

# Literary Society

## RESULT OF THE FIRST MEETING

If a good beginning has anything promising about it, this year's Literary Society is going to be something to remember.

The Quotation Contest brought out replies from many former members, and added twenty-five brand new ones. That is a good start, isn't it?

The most complete list was sent in by Miss Pearle Stacey. She had 33 assigned correctly, missing only the last two on the list, and thereby gains the first prize. Miss Myra Smith and Miss Helen Stewart tied with 31 correct answers, and Mrs. T. D. McCallum had 30 right. Miss Smith has already chosen the prize she wants, and we should like to hear from the others as promptly as possible.

The following contestants had 25 or more correct answers:—Miss Rose, M. G. Laidman, Pansy Munday, Chalgrove Fielde, Miss Sharman, Miss Ewens, W. T. Ramsay, Miss Clark, Miss Jackson, Mrs. Mooney, Mrs. Moss, A. Munday.

The following had more than half right:—Miss Ireton, Miss Gordon, L. J. Mutch, A. J. H., B. G. Sergeant, Mrs. Crowe, Mrs. McNeil, Edwin Reid, Miss Gould, Miss Hurd, Miss Taylor, Mrs. Tallant.

## THE CORRECT LIST OF QUOTATIONS AND AUTHORS.

- To make virtue of necessity.—Geoffrey Chaucer in *Canterbury Tales*; Shakespeare in *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.
- Order is Heaven's first law.—Alexander Pope in *Essay on Man*.
- The short and simple annals of the poor.—Grav in *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*.
- Love me little, love me long.—Christopher Marlowe in *The Jew of Malta*; Herrick about 25 or 30 years later wrote "Pray love me little, so that you love me long."
- Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.—Shakespeare in *King Henry IV*.
- Man proposes but God disposes.—Thomas A. Kempis in *Imitation of Christ*; also in *Chronicle of Battle Abbey*, and *Piers Ploughman's Vision*, all before 1400 A.D.
- After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.—Shakespeare in *Macbeth*.
- 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.—Thomas Campbell in *Pleasures of Hope*.
- Homekeeping youth have ever homely wits.—Shakespeare in *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.
- Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.—Thomas Moore in *Come Ye Disconsolate*.
- Butchered to make a Roman holiday.—Lord Byron in *The Gladiator*.
- Cleanliness is next to godliness.—John Wesley in *Sermon on Dress*.
- 'Am I my brother's keeper?—Cain in *Genesis*.
- Many waters cannot quench love.—Solomon.
- There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest.—Job, quoted with slight variation by Tennyson in *The May Queen*.
- 'Tis heaven alone that is given away; 'Tis only God can be had for the asking.—James Russel Lowell in *The Vision of Sir Launfal*.
- As headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile.—Spoken by Mrs. Malaprop in *Richard Sheridan's "Rivals"*.
- For a woman is only a woman.

- But a good cigar is a smoke.—Rudyard Kipling in *The Betrothed*
- Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise.—Solomon.
  - A sadder and a wiser man He rose the morrow morn.—Samuel Taylor Coleridge in *The Ancient Mariner*.
  - Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.—Shakespeare in *Hamlet*.
  - A perfect woman, nobly planned, To warn, to comfort and command.—William Wordsworth in *She Was a Phantom of Delight*.
  - An idler is a watch that wants both hands, As useless if it goes as if it stands.—William Cowper in *Retirement*.
  - Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn.—Robert Burns in *Man Was Made to Mourn*.
  - O, sleep! it is a gentle thing, Beloved from pole to pole.—Samuel Coleridge in *The Ancient Mariner*.

"This is my own, my native land."—Sir Walter Scott in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

- Whither thou goest I will go; where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people; thy God my God.—Ruth to Naomi.
- Lives of great men all remind us We can make our lives sublime, And departing leave behind us Footprints on the sands of time.—Henry W. Longfellow in *The Psalm of Life*.
- Under the wide and starry sky Dig a grave and let me lie; Glad did I live and gladly die And I lay me down with a will. This be the verse you grave for me: "Here he lies where he longed to be,— Home is the sailor, home from sea, And the hunter home from the hill."—Robert Louis Stevenson in *Requiem*.
- O, heart of mine, we shouldn't worry so! What we've missed of calm we couldn't Have you know! What we've met of stormy pain, And of sorrow's driving rain, We can better meet again If it blow.—James Whitcomb Riley in *O, Heart of Mine*.

## GET AWAY FROM THE CROWD

Robert Burdette, in a talk to young men, said:—"Get away from the crowd for a while, and think. Stand on one side and let the world run by, while you get acquainted with yourself, and see what kind of a fellow you are. Ask yourself hard questions about yourself. Ascertain from original sources, if you are really the manner of man you say you are; and if you are always honest; if you always tell the square, perfect truth in business details; if your life is as good and upright at eleven o'clock at night as it is at noon; if you are as good a temperance man on a fishing excursion as you are on a Sunday-school picnic; if you are as good when you go to the city as you are at home; if, in short, you are really the sort of man your father hopes you are, and your sweetheart believes you are. Get on intimate terms with yourself, my boy, and believe me, every time you come out of one of those private interviews with yourself, you will be a stronger, better, finer man. Don't forget this, and it will do you good."



INTERIOR OF RESIDENCE OF G. A. REID, ARTIST

## SELECTED RECIPES

**Mock Mint Julep.**—Into a half glass filled with shaved ice place two or three sprigs of mint. With a masher crush the mint until the leaves are reduced to a pulp. Add four tablespoonfuls of either sherry or grape juice, and fill the glass with seltzer. Shake, strain and serve with fresh mint protruding from the glass.

**Rice Griddle Cakes.**—To two cupfuls of cold boiled rice add one pint of sifted flour, one beaten egg, one-half teaspoon of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and enough sweet milk to make the mixture of a consistency to drop from a spoon. Bake on a hot griddle and serve with syrup.

**Cream Cake.**—Take ½ cup butter, 2 cups sugar, 3 eggs beaten in a cup of milk, 3 cups flour, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon soda.

**Cream Filling for the Above.**—One pint milk brought to the boil into which is stirred ½ cup corn starch, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, a lump of butter as big as a walnut, vanilla flavoring.

—Sent by SCOTCH LASSIE.

**Rice Croquettes.**—To one cupful of warm boiled rice add a beaten egg, one tablespoonful of butter, salt to season, one teaspoon of chopped parsley, one teaspoonful of grated cheese and a dash of cayenne. Mold into oblong cakes, dredge with cracker crumbs and fry a golden brown in deep hot fat.