the Secretariate of State. For thirteen years he occupied this modest, obscure position, unknown to the world: but he acquired an intimate acquaintance with the world-relations of the Church. In 1901 he was appointed to the position of substitute of the Secretariate of State, the highest position under the Cardinal Secretary. In 1903 Leo XIII died, Pius X succeeded him; Cardinal Merry Del Val became Secretary of State and Monsignor Della Chiesa continued in his old office. On December 22nd 1907, he was appointed Archbishop of Bologna, and three years later was created Cardinal. On the death of Piux X he succeeded to the chair of Peter.

When amid the thunders of the battle of the Marne, September 3, 1914, Giacomo Della Chiesa, Cardinal Archbishop of Bologna, was elected Pope, and assumed the name of Benedict XV, the name was of happy augury. It came as a gleam of sunshine piercing for a moment the ever-thickening clouds of war. "Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini." "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord" was the universal cry. Since that day seven years and five months have passed. Four years of war and bloodshed, of material, moral, and physical ruin, were followed by an aftermath of hatred, of national jealousy, individual lawlessness, of famine and poverty, of economic stress so widespread as to involve entire nations, of moral degradation so deep-seated as to threaten the very fabric of civilization. Yet we have no reason now to regret the welcome with which we received the news that Benedict the Peacemaker was the successor of Pius, the Restorer of all things in Christ.

At a glance Benedict summed up the appalling situation. With the vision of a statesman, the heart of a father, and the Apostolic zeal of a Pope, he plumbed the

depths of the abyss and strove to drag from its brink the multitudes, which were dragged towards the chasm. From battlefield and hospital, from deserted homes, from weeping mothers and wives, from orphaned children, from nations still untouched by the hand of war, but moving by some relentless fate towards its blood-stained harvest fields, a universal cry came to him. It was an agonizing cry for Peace. It pointed out his destiny. Pius X had been the restorer of all things in Christ. Benedict would be the Prince and the Pope of Peace.

Out of the wreck of war and the fury of its encrimsoned waves, the Rock of the Vatican rises unscathed. No breach has been made in its time-defying ramparts. Not proudly or boastfully, but with majestic calm of things that are divine, it views the wreckage at its base. The thrones of Hohenzollern, Romanoff, and Hapsburg have been wrecked in the flood. Kaiser and King are in exile; Old Europe suffered fom such a volcanic upheaval that its frontiers must be surveyed anew. In the Old World, the only power that rises from the conflict without loss of authority or prestige, is the Papacy. It rose to this moral headship of the world through the apostolic zeal, the priestly charity, the statesmanlike and magnanimous program of Peace, Charity and Love, laid down as his only rule by the Pontiff who now slumbers in death in Rome the Eternal, which once more through him became the Queen and Mistress of the World.

In Rome, Benedict was King and from Rome he ruled. Thanks to his wise, large and conciliating diplomacy, he beheld newcomers, erring children, enemies long separated from him, doing him homage. In Constantinople, the Turk builds his monument in gratitude for his princely generosity to the wounded soldiers of Islam. England, estranged for so many years, sends her envoys to the successor of the Pontiffs who fought Henry and Elizabeth. A President of the United States salutes him in the Vatican. France, the ever-loved, if at times erring daughter, bids her ambassador do him reverence. The moral power of the Papacy was seldom higher, thanks to the great soul of Benedict. It penetrates to distant lands where it was but lightly felt before.

There is for Catholics, something supremely solemn in the passing of the Pope. There is not, there never has been, there never can be, a dynasty like to this. Pope Benedict was the 260th of his line; and the line has been unbroken and continuous as, by the promise of Christ, it is to be until He comes with power and glory to judge the living and the dead.

Catholics feel the full force of that wonderful and solemn history; feel the full significance of that future which is to be, on Christ's promise. But we feel something else which comes home closer to our ordinary human understanding; we know that in the inscrutable designs of God, He gave the administration of His church to men. The Popes are men; they are subject to the frailties of human nature; they have the same religious obligations as we have. They must pray; they must fast; they must confess their sins; they must receive the last sacrament and go and give account to God.

And therefore, the soul of Benedict XV will be prayed for by all Catholics.

Give him, O Lord, eternal rest, and let perpetual light shine upon him. Amen.

G. Redmond.

The Poetry of Francis Thompson.

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WITH rare exceptions, briefness and superficiality —more or less—mark the judgment of the critic when he comes to describe and define a poet. The very inexactness and incomprehensiveness of definitions, render them not the work of a single describer, when concerned with poets, but a task for the ages.

. . . . . .

What Thompson wrote of Alice Meynell's poetry is equally plicable to his own. In one sense he was his own best critic:

"The footfalls of her muse waken not sounds, but silences. We lift a feather from the marsh and say: This way went a Heron! . . . .It is poetry, the spiritual voice of which will become audible when the high noises of to-day have followed the feet that made them."

The distinctive characteristic then, of Thompson's poetry is its spiritual note; it is as much apparent in his masterpiece "The Hound of Heaven" as in most of his minor pieces.

Roughly speaking, imagination, reason, realism or the sense of fact, constitute the essentials of poetry. In the history of poetry, therefore, we can trace three persistent tendencies crudely referred to, as Romanticism, Classicism and Realism. Imagination is the predominant essential in the first; it towers over both reason and the sense of fact. Classicism is the tendency characterized by reason ruling over imagination and the sense of fact. Realism is the predominance of the sense of fact over imagination and reason.

In superior poets, Shakespeare, for example, we find the Realist, the Classicist, and the Romanticist all combined. Thus, by using this method of criticism, we can classify almost any poet; Pope, for instance is a Classicist for the greater part. His "Rape of the Lock" is a fine example of the work of a great Romanticist: Shelley, Byron and Scott are Romanticists; and in Crabbe and Burns we find splendid examples of Realism.

This arrangement however, does not and cannot classify poetry exactly. The very terms themselves have never been exactly defined, and they are open to various sorts of ambiguities. To many a poet the physical is less real than the ideal. They live in a world above ours; we cannot judge them by their own standards, and we find our own inadequate.

Thompson is neither a Realist, Romanticist, or a Classicist; he belongs rather to that small class of poets who find their inspiration in mysticism, whose songs are full of devotional strains and religious raptures. He is the Richard Crashaw of our modern poets, and as such belongs to the inner sanctuary where the select little com-

pany of poets belong, who chose to sing of Heaven rather than increase the "high noises" of a day so quickly passing, so transitory.

No poem of the nineteenth century is as deep, as sublime, as soul-inspiring as "The Hound of Heaven." The felicity and copiousness of language of Music's Duel is echoed in this superb production of our modern Crashaw. The spirit of faith, the tone of reverence, that pervades it could have been only the productions of a spirit of steadfast hope, strongly imbued with sound religious principles.

Listen to the thoughts and utterances of a soul, anxious to serve her Saviour, but lacking courage and generosity to choose the better way.

"I fled him down the nights and down the days,
I fled him down the arches of the years,
I fled him down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter."

A sense of incompleteness possesses the Soul. It learns that material force, no matter how heavily or effectively concentrated, can never attain perfect happiness. In its embarrassment and disappointment it turns to creatures, but actual realization never results, and The Hound continues its pursuit.

"With unhurrying chase,
And unperturbed pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy
They beat—and a voice beat
More instant than the Feet
All things betray thee, who betrayest Me."

. . . . . .

"I tempted all his servitors but to find
My own betrayal in their constancy.
In faith to Him, their fickleness to me,
Their angel plucked them from me by the hair."

. . . . . .

For the rest, it is a tale of the Divine Pursuer beating down his prey. Dearest friends forsake it in its moments of greatest need; as a last resource the soul turns to Nature, and in her delicate fellowship seeks a balm for her wounds, a comfort for her sorrows. But in all of her thousand beauties, the everchanging skies, the varied moods of the seas, the beauties of the flowers, the freshness of the summer days, the wearied soul finds herself beating in vain against the portals of the Great Beyond.

"Whom wilt thou find to love, ignoble thee, save Me,
Save only Me?"

The eternal question rings constantly, and the soul finally finds the answer. And now the footfalls sound no longer in the distance, the Voice formerly heard indifferently is now listened to, and finally the great surprise comes, and the soul finds God's service a labor of love.

"Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
I am He whom thou seekest;
Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest me!"

Among his minor poems, characterized by his familiar spiritual note, "The Daisy," "To a Dead Astronomer," "The Poppy" and "The Ode to the Dead Cardinal" are too well known to need mention.

We need only recall a line or two to bring their rush of melody completely to mind:

"Starry amorist, star-ward gone,
Thou art what thou didst gaze upon....."

or

"The sweetest things have fleetest end,
Their scent survives their close;
But the rose's scent is bitterness
To him who loved the rose."

Among the well-known poems of Thompson are several that display great power as clearly as any of his masterpieces. They range from "The Mistress of Vision" through a golden variety of poetical gems, up to "The Kingdom of God"—one of the sincerest and finest pieces of religious poetry ever written.

If Thompson could equal Wordsworth in a superb blending of imagination with the sense of fact. e.g. "To A Snowflake" he had his supreme triumphs in other spheres, different spheres like Byron and Browning. The former was great enough as a poet to pen his "Stanzas to Augusta" as a close to his hectic career.

And Browning one evening before his death wrote his famous epilogue, one verse of which runs:

"One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted,
Wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."

So Francis Thompson crowned his career with "The Kingdom of God." "This poem (found among his papers when he died) Francis Thompson might yet have worked upon to remove, here a defective rhyme, there an unexpected elision," one of his editors writes, "But no altered mind would he have brought to the purport of it; —the prevision of Heaven in Earth, and God in Man pervading his earlier published verse is here accented by poignantly local and personal allusion. For in these triumphing stanzas he held in retrospect those days and nights of human dereliction he spent beside London's River, and in the shadow—but all radiance to him—of Charing Cross."

"Yea, in the night, my Soul my daughter,
Cry—clinging Heaven by the hems;
And lo, Christ walking on the water
Not of Gennesareth, but Thames!"

A brief paper of this kind does not permit of a detailed survey of Thompson's poems. A reader must enjoy them alone, and select what gratifies. They are for all moods and fancies. And in almost every department of poetry, we shall find examples

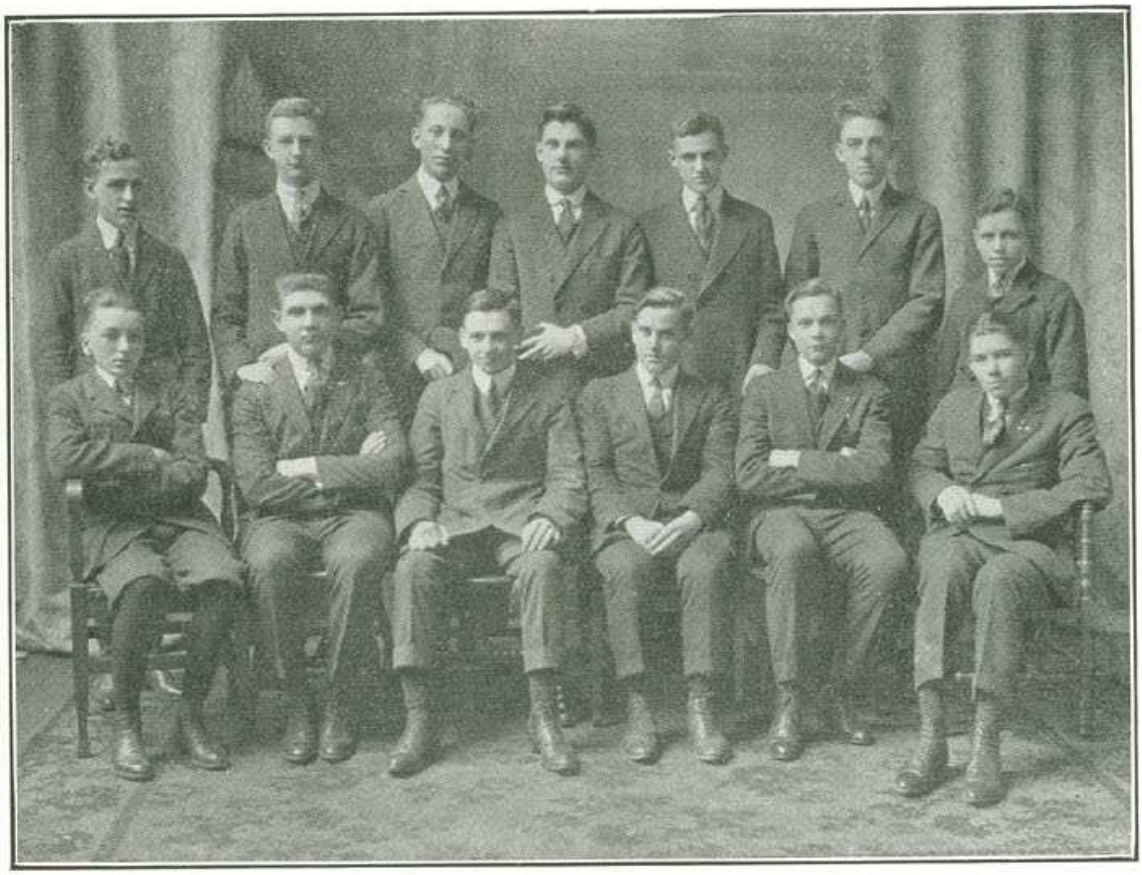
of Thompson's work that compare favorably with the best. Here and there his sonnets remind us occasionally of Shakespeare; now and then we meet an ode that brings Collins to mind; his delicate displays of fancy and incidental toying with similes are reminiscent of Keats; his sturdy classicism reminds us of Browning; he can be as ideally poetic as Shelley, or as mystical as Blake; but for all that, he is at his best when he is himself.

Only a great poet of vigorous originality could strike notes so vigorously poetical and similarly spiritual as Thompson does in "Ex Ore Infantum." And the tone of his spirituality is preeminently Catholic. Above all he is a true son of Holy Church. As wild and eventful as his life was, like the great Irish poet Mangan, he was true to his early faith to the last. And when death came to the great poet, he was prepared to meet it fortified by the Church's last rites.

Francis Thompson was born at Preston, Lancashire, 1859, and died in London, Nov. 13. 1907. Educated at Ushaw, he began the study of medicine only to abandon it for a vagabond life in London, the brightest days of which were marked by his friendship with the Meynells. Besides his poetry, he left several works in prose, viz.

The Life of St. Ignatius Loyola," "Health and Holiness" and a splendid essay on Shelley—one of the finest of modern critical essays.

F. G. Hawes.



STUDENTS '21-22

The Mariner of St. Malo.

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THE 15th century was a brilliant epoch—the dawn of glorious enterprise and experiment—the birthday of great thought. It was an age of dreams and romance, an age of discovery and exploration. Throughout the civilized world art, science and literature flourished, domestic advancement reached a standard not thought possible, and study and enterprise bore fruit in great inventions and discoveries. Such was the world when Jacques Cartier first saw the light of day, and such it was in the beginning of the 16th century, when he set about to achieve that remarkable success in the field of exploration that his name is forever linked up with the proud title of "Discoverer of Canada."

Let us turn back to the year 1534 and betake ourselves to the town of St. Malo, France. We find it a quaint Brittany affair, one of many which abound on the coast, and famous both as the headquarters of hardy fishermen and sailors and as the retreat of bold corsairs of the Atlantic. It is a typical French sea-coast town; a church; snug little stone creations with thatched roofs; weather-beaten cottages victims of many a fierce gale, the well-patronized inn; and the water front, with its odd assortment of vessels, large and small. On the streets, if they may be called such, we meet men of every rank and condition, from the saintly parish-priest, to the worst villain that ever sailed the seas. It is the wharf, where we find the greatest interest. Here are groups of grizzled old mariners and hero-worshipping youths; the mariner relating a thrilling sea-story or perchance telling about the "New Discovery" while his audience listens with bated breath and ever-widening eyes. Vessels of every design are busily engaged unloading precious cargoes, while others are setting sail or making preparations, each as befitting its own mission. All is in a state of activity.

Of a sudden there is an expectant hush and change of attitude. One in the costume of a sea-captain is seen advancing. The old mariner's yarns remain unfinished, the youths leave their pleasant reverie, work on the vessels ceases, and every thought and every look is concentrated on the new-comer. And not without reason, for he indeed, has strong claim to respect from the men of St. Malo. He it is who has brought well-deserved fame to their port, he it is who is about to undertake a most glorious and daring adventure, and to his protection will be entrusted many sons and husbands-companions in the exploit.

Thus do we meet Jacques Cartier, the hero of our narration, as he approached the the crowded wharf of St. Malo and as he prepared for a voyage to new worlds of discovery under the royal standard of Francis I, King of France.

At first glance we see a bearded man in the prime of life, bronzed by wind and sun and like to the many around; but on closer inspection we find a most convincing

figure, with precisely the visage and bearing one would associate with such a personage. A character, firm and strong, is defiled on a face well-formed, of a tight-set jaw and a prominent brow. This is set off by a determined and self-possessed, yet kind look, with the full inquiring eye of the man accustomed both to think and act, and to be depended on in an emergency. Add to this, a man most kind and courteous, a patriot attached to his country and a Christian, faithful to his God, and we have completed the picture of Jacques Cartier.

Possessed of such noble qualities as these, and born and reared in the sea-coast atmosphere of adventure and daring; indeed his whole life, from early youth, being filled with the two; it was but natural that he should be chosen as the one man capable of upholding the honour of France in the new field of exploration. Hence April 20th, 1534 found him with two small vessels, and a company of sixty-one souls sailing from the little Brittany town, bearing the prayers and good-wishes of all France.

Favored by fair and strong winds the expedition soon crossed the Atlantic, and came within sight of the ice-bound shores of Newfoundland on the twentieth day after his departure. The first view of the New World was far from promising; the whole coast-line was blocked with ice, nothing else was visible for miles, whilst a retreat safe from the many storms was hard to find. Nevertheless the zealous Cartier explored these districts for three days before he set sail for others holding forth as he hoped, better prospects. But he was doomed to bitter disappointment; he was in the midst of the black regions of Labrador and Northern Newfoundland; we can imagine how forbidding this territory must have been, and what a crushing blow it must have been to his fancied hopes of a land "with gold and spices." It mattered not where he landed, it was of the same cheerless panorama. All was dark and gloomy; a continuous haze of fog and mists obscured the scene and added to the natural dull-ness. A few rocky islands fringed the shore. Low barren lands and behind them giant mountains, hacked and furrowed in their outline completed the spectacle. It was truly uninviting and inhospitable and Jacques Cartier most aptly summed up its dreariness in referring to it as "very like the land given by God to Cain".

There was here no land of promise, such as met the covetous eyes of the Israelites; no land teeming with the products of the tropics such as greeted Columbus. An ice-bound coast, an extreme climate and a disappointing soil were the treasures of Canada as first known to its discoverers.

Longings for their homes beyond the seas now filled the hearts of the crew, and they were in favor of abandoning the voyage, but not so their captain. The intrepid Cartier was yet imbued with the determination to discover the long-sought passage to the east, or if not, to add new and wealthy territory to the possessions of France. Although not destined to discover a passage that did not exist, he soon claimed for France a land, the like of which even he in his wildest of fancies had not imagined.

From dreary Labrador he sailed a voyage without incident to the Magdalen Islands and thence north again to Bay Chaleur, and to this more pleasant country which after the Labrador scene, seemed indeed a veritable paradise. Basking in the sunshine of Canadian summer, to him it was the fairest that could exist. On one side stretches of meadow-land, watered by noble streams, and myriads of flowers vieing with one another in beauty; on the other, orchards of ripening fruits and groves of

majestic trees abounding with game. So much were the French enchanted by this idyllic spot, that more than one longed to end his days there. Cartier did remain, exchanging gaudy trinkets for valuable pelts and exploring the surrounding country. But winter was fast approaching and desiring to reach France before it set in, he reluctantly departed. The coast was followed until he reached Gaspe Bay, and here with true Christian fidelity he erected that glorious symbol, the cross with the lettering Vive Le Roi de, France, proclaimng that a loyal subject of the French king had penetrated thus far. Soon after he sailed for the shores of France, taking with him two Indians and bearing tales of fertile lands, of seas teeming with fish and of forests rich with timber.

Once having viewed this land, Cartier could not long absent himself from it and May 19th of the next year found him again crossing the wide expanse of waters which separate it from France. Composd of three light ships, it was a larger expedition than had set sail the previous year, and in addition was strengthened by the presence of two Benedictine Fathers, whom the zealous Cartier brought, both to instruct the Indians, and to minister to the spiritual wants of the crew. After a long voyage marked by furious gales and raging seas such as they had never before encountered, and which severely tested their seamanship, skilled though it was; they safely anchored at Blanc Sablon off the southern coast of Labrador. They were not destined to remain here long; word had reached their leader, ever on the alert, of a grand waterway leading into the interior. Towards this last hope of the long-sought passage he now directed the ships, and after a few days spent in exploring and taking soundings off Anticosti Island he finally hove into view of it.

It was not an opening to the east, but a most wonderful river that met his expectant gaze, and for the time its majestic greatness enthralled him, disappointed though he was. The two Indians who had accompanied him to France and were now returning were familiar with the territory, and told him such stories of this river, of the immense country it ran through and of native villages which lay within its course, that the adventurous spirit of the St. Malo seaman was soon aroused. On August 24th, 1535, a most memorable date in Canadian history, he began the ascent of the great water-road he had discovered and which he had christened the St. Lawrence in honor of the holy martyr of that name.

If this mighty river could but speak, great indeed would be the tales unfolded oJ the little band from far-off Brittany as they sailed up its unknown waters to the Indian village of Stadacona; of the many fears and doubts that assailed them, but how they kept steadily on their course; of the strange and more wondrous sights they witnessed each day; of their truly miraculous escapes from rapids, rocks and shoals. How their careful pilot marked every striking feature of the river so that those after him should find it easy to navigate; with what delighted gaze they first beheld the Saguenay pour its rushing waters between precipitous cliffs into the St. Lawrence, and with what feeling of elation they at last reached Stadacona and beheld the country in its autumnal splendour and plenty.

Cartier was not much impressed with Stadacona itself nor with its chief Donnacona, who gloried in the ambitious title of "Lord of Canada." The situation of the settlement was splendid and products of the soil flourished, but the camp was a rudely

constructed affair, little better than the filthy wigwams he had hitherto seen. The inhabitants outwardly made great manifestations of welcome, and Donnacona delivered a powerful and lengthy harangue greeting him, but Cartier was distrustful of the wily old chief and his pretended sincerity. In two weeks a start was made for Hochelaga, a larger and more wonderful village further upstream.

Hochelaga stood where now stands the metropolis of Montreal, and when after an uneventful voyage the Frenchmen landed there, a thousand Indians—men, women and children greeted them with tumultuous joy. The reason for this outburst, at first not clear, was soon explained when Cartier was faced with a procession of divers diseased natives, brought to be healed by the touch of his hand. The Indians regarded the French as supernatural beings, sent by the "Great Spirit" to cure their ills. The compassionate Frenchman was keenly touched by this simple faith of the savages and did all in his power to alleviate their sufferings, whilst the brave Benedictine Fathers went the rounds of the long-houses tending the sick and maimed and speaking to them of God. Thus began the noble work of converting the Indians—a work that was to last through many years, and was to witness the martyrdom of a Brebuf and a Jogues.

Hochelaga, with its ideal location and its abundantly fertile soil, attracted Cartier and he would have remained there many days if time had so permitted. On the second day of his stay he was brought to the realization of a Canadian winter by a heavy snowfall, and fearful of being blocked by ice he immediately set sail for winter-quarters. Before embarking he ascended the lofty mountain overlooking the village, and bestowed on it the princely name of Mount Royal, a name it bears even to this day.

The long dreary months of his first Canadian winter Jacques Cartier spent among the snows and savages of Stadacona. It was a most unhappy time. Reared in the warmer atmosphere of Brittany, the French were poor victims of the relentless climate. Fear of Indian treachery held them imprisoned in their boats, supplies were lacking and want of variety of food brought on the dreadful pestilence, scurvy. Every day fresh numbers were stricken down, and before the ravages of the disease were finally checked twenty-five of the brave band had breathed their last and found a resting place in a foreign soil.

With the welcome advent of spring the survivors made preparations for the return. On May 3rd a cross signalizing French possession was erected on a mound overlooking the river; and three days later sails were hoisted and Cartier, taking with him the pompous Donnacona bade a second farewell to Canada.

On a midsummer day, 1541, five vessels with the royal colors of France gayly flying to the breeze, sailed up the St. Lawrence. It was Jacques Cartier come for the the third time to Canada. The grim winter at Stadacona had neither lessened his love for the new country, nor crushed his redoubtable spirit, and he was now ready to further what he had already accomplished. The same course was followed as on the preceding trips and landings made at the sites of the former Indian villages. The years had wrought a great change. Where Stadacona had stood there were now but a few wandering Hurons, while Hochelaga, once the pride of the Redman, was devoid of a single inhabitant. Cartier spent little time at either place, and after exploring several tributaries which swell the St. Lawrence, he built a settlement near Stada-

cona, and there made the first attempt to colonize New France. He strove heart and soul for the success of this colony—but, in vain. Through no fault of his, it was a failure, and before the intervention of winter he repaired to France, terminating his third and last voyage to Canada.

All record of the renowned discoverer is lost from this date. He was of a retiring and unassuming disposition and spent the remainder of his days in modest seclusion. He died on Sept. 1, 1557, and in his death there passed away one of the most noble types of the Catholic explorer of all times, a man of whom any nation might well be proud.

Since Jacques Cartier's day four centuries have left their mark on the land of his discovery. What was then a dream is now a reality. The great river still flows on; but over its waters where once glided the frail bark canoe of the Redman, there now passes a steady succession of floating monarchs. The noble mountain still stands; but at its foot there now lies a teeming centre of industry, of commerce and of learning. The Canadian Quebec has replaced the Indian Stadacona; the rich districts of Chaleur are dotted with cosy farms. Native encampments have given place to thriving towns and the forest is steadily falling before the axe of the lumberman, the herald of a still brighter era.

Time has brought all these changes, time that respects no man and pushes many into oblivion. But it has not erased the memory of Canada's discoverer; he has survived, his name is still revered, and the succeeding years find us yet more alive to the greatness of his most glorious achievement, an achievement made possible only by stout deeds and by persevering endeavour—the triumph of Jacques Cartier.

"Great deeds cannot die,
They with the sun and moon renew their light,
Forever blessing those that look on them."

—*Gerald Godsoe.*

STUDENTS '21-22

A Fateful Moment.

PROFOUND silence reigns over all; for a moment fraught with desperate, even tragic, possibilities is at hand. The fates of the waiting, anxious crowds hang trembling in the balance. An instant more and it will all be over. Then will they be a rollicking, joyful mass, or will they sullenly quit the scene with spirits crushed and hearts filled with bitter anguish. And now the time is at hand. Here and there a shrill cry, now of encouragement, and now of exhortation pierces the clear air. Again all is silence save for the half-suppressed whispers that pass from one to another in the throng. "If only"— exclaimed one to his friend, "But I fear" is the reply. Away from the agitated mass stretches a grassy plain scattered over which are figures, if possible more intent, more earnest, more grimly determined than they. All eyes are focussed on one of these figures who, standing near the centre handles a small white sphere. This he holds caressingly, yet rather nervously and with an air of awe as if the little thing controlled his destiny. Now he raises it slowly above his head and then with a quick motion sends it whizzing through the air. A second passes, and one short sharp syllable is uttered in a voice of authority. Then such a miraculous change comes over all! Shouts of profound joy ring out. Crowds rush to lift their preservers shoulders high and bear them away; but the greatest honours are shown to him who hurled the sphere, for—the batter had struck out and St. Mary's are the victors.

A. L, M.

Ireland---A Retrospect.

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THE MILESIANS, though by no means the earliest inhabitants of Ireland, made the most permanent settlement there. Other colonists had come and had disappeared but the Milesians came to stay, and when St. Patrick came to the country, practically all the inhabitants were, or claimed to be Milesians. And who were these Milesians? Tradition tells us they came from Spain probably about the year B. C. 1000, or roughly in the time of King Solomon, and Moore says:

"They came from a land beyond the sea,
And now o'er the western main
Set sail in their good ships, gallantly,
From the sunny land of Spain.
'Oh where's the isle we've seen in dreams,
Our destined home or grave,'
Thus sang they, as by the morning beams
They swept the Atlantic wave.
And lo, where afar o'er ocean shines
A sparkle of radiant green,
As though in that deep lay emerald mines
Whose light through the wave was seen,
'Tis Inisfail—'tis Inisfail!
Rings o'er the echoing sea;
While bending to heaven the warriors hail
That home of the brave and free."

Though pagans, the Milesians were highly civilized and had a stable government; music and art were cultivated and learning was held in high esteem. Warriors they were of course, and ever eager, perhaps too eager, for battle. Their code of laws, the Brehon Laws, are remarkable for the wisdom and equity of their judgments. The supreme king or "Ard-Ri" held court at Tara in County Meath and here it is that we find Christianity and Paganism confronting each other in the year 432 in the persons of St. Patrick and King Loaghaire. Patrick's party encamped near Tara on the eve of Easter in that year and lighted a large fire which was visible to the king and his court. Now a great festival was beginning at Tara and it was forbidden that anyone should light a fire before the court druids had lit their sacred fires. Accordingly, the king's anger being aroused, St. Patrick was taken to the court by the soldiers. It is said that the druids, on seeing the fire exclaimed, "unless that fire on yonder hill be extinguished this very night, it shall never more be extinguished in Eirinn." But the

intruder surprised the whole court. He showed them that he possessed powers that were indeed supernatural, and so won over the king that he gave Patrick full permission to preach throughout his kingdom. Loaghaire himself was not converted to the faith but his queen and many of the nobles at once responded to the call of God. One of St. Patrick's most important conversions was that of Aongus of Cashel, king of Munster. The Faith spread very rapidly throughout Ireland. And this country affords the only recorded instance of a whole nation embracing the faith without the shedding of one drop of blood.

So fruitful a soil did the Gospel find in Ireland that before long, so many churches, schools and monasteries; so many pious men and women were to be found that Ireland came to be known as, "Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum." Ireland's great schools became so famous that youths flocked to them from all parts of Europe. The school of Ciaran at Clonmacnois at one time contained over six thousand students; while the schools at Bangor and Clonard had an attendance of three thousand each. Besides these there were many other famous schools with attendances numbering thousands.

But these were the days of Ireland's glory and happiness and they were soon to be darkened. In about the year 871 some Danish sea-rovers descended on Lambay, an island lying off the east coast. These were but the forerunners of many hordes destined to carry ruin, bloodshed and misery upon the once happy country. With the advent of the Danes ends the most glorious epoch of Irelands' history. In the next century and a half the chronicles contain little but the accounts of the ravages committed by the invaders. Needles to say, in such a period, and under such conditions the country did not flourish. Finally however King Brian Boru, gathering together the hosts of Ireland, utterly routed the Danes at the battle of Clontarf on Good Friday in the year 1014.

The next century and a half is another sad period in Irish history. The example which Brian Boru had given in wresting the supreme authority from King Malachi was of evil example, and unhappily, too many strove to imitate it, with the result that much strife and bloodshed marked the period preceding the Norman invasion.

The circumstances immediately leading to the invasion were as follows. Diarmuid MacMurrough, Prince of Leinster had been deposed by King Roderick O'Connor for a grievous crime. MacMorrough appealed for help to Henry II, who being too busy to attend to the matter, authorized him to enlist in his cause such English subjects as should please to take part in the venture. Some Anglo-Norman Knights, most famous of whom was Strongbow, took service in MacMurrough's cause and sailed for Ireland. It was indeed a sad and gloomy day for that country,—"a day of calamity and misery," when in support of a criminal and traitorous prince, the Norman Knights leaped from their boats on to Irish soil. We may well believe that Strongbow and his fellows little dreamt of the age-long consequences of that fateful landing. But the past is past and it is idle now to speculate on what would have been the course of Irish, English and even World History if there had never been a "Dermot of the Strangers."

Many Leinster towns fell before the Norman Invaders and in a few years there was quite an English settlement in the counties of Leinster. Henry himself came in

person in the year 1171 and received the submission and allegiance of many of the Irish chiefs.

From this period, with varying vicissitudes, the struggle between the two nations dates. For many years after Henry's invasion the English settlement in Ireland was confined to a few counties on the east coast, forming what was known as "The Pale" The rest of the country remained largely in the hands of the native chiefs; the native language was spoken, the Irish dress worn, the Brehon Laws and all the ancient Irish customs faithfully observed. And ere long, a strange thing happened! From intermingling with the Irish, many of the Normans became "more Irish than the Irish themselves," and it became necessary to forbid the English in Ireland, under heavy penalties, to intermarry with the natives or to adopt Irish customs.

Chief among the Anglo-Norman lords who threw in their lots with the Gaels was the noble house of the Fitzgeralds or Geraldines. Of them does Davis sing.—

> "True Geraldines! brave Geraldines!—as torrents mould the earth
> You channeled deep old Ireland's heart by constancy and worth."

One of the greatest of their race was Gerald Fitzgerald, eighth Earl of Kildare whose power was so great that Edward IV thought it politic to appoint him deputy governor. Gerald's son, the ninth earl, was educated in England, with the result that when he returned to Ireland, his sympathies with the ancient Irish were even more ardent than his father's had ever been. Appointed governor by his cousin Henry VIII, he ruled the country wisely and well, but after seven years, to the consternation of the people, he was removed, but shortly afterwards restored. He was subsequently summoned to London at the instance of Cardinal Wolsey, and made answer a charge of having plotted with Francis I of France for the overthrow of the English power in Ireland. He was able to save his head from the block, but was imprisoned in the Tower of London for six years, after which time, he was reinstated to be again imprisoned shortly after. Before what proved to be his final departure for England, he had appointed his son Thomas, "Silken Thomas" as he was called, to act as Vice-Deputy in his absence. Enemies of the Fitzgeralds spread abroad the news that the Deputy had been beheaded in the Tower. The news was false but it stirred the hot Geraldine blood of Young Thomas who, acting on the advice of his more thoughtless and youthful advisers, and against the earnest pleadings of the wiser ones, rashly and impetuously rushed into revolt. Success followed him in the field at first, but finally deserted him and he yielded himself into the hands of his enemies; foolishly, for after much suffering, he was hanged, drawn and quartered at Tyburn. With him were put to death many of his near relatives, even those who had aided in suppressing the revolt. Two and a half centuries later another Fitzgerald, the gallant Lord Edward, whose name, by the way, is closely associated with Canada, as he at one time lived here for some years, being indeed a pioneer in parts of New Brunswick, fought a brave fight in the same cause and gave up his life for the land whither his ancestors had come as invaders.

We have now reached the period of the Reformation, when to the intensity of national feeling was added the bitterness of religions difference. The Irish remained staunchly Catholic and when Henry VIII had himself proclaimed "Head of the Church' his double claims to civil and ecclesiastical authority were repudiated. Nevertheless,

in the reign of Catholic Queen Mary, the Irish fared much worse than under Henry VIII In her reign, two counties were cleared of their Irish inhabitants and the land was divided among English settlers. This policy carried out at a later period and more extensively in Ulster has created what is known today as the "Ulster Question."

The early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign was marked by the war with Shane O'Neil which ended with the murder of O'Neil. Shortly after this occurred the horrible massacre of Mullaghmast, in which four hundred of Ireland's leading men were murdered at a banquet. It was also in Elizabeth's reign that the Geraldines of Munster were destroyed. The conquering leader of this latter war was then sent to settle an insurrection which broke out in Leinster, but his forces were completely routed at the battle of Glenmalure by the Wicklow Mountaineers under Fiach Mac Hugh.

Just about this time, Hugh O'Neil, Earl of Tyrone became a great favourite of the Queen and some of her councillors tried to use him as an instrument to break the power of Ulster. But they did not know with whom they had to deal, and very soon, O'Neil was to be found a most powerful chieftain of Tyrone in league with the famous Red Hugh O'Donnel and in a great struggle against English rule. The first great battle fought during this struggle was that of Clontibret in which the "Two Hughs" were completely victorious. Now the whole of Ireland, with the exception of Munster, was in arms under very powerful leaders. The English met with another great defeat at Portmar on the northern Blackwater. Then the "Hughs" found themselves opposed by a force of 20,000 under Lord Mountjoy who succeeded the cowardly Essex. Mountjoy did not fight at once; he greatly weakened the Irish power by disunion and cheating them by a temporary recognition of their religion. Then in 1602, he crushed the Irish army at Kinsale and O'Neil fled to the continent

Another important insurrection broke out in 1641 in the reign of Charles I, and broke the structure of English colonization in Ireland. Owen Roe was the great Irish leader in this rebellion and he defeated the English many times. But when Owen Roe died in 1649, there was no Irish general fit to cope with Cromwell who had already landed on the island. Cromwell soon overran the country. He at first contemplated the extinction of the Irish race, but in order to have "hewers of wood and drawers of water," he spared them. But he caused all the inhabitants that possessed property exceeding the value of ten pounds, to cross the Shannon and reside in Connaught.

The next great conflict was when James II driven from his throne by William, Prince of Orange, threw himself upon his Irish sympathisers. The decisive battle was fought on the banks of the Boyne and resulted in the defeat of King James. William subsequently marched south and invested Limerick which was defended by the gallant Sarsfield. Unable to take Limerick, William left Ginkel commander in chief in Ireland and himself returned to England. Ginkel was obliged to come to terms with Sarsfield and signed the famous treaty of Limerick. It is matter of history that the terms of this treaty though accepted by him were not kept by William. After the Treaty large numbers of Irish soldiers left the country and enlisted in the service of various European armies, pricipally those of France and Spain, Hence we have the famous Marshall MacMahon in France and General O'Donnell in Spain.

Another landmark in Irish history stands at the date 1780. In that year Grattan moved in the Irish House of Commons—"That his Most Excellent Majesty by and

with the consent of the Lords and Commons of Ireland is the only power competent to enact laws to bind Ireland." It was not considered advisable to press the motion at the time but events were moving rapidly in America and were having a reflex action on Ireland, and in 1782 Grattan, supported by the Volunteer organization was able to carry the measure which received the king's signature.

In 1798 insurrection broke out and was bloodily repressed. In 1800 Pitt, the English Premier was able, by bribery unparralleled and by corruption so open that it had become shameless, to have carried through the Irish House a Bill for the Union of the Irish and English Legislatures. It must be remembered that this Irish House represented but one fifth of the Irish people—if indeed so many; that in a county predominatingly Catholic, no Catholic, could either sit in Parliament or vote, and that even in this thoroughly unrepresentative Parliament all the influences of patronage and gold unlimited could procure but a majority of twenty for this iniquitous and disastrous measure.

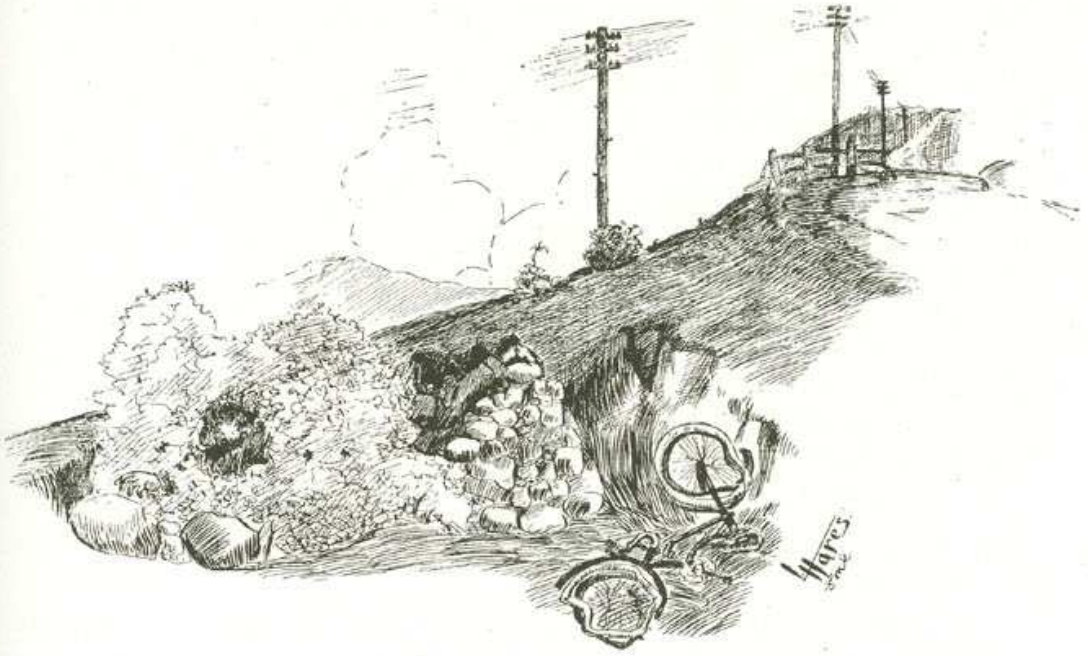
One of the promises made by Pitt at the time of the Union was that the act would be followed immediately by a Catholic Emancipation Act. The promise was not kept. Pitt was in his grave for twenty-three years and the "Union" in operation for twenty-nine years when through the efforts of O'Connell, Emancipation was wrung from a reluctant government.

In 1847 occurred the dreadful Famine in which the Government displayed a callous indifference to sufferings that excited the sympathy and help of the Sultan of Turkey. Then began the dreadful exodus of the young manhood of the Irish race—to Canada, the United States and Australia—a drain on the life-blood of the nation.

Space forbids more than a reference to the Fenian Rising in 1868, the Home Rule movement started under Butt and carried forward more vigorously by Parnell and the Sinn Fein movement of recent years; all leading up to the Anglo-Irish Peace Treaty December 6th 1920 and which we trust will prove to be, after the period of readjustment is over, an instrument of reconciliation and abiding peace between the peoples of the sister islands.

T. J. Morrison.

How wonderful is Death,
Death and his brother Sleep;
One, pale as yonder waning moon,
With lips of lurid blue;
The other, rosy as the morn,
When, throned on ocean's wave,
It blushes o'er the world:
Yet both so passing wonderful.—*Shirley.*



The Autobiography of a Bicycle.

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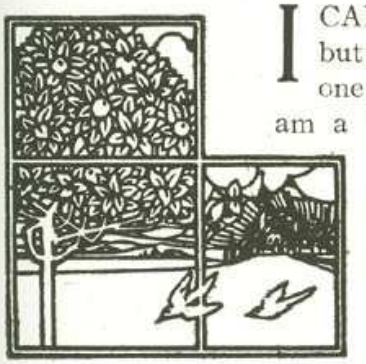


I CAN remember very little indeed about my early life, but I know that I was born, or, rather, manufactured in one of the big C. C. M. factories in Canada. So, you see, I am a real Canadian.

I have a very hazy recollection of being assembled, packed and of being placed on the floor of some stuffy vehicle, which presently began to roll along with great creaking and rumbling. This continued for a long time; how long I cannot say, for it was so long ago. And after all this is a blank up to some later period of my existence. The first thing I can recall was a very important incident in my career.

I remember that I was resting on a stand, in a small bicycle shop, along with a multitude of other "wheels," all of us with our nickle-plated parts shining gloriously as the result of a recent polishing. Then suddenly there was a loud creak, a terrific bang, a rattle or so, and three or four loud thumps, and a blast of air swept into the room almost shaking us off our stands. "Gee whiz!" I thought to myself, "whom are the Liquor Inspectors raiding now?" But it was nothing so exciting; no, nor had anyone's private still exploded. A customer had just blown in—quite literally, judging by the draught of air that came in with him!

My master—the owner of the place—got up from his seat behind the counter and bowed to him. "Yessir?" said he with a smile," what can I do for you, sir," "Say!" said the other, hurriedly, "let me see a couple of good wheels, will you."

He was a long, lanky fellow, rather flashily dressed; on his upper lip trembled a few isolated hairs—the fluffy growth of early manhood—which might, for politeness' sake, have been called a mustache. My master hastened to comply with his request, and came forth from behind the counter as fast as his flabby frame and overfed proportions allowed.

"To be sure, sir." and he began in his usual way: "Now here's a magnificent bike, sir, a fine type of machine, made by one of the best firms there is, and guaranteed."

But the customer seemed to be in a hurry, for he interrupted him. "Oh, yes; but what about that one over yonder?" The old boy hastened to go on: "Oh well young sir, tastes are different. Well now, look at that one. She's a fine piece of goods, too,—the best of the bunch sir. Best nickel-plated bars, an' finest bearings going; and her frame! Just suit you sir, size 24 and —"

"Aw, cut out the talk!" cried the young man, rather rudely and certainly with impatience. "I'm in a hurry. Say, what's the price of that one over there? She seems just right for me." Next moment my heart leaped within me, for he was pointing straight at me! "Good gracious!" thought I, "at last I am going to be bought!" And I felt so sure of it that I started at once to dream of the world that I was going into and of the adventures that might befall me.

"That, sir?" I heard the shop-keeper say at length, "Oh, yes! Why the very thing for you, sir. Beautiful wheel that—" here he stopped short, fearing that he might overdo, as before, his oratory. "Well, it's only sixty dollars, sir. A bargain price."

The young man did not stop to argue the point, though he might well have done so. Instead, he lifted me from my resting place, set me on the floor by the counter, and got astride of me to see if I was the right size. "Just jake-aloo," he said, meditatively, then asked the fat bicycle merchant if I was O. K. as to everything. The answer was very much in the affirmative. Then the customer thrust his hand into his pocket, pulled out a roll of bills, and carelessly paid the smiling shopkeeper. The next minute I was being wheeled down the street outside, while my former master stood in the doorway bowing in our direction, with his usual smile.

My new owner wheeled me along several streets, and after a fairly long journey we stopped at a neat little suburban villa surrounded by a pretty garden. I was shoved along the avenue and presently I found myself leaning up against the wall in a dark , stuffy little outhouse on the premises.

It had been an exciting day for me, for I was elated at my sudden release from the awful captivity of the bicycle shop, and was full of hopes for the future. At length overcome with fatigue, I fell asleep.

Next morning my owner came into the outhouse. He had another young man with him—a stoutish, clean-shaven fellow, with a benevolent, roguish air about him.

The two admired me, remarking on my beautiful lines and speedy appearance for a while, then they took me into the avenue outside.

"Here, George," said my master, "hold the thing up while I get on." Accordingly George gripped me hard by the saddle-post and held on like grim death while my master, whom he addressed as Bill, mounted.

"Now," said the latter, "give us a shove, and help balance me, will you?" George, still holding on hard, gave a running push, and steadied me as I ran down the avenue. My owner was evidently very nervous on his perch, and so my course was very erratic, and George had a hard time to keep his friend from biting the dust; nor was he successful in doing so, for by the time the two had decided to go in and to defer their endeavours both he and Bill were very much winded and rather dusty and torn, as the result of many falls. It was Uncle Josh all over again. Like that worthy gentleman they lost the bell, they lost the pedal, they lost the pump, and they lost their tempers; and again following his example they broke the wheel, they broke the spokes, and broke the mudguards,. At any rate if it was not as bad as all that, they were not exactly gentle with me, and I heard that evening some of the English language which cannot be found in any dictionary. And, to cap it all, I was in a terrible state when they had done. My handlebar was twisted almost completely round the wrong way; my mudguards were dented in innumerable places, and I had so much plating and paint knocked off of me that I ached all over for days after. After a few more lessons in riding, administered judiciously by friend George, my master became a little more skilful in keeping his balance; but he could not, for the life of him, learn how to get off or on in the proper manner. In getting on, he either got his friend to hold me up, as on his first attempt, or he leaned me up against a post, while he mounted. Likewise he had two ways of getting off. Sometimes he would wobble alongside George, who would catch me and would stop me, but generally he merely fell off.

For the first few days Bill and George continued their practising in the safety of the little villa's yard, but soon after his first attempt my owner decided to try his luck on one of the quieter streets of the town, for, as he explained to George, what fun was there in riding two or three feet across the yard when he had miles of smooth road near by.

So one fine morning he took me out and wheeled me along the few busy streets which lay in his way until he came to a beautiful stretch of out-of-the-way road. Here, with George's assistance he mounted me and pedaled round for quite awhile. But my owner was a very positive young fellow as might have been seen from the way in which he bought me; so when he saw that the road sloped gradually in a long hill in the direction of the town he made up his mind to try a little coasting.

"How will you get off when you get to the bottom?" said he as he puffed up the hill.

"Oh," answered the other carelessly, "I guess I'll just have to tumble off somehow. I ought to know how to fall off without hurting myself."

Presently we reached the summit. Then my master was helped on, and we set off downwards at a gentle pace. He tried this several times, but soon declared the descent was too tame.

"Come on, George," said he, "I am going to try the other side."

George turned, looked around and surveyed the other slope.

"Gee!" he remarked, "you're crazy, man." (What frank beings these men are). "Why," he went on, "it's way steeper than this side, and if you don't use your brake, you'll either break your neck, or run right into town."

"So much the better. The steeper it is the more speed I can get, and the more fun it'll be. It's safe enough; I'll put on the brake hard if she starts going too fast."

So George helped him on once more, and gave me a gentle push. Off I went, rolling down the incline, slowly at first, but with more and more speed as I went on. I just attained a rattling pace and was a little way down the slope, which was a long one, when my master began to get alarmed at the way in which things flitted past. He almost stood up on my poor brake in his desire to slow down for safety, but alas! much hard usage had sadly weakened the joints of my chain, which, I am sorry to say was a second-hand one which the dealer had palmed off on him. So the sudden strain was too much for it, and crack!!!—it snapped and hung trailing from the rear. My sprocket thus suddenly released swung round forcibly and caught my master a terrific crack across the shin just as he sat down hard on my poor saddle. He gasped and then clutched frantically at my handlebars as I swayed from one side to the other.

Poor fellow, he was in an awful plight! I was careering wildly down the long steep slope, gathering speed as I went; he was unable to stop me, and I, of course, was unable to stop myself. Faster and faster we plunged downwards, lurching and swaying. A voice, almost drowned by the roar of the wind that swept by us, came from the hilltop:

"All right, Bill, I'm going to 'phone for an ambulance." And poor Bill, made still more frantic, gripped me harder yet by the handlebars and gave a dismal screech. Faster and faster, with ever-increasing speed we flew down the hill till the surrounding scenery was a mere blur flashing past at a terrific rate. A dull thud, a bump, and I swerved aside, almost running into a tree near by. We had knocked down a solitary pedestrian plodding his way up the hill. But still we went on at express speed, with a cloud of dust in our wake. Then suddenly there came a shock that grated all through my frame. I felt as if the whole earth had fallen on me, and then all was blank.

When I recovered consciousness I found myself lying all twisted, torn and rent asunder in a ditch. There was a crowd around a clump of very thorny rose bushes near by, and it was these bushes that had saved my master's life. He lay white and still, half buried in the bush. He was pulled out by the anxious people around. His face was a sight to behold, all scratched and bleeding and he had cut down one cheek. Presently he came to, and stared dazedly about him. Then his gaze rested on the rose thicket.

"Oh," I heard him murmur with a weak smile, "so that's what broke my fall and saved my neck." And as he became aware of the state that he was in, he added, "Thank goodness, life is not all a bed of roses!"

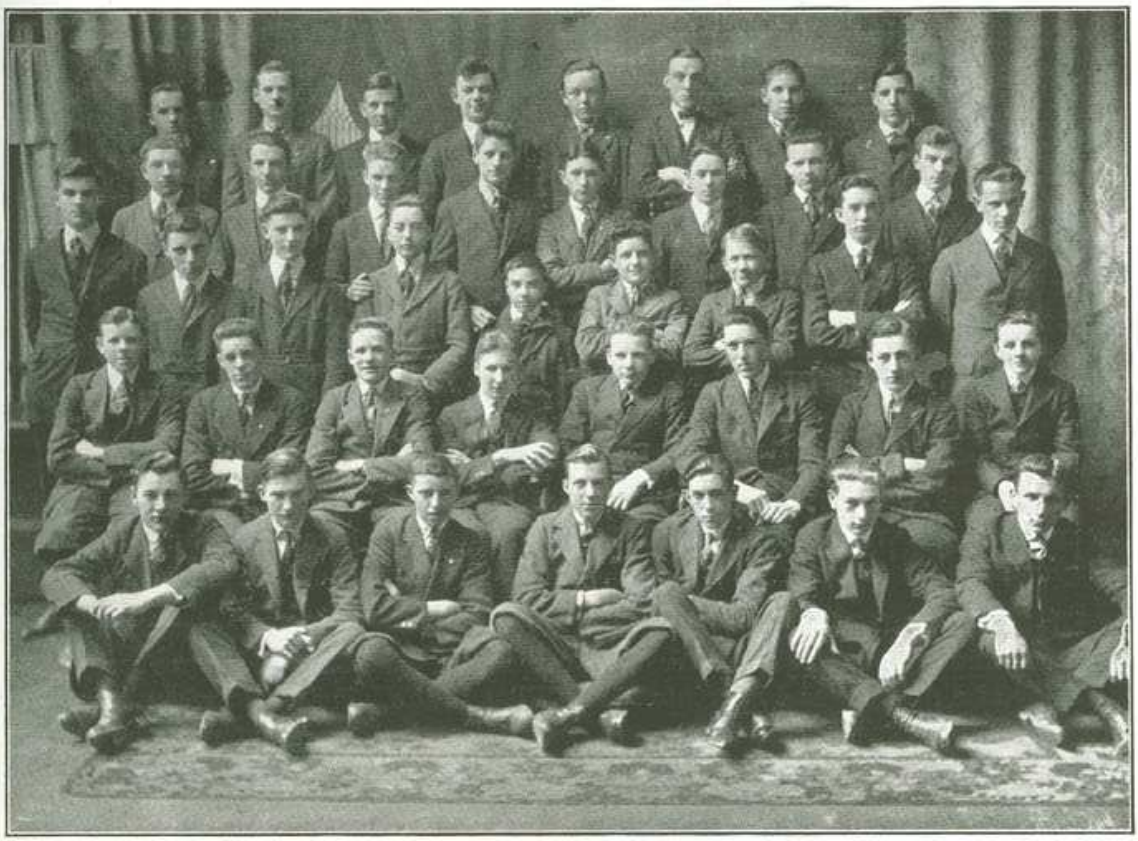
* * * * * * * * * * *

But fate has been kind to me, for with that eventful day ended my all too exciting adventures. I am now stationed in the window of the shop from which I had been bought as an advertisement; for I am now well repaired, and beside a portrait of me in the pitiable condition to which the accident had reduced me stands a notice to this effect:

"Bring all your repairs to Brainie & Co., they'll fix your wheel as well as they did this one."

I now get oiled and cleaned every day, and what more could I desire? Here, too, I hope to end my days in the quiet repose which I have earned by my sufferings at the hands of Bill and George.

L. Hares.



STUDENTS '21-22

Canadian Pioneers.

IN the year 1492 the people of the Old World were astounded by the news that Christopher Columbus while attempting to discover a new route to Asia had come upon a group of islands which are now known as the West Indies. Later he discovered a portion of the great Continent of North America. After the first excitement had died down very little was thought of this new discovery.

Some years later John Cabot and his son Sebastian, sailing under the English flag, made a voyage to the new continent and landed on what is now known as Newfoundland. He found that dense fogs often enveloped the land; and it did not impress him as being a very desirable country, so he returned to England.

Nothing more is heard from the New World for some time. But France recognized the possibility of planting a colony in this new country; and thus into the annals of history came the names of three men, who are forever famous in the hearts of all men, as the discoverers and trail-makers of that great and glorious country now known as Canada.

One day early in the year 1491 in a little seaport town in France called St. Malo was born a boy who was destined to become the most famous discoverer and mariner of his time. This was Jacques Cartier. His boyhood was spent about the docks and wharves of the little seaport town, where many of the vessels came after their long voyages. The boy would hear the sailors tell stories of the wonderful sights and adventures to be met with in those far distant countries, from which they had just returned. Is it any great wonder that he, listening with rapt attention to these enticing stories, was filled with a great longing to become an explorer and see these sights for himself.

His first known voyage was made with his uncle to Spain. Time passed, he prospered, and finally became the master of his own ship. The King of France recognized his ability as a mariner and appointed him "Pilot to the King." So when he wished to carry out his scheme of discovery and colonization in the new country, he at once called on Cartier to perform the mission.

His little fleet set sail from Havre, a port in France, and came direct to Newfoundland. He landed at Bona Vista and, after a short stay continued on his voyage through the Strait of Belle Isle; thence up the coast of the present New Brunswick as far as Bay Chaleur. At Gaspe he erected a thirty foot cross and claimed the land in the name of Christ and the King of France.

The Indians were astonished at the sight of the white men, whom they regarded first with fear and after with wonder and admiration. They told Cartier of a great

waterway which extended through their country. Cartier was filled with joy and would have sailed up this great waterway at once, were it not for the fact that winter was close at hand. He returned to France certain that he had discovered the long sought for route to Japan and China.

The following year he returned again and made a voyage up the waterway, which he found to his disappointment not to be a route to Japan and China, but a great and mighty river, which he called the St. Lawrence. He came upon an Indian village called Stadacona where the old chief gave him a warm welcome and told of a larger village up the river, known as Hochelaga. Cartier reached Hochelaga and found that the Indians were partly civilized. They lived in long houses which sheltered from twenty to thirty families. While there, Cartier visited a mountain which the Indians told of, and was delighted with the view of the fine, rolling country which met his gaze. He called the mountain Mont Royal. The famous commercial city of Montreal now lies at its foot.

The party spent the winter in a fort near Stadacona. Poor food caused the dreaded disease Scurvy to break out in the camp and carry off many of the little band. In the spring they returned to France, and for five years they were unable to return because of war between France and Spain.

Then Sieur de Roberval was appointed Viceroy with Cartier as his Captain-in-Chief. Cartier was sent ahead with a few colonists. They were to wait for the arrival of Roberval with the remainder of the colonists. They spent a miserable winter at Cap Rouge. Food was scarce and the Indians were hostile, because Cartier on his previous voyage had kidnapped two Indians and carried them to France where unfortunately they died. This was the one blot on the honor of the famous pioneer.

In the spring, Cartier sailed with his little band for France. On the way they stopped in St. John's harbor, and were surprised to find Roberval who was on his way to the Colony. In the night Cartier hoisted sail and returned to France against the wishes of Roberval. On his return to his native land he was made a noble by the King. Nothing more was heard of the explorer for some time, but subsequently a terrible plague swept the southern part of France. Among its victims was one Jacques Cartier. Thus passed the man to whom is due the credit of the discovery of Canada.

Bruage, a little town in the old province of Saintonge was made famous for all time as the birthplace of Samuel de Champlain. Like St. Malo, Bruage was a seaport and Champlain inherited as did most of his companions, a love of the sea. He sailed with his uncle and it is thought that he visited the Indies on one of his voyages for he mentions something to that effect in his diary. During the war with Spain, he made the acquaintance of a gentleman who was to mould his whole career. This was Aymar de Chastes, Governor of Dieppe. De Chastes had rendered aid to Henry IV during the war, and easily obtained a charter for New France, as the new country was now called. Champlain, with Pontgrave, a merchant of St. Malo, and De Mont's set out for New France to make a reconnaissance of the St. Lawrence. When the party returned to France they learned the sad tiding that their friend De Chastes had died.

De Monts secured a new charter from Henry IV which granted practically the same privileges as the previous one. The King was perfectly willing to grant a

charter, but would not finance any expedition, either for the purpose of exploration or fur-trading.

Champlain on his return to Canada foresaw that the friendship of the Indians would be a valuable asset. So he allied himself with the Algonquins and cemented the friendship by helping them in their war with the Iroquois. This was a strategic move. Vignaud, a member of the party told Champlain that he had found a sea on the north. Great disappointment was felt, when it was found that the newly discovered sea, was not a route to India, but simply a mighty bay known as Hudson Bay. Champlain unlike many adventurers of his day, looked on the fur trade as a secondary consideration; his main aims in life were the colonization of New France and the very worthy one of converting the savages. He very wisely chose Montreal as the scene of his commercial activities.

By this time the English had begun to look with jealous eyes on the progress the French were making, and determined to stop it. David Kirk and his two brothers were sent with a fleet and they easily conquered Port Royal. Then they turned their eyes towards Montreal. Kirk demanded that Champlain surrender at once, but a brave man does not give in so easily, and Champlain determined to hold the fort. He placed his men about the fort and so impressed the English with his strength that they feared to attack him. The suffering from lack of food was terrible, and the brave little band spent an agonizing winter, having nothing to eat but acorns and herbs. One day towards spring the entire party, with the exception of Champlain himself, were out foraging for food, when suddenly three formidable looking ships appeared in the harbor. It was the English who, realizing that they had been hoaxed, came back for vengeance. Resistance was useless and the fort was reduced to ashes and Champlain carried as a prisoner to England.

In the year 1633, Champlain received an appointment as Governor of Quebec, and in company of Recollect missionaries returned to New France. After a short time the Jesuits, an order founded by St. Ignatius of Loyola, took the place of the Recollects and succeeded in converting a large number of the savages. Champlain exercised his power as Governor in peace for a short time, and came to be loved by the Indians for his kindness, but he was now an old man and his work was over. On Christmas Day 1635, a noble soul passed into the Great Beyond, leaving friends innumerable to bewail his loss.

Although Champlain had labored for more than twenty years to successfully establish a colony in New France, at the time of his death, the colonists at Three Rivers and Montreal did not number more than two hundred. But he had not worked in vain, for he gave to the others who were to follow an example, which would act as an incentive to carry them on.

The new Governor was Count de Frontenac, a man of iron will and great determination, and who was besides an excellent soldier. In fact he had all the requirements of a successful colonizer. He was next to Champlain the most famous man of his time, notwithstanding the fact that he had some very grave faults. He was extremely hot-tempered and disliked taking advice from others. But he had an ability to manage the Indians which was much needed at this time. Bishop Laval and Frontenac were in rather constant disagreement. Frontenac persisted in selling

liquor to the savages against the wishes of the clergy. Bishop Laval finally became tired of remonstrating with him, and with several others, asked the King for his removal, which was granted.

In the interval which elapsed between Frontenac's residence in France and his second return as Governor, a man by the name of Dennonville took his place. During his administration occurred one of the most horrible massacres in Canadian history.

One midnight a horde of savages numbering twelve hundred swept down on the peaceful little settlement of Lachine, and murdered practically all the inhabitants. Dennonville should have been able, with the force which he had at his disposal, to drive the invaders from the country, but he lacked initiative and generalship. Instead, he ordered Fort Frontenac to be blown up to save further trouble. This showed the French that Frontenac was the one and only man who could keep the Indians under subjection.

So accordingly, although he was an old man nearly seventy years of age, in the year 1689 he returned and again took up the government of New France. For nine years he did his best to keep peace in his colony. During his rule the English made an expedition against the French. A land force marched under General Winthrop, while a naval force was under Phipps. They attacked Acadia and were successful in taking these places. They then marched on Montreal but the project was defeated, owing to the watchfulness of Frontenac. In the year 1696 on a bleak November day, Frontenac died at the age of 79, leaving a memory of the great work that he had accomplished in the preservation of the French Colony in New France.

Edward Walsh.

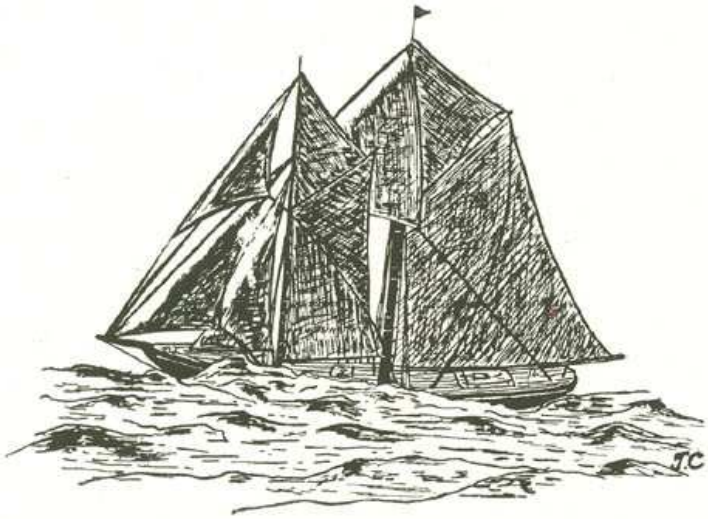
Play and Study.

When you study, study hard;
Then to keep you stout and ruddy,
When you play in street or yard,
Play as hard as when you study.
Work or play, every day,
Act as if you meant it Buddy—
Play when you're supposed to play;
And when supposed to study, study!

No half-hearted ways for you;
Lazy brains are mischief-brewing,
Whatsoever things you do,
Give your mind to what you're doing.
Work or play that's the way,
Be intent upon it Buddy—
Play when you are out to play;
And when you're in for study, study!

Denis A. McCarthy.

The Bluenose Victory.



FOR many years from the seaboard towns and villages of Nova Scotia, sturdy seamen were obliged to sign up with Gloucester fishing vessels and under the Stars and Stripes seek the harvest of the deep. But this is today a thing of the past. That Canada can build, equip and man vessels on the same standing as our American neighbors was clearly shown in the international Schooner race off Halifax in the fall of 1921 when the Lunenburg schooner Bluenose defeated the Gloucester schooner Elsie and thus proved herself to be the finest sailing fishing schooner on the Atlantic seaboard.

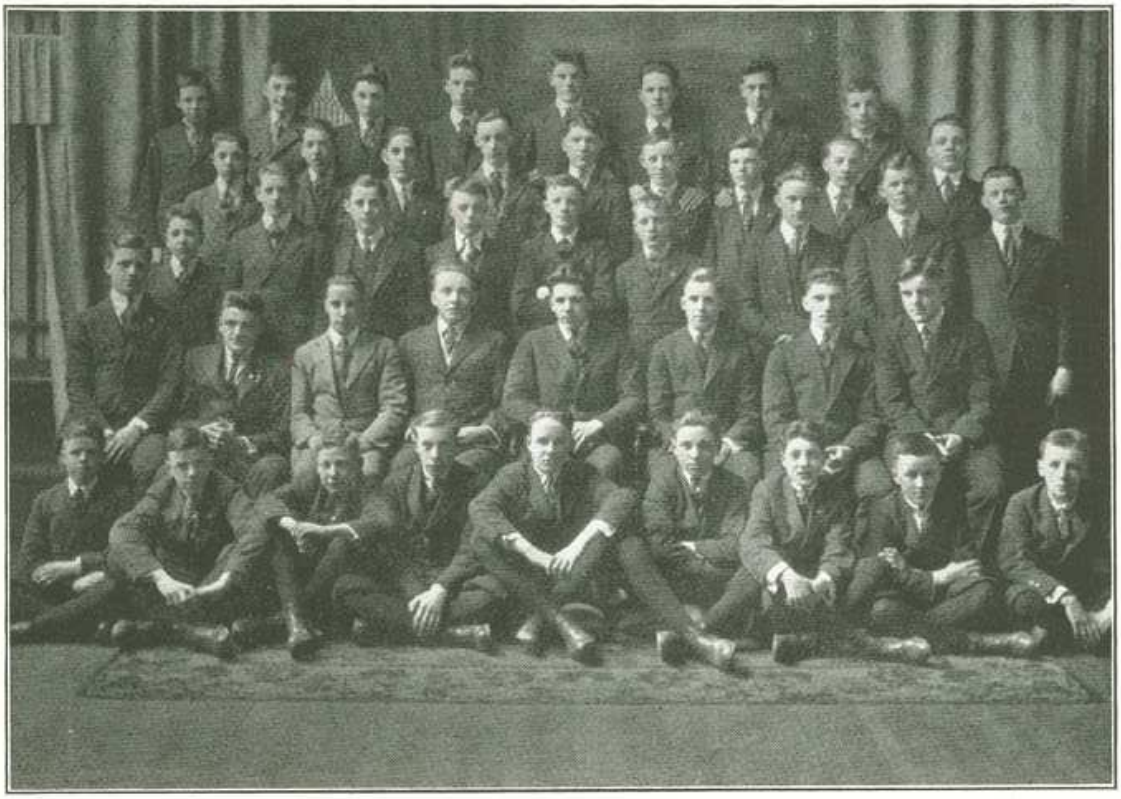
More than once the foliage-framed hills of Halifax have formed the setting of an event of International importance, the term international applying to the two nations which divide the lion's share of North America. There was a day a hundred years ago when H. M. S. Shannon towed in the disabled and vanquished Chesapeake, the night when the Tallahasse slipped through Eastern Passage with less than a fathom to spare. Last but not least is October 25th 1921, when the Lunenburg banker Bluenose swept by the Breakwater bringing back the Fisherman's trophy, a day of great rejoicing for many Nova Scotians and a day of disappointment for some American sportsmen.

The first race of the series for the Internatioal Ocean Schooner Championship gave the Bluenose such a decisive victory, that even the most doubtful Nova Scotians were given abundant confidence in the final success of the challenger. The race was with weather conditions such as real sailors like, and it was a test of seamanship as as well as speed. The Bluenose proved her superiority, and the manner in which she was handled by Captain Angus Walters and his crew of sturdy Lunenburg fishermen called for the admiration of all competent spectators. Captain Marty Welsh handled his good ship with skill and good generalship and there was no dishonor in his defeat.

The superiority of the Bluenose over the defender Elsie was conclusively demonstrated in the second race of the series when a true Bluenose boat, designed, built, and manned by Bluenoses, wrested from the best of the Gloucester fleet of fishermen the blue ribbon of the deep sea fishermen. It was a wonderful race, enlivened by many an exciting moment, in which the pick of the Lunenburg fleet matched their seamanship against the nautical skill of the Gloucester men. If it was not thrilling it was interesting all the journey over the triangular course, and many enthusiasts on shore and those who followed the white winged crafts seaward and back, witnessed an inspiring spectacle.

Many congratulations are due the skipper and hands of the Bluenose, all typical Nova Scotians, and no less to be congratulated are the crew of the Elsie, who gamely contested every point of sailing. Although they were not first to cross the finishing line still they proved themselves worthy competitors and took their defeat gamely. To the designer of the Bluenose Mr. William J. Roue, a young Halifax yachtsman, who makes designing his hobby, congratulations are especially in order for the success he had in laying down the lines upon which the champion fishing schooner of the Atlantic coast was fashioned. In this direction the annual schooner race will be chiefly beneficial so that a better class of fishing schooner will be developed for the successful prosecution of an industry that is capable of far greater exploitation. Altogether the race was a splendid success; it has brought together two kindred communities in friendly rivalry, it has been productive of wholesome sport, and it should stimulate public interest in one of Canada's greatest potential resources.

J. Clancey.



STUDENTS '21-22

The War of 1837

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CANADA, Our dear Canada,—the land of our birth, the home of the brave and the free, the land for which our relatives, our fathers, and our brothers, have offered their lives that she might live, progress and prosper—that she might be a rival to other countries in the ways of trade and commerce, that she might take her place among the foremost nations of the earth —has not developed without internal troubles. —One of these internal troubles which had a great and important result was the war of1837 and 1838.—

In the year 1820, the present Dominion of Canada was divided into two provinces, Upper and Lower Canada, and the Earl of Dalhousie was Governor-General of Lower Canada. He followed the example of the Duke of Richmond in drawing funds from the public treasury without the authority of the Assembly and appropriating them on his own responsibility.

About this time Sir. John Caldwell was the Receiver-General, and had charge of the public money. He became a defaulter for about $480,000, and as the Government had no securities, the province sustained a large loss. This together with the fact that he was allowed to retain his seat in the executive Assembly, enraged the people very much.

Louis Papineau, then the most popular and influential man in Lower Canada, was the head of the Reform Party, and had for several years, been the Speaker of the Assembly. He had a fiery temper, and an unguarded tongue, and attacked the Earl of Dalhousie and his council in the most severe terms. As a result of this, a bitter enmity grew up between them. The Assembly again elected Papineau as speaker but the Earl would not accept this choice, and as the Assembly would choose no other, he prorogued the Hose. At last Sir James Kempt was made Governor-General in place of the Earl of Dalhousie. He accepted Papineau as Speaker, and a few of the of the reformers held seats in the Assembly. But this did not satisfy them. They threatened open rebellion if all their reforms were not granted. A council under Lord Gosford, the new Governor General of Lower Canada, was sent out to investigate the affairs of Lower Canada. But no material good came of this.

The Reform Movement in Upper Canada was chiefly a struggle between the old and the new settlers. The ruling party consisted mostly of United Empire Loyalists, while the opposition consisted of those who had come there recently.

When the Assembly began to discuss grievances, the Governor-General cut short their deliberations by proroguing the House.—If a newspaper man criticized any act of the Government, he was arrested, fined and imprisoned, and if any other people

were caught doing the same thing, they were excluded from social affairs, and branded as rebels.

One of the first leaders of Reform was a Scotchman named Robert Gourlay. He had lived a short time in the States, and then moved into Canada. He was arrested, thrown into prison, and finally banished as an outlaw. Close on his heels came another Scotchman, William Lyon MacKenzie.-He was soon a recognised leader of reform, and like Papineau, lacked discretion. He edited a paper called the "Colonial Advocate," in which he attacked the Governor-General and his council in very harsh terms. As he could not be easily silenced, a band of young men of the Government broke into his office one night, destroyed his press, and threw his type into Lake Ontario. But this only made matters worse, instead of better. He received more sympathy than ever, and more people joined his standard, and when York was incorporated, and its name changed to Toronto, the people showed their feelings by making him its first Mayor.

From 1827 to 1836 Sir John Colborne, a veteran soldier, and a man of "calm dignity and brevity of speech," was Governor-General of Upper Canada, but in the year 1836 he was made Commander-in-chief of all the British forces in Canada, and Sir Francis Bond Head was made Governor-General in his stead. Sir Francis was chosen from the Whig Ministry, and the Reformers thought that he would govern the Upper Province on the same policy as the party in Great Britain. But they were disappointed in this because he governed in his own way. A few of the reformers held seats in the Assembly, but they resigned when they saw that they had no governing power.

The House of Assembly now began to adopt extreme measures. A message was sent to the king severely criticizing the Governor-General and his council. At the close of the session, a letter from Papineau was read by the speaker. In this letter Papineau urged the two provinces to rise in rebellion to secure the rights of the people.

The Governor-General now prorogued the House because of its disloyalty, and so controlled the new election that two thirds of the members were in sympathy with himself. Even MacKenzie, Baldwin, and Bidwell,—leaders of the reform—were defeated. In the meantime MacKenzie was despairing of redress of grievances through constitutional means, and was turning his mind towards rebellion.

For five years now, the House of Assembly had refused to vote supplies, so that the judges and other public officials were obliged to go without their salaries. The British Parliament now authorized the Governor-General to take the large sum $700,000 from the public treasury, without the authority of the Assembly. This announcement caused the wildest agitation. Papineau ably assisted by Dr. Wolfred Nelson, urged the people to rebel, and to throw off the yoke of Britain. Secret political meetings were held throughout the province, in which the government was denounced in the strongest language. The Rebels gathered around unfrequented street corners and were drilled in the use of shot guns and old muskets. A proclamation was issued by Lord Gosford, warning the people against sedition. This was placed in public places, but was soon torn down by the mob, with shouts of "Long live Papineau." The Governor-General now ordered all the troops from the different

provinces to assemble at Montreal, and prepared to meet the inevitable rising which he saw was going to take place.

The first outbreak took place in the streets of Montreal. The rebels were routed without loss of life. Dr. Nelson, with a band of the insurgents, took up a position in a stone mill at St. Denis on the Richelieu, and for a time successfully held out against the troops sent to dislodge him. The rebels tried to make a stand at St. Charles, but were defeated with great loss of life.

Warrants were now issued for the arrests of the leaders of the rebellion. In order to escape, Papineau fled to the United States, and Nelson trying to do the same thing, was caught hiding in the woods. He was arrested and thrown into prison, along with some other rebels. In the meantime, Sir John Colborne proceeded against a band of rebels at St. Eustache on the Ottawa. About four hundred of them took up a position in a church, and held out for about three days against the Militia. At last when the church had been heavily bombarded, and battered with shot and shell, it was set on fire. Most of the occupants were either killed, captured or perished in the flames. Very few escaped.—

The Earl of Durham was now sent out as Governor-General, in place of Lord Gosford. Besides being the Governor-General, he held the office of High-Commisioner, with orders to investigate the affairs of the different provinces, and report thereon to Great Britain.

The new Governor-General arrived in Canada about the last of May, 1838. He had a difficult task to handle, as he could not deal with a country in a state of rebellion, in the ordinary forms of the law. Accordingly, although the policy he followed was humane, still it set all laws at defiance. He pardoned all the rebels except the ring leaders. Papineau, Cartier, and a few others, who had fled to the United States, were proclaimed outlaws, while Nelson and a few others, who had been arrested, were banished to Bermuda. All were forbidden, under pain of death, to return to their native land.

Now this policy was not received with the best of good will by Durham's enemies in Britain; first because they objected to his making a penal colony of Bermuda; and second because it was not a capital offence, according to the British law, to return from exile to one's native country.

But the Earl was a proud-spirited man. and did not like the manner in which his policy was censured. Accordingly, after a short period of five months, without leave from the home Government, he quitted his post and returned to England. His enterprise looked like a failure, and indeed it was so in regard to his own personal renown. But if his policy ruined him, it saved Canada. While he was Governor-General, he had studied all its customs and its conditions, and the report which he sent home is considered as "one of ablest state papers on Colonial policy which has ever been written." However he returned home greatly discouraged, and being in failing health anyway, died a short time afterwards. Now even though his policy was not just legal, still it must be remembered that if the rebels had been brought to trial, no jury, selected in the lawful way, would have found them guilty.

In the meantime the Patriots of Upper Canada were also playing a part in the rebellion. It had started a little later in upper Canada than it did in Lower Canada. MacKenzie issued a manifesto urging the people to proclaim their independence. Baldwin and a few other reformers, less extreme than MacKenzie, would have nothing, absolutely to do with his policy

Sir Francis Bond Head, in spite of warnings of rebellion, sent out all his troops to Montreal, to quell insurrections there, so that when MacKenzie gathered an army of rebels and marched on Toronto, there was practically no resistance offered him. If he had marched quickly on the city, he would, in all probability, have taken it. As it was he waited for reinforcements, and while doing so, his movements were discovered. Immediately the bells of the town began to ring, and the loyal citizens rushed to the town hall, determined to defend their homes against the invaders. Colonel McNab, who was at Hamilton, rushed to the city with a band of Militia, and loyal farmers rushed in from the surrounding country armed with scythes, pitch-forks, old guns, swords, or anything else they could lay hold of, to repel the attack of the rebels. As a result of all this, when MacKenzie did attack the city, he was met by a strong force and—he came, he saw, and he was conquered. Many of the rebels fled to their homes, and MacKenzie, seeing that he was deserted by a large number of his followers, made haste to secure his own safety. He was proclaimed an outlaw, and a reward of $5,000 was offered for his person. However with the aid of friends he escaped into the United States.

The next year MacKenzie, together with about 1000 followers, took up a position on Navy Island. Colonel McNab was placed opposite the island, on the Canadian side with instructions to keep a close watch on MacKenzie. The rebels were accustomed to carry their provisions from the American shore to the island in a small boat, called the "Caroline." This boat was captured one night by a band of militia sent by McNab It was set on fire and allowed to drift over the falls. About a week later MacKenzie retired from the island.

In the following year the Patriots crossed over from the United States, They attacked places along the border, but were defeated everywhere. At Prescott a band of them took up a position in a windmill, and held out for three or four days against the troops sent against them. At last however, they surrendered, and this practically ended the contest.

The rebellion was now over, and the only thing left to do, was to dispose of the rebels that were overcrowding the jails. About one hundred and eighty of these were sentenced to be hanged. Some of these were executed, others were banished from the country, and still others were pardoned because of their youth. After a few years those who had been exiled were permitted to return to their country. This amnesty extended even to Papineau and MacKenzie. The latter returned to Canada in 1850 and was elected to the House of Assembly, and even Papineau, who had started the revolution, was allowed to take a seat in the House.

Now although the Earl of Durham had only held office in Canada for five months, still in that short time he had studied all its conditions, customs and laws, and the report which he sent to the Home Government was of the utmost importance to Canada In this report he proposed a number of things which he saw would be beneficial to the

country—Among other things he proposed an intercolonial railroad, and an executive council responsible to the Assembly. He also proposed a union of the two provinces into one. At first this was turned down point blank. The people would not listen to such a thing. At last however, by careful coaxing on the part of the Governor-Generals, and after many difficulties had been overcome, this union was finally brought about on Feb. 10, 1841, thus paving the way for the larger scheme of Unification embodied in the Confederation Act of 1867.

J. Harry Durney

The Arms of Nova Scotia.

THE question as to the proper coat of arms of Nova Scotia has been a very live one in recent times. "Nova Scotia is fortunate in possessing an authentic armorial achievement of quite exceptional interest and it is difficult to see how a modern coat of arms came to be foisted on the Province in 1868." Nevertheless such is the case, for at that time the old coat of arms was replaced by the present design of a salmon and thistles. Mr. John A. Stewart, F. S. A., of Glasgow one of the geatest living authorities on heraldry writes "no one can deny the absolute legality and validity of the ancient and true Arms of Nova Scotia, and they are not only the oldest but the grandest of all the arms borne by the British Dominions beyond the sea."

Many Nova Scotians however have not been satisfied to lose their legitimate coat of arms and even in 1867 a complaint was sent to the Queen with the result that the old seal continued in use for some ten years after its supposed supercession.

The original arms comprise the two supporters of the Arms, the Unicorn on the left and an Indian in peaceful mood on the right the helmet surmounting the Arms and above the helmet clasped hands, the mailed fist and the hand of peace holding laurel and thistle. The motto crowning the design reads,"Munit Haec Et Altera Vincit"—One Defends And The Other Conquers."

The "Two-in-One."

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ON the dawn of a day of grace towards the close of the nineteenth century there crept into a great Canadian city two little souls to live like the day but a little while. One was clothed in a body that inherited wealth unbounded, and as it first opened its eyes there were reflected in them the beauties of luxury, and had God granted it reason it might have said "What a wonderful place the world is!" The other was born in abject poverty where wealth and luxury are but dreams and fame an idle fancy. So when the babe first gazed on the humbleness of its abode and on the poverty-stricken surroundings it might have said "What a horrible place is the world!"

But God did not grant them reason nor did He grant them speech and so they looked on with innocent eyes and said nothing.

The years rolled by as years have the habit of doing, and amid new faces that take the places of old, appeared he whom fortune favored, and he on whom fate frowned on the dawn of a sunny morning, twenty-two years before.

"Aha-a that one too fast for you?" laughed a lad, who with able arm had set a tennis ball sizzling over the net at a speed that caused his opponent, himself a worthy wielder of the racquet, to gasp. The owner of the cheery laugh and the able arm was a tall supple young fellow clad in spotless linens. He was standing on a court of one of Montreal's most fashionable tennis clubs. An inquirer attracted by his comely figure and perfect attire, might have learned that he was the only son of Jack Conor, a millionaire who had made a fortune in a Yukon gold mine, and who had among other things bestowed his Christian names of John Patrick on his heir.

The youth in question was celebrating his twenty-second birth-day, by fulfilling his own idea of a perfectly good time. Not that he had done other than enjoy himself at any time since his graduation from McGill the preceding spring. "O dear no. The cost?" Well he reasoned there was a big roll of Conor bills in the bank with no other occupation than that of drawing three and a half per cent.

So he went his way, leading a gay clean life. But the neighboring cynics, of the maiden aunt and rheumatic uncle type, pointed him out with scornful sneers. "He is no good" they declared, "he never has been any good, and he never will be any better." The fact that he had led his classes through four hard years was forgotten by them. Perhaps they did not know that he was a leader in sports—that whenever he matched his skill on land or water against the best, Conor was the winner. Probably they did not care.

The boy laughed at them when he noticed them at all. But the father thought on what they said, and though he knew that much was false yet he realized that some was true.

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Deep in the snows of "God's Country" far beyond the Klondike in the shadow of a mighty mountain that broke the cold north wind there lay a little group of buildings and rising above them a tower-like structure which in northern Canada signifies a gold-mine.

Far below the surface of the earth in dusky rock-bound tunnels, men were toiling, unearthing the precious yellow metal which so powerfully affects man's every move. Not far from the shaft there was a little building, the brain of the mine. On the door was a sign--The Robert Alan Mining Co., Ltd. Office. The office itself might or might not impress one favorably. If your idea of an office was a room with polished floors and shining desks, and a miniature army of vice-presidents, stenographers and office-boys, you would not be impressed favorably; decidedly not. But if all you demanded were four walls and a bustle of work then this office certainly fulfills your requirements. The staff consisted of three men who were sitting at three shabby desks and were very busy. One was a man who might have attained perhaps his fortieth year. He was of dark and sallow complexion. His hair was a trifle grey but his eyes shone brightly through the narrow slits that his eyelids left exposed. Certainly he was not a Canadian; incidentally he was not the type of man to whom you would lend your last dollar, or at least without some misgivings.

At another desk industriously bending over a column of figures which were evidently distasteful to him was a true native of the north. He had long since seen his prime, but in the Yukon Death always takes even the oldest working. At present he was employed with the pen, but to-morrow might see him wielding a pick. The employees of Robert Alan were limited in numbers and their work was often two-fold.

At the third and last desk of the establishment, gazing thoughtfully into space, was the mighty president. Robert Alan had not the bearing of a president. He was decidedly young, but there was a remarkable doggedness about his jaw that might have perhaps partly excused his youth. As his gaze wandered over the familiar wall before him it fell by chance on a calendar. The fourteenth of September 1920, he mused; the date seemed familiar--certainly it was familiar. Ah, yes he thought, it was on that date twenty-two years before that he had first seen the light of day, through a dingy window in a Montreal tenement. He dismissed the thought from his mind but it wandered back again and took possession of him, carrying him back to the days of his boyhood. He saw himself a ragged urchin, selling newspapers on St. Catherine St., or trying to pick up a little bit of reading, 'riting or 'rithmetic in a neighboring school. So he existed but always plugging onwards, till fortune came his way. He thought of the day only a year ago, when he with his father arrived in Dawson city on receipt of a letter full of enthusiasm over new-found wealth, from his uncle who asked him to come and share the work and reap the reward with him. As true as if it were yesterday he saw that fatal drive over the snows, when he following behind had helplessly watched the sled that bore his uncle and his dad, caught up in a fall of snow and carried over the mountain's crest into space. "Mr. Alan--" He awoke from his reverie and turned again to work.

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John Conor had unearthed God's gold in the great northwest, and called himself a self-made man. Having made his "pile," he had returned to civilization, but the mine had yet large stores to offer; so he had left the work to other hands while from his

office overlooking a Montreal thoroughfare he sat back and directed the proceedings. At present he was perplexed; things were not going well with the north. He had shaped his employees into a great machine and he had kept it running always smoothly with coins as fuel. But now he was convinced that introduced into an essential part was something foreign to harmony. It must be discovered. At that moment the junior member of the family entered his office. "Say dad, give me some money, will you. I was opening her out"—referring to a new roadster—"a little coming down Sherbrooke, and a cop objected. He's waiting outside now." It might be stated that this was by no means the first time that a "cop" had waited outside the door of John Conor's office. An idea flashed across the mind of the business man. "Yes my boy, I will give you some money—to buy a ticket to Dawson in the Yukon. --No, no. I'm not turning you out, but you are a Conor. The Conors have always been fighters, and here's a chance for you to show your mettle. There will be lots of adventure, and I fancy that before you're through, your pluck will be well tested. Will you take it?" Sure I will dad." The representative of the law waiting outside was forgotten, as Jack drew up a chair beside his father to learn the object of his mission.

"When I first staked my chain in the Yukon" began the elder "I had very little money and was able to buy only a small extent of land. But with the gold extracted from the soil I bought up all I could command. Only a year ago, quite near the Victoria mine a rival establishment sprang up, chartering a small tract of land. Between the two mines lies about four square miles of Government land. For this we immediately staked a claim; evidently our rivals did likewise, for the claims were received on the same day by the Government officials, who wishing to show no partisanship returned them with instructions to come to a settlement ourselves on the matter. Terms could not be agreed upon and in the meantime we have been burrowing into the unowned property and the other people are doing likewise. That's how affairs stand at present, and McAdam, our general manager, seems to be making little effort towards a settlement. Now I propose to invest you with full powers and send you out to clear up the situation."

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It seemed to Jack Conor as he stepped from the express to the little station which in railway circles represents the "metropolis of the north," that he was transferred to a new life. Everything was different from the pictures he had formed in his mind and the change had been so sudden that he admitted to himself that he was rather dazed. "But" he mused "I am now a man of the world; pink teas and such are things of the past." Wasting no time he soon hired a guide and set out over the snows to the Victoria mine.

After a hard drive when even the sturdy little dogs were beginning to feel the strain two small settlements hove into sight. These he decided were the rival mines, and the one farther north, a great deal the larger, was his objective.

The sled drew up before the office and without formality Jack Conors strode in. A burly man whom he took to be McAdam was standing in the centre of the floor. He walked up and inroduced himself. To say that McAdam was astonished would be to put it mildly, and what was more he did not at all give his visitor a hearty welcome.

However, the general manager seemed more friendly after he had had a little chat with his employer's son. He had been assured that he was to remain fully in

charge, that in fact the other had come north principally for his health. In his turn John Patrick Conor learned that relations were severely strained with their neighbours; that many of the men carried arms, and that it needed only a spark to ignite into a fire of activity the brooding mass.

The northern night had not long fallen when Conor stretched off in a cot in his host's cabin. As he lay gazing out of the little window over the glistening snows and turning over the happenings of the day in his mind it occurred to him that he liked McAdam little better than his business methods. With the morning light he was up, and set out with McAdam to go through the mine. Over the snows they trudged, for although it was only September, winter was already descending on the land.

They reached the shaft and stepping on the lift were conveyed from the sunshine to a realm of darkness, lighted only by the miners' lamp. Jack Conor now saw clearly the discontent of the men. They worked without zeal and consequently accomplished little.

The visitor came again to the surface in none too good spirits. He had found that nearly half of the disputed territory had been worked into by his father's workmen and he learned that the rival firm had done likewise.

In the little office under the shadow of the mighty mountain affairs were not running smoothly either, and Bob Alan set out to get to the bottom of the trouble. He had seen McAdam the previous day but that individual had flatly refused to agree to the most lenient terms. So he was in no good humour when he descended into the pit.

Lantern in hand he set off at a brisk pace along the main level. But he had not gone far when he saw the passage before him blocked by a large body of his men, who were listening to words which were borne to him in violent tones. Two paces forward disclosed to him the owner of the angry voice, in the person of his most honored Manager Mr. Finck. Bob Alan stopped and listened. "He promised us 70% of the profits as our pay; now I tell you boys that we are not getting 70%. Are we going to stand for that?" Mingled shouts of "No, I guess not," "Certainly not." Alan stepped through the circle of men which had formed around Finck, and taking that worthy by the collar told him in straight English to take a month's salary and get out.

Three of the more angered miners began to protest, and were told that they could do likewise. This held the others in silence, for employment was none too plentiful in the north and perhaps they realized within themselves that they were not being treated too badly at all.

The intruder now set to work to pacify the men. He did not bother insinuating that their former manager was a liar; he put it much plainer than that. But Finck's stormy appeal had acted as an incentive to the brooding mass which must soon break into flame.

As the days of his sojourn lengthened into weeks, Jack Conor became quite popular in the settlement. A number of the men seeing strife at no great distance had resigned, but the remainder clung together, mainly through his exertions to keep a feeling of fellowship between them.

One morning about two weeks after his arrival McAdam asked him to take his place superintending the work in the pit. He had, he explained, important business elsewhere. On his way down the shaft Jack Conor asked where the majority of the men were working and was informed that they were all in the main level. Arriving there he found that the adit had taken on a sudden upward twist and curved to one side. "This is very unusual," he reasoned and thought no more of it.

The men working with a pick and shovel had come to a stop against a wall of rock, and they sought recourse to dynamite. A few minutes later a tremenduous roar filled the tunnel and vibrated in the worker's ears with a thousand echoes, broken by reports as huge rocks struck the walls. Then all was silence save for the occasional rumbling of rolling stone; and Jack Conor stepped out with the miners from their shelter and stood trying to pierce the cloud of smoke and dust that hung over the aperture. Slowly the haze passed off, and as it dispersed they saw before them a great opening. The air became clearer and there appeared a very great opening indeed, and in it were standing a group of greatly excited men. The Victorians were too astonished to move. Then it dawned upon them that they had broken into the rival mine. Turmoil broke loose. Someone violently passionate drew a gun, three rapid shots followed. These were answered by as many from another direction. Then followed reports from all sides. Lamps were extinguished and flashes of powder lighted the wild scene. Now in brilliant light and now in darkness the seething clamorous mass of humanity swayed to and fro. Jack Conor caught up in the struggle found himself powerless to exert any influence over the mob. But after five minutes which seemed like as many hours the authoritative voice of Bob Alan sang out ordering his men in strong tones to cease. The leader of the opposing force issued a similar command and at the joint appeal the miners torn and dishevelled but with few casualties drew up on their respective sides of the cavity casting dour and sullen looks at each other.

Bob Alan stepped out from his side of the excavation and Jack Conor approached to meet him. They introduced themselves and without formality set about to consider the situation. They were just beginning to realize that a mutual agreement was not at all an impossibility between two reasonable men when a boy ran up to Bob Alan and gasped the news that both lifts raised to the top of the shafts did not respond to the signals and that the big fan-like motor for circulating air through the pit had stopped owing to the electric current being off. Investigations showed that the Victoria mine was in similar straits. The workmen were becoming restless and the situation again took on a dangerous aspect.

The two young "bosses" held hurried consultation and hastened to the neighboring shaft of the larger mine. Jack Conor gave several hard tugs on the communication cord and after much delay, to their great joy it began to descend. But it came to a stop several feet over their heads and the mocking voice of McAdam fell on their ears. "Mr. Finck and myself," said he "have decided that you young fellows aren't capable of managing a gold-mine.--Here the rogue gave a boisterous laugh and the listeners heard his worthy comrade Mr. Finck join in. He continued-- So we're going to take it off your hands, You'll both sign these papers that I'm throwing down giving us the ownership of both mines. When Mr. Finck here is on his way to register the transaction at Dawson I'll let you up. I suppose the air down there

must be getting kind of bad but we've all got to put up with inconveniences now and then.

The creaking of the lift as it rose up the shaft was drowned in laughter.

Bob Alan picked up the papers that McAdam had dropped and which read thus; "We the undersigned, hereby sell to Messrs. McAdam and Finck all the rights and privileges of ownership of the Victoria Mine and of the Robert Alan Mining Company, Ltd. for the sum of five thousand dollars ($5,000.00)."

The two who were to sign the preposterous document looked at it despairingly. They realized that to save the lives of their employees and themselves they must sign it, and that once it was registered there could be no redress. Then Jack Conor saw a light in the darkness. Only the day before, the miners working on the level immediately opposite had broken in the wall and found themselves overlooking an undeground stream which had been discovered to flow into a neighboring river. With Bob Alan he walked over to the opening. Then taking the paper he signed it and giving it to the other, pointed out the impossibility of their living much longer under the existing conditions. "So," he said "you sign it too and give it to McAdam in—let's see—in a quarter of an hour. I'll see that Finck doesn't get far." Then throwing off his outer clothing he plunged into the water.

Ever urging his dogs to greater efforts Jack Conor sped over the snows towards Dawson. It was half an hour since he had plunged into the subterranean stream which had borne him in and out and back and forth; had thrust him now against protruding stones and now against its rocky walls; and finally thrown him half drowned on the shores of the open river, too faint to move for fully five minutes. He felt sure that once Finck received the precious document he would waste no time, fearing that a report of their action might reach the Government office in Dawson before him. At that rate he figured that Finck had a start of about ten minutes.

Out in a wilderness of snow he encountered a blizzard. The sharp little particles of snow and ice struck with such force that it was all he could do to keep the dogs from turning their course. Under his furs his wet garments froze to his skin. Yet he struggled on and as he emerged from the storm he sighted his quarry near the banks of the Yukon. Now McAdam as manager of the Victoria mine kept a powerful motor boat housed beneath the rocky cliffs that overlook the river at this point; and as the season was not yet sufficiently advanced for the river to be frozen it was by means of this boat that Finck aimed to reach Dawson.

The pursued sighted his pursuer as the blizzard passed away and he whipped his dogs to a furious pace. The cliffs stretched for more than half a mile, and he was obliged to drive along the bank for that distance to reach the lower shore and then turn back towards the boat. As he sped along the brink of the cliff he turned his head and saw the other sled nearly a mile behind. Triumph gleamed in his eye as he realized the impossibility of his being overtaken.

Jack Conor too realized that it was impossible and despair crept over him. He turned his team to follow Finck, but as the dogs bounded along he drew them suddenly to a halt, and throwing off his furs ran to the edge of the promontory and stood poised on the verge. With a spring he shot gracefully into the air; and as he did, he thought

of the many times he had dived from the top of the huge diving tower on the St. Lawrence amid the applause of admiring on-lookers. And he thanked the fates for the skill he had attained.

It seemed that he was suspended for minutes in the air. Finally he struck the ice-water with such force that he was nearly stunned. Then down, down, down, to the very bottom. Rising to the surface he stroked for shore. His nerves and muscles were numbed with the cold. The tired brain could scarcely act. Was it only his spirit that sustained him? he could not tell you. But reach the shore he did for "The Conors have always been fighters." Pulling himself up he drew an automatic from a rubber pouch and waited. Finck swung up and stepped from his sled. As he did so he saw a haggard figure standing ankle deep in the water. He drew a gun and levelled it. Then Jack Conor pulled the trigger.

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"So you're going to stay with us, old man. We were rather doubtful about that for some time." The speaker was Bob Alan and he was seated at the bedside of his one time adversary, now his best friend. Jack Conor looked around him in amazement. "Where,--What--Why am I here?" he exclaimed. His joyous comrade told him that if he were like most human beings he would not be there. "But" he added "one cause is your wonderful constitution, another that you are a better shot than Finck was."

However Jack Conor found that there was another cause in the form of Bob Alan himself, who had dared one of the greatest storms ever seen in the north and fought a hand-to-hand struggle with death over the body of his new-found friend.

A short time later a new mining company came into existence in the north. It was called "The Two-In-One"

Arthur Lister Murphy.

Forbidden Football.

A very curious old engraving has been discovered among some old books sold by a bookseller in Paris, in 1823, representing Negroes playing football.

The fact that there were eleven players and that their attitudes were the same as football players of today, led one of the leading French sporting journals to make enquiries into the origin of the game.

"In 1498," it says, "six years after the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus, the first Europeans who landed in Guiana were surprised to find that among the games played by the natives was a kind of football.

"The game was played by eleven persons, ten standing in a ring with one in the centre. The ball was of leather filled with down,"

The English game dates still farther back, repeated decrees prohibiting it having been issued by Edward II., EdwardIII., HenryIV., Henry VIII., and Queen Elizabeth. The first of these was issued as early as 1314!

The Noted Battle-Grounds of Canada.

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THIS fair Dominion, which is every Canadian's inheritance, was in its earlier days the scene of many a fierce conflict. Its history contains tales of battles in which the hardy pioneers, the forefathers of the present Canadian people, fought and bled, by the side of the regular forces of their mother countries, to win Canada and make it what it is to-day, a free and happy nation. On the heights of Quebec, on the shores of Cape Breton Island and of Lake Champlain, on Queenston Heights, and the narrow passage of Lundy's Lane, were fought Battles on which Canada's future largely depended.

The two most important conflicts that took place in Canada are the War of 1756-1763 and the War of 1812. The English were determined to completely overthrow French rule in America and, as a means of attaining this end, had resolved on the capture of Louisburg, Ticonderoga, and Quebec.

Louisburg was the greatest fortress in America. It was in the extreme east of Canada, on the island of Cape Breton, near the best fishing grounds and at the entrance of the ship channel into the St. Lawrence. A fortress there in which French fleets could safely shelter was like a shield for New France, and a sword against New England. In 1745, an army of New Englanders, under Sir William Pepperrell, had captured this fortress, but by the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748 it was given back to France.

The capture of this "Dunkirk of America" was the first part on the programme. For its conquest came a large fleet of war-ships and transports, bringing over twelve thousand men under the command of General Amherst. On the second of June, 1758, the fleet arrived in Gabarus Bay. A fierce storm was raging and it was a week before the English were able to effect a landing. At the first lull in the storm, boat-loads of English advanced towards the shore. Half of the garrison of Louisburg were awaiting them. A fierce struggle ensued, at the end of which the French were compelled to take refuge behind the ramparts of the town.

Louisburg was not prepared for a siege. The walls of the city were broken down; the earthen embankments had in many places fallen into ditches; most of the cannon were mounted on carriages so rotten that they could not stand the force of discharge. Nevertheless, Drucour, the gallant commander of Louisburg, continued to keep the French flag flying, and it was only after a fierce siege of seven weeks, and at the continued entreaties of the terrified non-combatants, that he at last gave in and hauled down the beloved fleur-de-lis.

While this siege was taking place, the French were meeting with success in the interior. General Abercrombie marched from Albany with a force of about 16,000 to attack the French fort, Ticonderoga. The French general, Montcalm was sent against

him with a force of less than 4,000. Near the fort was a high ridge and here Montcalm drew up his forces and awaited the approach of the enemy. The trees from the neighbouring forest were cut down and the trunks and branches were piled up to form a breastwork. Meanwhile the English were forcing a way through the dense forest. Their cannon had to be left behind, and when at length they arrived at the clearing, they were met by a storm of bullets from the French. Instantly they rushed forward. Falling, climbing, fighting, they strove to find a way through the network of fallen trees, but again and again they were driven back. For hours they fought bravely but at the end they were obliged to retreat, leaving two thousand dead and wounded in the awful death trap.

After Ticonderoga the tide of Fortune turned, and when one year later, General Wolfe was sent to attack Quebec, all knew that the future of Canada was about to be decided.

Quebec was in a favorable position for a fortress. Perched aloft on the top of the cliffs, two hundred feet above the level of the river, it was considered inpregnable. It was situated on the northern bank of the St. Lawrence. Up and down for miles, the coast was protected by a rocky wall, in many places too steep to be climbed, and in all easily defended by a few men against the approach of any army. Over a hundred cannon were mounted on the walls of the fortress and the garrison comprised two thousand men. For miles the river bank was defended by numerous batteries and a force of 14,000. How to master these conditions was the problem Wolfe had to solve, when in June 1759, he sailed up the St. Lawrence and landed his nine thousand men on the Isle of Orleans, seven miles below Quebec.

Wolfe's first action was to obtain possession of Point Levis and to bombard the town, one mile away. He next tried to land some of his men, but he was beaten back by the French. Again and again he made the attempt but he was always unsuccessful. After the siege had lasted eleven weeks without any decided advantage to either side, Wolfe began to despair of ever being able to capture this fortress. Just as he was thinking of giving up the siege, General Townshend, one of the officers under Wolfe, proposed a plan, which bold and daring as it was, he decided to adopt. Briefly, the plan was this: General Townshend had noticed that one part of the cliffs was very weakly defended, and that at that point the cliffs were not quite as steep as in other places. If on a dark night the troops went down the river to this spot, they might be able to climb the cliffs and overcome the French guard above. The night of September the twelfth was chosen for the attempt. As soon as it was dark enough, boat-loads of English soldiers went down the river to the landing place. The time chosen was fortunate, for a convoy of French boats bringing provisions was expected, and the guard posted at the foot of the cliffs took the English boats for them. After a hard climb the English at last gained the heights and quickly surprised and overpowered the small guard. When morning broke, the French were astonished to see nearly 5,000 English soldiers formed up in a line of battle, on the plains of Abraham one mile behind the town. Montcalm, the general in charge of Quebec, and victor at the battle of Ticonderoga, hastily mustered 7,500 men and resolved to fight the enemy on the open field. The English formed in a solid square and awaited the attack of the French. The latter rushed forward in disorder, eager to get at the enemy. Crash! came the English volley. The French

lines staggered, but recovering rushed forward, only to be met by a second volley fiercer even than the first. Again the English fired, then came the order, "Fix bayonets! Charge!" A short but fierce hand-to-hand struggle took place, at the end of which the French ranks broke and fled, hotly pursued by English bullets. The English loss was 600 dead and wounded; the French 1400. Wolfe, the English leader, pressing on in the thickest of the battle received a fatal wound. Carried to the rear of his army he suddenly heard a cheer and the cry, "They run! they run!" "Who run?" he asked of an officer near him, and upon receiving the reply "The enemy," uttered his memorable words, "God be praised! I die in peace." Wolfe's gallant foe Montcalm also received his death-wound in this famous battle. Wolfe being killed, the command now fell to General Townshend. Again forming up his soldiers he advanced to attack the town. But no further blow was needed; Quebec was a mass of ruins and had little means of defence. Four days after the battle, Ramesay, commander of the garrison, sent an officer with a white flag, to Townshend asking for terms of surrender. Matters were soon arranged. The soldiers were allowed to march out with all the honours of war, and the citizens were promised protection for themselves and their property and free enjoyment of their religion.

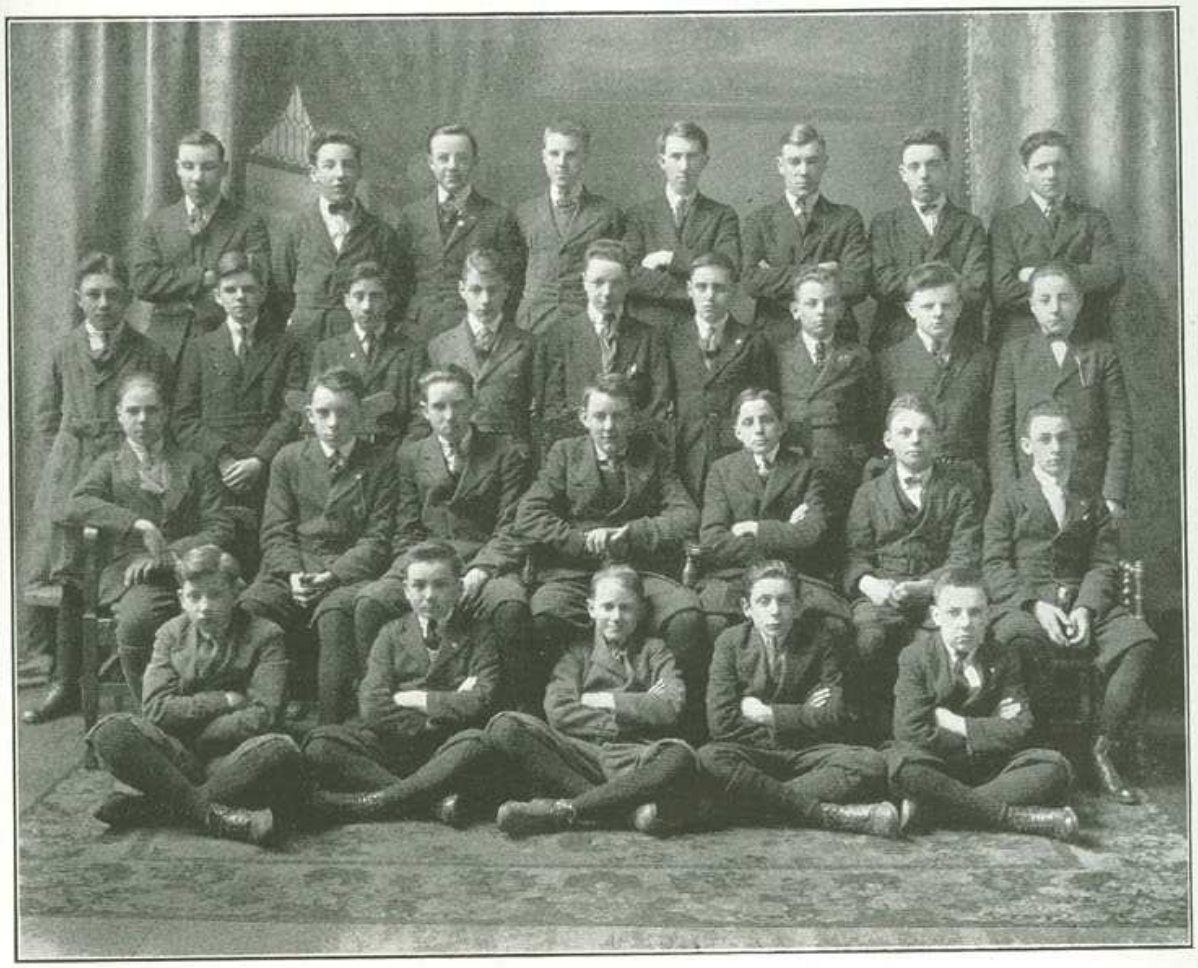
With the fall of Quebec, the future of Canada was decided. It was to be an English Colony and not a French one. But Canada was not yet destined for a reign of peace and happiness, for in the year 1812 the United States declared war on England, and they instantly attacked Canada. The first battle was fought at Detroit, when a Canadian army under General Brock captured that town. The Americans were determined to avenge this defeat, and in October, two months later, they sent a large force across the Niagara River to attack the Canadians on Queenston Heights. Half way up the Heights stood the Canadian battery, a single cannon, and this opened fire. But the Americans, advancing under cover of a much heavier fire, soon had thirteen hundred men on the Canadian side of the river. Earlier in the morning, General Brock, hearing the noise of the conflict, had ridden up from Fort George. An American officer, captain Wool, with a detachment of men, had gained the top of the Heights, and Brock instantly led his men straight up the steep incline to regain the lost position. Rushing forward in the face of a scathing fire, he cried, "Push on, brave York Volunteers!" A volley of musket balls was the answer and the brave general fell, shot through the breast. For hours the battle raged without any decided advantage being gained by either side. But later in the day, General Sheaffe, who by Brock's death was now commander, marched up from Fort George with a force of seven hundred men. Making a wide circuit, he approached the enemy from above. The Canadians, eager to avenge the death of Brock, fought fiercely, and after a brief hand-to-hand struggle drove the enemy over the brow of the precipice. Eleven hundred Americans surrendered unconditionally, and their brave leader Captain Wool was slain.

After this great victory of the Canadians, the war continued for nearly two years without any other decided victory being gained by either side. In the summer of 1814, a United States' army of about six thousand men, under General Brown, attacked and captured Fort Erie on the Niagara frontier. Brown then advanced to Chippewa, where he was met by General Riall and fifteen hundred men. Riall was easily defeated and retired, closely followed by Brown, to Lundy's Lane. General Drummond at Kingston hearing of Brown's invasion advanced with eight hundred troops to the seat

of the conflict. He met Riall in full retreat, joined forces with him and turned back for renewed conflict. And there on the night of July the twenty-fifth, within sound of the Niagara Falls, was fought the battle of Lundy's Lane, the most hotly contended of the whole war. The night was exceedingly dark and it was difficult to distinguish friend from foe. The cannon of the opposing parties swung almost mouth to mouth. Guns were taken and retaken. From six o'clock to midnight the battle raged fiercely, when suddenly the United States' forces drew back and retreated to Fort Erie. Both sides had lost nearly one thousand men. General Riall was wounded and taken prisoner and three United States' generals were severely wounded. Shortly after this battle, the Treaty of Ghent brought the war to a close.

Although the Canadians had done nothing to bring about this war, they had to bear its chief trials and hardships. England was at war with France and was unable to send any help to her Colonists. At that time the population of Canada was less than half a million, and that of the United States was over eight millions. Notwithstanding this fact, the Canadians alone were able to defend their fair country from the grasp of the invader. In a truly loyal manner did French and English Canadians fight side by side in a common cause, the defence of their Land—The Land of the Maple Leaf.

Cuthbert C. Stephens.



STUDENTS '21-22

By Bedford Basin.

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THERE is probably not a car owner in Halifax, who has not driven over the beautiful paved road to Bedford. But when feasting their eyes on the Basin, and its surrounding hills, have these drivers ever thought of the sights that have been reflected by that sheet of water, or silently watched by the wooded hills? For they must have been many and strange.

It was in the Basin that D'Anville sought shelter for his damaged ships and dying crew. Here he died of a broken heart and here his next in command, D'Estournel committed suicide. Many are the stories told of hidden treasure, and of men who, having been supposed to have found treasure, disappeared with it. But these stories have never been verified. However there are many who still believe that some day D'Anville's hidden riches will come to light.

Across the Basin from Birch Cove there are several cleared spots in the middle of the woods. These are called the French Gardens and are believed to be relics of D'Anville's expedition. At Birch Cove a woman found two crossed swords buried in her yard. Tradition says that there was a duel fought by two of D'Anville's officers and that one of them was killed. In all likelihood the crossed swords were the very ones used by those unfortunate men.

Several times have the waters of the Basin been disturbed by treasure hunters but without much success, even though they were aided by divers. The most they did however was to find the remains of some of the ships, which can still be seen under favorable conditions at low tide.

When the railway was being built, a chest of treasure was supposed to have been found, by two men, who disappeared with it, leaving only the hole, and an imprint of a cask in the mud. What they found or what became of them is still a mystery.

A little past Rockingham with its freight yards and Mount St. Vincent is the old house of Sherwood. This old house has had many distinguished persons under its roof. Bishop Stanzer and Haliburton owned it in turn. A little later Joseph Howe owned apartments in it for a short while.

A little further out we see all that remains of Prince's Lodge; the small round house on the shore, near the station of Prince's Lodge. Formerly a large and well laid out estate, this small place is all that is left. The Duke of Kent spent several years there. Back in the woods can be seen the grave of his favorite charger. The ruins of the beautiful estate is a favorite place for picnicers.

Proceeding on our way, we pass Moir's mills where the choclate is refined before being sent into Halifax, and finally arrive at Bedford. Bedford is the site of the old

Fort Sackville, which was until recently the outpost for the protection of Halifax in that direction.

The old Manor House, which is right next to the visible remains of Fort Sackville, was built of Norwegian oak, brought over to this country about a hundred and twenty-five years ago. But in spite of its age it stands as firm as the day it was built. Its huge beams are joined by wooden pegs, very few nails being used in building it.

Nearly every year, when the fields around Fort Sackville are ploughed, many curious things are unearthed, from musket shot to old rusted swords.

Just back of the old Manor House is a small log cabin almost overgrown with moss. It is said to be as old as fort Sackville, and is built of huge beams of wood, some of them two feet thick.

Bedford, the scene of many queer happenings, and with its old traditions, is now quite a modern village, having one of the best rifle ranges in Eastern Canada, a sheet of water unparalleled for sailing and boating, a tennis club, and a newly formed golf club.

J. L. Atwood

A Scottish Hero—William Wallace.

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WHAT Robert Emmett is to Ireland, William Wallace is to Scotland. He lived at a period when Edward I of England obtained a footing in Scotland through the disputed succession. Once there, that wily monarch determined to remain, and in a short time the country was under the heel of the invader. Many of the Scotch nobles, the natural leaders of the people, had deserted them and joined the enemy. At this perilous moment Wallace arose to fight the battle of suffering freedom and national independence.

He began his public career by attacking outlying parties of the English, and his followers increased with his success. With the co-operation of Bruce, Moray, and other leaders of note he succeeded in organising an army and capturing many castles occupied by the enemies of his country. Edward, alarmed at the success of the rising sent a large army of 40,000 men into Scotland under the command of Henry Percy. They marched through Annandale on to Irvine where Robert Bruce and other nobles were lying in arms. Sad indeed it is to relate that the hero who later made himself so famous at the Battle of Bannockburn now concluded a treaty with the English without striking a single blow.

A copy of this treaty was sent to Wallace, who was then in the North organising an army in conjunction with the brave Moray. Both leaders utterly disregarded it. Although our hero was much pained at the action of Bruce, nevertheless, his enthusiam for the noble cause he had espoused was in no way diminished.

Just as he had begun the siege of the castle of Dundee, the tidings came that the English were marching on Sterling. Wallace immediately saw his opportunity and ordered the citizens to withstand the siege while he hurried off with his army to guard the passage of the Forth. His skill and strategy as a general were shown on this

occasion. He posted his men on a small hillock which commanded the bridge of Sterling. The English army of about 50,000 lay on the opposite bank. The enemy took the offensive and when about one half the army was across the bridge, Wallace by a well planned move attacked the rear, while the main body of the Scots rushed down and assailed the forming lines of the English This move completely bewildered the English, and many of them having been slain in the fight or drowned in the river, the rest fled in disorder.

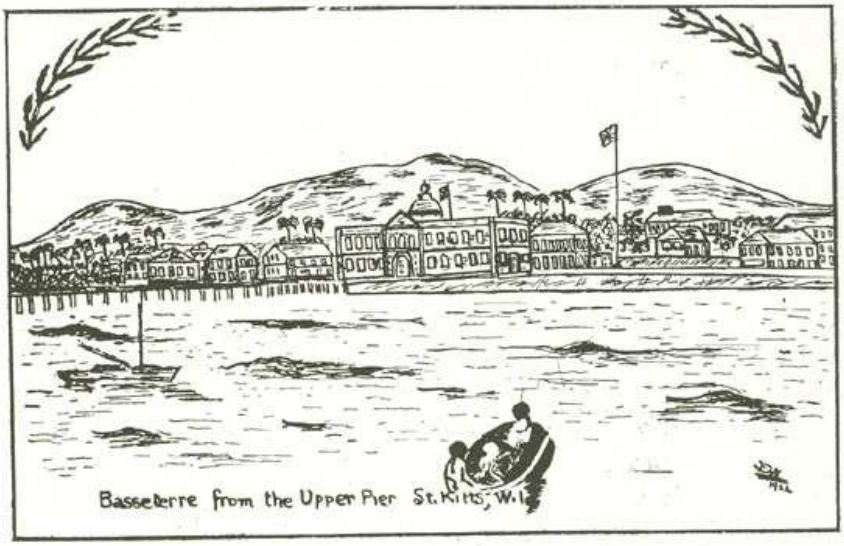
Shortly after this great victory Wallace was chosen by his grateful countrymen guardian of the kingdom and leader of its armies. The elevation of a man of rather humble origin to such a high position was very distasteful to many of the higher nobles. By their jealousy and animosity they rendered his success almost impossible. So when Edward I invaded Scotland in 1298, Wallace was unable to oppose him. In the despairing hope of starving and wearying out the enemy he drove off the live stock and destroyed whatever might be left of use to the enemy. At last through treachery he was forced to give battle near Falkirk. But notwithstanding his skill as a general he sustained a crushing defeat because of his lack of sufficient numbers to oppose the enemy. However our hero whose hopes were well nigh shattered in this battle, succeeded in evading capture and retired northward with the remnant of his army. Edward meanwhile was unable to follow up his victory and attain the object of his invasion—the complete subjection of the Scots. Owing to the starving condition of his army he was compelled to return to England.

A short time after the Battle of Falkirk Wallace resigned the reins of government and two chiefs John Comyn of Badenoch and John de Foules were appointed guardians. For the next five or six years Wallace was not actively engaged in fighting, but he was striving in several other ways to serve his country. During this time he went to France and endeavoured to enlist that country's sympathy for his unhappy country.

Edward in the meantime had again invaded Scotland with a large army, and although successful in reducing many castles still had to return home without gaining any important success. Finally in 1305 he prepared for its invasion on an enormous scale with the determination to reduce it to subjection or render it a desert. The Scots were unable to cope with his overwhelming force and after a gallant resistance terminating with the heroic defence of Sterling Castle, they sued for peace. Edward was very magnanimous in the terms offered to Comyn, De Foulis and other chieftains but Wallace the bravest and noblest of them all was to surrender unconditionally.

On the 22nd. of August 1305 he was captured in Glasgow through the treachery of some of the higher nobility. The following day he was conveyed in fetters to London where he was tried for treason. But how could he be a traitor when he had never sworn allegiance to the crowned head of England? Comyn and other nobles pleaded for him but to no avail. The magnanimity which he had shown to English prisoner fallen into his hands was not shown to him;and he was condemmed to the ignominious death of a traitor. He was executed in a cruel manner. But the cause was not entirely lost, for the heroic actions and noble deeds which he performed and the patriotism and love of freedom which he inflamed in the hearts of the people will live down the road of time. He has been the idol of every true blooded Scot for centuries, and they will always cherish with warmth the loving memory of Sir William Wallace, a name that stands for everything that is good, true and noble.

George McDonald



The Long Long Trail.

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"Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds on their starry wings
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"—*Mrs. Hemans.*

FROM Trinidad, the land of the Humming Bird, the Land of perpetual summer, to Canada, our Lady of the Snows, is a long, long journey, and it was with mingled feelings that I looked forward to undertaking it. There was the excitement of travel; the prospect of seeing foreign lands; lands of which I had read so much, and of which I had often formed a mental picture. There was also the expectation of seeing frozen lakes and streams, and landscapes buried in snow, and the strange sensation of cold to be yet experienced. On the other hand there was the thought of leaving home and friends and acquaintances, and beign a stranger among strangers. There was the thought of leaving Trinidad, which, though I could not claim it as my native place, I had in time grown to love and to prefer to any other spot on earth. While the day of my departure was still more or less in the distant future, the former predominated, but as it approached nearer and nearer, my feelings became less pleasant, and when the day of my departure dawned I heartily wished that it could be deferred. But such was not to be,

and at three-thirty in the evening a little tender steered out from the pier and quickly brought me alongside the R. M. S. P. Caraquet, which was destined to be my floating home for the next eight days. We were scheduled to sail at six p. m. that day Saturday, but even in Trinidad things don't always run on schedule time, and it was not until after midnight that we weighed anchor and steamed along the coast, through the Grand Bocas, and out into the deep blue waters of the Caribbean Sea.

West Indians are early risers, and before six o'clock on the following morning all of the passengers, including myself, were up on deck watching the receding shores of "La Trinidad."

Anyone who has never stood on the deck of a steamer slowly ploughing its way through tropical seas, in the early hours of the morning, and before the hot rays of the sun have become almost unbearable, with the cool sea breezes fanning his cheeks, has yet to experience one of the pleasantest sensations of life. But in my case sadness was mingled with this pleasure, as I thought of the long time that would elapse before I should tread again the streets of dear old Port-of-Spain. However, these thoughts did not last very long, and I was soon enjoying myself as well as any hardened traveller. Even so enjoyable a thing as a trip on the Caribbean Sea presents most of the features associated with any other sea-voyage, and life aboard the R. M. S. P. Caraquet was pretty much the same as life aboard any other steamer. The days were devoted to chatting, reading, playing games, and strolling the deck—and, of course, faithful attendance at the dining-room; for until we reached Bermuda very few were sea-sick.

If I enjoyed the early hours of the morning, I enjoyed the nights still more. For, when I had last travelled through these waters the war was on, and every light had to be obscured; we were only allowed to proceed at half-speed; a feeling of uneasiness and mystery prevailed. Now all this changed, and going at full speed, and with every light shown, the ship ploughed her way towards the island of Grenada.

Towards noon on Sunday we entered the small but pretty harbour of St. George's town. This is the capital of Grenada, and it is remarkable for its peculiar construction. The town is split in two by a small hill, the two halves being connected by a tunnel driven through the entire width of this hill. We stayed only a few hours in Grenada, and at three o'clock we were once more on the apparently endless expanse of waters, and for four hours more we sailed on towards St. Vincent.

I shall say nothing about St. Vincent because there is nothing to say, except that it is the most out-of-the-way, lonely and insignificant little island. Perhaps that is putting it a little too strongyl, but we stopped there for six hours, and it was six hours too many.

Having left St. Vincent we were once more on the deep blue sea, and early on Monday morning we could see the shores of Barbados away in the distance. As we approached nearer and nearer the outline of the island grew more distinct, and we could easily distinguish the city of Bridgetown and the crowd of small boats awaiting our approach. As soon as the customs officer departed and the passengers were preparing to take a run ashore, cries of, "De Mary Jane, sah, take de Mary Jane. She's ah good boat, sah," "No listen to him, sah! tek de Rosebud, sah! she's a better boat,"

arose from the throats of the boatmen as each one tried to outdo his neighbor in his frantic and comical efforts to obtain a job. After three boatmen had practically carried me down the gangway, each one trying to convince the other two that I had engaged him, I was at last seated in one of their boats, and quickly brought to the landing-place. Now, I may remark that, as a loyal Trinidadian, I should not say a good word about the Barbadians or the "Bajans." For I may inform my readers that a deadly feud exists between the Trinidadians and the "Bajans." The former always beat the latter at football, and the latter always beat the former at cricket (except last year, when Trinidad, by defeating Demerara and Barbados, won the Intercolonial Cricket Championship). And furthermore the Bajans think themselves better than the Trinidadians, whereas the latter are fully aware of their superiority to the "mere Bajans." In spite of all this family history, I must confess that Barbados is not such a bad place. I spent about seven hours ashore, and then I returned aboard, to find the ship surrounded by small, flat-bottomed canoes managed by negroes, who were crying out to the passengers to throw coins overboard. These men and boys are remarkably good divers. If a coin is thrown overboard they will dive after it, and one of them will always get it. One man dived off from the boat deck, and another even dived under the ship. We spent forty-eight hours in Barbados, and then, after another short sail, we arrived at St. Lucia. This is the only island that has a harbour deep enough to allow the ship to come right up to the dock. After the ship was securely moored we proceeded to take in coal. Coaling at this port is carried on in a very unique way. Two gangways are let down from the deck to the dock, and the chutes leading to the coal bunkers are opened. Then hundreds of negro women—for only women do this work—bearing baskets upon their heads—for that is the usual way that the negroes carry heavy loads—filled with coal from the nearby coal stacks, walk up one gangway, dump the coal into the chutes, and walk down the other. As they proceed down the second gangway they are presented with the magnificent sum of one penny. We spent fifteen hours in St. Lucia which gave the passengers time to go ashore and take a look at the many beauties of the capital, Castries.

At eleven o'clock on Thursday night we left St. Lucia, and at daybreak we were passing the island of Martinique, the birthplace of Josephine, wife of Napoleon Bonaparte, and famous for the terrible volcanic eruption in the year 1902. We did not stop at this island ,but from the deck of the boat we could easily notice the layers of lava on the slopes of the central mountain range, a significant reminder of the terrible disaster which without a monent's warning buried a whole city, taking toll of the lives of almost every human being.

A few hours later we were entering the harbour of Roseau, Dominica. Dominica is famous among the West Indies for its splendid oranges. Here some more divers came off to dive for coins, but they were by no means as good as the divers in Barbadoes The passengers went ashore for a short time, but soon the ship's siren was whistling loudly, and back we went to our home. Dominica was soon far behind, and in four hours we dropped anchor at Montserrat. This island is famous all over the world for its lime-juice, but for very little else; so that it was not with any great feeling of regret that we learned we were only going to spend three hours there.

On Saturday morning we awoke to find the ship anchored off St. John's, Antigua. This island has a very shallow harbor, as a result of which we had to travel over three

miles in a small launch before we landed in St. John's. I was anxious to leave Antigua, for the next island was St. Kitts, my native land. But it was not until the early hours of Sunday morning that we weighed anchor and were once more ploughing through the deep blue sea. On Sunday morning I went on deck, to find Antigua a mere mist on the horizon, and the island of Nevis quite near at hand, with St. Kitts just eleven miles away. We did not stop at Nevis, but I must say a little about it, for it is a very friendly neighbour of St. Kitts. The great English Admiral Lord Nelson, while on a voyage in the West Indies was married here. The record of this marriage is carefully preserved and may be seen by visitors. Both this island and its sister colony, St. Kitts, were pirate strongholds during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

In a couple of hours we were safely anchored in Basseterre Roadstead, and I was soon ashore, treading the familiar streets of my native town. St. Kitts was called the Mother of the West Indies, but whether it still deserves this title I would rather not say. I stayed for two weeks in St. Kitts, until the arrival of the R. M. S. P. Chignecto when I was once again on the wide waters of the Caribbean and the second stage of my journey had commenced. My stay in St. Kitts was a very pleasant one. As I have already said, I arrived there on Sunday morning. As soon as I landed I learned that Mass in the nearby Catholic Church had just commenced, so I at once proceeded there. After Mass I went back to the place where I was staying, and spent the remainder of the day in talking about all that had happened since I was last in St. Kitts. Throughout the following two weeks I was busy visiting old friends and acquaintances One of my friends had a human skull, placed in a glass case, hung up in his bedroom. He claims that it is the skull of one of the many pirates who were executed in St. Kitts in the earlier centuries. It was found in the spot where the bodies were supposed to be buried, so I am inclined to agree with him, especially as quite a number of skeletons were discovered in the same place. I also paid a visit to my old school, the Convent, and found that most of the pupils who had been there in my time had left.

The two weeks passed quickly, and on Saturday morning, fourteen days after my arrival, I was again bidding good-bye to friends and relations and was soon aboard the Chignecto. As we steamed slowly along the coast, I could see the peak of the Volcano, Mount Misery, while not far from it was Brimstone Hill, famous for its old fortress.

Two hours after leaving St. Kitts the steering gear broke, and for nearly an hour we were drifting idly about. However, it was soon fixed,and it was not long before St. Kitts had disappeared below the horizon. With its disappearance a great feeling of loneliness came over me. Every one around me was a stranger. Everyone that I would meet on my journey would be a stranger. After leaving Trinidad I had St. Kitts to look forward to, and the thought of seeing familiar faces and places again. The islands were all familiar, for I had travelled from St. Kitts to Trinidad and vice versa four or five times. After leaving St. Kitts I felt that I had now really left home. Everything that I should see from now on would be strange. I would not see one familiar face or one familiar scene for I didn't know how long. However, I soon got acquainted with some of the passengers and forgot my woes in a game of deck quoits. Four days after leaving St. Kitts we arrived at the Bermudas. This is a group of small islands said to be of coral formation and numbering 365 in all. We stayed there for thirty-six hours, but I did not land as it was very stormy.

On Thursday night we bade farewell to Hamilton and were soon headed for the land of the Maple. On Monday morning I got my first experience of cold. It was a strange sensation,—one I had never felt before, foi it must be remembered that the lowest temperature in St. Kitts is 75 degrees Fahrenheit, and Trinidad is hotter—and I must say the sensation was more strange than pleasant. There I stood shivering and chattering on deck, wondering what on earth I should do when I had to undergo the rigours of a real Canadian winter, of which this was but a mild foretaste. As we passed up the Bay of Fundy I got my first sight of Canada, and when the boat sailed into the harbour of St. John, and I had walked down the gangway, I felt sure that I was indeed in a foreign land; everything was strange, everything was different from home. There was one consolation—it was by no means as cold in the city of St. John as it was coming up the Bay of Fundy. Next day, a few hours delightful sail brought me to Digby. Taking train here I passed through the famous and beautiful "Land of Evangeline." It was early in October, and, accustomed as I was to the glorious foliage of the tropics I had to confess that there was a beauty—different indeed and not so gorgeous— in the wonderful colours of birch and maple and evergreen such as I had never seen before. A few hours later the train steamed into Halifax station and in twenty minutes time I was in St. Mary's College and the "Long Long Trail" had ended.

C. C. Stephens.

Life's Architecture.

An architect is man who raises one,
And only one great edifice, his life;
Throughout the days, throughout the rolling years
He builds it, grand and beautiful, or base,
According as he wills, this wondrous life,
His noblest work, his greatest monument.
Some fashion huts of mud that reek of earth
Ignoble, base, and hideous to see;
And others, knights, Crusaders, fighting on
Build Norman castles, strongly fortified
Against their foes of spirit and of flesh;
And some there are of gen'rous soul, who raise
Cathedrals marble white of Gothic mould,
Whose graceful pinnacles and lofty spires,
Reaching from earth and piercing through the night,
Rise Upwards to the stars and unto God.

Juanita O'Connor

Saint Columba.

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IRELAND, the land of the Shamrock, has produced many holy and venerable men, who have suffered very many hardships for God and their beloved country. One of these was St. Columba,' the apostle and monastic hero of Caledonia. He was born at Garton, Donegal, on December 7, 521, and was descended from one of the eight sons of the great king Niall of the nine Hostages, who was supreme monarch of Ireland when the great St. Patrick was brought to the island as a slave. Consequently, Columba sprang from a race that had reigned in Ireland for six centuries, and in virtue of the ordinary law of succession, might himself have been called to the throne.

Before his birth his mother, who belonged to a reigning family in Leinster, had a dream in which an angel appeared to her and said,"Thou art about to become the mother of a son who shall blossom for heaven, who shall be recorded among the prophets of God and who shall lead many souls to the heavenly country."

During his childhood, Columba was confided to the care of the priest who baptized him and who gave him the first rudiments of his education. From his earliest boyhood he was accustomed to see heavenly visions and his guardian angel often appeared to him. On one occasion the angel asked him what virtues he wished most to posess. He chose chastity and wisdom. Immediately after, three young maidens came to him and embraced him and said that their names were virginity, wisdom and prophecy, and that they came to remain with him always.

After he left the care of the priest, Columba entered the great monastic schools, where he learned the first steps in the monastic life. He devoted himself to prayer, study and manual labor. He completed his monastic studies under the direction of two holy abbots named Finnian. He was ordained priest by the elder Finnian.

After he left these two abbots he diligently strove to spread the faith of Christ. Thus, before he reached the age of twenty-five he had founded thirty-seven monasteries in Ireland alone. He had a great taste for poetry and music and wrote both poems and songs. He was attached to Derry and lived there habitually and composed many songs in honour of the place.

While visiting his old master, Finnian, he found means to make a hurried and secret copy of the abbot's Psalter by shutting himself in the church where the Psalter rested. Finnian found out about it and demanded the copy when it was finished, but Columba refused to give it up, and the decision was referred to king Dermott, supreme monarch of Ireland, who lived in close union with the church. He gave the famous verdict which has passed into a proverb in Ireland—"To every cow her calf and to every book its copy." Columba loudly protested, saying it was an unjust decision. He fled to his own country and enlisted aid of the king of Connaught whose son Dermott had killed while he was under the protection of Columba. All the clans to the north and west answered to the call of Columba while those in the south and east joined Dermott's standard. Dermott was completely beaten, but the success of the battle is attributed to St. Columba. He was present at the fight and took upon himself the responsibility of the bloodshed.

Columba was soon filled with remorse. He was accused by the synod of Tylte of having been instrumental in the shedding of Christian blood, and a sentence of excommunication was pronounced against him. Columba went to the synod and with the help of a holy abbot named Brendon the sentence was withdrawn.

He then went from monastery to monastery seeking out holy monks and asking them what he should do in penance for his sins. None of them satisfied him. At last he came upon a monk named Malaise, famous for his knowledge of Holy Scripture. This monk reproved him severely and gave him, as a penance, perpetual exile from Ireland and telling him he should convert one pagan for every Christian slain on his account. Columba bowed his head and vowed to perform the penance.

When he announced to his disciples that he was bound to leave Ireland twelve of them immediately determined to follow him. In 563, the forty-second year of his age, Columba and his followers set sail from Ireland. They landed on a small island named Iona off the south-west coast of Scotland. Columba climbed the highest peak on the island and finding that he couldn't see the shores of Ireland, he determined to remain there.

For a long while they lived in small huts made of branches of trees, but, after a while, Columba permitted them to build a large wooden monastery. His heart was always filled with a passionate regret for his country. But, however sad he may have been it did not turn him from his work of expiation. He received many visitors on the island and many people came to join his monastery. When anybody came to visit him, Columba first washed their feet and then kissed them. After a time the

island was found to be too small for all the people that came. Monasteries were founded on many of the neighboring islands and also on the mainland of Scotland, then inhabited by the savage Picts. At this time there were 300 monasteries and 90 churches on Iona and the neighboring isles, all of which were founded by Columba.

The Picts were very warlike and they resisted Columba. But after a while he was successful in converting them. He spent the most of his time after their conversion visiting his monasteries and also the small islands of the Hebrides. He worked many miracles here and was called the master of the winds by the inhabitants. Columba, seeing that he was very old and had not much longer to live, visited all his monasteries and blessed them. After that he retired to his first monastery on Iona.

At midnight, 9th June, 597, as the bell rang for the Matins of the Sunday festival, he rose and hastened, before the other monks, to the church, where he knelt down before the altar. The whole community soon arrived and Columba raised his hand to bless them; his hand dropped, the last sigh came from his lips, and his face remained calm and sweet like that of a man who, in his sleep, had seen a vision of heaven, and thus this holy man passed away to his heavenly reward.

J. Charles MacNeill.

The Great Outdoors.

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THE out of doors is the great play ground of a tired world. Men turn to the forests and streams when they seek recreation, from he first lone angler in springtime, to the last tired hunter ploughing through winter's snows. They come form all classes, represent every type, from the amateur geologist to the alert ndustrious botanist busy with a new specimen from nature's wild flower garden. It is a hobby to most men; a vocation to some; and a pleasant pastime for all.

"Make friends with the birds, and get to know them." said an old guide to me once. "You'll find it the best sport you've ever known."

I took that bit of advice, added a little care and patience, and now when the catbirds calls on a Waverly road or anywhere else, I dont find myself looking for an abandoned kitten and venting my wrath on people who leave their cats to starve on lonely roads.

This jolly little dweller of the thicket is a fine example with which to begin acquaintance with local birds. You will hear him mimicking a cat to perfection. If you seek him out and wait long enough he will favor you with a selection entirely his own. He singswell but prefers stolen notes, and his solo is generally a medley of familiar airs. His color is almost black, with a jet spot on the crown and chestnut brown coverts under tail.

Certain parts of the arm shore, especially in the late afternoons of summer are favorite fishing spots for kinglets. What a patient angler the little fellow is! and how expert in diving! You hear the splash and see the plunge, and you imagine a stone has been thrown. But a monent later you notice a flash of olive green and dull white, and your gaze follows him to a nearby branch where he patiently awaits another opportunity.

Take another example. In your winter walks about the Park you will notice a great number of cheerful little black and white fellows, who do wonderful acrobatic tricks from limb to limb chirping gaily all the time as though the snow and ice would never come. The sociable chickadee is a favorite winter bird, and he is well worth study and observation.

Again, what bird is more common or more interesting than the blue jay. These blue colored dandies are very abundant locally. You may meet them almost anywhere, and for certain, where a large colony of squirrels is situated. To them a day is a day lost, without a few hot words in one language or another with the squirrels. They delight also in playing the policeman, attacking owls and hawks with great clamor, and in general attempting to drive all bad birds from the country. But they are rogues as far as their own personal character is concerned; and its one of the pleasures of the game to catch them at any of their odd tricks.

Owls are a complete study in themselves; hawks are another class of birds well worth observation; and the crows afford comedy and action enough anytime. Quite an interesting article in fact could be written on almost any single species; a note book, a pair of field glasses, a text book and plenty of care and patience are all the hobby needs.

Halifax is an ideal location for the bird lover. He may start from town and stray in a dozen directions, and be certain to find profitable hunting grounds. The district about Bedford and Waverly is especially interesting. Some time ago in a trip from Lakeview through Bedford and out back of Jack's Lake into Hammonds Plains I observed eighteen different types of birds including a whippoorwill—exceedingly rare in these parts. On another occasion I spotted a Snowy Owl in a deep thicket near Windsor Junction. Such finds of course, to the amateur bird lover, come sometimes as intensely gratifying rewards. Its a rare thing to hear the song of a whippoorwill in Nova Scotia or observe a common resident of the Artic regions, in this province. And the true bird lover gets no small satisfaction out of such treasure—strikes.

Entirely apart from the pleasure one gets in learning to know and observe birds and their habits, there is a distinct enjoyment in studying nature in her many different moods and aspects. Each sunset is different, and every sunrise is a fresh revelation of nature's bounteous supply of beauty.

One of the finest sunrises I ever saw, was one that followed a night of brilliant moonlight. And that was several years ago, but even now its remembrance is a delightful memory. And those days and nights in the woods, when we slept beneath the fir trees, and rose half-frozen at dawn—they had their discomforts as well—are times never to be forgotten.

In the great out-doors—and they are not far distant from Halifax—there is a wealth of pleasure and enjoyment of the rarest sort. It is there for the seeking; and

when everything is considered there is no more worth while pursuit. A cheap tent some food, a few well chosen books and two weeks of leisure—these are the essentials for two weeks of as pure happiness as earth holds. And I know of little else as powerful as the smile of Nature in her fields and streams, where the treatment and cure of an anxious and unsettled mind is concerned.

No wonder that a certain aged scholar who loved the fields as well as his books, and who found himself mortally sick in the depth of winter, was prompted to exclaim: "Oh, if I could only live to have one more day in the woods!" Perhaps, he had a feeling that one day in the summer woods would prove more potent than all the drugs in existence—nay, even a restorative of long lost youth!

F. G. Hawes.

A Latter-Day Martyr.

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TIMES have greatly changed since the days when the might of the Roman Empire spent itself in a vain endeavour to stamp out a faith preached by a few poor and illiterate fisherman; since the days when the sands of the Roman Coliseum were filled with the blood of Christians, torn limb from limb by savage beasts, or tortured and put to death by still more savage men. Looking back to those times and to the men of those days we sometimes feel as if the Christian martyrs were not men of flesh and blood. They were however weak men like ourselves, deriving their firmness and courage not from superior powers of natural endurance but from grace which makes the weak man stronger than his enemies, powerful and strong as they may be. Yet in our own day there have been martyrs, and men of the twentieth century have suffered tortures as great and have borne as glorious testimony to the truth of the Gospel as any of the martyrs of antiquity. Such a one was Theophane Venard martyred at Tong-King, China in 1865.

Theophane was born in France on November 21st. 1829, the feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin. His parents were very saintly and holy people who placed religion and honour before all else. They saw that their children were carefully brought up and educated and they encouraged Theophane in his intention formed at a very early age of becoming a priest. He was sent to College at Douay and Mont Morillon. Her he made rapid strides in his studies and at a comparatively early age he was transferred to what was known as the Grand Seminaire at Poitiers with the intention of studying for the priesthood. Here with his calm and subtle intellect and abilities very much above the common he at once distinguished himself among his companions. His humility however was great and he always tried to avoid notice.

Theophane found his thoughts turning more and more towards the Foreign Missions and at last after two years at the "Grand Seminaire" he realized that he was called upon to be a foreign missionary and to endure all the discomforts and dangers

of a missionary's life, even perhaps at the risk of losing his life at the hands of the very people he was endeavouring to bring to a knowledge of the Faith. Nothing daunted by the dismal prospect of a missionary's life Theophane wrote home asking for permission to enter the Foreign Mission College. This was a terrible blow to his family as it meant a life-long separation. His father however, with true Christian spirit and the faith of Abraham wrote to him as follows:-"I would not reply to your letter at once, my dearest son for poor human nature would have its way at first. But to-day I am calmer and I hasten to fulfill your wishes. You ask for my consent. I give it to you without restriction. All that gives you pleasure gives it to me likewise, cost what it will"

Theophane on receipt of this letter set out for the Foreign Mission College at Paris. Here the few years spent in study and prayer soon passed away and the time of his preparation being over he was ready to start his noble work. On September 19th, 1852 Theophane left the home and fatherland he was never to see again with his mortal eyes. His destination was China and after a long and tiresome sea-voyage he landed at Hong-Kong, in company with four other missionaries. He stayed here for fifteen months and devoted himself to learning the Chinese language which on account of its different dialects was a most arduous and wearisome task.

At the end of this time Theophane departed for Tong-King the district assigned to him for his labours. He spent some little time in acquiring a working knowledge of the dialect and then went forth to labour in that part of the vine-yard assigned to him. His life spent in toils and hardships was happy, though persecution was not lacking even from the beginning.

Persecutions were very severe at this time The Mandarins were especially active in this respect and by their pillage and rapacity led the Christians a hard life. They destroyed their churches and divided the plunder from them among themselves., and martyred the priests. The missionaries lived in hollows and caverns with a price upon their heads and if captured were beheaded. Bishop Retord writes"Two new edicts fulminated against us have greatly kindled the zeal and fury of the pagan governors. Our chapels are destroyed, our houses demolished, our students dispersed and our money wasted in vain attempts to redeem our converts." Thus it will be seen what stirring times Theophane lived in.

And now Theophane had need of all his courage and fortitude, for while on a mission in the village of But-Son, he was like his Master, cruelly betrayed to his enemies. On the 30th. of November about nine o'clock in the morning five or six junks carrying about twenty men appeared a few yards from the missioner's house. They were led by an old chief named Cai-Do. Leaving his Junks he marched with his men to the mission house and siezed Fr. Venard and his faithful servant. They carried them before the judge who tried to make them renounce their religion but they firmly and boldly refused to do this, saying they would die in the same faith they had lived in. After this they were taken to prison and Theophane spent several very disagreeable months in a cage reserved for Christians. At the end of that time he was sentenced to be beheaded.

On the morning of Feb. 3rd. Theophane joyously set out to receive his crown. He was first taken to the house of the Mandarin, where his sentence was announced to

him. In reply Theophane made a short discourse in which he stated that he had come to Tong-King to teach the true religion and that he was going to die for the same cause. Turning to the judges he said, "One day we shall meet each other again at the tribunal of God." The Mandarin rose hastily and saying that he would have no insolence ordered the convoy to start at once. Surrounded by two hudred soldiers Theophane was led to the place of execution which was about half an hour's walk from the house of the Mandarin. Arrived there, the brutal executioner asked him what he would give him to have the sentence executed quickly, to which Theophane answered "The longer it lasts the better it will be." His arms were bound behind his back, he was tied to the stake, and at a given signal the executioner struck him on the neck with the sword; the blow was badly aimed and a second and a third were necessary before the sacrifice was completed and the soul of Theophane had wafted its way to join the ranks of the blessed.

The blood of martyrs has always been the seed of the Faith and we may hope that the blood of Theophane Venard has fallen on a fruitful soil and that a glorious future awaits the cause for which he died. The remarkable success to-day attending the China Mission gives us every reason to believe that even in our own day this hope is being realized.

J. Friel

India, the Land of Extremes

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THOUGH India is debased and degraded now, yet it still retains that shadow of past greatness which even the ravages of time and enemies cannot efface from the land whose wealth and power once surpassed all the glory and pomp of Ancient Rome. But though here man's triumphs soar to the highest pinnacle in the stately form of the world famous Taj Mahal,—erected, by a husband, in one of the most worthy causes that ever have inspired the oriental mind;—to the memory of a true and faithful wife and mother; from this and similar masterpieces reminders of the once Great Mogul Empire, the India of today suddenly falls to the lowest imaginable depths of filth, poverty, misery and superstition. It is truly a country well styled the "Land of Extremes" for here one finds no golden mean.

In the palace of the native prince who still retains the hereditary domains of his ancient house is found wealth and magnificence unsurpassed; while in the unsanitary, crowded hut of the poorer native is found nothing but the direst poverty and misery. In the fertile sections are seen great plains and valleys covered by the most luxuriant tropical growth of palms and flowers broken here and there by the gleaming white

walls of some extensive garden; in the center of which like a great glittering bubble is set the marble palace of some wealthy land owner or possibly one of India's numerous temples, whose airy form seems ready at any moment to rise from its early foundation among the dark green foliage and float away to the smiling skies.

In a near by section of this unique country, however the eye is met by a scene precisely the opposite to the one described above. It is a vast arid desert upon whose burning sands the sun glares pitilessly during the long day; and which at night is fanned only by scorching blasts of wind which sweep unchecked over the vast plains causing all vegetable as well as animal life in the path to wither and die.

India is in the minds of all to-day by reason of the political unrest and disturbances reported to prevail there. For beneath swarthy skins there may dwell a love for liberty and freedom as passionate as any that ever prompted the Hindu's white brother to deeds of daring that have caused a sympathizing and admiring world to gasp with surprise.

The natives of India are agitating for the right of Self-Government. Whether what is generally understood by this term would be advantageous to the country or not, is doubtful. For when we consider that within the boundaries of this ancient empire nearly two hundred different dialects, each unintelligible to the other are spoken, it is hard to imagine how such a policy would insure internal peace. Moreover although England's rule in India has been criticised by men of every race, yet it is an undeniable fact that if once the protecting hand of Britain was removed from so tempting a prize it would become the objective of every powerful European nation and there would result for India a rule far harsher than she experiences under the present system.

Hinduism has more followers than any other religious belief in India. Second in importance comes Mohometanisn; in fact King George, Emperor of India, has more Moslem subjects than the former Sultan himself. The greatest antipathy exists between the followers of these two beliefs; one having the greatest contempt for what the other considers most sacred. But a still more powerful factor in preventing the unification of India's people is the detestful caste system that holds complete sway in that country. The castes are reckoned in four distinct degrees.—The Brahmins, the highest class, claim that they sprang originally from the mouth of Brahma the Supreme Being. Accordingly, whether they are rich or poor, regardless of what may be their occupation, the members of all other castes must yield them homage and obedience. It is the belief amongst the Hindus that the soul of the person who strikes a Brahmin will after death inhabit the body of an inferior animal for twenty-one generations. The other castes are the warrior, merchant and servile. As one is born in India so must he die. None can rise or fall from the society that claimed the allegiance of his father. In order to preserve this distinction the rules governing the actions of every man are hard and rigidly enforced. In fact it would be necessary for a Brahmin to refuse succor to his inferior although the latter might be dying by the way side. Thus we see why India's millions have not long ago united and driven the conquering invader into the sea.

Some additional examples of the depths of superstition to which India has fallen are found in the almost supreme worship and adoration paid by the people to the Thugs

and Fakirs. The Thugs are the professional stranglers of the country. For many years these barbarians committed the most treacherous and atrocious murders upon those whom they had lulled to security by advances of friendship. Yet all this was done in the name and honor of their special patroness the Goddess of Kali. Having robbed their victim of all valuables the body was placed in a grave previously dug by pickaxes blessed by the priests. and which symbolized the teeth of Kali. Although this infamous practice has been suppressed by the British Government the "art" is still taught by father to son; and it is almost certain that were the Law of Britain removed, the Thugs would resume again the calling of their fathers. Horrible and repugnant as are the ways of these murderers, yet the stigma that surrounds the Fakir is hardly less. This combination of a beggar, a fanatic and impostor makes his habitation in the various temples, where he continually rubs ashes and dirt into his already polluted body, which has been greased in order to retain the filth. Their hair which they wear long reaches almost to their waists; this as well as being matted and clotted with dirt is painted a flaming yellow and as they insist on throwing occasional handfuls of dust and ashes upon it, the appearance of this human degradation is sickening. Yet despite this, men and women feel honored in being allowed to stoop and kiss the feet of these fakirs.

From these depths is it possible for this strange and discontented land to be brought to a degree of civilization such that its political claims can be safely satisfied?

Who can tell? The memory of that country's glory is not something that is antiquated and forgotten as is the ancient civilization of Egypt and Greece. In fact India may in comparison be regarded as a modern nation when we consider that she flourished, the greatest nation of the East, under the Great Moguls, whose wise and generous rule held India in peaceful submission from 1525 to 1738, when at last the very richness of Delhi attracted the conqueror and despoiler with the result that the legions of Persia captured this glittering capital and carried off to Teheran more than one thousand camel loads of guns.

It would seem however that many years must elapse and many changes take place ere India can become a fully responsible and prosperous self-governing community.

B. O'Leary.

STUDENTS '21-22

Somebody said it could n't be done,
But he with a chuckle replied
That may be it could n't, but he would be one
Who would n't say so till he tried.
So he buckled right in, with the trace of a grin
On his face. If he worried he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That could n't be done—and he did it.

Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do that:
At least no one ever has done it,"
But he took off his coat and he took off his hat,
And the first thing we knew he'd begun it.
With a lift of the chin and a bit of a grin,
Without any thought that he'd quit it,
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That could n't be done—and he did it.

Edgar Guest.

By-gone Days.

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THERE is yet another school for higher education, which functioned in Halifax, which is little known to the present generation. We refer to St. Mary's Seminary, which stood on Grafton Street on the site of the present St. Mary's Girls School. This school for higher education was established in 1839, the Rev. Dr. O'Brien becoming its first principal. The Seminary was under the special patronage of the Right Rev. Dr. Fraser. Rev. R. B. O'Brien was then Superior, and under him were the Rev. L. J. Dease, Professor of Spanish; Rev. W. Iver French; Rev. Michael Hannan afterwards Archbishop, Greek and Latin, second class; E. J. Gleason, writing, Book-keeping, Arithmetic; Rev. R. B. O'Brien, Theology and Scripture. Moral Philosophy and Mathematics were taught by the Rev. W. Ivers, while English Composition, Reading and Elocution were taught by Rev. R. B. O'Brien Superior.

On Monday, 24th August, 1840, the Seminary was reopened by a debate conducted by six of the young gentlemen students, on a question which had been selected for their study at the commencement of vacation. The subject was: "Was the Execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, by Elizabeth, justifiable?" Several of the parents of the pupils of the Seminary attended on Monday, and a few other visitors. The exercises commenced at about half-past twelve o'clock. At the request of the Rev. Principal, William Young Esq., afterwards Sir William Young, Chief Justice of Nova Scotia, took the chair. The Principal addressed a few words to the chairman. He stated the object of such exercises was to give pupils facility in expressing their thoughts and habits of close reasoning. He said that he did not expect much respecting the elocution of the class. They had been but a short time under his charge, but he expected that they would exhibit good reasoning, for to that their attention had been particularly directed.

Master Wallace opened the debate by an argument, energetically enforced, in favor of Elizabeth's conduct. Master McIsaac followed, on the other side, in a neatly composed address. Master Daly, with much neatness and deliberation, urged Elizabeth's cause. Master Thomson dwelt with a warmth on Mary's sufferings and innocence, and was warmly answered by Master O'Flaherty. Master Wallace said a few words by way of reply, and close.

The Chairman remarked that he had not expected the honor done him until immediately before taking the chair. Such exercises had a charm for him; they recalled a period some twenty years past, when he entered the lists, like the young debaters of the day, with strong emotions respecting the part assigned him. He was delighted at such features of education being introduced into Halifax. They fostered elegant important accomplishments, and strengthened the mind. All who heard the young gentlemen must have been convinced that the studies of the vacation had tended to

give habits of close investigation and accurate reasoning, which were of great value. He dwelt for a few minutes on the argument respecting Mary's execution, and pointed out some of its difficulties, expressing a stong doubt that Elizabeth was justified in the manner of Mary's trial and her execution.

The Rev. Principal addressed the Chair. The exercises had proved, he said, the justness of his expectations; there was not much to be said respecting the elocution of the debaters, but their reasoning was very respectable. He did not bring them forward as having anything to exhibit, but as a commencement of the system, and mode of showing themselves what they now were and what they would soon become by care and perseverance. He warned them aginst using any language which might, even in jest, give a political religious coloring to any of their remarks, and might occasion improper feelings. He complimented the young gentlemen on their unassisted exertions in supporting the question—and put it to the vote of the boys of the Seminary, as to whether Elizabeth was or was not justified in her conduct to Mary. The young umpires voted by an "overwhelming majority" the innocence of Mary. The visitors expressed themselves much pleased with the business of the day, and separated, evidently gratified at this evidence of the progress of education in Nova Scotia.

In March, 1841, an examination at St. Mary's Seminary took place. Severa members of the House of Assembly, and others, attended, and were highly gratified at the comprehensiveness and facility with which the pupils answered. In Algebra and Arithmetic the clearness which appeared to mark every step in the examination, proved how well the theory of numbers was understood. Besides verbal explanations, illustrations were readily worked out on a large board prepared for the purpose,and all tended to show how fully the rules and practice had been inculated. The various classes were examined in their respective studies. The establishment at this time 1841 numbered eight teachers. Rev. Dr. O'Brien and Prof. Nugent lectured before the Mechanical Institute in 1842.

The trustees of the Seminary, in 1844, were the Right Rev. Bishop of Halifax, Rev. Dr. O'Brien; Hon. Michael Tobin, Edward Kenny, Lawreence O'Connor Doyle and Peter Furlong. That year the teacher of Mathematics was Mr. J. Nugent. A number of young men were trained for the priesthood, and others were being educated for the professions and other vocations.

In 1854 the Patron of the Seminary was the Most Rev. Wm. Walsh, D. D.; President, Rev. Michael Hannan; Director, Rev. Patrick Power, a Halifax man afterward Monsignor Power, a genial ,lovable man, highly esteemed by people of every shade of religious belief in Halifax; Joseph P. Roles, a native of Halifax, afterwards Rev. Father Roles, of Chicago, U. S. A., a brilliant speaker, and P. Farrell.

Between 1854 and 1860, several young men of ability studied at the College, and afterwards went abroad to complete their education. Amongst the laymen were James Foley, the able editor of the Morning Chronicle during the anti-Confederation period; Wm. Walsh, Editor of the Evening Express—a fine writer, of literary tastes, and Senator Power.

In 1861 the Seminary was under the Presidency of Rev. P. Power. The professors were Messers. Roles, Wood afterwards Canon Wood. Daly, and Daniel Wood, father of Canon Wood. In 1862, Monsignor Power retired from the Principalship,

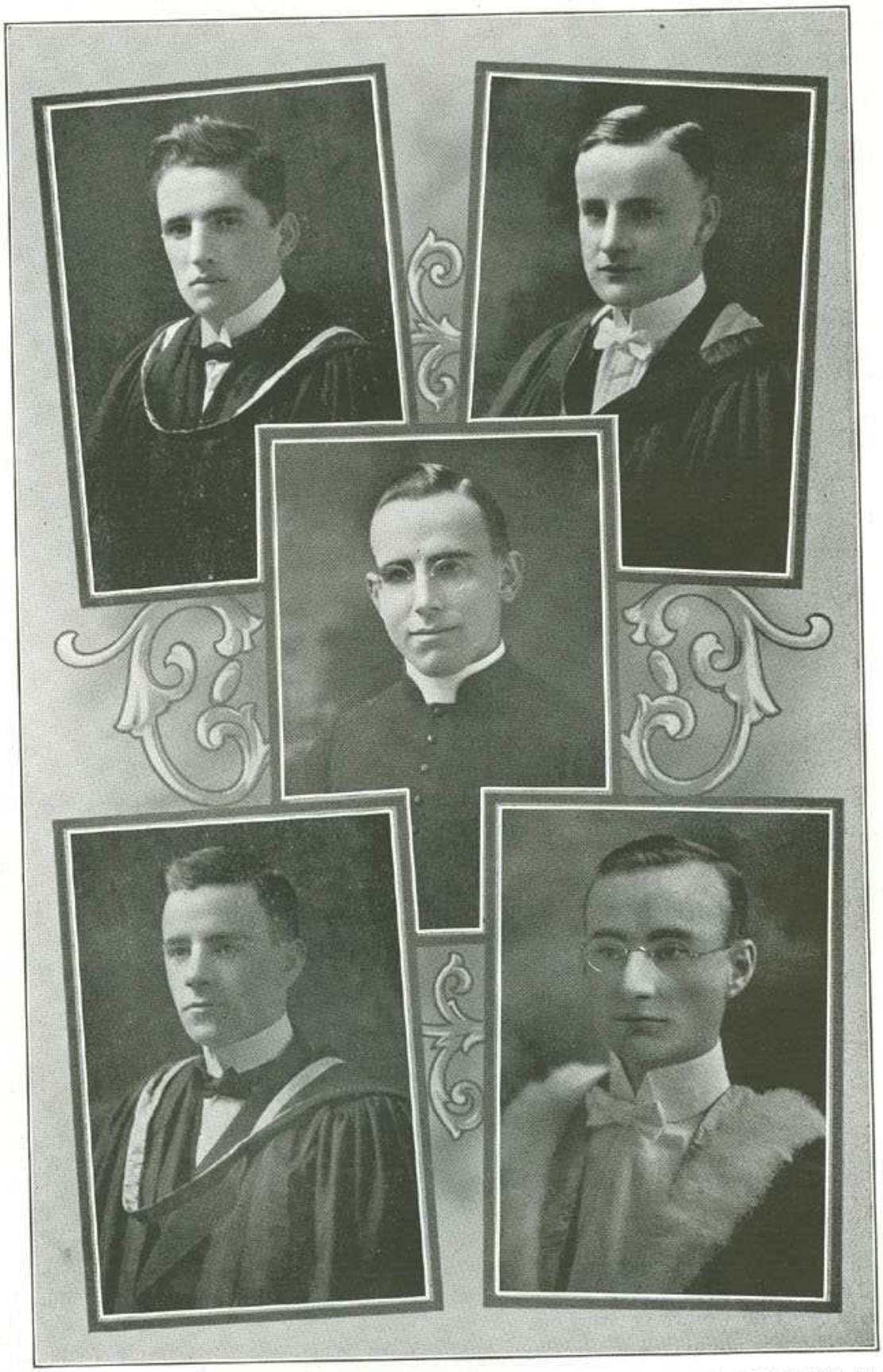
and was succeeded by Rev. Father Raftus, The Professors were Mr. D. Woods, Rev. Mr. Lovejoy, and Mr. John Walsh, who married a Miss Motten, a sister of Robe Motten, late Stipendiary Magistrate of Halifax. The classes of this year 1862 were attended by a number of young men who rose to prominence in various walks of life. Among them were the Right Rev. Archbishop McCarthy; Monsignor Underwood, Dartmouth; the late Rev. George Ellis, the late Rev. Wm. Mihan, late Rev. James Scott, late Rev. John Conno.lly, an eloquent preacher; Dr. Flinn, late John Walsh, who was principal of the Richmond Public School, and the late Martin J. Griffin, LL. D., C. M. G., Parliamentary Librarian for Canada. After studying at St. Mary's College, he was called to the Bar of Nova Scotia in 1868; simultaneously practised the profession of law and journalism until 1878, when he dropped law to become Ottawa representative of the Toronto Mail; was Editor-in-Chief of that journal from 1881to 1885, in which capacity he built up for himself a lasting reputation as a controversial writer. He gave up political writing on entering the library, but established an international reputation as a literary reviewer. His reviews of current books, in the Montreal Gazette, under the title of "At Dodsley's," won a large space in Canadian literature.

In the latter part of the seventies and eighties of the last century, Rev. Father Kearns was Principal of the College. The Professors were Frank Purcell, a Halifax boy, and J. B. Currie, now of the statistical department of the Provincial Secretary's Office. Under the above professors the following clergymen received a part of their scholastic training: Rt. Rev. Monsgr Foley; Father Curry, Joggins; Father Moriarity; Father Ernest Young, Yarmouth; Rev. Donald Somers and Rev. Thomas Scanlan of London Ont., and a number of Halifax laymen. After this period the College came under the control of the Christian Brothers, who conducted it on the old College building, Grafton Street, and afterwards removed to Belle Aire, Agricola Street.

The writer of this article was of the classes of 1862. The main entrance to the College was from Grafton Street. The main school room was on the ground floor, which extended the whole length of the building, east and west. The desks and forms were arranged from the entrance in two rows, with a passage in the centre, the students facing east. The Professors, when not in the class room were at the east end, from where they lectured, or taught geography, and the globes. There was a class room facing east. North of the school building, but connected with it,was the living quarters of the Principal and teachers, and the apartments of the housekeeper and her help. This part of the College was on the site of the present St. Mary's Boys' School. Outside the College, east and south, was old St. Mary's burial grounds, closed against burials since 1844. This was the playground of the boys, at recess.

I remember an incident which occurred in the old graveyard. St. Mary's Cathedral was then in course of remodelling, and the timber for the pews was piled up in the cemetery. The younger boys conceived the idea of erecting a fort of the material lying about. This they carried out, and then divided into an attacking and defending party. The fort was about twenty feet high, and composed of the dry varnished material of the pews. During the attack, some of the boys set fire to the pile, which burned so fiercely that the fire engine from No. 6 engine house had to be brought to the scene to extinguish the flames. The boys who set the fire were never discovered, although every effort was made in that direction by the Principal and professors.

From Occasional's Letter, Acadian Recorder.



EDWARD T. GRANVILLE, M.D., C.M.

REV. FR. WILLIAM A. PENNY.

BASIL E. COURTNEY, LL.B.

DUNCAN A. CAMPBELL, M.D., C.M.

ST. CLAIR HAYES, B.A., S.B.

Our Students at Other Colleges.

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HOLY HEART SEMINARY.

In a few weeks time Messrs. John E. Burns, B. A, William V. MacCarthy, B. A., William H. Smith and Leo G. Murphy will be raised to the order of Sub-Deacon. To all four we tender our congratulations and our prayers for long and faithful service in the Sacred Ministry.

CHINA MISSION COLLEGE.

Messers Basil Martin, William Stone and Leo Day are satisfactorily pursuing their studies for the Apostolic Mission. We understand that their progress in the Chinese language has been quite remakable. To them also does the Santamarian extend its best wishes for long and fruitful years in their self-sacrificing Mission.

Congratulations To:—

Mr. Basil E. Courtney, LL.B., who graduated in law with distinction in five subjects.

Messrs. Edward T. Granville, M. D., C. M., and *Duncan Campbell, M. D., C. M.*, who graduated in medicine, the former with distinction in one, the later in two subjects.

St. Clair Hayes, B.A., S.B. who graduated in Mechanical Engineering, leading his class in four subjects.

Messrs. Charles L. Beazley and *Gerald P. Flavin*, who passed in all the subjects of the second year in Law, both obtaining distinction in eight subjects and the latter leading his class in two subjects.

Mr. Bert Corbett on passing the Fourth Year of Medicine with two distinctions.

Messrs. James Carroll and Walker Keating on passing in the Third Year of Medicine, the former with two distinctions.

Messrs. Gerald Burns and Ernest Glenister on passing in the Second Year of Medicine, each with two distinctions, the former leading his class in one subject.

Mr. Donald A. Chisholm who passed in all his subjects in First Year of Medicine, with distinction in two subjects, and first place in one subject.

Mr. Howard MacNicol on passing in the First Year of Engineering, with distinction in two subjects.

Mr. Parker Hickey on passing in the Second Year of Arts.

Messrs. Norman Losada and Borden Haverstock on passing in the First Year of Dentistry—but we are not without sympathy for the innocent natives of St. Kitts, when "Dr." Losada reappears among them, armed with forceps, drills and tweezers.

Mr. Leo Keating in passing in all his subjects in the Third Year of Engineering.

Rev. Father William Penny.

REV. FATHER WILLIAM PENNY was elevated to the priesthood on the 14th of August 1921. He was ordained at Saint Mary's Cathedral and celebrated his first High Mass there on the fifteenth.

Father Penny was a student at St. Mary's from 1911 to 1916. He came to the College when Father- McManus was rector, and and was a student of two years standing when the Brothers took charge of St. Mary's.

He was always a popular student and although not an athlete he always interested himself in the work of the College teams. When it was learned in 1916 that he was to continue his studies at the Holy Heart Seminary, all his comrades felt that another worthy aspirant was added to the roll of Seminarians.

The people of Annapolis are to be congratulated that Father Penny has been appointed as curate to their parish. Needless to say the students of St. Mary's, both past and present, unite in wishing that Father Penny may be spared long to carry on his glorious mission.

The Land of Dreams

Over the river of Drooping Eyes
In the wonderful Land of Dreams,
Where the lilies grow as white as snow,
And fields of green and warm winds blow,
And the tall reeds quiver all in a row—
And no one ever cries;
For it is a beautiful place for girls and boys,
And there's no scolding and lots of noise,
And no lost balls or broken toys—
Over the River of Drooping Eyes
In the beautiful Land of Dreams.

Over the River of Drooping Eyes
In the beautiful Land of Dreams,
There are horns to blow and drums to beat,
And plenty of candy and cakes to eat,
And no one ever cleans his feet,
And no one ever tires!
There are plenty of grassy places to play,
And birds and bees, they throng all day.
Oh! wouldn't you like to go and stay
Over the River of Drooping Eyes
In the wonderful Land of Dreams?

The Battle of Lepanto.

GREAT victories had swelled the hopes and the ambitions of the Turkish Sultans to such an extent, that when Silimus II came to the throne he conceived the plan of conquering Christendom. He, himself, was a poor soldier, but the generals, whom his father had trained, stood him in good stead and their triumphs so turned the head of the emperor as to goad him on to higher hopes. At length, when he saw Italy laid low by famine he resolved on this time for striking the first blow. The small island of Cyprus was subjugated and the people of the town of Famagustia, to whom he had granted honourable terms of surrender, were cruelly tortured and put to death. His mighty engine of destruction had begun to function and the first dire act of its working presaged an awful regime for the world if it should ever reach its full crushing power.

So it was that Christianity began to learn of its danger and means were taken to cope with the peril. A league was formed, of which the Pope was declared chief. Mark Anthony of Colonna was appointed commander of the galleys and Don Juan of Austria, generalissimo of all the forces. Princes and men of every Catholic nation of Europe flocked to the papal standard, and those who could not come, freely gave of their substance. Their armies now totalled twenty thousand men and their fleet consisted of one hundred and one great galleys, some tall ships and many small cutters. Moreover the Christians had the advantage of having soldiers who were filled with greatest fervor, and religious zeal, so that it was with a feeling of confidence that the mighty host at length set sail from Corfu, on a quest which would practically decide the fate of the world.

As the warriors of the Cross neared the harbour of Lepanto where the Turkish fleet lay at anchor, Don Juan formed his ships into battle order. He himself held the centre with Colonna and Venieri, as seconds while Andrew Doria, kept the right wing and Austin Barbarigo the left. Peter Justiniani and Paul Jordain brought up the rear. The Marquis of St. Croix had sixty vessels in reserve and John of Cordova, with eight vessels, went ahead to spy. Six Venetian galeasses, forming an avant-guard to the main fleet, completed the Christian forces.

A little after sunrise on the morning of the seventh of October, 1571, the Turkish squadron, consisting of three hundred and thirty ships, set sail out of the harbor in their customary form of a crescent. Hali was in the centre with Petauch as his second; Louchali and Siroch were on the wings. As they drew abreast of the enemy, the generals of both forces harangued their men, the Turkish generals ending with tales of wealth and plunder to be gotten, and the generals of the Christian League finishing by a prayer to the Blessed Virgin. After that Don Juan flung to the breeze the banner of Christ crucified as a standard for his warriors.

This was the signal for beginning the battle. At first, a brisk gale, blowing out of the harbour, seemed favourable to the Turks. The smoke and fire of the enemy almost completely blinded the Christians. The battle was now going on at its worst,

and shot and shell were rapidly pouring in on the ships of both sides. So it raged, bloody and obstinate, for nearly three hours neither side having any great advantage until a rally was made by the Italian general Barbarigo on the left wing. His ship sank the galley which Siroch commanded as the flagship of the Turkish right wing. The Venetians then attacked his squadron and put them to flight. Don Juan, in the centre, perceiving the great advantage redoubled his efforts, started up a quick fire and after killing Hali, the infidel leader, boarded his galley and unfurled the Christian banners with cries of "victory." The enthusiasm of his soldiers knew no bounds. With shouts and cries of joy they wrought havoc among the enemy ships. The only part of the enemy fleet which now remained intact was the left wing under Louchalia, but when St. Croix brought assistance to Doria who was battling Louchalia, the latter at once turned about, and making all the sail he could, escaped with only thirty ships. It was now evening and the darkness and roughness of the seas obliged the Christians to betake themselves to the nearest haven.

Meanwhile at Rome, a holy pope, with fasts and penances, was earnestly beseeching God for victory for the arms of the League, and a pious people were offering up the rosary for Divine aid. Miraculously the Pope learned of the triumph and he told the people how a merciful God had looked with favour on their prayers and had granted them the great victory of the Rosary.

G. Hayes.

My Beads.

Sweet, blessed beads; I would not part
With one of you for richest gem
That gleams in kingly diadem;
Ye know the history of my heart.

For I have told you every grief
In all the days of twenty years,
And I have moistened you with tears;
And in your decades found relief.

Ah; time has fled, and friends have failed,
And joys have died; but in my needs
Ye were my friends, my blessed beads;
And ye consoled me when I wailed.

For many and many a time, in grief,
My wearied fingers wandered round
Thy circled chain, and always found
In some Hail Mary sweet relief.

Ye are the only chain I wear—
A sign that I am but the slave,
In life, in death, beyond the grave,
Of Jesus and His Mother fair.

Rev. Abram J. Ryan.

Chronicles.

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ON Monday, September 12th, 1922, the halls of St. Mary's awoke once more to life, and rang again with all the bustle and clamour of reopening school, after lying dormant for more than three long months.

By about nine o'clock that morning most of the students had arrived,—except those privileged gentlemen boarders who resided at great distances away,—and there ensued the usual noisy greetings, hearty handshakes and all those other things that characterize the opening day of the school year.

At somewhere around eleven o'clock the assembled "fellers" heard once more the clang, not to mention the most unharmonious rattle, of the famous bell that is used to summon them to class. Books were given out to the different classes, at the "Stationery Department" on the second floor, and then all were free for the rest of the day. It took some time to get settled down to work, but, like a certain famous —or infamous—make of car, once we were started, everything ran smoothly, except for a few minor "bumps" and "jolts."

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The first event of any note was the establishment of an Indian Reserve at St. Mary's. When the rumor went around that the second of the two cottages was to be used as a lodging, like the celebrated "Stirling Castle",— there was considerable conjecture as to who were to be the lucky lodgers. But it did not long remain a mystery.

Not long after the opening day, the boarders from the Arts Classes, with a few from Matriculation, transported their trunks and other "impedimenta" over to the cottage and proceeded forthwith to make themselves at home.

When the little community had quite settled down in their new quarters they began to cast around for suitable names for themselves and their abode. We all know the result of their research, and we must say that they showed excellent judgment in choosing the titles; none could be more suitable!

These "Indians" must at first have felt very strange in the civilized society of St. Mary's, but their cannibalistic and other savage tendencies were so well suppressed by the authorities, that they soon became almost as polished and polite as the very "Dukes" themselves.

The "Mic-Macs", led by their Great Chief, Br. Garvey, (to say nothing of the Medicine-Man and other officials of the tribe) have carried on, all during the year, in a way that does credit to S. M. C. We expect as good a record next year.

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Some time later the Annual Retreat was held at St. Mary's. It was conducted by the Rev. Father Fortier, who gave us a number of very touching sermons, during the

three days of retreat. It is to be hoped that the good effects of this Retreat will last throughout the whole life of each one who assisted at it.

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One day, a week or so after the Retreat, St. Mary's received a very distinguished visitor,—none other than Rev. Br. Hennessey, Superior-General of the Christian Brothers of Ireland.

We assembled in the Study Hall at three o'clock that afternoon, and listened with interest to an address which Br. Hennessey delivered. He told us all about the C. B. schools in India, and ended up by begging Br. Cornelia to give us a holiday—which he knew very well we were eagerly expecting. In the evening we had a very enjoyable supper in honour of our distinguished guest who left a few days after to return to his beloved Erin.

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It is a great pity that Br. Hennessey was unable to stay over for Sports—or Field-Day, which took place shortly after he left us.

Since the beginning of the year we had all been looking forward to that event, and, naturally, we were anxious to have good weather on the date appointed. But when the morning dawned it seemed as if we were doomed to disappointment; for the college and its surroundings were enveloped in a thick mist, and the aspect of the sky was not at all promising. But, as the histories would put it: "A council of war was held and it was decided not to abandon the enterprise." Accordingly, at about ten o'clock, the sports started, and they lasted till late in the afternoon.

But, on account of the delay caused by the weather,—which, by the way, cleared up considerably in the afternoon,—some parts of the programme had to be post-poned until the Saturday following.

But even these were immensely enjoyed by both those who had entered for them and by the spectators.

Our sincere thanks are due to Rev. Father Phelan, who acted as starter, and to Mr. E. Smith, and to all others who helped, in any way, to get up and to carry out the sports—(I don't refer to those unfortunate "sports" who participated in the few accidents of the day!)

The details of this eventful day are best left to the able pen of the "Sports Editor."

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After the excitement of Sports Day had simmered down (like a flask of boiling water when you take away the Bunsen!) and just as things began to hum along in the same old, monotonous way, along came good old Hallowe'en, to enliven us a bit. The day was celebrated as usual,—with a special "banquet" and a plentiful shower of fire-works. The evening was a most enjoyable one, and the banquet came off very well. When Grace had been said, we sat down to do justice to the repast; but we had not been long at it when the fun began. For in walked the entire population of the "Reserve" across the way, clad in all the splendour of full Mic-Mac. These gala dress gentlemen, who,—to judge by their conduct and general appearance,—seemed to have entirely discarded their skin-deep civilization, marched in truly "Indian" file up to a table and promptly seated themselves.

Then they began a very successful attack on the good things arrayed before them, grunting in true Mic-Mac fashion all the while.

Their Great Chief had previously taken his place at the Brothers' table, for he was so accustomed, by then, to cultured society that he could not bear the idea, in the least, of returning to his former wild life and customs. In his stead, however, Under-Chief Hookumkook (the English for that is Keating, I believe) presided over the band.

Well, things went on very quietly for a while, while most of us had taken the edge off our appetites; then, suddenly, there arose from one of the tables a strange looking figure. It turned out to be Mr. Carrier,—of renowned Chicoutimi,—with his pockets so full of newspapers and magazines that he looked like a monster hat-rack. Romeo then proceeded to inform us that he represented the Press "of ze whole wurrld;" but as there was a burst of laughter every time he opened his mouth to go on, he gave it up and asked permission to speak in his native tongue. Of course this was granted, but as the writer does not happen to be of French extraction he is unable to say just what Romeo said. At any rate we take it for granted that he made a fine speech.

The Chairman then called on the Red Indians to deliver their harangues. Chief Hookumkook gallantly responded to the invitation. "Ugh! Ugh!" said he, in rather good English for a mere Mic-Mac,—"I dunno no English so I guess I'll have to speak in me own tongue"— and off he went, with a volume of grunts and gesticulations that would have shamed the most capable of the old American braves. When the Chief had got his load off his chest, Mr. Medicine-Man MacRae (what a name for an "Injun!") took the floor, and after a few preliminary flourishes with a murderous-looking pair of shears he carried, coughed up his, too. Even squaw Clancy (what cosmopolitan people these Indians were!) contributed his—or her—share to the oratory of the evening.

When these orators had concluded, several embyro Burkes and O'Connells came to the front, and at the end of the whole performance, it was a tired but delighted crowd that clattered upstairs to bed.

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"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast" is a well known adage. The Glee Club proved that this statement is literally true at the Hallowe'en celebrations, when it nearly sent the Mic-Macs to sleep by ite melodious rendering of such songs as "Solomon Levi," and "Wrap Me Up in My Stable Jacket." Or was this drowsiness the effect of a prodigious repast?

The Glee Club was started some little time before Hallowe'en came on. But, although it contained such nightingales as Atwood and Walsh, this little club of Carusos fell into an early grave. While it lasted it justified its existence. As to its present condition we say nothing, being firm believers in the ancient motto "de mortuis nihil nisi bonum."

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The Camera Club was started by Br. Garvey, and many photo enthusiasts soon joined up. It was started at almost the same time as the Glee Club but, unlike

the latter is still "going strong," like Johnnie Walker. It is still doing good work, in St. Mary's. We expect some good pictures in the Santamarian, from the S. M. C. C. C.

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The next event of the year was the greatest of all. It was the Feast of the Immaculate Conception,—a feast which St. Mary's has celebrated each year from its very infancy, more lavishly than any other. And rightly so; for is it not the feast day of Her who keeps safe our College, under her tender mantle, and to whom that College is dedicated?

The spirit of true festivity prevailed throughout the whole day. We assisted at Mass with more than usual fervour, in the morning; and after dinner we were allowed out. Of course there was a supper in the evening. We had several guests, among whom were Rev. Father Phelan, and Mr. J. D. O'Connor, Chairman of the Halifax Board of Moving Picture Censors. After the supper, during which many speeches and toasts had been made, Mr. O'Connor treated us to a fine picture show in the Study Hall.

At length, after a very exciting day we "toddled off to bed."

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After this, affairs at S. M. C. ran their course very peacefully, for a while; but soon—Oh horrors!—a gloom fell upon the whole school. The examinations had begun! We draw a veil over this short but agonizing period of time, and hasten to say that the aforesaid gloom was happily dissipated on December 21st, when we wended our respective ways homeward, for the Christmas vacation.

That is to say, most of us did, for as usual, several boarders stayed at College for the holidays.

But do not think that these were very unfortunate,—because, as a matter of fact, they had almost as good a time there as those who spent the vacation at home. Indeed, thanks to the Brothers and Mrs. Wood, who did their level best to make things as homelike and comfortable as possible, the boys enjoyed themselves immensely.

Christmas Day was celebrated there as it should be,—and is—always celebrated—in the true Yuletide spirit.

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A sleigh drive, followed by a supper, was the last "social activity" undertaken during the vacation, and it ended up the season—and incidentally the holidays—in a most fitting manner.

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The second term, which started on Monday, January 9th, was longer than the first one, but it was not as eventful. However, it saw several new institutions at St. Mary's which were of no little importance.

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The new term was not very old, when there appeared the first number of our monthly paper, "The Tatler." It was hailed with considerable interest and excitement.

True, the paper, as it is now, is not the best one possible, but we are sure that if the students of St. Mary's do their part, by "backing it up," the Tattler's staff will do its part and make each number much better than the last. It is the old story:—"Great oaks from little acorns spring." But the acorn must be planted in good soil, and likewise the "Tatler" needs special support for a time at least, until it grows into a bigger and better paper. Probably, too, the Tatler will in time to come be printed instead of merely mimeographed. The "Santamarian" sends its "sister-ship"—or rather its "small-boat"—best wishes for the future.

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St. Patrick's Day, this year, was a specially festive occasion—you all know why. Of course it was a whole holiday. The shamrocks were very much in evidence all day, as everyone had a small bunch of them, or else a bit of coloured paper, or a green-white-and-yellow flag in his button-hole. The supper we attended afterwards was as full of "speechifying" and all the other things essential to affairs of that sort, as any other we have yet had. We certainly were very pleased, with the whole programme, which included a "movie" picture. At the end of the picture, we "raised the roof" with the good old "Hikety-Chike! ! !" and—went to bed.

We owe warm thanks to Mr. Dwyer, Mr. Dawson, and last but not least, Right Rev. Monsignor Foley, for the very interesting and instructive lectures which they so kindly give us during this term. Mr. Dwyer, who has travelled a great deal and who spent several years in India, described this great part of the Empire, and its people and customs; he showed many beautiful and interesting lantern slide pictures of the place.

Mr. K. Dawson, S. B., a former member of the college staff, showed us the process by which coal gas is manufactured and the many ways in which it may be used.

Monsignor Foley gave us a staightforward little talk on the need of education and of more men of character, in the world today, and especially in Halifax He also spoke on the subject of vocation to the priesthood and of the great need of workers, in the Lord's Vineyard. We look forward with pleasure to hearing him again in the near future.

We have another benefactor to mention. Mr. O'Connor,—ably assisted by "the junior partner," Eric,—has treated us nearly every Saturday, for the past year, to a fine moving picture show. That the students of S. M. C. thoroughly enjoyed these goes without saying.

As a mark of their esteem and gratitude, the boarding students presented to their benefactor, just before the Christmas Holidays, a beautiful combination reading lamp and smoking stand—which made an ideal Xmas gift.

We of S. M. C. have come to regard Mr. O'Connor not only as an "old boy," but as a real, active member of our school.

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Before concluding we should refer to some other more or less notable events which stand out in the recollections of the year. Among these we readily recall are the Hockey Games at the Arena. The Senior Students were allowed to attend the more important

of these and many an interesting and exciting contest was witnessed, principally perhaps the final game between Dalhousie and the Wanderers.

Another pleasant night was spent at the Inter-College debate between St. F. X. and Dalhousie which the Arts Students attended on the kind invitation of Fr. Phelan and which a number of the other students attended in order to look after the Arts students. St. F. X. are to be warmly congratulated on their victory.

The Mic-Mac Sleigh Drive is another event claiming our notice. It took place towards the end of the season. Both it and the enjoyable supper that followed it will always be a pleasant memory with the Mic-Macs and their friends.

The little musical Recital given just before the Easter Holidays should not pass without mention. It was the first of its kind and was quite a success. Great credit for it is due to our zealous and capable professors of music, Messrs. Sangar and Montgomery.

Of course Grade X would never forgive us if we omitted mention of their Prize Debate. This very important event came off on Tuesday April 25th, the subject for debate being: "Resolved that the Western Provinces are of more importance to Canada than the Eastern." An excellent debate was staged; the students who stood out prominently were, Masters H. Godsoe, B. O. Leary and J. Dyer. The judge awarded the verdict to the first named, to whom we tender our congratulations.

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Just now the Base-ball season is beginning. The opening was quite formal and elaborate and the best "First-Game" seen in many years was played. We may mention that the new uniforms give quite an artistic and finished touch to the scene.

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And now our Chronicles are ended. A few short weeks and "Closing Day" will be upon us and one more school year will have slipped into the past. We feel that it glided by quickly and pleasantly. May the years to come pass if not as quickly yet as pleasantly, and may each succeeding year bring to St. Mary's—its staff, its students, past students and friends an ever increasing measure of happiness and prosperity.

L. Hares

Our thanks are due the Royal Print & Litho for the care they have given the publishing of the "Santamarian."

Debates.

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WE are born poets, we are made orators." It has been said to the credit of that renowned gentleman, Cicero, that he spoke the above words. To speak well and effectively is of great importance and is an art that can be acquired only by constant and diligent endeavour. But the power of fluent and incisive speech is well worth all the pains devoted to its acquisition. Hence the students of St. Mary's regard the weekly debates as not the least important feature of the College Curriculum. Each year sees its own group graduate from the college so much the better for their practice in public speaking; and each year finds new orators anxious to emulate their predecessors. The season just closed has proved no exception to the brilliant standard of previous years.

The last week of January ushered in the first of what was to prove a very instructive series of debates, the question at issue being "Resolved: That Prohibition has been of Benefit to Nova Scotia" Representatives of the Second and First Arts lined up for the fray under the leadership of Mr. Burns and Mr. Finn repsectively. Although time for preparation had been rather short it was a good debate and from the students' point of view not "dry." A flow of humour to which the subject gave wide scope, and ready wit were predominant and held the attention of all. Fiery arguments and rebuttals of sound reason were much in evidence. Messrs. Burns, Finn and Hayes were the shining lights, the delivery of the first gentleman being particularly good. There was little to choose between the teams and the jury gave a faultless decision in awarding a draw.

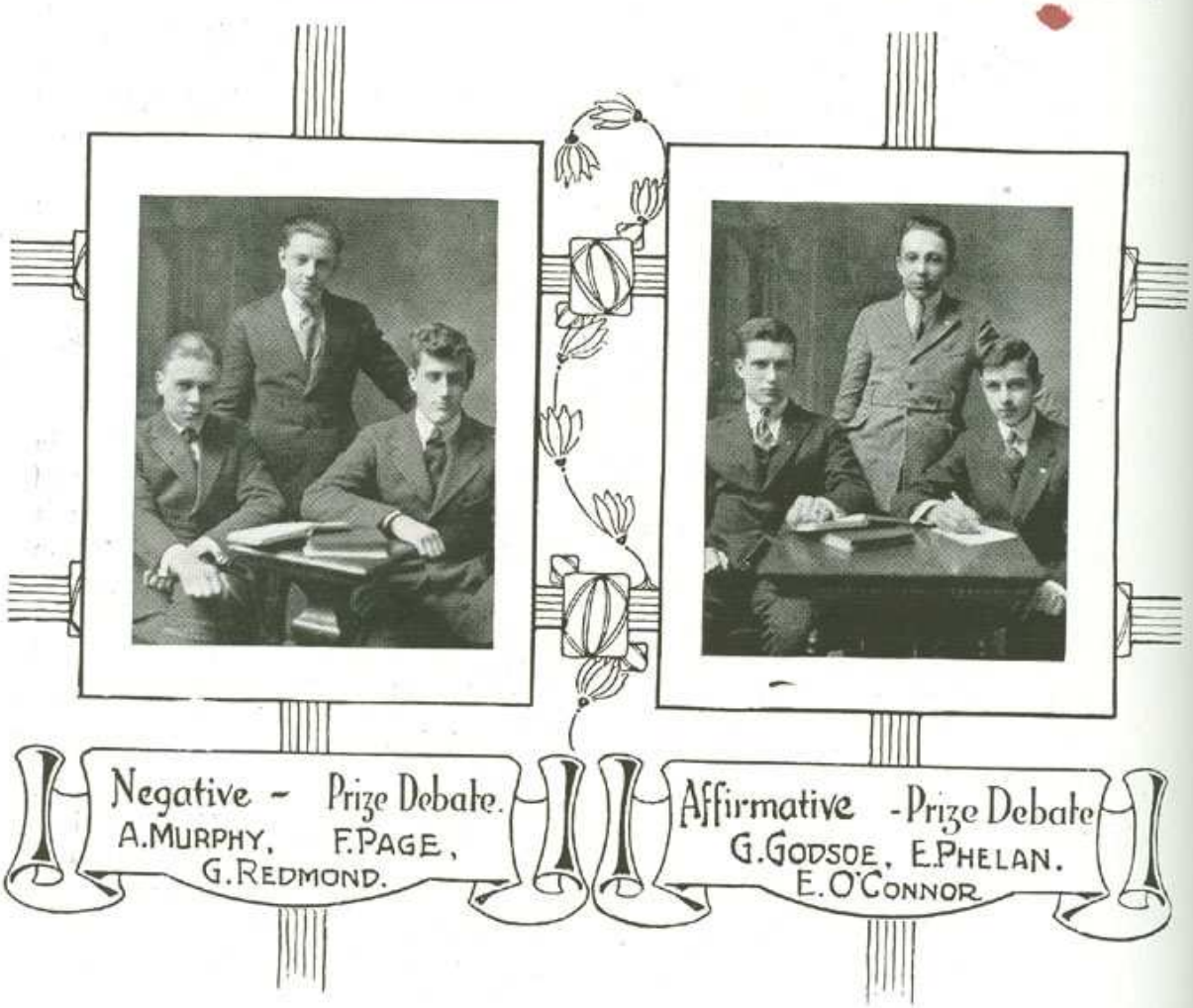
First Arts, with Matriculation as their opponents, next entered the field and took as their subject the negative of the much discussed problem "Resolved That All

Immigrants of the White Race of Good Health and Good Moral Habits Should be Admitted into Canada Without Restriction." It was a better debate than the previous one. Hard indeed did the Arts strive to win the jury to their view, but the Matriculation were too strong and by dint of brilliant argument and impassioned oration received the verdict with a substantial majority. Mr. Clancy was the best of the Arts, while Messrs. Murphy and Godsoe received the highest points in the Matriculation Class.

Two teams from the Matriculation Class provided the next debate taking the question "Resolved That the Influence of Moving Pictures has been Beneficial." The delivery from the point of view of clearness and distinctness was on the whole creditable; the material was almost faultless on the one side, while others introduced points having no bearing on the case whatsoever—this scored heavily against them in the verdict. The chief and most grievous fault was committed by those who read their debate instead of speaking it. Only a few were guilty in this respect, but it served to bring the points to the other side and to give the debate a "black eye" with the listeners. The only remaining weakness was in the rebuttals and some who had made otherwise good debates lost marks in this section. Chiefly due to the able speeches of Messers. Redmond, Hares and Laba of the Negative the jury favoured them. The two best speakers for the Affirmative were Messrs. O'Neill and Tobin.

Having satisfactorily settled the question of the influence of the "Movies" the Matriculation Class found it an easy matter to solve the Reciprocity problem. Mr. O'Connor and Mr. Phelan were the leaders of the Affirmative and Negative sides respectively of the proposition "Resolved That Reciprocity with the United States would be of Benefit to Canada." Both teams were evenly matched and gave one of the best debates so far heard. All the speakers without exception seemed well versed in the question, the delivery was excellent, few even so much as looking at their notes; the rebuttals were the best so far and brought a fine debate to a fitting close. The leaders ,Messrs. Phelan and O'Connor were the outstanding orators of the day receiving each 45 out of a possible 48 points. Mention should also be made of Messrs. Page, Doyle and Delory who made vey fine addresses.

We now come to the second round of the debates and once more the students of the First and Second Arts are joined in wordy combat, the question at issue being "Resolved that the French Revolution was Justifiable" The fact that teams representing these classes had battled to a draw before had led all to expect a first-class exhibition and they were not disappointed. They almost repeated their last performance, so much so that after the debate and before the decision was announced opinions were very much divided as to which side had won. However the experience of the Second Arts stood them in good stead and they emerged victorious by a narrow margin. Arguments were plentiful and each side of the question was in turn subjected to the most scathing criticism by the other. Sound judgment was evident throughout and original and forceful arguments were brought forward in a manner which would have done credit to more experienced orators. The matter was brilliant; in one case exceptionally so; the speaker giving a speech every whit as good as the memorable one delivered on this subject by the renowned, Edmund Burke. Indeed such was the resemblance between the two that had the distinguished Irish gentleman been



present he would have almost claimed it for his own. Be this as it may, we simply regard it as a case of "great minds working in the same direction."

All the speakers were good and were accorded high marks for their efforts. For the Affirmative, Mr. Burns and Mr. Hayes were equally brilliant. Mr. Finn was the best for the Negative with Mr. Clancy but a few points behind. Both teams were warmly congratulated on their splendid work.

Determined to avenge their former defeat, the First Arts again took sides against the Matriculation by defending the Affirmative side of the question "Resolved that the Expulsion of the Acadians was Justifiable." Both sides showed considerable improvement on their previous performances and there was little ground for criticism; the vehement and persuasive eloquence of the Matriculation representatives once more carried the day and the jury awarded them a substantial majority. Mr. Atwood was the most effective speaker for the Arts, while Mr. Murphy scored heavily for the Matriculation.

The next momentous question to be taken up was "Resolved that the Indian Question can be settled by the grant to India of full Autonomy on Canadian lines." This debate was interesting from beginning to end. The well-known Gandhi was in

turn portrayed to the audience as a patriot animated by the loftiest ideals and again as a wily agitator, a demagogue dangerous to his country. The fluent tongues of the Affirmative won out. The best speakers of the day were Messrs. Redmond, Phelan and O'Neil.

The closing debate was on the issue "Resolved that Confederation has been of Benefit to the Maritime Provinces." The rival teams were lined up under the leadership of Messrs. McRae and O'Connor. Although some very good speeches were made at this debate it did not as a whole measure up to the previous ones. The matter was generally good but the delivery was sometimes weak. Mr. O'Connor made a powerful speech for the Negative and it was largely due to his effort that the decision was given to his side. For the Affirmative the best speakers were the leader, Mr. McRae and Mr. Delorey.

Having found a satisfactory solution to all the weighty problems submitted to it and transacted an amount of business that would have put the Washington Conference to the blush, the Debating Class now wound up its labours. It was generally conceded that these labours had been crowned with a very gratifying measure of success and that the session just closed ranked among the best the College had seen.

G. Godsoe.

God Bless You.

"The Lord bless thee and keep thee,
The Lord make His face shine upon thee,
And be gracious unto thee."—*Num.*

I seek in pray'rful words, dear friend,
My heart's true wish to send you,
That you may know that, far or near,
My loving thoughts attend you.

I cannot find a truer word,
Nor fonder to caress you,
Nor song nor poem I have heard
Is sweeter than God bless you!

God bless you! so I've wished you all
Of brightness life possesses,
For can there any joy at all
Be thine, unless God blesses?

God bless you! so I breathe a charm,
Lest grief's dark night oppress you,
For how can sorrow bring you harm.
If 'tis God's way to bless you?

And so, "through all thy days
May shadows touch thee never"—
But this alone—God bless thee, dear—
Then art thou safe forever.

OBITUARY.

THOSE who were at St. Mary's in the year '16-'17 will readily recall Br. Harrington. His stay with us was short as his never very robust health broke down towards the end of the school year. Transferred to the milder climate of Victoria, B. C. he was able to take up class duties once more—throwing himself into them with greater enthusiasm than ever as if premonished that "the night wherein no man can work" was about to fall and anxious to fulfil a long course in the short time allotted to him. But a willing spirit cannot indefinitely sustain a body undermined by an insidious disease and after two years it was necessary to relieve him of all duties. It was hoped that complete rest and removal to a sanatorium would restore him to health; but such was not to be the case. He fought bravely on for two years more never losing his cheerfulness and when at last it was apparent that death was to be the victor in the struggle, he listened to the doctor's statement to that effect with Christian resignation and spent his time in careful preparation for the final summons which came on November 14th, 1921.

Thus in the prime of young manhood did he hear the voice of his Lord bidding him to walk out on the dark waters of death. With firm faith, unwavering trust and childlike love he ventured forth—and as earthly things dissolved away and his soul stood in the Master's presence he heard, we may well believe, the words—"It is I, Fear not."

Br. Harrington was buried in the private cemetery of the Briscoe Memorial School, Washington, D. C., being the second of his brethern to lay down his life on American soil and there does his body lie awaiting the Resurrection.

FEW more popular students than John Moore ever attended St. Mary's and yet he sought not popularity. As a student he was most satisfactory in every way, most honourable in word and deed. Among his comrades he was remarkable for his quiet sense of humour and his unfailing good nature. He was in attendance at Dalhousie when the dreaded "Flu" epidemic claimed so many victims. John was one of these. After a very brief illness he passed away, his father preceding him by but a few days.

May They Rest in Peace.

ALL Halifax was shocked last summer by the tragic accident that cost the life of Richard Power, Junior, Superintendent of the Public Gardens. "Dick" had been a student at St. Mary's years ago and was a great favorite with all his fellows. When he succeeded to his father as Superintendent of the Gardens all felt that a better choice could not have been made and the results justified the choice. Under his direction the gardens maintained the high reputation they had won during his father's management. His death was a loss to the whole community.

Who Remembers ?

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The first day of classes under the management of the Brothers and the various speculations as to the probable strictness of discipline, etc?

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The visit paid to S. M. C. by Cardinal Begin and the two days holidays resulting therefrom?

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The hockey matches with the Post Office teams? Talk about "Somewhere in France."—Oh Boy!

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The hockey matches with Dalhousie Meds in the old Arena?

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Mayor Martin's official visit to the College?

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Dr. Curran's retreat which was so unexpectedly terminated by the Explosion?

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When Mr. John Penny tried to impart his Parisian accent to the Arts and Engineers of '18?—"Me Miserabile, infinite wrath and despair!"

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The sleigh-drive the Engineers engineered in '17? The Chief Engineer nearly ran it upon the rocks, but some say that the Engineer who engineered it in person was further from the rocks after the performance than before it.

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The foot-ball game in which Jack Burns generated such speed from Frank Nolan's check that all obstacles went down before him—even the fence?

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When Joe Moore was the star pitcher for John Martin's team?

When Archbishop Roche of St. John's, Nfld. opened the baseball season by pitching the first ball?

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A certain game of baseball started in a downpour of rain and ending—after a long adjournment to the rink— under similar conditions? If you don't, ask Jim Carroll.

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When John O'Connell drove the baseball right over the College and on to the present tennis courts?

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When the bullet-like kick of George Penny, the hard-hitting baseball player, John O'Connell, the big league twirling of Mel Hawes, the performance of John Martin at First Base—were all daily topics at the College?

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When Bob Cragg showed wonderful dramatic ability at the closing?

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When Cliff Finn found it necessary to sharpen and resharpen a dozen or so pencils during classes, when he had a memorable military controversy with Prof. J. Penny?

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The ball game that Bill McCarthy broke up by hitting a fly ball to his friend Fred Hawes in centre field, and the muff that resulted in the loss of the medals for the latter's team?

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The classy hockey team when "Dinger" Inglis, Howard Hickey, Leo Keating, H. Handley, Frank Nolan, Luke Feetham and Gerald St. John played and C. Beazley and J. Martin were managers?

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When Gerald Burns and Ernest Glenister made the "vinegar" in the lab?

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When Erin Smith made a good three-bagger and was called 'out' for failing to touch second—and how he felt?

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When C. Beazley, E. Smith, E. Donohoe, J. Hannigan, J. Smith, G. St. John, C. Gillispie, B. Edens were the leading figures in the Boarders' "Friendly" Hockey Games at night?

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When Tom Kerr upset the bottle of red ink in his oratorical gymnastics?

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When "Coo" Hickey mistoock the fume chamber in the Chemistry Lab for a smoking room?

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When Fred Hawes had all his Latin books?

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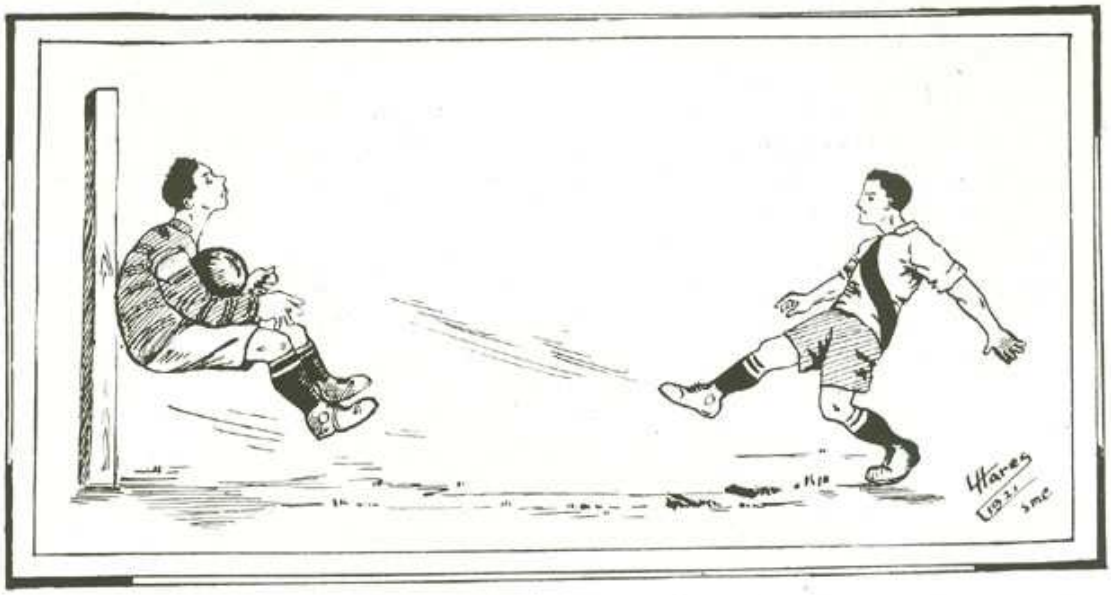
The football matches with the R. C. R?



Sports 1921-22

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When the students returned to college in September, a meeting was held and a committee was chosen to manage the sports for the coming year. Brother Garvey was elected Honorary President and the following officers were chosen:

W. Burns, ... Football (President.)
G. Hayes, ... Hockey.
J. Atwood, ... Tennis.
M. McRae, ... Baseball.
T. Dunn, ... Handball.
C. Stephens, ... Billiards.

Plans were at once made to hold a Field Day, October 21, and great enthusiasm was shown by the students. Every afternoon little groups could be seen hard at work, preparing for the great event.

The College is greatly indebted to Erin Smith, one of our ex-students, who very kindly offered his services as a coach and contributed greatly to the success of the Field Day.

The morning of the 21st was cloudy, but this did not serve to dampen the spirits of the contestants.

The principal features of the day were the Inter-High School events. Chebucto, County Academy and St. Patrick's sent representatives but St. Mary's carried off the honors. In the relay race St. Mary's came First, with Chebucto Second and St. Patrick's Third. In the mile run, Russell Grant won for St. Mary's, Chebucto was Second and St. Patrick's Third. In the tug-of-war, St. Mary's won from Chebucto.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather some few Senior and Intermediate events were run off the following Saturday. One outstanding event was the Football Fives and Tug-of-War between Cape Breton and the "Outsiders" which resulted in Cape Breton winning the Tug-of-War and the "Outsiders" the Football Fives.

The events of the day appear below:

EVENT	1st.	2nd.	3rd.
100 Yard Dash	J. Clancy	G. Redmond	J. Martin
220 Yards	J. Clancy	G. Redmond	J. Martin
440 Yards	J. Martin	R. Grant	J. Clancy
880 Yards	G. Redmond	J. Clancy	E. McDonald
Mile	G. Redmond	E. McDonald	M. McDonald
3 Mile (Open)	E. McDonald	H. Smith	C. McNeil (D)
1 Mile Cycle	H. Durney	B. Tobin	E. McDonald
3 Mile Cycle	B. Tobin	E. McDonald	H. Durney
5 Mile Cycle (Open)(Handicap)	W. Downie	H. Smith	B. Tobin
High Jump	J. Friel	G. Godsoe	G. Redmond
Broad Jump	J. Martin	J. Friel	G. Redmond
Hop, Step & Jump	J. Friel	J. Martin	G. Godsoe
Mile Walk	R. Grant	E. McDonald	H. Durney
Shot Putt	M. McNeil	J. Martin	F. Hickey
Tug -of-War	Cape Breton	Outsiders	
Football Fives	Outsiders	Cape Breton	

Gerald Redmond was presented with the Senior Cup given by the College, and the Father Pippy Gold Medal for the highest aggregate of points.

INTERMEDIATE

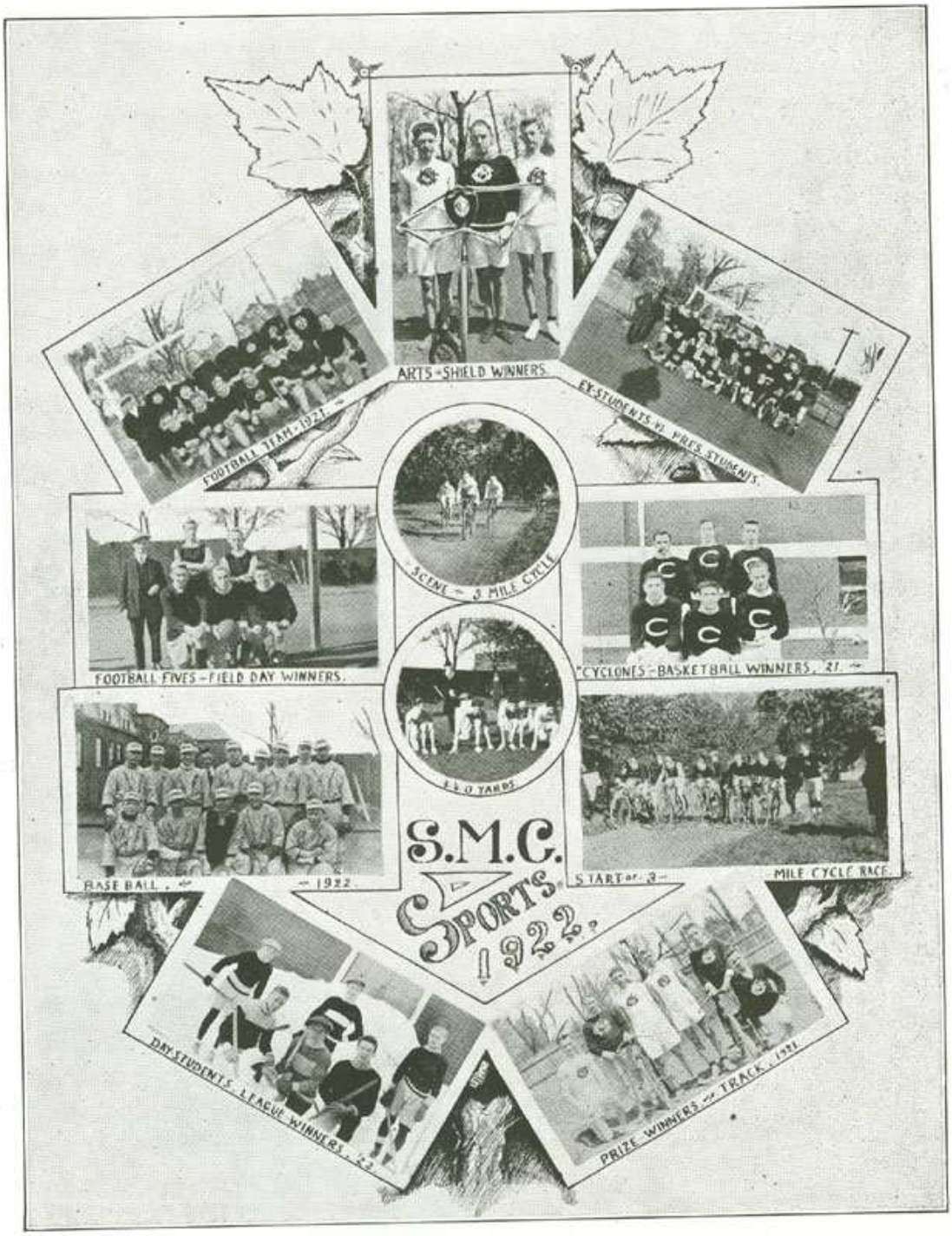
EVENT	1st.	2nd.	3rd.
100 Yard Dash	B. Doyle	C. Cotter	W. Downie
220 Yard Dash	B. Doyle	C. Cotter	W. Downie
880 Yards	H. Smith	A. Murphy	F. Carroll
1 Mile Run	H. Smith	A. Murphy	J. Howard
1 Mile Cycle	H. Smith	W. Downie	J. Green
2 Mile Cycle	H. Smith	W. Downie	J. Green
Broad Jump	B. Doyle	A. Murphy	C. Carroll
Hop, Step-Jump	B. Doyle	W. Downie	C. Carroll

The Intermediate Cup for greatest number of points went to H. Smith.

JUNIOR EVENTS

EVENT	1st.	2nd.	3rd.
50 Yard Dash	B. Young	W. White	D. McDonald
220 Yards	D. McDonald	W. White	
880 Yards	D. McDonald	B. Young	
1-2 Mile Cycle	G. Horner	F. Egan	J. Lahey
1 Mile Cycle	F. Eagan	G. Ross	H. Green
1 Mile Walk	D. McDonald	G. Montague	O. Merchant
Broad Jump	D. McDonald	W. White	O. Merchant

Donald McDonald was the winner of this year's Junior Cup.


ARTS-SHIELD WINNERS.
FOOTBALL TEAM. 1921.
EX-STUDENTS VS. PRES. STUDENTS.
SCENE - 3 MILE CYCLE
FOOTBALL FIVES - FIELD DAY WINNERS.
"CYCLONES" - BASKETBALL WINNERS. 21.
440 YARDS
BASE BALL. - 1922.
S.M.C.
SPORTS
1922.
START OF 3 MILE CYCLE RACE.
DAY STUDENTS' LEAGUE WINNERS. 22
PRIZE WINNERS - TRACK. 1921

This was the second Field Day to be held in the College of recent years, and it was a complete success. It is hoped that it will continue to be a part of the regular sports program in years to come.

Grant Holmes of the Crescents acted as judge in the Inter High-School contests. In the College events Father Phelan was official starter and Erin Smith was the judge of the finish lines.

Football Senior

The College team was speedy and showed good form, both in team work and individual playing. A hotly contested game was played with the Alumni which resulted in a hard fought victory of 3-2 in favor of the College. A second game was scheduled to be played with a picked team from the "Chaleur," but unfortunately it failed to materialize owing to inclement weather.

The College Team

Goal—J. Atwood.
Full Backs—J. Clancy, T. Dunn.
Half Backs—G. Redmond, B. Doyle, G. Gagnon.
Forwards—C. Stephens, M. McRae, G. Perrier, D. Sullivan, L. Lopes.
Spares—L. Hogan, E. White, F. O'Neil.

Much interest was shown in the Senior League games. Dan Sullivan captained the winning team, which was composed of W. Burns, G. Burke, B. Doyle, G. Redmond, S. Clancy, C. Carroll, W. Peck, C. McNeil, S. Doyle, F. Smith, F. Murphy.

Intermediate

J. Sutherland's team won the Intermediate League. It was made up of J. Sutherland, (Capt.), O. Merchant, D. McDonald, E. McDonald, F. Carroll, F. Montague, L. McGillivray, W. McGuinty. G. Horner, A. Chisholm, L. Hares.

Junior

F. Phelan and his squad walked away with the Junior honors. We expect to see many of these young gentlemen among next year's Intermediate stars.

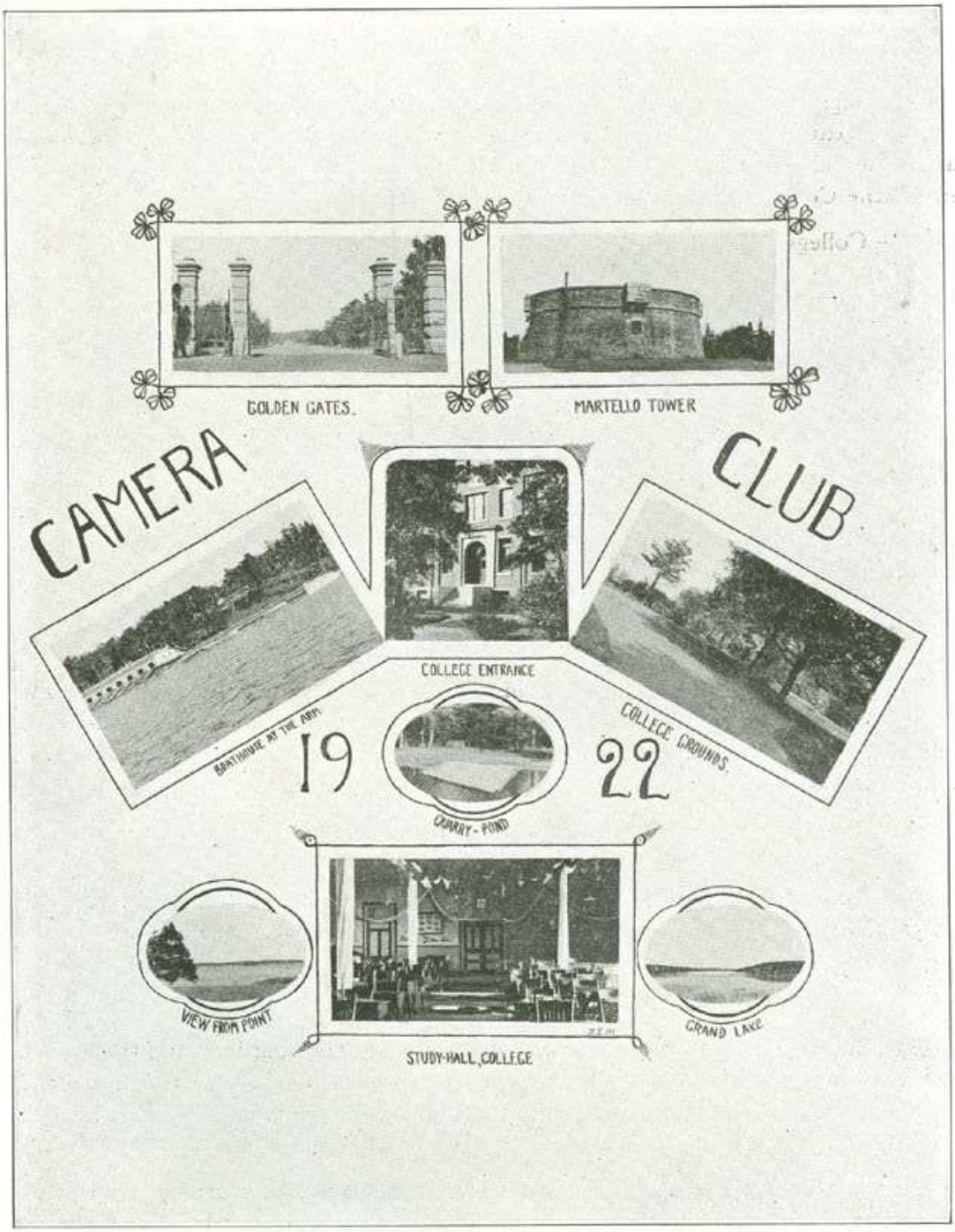
Senior Basket-Ball

Basket-Ball for the year 1921-22 was extremely successful from every point of view. Many exciting games were witnessed by the students.

J. Clancy's team known as the "Cyclones," winners of the Senior League, challenged a team picked from the best players in the League, and were ignominiously defeated.

Intermediate

The Intermediates played some fast games and showed great promise. J. Sutherland captured the league with W. Hogan, W. McDaniel, G. Horner, N. Petropolis, J. Murphy, T. O'Leary.


GOLDEN GATES.
MARTELLO TOWER
CAMERA
CLUB
COLLEGE ENTRANCE
BOATHOUSE AT THE ARM
COLLEGE GROUNDS.
19
22
QUARRY - POND
VIEW FROM POINT
GRAND LAKE
STUDY-HALL, COLLEGE

Junior

The Shamrocks are the proud possessors of this year's Junior Pins. They were led to victory by B. Young.

Hockey (Senior)

Although there were many aspirants for the first team, unfortunately the standard of former years was not maintained. St. Mary's entered the inter High-school League but in the games played with St. Patrick's and Academy, lack of team-work prevented the College from making its usual good showing.

The College team was composed of:

Goal—T. Dunn.
Defense—J. Reardon, L. Beazley.
Center—G. Gagnon.
Forwards—M. McRae, C. McNeil.
Spares—J. Clancy, E. White, O. Taylor, G. Burke.

In the league the season was marked by several sensational games. The "All Stars," led by D. McCarthy, attained the pinnacle of fame by winning the much coveted Senior pins. With him were F. Thompson, C. McNeil, D. M. McDonald, M. McRae, J. Atwood.

Intermediate

The four teams which composed this league played some hotly contested games. The "Rovers," a fast little team led by J. Howard, deservedly won the league. A team picked from the Intermediates accepted a challenge from Chebucto School and trimmed them 12—1.

Junior

The Juniors played good hockey and judging from the interest shown, we expect great things from them next year. B. Young's team won the league.

Day-Scholars Senior

The Day-scholar's league was as much a success as the boarders' and the usual keen contests were not lacking. Four teams comprised the league, but the Falcons captained by Godsoe proved too strong and going through the league without a defeat, claimed the coveted pins.

On the Falcon's line-up, were: S. Carew, A. Murphy, G. Horner, H. Penny, H. Bartlow, G. Godsoe.

E. Walshe

Chestnuts.

□□□

The other day two men were busy laying down some electric tram lines. The manager had been standing by watching the men for a considerable time, much to their annoyance. At last when the patience of the men was completely exhausted one of them said "Ah, say mister, can you play chequers." "Yes," said the manager, wondering at the impertinence of the man. "Well," said the workman, "ye'd better make a move or you'll lose two men."

* * * * * *

A tramp went into a boot-store with a bad $10.00 bill and asked for a pair of boots. The shop-keeper gave him a pair of boots which cost $5.00. The tramp gave him the bad $10.00 bill which the shop-keeper was unable to change. He therefore went next door and got the change. He gave the tramp a $5.00 bill. The latter departed and was not seen again. In a few minutes his next-door neighbor discovered that the $10.00 was spurious and asked back his money which the owner of the boot-store returned. How much did he lose by the transaction?

* * * *

The sessions in a certain town were in full swing. On the third day a dreadful calamity occurred. The court-crier was absent. "Well we must find a substitute", said the judge.

Just as they were in the middle of one exciting case, a breathless messenger boy came in and handed the judge a letter. The latter read it and then announced to the court—"I have a message from the court-crier. He says—'Wife's mother died last night. Will not be able to cry to-day.'"

* * * * * *

Judge—What's your occupation?
Prisoner—Professional Footballer, Your Honour.
Judge—Where do you play?
Prisoner—Outside Right, My Lord.
Judge—Well, you'll be Left Inside for a month.

* * * * * *

J. Walker Keating;—You see I'm growing a moustache. Do you think it becoming?

R. Byrne;—Well, it may be coming, but it certainly hasn't arrived yet.

* * * * * *

A blind fiddler in Sydney had a brother who was a blind fiddler in Halifax; but the blind fiddler in Halifax had no brother a blind fiddler in Sydney. Can you explain?

* * * * * *

Visitor—May I see Professor Brown?
Mrs. Brown—Oh, yes the Professor is in his Chemistry Laboratory. You know he hopes to go down to posterity.
——— Zi———z, Bang! Zi———z Bang! Bang!
Visitor—Oh, dear me, dear me. I hope he hasn't gone there already!

Finn took a great interest in his plot. One day the following advertisement caught his eye: 'All pests killed instantly; money refunded if directions fail; one dollar, post free.

He forwarded one dollar and received by return mail a small package containing a toy wooden mallet with the instructions: "Hit them on the head with this; repeat if necessary."

* * * * * *

The building was one of singular magnificence—large, handsome, and well proportioned. The architect had evidently lavished all his skill and art upon the exterior.

"Ah," said a man to his friend, as they walked by, "what a superb structure!"

"Yes it is indeed," returned the other; "but I cannot bear to look at it."

"Why not? asked his friend.

"Because replied the other with warmth, "it reminds me that the owner built it out of the aches, the groans of his fellow-men, the grief of crying children, the wails and moans of poor defenceless women, the howls and lamentations——

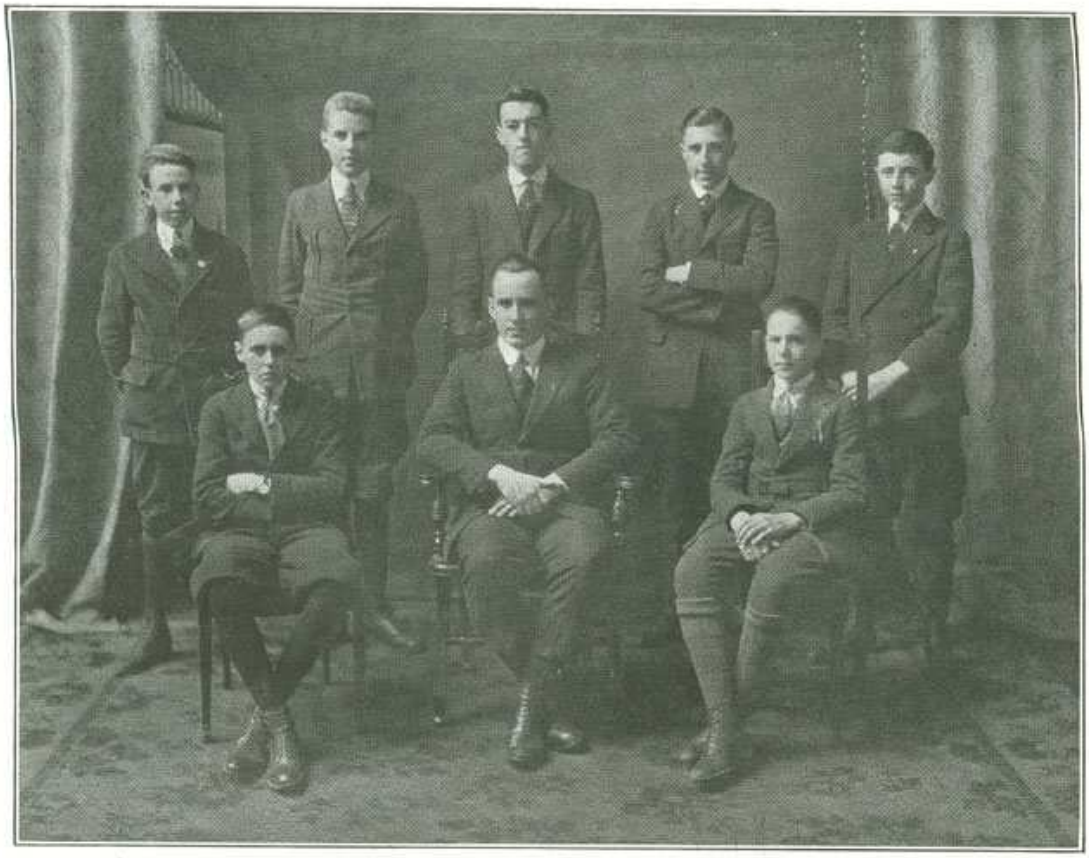
"Gracious!" exclaimed his friend; "What is the owner? A money-lender or an oppressor of the poor?"

"No, no," burst out his friend; "worse, worse than that! He is a dentist!"

* * * * * *

"Have you any complaint to make?" asked the prison visitor.

"Yes, I have, replied the convict. "There ain't nearly enough exits from this place."



ADVERTISING COMMITTEE

I Hear!

That during the year a considerable amount of Leonard Baker's time has been spent at the telephone.

* * * * * *

That our illustrious and learned friend Lionel Ryan is sporting a top hat and a monocle at the University of London. Can you imagine it?

* * * * * *

That our friend Dennis Ryan (Napoleon), in spite of the sad disaster in which it was his lot to be the chief sufferer, has determined to hit a three bagger before the season closes.

* * * * * *

That, as a recognition of his own meek and graceful submission to the laws of "Initiation", Mr. Howard McNicoll has been appointed to preside over that ceremony next year.

* * * * * *

That Eddie Granville expects to receive very soon the diploma of M. D., C. M.—that he also expects another diploma or certificate a short time after.

* * * * * *

That Martin Donahue will soon be looking for a similar diploma.

* * * * * *

That during the past year at Dal the attentions of Norman Losada have not been devoted entirely to his studies.

* * * * * *

That Joe Reardon was actually so kind and condescending as to give his fellow students the pleasure of seeing his smiling countenance three times during the past term.

That Gerald Godsoe the college's most forward representative in the fishing world set out on a stormy March morning and succeeded in catching two minnows in a trout stream.

* * * * * *

That several of the city's most prominent photographers are suffering severe financial loss due to the rivalry of the Camera Club which is under the management of Bro. Garvey.

* * * * * *

That the cycling spats which are worn on Mondays by Dan Sullivan, Tuesdays Ned White, Wednesdays and Thursdays by Ned "Dewy" Walsh, Fridays and Saturdays by Maddin McRae and on Sundays by John Clancy are beginning to deteriorate because of the lack of buttons.

* * * * * *

That Frank Hickey is still much perplexed about the disappearance of his bed.

* * * * * *

That Melvin McNeil on his way to school walks very erect and without deigning to look to either side until he come to Robie St.; at a certian place thereon he loses all his stiff formality and his beaming "dial" reflects the sun.

* * * * * *

That Mr. Leonard Hares, who by the way was a very pretty baby, at the age of 3 months, was given an overdose of sleeping powder. I'm sure any student of St. Mary's can testify to the fact that he has never recovered.

* * * * * *

That Mr. Murphy, author of the season's success in the fiction line, has been beseiged with offers by the theatrical magnates for the filming of his most enthralling story "Two in One."

* * * * * *

That Mr. Burns the enterprising editor of the "Tattler" is thinking of offering his journalistic services to one of our local dailies.

* * * * * *

That of Mr. Hayes, the Business-Manager of same, it may truly be said that the profundity of his intelligence is only to be compared with the rotundity of his person.

* * * * * *

That the Wanderers do not love "Coo" Hickey.

* * * * * *

That Lennie Hares is returning this year to his "Dear Demerara." Hope the natives don't eat him! Pity them if they do!

* * * * * *

. . .Something else. But Jack Atwood offered me a quarter not to put it in.

* * * * * *

That the writer of these notes considers it more prudent not to subscribe his name thereto.

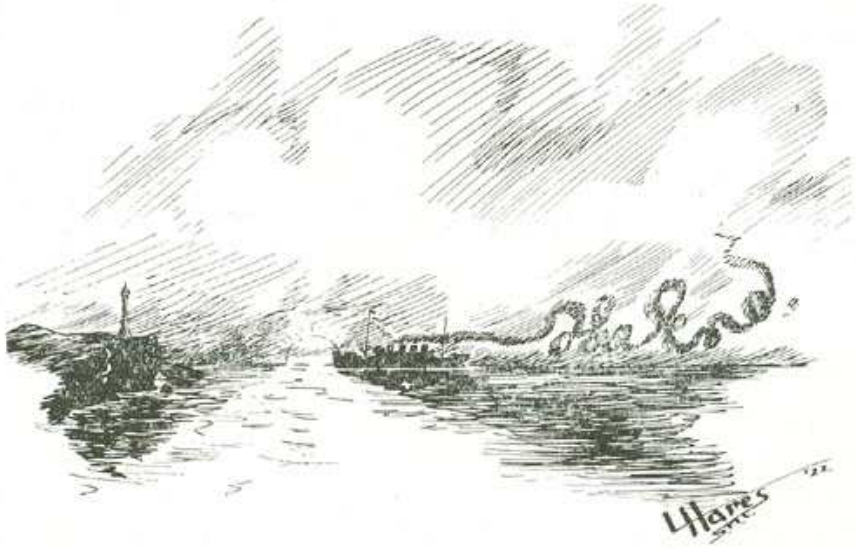
Our College Roll 1921-22

□□□

Name	Address
Antle Albert	Halifax
Atwood John	Bedford
Atwood Arthur	Bedford
Atwood Lorenzo	Bedford
Aucoin Ernest	Eastern Harbour
Aucoin Harold	Eastern Harbour
Baker Leonard	Glace Bay
Bartlow Harold	Halifax
Beazley Lawrence	Dartmouth
Boudreau Howard	Halifax
Brady Michael	Sydney Mines
Brophy Joseph	Mulgrave
Brough Bert	Dartmouth
Buckley John	Halifax
Burke Gerald	Glace Bay
Burns William P.	Halifax
Burns William	Halifax
Byrne Ross	Dartmouth
Cameron Crofton	Halifax
Cameron John	Halifax
Carew Stephen	Halifax
Carey Joseph	Moncton N. B.
Carrier Romeo	Chicoutimi, P. Q.
Carroll Cornelius	Glace Bay
Carroll Francis	Sydney
Chisholm Alexander	Halifax
Chisholm William	Mulgrave
Chisholm Donald	Mulgrave
Chisholm Douglas	Halifax
Clancy John	Mulgrave
Clancy Sherman	Mulgrave
Collins John	S. W. Margaree
Collins Peter	S. W. Margaree
Connors John	Glace Bay
Cotter Claude	Sydney
D'Anjou Conrad	Rimouski, P. Q.
Davies Joseph	Halifax
Delorey Clarence	Tracadie
Dowd Peter	Moncton N. B.
Downie William	Halifax
Doyle Alan	Halifax
Doyle Bertram	Doyle Bertram
Doyle Cyril	Halifax
Doyle Stanley	Halifax
Dulhanty Francis	Bridgewater
Dunn Thomas	Buffalo N. Y.
Dunphy John	Halifax
Durney Henry	Dartmouth
Dwyer Thomas	Halifax
Dyer Gerald	Halifax
Dyer John	Halifax
Egan James	Halifax
Fahie Robert	Halifax
Finn William	Halifax
Fisher Clayton	Halifax
Fisher Erzel	Halifax
Fleming Gerald	Halifax
Foley Cornelius	Halifax
Foley Gerald	Halifax
Frecker Alan	St. Pierre
Frecker Charles	St. Pierre
Friel John	Moncton, N. B.
Gagnon George	Chicoutimi, P. Q.
Gillis Ernest	Halifax
Godsoe Gerald	Halifax
Godsoe Henry	Halifax
Gonsalves John	Demerara B. G.
Grant John	Halifax
Grant Russel	Halifax
Greene Felix	Dartmouth
Greene John	Dartmouth
Griswald Eric	Halifax
Hanlon Robert	Halifax
Hares Claude	Demerara B. G.
Hares Leonard	Demerara B. G.
Hayes Gerald	Halifax
Hayes James	Halifax
Hickey Francis	Glace Bay
Hobin Thomas	Bedford
Hogan John	Halifax
Hogan Louis	Halifax
Hogan William	Halifax

Name	Address
Horner Gorden	Halifax
Houlihan Cyril	Windsor Junction.
Howard John	Campbellton, N. B.
Hutton John	Halifax
Jasmins Anthony	Demerara B. G.
Jasmins John	Demerara B. G.
Keating Walker	Mulgrave
Kennedy Michael	Halifax
Kennedy Michael	Halifax
Kennedy Thomas	Halifax
Kennedy Thomas	Halifax
Laba Michael	Halifax
Lahey Michael	Dartmouth
Leary James	Halifax
LeBrun Gerald	D'Escousse
Lee Audber	Halifax
Lopes Louis	Demerara B. G.
Lovett Cyril	Dartmouth
Mahar John	Halifax
Mahar John F	Halifax
Mahoney Joseph	Truro
Mahoney Russel	Halifax
Markley Donald	Halifax
Markley Maurice	Halifax
Martin Cyril	Halifax
Martin John	Halifax
McCarthy Daniel	Sydney
McDonald Donald	Sydney
McDonald Donald	Glendale C. B.
McDonald Earle	Dartmouth
McDonald Elmer	Dartmouth
McDonald Eugene	Halifax
McDonald Fenwick	Dartmouth
McDonald George	Sydney Mines
McDonald John	Halifax
McDonald Joseph	Glace Bay
McDonald Harold	Sydney
McDonald George	Sydney
McDonald George	Halifax
McDonald Martin	Trenton
McDaniel William	Inverness
McDougal Alan	Port Hood
McGillvary Leonard	Sydney
McGuinty William	Halifax
McGuinty William	Halifax
McKay Campbell	Port Hood
McKinnon William	Sydney
McKinnon Alexander	Antigonish
McInnis Angus	Inverness
McManus Edward	Halifax
McNeil Charles	Glace Bay
McNeil Charles D.	Dartmouth
McNeil Charles R.	Sydney Mines
McNeil Donald	Sydney Mines
McNeil Francis	New Glasgow
McNeil Melvin	Boularderie West
McRae Maddin	Glace Bay
Mackasey John	Halifax
Meehan Owen	Halifax
Merchant Eric	Halifax
Merchant Fred	Sydney
Merchant John	Sydney
Merchant Oscar	Sydney
Merchant Vincent	Sydney
Meagher Gordon	Halifax
Mont William	Halifax
Montague Frederick	Halifax
Montague Gerald	Halifax
Mullins Blowers	Sydney
Mullins Clarence	Halifax
Murphy Arthur	Halifax
Murphy Denis	Halifax
Murphy Francis	Halifax
Murphy Gerald	Halifax
Murphy John	Halifax
Murphy John	Halifax
Murphy William	Halifax
Morrison Thomas	Pt. Tupper
Myers Henry	Moncton N. B.
Myers Ralph	Moncton N. B.
Neville John	Halifax
O'Connel McIntosh	Halifax
O'Connor Eric	Halifax
O'Leary Bernard	Halifax
O'Leary Thomas	Halifax
O'Neill Francis	Halifax
Page Francis	Halifax
Peck William	Sydney
Penny Douglas	Halifax
Penny Howard	Halifax
Perrier Gerald	Halifax
Phelan Edward	Halifax

Name	Address	Name	Address
Phelan Francis	Halifax	Soy Donald	Amherst
Petropolis Nicholas	Halifax	Smith Harold	Dartmouth
Pooley Favelle	Halifax	Smith Francis	Halifax
Powell Joseph	Halifax	Sullivan Daniel	Moncton, N. B.
Power Francis	Halifax	Stephens Cuthbert	St. Kitt's, B. W. I.
Quinn Bernard	Halifax	Sutherland John	Port Hood
Reardon Joseph	Halifax	Tayler Omer	Glace Bay
Redmond Gerald	Halifax	Thompson Bruce	Halifax
Redmond Henry	Halifax	Thompson Frederick	Campbellton, N. B.
Redmond Murdock	Rockingham	Tobin Bernard	Kentville
Richards George	Halifax	Tobin Clarence	Halifax
Riverin William	Chicoutimi P. Q.	Vaughan George	Halifax
Rooney Thomas	Dartmouth	Walsh Edward	Boston, Mass.
Robson Charles	Halifax	Walsh Thomas	Halifax
Ross George	Shediac N. B.	White Edward	Shediac N. B.
Ryan Dennis	Charlottetown, P.E.I.	White John	Halifax
Sebeslav William	Halifax	White Wilfred	Halifax
Sebeslav John	Halifax	Williams Edwin	Dartmouth
Shannon Frederick	Halifax	Young John	Sydney



A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep.

Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep.

Like an eagle caged, I pine
On this dull unchanging shore.

Oh! give me the flashing brine,
The spray and the tempest's roar! —*Sargent.*

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chains have bound me,

Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon
How can ye bloom sae fair.

How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care!

Know then this truth (enough for man to know)
Virtue alone is happiness below.—*Pope.*

Order is Heaven's first law: and this confest
Some are and must be greater than the rest.

It is the gentle mind that makes the gentleman.—*Spalding.*

Content is wealth: the riches of the mind;
And happy he who can that treasure find. —*Dryden.*

'Tis not in bright or sunny skies,
'Tis in the breast the summer lies.

—*D. F. McCarthy.*

In small proportions we just beauties see
And in short measures life may perfect be. —*Ben Johnson.*

Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh, give me, the pleasures of Home ! —*Payne.*

The boldest man if conscious of his guilt,
Is by that conscience made most cowardly.