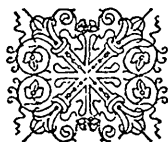


THE
OLLA PODRIDA



DECEMBER, 1901.

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THE OLLA PODRIDA.

NUMBER 1.

DECEMBER, 1901.

VOLUME III.

WINIFRED RENT, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

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Editorials.

FOR many weeks past some exact souls have been counting the days till vacation would begin, and from time to time have announced the results of their calculations. Many and various have been the emotions called up by these statements. To the girl at school for the first time, they generally bring visions of a sure cure for homesickness and an eager desire to have the days hasten by; to the "Third Year" girl, a doubly saddening thought of how small the number of her school days is growing, and also of the number of things that must be crowded into the time; between the two extremes there are all degrees of sadness and gladness, for even old girls are not always free from homesick twinges. To all alike, however, the days have flown, for they have been filled to overflowing with duties and frolics, even as weeks before vacations always are."

This was written in another school than ours, how "one touch of nature makes us all akin!" Evidently nothing befalls us but what is common to the lot of all boarding school girls.

Number one, volume three of "Olla Podrida" comes to us with feelings entirely different from those of volume two. She knows that there is a warm welcome ready for her and so, emboldened, she will do her best to be entertaining. Among the contributors may be mentioned Dr. Slayter; we heartily thank him for honoring us. Miss Jean Yeoman has again written a poem which we will appreciate all the more since it comes from an "old girl."

The class of '01 is very much in evidence in Halifax, four of its members being in the city. Miss Mabel Murray is attending Dalhousie and is a star in their basket ball team, and Miss Louise Gerrard is also honoring the same college. We all remember her unlimited supply of answers in the history class. Miss Ethel Anderson is living in the house and studying elocution, and Miss Adelaide Ritchie is having a "good time" at home. The winner of the bronze medal is greatly missed, especially in the classes where her numerous and ready answers often saved an unprepared girl from an "utter failure." Miss Ryan is at home in St. John at present. Miss Beatrice Sanderson still takes classes with us, and is captain of "The Day Girls" Basket Ball team. All these girls did a great deal to put "Olla Podrida" on her present firm basis, and though those who follow try to make each number better than the last, they will always look to the class of '01 as the "discoverers," if we may use the word, of our college paper.

The "Theo Dora" and "Pi Gamma" societies have had many enjoyable and interesting meetings, more detailed accounts of which are given in another place. It may be said, however, that two members of the graduating class will obtain recommendation from any one of us if they wish to go on the "boards."

The classes have sent in reports for this issue, some very good, others not quite so good. Should not each class strive to appear to advantage in our paper, and for its own sake, as well as to encourage the interest and esteem of its friends, write creditable accounts of itself and its doings? Well done, little "Second Preparatory!" "The good reputation" is beginning to go "through."

In renewing her acquaintances with her old friends and welcoming her new, "Olla Podrida" wishes them a happy time during the holidays, and says "au revoir" till June.

W. M. R.

To H. D. M., aged twelve.

HELEN DOUGLAS SCOTT.

Dear little maid, thy face so pure,
Brings thoughts of God's own love secure,
For, while we ponder on thy grace,
Brought from some far and mystic place,
Our minds turn ever to the time
When to that sunny Eastern clime,
A little maid, just twelve years old,
Back flitted from the gates of gold.

Past the sweet stars her way she took,
And all that wondrous land forsook,
To answer to a voice supreme
That called her spirit from its dream,
And so we pray that thou may'st hear
A voice that calls thee, sweet and clear,
"Maiden, arise! My love will be
More than thy wistful dreams to thee."

Northfield.

AMONG my brightest memories and experiences, I know I shall always number my first visit to Northfield.

Before the June closing it was decided that Miss Margaret Betts and I should go to Northfield to represent the Theo Dora Society of this school, at the Women's Conference held in July.

Northfield is one of the most charming towns in New England; spread out in the beautiful Connecticut Valley, it lies on the banks of that river which divides New England. Arriving at the depot we are still some distance from the Northfield Seminary, founded by Mr. Moody. As we proceed along the main street, where four rows of stately maples and elms afford continuous shade, we pass Mr. Moody's home. The seminary campus, which is very beautiful, next comes into view. Among the principal buildings are Marquand Hall, the Skinner Gymnasium, the Auditorium, Talcott Library, Stone Hall, Weston and East Halls, which are all beautiful buildings of brick and stone. The Gymnasium is especially interesting, and while there we had the pleasure of seeing a game of basket ball between the girls of Smith, Vassar and Mount Holyoke. The Auditorium, which is a

handsome brick building, with seating capacity of twenty-five hundred, was erected in 1894. In the library there is a beautiful golden model of Solomon's Temple. It was presented to Mr. Moody by a Russian gentleman, and was constructed at an expense of three thousand dollars.

The first conference for young women was held in 1892, and these gatherings have continued since then, their purpose being to deepen the spiritual life of young women in cities and colleges, to present to them their responsibility of carrying the gospel to all nations, and to develop and train them so that they should go back to their colleges and schools to be leaders in active Christian work among young women. The conference for 1901 was the largest ever held, there being over six hundred persons representing colleges of all parts of the United States and Canada, the latter country having twenty-seven delegates representing fourteen colleges.

Among the principal speakers were Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, who is to take Mr. Moody's position at Northfield, and who was present during the greater part of the conference; Miss Effie Kelly Price, Mr. John R. Mott, Mrs. Margaret Sangster of New York, Dr. and Mrs. Howard Taylor, missionaries from China; Mr. Robert E. Speer, Miss Serobje, of Poona, India; and many others. All addresses by these were very interesting, as each spoke upon the particular work in which he or she was engaged, and of the country or field in which it was carried on.

The daily programme included two hours of morning conference which began at 8.30, and following this a morning Auditorium meeting; this usually lasted until 12.30, when delegation meetings were held. As there were not sufficient numbers from any of the colleges or schools in Canada to hold separate meetings, all the Canadians met under a number of apple trees near Weston Hall, the home for the time being of the representatives from the land of the Maple Leaf. The afternoons were kept free for personal acquaintance, rest and outdoor life, so that all might be benefitted by the addresses. In the evening forty minutes were devoted to the meeting on far-famed Round Top, where Mr. Moody's grave is. Following the Round Top meeting was the meeting in the Auditorium which closed the day.

One of the best features of the Conference was College Day. The

object of this day was to bring together the delegates from the different colleges, in order that they might meet each other in a social and informal way. The principal colleges represented were Smith, Wellesley, Bryn Mahr, Radcliffe, Vassar, Mount Holyoke and Brown. The different delegations arranged themselves on the large back campus, where they could be seen grouped together, all showing by some form of dress to what college they belonged. For instance, the girls of Smith wore white caps, while the Canadians wore maple leaves and Union Jacks. When they were arranged each group in turn sang its own college song which was responded to by other colleges. From such a gathering it could be seen what college spirit really was.

Not very long ago the name of Northfield was no more suggestive of college life than the name of any other attractive New England town. To-day it is rarely separated in thought from student life. But this relation has not risen simply because of the unique situation of this beautiful hill-town of Northern Massachusetts, where, annually, for a number of years, hundreds of college women have assembled in the month of July. There has been a deeper charm than even the broad Connecticut, or the encircling hills to draw so many people to this spot year after year. Here there has been that touch of life with life which has caused girls to see in broader vision the possibilities of their own lines. Northfield is exerting a definite and visible influence upon the college life in this country, first, by introducing into colleges systematic Bible study. From the time of the first Northfield conference in 1886, when Mr. Moody invited students of the world to meet at Mount Hermon to engage in a special season of Bible study, Northfield has stood pre-eminently for this indispensable accompaniment of christian growth. At that time the great majority of our colleges and schools had no organized Bible study whatever, many of them not having a single Bible class. Now there is hardly an institution of any importance that has not, at least, one Bible class. The influence of Northfield is seen, in the second place, in methods of work. Conferences occupying an hour each morning were held for the study of special problems that confront workers. The missionary and students conferences were especially interesting, improved methods were thus brought before the association.

MARGARET RITCHIE.

Alone.

BY JEAN YEOMAN.

The dead leaves scatter where they will,
And softly fall
In shapes and shadows, here and there,
The night winds sigh through branches bare,
And faintly call,
While all the world lies cold and still.

By drifting clouds the crescent gold
Is hid from sight,
But through a break one twinkling star
Throws its faint radiance from afar,
Upon the night,
While all the world lies still and cold.

Physical Culture.

ETHEL ANDERSON.

IN no time since the great age of Greece has physical culture received so much attention as at the present.

The Greeks—Spartans, in particular—received most of their education at the gymnasium. At the age of seven a boy began his training—running, leaping, wrestling and boxing—thus he acquired nimbleness and dexterity. Lycurgus, the great Greek law-maker, passed a law that the Spartan damsels should attend the gymnasiums and receive a training analagous to that of the youths. The Spartan women thus became famous for their physical beauty, and received many compliments upon their fine figures and masculine vigor. In the course of time the great artists took as their models human forms, so that the beauty of the Greeks has been handed down all through the ages and still graces our finest Art galleries and museums.

The Greeks followed Nature's laws more nearly than any other nation; in fact the Greek word "physical" is the exact equivalent for the Latin word "natural." Their form of dress tended greatly to aid

their development and gave to all their movements a freedom which has been partly destroyed by our modern modes of dress.

However, physical culture has not been neglected in these modern times, and rapid advancement is still being made. People are beginning to realize that the bodies they have been given to care for, and for which they are responsible, should be developed in the beauty of Nature's first intentions.

We are, perhaps, more indebted to Delsarte than to anyone else for the beginning in our age of a thorough study of the needs of physical training. Unfortunately, he has left very little in writing, and his teaching has been much perverted. After his death his wife, in need of money, published an article which contained simply a surface knowledge gained from seeing him work with his pupils, rather than a careful study of his art. One of his pupils, however, being anxious to give to the world what he considered a great boon to humanity, wrote a very careful work gathered from his own diligent study, together with scraps which he found on the walls of Delsarte's work room, which has restored our great teacher to his own true place, and succeeded in awakening an interest, until at the present day the longed for return to Nature's own perfection is in sight.

In fact, such an interest was taken that scientists, after a thorough study of this particular science, came to the conclusion that a stronger foundation was needed than that left us by Delsarte. Accordingly, Baron Nils Posse has given us, as a result of his researches, a work which is invaluable. In such exercises as walking, running and riding, we have only a particular set of muscles developed, whereas in the Swedish exercises we have a development of all the muscles.

The aim, then, of all educational gymnastics is to develop the body into a harmonious whole under the perfect control of the will.



The Race at Ballimore Fair.

DOROTHY SMITH.

THE sun shone bright over Ballimore village, and it was well it did, for was not the whole place astir with preparations for the grand fair, which was to take place, commencing at twelve o'clock? Were there not to be booths full of all sorts of fine things, for the boys to buy for their colleens? Was'nt the brass band from Ballihinch, three miles away, to come and play for everyone to dance to, and last, but not by any means least, there was to be a grand race in the afternoon, with Kitty O'Connor for the prize.

Kitty was the belle of Ballimore, there was no denying that. One could tell by the way the girls abused her (behind her back) and the boys,—well, they did not abuse her. Although Ballimore was celebrated for its pretty girls, Kitty was, by far, the prettiest. Her feet were tiny, so were her hands and mouth, and her hair, instead of being black like most Irish girls, was of a lovely golden tint. Naturally, all the boys were crazy about her, but she had no mercy, and was, in fact, an arrant little flirt.

A week ago, she had caused a great sensation by proclaiming that she would marry the boy who won the prize for the race. As every boy who had entered for it, wanted to gain such a high prize, in addition to the ordinary one, five pounds in gold, the race promised to be exciting, and the betting was high.

The eventful day had come at last, and Kitty arrived, attended by about a dozen colleens, each anxious to be near her, for the boys would always flock round her.

At last the time came for the race to commence. The girls fluttered with excitement, and took off their new shawls to wave at the boys. They knew they had no chance while Kitty was around, but it would never do to let the boys see that.

"Arrah, Kitty, alanna, look at Teddy O'Brian," cried Norah Mac-

Fatridge, "shure the bye has no chanst at all, at all, an what does he race for?"

"Och, he'll get the cabbage," remarked Biddy Sullivan, at which there was a general laugh: for the cabbage was to go to the one who came in last. Kitty tossed her pretty head, and peeped from under her black eyelashes at Teddy, while her big grey eyes sparkled with excitement. "Och, he's the bye that's up to no good at all," said she. "He thinks of nothin' but that ould house of his!" At which there was another laugh, for Teddy O'Brian, though one of the poorest boys in the place, had started to build a cottage.

"Here they are," said Biddy, "sure there's not one to compare with Mickey O'Shaughnessy." This time the girls roared, for poor Mickey was the butt of the place.

One, two, three, and they are off! They start scratch, but Corny Mulligan is soon ahead. They run for some time, and Patsy Flinn catches up to him, and amidst loud cheering, for he is a great favorite, passes him. A few more yards, and they will have finished. Hurrah for Patsy!

But who is this gradually gaining on him? Mickey O'Shaughnessy, no less! Six more yards, and Mickey is up to him.—now he has passed him! Now he is ahead! The crowd hold their breath in excitement while every boy runs his best. Poor Teddy O'Brien is behind, of course, for, as Kitty remarked, "he couldnt run to his stepmither's wake!" Only two yards more, and Mickey is still ahead! Patsy is doing his best, but is nearly winded.

There is a general groan, for Mickey has come in first, and will marry Kitty.

All eyes turned to look at her, but strange to say, Kitty was not to be found. "Shure, its no wonder," remarked the disappointed Patsy. "If 'twas mesilf had to marry Mickey, I'd drown mesilf." This was the general opinion, but Kitty never broke her word, so they awaited her appearance.

"Arrah, now, look at her with Teddy O'Brian," cried Corny Mulligan. Mickey looked very glum, for he naturally did not like to see his promised bride with another fellow.

Mr. Doolan, the judge, now mounted a chair, and commenced his speech.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "I beg to announce that the winner of the five pounds is Mither Mickey O'Shaughnessy, an' if I'm not very much misthaken, he'll get a much more valuable prize with it."

Mickey, as proud as a peacock, marched up, made his best bow, and took his prize.

"The winner of the cabbage," continued Mr. Doolan, "is Mither Teddy O'Brian."

Teddy stepped up and took his prize, then, to the *amazement* of all the company, he handed it to *Kitty*.

"Shure, now, you just get out of this," said Mickey, angrily. "You've had enough divarsion with my girl, so just clear out."

"Arrah, now, jist wait a minnit," said Kitty, "I'm not your girl, I'm going to marry Mither O'Brian."

"But I won the five pounds," gasped Mickey, and a general murmur went round, for although Mickey was a fool, Kitty should keep her promise.

"Shure, and what of that," returned Kitty, saucily. "I promised to marry the bye who won the prize, but I never said which prize an' has'nt Teddy won the cabbage?" And she turned to the crowd who laughed and cheered until they quite drowned the sweet strains of the band.

"An' for what did ye make us run an' half kill ourselves," demanded Patsy?

"Och! jist for divarsion," said Kitty.



Concerning a few of the Extra Moral Influences of a Ladies' College on a Small Boy.

(Taken from life.)

HIS name was Thomas and he was ashamed of it. When I first knew him he was a short, thick set, bullet headed, rough haired, scolding, snarling boy of ten, immensely popular with all the boys of his native town of Jump Off; the captain of his hockey and football teams; the leader in all the boyish games of his neighborhood—prisoners and peelers, and hi-spy. As the result of these games he became thoroughly acquainted with the geography of all the back yards of the district—which knowledge was fully taken advantage of later on as you will read. Not far from his home was a grand “Ladies College” to which came all the fair daughters of the state—who did not go elsewhere—not that this purveyor of knowledge to young ladies, at all interested our hero at this period of his career. No “she” that lived had any attraction for him, except, possibly his mother, who, good soul, lived apparently for the special purpose of being lectured—by him. For all other feminines he had the most profound contempt having a number of sisters, and every small boy knows what a useless poor sort of a thing a young sister is—almost worse than a big one. His favorite costume was a blue jersey, blue serge knickerbockers, a belt, and boots and stockings, when compelled to wear them. Thomas I regret to say was not addicted to the bath habit in spite of years of strenuous effort on the part of his parents. It had even been known that his father had gone up from the dinner table and freely used a nail brush on his neck and still Thomas would not, or seemed as though he could not, acquire the habit. To sum it all up Thomas was just a young animal, or as his sisters put it, a young beast; his father, a young ———. Well never mind, but in the inmost recesses of her heart, his mother thought him just about right. Time flies on apace, the winter goes by—summer is come again, when a most extraordinary thing happens, Tom is seen in the afternoon with a white collar on—and this without a word

from his people, and, will wonders never cease—he has washed, at least the more visible parts of his person. There is a suspicion of a high water mark—but he has made the effort. Tom also has suddenly developed a mania for writing, and wastes countless sheets of paper, trying to improve what he fondly imagines to be a hand, and which in reality is more like hen tracks. His father one day solves the mystery by picking up a note which starts "Darling Dolly." The "cat is out of the bag." This is extra moral influence number one, for Darling Dolly is none other than the prettiest girl in the aforesaid Ladies' College. In after years Tom confided to me, that his great pal and crony Jimmy, had been raving about a beautiful fair haired, blue eyed, pink cheeked fairy, who had come to round off and complete her education at the Ladies College.

Now Tom up to this time had always respected and thought a good deal of Jim, but when he heard Jim going on in this fashion, he felt a sort of weak sick feeling coming over him, and this was followed by a desire to see what nature of thing it was that had been the cause of Jim's undoing. "He came—He saw—She conquered." It was a most romantic first view he had of her. It was when she, with her companions was taking part in an interesting and soul inspiring street procession, which is taken daily by the young ladies of that college and goes by the name of "walk."

What was he to do? How could he meet Dolly? Was the captain of the hockey team to be thwarted in this thing? Jimmie had incontinently fallen into the back ground when he found how the land lay, as he had done before on so many other occasions when Tommy was his rival. He knew that so far as he was concerned the "jig was up." Tom's first move was a master one. He assiduously cultivated the son of the president of the college, who being younger than Tom, was much gratified by the attentions paid him.

Move number two was to become acquainted with the janitor, which of course he did shortly. This janitor was a good tempered, red headed and romantic Scotsman, who before long had almost as great an admiration for our hero as had his companions, and recognized the fact that though at times a first class nuisance—there was no real harm in him, other than a cause of subversion of discipline; or so said the lady principal. It was not very long before Thomas paid Malcom regular visits and would play tennis with Dick (the president's son), and in the beautiful summer evenings the trio—the janitor, Dick and

Tom would sit on the radish frames and Tom would think thoughts and gaze at the inconstant moon (when she was out), while Malcom expounded the differential diagnosis of the points of a bull pup or fox terror. Here again were extra moral influences at work which resulted in the stimulation of the poetic centre or centres of Tom's brain and also in the acquisition of valuable sporting information (canineology).

The first time that Tom spoke to Dolly was on one fateful Friday afternoon, at the college. He will always remember the meeting with mixed feelings, for they were considerably mixed—pleasure, shyness, fright, loss of idea and voice, admiration of her and contempt of himself.

He met Dolly many other Friday afternoons, but not in the parlours; for while the teachers and other dragons were in the front—I regret to say—Dolly was in a room at the back, exchanging confidences with Thomas who stood under her window. Thomas would lie on his stomach and anxiously await the signal from Miss Dolly's room. He would then clamber over and take up his position.

One dark evening while Tom with his henchman Jimmy was enjoying a little conversation with her (for Dolly had put out the light in her room and was leaning out of the window) the lady principal of the institution with two of the teachers appeared on the scene, the aforesaid lady principal having overheard their voices, Thomas heard her say to one of the teachers, "you go around to the right," and to the other, "you go around to the left, and I will watch in the front to see that no one goes that way and you will be sure to catch this extremely troublesome person." It was here that Tommie's geographical knowledge was of value, and all knowledge is valuable sooner or later. He and Jimmy plastered themselves up against the house until the lady principal had gone around to the front, when they clambered over the fence, and by crossing various yards and fences arrived at Tommie's home. Both young gentlemen sat them down on the front steps of the mansion and awaited the teachers who were compelled to pass the house, as pass they did in about ten minutes, one saying to the other, "have you seen him"? No, said the other; its extremely odd. I can't understand it. But little did they know how two innocent looking youths in earnest converse on the front steps could have answered the conundrum. But as all stories for Sunday Schools and Girl's Schools should have a moral and plainly show the connection between

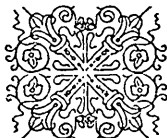
cause and effect, I must not omit to mention the nemesis that awaited Tommy and which incidentally involved his friend Jimmy.

Tommy being encouraged by his ablutionary efforts one day, propounded the extraordinary proposal to Jimmy that they commence a course of cold ocean baths. Now, the difficulty was to awaken at a proper time in the morning, and the brilliant idea struck Tom to rig up some signalling contrivance between his home and Jim's which was across the street. The resulting system was as follows:—Outside of Jim's window was fastened an extra large gong, used by him on his double runner in the winter, and outside of Tom's window was fastened a large dinner bell. Connecting the two was a strong cord. The one to first awaken in the morning opened his window and pulled the string and thus rang the bell or gong across the way. The contrivance was evidently successful until a catastrophe occurred. Guy was a great friend of Tom and Jim's and was cut off the same piece. One afternoon as he walked down the hill and noticed the cord, an idea struck him, which idea he put into force in the wee small hours. Arming himself with a bow and arrow and two balls of string, one light and one heavy, he fastened the light string to the end of the arrow. He then shot the arrow so that it fell across the cord connecting the gong and bell. He then fastened the strong cord of the second ball to the weak and drew it across, and then got hold of both ends of it and gave a tug. Instantly the neighborhood was startled by a simultaneous clang from either side of the street. This was immediately followed by another and another until the members of both households, at least were thoroughly aroused. Now Jim's father was, to put it mildly, irascible, and he came rushing up to Jim's room to find him standing at the open window, where he (Jim) had flown when the gong rang the first time. At the other end of the line was likewise, a father, tired out with night-work and considerably riled. He rushed to Tom's room to find his hopeful leaning out of the window. I will not harrow the feelings of my lady readers with what followed further than to say that both parents had powerful right arms and they both used them. This extra moral influence making for cleanliness, although in theory a good one, panned out very badly for these callow youths. About this time Dolly completed her education. Tom is still learning. Among the things he learned at the Ladies' College were the softening influence of love (calf.) Cleanliness with its disastrous results—deceit—which with him ever prospered, the acquisi-

tion of the refining social graces, dancing, polite conversation, elegant manners. (Parlour tricks.) The dancing he laboriously learned having heard Dolly say she could dance all night. His knowledge he obtained from the despised and contemptible sisters, and was further aided by constant practice without a chair. He can now talk to any girl without mixed feelings and, I fancy, frequently does.

He no longer accidentally, or purposely breaks up the ranks of the girls when doing the daily procession, and to show that he is becoming an old fogey, he insists that the girls at the college today cannot compare with the girls that used to go there when he was young and this is a sure sign of senility, as any one must admit who has seen the bevy of grace and beauty that adorns the old place this year.

J. H. S.



The Visit of the Duke and Duchess to Halifax.

DORA GUILLE FAULKNER.

THE Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York arrived in Halifax, Saturday morning, October 19th. At the Intercolonial Railway Station, addressess were presented by the Mayor and corporation of Halifax, and also by the Government of Prince Edward Island. They proceeded to the Provincial Building Square, where the Duke laid the foundation of the monument to those Nova Scotians who died in South Africa. When they were about to leave the Provincial Building Square, the Duke was presented with a chair by an Indian chief, with whom the Duke shook hands. The Royal Party, accompanied by members of the suite, drove in the procession along the principal streets of the city. The streets through which they passed were lined with soldiers, while the sidewalks and buildings were crowded with people, eager to get a glimpse of the faces of the royal visitors,—the future King and Queen of the British Empire. Having passed through the city, they went on board the royal yacht "Ophir," at the Dockyard, where they remained for luncheon. The afternoon was devoted to the Review on the Commons. A little after three o'clock the Duke rode across the Commons on a white charger, followed by the royal carriage containing the Duchess and members of suite, who alighted at the official stand. There were two other large stands in addition to the smaller official stands,—one for the public, the other for the school children. There were about six thousand soldiers from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick present, including imperial, army and navy officers, and a corps of marines from the war ships in port. One of the most interesting ceremonies of the afternoon was the presentation by the Duke of the new colors to the 66th regiment; also of war medals to those who had served in South Africa. In the evening the royal party dined at Government

House, and at 9.30 o'clock the Duke and Duchess held a reception at the Legislative Council Chamber at which the people of Halifax had the honor of being presented to Their Royal Highnesses. Sunday was spent by the Duke and Duchess on board the "Ophir," and in the evening they dined at Admiralty House. Monday the day for their departure came, and with it fog and cold. In spite of this, crowds assembled on the waterfront and every point of vantage to see the royal yacht, with its escort of warships, leave the harbor. As the ships passed down the harbor a slight flurry of snow partially obscured them from view, and probably suggested to the departing visitors that Kipling had some justification for calling Canada "Our Lady of the Snows."



Conservatory Notes.

MANY important changes have taken place in the Conservatory since our last writing. The teaching staff has been largely re-organized, and the courses of study extended and strengthened. To all appearances the Conservatory has been raised to a higher plane of work and aim, and has entered on a new stage of progress. It is particularly in the piano forte department, which has been greatly enlarged and strengthened that the advance has been made. This department is now one of the largest and strongest in Canada, and stands for the very best in this line of work. To this department three new teachers, fresh from the best music schools of the day and with methods of instruction thoroughly up-to-date have been added, and have entered on their work with every prospect of success. These are as follows :

MR. PERCY GORDON.

Mr. Gordon was born in Glasgow, Scotland, and at an unusually early age graduated a licentiate from the Royal Academy of Music, London, in piano playing, with first class certificate as performer and teacher. He then became organist and choir master in a leading English church in his native city, and after two years proceeded to Leipsig, where he spent three years under Prof. Leichmuller, the celebrated teacher of piano in the Royal Conservatory at Leipsig. Mr. Gordon graduated last spring, where in addition to passing a brilliant examination, he was awarded the special prize given to the best six pupils of the year. During the last two years of his residence in Leipsig, Mr. Gordon was assistant pupil teacher to Prof. Leichmuler. At his recital given on his arrival in Halifax at the beginning of this session, Mr. Gordon gave ample proof of his musicianship to a large and enthusiastic audience, composed of the leading musical people of the city.

MR. DELBERT WEBSTER.

Mr. Webster is a young Bostonian by up-bringing and education. He is a recent graduate from the New England Conservatory, where he was a pupil of Carl Stoney, himself a pupil of Liszt. Mr. Webster is a piano soloist of unusual technical ability and of great musical talent in every respect, and as an accompanist he is a recognized

master. To his unique accomplishments as pianist he adds those of a cellist of no mean order.

MISS HELEN TILSLEY.

Miss Tilsley is another name added to the list of new teachers in the piano forte department, or rather re-instated after a sojourn of two years in Leipsig, where she was a pupil of Prof. Leichmuller. Miss Tilsley gave a piano forte recital in September in which she more than fulfilled the expectations of one of the largest and most critical musical audiences ever assembled in the Convocation Hall.

MISS BEATRICE WHIDDEN.

Miss Whidden is a new name on the Conservatory Staff, but in the violin department. She was a brilliant student for several years in this Conservatory, where she graduated in 1897. In the following year she went to Leipsig, where she continued for four years a student of the Conservatory. She now gives promise of doing good work, both as a soloist and teacher in connection with this Conservatory.

OLD MEMBERS OF THE STAFF.

Although the Conservatory is to be congratulated on the new members of its staff, there is no less reason for congratulation that so many of the old members still remain to maintain its widespread and evergrowing reputation. Mrs. M. Wallace, Miss Clarke, Miss Tupper and Mr. J. H. Logan (absent on leave) have large classes and are doing the usual excellent work. Mr. Wikel and Miss Davis, also in the vocal department, are not only retaining their ground, but entering new fields and winning fresh laurels. Then there is the incomparable Altman, who presides over the violin department and charms all who hear him and teaches well those who takes lessons from him.

THE RECITALS.

It is too early in the session to say much of the work of the Conservatory for this year. The recital season has not yet opened in full, and until then the work cannot be thoroughly tested. It is the public recital that tests all things musical. It is the revealer of things strong and weak. But good work, conscientious seldom or never fails to receive merited recognition. As already stated, Mr. Gordon and Miss Tilsley have already given successful recitals, but the rest are yet to come at this time of writing. At the next appearance of Olla Podrida those interested in music shall have an account of our winter's work.

East June.

AS the Christmas holidays draw near, and the joyous feeling that we are really going home steals over us, our minds turn back to our flitting in June, and we think fondly of the happy days of the closing and of the mirth and festivity that pervaded our halls.

With thoughts of the closing, Doctor Falconer's inspiring sermon is inseparably connected. "The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come," was his text, and he urged us to take the joyousness of June into our lives and made us realize that cheerfulness was a high kind of courage.

Throughout the year we had many proofs of the good-will of the Alumnae Society, and as a parting kindness they invited us to a very pleasant "At Home" on Monday afternoon. Their loyalty to the H. L. C. colours was displayed in the very artistic combination of lilacs and buttercups in the decorations. That evening the long-talked of presentation of "The Ladies of Crawford" took place and was heartily appreciated by us all. The girls seemed to have caught the spirit of Mrs. Gaskell's quaint old ladies, and they entered into their parts with grace and feeling.

On Tuesday afternoon came the commencement exercises. The addresses and presentation of certificates and diplomas interested us all, and we enjoyed the blending of sweet girlish voices in "The Daffodils" and the "Swing Song." Leaving the Convocation Hall we went up to the Studio where the work of the year was effectively exhibited. In the evening the Annual Reception took place, and we were glad to welcome so many of our friends. The children of the Primary and First Preparatory classes entertained us with the "Sleeping Beauty," a pretty fairy-like cantata, which everyone seemed to appreciate.

When our guests had departed we retired to our rooms, but no last bell soothed our troubled nerves and without its magic influence we found sleep impossible. Were there not last good nights to say ?

Good night, good night ! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night, till it be morrow.

GRENDALE.

School Miscellany.

SOCIETIES.

THE THEO DORA SOCIETY.

Miss Marguerite Williams, who had been elected as president last Easter, to hold office for a year, was unable to return to school in September, and Miss Maria Carmichael was appointed in her stead.

The Sunday morning meetings have been very helpful and interesting, and a new feature of the society has been the organization of a "Bible Study Class" under the leadership of Miss Ganong. About fifteen girls belong to this, and they meet for half an hour Sunday afternoons to review the work of the week. They are following a course of study outlined by William D. Murray on "The Life and Works of Christ" according to St. Mark. A special feature of value is that the lessons necessitate daily preparation by each student.

The subject of the morning meetings has been the same as that of the Bible Study classes, and the leaders for this term are as follows:—Miss Pitcher, Miss Gretchen Vroom, Miss Louise Gerrard, Mrs Trueman, Miss Helen Ryder, Miss Lehigh, Miss Maria Carmichael, Miss Jessie Stothart, Miss Hunter and Miss Eleanor Burgess.

At one of the missionary meetings Mr. Theakston again presented his work in the North End, and the Society has decided to make a contribution to the Christmas tree for his mission. The Northfield delegates gave their report at the first missionary meeting, and the Society hopes to be able to send more than two of the girls next July.

The usual entertainments have been given at the Old Ladies' Home, "King Alfred" being presented at one of them by the girls who gave it before the Pi Gamma Society.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

The amount given to the Northfield delegates was \$42.00, all of which was raised by voluntary offerings from the girls. The Sunday morning collections have, thus far, amounted to \$5.03. A little of this has been spent for flowers, &c., for the sick, and it is expected that the special collection in aid of the Christmas tree for the North

End Mission will leave the Society with a good balance on hand to spend for it.

THE PI GAMMA SOCIETY.

OFFICERS FOR 1901—1902.

President—MISS MARGARET RITCHIE.

Vice-President—MISS GRETCHEN VROOM.

Secretary—MISS HOPE STRACHAN.

The plan of the meetings as it appeared on the Notice Board, read as follows :—

October 13th—"Illustrated Poems."

" 19th—"Strangers Yet."

November 2nd—"Hallow 'een."

" 16th—"Our First Classics."

" 30th—"Footlights."

December 14th— Fancy Dress Party.

The first meeting of the Pi Gammon Society and the Third Collegiate Reception was held on the first "in" Saturday of the term. The Library was tastefully decorated in pink and white and the table daintily set with these as predominating colors. The Reception Room was festive, too, with its trimming of autumn leaves. After the appointment of the yearly officers for the Society, and the Editors of the *Olla Podrida*, we were presented with cards on each of which was painted a flower, and we had that delightful experience which comes with the expectation of a "new game." It was a flower game, and to shorten a long story, the "prize" poem was the following :—

"The heliotrope : that flower of hope,
Is often used in scented soap:
And if we use that soap, so sweet,
It makes us look both clean and neat."

The prize was a bunch of sweet peas, given to the group of girls who composed the verse. Miss Gretchen Vroom sang a "flower song," and Miss Ethel Anderson gave a reading about flowers.

Refreshments were then served by the Third Collegiate Girls, and after a little dance, a close was brought to a very pleasant evening.

A NEW GIRL.

HALLOW'EEN.

At a meeting of the house girls held in the library one Saturday morning it was decided to celebrate that important date, 'Hallow'een,' by a dance and candy-pull on the second of November, which happened to be on an "in-Saturday."

At eight o'clock, the guests, consisting of day-girls, Conservatory teachers, and a few other favored-ones, arrived. The first thing that met the eye was a large placard on the library door, reading "This way to the Duke and Duchess." Each girl made her way to the door where she was met by a dignified page, in powdered wig, who announced her name in stentorian tones, and she immediately found herself in the royal presence. Crossing the room she bowed low over the hand of the fair Duchess, (who stood, in state robes, on a dias), and received a beaming smile from the Duke, who seemed very friendly, indeed, to his loyal subjects.

Backing slowly towards the dining-room, at the door each was given a little programme with something suggestive painted in the corner, as—a pumpkin and some candles, a bunch of carrots, an apple, or a five-barred gate (supposed to have been carried from the entrance to someone's yard, for the occasion).

On entering the dining-room, one hardly recognized it as the room which at ten o'clock that morning had contained nothing more interesting than a miscellaneous collection of tables, chairs, pumpkins, maple and oak branches, apples, etc. Thanks to the labours of the girls it had been transformed into a bower of beauty. Foliage and ferns were everywhere, with Chinese lanterns showing through the leaves and bunting festooned from the centre, while saucy Jack-o'-lanterns, with jolly faces, looked down upon the festive scene.

The opening number was a grand promenade, led by the Royal Party, and after that the dances followed in quick succession. Everyone was in the best of spirits, and it only added to the fun to see the page waltzing with the stately Duchess, while the Duke himself presided at the piano.

All this time a remarkably pleasant odor had been coming from the kitchen, and presently it was announced that the taffy was done. Everyone's attention was immediately turned in that direction, and I

am sure no one was disappointed as it was delicious. After another waltz the merry party joined hands and sang "Auld Lang Syne,"—followed by "God Save the King"—and then we dispersed, as the warning voice of the gong rang through the building all too soon.

GERTRUDE ADAMS.

—
"KING ALFRED."

A musical play presented by eight members of the Pi Gamma Society, Convocation Hall, 16th Nov, 1901.

DRAMATIS PERSONNÆ

KING ALFRED.....	MISS MARGARET RITCHIE
ARABELLA GRUBB.....	MISS KATHLEEN GRANT.
FARMER GRUBB.....	MISS VICTORIA BURRILL.
DAME GRUBB.....	MISS ELEANOR BURGESS.
DUMPKIN.....	MISS MILDRED TREMAIN.
SERVANT TO THE KING.....	MISS VERA ROBB.
SOLDIERS OF THE KING.....	{MISS ANNA GRANT.
	{MISS ISABEL CAMERON.
ACCOMPANIST.....	MISS FLORENCE BURRILL.

The play is a reproduction of that well-known incident of history when Alfred the Great, hardpressed by the Danes, sought refuge in a farmer's cottage, where the mistress of the house set him the task of watching some cakes at the fire.

Instead of attending to his work, the king was listening to the farmer's daughter, who was singing very sweetly. She also seemed to be struck by the manner of the stranger, and almost before she knew who he was, she had promised to become his wife.

Upon hearing what an important position their daughter was to fill, the joy of the farmer and his wife knew no bounds, and when one of Arabella's old admirers came to claim her, they all persuaded him not to spoil matters by interfering. At first, of course, he felt grieved at his loss, but the promise of a good office from the king, soon consoled him.

In the role of King Alfred, Miss M. Ritchie performed her part admirably. She conducted herself with ease and dignity throughout. The farmer, Miss V. Burrill, and his wife, Miss E. Burgess, were all that could be desired. Even in the careless way he took off his hat and hung it on a nail, Mr. Grubb seemed just what an old Saxon farmer would be. In the emotional scenes, the way in which Dame Grubb manipulated her apron, was very amusing.

Then, in the closing act, to watch the soldiers marching to the strains of that familiar air, "Soldiers of the Queen," seemed to stir up one's patriotic feelings. In fact, this part was so much enjoyed that the performers had to respond to an encore. The solos and choruses were all very much enjoyed, more perhaps, since the words were set to old and well-known tunes.

At the close of the play, all having joined in singing the National Anthem, the gathering dispersed.

Great credit is certainly due to those who helped to make the evening pass so pleasantly and successfully.

KATIE MCNIVEN.

THE DAY GIRL'S DANCE.

Our sober and sedate assembly room was transformed into a gay and festive dancing hall, when the "Day Girls" gave a fancy dress ball, Saturday evening, Nov. 20th.

Seldom has an evening of this kind been so successfully and elaborately planned.

The guests were announced by a charming page, and received by "Lady Teazle" and "Fa Loa Doa" and presented with dainty gilded programmes.

Then the getting the programmes filled was a succession of surprises as in one after another of the finely costumed ladies and gentleman we recognized our girl school mates—from gay court ladies to the placid-faced sisters of the cloister—from the stately Oriental women to gayly dressed modern "summer girls"—from the "Broadway swell" to "Coon, coon, coon." We looked in utter astonishment that our friends could so disguise themselves.

A merry two hours were spent in dancing and frolic, during which time ice cream, cake, and "delicatesses" were served.

At the sober hour of ten o'clock the party broke up with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" and "Three cheers for the Day Girls."

H. B. L.

OUR COLLEGE SPORTS.

"Are you going to play"? is the question often asked on Wed-

nesdays and Fridays. "To play" on these occasions does not mean piano practice, but it means basket ball.

There are two house teams; the "Royal Oaks" and "Ophirs," the latter having taken the place of the "Quakers" of last year. The interest in basket ball is increasing, and among the new girls are many promising players. The day girls' team is well organized as of yore, under the leadership of Beatrice Sanderson; their former captain, Midsie Smith, having become a house girl. Isabel Simms is the captain of the Royal Oaks, and Margaret Betts of the Ophirs. The teams are very well matched, and the glory so far has been equally divided. Some nights cheers of victory arise from the Ophirs and then again from the Royal Oaks.

On Tuesday evening, the nineteenth of November, a game of basket ball was played by request before Sergeant-Major Long. He was very much pleased with the game, and gave us some pointers.

The great event of the season will be on the fourteenth of December, when there will be a contest between the House Girls and Day Girls.

The walking club under Miss Ganong's leadership has made even the much despised walk a pleasure. Once a week, instead of the usual "two by two," in long and dreary procession, we have a go-as-you-please walk of an hour and a half, either to Dartmouth, Willow Park, the Arm, or to some point of interest. Thrilling tales have been told of the adventures of these walks. We have been chased by dogs, cows and (breathe it not!) a man; to say nothing of hair-breadth escapes from sudden destruction when munching apples on the railroad track in Dartmouth and when eating bread and butter on the county roadside.

Despite the attraction of new racquets, balls, and net, and a thrifty financial state, the tennis club has few devoted members. It is in the spring though that a school girl's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of tennis, so the next issue of the *Olla Podrida* will doubtless tell of the excitement of close sets and tournament.

VERA ROBB.

LATER—Since the above was written, the Ophirs have won the trophy for the term.

Class Reports.

FROM THE STUDIO.

Under the skylights and chimney pots of the Halifax' Ladies, College, above the clouds where such things as history, science and mathematics never penetrate, there dwells a little colony where art alone holds sway. And those who wish to ascend the narrow stairway that leadeth to the studio, and will run the risk of being captured for models will find our little colony hard at work every afternoon from ten minutes past one till walk time. And we do work hard even though we have to deal with such subtle things as colour and contrast, light and shade, the beautiful and the ideal.

If when you have ascended "above the smoke and stir" to our studio, you are disappointed, that with all our lofty aspirations we have only very small and simple things to show you; and if our charcoal drawings and still life studies seem to you very prosaic after all; and you think that in a world so beautiful we might find better subjects for our work than jars and jugs, and flower pots, and plaster casts, then please remember that things good and beautiful cannot be reached in a hurry, and that to gain great things we must begin by taking first the simple things: and as we work we find that these have a beauty all their own we never gave them credit for before.

And thus we work in the studio, and though we at times get discouraged, we are for the most part cheerful for we all hope some day to make really beautiful things.

STUDIO GIRLS.

I COLLEGIATE REPORT.

The 1st Collegiate class consists of about eleven girls, but there are quite a number of specials in the different classes. Most of the girls have been here ever since the beginning of their school life, and there are only three new girls in all the classes.

But on the whole, we think we are a very creditable set, and out of the entire class of eleven regulars, about four of us got red cards from the last two months' report. Of course blue cards are an unknown quantity.

We are all very fond of basket-ball, and with that and "gym" (from Sergt-Major Long), we are developing muscle that would do credit to the holders of the base ball trophy.

V. B.

II COLLEGIATE REPORT.

There are nine full course girls in the second Collegiate this year, a much larger number than last, so we are very proud of our large class. Many of the girls drop some subjects when they enter the second year, but this year the girls have kept together pretty well. Of course there are a great many specials, particularly in the English class, and the majority are house girls. We have only two new members in our class, Evelyn Coates and Ruby Isaacs. They are house-girls and make the old girls work hard to keep up with them. Jennie and Hope came first as students, and are also our two star centres. Nellie Marshall and Olive Stairs do not say much, but evidently think deeply. Ellen Douglas is another quiet girl. Dorothy Smith believes in saying exactly as she thinks, is better than a brother at delivering home truths, and frightens even the teachers by her questions. Edith is last on this list, but by no means least. She is one who seldom misses a question, and who writes such good compositions!

E. D.

THE THIRD PREPARATORY CLASS REPORT.

Our class, the Third Preparatory, consists of eighteen girls. Our conduct is usually "excellent"! One of our teachers said we were a very good class, indeed, and she expected great things, only we were at times restless. Our class has a habit of groaning when we know the answer to a question. Our literature lessons are very interesting. The book we have is "Sir Roger de Coverley" by Joseph Addison. Our history is quite interesting, and it is so with nearly all our lessons. The eighteen girls in our Third Preparatory class are working hard for their Christmas examinations, and the prospects are that a good showing will be made. The lessons though harder than those of the previous year seem to be well in hand, and the scholars appear to know what they are about.

We are a rich class because we have bright Silver, and just now one of our members is Homesick. Two girls in the class are very popular, but it would not do to tell their names. We have eight teachers, and we like them all very much.

M. S. ; B. M. & L. D.

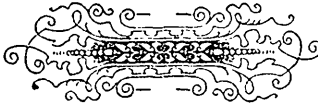
II. PREPARATORY CLASS REPORT.

If our class you wish to see
Just look in at Second Preparatory
Seventeen happy girls are we,
We adorn the classroom "E,"

Nearly all of us expect
In four years to graduate,
And when we've left the H. L. C.,
Then we'll honour Dalhousie.

What we are trying hard to do,
Is to win a good reputation through and through,
And as the time keeps on moving
The teachers say we'er fast improving.

MARJORIE MCKEEN.



Personals.

Miss Marguerite Williams, one of the last year students, and her sister Gertrude, spent a few days with us during the visit of the Duke and Duchess.

Miss Alice Dixon, a graduate of 1900, has lately returned from a trip to Europe, and is now living in Wolfville.

Miss Vera Keith will leave Halifax shortly to study music in England.

The girls were all sorry to say farewell to Maria Carmichael, who, on account of illness, had to go home.

May Brown left us for a few days in November, and went home owing to illness.

We hear that our old friend, Miss Annie D. C. Fraser, is in New Glasgow still "teaching the young idea how to shoot."

Mrs. Craw, formerly Miss Plewes, sends Olla Podrida and "Little Pi" all sorts of good wishes.

The graduating class began the year with eight members, but unfortunately it has decreased to five.

Several of the girls had visits from their parents during the term. Among the favored ones may be mentioned Misses Marian McKeen, Vera Robb, Jean Murdock, Maria Carmichael, Margaret Ritchie, Evelyn Coates, Jean Murdock and Mae Brown.

Miss Aggie Fitch came into College late, having spent the summer travelling in England.

Mrs. Wallace entertained her pupils on the evening of November 30th. Unfortunately the day girls had their dance the same evening.

Olla Podrida is glad to welcome the following new teachers: Miss Pasquet and Miss Mowet in the school, and Miss Whidden, Miss Tilsley, Mr. Gordon and Mr. Webster in the Conservatory.

Misses Mabel Murray and Louise Gerrard, two '01 graduates, are in the city, attending Dalhousie.

Miss Caroline Piper, who was with us before, returned in October, and is taking a course in elocution.

Miss Jamesie Holmes' parents left for the States in October, so 'Jim' is a house-girl.

Mr. Wikel is to be congratulated on his successful representation of Rip in Rip Van Winkle. The German students enjoyed the extra lesson in German.

Mrs. McKeen, and Dr. and Mrs. McKay, of Dartmouth, dined at the College the other evening, and were present at the presentation of "King Alfred."

We are delighted to hear that "Miss Fraser's two sisters" will be in the school after Christmas.

Bits of Fun.

"It is never too late to mend." What about ten P. M. ?

A startling statement.—"The last day of November falls on the 26th, this year !!!!!!! Oh, L-l-e T-y-or. !!!!!!!

M-r-a-et B-ts would like to know how *many times* a year the annual meeting of the shareholders of the H. L. C. is held.

Latest news from Africa, (delayed.)

September 23rd., 1901.

Lady Smith fell twice on the 1st. corridor, but was at last relieved when the school was reached. The casualties were discovered in the laboratory.

"The H. L. C. maidens in phlox, wear monstrous holes in their socks."

What a reputation!! What do they do in sewing time ?

The third year girls are well versed in bible history. D-r- declares that Abraham was a "Wanderer" while he was in Egypt. Rah! Rah! Rah! Wanderers.

What relation is Maud to May ?

A third year house girl made a startling statement in algebra, that if the price were lowered by a penny there would be *two more* in a *dozen*. Proof needed. Clever girl that! Of course she rooms on the third corridor.

Ambitious pupils in harmony. "Is from A to A sharp a half a semitone ?!!

ADVERTISEMENTS.

"You are my honeysuckle, I am the bee," for 50c.

"I'll be your sweetheart," for 40c.!!

"By your side," for 10c. !—Cheap, isn't it ?

The other day in sewing hour one of the girls said, "I can't express what I wish to say. Bright Companion.—"Get the express wagon!"

Primary attempts to show the meaning of words by using them correctly in sentences. "Cascade.—If at first you don't cascade, try again!!

Teacher—"What is the masculine of belle?" Pupil.—"Bellow."

One of the chemistry girls coming to her room at three exhausted, said, "Oh, I am so tired of writing these *recreations*."

Class in Grammar. Teacher—"Tell me the feminine of Duke." Brilliant pupil.—"Dukess."

"Will you give me one of your pictures?" No, I can't. They weren't good, so I'll have to *repose*.

Lost! Strayed or Stolen! A large sponge, also a towel. The third corridor must be hard up.

What famous man once lived in Bedford, where he was confined twelve years in jail, the author of the greatest English allegory? Conscientious Pupil.—"Wasn't his name Munion, or Bunion, or something like that?"

Aunt Samantha has returned from a trip to the "Parrots' Exhibition," looking hale and hearty.

The Tory element is noticeable on the first corridor. Is G-rt-u-e a Conservative?

A TRAGEDY IN FOUR ACTS.

Act I—Quiet Street.

Act II—Banana Peel.

Act III—Fat Man.

Act IV—Virginia Reel.

Why is the second corridor the most stylish in the college? Because it has a Porter in it.

Maude's chair, although small, is a "terror for its size" for travelling around the corridors. "And every place that Maudie went, that chair was sure to go."

Why are the girls on the second corridor always warm? Because they have Coates with them.

Some old musical manuscripts have been found by one of the third year house girls, namely "Milton's Sonatas or Sonatinas"—M-r-an isn't quite sure which!

Scriven's brown bread waggon is conspicuous by its absence.

Why are the second corridor girls always missing things? Because they have a Robb.

1st young lady on her way from a vocal lesson.—"Oh, you're all dressed up for a ball."

2nd young lady on her way to a lesson.—"Perhaps there will be a *bawl* before I come down."

Why does K-t-le-n go over to Mount Hope so often?

What time is it, Muriel? "Common time."

Wanted by rooms on the third corridor, soothing syrup, to subdue the "Riots" when the lights go out.

Why should the third corridor be interested in horse racing? Because they have a "Ryder" a "Trotter," and lots of "(V)room" for exercise.

Among the celebrities visiting us this term were Florence and Gretchen, Duke and Duchess of Cornbeef and Pork, and Prince and Princess of Wales, with their noted ancestor, Margaret, King Alfred.

Miss Ha-di-g entertained her many friends with enjoyable "vaccination" parties during the term. "Don't touch my arm" is no longer heard.

Brilliant French pupil.—"Mademoiselle (?) Trueman. Oh! M-r-a—t!!

Sergt.-Major Long.—"That is what we call stealing jumps." Girls in chorus. "Oh, El-n-r B-r—s.":!

Why is the third-and-a-half corridor like the scale of G major? Because it has one Sharp.

New girl to old girl.—"Oh, my, how very slow you old girls are." Old girl. "We're so slow that we never get fined."

A glass of water is recommended before retiring. M—de sees that the first corridor girls have a glass of water at night, doesn't she K-t-l—n?

Miss H-r-i-g to invalid, "How did Queen Victoria take her pills?" Invalid. "Oh, I don't know. How would she? Miss H. "Why in side her." (In cider.)

A room on the third-and-a-half corridor often bears the hospitable notice. "Engaged to all per order of the inmates. Please regard this as sacred."

Teacher in English:—"Explain the line, 'And leaves me to a bootless inquisition'." Authority on Shakespeare, "Why, shoeless questioning.":!

A beginner in Harmony. "Is D an eighth from F? Proof needed.

V. B. "Yes, I am told that it would not be *ladylike* for Mr. M—r to call every Friday as he is not a relative." We are all brothers and sisters. Tell Mr. M—r that it would be very considerate and perfectly *ladylike* for him to call.

K-t-e L--l-- says that she has only one *little* brother, and he is *bigger* than she is.

H L. C. Calendar.

- Sept. 11th, 1901—The H. L. C. opened.
- “ 14th, “ —An out Saturday. All the girls that stayed in went up to the Assembly room and danced.
- “ 15th, “ —All went to St. Matthew’s Church in the morning.
- “ 20th, “ —Miss Tilsley gave her recital in the Convocation Hall. Enjoyed by everyone.
- “ 21st, “ —The 3rd Collegiate girls entertained all the House girls and Collegiate Day girls in the reception room and library. Refreshments served.
- Oct. 5th, “ —Pi Gamma Society—“ Illustrated Poems and Music.” Misses Lehigh and Mowat were directors.
- “ 19th. “ —Duke and Duchess in Halifax. A public holiday.
- “ 21st, “ —A Holiday, Royal Fleet left Halifax. We *tried* to see it.
- “ 24th, “ —Chronothalatoletron in Convocation Hall.
- Nov. 1st, “ —Girls went to see “Rip Van Winkle” at the Academy.
- “ 2nd, “ - Hallow’*en* celebration in the dining room. A very enjoyable evening.
- “ 8th, “ —Mr. McKinnon’s second lecture on “Practical Ethics” Subject “Truthfulness.”
- “ 9th, “ —King’s birthday. A holiday.
- “ 16th “ —The Pi Gamma Society gave an entertainment, conducted by Misses Ganong and Hunter. The entertainment was “King Alfred” and was enjoyed by everyone.
- “ 23rd, “ —An out Saturday for all excepting the “unlucky four.”
- “ 26th, “ —First Orpheus concert.
- “ 28th, “ —Thanksgiving. A holiday.
- “ 30th, “ —Mrs. Wallace entertained her pupils. Masquerade Ball given by the Day girls in the Assembly Room.
- Dec. 14th, “ —Basket Ball match between Day and House girls.
- “ 19th, “ —Home for the holidays. “A merry Christmas.”

G. Mc. K.

DALHOUSIE UNIVERSITY.

Founded in 1821.

President,	REV. JOHN FORREST, D. D., D. C. L., LL. D.
Faculty of Arts,	SECRETARY DR. A. MACMECHAN
Courses leading to the B. A. & B. L. degrees.	
Faculty of Science,	PROF. S. M. DIXON
Courses leading to the B. Sc. & B. Musid degrees.	
Faculty of Law,	DEAN DR. R. C. WELDON
Course leading to the LL. B. degree.	
Faculty of Medicine,	SEC'Y DR. A. W. H. LINDSAY
Course leading to the M. D. C, M. degree.	

ADMISSIONS.

Persons of either sex are admitted to any class without examination upon the payment of the fees for registration for that class ; but candidates for degrees must pass the Matriculation Examination or present certificates accepted as substitutes for that examination. The Halifax Ladies' College Diploma is accepted as a substitute.

SCHOLARSHIPS, PRIZES, ETC.

Entrance.—The following Entrance Scholarships are awarded to successful candidates at the JUNIOR Matriculation Examination : The MacKenzie Bursary, value \$200 ; The Professors, value \$120 ; Two Sir Wm. Young, value \$100 and \$70. At the SENIOR Matriculation Examination. The Professors, value \$90.

Undergraduate.—The North British Bursary, value \$120 ; The Waverley Prize, \$45 ; The Norman MacKay Prize, \$40 ; The Simson Prize, \$25.

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For Calendar or further information apply to the President or the Secretary or Dean of the Faculty in which you wish to study.

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—— June Number. ——

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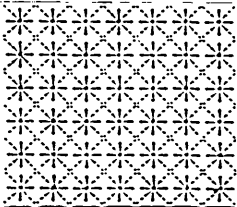


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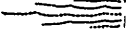
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