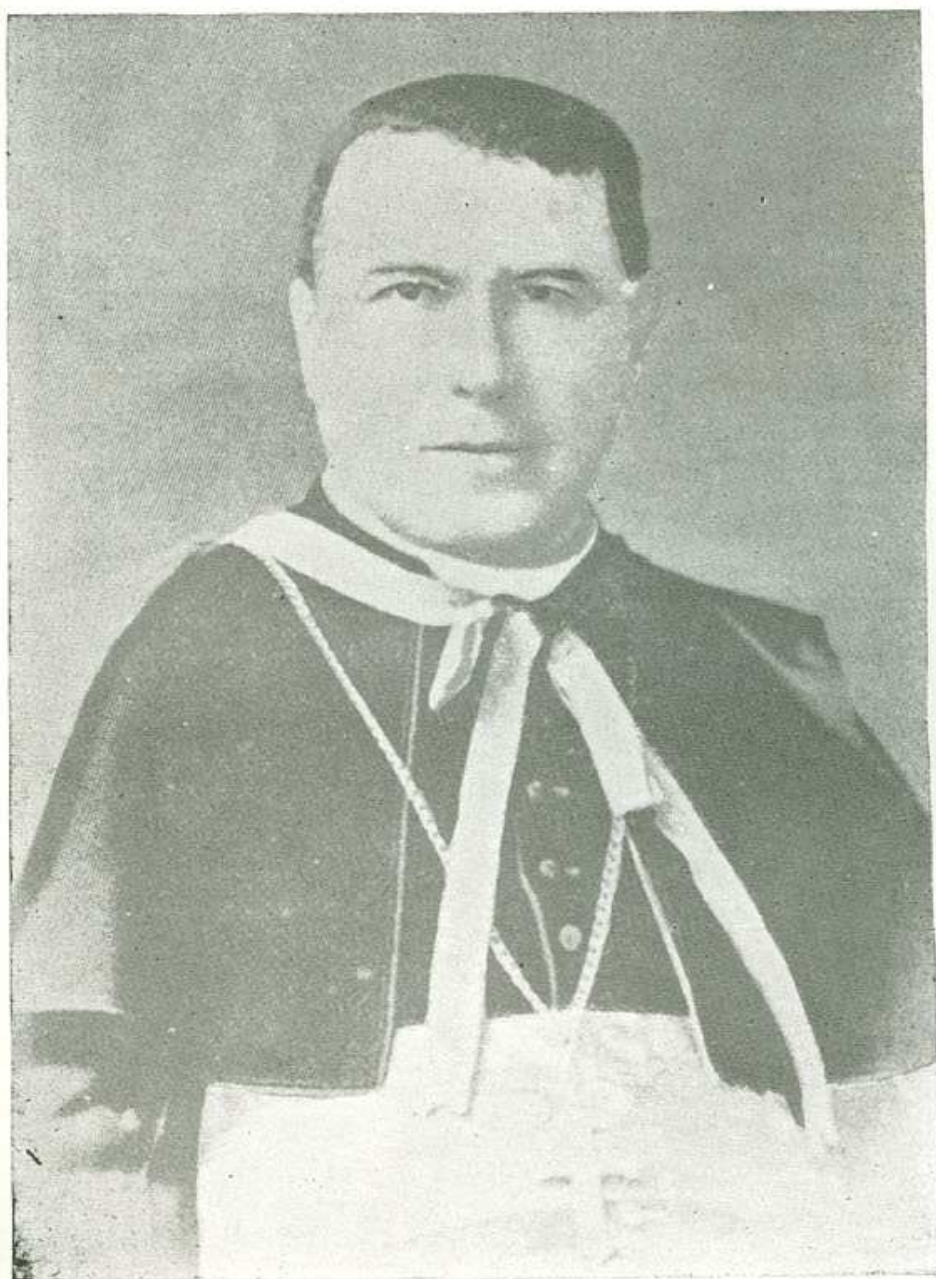


The Collegian

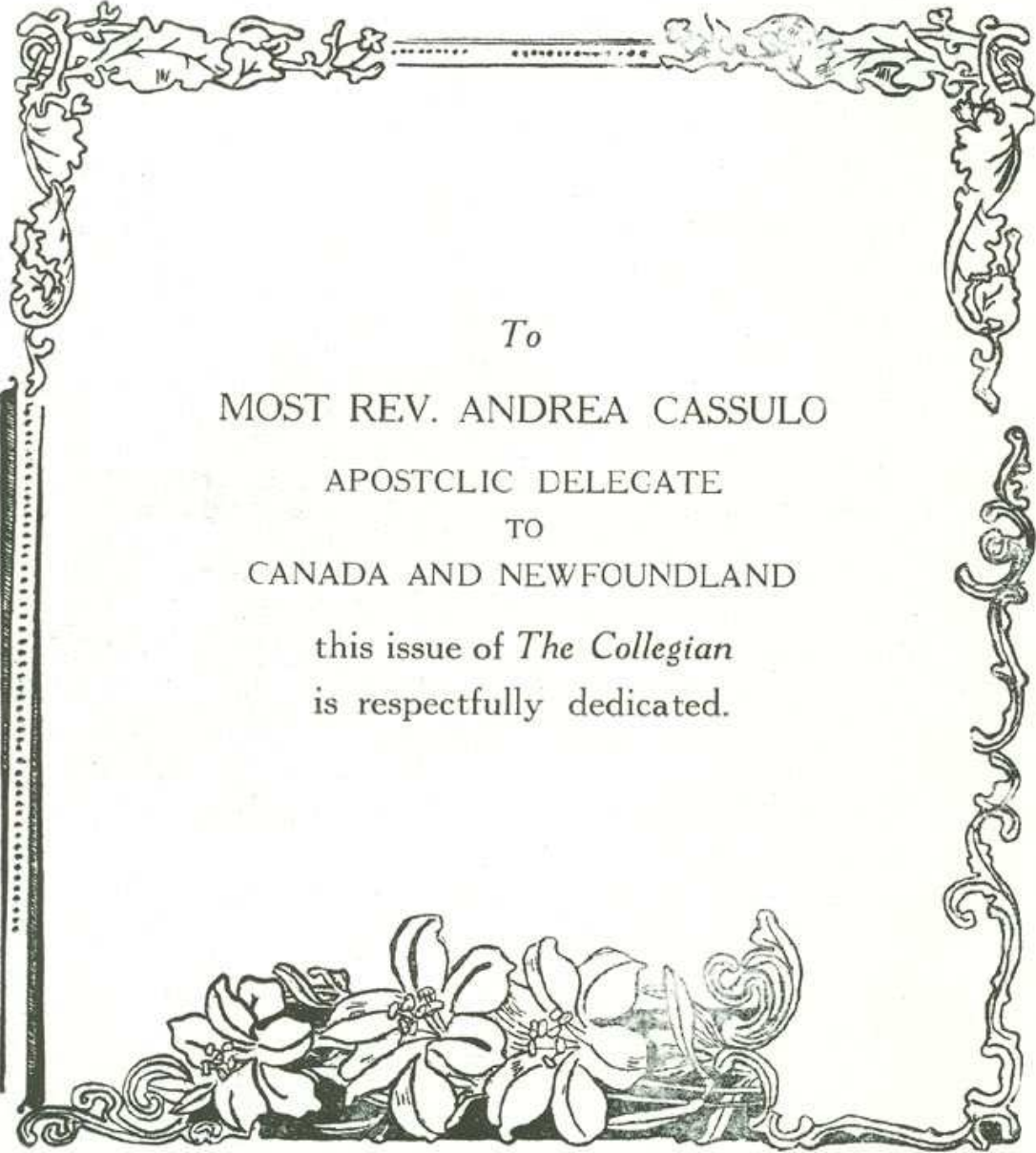


June • 1928

St. Mary's College
Halifax



MOST REV. ANDREA CASSULO



To
MOST REV. ANDREA CASSULO
APOSTOLIC DELEGATE
TO
CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND
this issue of *The Collegian*
is respectfully dedicated.

The Collegian

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF ST. MARY'S COLLEGE
HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA

Vol. 4

JUNE 1928

No. 9

STAFF OF THE COLLEGIAN



BACK ROW : F. L. SMITH, B. A., K. B. KENNEDY, J. K. PURTILL, C. A. FRECKER, B. A.
FRONT ROW :—J. H. DYER, J. P. MCGUIRE, E. L. WILLIAMS, B. A., G. A. FRECKER,
W. D. O'HEARN.
ABSENT, D. L. PENNY.

EDITORIAL

Tomorrow Saint Mary's sends forth the largest combined graduating class in her history. It is a splendid testimonial to her worth that, undaunted by the lack of encouragement and praise that is her due, she has equipped another group of young men for departure from one life, entrance into another. This applies likewise to matriculation year of High School for it cannot be expected that every

High School graduate will enter College. Not that those who can and are fitted for it should not. Despite the cry that is so often heard in our day that a College course is useless and that every second man is a College graduate, statistics give the lie to both statements. The earning power of the average High School graduate over that of the man who has but a grammar school education, and the still greater earning power, to say nothing of culture and finesse, of the College graduate as compared with that of the man with a High School

diploma, needs no extension here. It is too well known. One example will suffice for the latter of the two popular ideas. In 1921-22 Saint Mary's had a First Year High School class of sixty odd students. Of that number ten finished High School. And of the ten, one has graduated in Arts at Dalhousie this Spring, two in Arts and one in Engineering graduate from Saint Mary's tomorrow.

In all Colleges and High Schools it is the same, always will be much the same. The percentage of educated will never approach the percentage of those with secondary education or none at all to speak of. However Saint Mary's should have even larger graduating classes and would if opposition and hostility were absent. The latter has been, until recently brought out from under cover by action of the students and others interested in this College, of an insidious type and hence all the more treacherous. With this brought out into the open—it is too much to expect a cessation—Saint Mary's will make even greater progress.

A brief review of the year 1927-28 will not be amiss. The months that have passed have been more than successful. The standards of previous years has been well maintained and in some cases surpassed. If student activity is any criterion by which to judge the success of a College, then Saint Mary's has indeed passed through a happy year. The various College societies have widened the scope of their work and each reports a favorable balance. The Dramatic Society ventured to display their talents to critical non-student audiences for the first time and it is to be hoped that the event will become an annual one. The Athletic Association has likewise controlled sporting activities to the satisfaction of all and three trophies, two Provincial and one City, have been won by Saint Mary's athletic teams, one of them for the third

consecutive year, another for the second. Interest in the Holy Name Society and the Students' Mission Crusade Society was greater than ever while the two units of restricted membership, the Engineering Society and Tau Gamma Sigma both present very favorable reports.

The above is but the result of student co-operation with the various executives. Always necessary, that alone will insure success and the life of an institution is vitally dependent upon it. If next year and in the years to come, Saint Mary's students will co-operate with society executives in the same splendid manner that they have, there need be no anxiety expressed over the fate of this College. An active student body is the deciding factor in making of an institution a success or a failure. The faculty and equipment may be of the best but if the students themselves do not display at least a fair amount of healthy activity, the corridors of that College will be soon deserted.

The College Players will present the Trial Scene from "The Merchant of Venice" on Commencement Day. The cast is as follows:

The Duke	J. H. Dyer
Shylock	G. B. Murphy
Antonio	G. Lyall Renner
Bassanio	J. D. Murphy
Gratiano	Norman Stanbury
Portia	W. J. Penny
Nerissa	R. J. Donahoe

The choice will be a fitting close to the most successful year ever enjoyed by the College Dramatic Society.

Another item scheduled for tomorrow is the Prize Debate in which four members of the Senior classes will



DEBATERS

contest the subject "Resolved that subject to the production of satisfactory guarantees as to moral condition and physical efficiency there should be unrestricted immigration of the white races into Canada." The affirmative stand will be taken by Walter D. A. O'Hearn and Arthur T. Sheehan, and the negative by James P. McGuire and Edward M. Martin. The three former are members of the Sophomore Arts class while Mr. Martin is one of this year's graduates in Engineering.

The Collegian announces with pleasure the reception of two gifts for the College Chapel from Mrs. M. T. Sullivan of Glace Bay, C. B. and Mrs. Carter of St. John's, Nfld. On behalf of the faculty and students of Saint Mary's, *The Collegian* extends sincere thanks to both these ladies.

As the organ of the student body of Saint Mary's, *The Collegian* takes pleasure in extending to the President, Brother Sterling, and to each member of the College faculty, their gratitude for the efforts expended by the President and faculty on their behalf. And in this expression of gratitude the name of one of the

best friends of Saint Mary's, Rev. Doctor Charles F. Curran, must not be omitted. It has been no little pleasure to be in their classes and under their guidance.

HOLY NAME SOCIETY

The Holy Name Society has concluded its activities for the seventh and most successful year of its existence at the College. The members of the executive for the season were: Pres., Mr. Charles A. Frecker; V.-Pres., Mr. Douglas L. Penny; Treasurer, Mr. Murray P. Orlando; Secretary, Mr. Robert V. Donnelly. To this body, working with the cooperation of all the members, the achievements of the year are due.

Among the spiritual activities of the Society for the past term, discussions and readings on current religious questions took place at the regular quarterly meetings.

The last meeting was given over to the Spiritual Director, Rev. Dr. Curran, who gave a most inspiring address on vocations. The Society has also gathered a spiritual bouquet which is to be added to the presentation at the coming International

Eucharistic Congress in honor of Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament.

From a very successful lottery, the annual Holy Name Society Tombola and the regular monthly fees, the unit has made a record financial turnover. From the funds of the year the society presented a beautiful statue of St. Teresa and a Ciborium to Rev. Brother Sterling for the college Chapel.

The executive takes this opportunity to sincerely thank the Rev. Director, Dr. Curran, for the active interest he has taken in the affairs of the society; also the students who aided in the activities of the year.

Robert V. Donnelly, Sect.

STUDENTS' MISSION CRUSADE

Success is obtained by hard and earnest work, and thus due to the earnest endeavour of Mr. James Dyer the President of the Crusade Society, the past year has exceeded the expectations held at the beginning of the year for the St. Mary's Unit of the Canadian Catholic Students' Mission Crusade Society.

The society aims at furthering the work of the missionaries in far off countries. To do this as much financial and spiritual aid as possible is given to the missions. The missionary priests spend their lives in bringing souls nearer to God, and in defeating paganism. It is to help in any way possible that the Crusade Society exists.

At the first meeting the following executive was elected: Mr. James H. Dyer, President; Mr. Arthur T. Sheehan, Assistant Secretary; Mr. G. Allain Frecker, Treasurer; G. Lyall Renner, Secretary; Executive members, Messrs. Addis H. Daley and Patrick M. Hinchey.

The main activities for the year were the regular monthly meetings, the annual Tombola, a musical revue, the management of a canteen,

the Annual Convention in which all the Halifax Units took part, and a Mission Week.

At the monthly meetings, besides the reports, some feature was presented in order to arouse interest in the missions. The Mission Week was also held for this purpose. It included a debate on one day, two interesting talks on the missionaries the next day, a missionary play the third day, and on the fourth day the exercises were brought to a close with the holy hour. This is the second time this Week was conducted by the executive and it was most gratifying.

The Tombola and the Musical Revue benefited both the society and the students inasmuch as to the students they brought amusements and for the society, satisfying financial returns.

The annual convention as is always the case brought to a close the general activities for the year. Held at St. Patrick's Girls' High School this year, it demonstrated to all the interest taken by the students in missionary work. This convention was most admirably conducted. It included reports from the different units, interesting and helpful discourses prepared and delivered by members of the various units, with the drafting of resolutions completing the business meeting. There was also a social intermission more successful than in the past, and then the convention came to a close with Benediction at St. Patrick's Church.

The students of the College by co-operating with the executive have made possible this most successful year.

The executive takes this opportunity to thank our Spiritual Director, Rev. Dr. Curran for the interest he has taken in our work, and also all those who aided in any way to the success of the past year.

Lyall Renner, Sect.

THE CATHOLIC COLLEGE FOR THE CATHOLIC STUDENT



IN our age the subject of religious and secular education is discussed at great length, with serious thought and consideration. Unfortunately among those who debate the topic there are many of our own belief who favor the attendance of Catholic students at non-Catholic colleges. The reasons for this attitude are not mentionable, but the results of it are so striking, so forceful, so contradictory to Catholic ideals and principles that they necessitate the attention of those in any way interested in the cause of religious education. And, speaking of religious education, and recollecting the appalling havoc its absence has produced in past days, we who have the good fortune to receive it can best appreciate its effects.

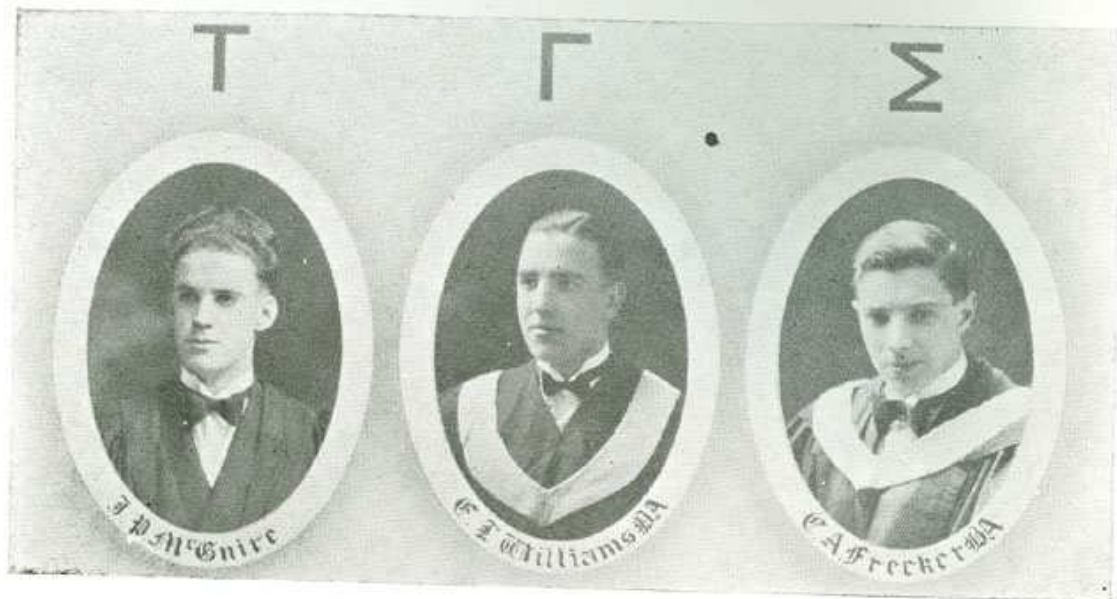
The path of life should lead us all to the same end, the end for which man was created and to which he tends of his very nature. But man's existence on this earth is a warfare, a continual struggle to attain the ultimate goal for which every Christian soul longs; he treads not the mossy by-way of pleasure, nor the road of perpetual bliss, nor an avenue strewn with roses; on the other hand a path called the rough and narrow, which is thorny and hard and tiresome. In view of these difficulties every gift, every grace, every assistance rendered by Heaven, should be availed of by Catholics whose doctrine forces them to realize, whether they will or no, that life but begins with death, that the grave is the threshold of eternal life.

Parents, guardians, benefactors, in fact any person or institution having authority to direct education

must realize that on their shoulders rests a weighty responsibility. It is they who have power to decide which is the safest and surest course for their charges to follow, and their decision if Catholic must be: the path of righteous living, of Christian fortitude, of Catholic instruction. Where do we receive such instruction? Whence do we derive the armour of intellectually religious strength? Is it in the Catholic or the secular College? The one is blessed by Christ, the other has no benediction. The one teaches of God and His commandments, the other either rejects or ignores both. The object of one is eternal glory as well as worldly success, of the other solely the laurels of this decaying life. The aim of one is spiritual, the aim of the other temporal. Catholic education tends toward God, non-sectarian (?)—its direction if any is doubtful. Finally religious instruction blends the sentiments of the student with the doctrines of Jesus Christ, moulds the heart and fashions the mind into a firm, pure and chaste home, a worthy domicile for the Eucharistic King.

Individuals or organizations who favor, advocate, or support the attendance of Catholic students at secular Universities ought to be aware of the unpleasant truth that such consent, such advice, such support, is not only un-Catholic in principle, irreligious in sentiment, but further and much more grievous, it is beyond the realm of their jurisdiction and at variance with the supreme law of the Church, that is Canon Law.

Why should a Catholic student go to a Catholic College in preference to a non-sectarian institution? This is a question often asked by people who apparently allow Rome's decision to escape their memory, or who have failed to appraise the Divine gift of faith as invaluable. This is equal to asking why do fish live in water? Why do foxes seek their holes, or the birds of the air their nests? A Catholic student should attend a Catholic



TAU GAMMA SIGMA EXECUTIVE

College because he is a Catholic and values the wealth, the support, the consolation of Catholic training and spiritual direction he receives therein. Such Colleges impart a theistic, rather than an atheistic philosophy, they teach the true interpretation of the scriptures, the true meaning of the Faith. The scale by which everything is weighed, by which all things are determined, by which all studies, all activities, all enterprises are apportioned their just value is the Cross.

The Cross may be termed the foundation of the New Law. For without the Cross, there is no Resurrection; without the Resurrection, no Redeemer; without the Redeemer, no Christianity, since it was He who founded it and ordained that its doctrine should be taught to each and every one—without which there would be no salvation. Faith then must be most precious and upon its inestimable worth do we place our arguments for Catholic education.

It is a heritage redeemed at a tremendous sacrifice, not to be hazarded but fostered, cherished and cultivated, not abandoned to be choked and withered by the contaminations of a sensual and indifferent

world. The most apt manner of preserving the divine gift is through zealous instruction and Christian example. These forces are found in Catholic colleges: their absence is detected in all others. Higher religious education trains a young man not only for worldly pursuits, but trains him so that even worldly enterprises may be embarked upon in a Godly fashion. It develops character, cultivates the intellect, augments a youth's appreciation of life and with the latter the significance of death.

A young man leaving the walls of his alma mater and entering the world must be of the world. That is, in so far as he must mingle with men of all classes and of various creeds, he will be called on to face all the dangers, the risks, the temptations, the obligations, the duties of a Christian; to give a reason for the faith that is in him. If he is the product of a Catholic institution this should be a simple task. But to proceed further what then is required? That which one day will be exacted of all students, parents, organizations, to face the last trial, to give an account of our stewardship. In concluding, we see that Catholic education is a balmy

breath, an invigorating breeze fanning the fire of faith; thus it continues through the whole weary voyage of life a barrier of virtue, a bond of truth; then if an aid in life, a consolation in death, since death is the harvest of life.

Around the precincts of a Catholic College there is an atmosphere of religion and inspiration, an inspiration for things human and things Divine. The centre about which this religious education revolves is the chapel, the center of the chapel is, as we all know, the tabernacle. The center of the tabernacle? The Heart of Jesus, the King. And to advocate young men leaving Catholic education for education that is purely secular is in reality to favor their withdrawal from what we have clearly demonstrated to be the nucleus of their education.

J. P. McGuire, Arts '30.

ARTS NOTES

It seems sad to make the last report but then there had to be an end, even of studies. In a few days the campus will be deserted during another summer vacation, the grass will spring up to cover the spot so lately enlivened by all manner of activities; the "*les belles vaches*" will wander over it, crop it close and then the process will begin again. As we discovered from a little research last fall, the longer the cows stay the quicker the grass grows after they depart.

The Tau Gamma Sigma society, thanks to the prudent piloting of Mr. Williams, has arrived at the end of its premier year. We consider it fortunate to have existed so long. And, though a rest is greeted with pleasure it is with deep grief the society disbands: the meetings were so enjoyable, the members so sociable, the president?—so eloquent. However membership in this Arts society will

be perpetuated, so that all members present and future will be such as long as they may drag out this miserable existence and with death they will experience a feeling of gratitude for their deliverance.

We do not censure the Freshmen for wishing to tell the world that they took part in a debate with a class so renowned as the sophomores and so much more intellectual than themselves; but even though their youth and foolishness pardons them in great part yet they really should be reprimanded for their schismatical remarks as regards the decision.

The short stories to which the Seniors and Juniors devoted so much time during Easter vacation were rated even by Br. Culhane as being extremely good. Mr. Williams' little narrative, so they say, was exceptional; of course that doesn't say anything since all his literary endeavours are exceptional. Cornelius P. Foley, who has been a student here for the past decade or so composed a thrilling tale about a bear, deriving his inspiration, (as he confided to me in a personal interview), from eating animal crackers. Mr. Foley's production was solicited by *The Collegian* and appears in this issue.

The Sophomores, with profound sentiments of melancholy, await the consummation of their Saturday garden parties of which only one remains. The members of this class feel that by their zealous and persistent mastication they have forwarded the cause of the missions in the field afar. The Sophs. also dashed off a few little fairy tales. Murray Orlando was credited with the best while Mr. Murphy is said to have given the professor nightmares with his uncanny reminiscences of Nick Carter. The other boys also wrote; of these the O'Hearn deserves special mention for the religious topic of his narration.

CHARLES ANDRE FRECKER
BACHELOR OF ARTS
Montreal, P. Q.

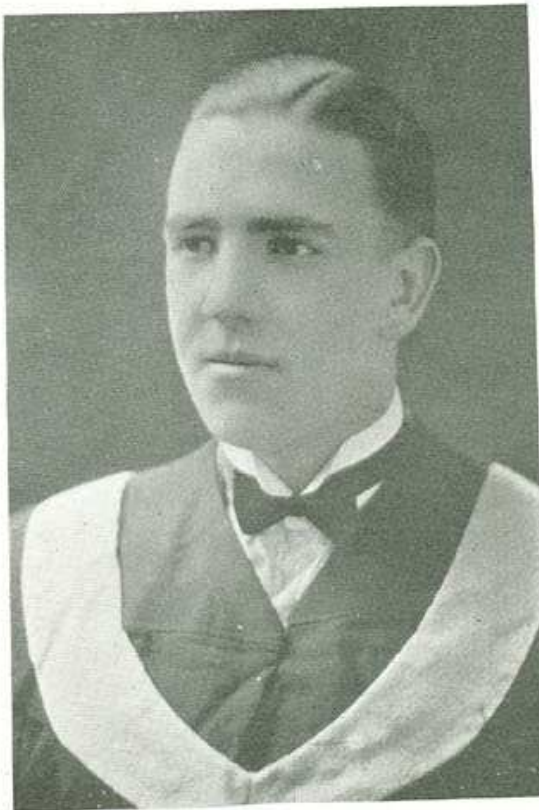
Charles A. Frecker has been a student of Saint Mary's since 1918, completing his Preparatory, High School and Arts courses here. A brilliant student and leader of his class in Matriculation year and in each of the four years of Arts, he has nevertheless taken a keen interest in student activities, holding the offices of President of the Holy Name Society, Vice-President of Tau Gamma Sigma, and Circulation Manager of *The Collegian*. He is also one of the best debaters at Saint Mary's and more than once has led his class team to victory. His departure from Saint Mary's will leave a gap that it will be difficult for future students to fill.



CHARLES A. FRECKER

EDWIN LEONARD WILLIAMS
BACHELOR OF ARTS
Antigonish, N. S.

Edwin L. Williams of Antigonish, formerly a student of Sydney Academy, took up his studies at Saint Mary's seven years ago. During these years he has acquired an enviable reputation for fluency and fertility of literary style and has won three Prize Essay medals. Mr. Williams was on the original staff of *The Collegian* and has been Editor-in-Chief for the past two years. Always an active participant in all branches of athletics, he was elected Secretary of the Athletic Association this year. On this graduating student was conferred the unique distinction of being first Life-President of the recently formed Arts society, Tau Gamma Sigma.



EDWIN L. WILLIAMS



FRANCIS E. MURPHY

FRANCIS EDWARD MURPHY

Halifax, N. S.

Francis L. Murphy entered Saint Mary's from Halifax Academy in '26 and had previously attended St. Patrick's High School. As Secretary-Treasurer of the Engineering Society he has been instrumental in the steady progress of that body since its formation at Saint Mary's and likewise is the winner of a literary M and a keen debater. He will continue his studies in Electrical Engineering at Nova Scotia Tech.

MAURICE JOSEPH MARKLEY

Halifax, N. S.

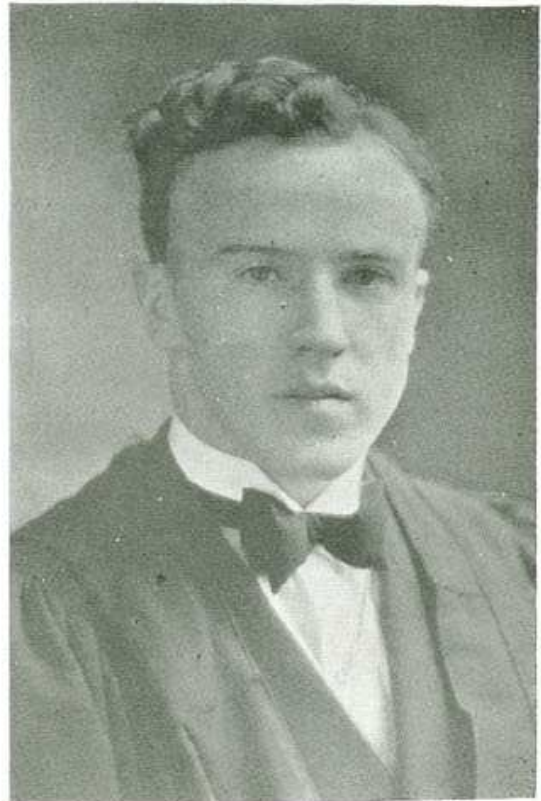
Maurice J. Markley received his High School training at St. Patrick's and the Halifax Academy, returning to Saint Mary's in '26 after an absence of three years. As a student he has been of exceptional ability, leading the Engineering class in '27 and '28, while his efforts in debating and other activities have been very laudable. He will be a member of the Electrical Engineering group at Nova Scotia Tech next year.



MAURICE J. MARKLEY

EDWARD MICHAEL MARTIN
St. John, Nfld.

Edward M. Martin entered Saint Mary's in '25 from St. Bonaventure College, St. John's and while here has been outstanding in student activities. As President of the Athletic Association during the past two years, his efforts have been greatly responsible for the excellent condition and standing of that organization and he has managed several Nova Scotia championship teams. His debating has been of such a high rank as to qualify him for the Closing Day Prize debate. He will complete his Mining Engineering course at Nova Scotia Tech.



EDWARD M. MARTIN



DOUGLAS L. PENNY

DOUGLAS LAWRENCE PENNY
Halifax, N. S.

Douglas L. Penny is a product of both Saint Mary's High School and College, entering in 1920. During his College course he has acted as Secretary of the Athletic Association, Vice-President of the Holy Name Society and for the past two years has been an Associate Editor on *The Collegian* staff. Athletic circles will feel his loss keenly as he is one of the best all round athletes at Saint Mary's. His work as an Associate Editor of this magazine also entitles him to a literary M. He will continue his Mining Engineering studies at Nova Scotia Tech.



L. GERALD CARMICHAEL

LEO GERALD CARMICHAEL

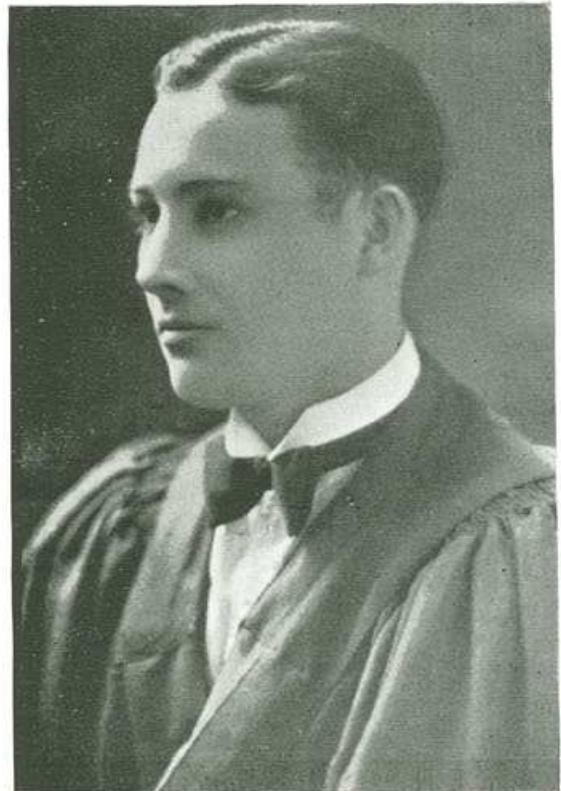
Halifax, N. S.

Gerald Carmichael first came to Saint Mary's in '23 and two years later matriculated into Arts. After completing Freshman year he enrolled for Engineering and is a member of this year's graduating class. A splendid athlete, he has represented Saint Mary's in baseball and basketball and is one of the most popular students at the College. Civil Engineering is his choice and he will register at Nova Scotia Tech in the fall.

WILLIAM HOWLAND HALLEY

St. John's, Nfld.

William H. Halley is the second native of the Ancient Colony to graduate in Engineering from Saint Mary's this year. He came here in '25 from St. Bonaventure College, St. John's and after passing his Freshman year entered Engineering. Mr. Halley was a decided asset to the life of the College. He will continue the Electrical Engineering course at Nova Scotia Tech next Fall.

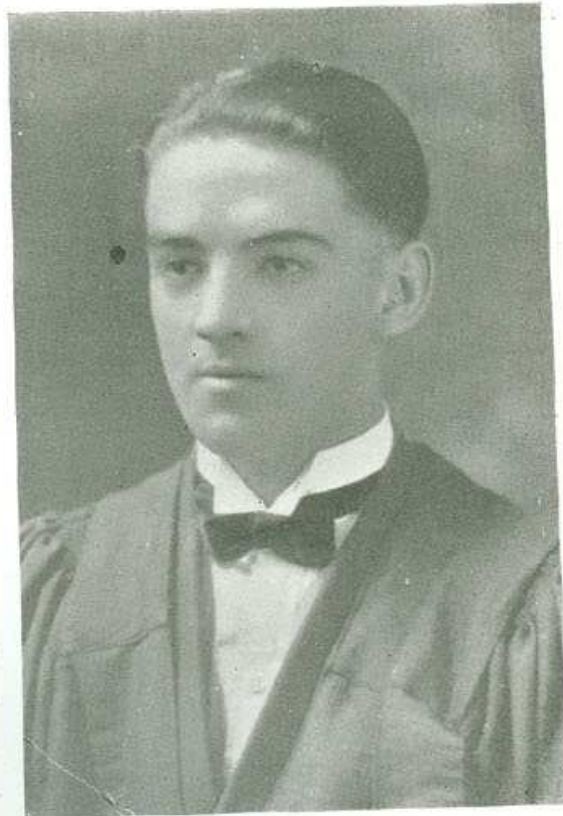


WILLIAM H. HALLEY

GEORGE LYALL RENNER

Halifax, N. S.

Lyall Renner completed his High School studies at St. Patrick's High and entered Saint Mary's in '25. He has been prominent in student activities and has held the important offices of President of the Engineering Society and Secretary of the Students' Mission Crusade. He has also played a valuable part in College dramatic circles, is the winner of a literary M and is an able debater. Mr. Renner will enter Nova Scotia Tech to complete his course in Mechanical Engineering.



G LYALL RENNER



REV. MICHAEL LABA

REV. MICHAEL LABA

Halifax, N. S.

Rev. Michael Laba matriculated from Saint Mary's Collegiate in '22. In the fall of that year he entered Holy Heart Seminary and will be ordained to the priesthood at the end of this month. The qualities which he displayed while here will make him a splendid addition to the ever growing group of former Saint Mary's men who have devoted their lives to the service of Christ and it will be the wish of all that he may labor long in the vineyard.



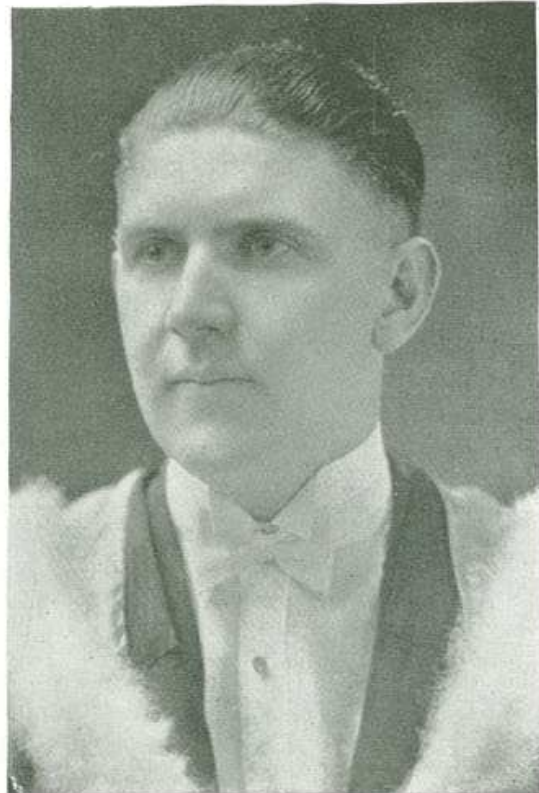
JOHN H. DYER

JOHN HENRY DYER, *B. Sc.*
Halifax, N. S.

John H. Dyer is an Engineering graduate of Saint Mary's class '26 and completed his course at Tech this year winning his degree of Bachelor of Science in Electrical Engineering. Leader of his class while at Saint Mary's, he likewise displayed talent of unusual excellence at the Engineering institution. During his time at this College he held positions of responsibility on the Athletic Association and Holy Name Society executives and was also one of the original staff of *The Collegian*. His attention to work during his College years make his future success assured.

JOHN CLANCY, *B. Sc.*
Mulgrave, N. S.

John Clancy is the second former Saint Mary's man to graduate from Tech this year with the degree of B. Sc. in Electrical Engineering. While at this College he was prominent in athletics and was a member of football, hockey and baseball teams, and likewise starred for St. F. X. and Tech in the two former. He has accepted a position on the staff of the Northern Electric Company, Montreal.



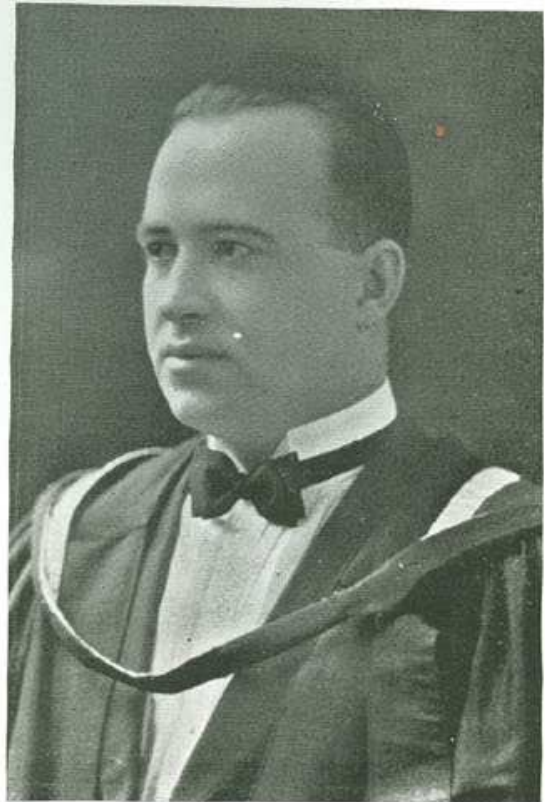
JOHN CLANCY

MELVIN JOACHIM MCNEIL,

M. D., C. M.

Boularderie West, C. B.

Doctor McNeil is the third Saint Mary's man to obtain his medical degree at Dalhousie this year. Leaving this College in '22 after completing the entire High School course in one year, he entered the Dal Medical School and there enjoyed the same well deserved success. For the past year he has been interne at the Halifax Infirmary. Doctor McNeil will open his practice either in Prince Edward Island or Guysboro.



MELVIN J. MCNEIL



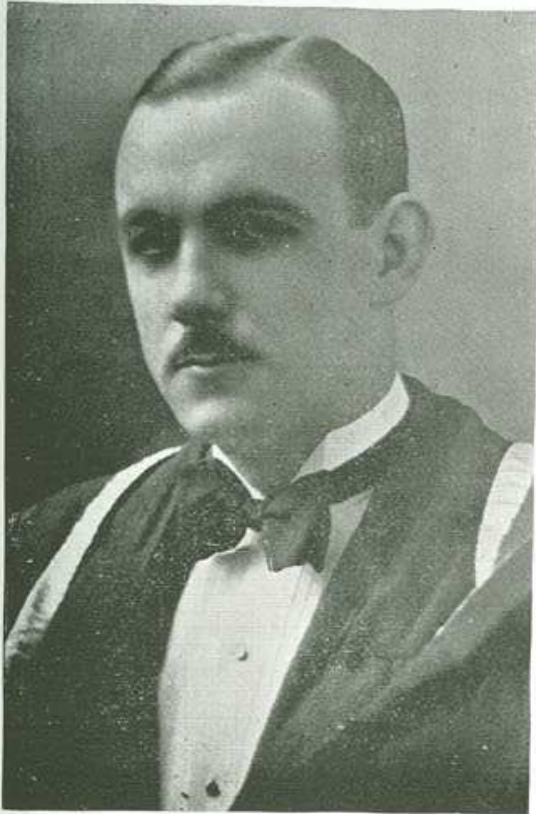
THOMAS J. MORRISON

THOMAS JAMES MORRISON,

B. A., M. D., C. M.

Point Tupper, C. B.

Doctor Morrison left Saint Mary's in '22 after passing his Sophomore year to enter the Dalhousie Medical School for a combined Arts-Medicine course, graduating in '24 with the degree of Bachelor of Arts and this year received his medical and surgery degrees. He was one of the most popular students at Saint Mary's and will be remembered by those here then as a member of the famous fraternity which held forth in the MicMac Mansion. Doctor Morrison has departed for New York to accept a position in the Manhattan State Hospital.



WILLIAM HENRY SOPER,
M. D., C. M.

Halifax, N. S.

Doctor Soper last attended Saint Mary's in '20, later entering Dalhousie from which he received the degrees of M. D., C. M. this year. Few of those now at this College will remember him but records and memoirs of his fame and prowess will be found in chronicles of those days. During the last year of his medical course he was interne at the Victoria General Hospital. Doctor Soper will practise in Newfoundland.

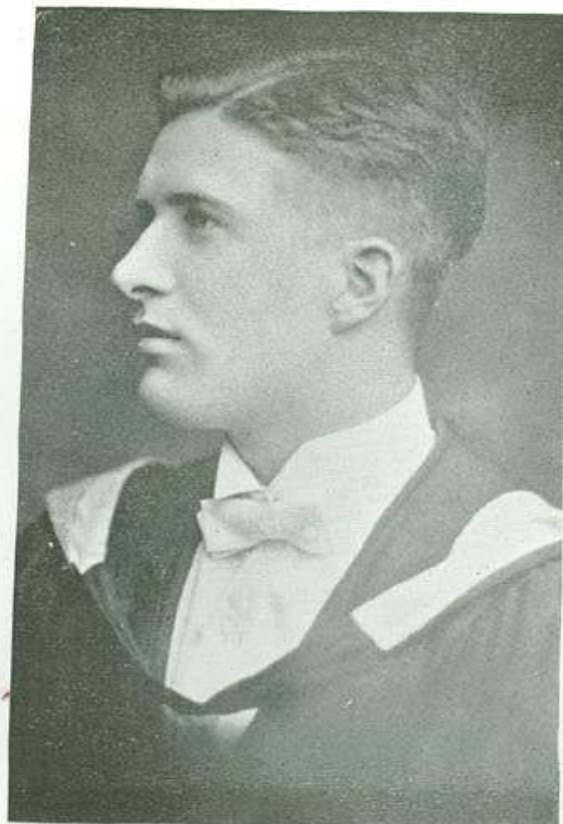
WILLIAM H. SOPER

JOSEPH GERALD GODSOE

B. A., LL. B.

Halifax, N. S.

J. Gerald Godsoe matriculated from Saint Mary's High School in '22 and entered Dalhousie to begin a combined Arts-Law course. Graduating in the former in '26, he received his second degree this year after showing qualities which gained for him an envious position in student activities at Dalhousie. Chief among the important offices he filled with outstanding success was that of President of the Students' Council. He will follow his legal calling in this City.

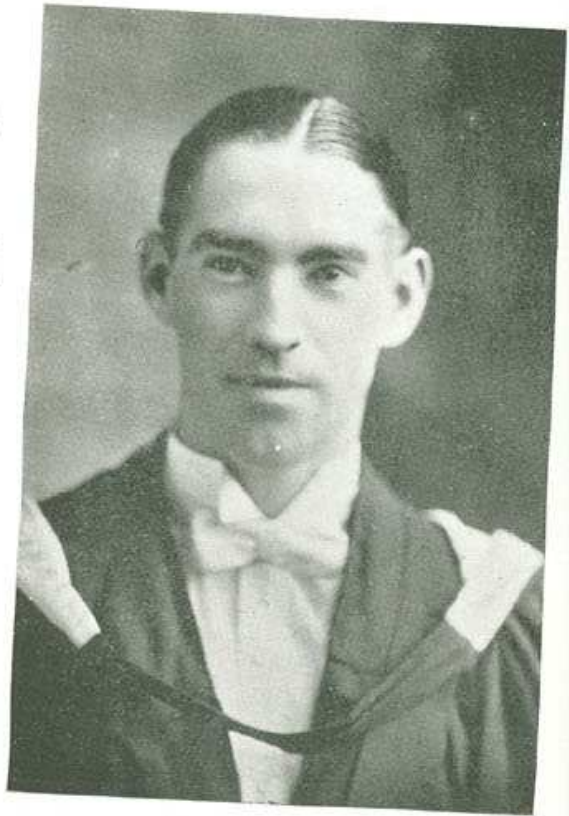


J. GERALD GODSOE

THOMAS CYRIL DOYLE, LL. B.

• Halifax, N. S.

Cyril Doyle completed his High School and two years of the Arts course at Saint Mary's, entering Dalhousie Law School on the completion of his Sophomore year. While here he proved an excellent student and athlete and at Dalhousie he was prominent for the same splendid qualities. He graduated at this Spring's Convocation with the degree of Bachelor of Laws and will practise his profession in Halifax.



T. CYRIL DOYLE



HENRY W. GODSOE

HENRY WALTER GODSOE, D.D.S.

Halifax, N. S.

Henry W. Godsoe matriculated with honors from Saint Mary's in '23 and the following year entered Dentistry at Dalhousie from which he graduated this Spring. While here he was noted for his ability and attention to work, gaining several prizes and was also one of the best debaters in the Collegiate classes. He will practise in Halifax.



JOSEPH J. POWELL

JOSEPH JOHN POWELL, B. A.
Halifax, N. S.

Joseph J. Powell left Saint Mary's after finishing Freshman Arts to begin a combined Law-Arts course at Dalhousie and at this Spring's Convocation received his degree of Bachelor of Arts, gaining distinction in several subjects. He is a product of Saint Mary's High School from which he matriculated in '24 and was a classmate of Messrs. Frecker and Williams for four years.

SCIENCE, INVENTION AND THE ENGINEER

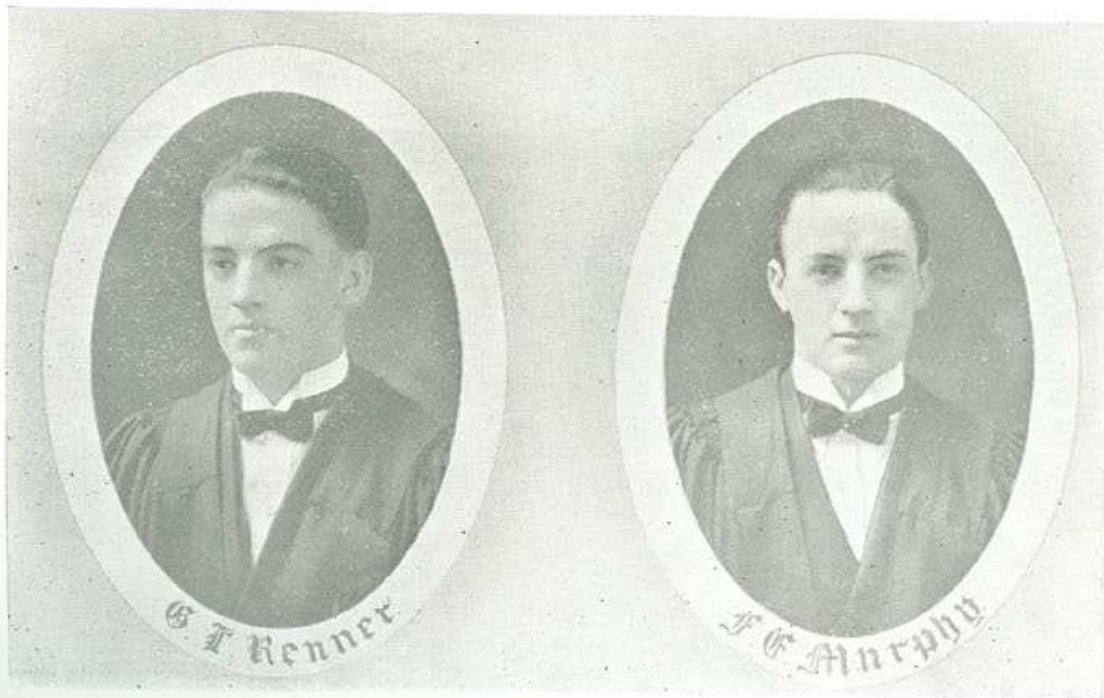
THOSE golden dreams of the future by men of great imagination are slowly being realized. Science, Invention and the Engineer are making them possible, and this article is merely to suggest a few thoughts in that direction, rather than to lend itself to a lengthy discourse.

Science is acquired by study. It is an intimate knowledge of things through their causes, and the gathering together of fixed and immutable laws into a series of notions placed in a methodical order. These ideas apply themselves to all branches of scientific study. The idea which we will take for our conception of science

is that which is applied to engineering. The engineer makes use of the physical, mathematical and mechanical sciences.

An engineer is one skilled in mathematics, physics, mechanics and so on. He is one who, taking the forces and raw material with which nature supplies him, counteracts one force against another, and combines the materials in such a way as to suit the demands of the world.

Invention goes hand in hand with the engineer, being a creation (out of forces and materials at hand) of something not before conceived. The invention does not necessarily imply always the use of science in some particular branch, but it generally means years of concentrated work. Side by side the engineer works with the inventor, giving their findings to the world.



ENGINEERING SOCIETY EXECUTIVE

Without these three friends, (science, the inventor and the engineer) modern civilization could not be as it is, unless by a miracle it were made so.

It was in past centuries that the laws of science were gathered together. Great minds like Leibnitz, Lyall, Volta, Galvani, Faraday, Masewell, Newton and many others tabulated their results and passed them on. Following in their footsteps come the great inventors and in naming a few of these, the modern wizards must be included also. The world today is using constantly the inventions of Bissemer, Whitney, Kelvin, Pullman, Stephenson, Watt, Wheatstone, Bell, Edison, Ford, Marconi, Fleming, DeForest and many others.

The application of these formulae and inventions remains yet to be accounted for. Out of the ranks of the unknown came one who studied these laws and familiarized himself with those inventions. Today the world knows him as the engineer. His profession is termed Engineering, —generally referred to as the art of

constructing and designing useful works, being chiefly divided into Civil, Mining, Mechanical, Electrical, Chemical and Architectural.

The life of an engineer is truly one of great romance. There are College Days, counting up to quite a number, filled with study both interesting and uninteresting. Days of sport among carefree scholars. Plugging doggedly for final exams and thus, graduation. His is given on this day, (one of his greatest) a license, permitting him to take his place in the busy world. No more has he the protection of College walls, of kindly professors.

From this time on he is judged by his ability and character. Struggling for position, he may be at one time in South America, at another in some Arctic region, or again, you may find him almost lost in the heart of some great industrial center. Not always can he sit behind an oaken desk, in neat business attire, with secretaries and clerks at his command. Often he is in his shirt sleeves or in overalls grimy with oil and dirt. Even at night his work is not over. Many are

the clocks that strike twelve whilst an engineer strives to solve some mighty problem.

Taken from home and friends, sent to distant countries, he labors and gives himself to the work at hand. Casting memories and dreams aside, you'll find on some mighty project, the civil engineer planning his work for the morrow. Down in the bowels of the earth or even near its surface, the mining engineer supervises the removal of precious metals,—a part of the wealth of the nation. In immense factories mechanical engineers are designing and constructing labor saving machinery. Some are in huge plants, ocean liners and many other places listening for the break in the steady sound of smooth running machinery, that will indicate something out of order. Again, between giant motors and generators, before huge control boards, the electrical engineer's ever watchful eye is controlling the supply of electricity for some distant city. Or maybe he is sitting at a desk designing one of the many electrical appliances that he is called upon to produce since the advent of electricity.

There are men who gave us light; men who made the railways; men who found electricity; men who made the telegraph, telephone, wireless and radio; and there will be men who will give us television, the transmission of power by air and so on. But yet all the while the engineers are the men who give all these things in a practical form to the waiting world. These are men of responsibility and the world recognizes their worth. Side by side they stand, these men of science, and give their best to the world. Monuments to their memory they leave behind them and thus grouped with the scientist and inventor is the engineer.

Innumerable are his marvelous works, in all lands under the sun they show themselves. With dust whipping up from the wheels, the great

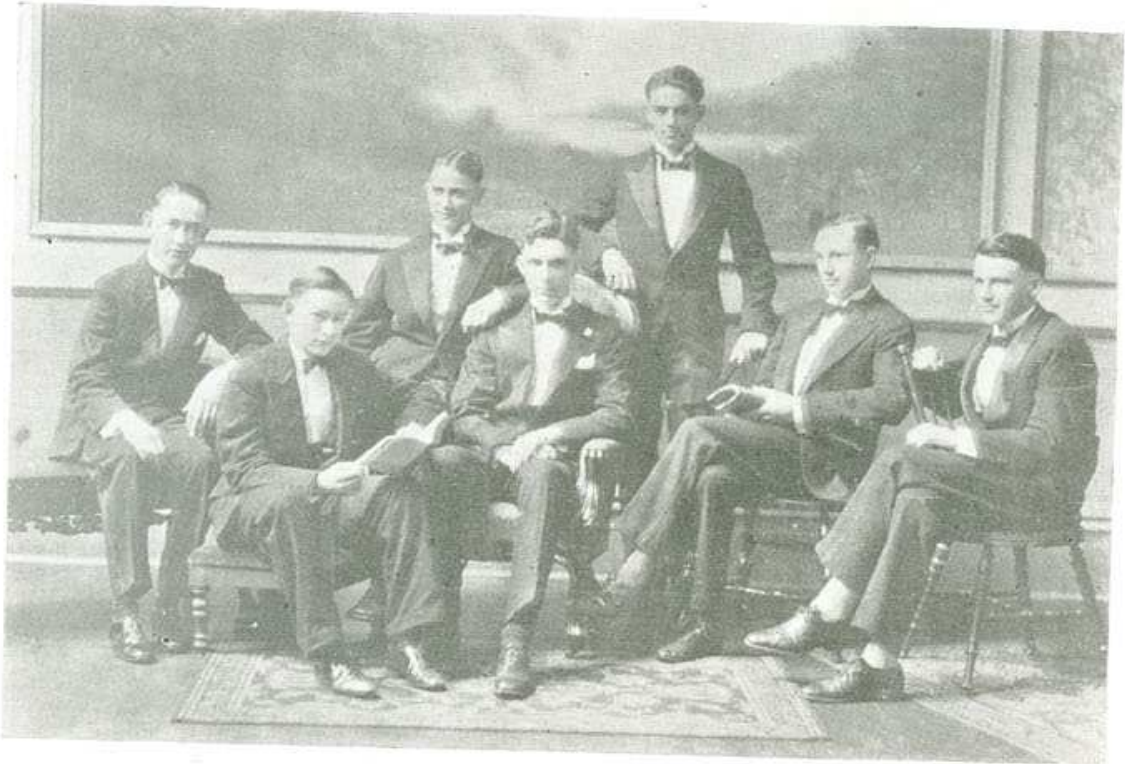
locomotives carry their human cargos across continents to all parts of the country, and who has not thrilled with thoughts of the golden pathways that lead across the fenceless sky, as an aeroplane runs across the field on cushioned feet and leaps lightly into the air, off on some adventurous quest? Through the turbulent waters of a sometimes unkind ocean, plough those huge greyhounds, the modern ocean liners! Now beacons are piercing the fog, radio telephones talk into the ears of flying men beyond the range of human vision! Earth inductor compasses point the way across the world! Radio beams mark highways through the sky! Today one can speak and hear halfway around the world. Tomorrow we will be able to see through mountains and across oceans. These are the deeds of which the engineer is justly proud. They represent his gift to progress. What the future holds for him cannot be told but may we hope that those studying Engineering today, will be able to uphold his standard before the eyes of the progressing nations.

G. Lyall Renner, Eng. '28.



WILLIAM PENNY

Winner of Senior Elocution Contest



DRAMATIC CLASS

J. MURPHY, R. A. DONAHOE, J. PENNY, J. H. DYER, G. L. RENNER, G. P. MURPHY, NORMAN STANBURY.

THE STUDENT AND THE NON-PROFESSIONAL THEATRE.

THE term "amateur acting" is going out of use. To the great majority it suggests only one type of performance, the three-act comedy drama in the Parish Hall, with fudge for sale between the acts. The modern player (using "modern" in its fuller and higher sense) tries to avoid this type of thing, harmless though it be, almost in the same way as he shuns the tawdriness and stupidity of the cheaper professional theatre. To produce intelligent, uplifting, and, if possible, original plays is the aim of the Little Theatre movement. Its ventures are not money-making ventures, as are those of "Dramatic Societies" in general. In fact, far from being profitable, they would inevitably be

failures without the financial backing, which has been so freely forthcoming in many centers.

"The Little Theatre has intimacy as its keynote", it has been said.

Some of them are only "little" when compared with the mammoth picture-palaces of the present day—temples to the twin gods Mammon and Moron. Again the movement can be divided into three classes. First we have the "national" and "repertory" theatres, presenting first run plays and classic revivals, and employing that rare and high-minded type of professional, who prefers something worthy of his or her talents to a big salary and bright, very bright lights. The most eminent of all these playhouses is the Abbey Theatre in Dublin, which features especially poetic one-act plays dealing with ancient and modern Irish life. Miss Eva Gallienne's New York Civic

Repertory Theatre, which has had several successful seasons (her revival of Ibsen's "Hedda Tabbler" was the outstanding effort of the theatrical year, from an artistic point of view) is perhaps next worthy of mention.

The second class, which has been less successful as a rule, and has proved somewhat lacking in balance, is the Community type of theatre. This genre of dramatic effort thought surely amateur in direction, has a tendency towards the spectacular, and in this tendency it rather veers off from the general direction of the Little Theatre Idea. But the results of this deviation may at times be gratifying as for example the development of the Passion Play. Many organizations have adopted the custom, especially in Quebec on this continent, of presenting annually, at Christmas or Easter, scenes from the life of Christ. Of course, the villagers of Oberammergau were the original founders of the community theatre, though the unwitting founders.

But the form of artistic development in the theatre which should concern the student most, and which is most backward in development, is the third division of the movement, the College or University Dramatic Society. Unfortunately the average person pursuing his education has a hard time catching up with it, and said student's taste for theatricals usually goes no farther than "pure" entertainment—the films and an occasional musical comedy so-called because they contain very little music and no comedy. To this rule one can find exceptions, and in a large college there are very often enough exceptions to give a good start to intelligent dramatics.

In the University of West Virginia, for instance, the students last year leased a local theatre for some months and presented there four plays by the best modern dramatists. The average University or College would find this a rather large order to fill.

The Oxford University Dramatic Society presents but one play yearly, and this runs for one week only, at a theatre in the town. The best available London actresses are chosen for the female roles, which must be rather hard on the undergraduates who play opposite them. No amateur whatever his talents, can hope to possess that freedom of movement, for instance, which is the proper possession of every competent professional.

The custom of the annual play has been adopted by the majority of educational institutions. Most of the colleges of Halifax, including St. Mary's have put the idea into execution, in one form or another.

In many universities and even smaller "seats of learning" where special stress is laid upon the educational value of the drama, one act plays are presented weekly or twice-monthly before as many of the student body as wish to attend, and a few specially invited guests. Admission fees are seldom charged for this type of performance. In fact, the prospect of paying to see a one-act performance seems to discourage an audience. But very few people will refuse a free entertainment, unless the baneful possibility of instruction is featured too prominently. The coating on a sugar-coated pill has just as much practical importance as the pill itself.

This course, however is not "deemed advisable" in many places, for one reason or another. Very often the reason is given "no more than half a dozen would ever bother attending." This is possibly true. Which brings us to the most important point of all.

Whether you are a scholar or a vagabond, or merely a success in life, you have a reputation to keep up. Whatever your inclinations, by the act of coming to college, by the mere gesture if you will, you have fallen heir to the odious imputation of culture. If you did not want this accusation to be hurled at you, if you preferred to be a ranking member



HAROLD EGAN
Winner A. O. H. Essay Medal



GERARD CARROLL
Winner Junior Elocution Contest

of the Unvarnished Army of Absolutely Uneducated, you should have gone to gaol instead. So don't be ashamed of having a few ideas in your head. Try to "take in" something worth while, at least occasionally, and a good show is not the worst of entertainment.

If we have seemed in the beginning to speak of the old line parish theatricals with some disparagement, don't think for a moment they are to be despised—(you may think what you please about the fudge). Seriously, though they are a trifle conservative, the usual run of amateur shows is wholesome entertainment. What is more, more than one first-rate professional has been trained in the dramatic societies of this city and they were probably in far worse companies at the beginning of their career proper. There is more banality and more genuine-gold-medal silliness, in one fairly good picture show than in any stage performances.

Good taste in entertainment is like good taste in anything else; in dress, in furniture, in books, music—even in wines. It is not instinctive, though years of near-civilization may have

made it an inherent characteristic. To some the fruit on the upper branches will always taste better than that which has dropped to the ground. A little intellectual tree-climbing for that matter, does none of us any serious harm. The modern playwright though a supercilious sort of fellow, is not above entertaining people now and then. So don't be afraid of facial paralysis when your unhappy fate has destined you to "sit through an evening" with Shaw or Pinero or A. A. Milne or especially so ingenious a gentleman as W. Somerset Maugham.

What is the purpose of all this? Just this. The part which the theatre plays in modern education ought never be minimized. Somewhere during our lives each one of us will have a chance to support a group of intelligent non professional or professional players. The extent of this support will most likely go no further than the price of a ticket.

When that time comes let us show a little respect for our intelligence, by buying the ticket.

W. D. A. O'Hearn, Arts '30.

THE IDEAL STUDENT MISSION CRUSADER

*Paper read by Mr. G. A. Frecker,
Eng. '29 at the Students' Mission
Crusade Convention at St. Patrick's
High School, Sunday, May 12th, 1928.*



F, in ordinary conversation, I were asked the question, "Whom would you consider an ideal Student Mission Crusader?" the simplest answer that would come to mind and lips, would be—the crusader, whose ideal is to become an ideal crusader—for it necessarily follows, from this attitude of mind, that the said person is at the time in question as perfect a crusader as he or she can be, whilst at the same time on the way to higher perfection, for, as the French psychologists would say, "*le desire suscite l'acte*;" in other words, the natural tendency of conduct is to realize one's desires.

Taking the word "ideal" in its broader meaning, we cannot very well name a set of rules and say that the student crusader who follows them, is the ideal. A crusader might keep all these commandments, and yet be farther from the ideal than another, less perfect outwardly but burning with a desire to attain the ideal. The rich young man mentioned in the Gospel kept all the commandments, but, "If thou wilt be perfect" said our Lord, to him: "Sell what thou hast and come follow Me;" the rich young man's desire for perfection was not strong enough to enable him to make the sacrifice and he went away sorrowful. Compare this admirer of Christ with the rough Galilean fisherman, who on the occasion of one of his first meetings with Jesus, cried out "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man O Lord." This same sinner was potentially Peter the Saint, and when asked, if he loved His Master, he could answer, "Thou knowest Lord, that I

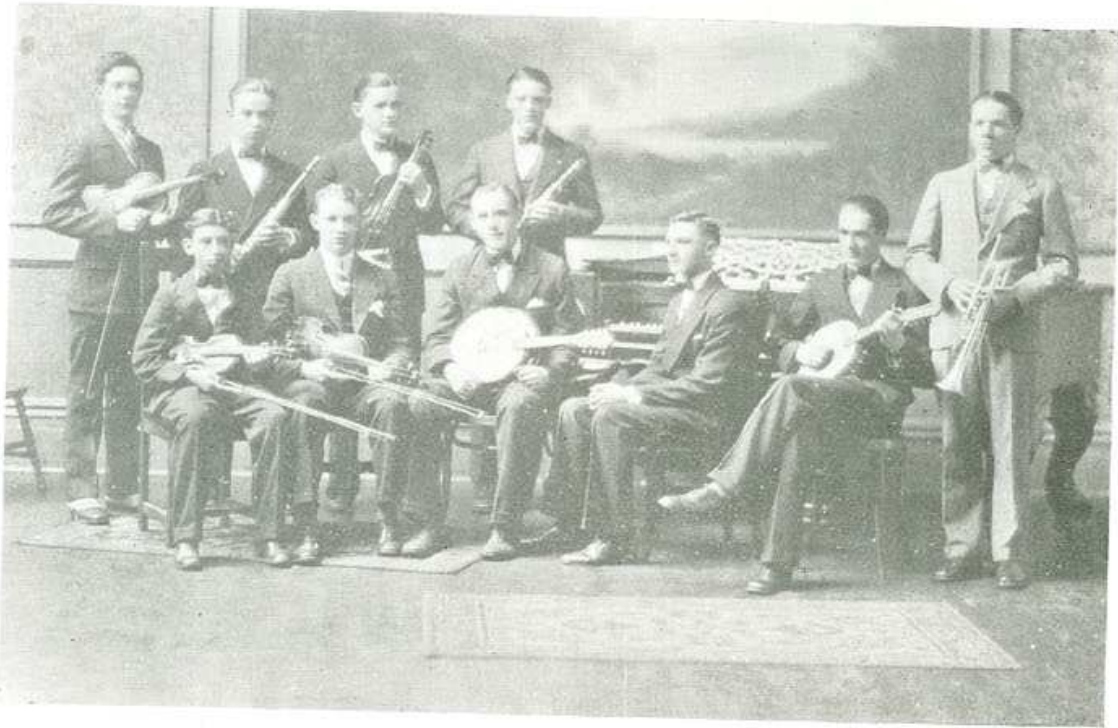
love Thee." Peter may have been a sinner, but he was always striving for perfection, and in that, he was an ideal Christian. So, the first essential in the "ideal Crusader" ought to be a sincere desire to grow in the spirit of this great crusade of ours, the reserve army of the heroic missionaries fighting for Christ on the fronts of paganism.

How are we to grow in the spirit of the mission crusade? In this way—acquire a desire to help, plus a knowledge of how to help, and then *do* help, according to your particular circumstances, in the fulfilling of Christ's great command, "Going, therefore, teach ye all nations."

You may not realize how challengingly this command of the Master comes down the centuries to this generation. The command was uttered two thousand years ago, 'tis true, but let us pause awhile, and meditate upon the fact that there are in the world to-day, roughly one billion non-Christians, or would it be more tangible to say, that every priest in the vast fields afar, has 65,000 pagans to convert? Yes, if we think awhile we may in some way, begin to understand the great and continuous outcry of the Missioners for help. Verily, "the laborers are few." Yea, and the whole world is not worth as much as one Christ-redeemed immortal soul! Great God! what then must one thousand million souls be worth!

"The laborers are few."—Why are they few? It is because too few of three hundred million Catholics realize that there are more ways than three of laboring in the vineyard, of becoming an avenger of the Savior's blood—Christ's blood, shed for the redemption of the *whole* world.

Priests, Brothers, Sisters! These are indeed the exalted servants of God, but they are not the only ones. We cannot all be Priests, Brothers or Sisters, but we certainly can, and ought to do our little share in the service of the Master who laid His



ORCHESTRA

Standing—MURRAY RYAN, ALLEN COOLEN, K. B. KENNEDY, DON ROSS, R. V. DONNELLY.
Sitting—VINCENT MANCINI, J. K. PURTILL, FRED HOGAN, WILFRID DYER, FRANK WOOD.

body on the cross, that we might have bliss eternal. We have received the faith gratis—can we not share its inexhaustible fruits, with darkest Africa, teeming China, India, and the "land of the rising sun," that they also, may come to love the divine Redeemer and when the weary pilgrimage of life is done, humbly triumphant, rest at the dear feet of Emmanuel?

"Behold, I say to you, lift up your eyes and see the countries; for they are white all ready to harvest." Surely Christ is pleading His cause with some of us, asking as of old, that we sell all that we have and follow Him, and no doubt at least some few from this present gathering, will some day wend their way to these far away fields, all ready for the harvest, and will joyfully toil under the broiling sun of the East, happy in the thought of the bouquet of souls they are culling for Christ,—lover of mankind.

But again, these are not the only ones who can work at the harvest, and the "Ideal Student Crusader" will surely not be dormant; he will grow in the spirit of the missions, become conversant with the heroism of the dauntless missionaries, their trials and privations, and thus advance in the spirit of sacrifice and love, the spirit of Christianity, the spirit of the Ideal Mission Crusader.

There are innumerable ways of materially assisting the missionaries, and the best way to find out in which way each individual can do his share, is to obtain mission literature; therein you will find suggestions of how to help, suited to every taste, to every circumstance. One little pamphlet alone, entitled "A Dozen Ways" would give a normally interested person enough suggestions to last him for a life time—at least one of these twelve ways would suit him: prayer, burses, stipends, vocations, the mission league, museum articles, the annuity plan,



ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION EXECUTIVE

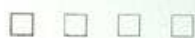
E. L. WILLIAMS, B. A., E. M. MARTIN, BROTHER LOFTUS, B. A., O'LEARY.

books and magazines, mission pamphlets, religious articles, cancelled stamps, and last but not least, a remembrance in that delightful little poem—to be read posthumously—and which we must compose, at some time or other, preferably the other, entitled "the Will."

Prayer! what a wondrous thing is prayer, and as the poet sings: "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." Surely the ideal student Mission Crusader will not neglect this most efficacious means of helping Christ's harvesters, and will bear in mind what the Lord Himself has said in this respect—"The harvest is great indeed, but the laborers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He may send laborers into His vineyard."

In conclusion let us open, ever so little, the curtain of the future. To-day we are students—to-morrow, what?... "to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, creeps in this petty pace from day to day," and we softly, yet swiftly, glide gladly down the stream of life.—Yes, a relatively few to-morrows, will find this present assembly, far flung o'er this vast Dominion, perhaps over the whole world;—let us not, then, forget the ideals instilled into us in the days of our formation; the ideals of thoughtfulness for, and love of our fellow beings, be they Caucasian, Mongolian, Ethiopian, American or Malayan; and let us pass on this spirit of love to those who some day may be learning at our knees to lisp the sweet name of Jesus.—Then perhaps, we shall have done our share, as ideal crusaders!

THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS



In September of this year, there will be gathered, in the city of Sydney, Australia, another vast concord of Catholics, representative of every nation on earth, happy to have the honor of being present for the occasion of honoring Our Lord in the Eucharist. The twenty-ninth Eucharistic Congress will be held in a country where the Church is as yet, comparatively speaking, young. The year 1834 witnessed the establishment of the first vicarate in Australia, under a man whose suitability for the task presented him was astonishing, the Rt. Reverend Dr. Palding. This venerable man, on the occasion of his first landing on the shores of Sydney Harbour, found only four priests to assist him in ministering to the needs of Catholics throughout the entire continent of Australia. These four priests, noble pioneers as they were, were however full of zeal and hope, those qualities which can accomplish anything short of the impossible. Churches were already on the road to completion, despite the meagre means of the Catholics. Soon our Holy Mother became known over all Australia, and to-day there are no less than six Archbishops and fourteen dioceses, equipped with seminaries, convents, orphanages, and Catholic schools, where less than one century ago, the name of God, if at all mentioned, was scarcely revered. In the Archdiocese of Sydney, alone, there are over twenty-five hundred men and women in the garb of religious, all striving *Ad Maiorem Dei Gloriam*.

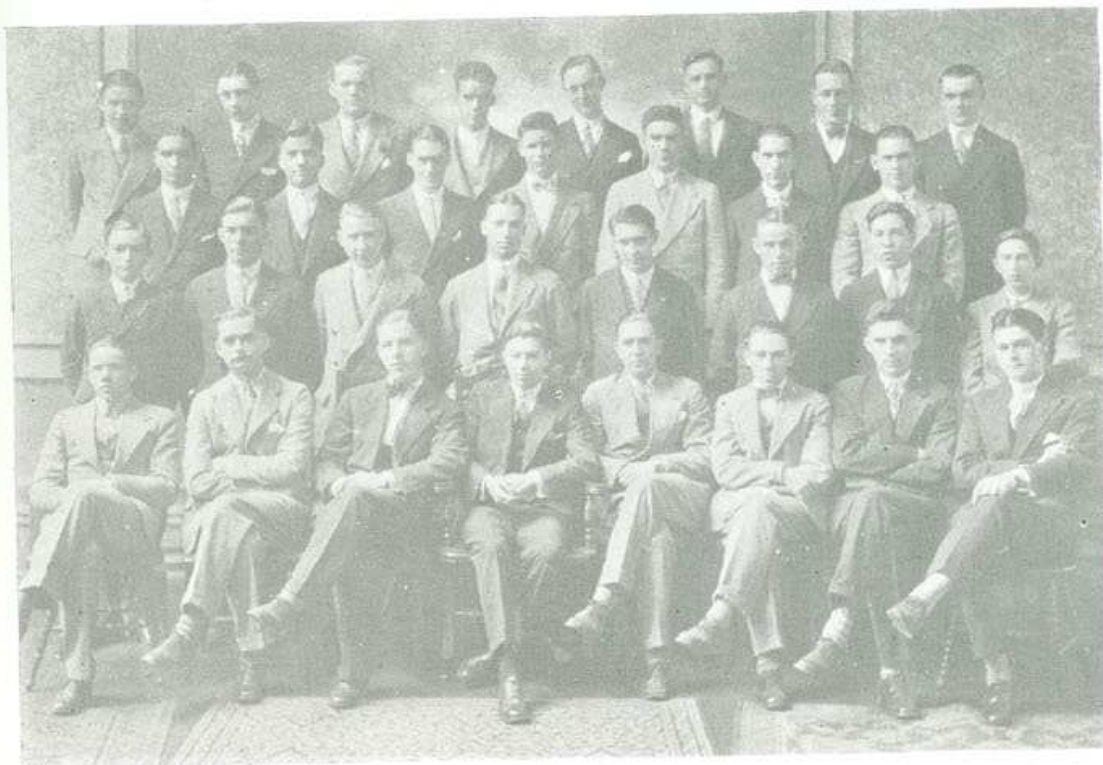
The subject which is to be the central topic of discussion in Sydney, during the three days of the Congress, next September is, "Our Lady and

the Eucharist." Is it not then gratifying to learn that during the progress of the Congress, St. Mary's Cathedral, rebuilt and remodelled, now one of the most outstanding modern churches of the world both for beauty and architectural perfection, will once more be opened, and this time in the presence of Princes of the Church all assembled for the purpose of discussing matters of doctrine and morality. Later a wider program was adopted, and now, not only do the world's greatest theologians discuss their conclusions, not only do some of the world's best orators, inflamed by the spirit of the Congress, eloquently address the vast multitudes, but the people attend the Congress for the purpose of honoring, verbally as well as mentally, explicitly as well as implicitly, Our Saviour in the Eucharist. The rituals of the Church are explained, the various significances of the different vestments, from the humble brown of the Franciscan Friar, to the splendor sometimes reached in the Cope worn during Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

It is recorded that the spirit of reverence and adoration, demonstrated at a Congress has often inspired a new spiritual enthusiasm in many whose consciences had not been soothed by the consolations of Penance, nor refreshed by the Sacrament of Holy Eucharist for many years. If the next Eucharist Congress in Sydney, in September 1928, brings one hardened sinner back into the fold, the labours of all those working for the glory of the Eucharistic King, will have been amply rewarded.

M. P. Orlando, Arts '30.

ARTS CLASSES



Back Row—J. MADDEN, J. GANNON, D. WALLACE, J. P. MCGUIRE, G. B. MURPHY, L. O'NEILL, G. O'NEILL, A. T. SHEEHAN.

Third Row—M. B. ORLANDO, A. LABA, F. WOOD, E. CARROLL, G. J. POWER, L. L. BEAZLEY, J. KENNEDY.

Second Row—J. R. DONAHOE, E. L. GIRROIR, D. MCPHERSON, T. H. COFFEY, J. HEFFLER, A. COOLAN, E. J. O'CONNOR, W. MURPHY.

Front Row—R. V. DONNELLY, A. H. DALY, P. M. HINCHEY, C. A. FRECKER, E. L. WILLIAMS, C. P. FOLEY, J. H. DYER, W. D. O'HEARN.

FRESHMAN NOTES

We are rapidly approaching the end of a year that in many ways has been very successful. The Exams hold little terrors though they mean work. We expect the Class to come through with flying colors this year and the works of Bro. Garvey, O'Ryan and Cornelia to be crowned with success.

Athletically we have Capts. Coolan and Girrior and others (not to mention our various victories in the Field Day) and then of course we have Teddy Carroll, running mate of Nurmi.

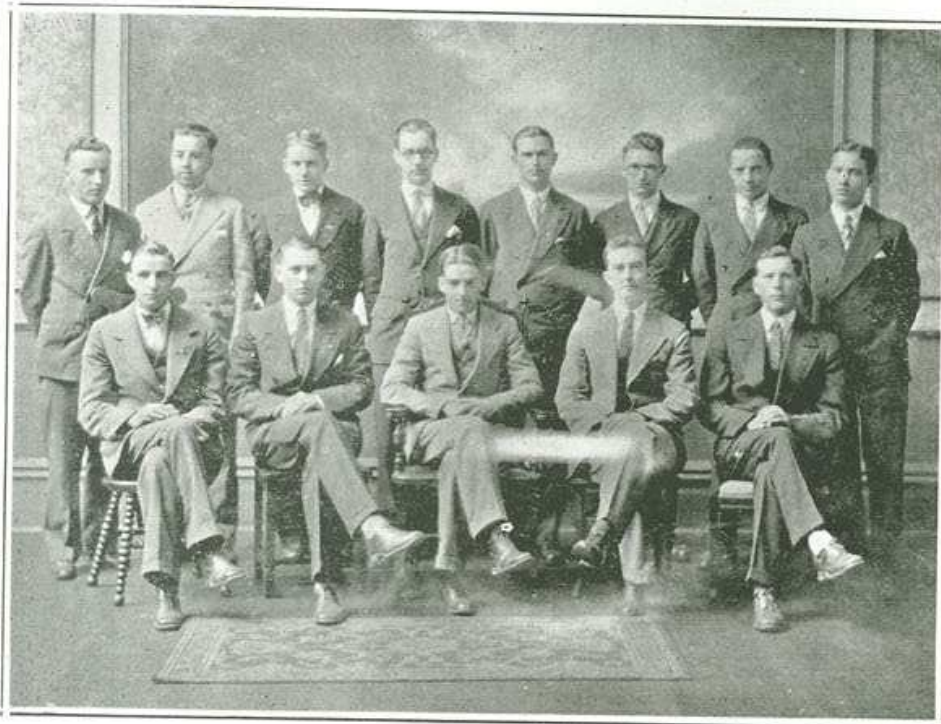
Financially we tower over all the classes in our whole hearted response to every call for aid, despite the fact that we have three Scotchmen among us.

Socially if certain rumors about a certain Wednesday night be true it would seem that the College is beginning to appreciate how "exclusive" the Arts are.

Intellectually—well this is a panoramic view of the class any day—no wonder the Brothers enjoy teaching in the 1st Arts room.

The Freshmen Class is some "class" at that

ENGINEERING CLASS



Back Row—E. M. Martin, M. J. Markley, D. L. Penny, E. J. Egan, L. G. Carmichael,
G. A. Frecker, F. E. Murphy, W. H. Halley.

Front Row—E. G. Dyer, H. C. McGee, G. L. Renner, B. A. O'Leary, W. A. Russell.

And filled with industrious men,
The "Scourge" is adorning an age-
work desk
With the aid of an aged pen.
While Tony ponders a "puzzler"
to ask
And Jack bravely tries to take him
to task.

There Yank absorbs something new
and absurd
That the handsome Champ has but
recently heard;
And Gerry is asking "Say, where d'ye
get that"?
And Linus is absent in dreams or in
fact.
While Joe tries to fight 'gainst in-
sidious sleep
And (in the first desk) his equilib-
rium keep.
Allan is humming a song sotto-voice
And Teddy is dreaming of the girl of

his choice,
Mac's perhaps working, Jim surely
not shirking,
While Geraldus is wrapped in the
arms of "Murpheus."

And Frank smiles serene in this scene
of class
And if Trig be the lesson
Long Laurie is "gessin"
He'd better start in on his French.

And the Famous Freshman Class
for the day's work is set
Except for Dan—who more'n likely
hasn't arrived yet.

IN THIS CLASS

Outside the Exams what's really
amiss,
Is that several write poetry far worse
than this.

MATRICULATION CLASS



Back Row—H. VANDEROVER, F. MONTAGUE, A. MURRAY, F. NEALY, C. GRANT, C. CARTLE, W. DYER, F. FOLEY.

Third Row—K. PURTILL, A. YOUNG, W. GAVIN, E. CARROLL, E. FEETHAM, F. CARROLL, H. KILEEN.

Second Row—J. SOMERS, W. PENNY, W. SMYTH, J. EGAN, S. GLUBE, D. SCANLON, R. HANNIFEN, D. MURPHY.

Front Row—E. AUCCOIN, F. POOLEY, A. CLANCY, L. NELSON, G. MONTAGUE, L. LOVITT, T. SHERMAN, E. FALVEY, L. HALEY.

Sitting—L. O'BRIEN, E. MURRAY, A. BOUDBEAU.

MATRICULATION

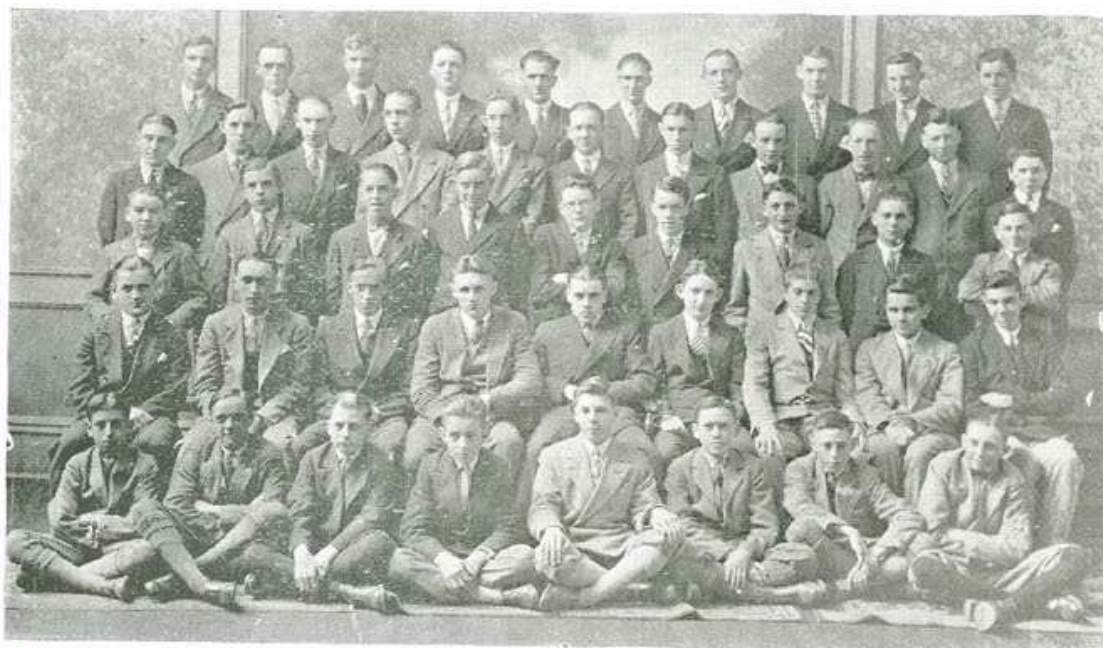
One more page is turned in the story of our life, and once again, we walk up the middle of the hall with a diploma in our hands and a red flush on our cheeks.

This year the "Matriculants" will carry with them memories of a very successful year as far as the grade eleven class is concerned for in all contests, either in the classroom or with outside competition "Matric" students proved that they could hold their own with any and that if defeated they could lose like gentleman. They did not have to show their spirit

many times however, for their defeats were few and far between.

On the athletic field we had five wins and two losses, and held the shield for over half the scholastic term a record equalled by no other class this year. No inter-class games were played in rugby, but as we had half of the team in our room a very good prophet probably would not be needed to foretell the result of any games which might have been played. In basket-ball we had one win and, one loss to our credit, losing a game to the strong Engineers' squad. The next sport was hockey in which we were victorious twice and did not

GRADE X



Back Row—C. HAMILTON, P. ROGERS, G. UNDERWOOD, P. ROSS, C. CARROLL, R. BOURGEOIS, F. HOGAN, A. DOYLE, E. SINNOT, E. BYRNE.

Fourth Row—M. SHEEHAN, C. CORBETT, J. FLEMMING, G. KANE, E. O'LEARY, G. SIMMS, J. CHRISTAIN, R. SMITH, A. CLANCY, J. BEED, A. WILLIAMS.

Third Row—W. AUCOIN, C. MURPHY, W. HAYES, J. GRANT, F. MACKASEY, M. SULLIVAN, G. HEALY, H. J. EGAN, A. SMITH.

Third Row—K. KENNEDY, B. FRASER, D. CONNORS, J. GOUGH, E. GLASSEY, F. CARTER, A. JAMES, A. POWER, F. SHANNON.

Front Row—V. MANCINI, H. CABLE, C. TOBIN, J. LYNCH, W. PEPPER, L. NORRIS, H. FAWSON, W. MURPHY.

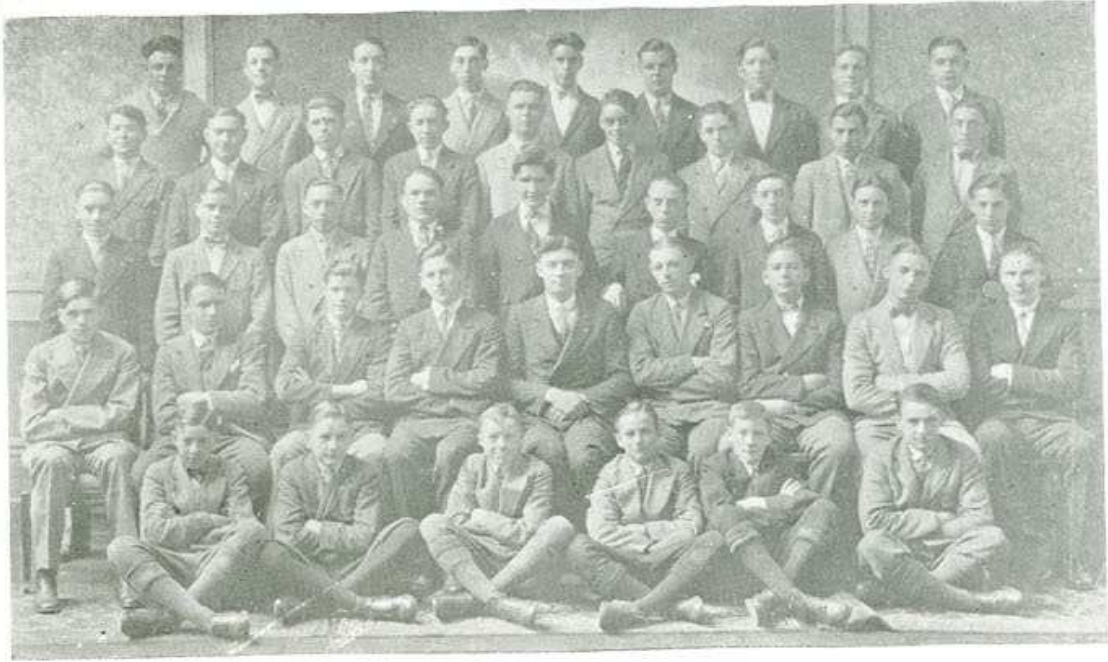
suffer any defeat. Also during the winter term we played the "Famous Freshmen" a game of billiards; it is said the scorers lost count we were so far in the lead. By this time the "Boys" were so tired of winning that they decided to give away the next game they played which proved to be a baseball game between "Matric" and Grade Ten. The "Children" from down the hall wouldn't take the game however so we had to wait till the next game, and therefore the Arts-Engineers beat Matric three to two, and this event coupled with the track meet (and the exams) brought the year to a successful conclusion.

GRADE X.

Another voyage is over, for many the accomplishment of one more rung on the ladder of a brilliant career. Faces we have known so well, belonging to our classmates, we will meet in our future life probably some as the big men of the day, others less fortunate, but all we hope, will look back to the days spent within the walls of St. Mary's with pleasure and remain as true to their Alma Mater, as their Alma Mater will remain to them.

This has been a very happy year for the students of Grade X. When the doors close behind the class of

GRADE IX



Back Row—J. TOWNE, G. PURCELL, V. MERCHANT, G. FAWSON, J. NELSON, V. KELLEHER, M. DOHERTY, W. SHAW, J. GOODWIN.

Fourth Row—J. BRACKETT, J. COCHRANE, F. STONEMAN, J. MACDONALD, M. MURPHY, A. RENNERT, D. FOGARTY, G. ALIOTIS, F. WHITE.

Third Row—W. COMERFORD, D. MCDONALD, E. WHEBBY, H. ROSS, B. STANBURY, H. SMITH, B. COADY, C. FLEMING, J. KELLY.

Second Row—A. MEAGHER, N. STANBURY, W. BRACKETT, L. MEEHAN, F. PENDER, E. PURCELL, D. CARROLL, P. HERON, J. MACLEAN.

First Row—F. MADER, W. MURPHY, F. HANRAHAN, J. BERANGER, JOHN MACDONALD, W. POWELL.

27-28, it will be with a sadness of heart, and a feeling of pride; a sadness that we are leaving those whose companionship we enjoyed; a pride with which we look back at the torch we have held high, leaving it untarnished and undimmed as it was passed to us by the classes of other years. Neither in study nor in sport have we dimmed it. Our studies have been up to the standard and in some cases well above it. In sports although not always winning, our games were hard fought and cleanly played, and if we lost, the cheers of the losers often surpassed those of the winners.

In closing these notes, to our professors, we extend our most profuse thanks and wish them a very happy

vacation, after their arduous labors on our behalf. To the boys of Grade X of 28-29 we pass our torch, undimmed.

GRADE IX.

The trials of a high school Freshman are now over for us and during the next few months we are going to forgive and forget. To those who will fill our places we wish the best of luck and for their comfort we will say that we found the first nine months the hardest.

Our congratulations go to Basil Coady who led the class for the greater part of the year, and to Fred White, Frank Hanrahan and Arthur

PREPARATORY



Back Row—W. SNOOK, R. WIGLE, H. REDMOND, J. HINCHEY, C. CARROLL, C. LeBLANC, E. CAMERON, G. McCORMACK, J. JENSEN.

Second Row—G. FOLEY, V. SULLIVAN, F. RYAN, F. BYRNE, K. MULLENGER, G. CHURCHILL, B. GILLIS, W. DOCKBILL, V. SMYTH.

Front Row—E. REYNO, W. BROOKS, H. CONN, J. GLENNISTER, R. FALVEY, J. CHISHOLM.

Meagher, who came next in order. In sport and every other contest we can well be proud of our record.

We suppose Cecil would like to be as husky as the shot-put man on our notice board.

Who were the three lonely boarders who would not pay the magnificent sum of ten cents. Ha! Ha! Crack No. 21 on the boarders.

We hope that our member from St. John's behaves himself before the distinguished travellers when on his way home.

For the last joke we will just write the word—CHESTER.

Well I guess we are showing some good spirit in Grade IX when it comes to a track meet. That shield wouldn't look good in Matric anyway. Congratulations to George Aliotis, Dan McDonald and Clarence Fleming for their wonderful showing on this successful field day.

We will conclude by wishing the faculty a very enjoyable vacation.

PREPARATORY

When the members of this class assemble again after the holidays what a change there will be, and how we will miss the boys who pass into the High School department. And those of us who will form the next graduating class, won't we let everyone know that we're just it? We are sorry that Walter Brooks is not well enough to return but are glad to have John Chisholm with us again.

Next on the casualty list is Frank Bryne who wears that sling like a real veteran. George Foley's guardian angel deserves some credit too; George stopped a sixteen pound shot with his chest and is alive to tell it. Robert Wigle doesn't believe in taking any chances when there is thunder and lightning. So far the class has played two games of baseball and won both. The Grade IX juniors were our first victims, the score being 6 to 1.

LIFE



FROM nothingness into nothingness. To be born, to die, and to live again; the eternal cycle that we all must tread. The portion of the cycle that we spend on Earth we dignify with the title Life, yet to each one Life has a distinct and separate meaning known only to himself. For as personalities and natives differ so will men look on Life and what it means.

What does it mean? To live to save our souls, and in dying, to pass on to receive the reward that we have merited or to live, assailed with doubt and fear, encompassed with ignorance, and in dying pass out forever into oblivion? It can only be one of the two and therefore to one or the other do men direct their lives in harmony.

Along the sin-littered paths of Life, struggling with futile, baby's hands against the clouds of doubt that shadow us, we go, hoping that in the end we will attain to a higher life in the company of the Father, if our earthly efforts merit such reward.

That is the general meaning of Life to all of us, but, individually, Life is an adventure, an experiment that must be tried and enjoyed, a play in which the principle character is yourself and all the world the stage.

In our boyhood days with its games, joys and sorrows; when the word 'Don't' hemmed in our every action; when the years stretched out interminably before our eyes and the majority of them appeared to be consisted of endless, wearisome school days; when we joyfully discovered in February that the summer holidays with all its pleasures, were only five months away, then Life was sweet but meaningless and something to be endured so you might be a man.

Then in the day of Youth with the fire of ambition stirring in your

heart; when you did your own thinking and thought how long was life and how remote a thing was Death; when the years meant sports, college or a beginning at work; when the world was taken up with companions, sports, exams and dances; then Life was sweet, but a thing to be bent to shape our ends and our desires and how wrong were we, for Life, itself is what makes or breaks us and we only can do our best to conform.

Then when the years have claimed their toll and we look with experienced eyes at a Life, transient and hard; a Life, that has brought about the realization or destruction of our hopes and ambitions, we see the futility and emptiness of Life unless our deeds are aimed at things that are not of this Earth but are directed for our spiritual good and eternal happiness.

Yet Life must not be considered solely as a means to assure our spiritual well-being. The responsibility that befalls us when we take our place among men, a responsibility to our country, to our work and to all those who in any way have claim on us, requires that our lives should conform to the exigencies of things and not to our personal gratification and desires.

Thus are the days that we spend on Earth disposed of, and in their disposal we suffer the sorrows that enrich us perpetually or enjoy the pleasures that enrich us temporarily.

Sent here to work out our destiny with the aid of our God-given faculties; to use and not abuse the opportunities that are granted plentifully to us so that we may safely strive against the gilded allurements of the world and sin; to obtain as much of pleasure and wealth as we can use; to help our fellow man—that is Life, or rather the way we should live so that we may die in peace and die happily with the thoughts of a Life well spent.

F. E. Murphy, Eng. '28.

Coofen (Capt)

Lovell

Aucoin

Egan

B. Loftus
Manager

Carroll

Aliotis

Kennedy

Clancy

Montague

Furtill

T. H. Coffee (Coach)

Grant

Doyle

Smith

Kane

Girrol

Young

Hogan

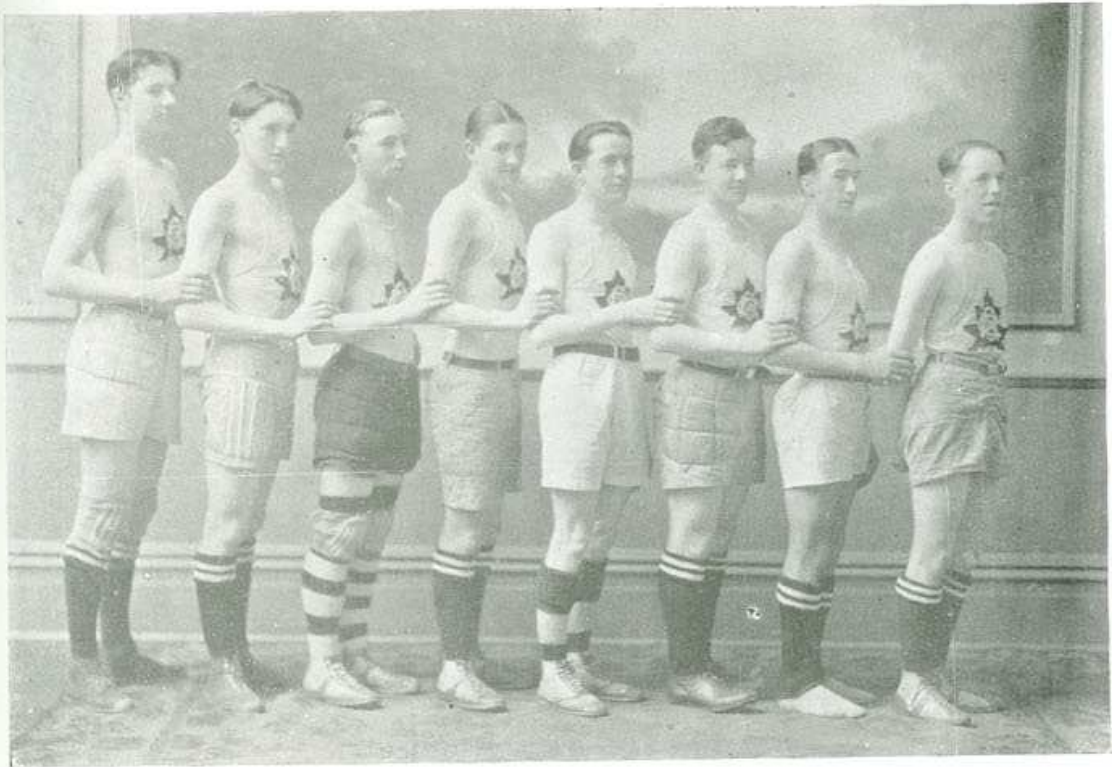
Wallace

Murray

St. Mary's Collegiate
N.S. Rugby Champions 1927.

6-12-27

E. J. Egan



HIGH SCHOOL BASKETBALL TEAM

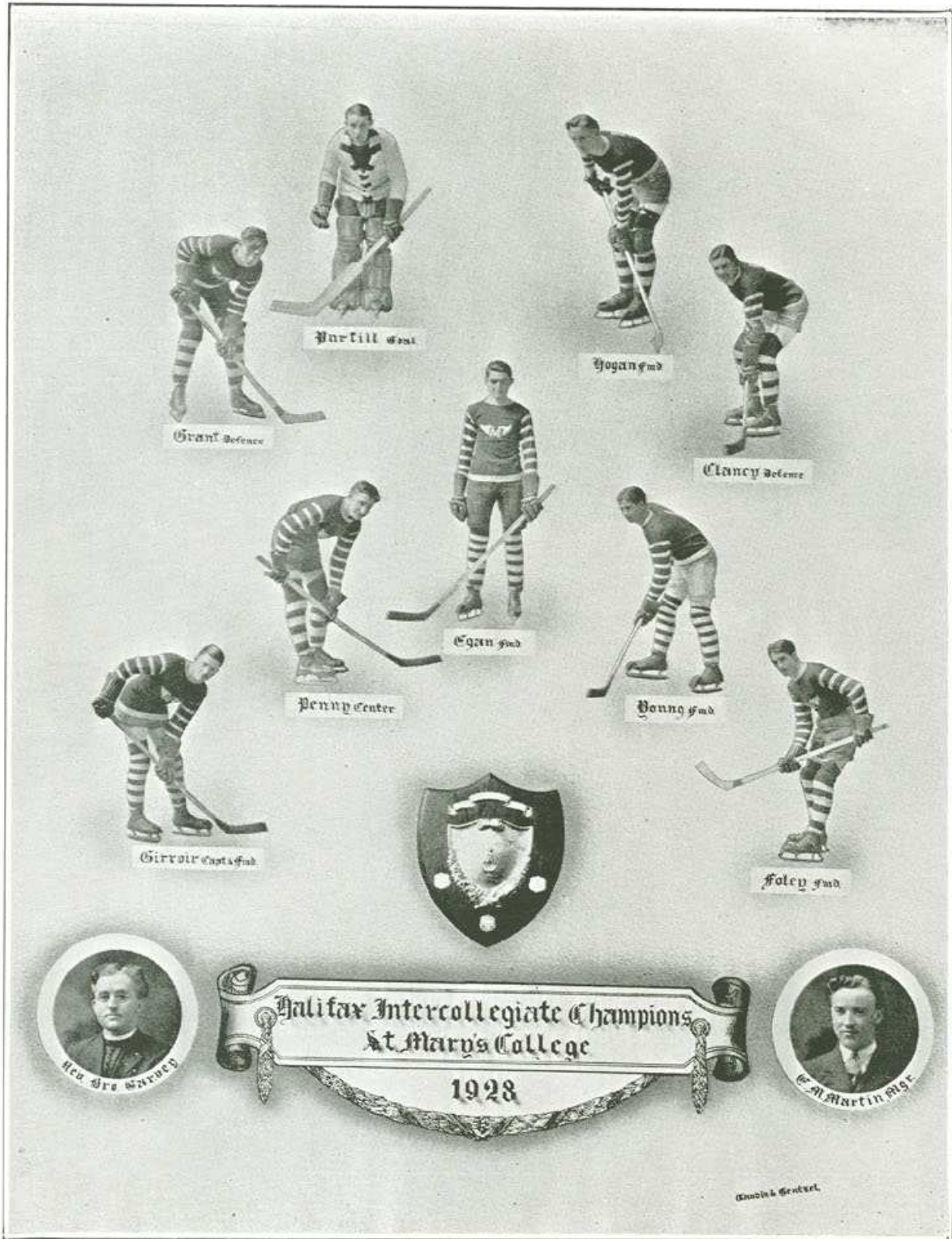
PENDER, EGAN, KANE, MADDIN, E. CARROLL (CAPT), F. CARROLL, FOLEY, HAYES.

A Year's Review of Sport

Forsaking soccer for the more popular English Rugby, Saint Mary's Interscholastic fifteen went through their schedule undefeated to win the Nova Scotia Senior High School title. For most of the team it was the first attempt at rugby, yet within a month Coach Ted Coffey developed a fast-moving, hard-tackling squad whose line was crossed but once. It was not a smoothly co-ordinated machine, it was not a group of high grade stars but a team that was afraid of nothing, a team that never knew when it should have been defeated. Two or three stars, "triple threat" men there were, and around them the fifteen was built. Noted for hard and accurate tackling, a bunch that would have tackled a concrete grandstand if they were told, Saint Mary's Senior High team beat a better all

round New Glasgow squad to win the title.

Only a few teams entered the Senior League. Saint Mary's and Kings Collegiates battled for Western honors while New Glasgow High was disposing of St. F. X. High and Sydney Academy. The Maroon team won the series with Kings, 15-0 and 12-0 and at Truro met New Glasgow for the Provincial championship. A drop kick from the educated toe of Babe Girroir in the first five minutes of play gave Saint Mary's a four point lead. The second half was played on the S. M. C. five yard line. Fighting with their backs to the wall, they tackled, blocked and thrust back a superior team for twenty nine minutes before a New Glasgow man broke through for a try-and three points. The Nova Scotia title





SENIOR INTERSCHOLASTIC HOCKEY CHAMPIONS OF NOVA SCOTIA

Back Row, LEFT TO RIGHT—CARROLL, HOGAN, EGAN, GIRROIR.

Front Row—YOUNG, CLANCY, GRANT (CAPTAIN) O'BRIEN, FOLEY

depended on the success or failure of the convert. The attempt failed and Saint Mary's Collegiate had won a Provincial Rugby championship in their first year at that sport.

The College team was forced to withdraw from the Halifax Intermediate League owing to conflicting dates between their schedule and that of the High School team from which part of the material was drawn. They took their revenge on the Alumni, 6-0.

BASKETBALL

The usual jinx pursued the Saint Mary's hoop teams. The College team entered the City Intermediate League and when "on" were the sensation of the circuit, when "off," the

doormat. Wanderers, undefeated league winners, and the Y. M. C. A. quintette took the measure of the Maroon team 31-25 and 13-9 respectively while Saint Mary's defeated St. Joseph's 35-7, Pinehill College 21-12 and Nova Scotia Tech 19-15, ending up in third place. The Saint Mary's-Dalhousie game was cancelled as the result would not have altered the standing. The Commerce squad, Dalhousie Interfaculty champions also bowed to the S. M. C. team, 19-18.

The High School team was composed almost entirely of new material but they put up a brave struggle with Halifax Academy for the City title. The Saints lost the first game 27-22 but fought like tigers to win the second 25-24, losing the series on total points. They were the only



JUNIOR INTERSCHOLASTIC HOCKEY TEAM
WESTERN NOVA SCOTIA CHAMPIONS

Back Row—POWER, CARROLL, HOGAN, KANE, FOLEY, NELSON.

Front Row—YOUNG, CLANCY, PURTILL (CAPTAIN), DOHERTY, BRACKETT.

Nova Scotia team to defeat the champions.

Engineers with four regulars of the College team on their lineup, had little difficulty in winning the Inter-class championship, eliminating their only real contenders, Arts and Maric by top heavy scores.

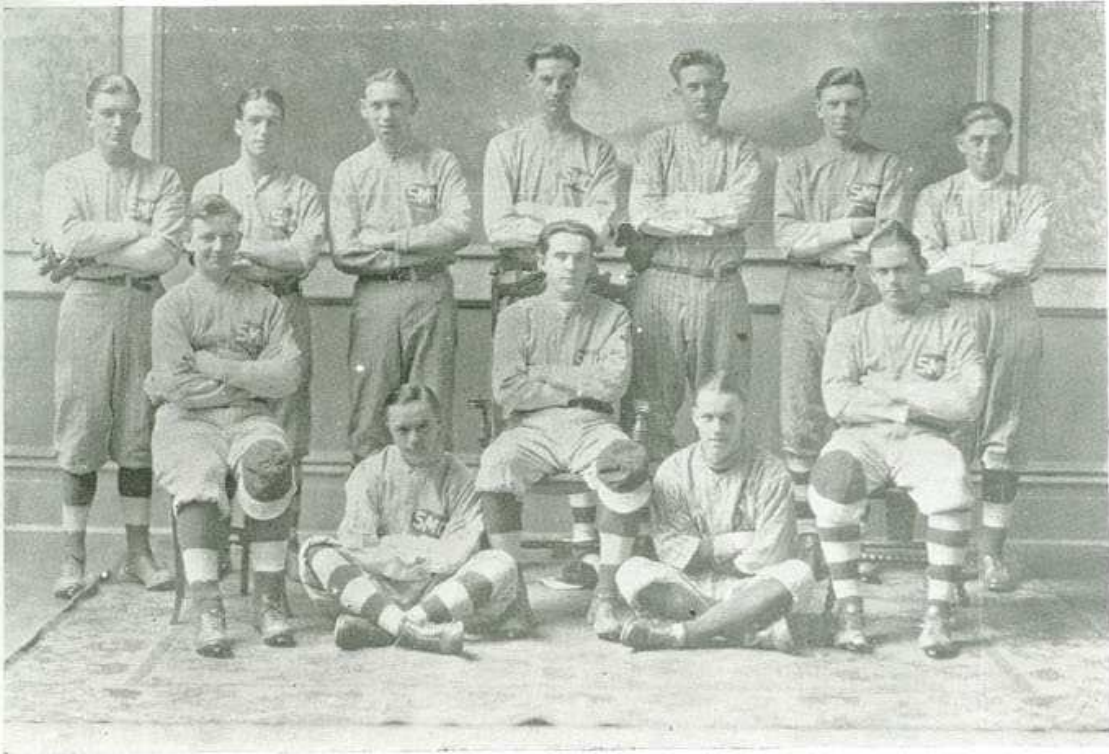
HOCKEY

Saint Mary's major sport brought two more trophies to be added to the collection. For the second successive year the Maroon Intercollegiate squad conquered Kings, Dalhousie and Nova Scotia Tech to win the city title and the Star trophy. Opening the league with a 5-0 victory over Tech, the Saints continued their

drive by taking an 8-1 verdict over the Dal Tigers and went into the leadership by defeating Kings, 6-2. More opposition was experienced in the second round, Tech holding Saint Mary's to a 1-0 score and Dalhousie losing 2-1 in overtime play, while King's sent the Maroons down to a 3-2 defeat, the only one of the year.

The Senior High team emerged from the Nova Scotia tournament with two victories on one afternoon. Chester was eliminated 5-1 and New Glasgow 4-1, Young scoring all four goals. The Herald and Mail trophy thus came to Saint Mary's for the third consecutive year.

The Junior High squad ran a streak of five straight games to qualify for the finals. Bloomfield, Chebucto



HIGH SCHOOL BASEBALL TEAM

Standing—GIRROIR, FOLEY, KANE, MACDONALD, GRANT, CLANCY, KILEEN.

Sitting—F. CARROLL, CABLE, E. CARROLL (CAPT) SULLIVAN, KENNEDY.

and St. Patrick's High were defeated in the City section and two victories over Wolfville, 9-1 and 4-1 gave Saint Mary's the Western championship and the right to play the Eastern winners in the Provincial final. However the league executive decided to have Saint Mary's play all Eastern teams that had not yet been eliminated on the same night. The Junior team was withdrawn as a protest against this and because of the fact that some of the team would also have to play the following day in a more important tournament.

Matric won the Interclass honors. The team was composed of practically the pick of the Senior High sextette and with the exception of that from the Engineers' squad, encountered little real opposition.

BASEBALL

Little can be said as yet about the summer pastime. The High School play downs have not yet begun although they were supposed to have been completed by now but the Interscholastic team tried their poison on St. Joe's of the City Twilight League twice. Both tries were closely akin to massacre. In the first game Sammy Lesser of former pro fame held the Indian sign on the S. M. C. team with his masterly pitching while his mates piled up nine runs. Kennedy connected with one of Lesser's fast ones for the circuit and with two other runs the final tally was 9-3. The second contest was worse, St. Joseph's handing the High School team a shut-out and

amassing an odd dozen runs. The Saint Mary's nine took out their hard reelings on the Junior team of the North End club winning hands down.

The College trotted out the best team the select classes ever had. Examinations caused them to confine their efforts solely to the Intramural leagues but they will have several games before the closing.

Senior Arts-Engineers combined to take the Interclass title without much difficulty, defeating Matric and Grade X who had previously eliminated the Freshmen. The amalgamation broke up long enough for the two classes to decide who would keep the trophy, Arts winning 3-0.

TRACK

Track and field events came back into prominence with the field day held under the direction of the Athletic Association. The meet showed two things, that interest in this line of athletic endeavour was far from lacking and secondly that St. Mary's has men who with a little training could make their mark in Provincial track circles—after all not so difficult a proposition.

Frankie Foley, Matric flash, was the bright light in the Senior division winning the hundred, two twenty, running broad and tying for first place in the high jump with Donnelly, sole entry from Junior Arts. The College-Alumni relay was the fastest yet run. The former students brought a team that would grace any meet but the S. M. C. squad was just a little too fast. Foley's time in the century was 10.2, good considering the track.

Aliotis took the honors in the Intermediate class and Dan McDonald and Fleming had a slight margin on the rest of the entries in the Junior

events. Both have style and with training under some watchful eye would go far.

Matric won the Interclass relay. The champions had a fast team in Foley, Young, Carroll and Purtill. Grade IX took the Interclass Shield, mostly through their monopoly of points in the Intermediate and Junior classes, with Grade X and Matric following. Full results are given elsewhere.

The tennis courts were thronged when weather permitted. Due to the advent of the exams, no tournament has been held as yet. The construction of handball alleys to replace those formerly in existence has been begun and the revival of this sport is looked to with interest.

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BEAR FACTS

It was a night in February typical of the climate and season. The wind was blowing hard and swayed the huge pines and hemlocks which moaned and sighed around a large lumber camp in the heart of the New Brunswick forests. The air was cold and the fast driving snow was fine and frosty. In the camp everything was bright and warm. It sheltered from forty to fifty men and these had betaken themselves early to their sleeping quarters to talk and smoke. Most of the men were lying in their bunks. Some were reading or playing cards around the table in the middle of the room. Everything was quiet except for subdued conversations and the howling of the wind outside.

Then a young man evidently finding the evening rather monotonous spoke up. "I believe some one here should favour us with a good story.

There is nothing I enjoy more than to listen to stories on a night like this, or on a wet day in haying. Many a pleasant hour I have spent listening to stories while the rain pattered on the roof or the winter wind howled around the gables."

They seemed unanimous in their belief that the suggestion was a good one. Consequently two or three good contributions were given and then the supply seemed to have ended.

One of the men at the table had said very little. He had listened attentively to the stories and had resumed his reading. He was a big strong man of about forty years, the foreman of the camp, and very popular with the men.

"How about a story from you Bill McCormick," someone said. "You have been in the war and have travelled a great deal. You ought to know something of interest."

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The man addressed was the foreman. He turned in his chair, smiled, and replied, "Yes I have travelled considerably but I don't think I know anything that would interest you. Moreover, I have related to you any of my experiences which might interest you; however I will do my share." All expressed their satisfaction in various ways quite in accordance with lumber-jacks. Bill then resumed. "The story I am going to tell you isn't exactly about myself, nor has it anything to do with my travels. However I think it will help to pass the time."

"I was born in Amherst, Nova Scotia and when five years old my mother died. After her death I went to live with my uncle who owned the old homestead in Brantford. There I spent my childhood and a happy one it was. My grandfather came out from Ireland in the early part of the nineteenth century and bought and

cleared for himself quite a large farm. Even to this day the forests around are quite dense but they are no longer the haunts of bears, moose and deer as they were when I was a boy. To see a bear in those days was not an uncommon occurrence. However my uncle seemed to get more thrills in this respect than anyone I ever knew. The last encounter he had with a bear or rather the last one I know of is what prompts me to tell this story.

"No doubt you have heard (and I know by experience) that in countries where savage wild beasts are common, people have to be especially on their guard against one or two of a bolder and savager nature. In Africa, India, British Columbia and elsewhere I have spent some time in places where the whole village or country side was kept in constant terror by a lion, tiger, grizzly or some other savage and powerful animal

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noted for its stock-killing and man-eating tendencies. However I do not wish to say that my home district was ever disturbed by any tragic occurrence of this nature. I merely wish to infer that just as notorious man-eaters and cattle-slayers lurk around certain districts in foreign countries so around my home settlement a bear would roam through a certain district during the summer. He would frequently be seen by people of the neighborhood, occasionally causing them much alarm. Hardly a farmer in that district would escape having one or two sheep killed by him during the summer.

"In the days of my boyhood before the advent of cream separators the milk used to be placed in a cool place for a while in order to separate the cream. At my home the creamers as the containers were called, were hung for a day in a cold spring which was situated about fifty yards

from the house. For a couple of summers, frequently in the morning the cover of the creamer would be found on the ground or in the spring and much of the milk or rather the cream gone. No one knew the cause of this. Some believed it to be done by dogs some thought it might have been done by some person who did not cover the milk when he was through but left it, as I mentioned before to cover up suspicion. This did not seem very probable as no one unless he was a stranger needed to leave home in order to get milk. It was not done frequently enough to be of any profit and too frequently to suppose that some individual wandered through the country so often and stopped there for a drink. However after it had occurred several times a bear trap was placed there. It was found sprung once or twice and on one occasion a bunch of black hairs was all that remained of the

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victim. No results were obtained that summer and the next summer similar operations begun by both parties, the bear taking the lead. One night as my uncle arrived home, walking about midnight from one of the neighbor's he heard a rattling sound at the spring. It was very dark and he was unable to distinguish anything. He went into the house and got a lantern and rushed down to the spring. When he arrived a large black bear startled by the sudden appearance of the light rose on his hind legs from his creamy repast, wheeled around and then down on all fours loped across the fields to the woods. This was the first meeting of Bruin and my uncle and the last for that summer. The bear seemed to have lost his appetite for milk for he never came back. However, my uncle and he had several encounters before any definite understanding was arrived at between them.

"The next spring hostilities were resumed. One evening about dusk in April my uncle and a companion were coming home from working in a saw-mill. They were passing a large field along side of some woods about a half a mile from home when they noticed a black object in the middle of the field. Thinking it was a black sheep of the owner of the land and wondering at his being alone, they decided to go down and investigate. They had a dog with them but when they got over the fence to go down the dog decided that that was no place for him. My uncle did not seem to have any suspicions but his friend picked up a stone and walked behind. They came pretty close to the animal but could not tell what it was. The other man however threw the stone and it bounced and struck the animal on the head. The animal happened to be a bear crouched to receive them.

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Being angered by the blow he leaped to his feet and started in pursuit. The two men began to run for their lives. My uncle was now behind and by glancing over his shoulder he could see that the bear was gaining. They were nearing the fence and the bear was now almost upon them. Just before reaching it the dog came running down the fence and with a growling bark dashed between them. This arrested the bear a moment and gave my uncle time to get over the fence. The bear did not pursue any further. He turned and went back to the woods. This was a narrow escape, for a bear with an appetite which had been preparing all winter would have had little hesitation in killing and eating a man. That same summer Bruin relieved us of a sheep. On the morning following this woolly banquet the hounds were put on his trail but Bruin was too old at the game for hounds. For quite

a while the hounds howled along the trail and my uncle and the owner of the dogs followed with guns. Suddenly they were heard no more. The bear either to cool himself or baffle the hounds had stepped into the brook and walked along it. Later that same summer my uncle and Bruin met again. One evening he was getting the cows and had brought them out of a semi-cleared field into the open pasture. He left some young cattle behind him. Suddenly he heard the sheep running and bleating. The lambs being the swiftest were ahead. He turned and saw a large bear, doubtless his old friend, running after the sheep. He was carrying one paw having evidently been caught in a trap or shot. He had his head down and did not see his friend. The sheep ran up around my uncle and the cows. The bear kept coming towards them. When he heard a whistle he reared on his hind legs

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DRUGGISTS

and looked. When he had seen my uncle he came down on all fours or rather all threes and started towards him. The cows by this time had smelt him and had turned and were facing him. My uncle was not willing to meet him and ran up amongst the cows. Bruin reared up again and seeing that my uncle did not wish to wait for him, turned and went back down through the stump field to the woods. He passed by one of the young cattle which as he did so leaped and uttered a terrified bellow. The bear did not stop to apologize but continued on his way to the woods.

"Still later in that same summer my uncle had a more intimate meeting with his friend Bruin. He was at a neighbors until rather late one evening and had about two miles to walk. Most of the road was through woods. A couple of weeks before this one of the people of the neighborhood had

been accompanied along this same road for about a mile by some animal in the bushes by the side of the road. No doubt it was a bear. Well before leaving the house of his friend my uncle asked for a card of matches in which style matches were made in those days. Whether he wished to have these as a protection I cannot say. I hardly think he intended to use them as he did. The night was moderately dark but the road could be followed without difficulty. He walked along with his hands in his pockets. When he was in the middle of the woods and about halfway home, Bruin decided to try and scare him. He sprang out of the ditch and stood on the road just in front of my uncle and snapped his jaws. He instinctively whipped the matches from his pocket and struck them on his trousers. He then thrust the burning card rich with sulphur fumes at the bear's snout. The bear choked and

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snuffed and jumped across the ditch and dissappeared among the trees. So you see t ruin and my uncle were very intimate and used to greet one another in the way they thought best even at night.

"After this meeting my uncle decided it was time to hunt up t ruin and come to some definite understanding with him. Things had been going on in this fashion long enough. Stealing cream and sheep and scaring people at night (in which he succeeded admirably if you can judge from the description my uncle gave of his feelings) had been overdone. Thus one day about the 1st of September after a rain fall of the previous night which made it possible to see tracks clearly, my uncle and a friend of considerable hunting ability set out with a couple of bear traps a muzzle-loading gun and a leg of a sheep recently killed by the villain. They travelled about a great deal where they thought Bruin

was, in hopes of finding his tracks. On their way they met a bull-moose. He seemed rather peevish and decided to resent their intrusion. The other man fired but only wounded him. This made matters worse because the moose became more infuriated. He uttered snorts of pain and rage and gave chase. Now a muzzle loader isn't the quickest thing to reload. Hindered by the traps and bait they ran trying to reload at the same time, they we t stumbling over wind-falls, etc., and finally got the gun re-loaded. The moose was now almost upon them. The man with the gun turned and delivered the contents in the animal's face just in time to stop him from springing upon him. This stopped his progress. He reeled, staggered and fell. His face was burnt and blown into a bloody mass. Both eyes were destroyed. They now set out towards home intending to come back with a team and look

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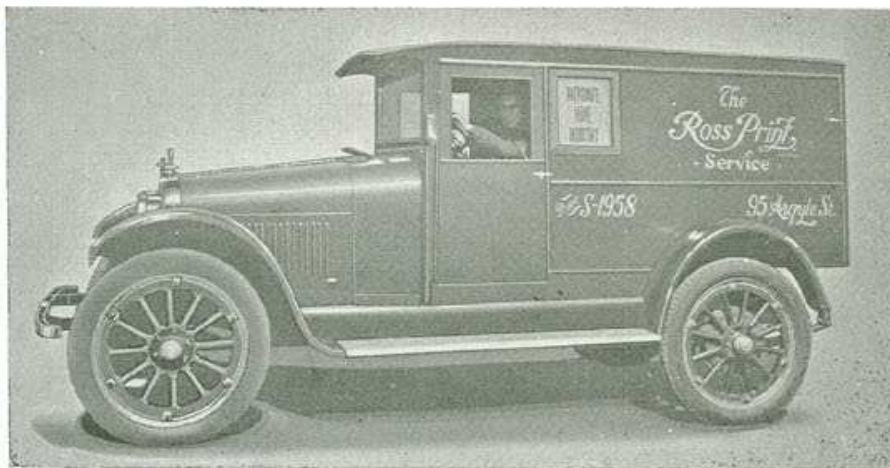
Halifax

after the carcass. The moose was killed about half a mile from the clearing and they had not gone far after shooting him before they came upon a portion of a sheep that had been killed recently. This was only two or three hundred yards from the clearing. Around the carcass were many bear tracks. Here they set their traps.

"The next day they went back and found everything as they had left it. About the fourth day after the traps were set, a boy of the neighborhood came and informed my uncle that there was a bear in them. He got his gun and started back. Two or three men joined him on the way. Before leaving he told me to hitch the horses to the farm wagon and drive back in order to bring the animal home. I did as he asked and over took the men before they reached the spot. I turned the team around to the edge of the woods to wait for them to kill him.

"The traps as I said before, were set not far from the clearing. They had been attached to a rather large log. The bear was caught by one hind foot and had sprung the other trap. He had dragged the log to a place about twenty-five feet from the edge of the field where he had become fast. I could see him from the wagon and I assure you I felt glad to be in it.

"Bruin did not act as though he was pleased at our arrival. He growled savagely, showed his teeth and strained hard at the trap chain. After watching him for a couple of minutes my uncle raised the gun and fired. Instead of striking the head of the animal, as was intended, the slugs lodged in the flesh and muscle of his left shoulder. I was not paying much attention to the horses and at the report of the gun they began to run. The bear infuriated by the pain leaped and snapped the chair.



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All began to run, the bear in pursuit. I managed to get the horses stopped but before the men could reach the wagon the bear was upon them. My uncle could never have reached it in time. As it was, however, just as the bear was reared on his hind legs and about to strike him a blow which which probably have meant his death, he tripped over a root and fell to the ground. By his fall he had escaped the blow but the bear was upon him. It was now a struggle for life between man and bear. The men were powerless to do anything. The gun lay close to the struggling pair and even if it could have been reached it was impossible to use it. One of the men ran up with the axe which he had brought but before he could strike a blow it was sent flying through the air by a powerful blow of the bear's right paw. By some happy accident they had gripped each other in such a manner that the animal could not bite his face. The struggle lasted for a couple of minutes which seemed like hours to my uncle and us. Before he fell he had drawn his hunting knife which he had been fortunate enough to bring with him but for a time he was unable to use it effectively and did not wish to increase the bear's rage by provoking stabs. How he managed to avoid being squeezed to death is a marvel, for I hold that no man's body can stand a bear's hug. My uncle, however, was a strong man, being about forty years old at the time, and his strength was probably

increased by desperation. Along with this was the fact that the bear's left paw must have been considerably weakened by the slugs and it was believed that these factors prevented the bear from squeezing the life out of him. However he managed to break a couple of his ribs. An opportunity presented itself and my uncle buried the knife to the handle under the bear's left arm. He struck his heart and the bear with one last desperate squeeze rolled quivering on the ground. It was probably this last embrace that broke my uncle's ribs.

"My uncle was raised from the ground by willing hands for he was unable to stand alone. His clothes were torn in rags and his body was badly cut and bitten. He did not faint but became very weak from loss of blood. By this time several others had arrived. The bear was quickly laid in the wagon and my uncle placed alongside of him. Thus they rode home side by side. They had come to an understanding at last."

A bustle and scuffle at the end of the story showed the keen interest with which all had listened. All expressed their thanks for the treat. Following the example of Bill the men betook themselves to bed. The camp became dark and silent while the wind and trees continued their boistrous struggle through the night.

C. P. Foley, Arts '29.



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