

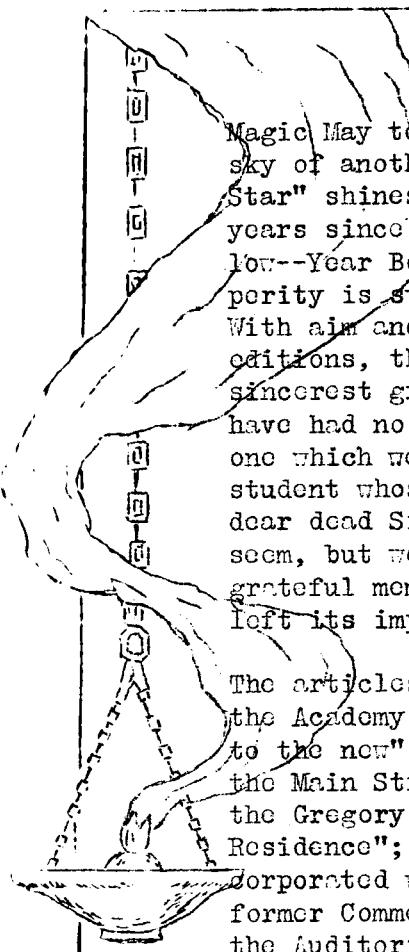
Miss Berne Welch
136 Rippun St.
North Bay, Ontario.



SAINT JOSEPH

THE NORTHERN STAR

FOREWORD



Magic May to joyful June--and now in the sunset sky of another scholastic year the "Northern Star" shines out in its fifth volume. It is two years since we published, because--whisper it low--Year Books are expensive ventures and Prosperity is still on the other side of our corner. With aim and pointed purpose those of former editions, this little volume bears to its readers sincerest greetings from their Alma Mater. We have had no difficulty in deciding its dedication--one which we feel sure, will appeal to every student whose privilege it has been to know our dear dead Sister-teacher. Slight tribute it may seem, but we would have it sustain sweet and grateful memory of her whose kindly influence has left its imprint on us all.

The articles printed herein indicate that within the Academy the "old order changeth giving place to the new". The property has been extended on the Main Street side to include what was formerly the Gregory home--now familiarly called "The Residence"; the Annex of other days has been incorporated within the main building while the former Commercial School has been transferred to the Auditorium, giving place to a new Music Hall. The grounds, too, have been enlarged and improved by the addition of an interesting Rock Garden and a very fine Tennis Court. The slender saplings that a decade ago dotted the lawns are now stately trees with spreading branches of interlocking green, that murmur in the breezes.

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and afford nesting places for myriads of songsters.

Though changes needs must be to meet the demands of changing conditions yet the "spirit" of St. Joseph's persists through the years--buoyant, optimistic, loyal and loving. Like a precious perfume it pervades all the activities there. The years between have increased our registration almost ten-fold and this month marks the celebration of the fifth Anniversary of our Alumnae Association. Preparations now under way for this function show marked evidence of the old and interested spirit of student days. Such evidence has been manifest also, in the assembling of this little Magazine, which our readers will find condensed in content though we have tried to keep it generally interesting. We would have it to be a souvenir of the School--a reference-book when we pause to "look back on what hath been"--another page in the panorama of the years that are gone and yet that will live forever.

We trust our efforts will meet with appreciation as we, in turn, express ours to all who have contributed in any way to the radiance of our Northern Star of 1936--1937. We should make special mention of Miss Margaret Allen, Form IV, who has proved a most efficient Business Manager. To the merchants of the city and district whose advertisements have made our publication possible, we express sincere thanks. We appreciate their interest in our school and in our efforts and earnestly bespeak for them in return generous patronage of all our readers.

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AIM OF "THE NORTHERN STAR"

TO bring the students of the Academy closer together.

TO make them realize that they stand as a unit.

TO instil into the students' minds the importance of Religion in Education.

TO foster a Spirit of Loyalty to the School.

TO bring to light student talent.

TO stimulate interest in the School Activities

TO pass on to future scholars a record of these activities.

TO be for our Graduates a bond to their

ALMA MATER

To the Memory of
Sister St. Blanche

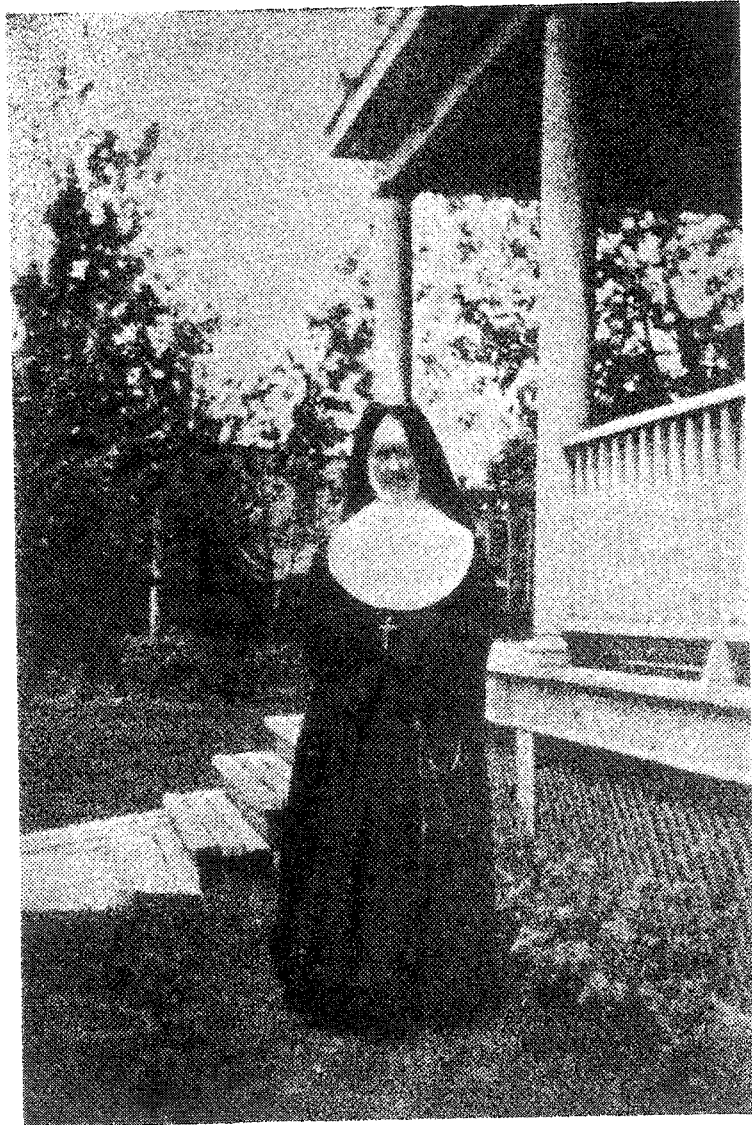
who died on September 4, 1936

after ten years of devoted
service to the pupils of
St. Joseph's Academy

this fifth volume of
The Northern Star

is
affectionately dedicated

== == ==



SISTER ST. BLANCHE

THE NORTHERN STAR

complete loyalty, love and honour; in him we place our confidence and to him we look for leadership.

When this article reaches you, the Coronation ceremonies will have been completed, and, linking the glories of the past with the hopes of the future, the British Empire will have another and stronger tie binding it together.

GOD BLESS THEIR MAJESTIES! LONG MAY THEY REIGN!

--Lorna Smith, V

PRAYER

SAID EVERY SUNDAY AT MASS IN ENGLAND

We beseech Thee, Almighty God, that Thy servant George, Our King, by Thy Kindness to rule over this realm, may also receive from Thee an increase of all virtues. Fittingly adorned with these, may he be able to shun all evil doing and finally, being well pleasing before Thee, may attain with the Queen, his Consort, and their royal offspring to Thee, Who are the Way, the Truth, and the Life. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.

--The Roman Missal

“
Debate and Drama”
—

“
Lines that rhyme”
—

Compositions
“

Class”
—

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INTERSCHOLASTIC DEBATE

There have been contests and conquests but when Council 1007, Knights of Columbus, held high a silver trophy and presented their challenge for an altercation between representatives of Scollard Hall and St. Joseph's Academy it became "debate-conscious". This was something new--interscholastic honours with a silver trophy--history in the making--our fair name was at stake--a reputation as old as the world itself must not suffer at our hands. Topic chosen--Resolved that the Press is a greater influence for evil than for good--the coin tossed "Negative" to St. Joseph's.

The College fresh from their sweeping triumphs on Northern ice-fields and with the echoes of cheering stands still ringing in their ears, marshalled their forces and singled their men. Dominic Kirwin, Sudbury, and Maurice McParland, North Bay, would lead them on to glory. In the meantime, behind the Academy ramparts the Literary Society had been directing forensic ambitions, and for them Barbara Grant, Little Long Lac, and Lorna Smith, North Bay, would be all-sufficient.

The hour was set for Friday evening, March 12--the Forum, St. Mary's Hall. His Excellency, Bishop Dignan, honoured the "hospicious" event by his presence, Reverend J. C. Humphrey acted as Chairman while the judges included Mrs. W. M. Flannery, B.A., Mr. F. Simpson, B.A., of the Collegiate Institute and Mr. G. R. Brady, K.C. From the local press of the date we quote the following:

"Friday evening, Barbara Grant and Lorna Smith, students of St. Joseph's Academy, won for their school the Knights

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of Columbus trophy for intercollegiate debating, against representatives from Scollard Hall. In their simple black uniforms, collared in white, and wearing the Academy colours, brown and gold, they presented quite a picture as they stood on the stage showing Maurice McParland and Dominic Kirwin how the stronger sex had been given the weaker argument.

Both girls had clear delivery, an excellent command of English, and their arguments and refutations right at their finger-tips. Their use of simple, direct words struck home possibly more forcibly than the slightly more advanced vocabulary of the Scollard Hall boys. However, they, too, must be given their due, for the affirmative side of the resolution "That the secular press of to-day is a greater influence for evil than for good" had sound arguments, a little too general perhaps, but with much to be said for them.

To this writer's mind, Miss Smith and Miss Grant had the advantage over their opponents in that their statements were usually followed up with truthful examples and facts. Statistics had been carefully checked. There was very little generalizing. Their refutation was superior. This first of the annual debates for the K. of C. trophy was handled well and was interestingly put before the large audience. The K. of C. are to be congratulated on this aspect of youthful education which they have undertaken."

Thus spoke the North Bay "Nugget", and we would add our hearty congratulations not only to our own representatives but to the opposing speakers who advanced such splendid arguments in such a scholarly manner. We have sounded the "note of warning" to future contestants in the



BARBARA GRANT

LORNA SMITH

Winners of the Knights of Columbus Silver Trophy for Interscholastic Debating

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historical field lest our hard-won Silver topple too soon from its present pedestal in St. Thomas Aquinas Hall.

To the Knights of Columbus we extend truly sincere appreciation and gratitude for this new incentive to improve public speaking. From them each of the four speakers received a book as a special prize.

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### LITERARY ACTIVITIES IN CLASS

Early in the school year a Literary Society was organized under the Presidency of Lorna Smith, V. Regular meetings were called and the enjoyable programmes included the reading of the School Paper and a series of Recitations, Class Choruses, Playlets, Impromptu Speeches and Debates. When in scholarly fashion the Third Formers undertook to defend the Pros and Cons of Daylight-saving and Standard Time, the D-S champions--Margaret Colton and Loretto McCool, bit the dust before a veritable verbal onslaught from Marian Mulligan and her staunch supporter, Betty Scanlan. The Second Formers were a little more ambitious, proving incontestably in one instance that the Abdication was, after all, a good thing, and secondly that Strikes are really a menace to society. This, and more--Form II is preparing their own Class Year Book and the neatly-typed little magazines are to be given to the members at their closing "Banquet" in St. Mary's Hall early in June.

Within the respective classes the English period gave place regularly to a Literary Programme for the class by its own members. From these we have gathered much of the material for our magazine.

The School Library was increased during the year by the

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addition of some sixty volumes--fiction, biography and poetry--and by two sets of excellent Reference Books. Apart from the regular free reading on Sunday, our "Library Hour" on Saturday morning with lectures and discussion on the catalogued books and their authors is instructive and most enjoyable.

### DISRAELI--ROMANTIC DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS

In the annual Public Programme offered by the students of the Academy it has been our custom when possible to accent the study of Matriculation Literature by the dramatization of a Departmental Assignment. Louis N. Parker's "Disraeli" proved a happy choice on the occasion of the first anniversary of the Consecration of our Most Reverend Bishop. It was an ambitious programme with scenes shifting from Glastonbury Towers to No. 10 Downing Street and on to Disraeli's country estate at Hughenden, but it was particularly well handled by the clever cast.

The curtain rose on a sitting room at the Towers where a family gathering included "that Jew" (Angeline Baldasara) invited by the Duke (K.Negus) for political reasons". Lady Clarissa (Jean Dupuis) became both interesting and interested while the scintillating Mrs. Travers (Muriel Sava) secretly in Russia's service, made the most of her opportunities. At 10 Downing Street we saw the spy, Foljambe (Gertrude Kennedy) and his accomplice, Mrs. Travers, at work. Negotiations for the "ditch dug in sand" were formulated and in spite of the blunder of Lord Deeford (Anita Labreche) which supplied the complication, he was appointed to Cairo.

Hughenden was an enchanting spot where Disraeli played the country squire. There the plot was clearly threaded by

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telegrams, interviews, recognitions, revelations, refusals and lastly by retaliation. With the players their interested audience then returned to the ante-room of the Foreign Office in London and saw Disraeli in his hour of triumph, for, having been successful in his Suez project, his second dream was realized in his proclamation of the Queen as Empress of India.

A masterly rendering of Moore's Irish Airs by the Academy String Orchestra of fifteen pieces, two double numbers by the Senior and Junior Choral Classes and a Part-Song in four voices--"Where Dawn and Sunset Meet"--were delightful interludes during the evening.

Following is the complete Disraeli Cast:

|                                                |           |               |
|------------------------------------------------|-----------|---------------|
| The Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli         | - -       | A. Baldasara  |
| Duke of Glastonbury                            | - - - - - | K. Negus      |
| Charles, Viscount Deeford                      | - - - - - | A. Labreche   |
| Lord Cudworth                                  | - - - - - | N. Virgili    |
| Sir Michael Probert (Manager of National Bank) | - - - - - | H. Wicks      |
| Mr. Hugh Meyers (Wealthy Jew)                  | - - - - - | M. Allen      |
| Mr. Lumley Foljambe                            | - - - - - | G. Kennedy    |
| Mr. Tearle, (Disraeli's Secretary)             | - - - - - | E. Barry      |
| Bascot, Disraeli's Butler                      | - - - - - | R. M. Kelly   |
| Potter, Disraeli's Gardener                    | - - - - - | M. Merrifield |
| Flocks, Rural Postman                          | - - - - - | E. Barry      |
| Footman                                        | - - - - - | M. Faught     |
| Lady Beaconsfield                              | - - - - - | F. Colton     |
| Duchess of Glastonbury                         | - - - - - | M. McFadden   |
| Lady Cudworth                                  | - - - - - | I. Godin      |
| Lady Brooke                                    | - - - - - | L. Desjardins |
| Mrs. Noel Travers                              | - - - - - | M. Sava       |

Diplomats, Naval and Military Officers,  
Liveried Servants

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### THE TOPMOST BOUGH

"The Topmost Bough" was the Three-Act Comedy chosen to supplement the Presentation of Awards at the closing exercises on May 28, 1936. If we may judge from the interest of the audience as well as from their comments and compliments we feel free to pronounce it a pleasing success. Mrs. Maclean who doth all things with native charm had four daughters: Frances, who was married, convinced us in her own amiable way that money doesn't make happiness; Claire, about to be married, was capable of taking all the attentions to be conferred on a bride; Helen had decided to enter a convent--a decision to which everyone but Frances was opposed; Ruth was just the youngest, and enjoyed life to the utmost in a most unsophisticated manner. Aunt Win, the "good angel", and the "big boss" of the household, dominated everyone and was a striking contrast to her demure secretary; Mrs. Herrin, an intrusive neighbour, delighted the audience with her continued annoyances. Gerry as first maid was flapperish and impertinent, while Gosta, the Swedish cook inserted pleasing bits of fun. Helen's best friend enthralled by the beauty of Claire's wedding, decided not to enter the convent with Helen, as she had planned. The story revolved around Helen, determined and persuasive in her struggle against opposition. Her mother's heart was finally softened by the sudden and tragic death of Frances, and the last scene presented Helen in her postulant dress, gay and smiling, ready to leave for her Novitiate, and leaving as well on the entire audience the lasting impression of a beautiful and powerful lesson.

Special mention should be made here of Thelma Negus's vocal interlude. Kilmer's "Trees" and "God bless this House" were truly delightful. The School Song "Here's to our dear St. Joseph's" by the student body closed an enjoyable programme.

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The Prize List was then read and His Excellency Bishop Dignan, presented the scholastic awards for 1935--1936. At the conclusion His Excellency thanked the students for their entertainment, commended the prize-winners and members of the cast and spoke a few words in appropriate theme on the closing scholastic year.

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

|                                      |                 |               |
|--------------------------------------|-----------------|---------------|
| Mrs. Maclean                         | - - - - -       | A. Baldasara  |
| Frances                              | )               | M. McFadden   |
| Claire                               | ) Her Daughters | A. Labreche   |
| Helen                                | )               | J. Dupuis     |
| Ruth                                 | )               | M. Mulligan   |
| Aunt Win (Her widowed Sister)        | - - - - -       | M. Sava       |
| Mrs. Herrin (a neighbour)            | - - - - -       | G. Kennedy    |
| Stella Carr (Aunt Win's secretary)   | - - - - -       | M. McDonald   |
| Katherine Cook (Helen's friend)      | - - - - -       | M. Colton     |
| Gosta (The cook)                     | - - - - -       | M. Merrifield |
| Gerry (The maid)                     | - - - - -       | I. Moore      |
| --- Music incidental to the Play --- |                 |               |
| At Dawning                           | - - - - -       | -Cadman       |
| Oh, Promise Me                       | - - - - -       | -De Koven     |
| Berceuse                             | - - - - -       | -Godard       |
| Ave Maria                            | - - - - -       | -Schubert     |



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---- ALMA MATER ----

I love my Alma Mater  
And I shall love it long;  
Its tall brick walls so friendly seem,  
So durable and strong.

As a mother guarding loved ones  
It stands throughout the year,  
And greets "new" girls to First Form ranks  
As Fifth Forms disappear.

Its music in the early morn  
Cheers many a passer-by!  
Its shady grounds and flower-plots  
Soothe many a tired eye.

In its spreading stately maples  
Nest sweetest singing birds,  
And it has secrets in its heart  
Too wonderful for words.

The eager happy students  
Who gather round its shrine  
Are bound in chains of friendship  
That will stand the test of time.

We thank our Alma Mater  
For its loving, kindly care.  
And in future we shall oft' return  
To dwell, in spirit, there.

--Margaret Colton, III

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--- S O U V E N I R ---

Just a hint, half-hidden, of far-off China strife,  
Of joys, yet trials too, in missionary life,  
Of loneliness, yet zeal, 'mid paganism rife  
By Father Moore.

Just a little pleading for a tiny prayer  
Not for himself alone, but for all the priests out there  
The lead stray souls, Blood-bought, the Christian Life  
to share,  
By Father Moore.

Just a sweet short visit in a chapel white  
By one who went away to put the wrong aright,  
And bring to pagan lands the ever-shining Light,  
By Father Moore.

--O. Marcille, IV

---

... SUNSET ON NIPISSING ...

Across the lake the breezes blow  
And tiny, teasing ripples go;  
The burning sun dips down below  
The western sunset sky.

From shore to shore, the red disc flings  
An amber path which swiftly brings  
A flock of birds with waving wings  
As o'er the lake they fly.

They pause awhile in graceful flight  
To splash about in ripples bright,  
And catch the last, long rays of light  
As tints of sunset die. --P. Hogan, III

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THE CORONATION

\*\*\*  
'Tis the time of coronation  
And the plaudits of the nation  
Greet the joyous proclamation,  
"George is King!"

In its glorious celebration  
Share glad hearts throughout the nation  
As we see the exaltation  
Of our King!

East to West no deviation  
From the Empire's jubilation  
As all sing in admiration  
"Crown our King!"

'Tis indeed in exultation--  
May it be of long duration  
That we pray, "God bless our Nation,  
Save our King!"  
--R. Knight, III

\*\*\*  
WHOSE PICTURE?

Who's the tiny dimpled tot like those we love to see,  
Standing in her princess frock at her gran'ma's knee?

She can play as other girls all around the place,  
Making noise with many toys when not in "silk and lace."

She has picture-books and dolls and can laugh and sing,  
Never puts her "chin in air", 'cause her daddy's King.

Who this little girl may be, Oh! everybody knows;  
The pet of all our Empire great is Princess Margaret Rose.  
--Loretto Negus, II

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LOYALTY TO ROYALTY

Why do we love them, King George and Queen Bess?  
Because they have come midst trial and distress,  
To reign on a throne, to watch o'er the sea,  
To guide and to rule you, their subjects, and me.

What shall they have in return for their care?  
Our loyalty true and allegiance they share.  
Through Canada far from sea unto sea  
The Union Jack floats o'er true hearts, and free.

--V. Larocque, V

\*\*\*\*\*

...THE CLOSING TERM...

Warm April days are here again,  
The school door's open wide again;  
In all the halls  
The gong loud calls  
Us back to study hard again  
French, Grammar and Geography  
Algebra and History.

Evenings cool are here again,  
The spring sun lingers near again;  
With shouts and calls  
Till darkness falls  
The merry children play again.  
But we must sacrifice our play  
Exam time is not far away.

--L. Courchesne, I

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... MY PRAYER ...

O, Little One, my Christ-Child,  
Who doth so much for me,  
Bless me, love me, keep me  
Safe from sin with Thee.

Bless all my words and actions,  
The friends I love so dear,  
And help me to be helpful  
Whene'er occasion's near.

And when my soul flies homeward  
Across that dark, dark sea,  
Say "Come, My child, to heaven  
And claim your throne with Me."

--A. Labreche, II

... YOUR FRIEND ...

Did you ever think for a moment  
What our Lord really means to you?  
What's the most you would offer Him  
Or the most that you would do?

Did you ever think that He's lonely  
In a prison dark and drear  
When a word from you or even a look  
Would bring Him untold cheer?

Did you ever think that He hung on that cross  
With a crown of thorns on His Head  
And suffered those nails in His tender Hands  
For a cruel word you have said?

--P. Hogan, III

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LITTLE THINGS

"Oh, it's just the little homely things,  
The unobtrusive friendly things,  
The won't-you-let-me-help-you things  
That make our pathway bright.

It's just the jolly joking things,  
The never-mind-the-trouble things,  
The laugh-with-me-it's-funny things  
That make our world seem bright.

For all the countless famous things,  
The wondrous record-breaking things,  
The never-to-be-equalled things  
That all the people cite.

Are not the little human things,  
The everyday-encountered things,  
The just-because-I-like-you things  
That make us happy quite.

So here's to all the little things,  
The done-and-then-forgotten things,  
The O-it's-simply-nothing things  
That make life worth the fight."

Selected from  
"Wings of Healing"

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---THIS POETRY BUSINESS---

In a mood nigh desperation  
I have taken up my station  
Right beside the kitchen table  
To think hard as I am able  
Of a poem.

Can't you see me, dull and dreary,  
Head and heart quite sick and weary,  
Thinking, thinking of a story  
I could weave into the glory  
Of a poem.

When your every effort fails you  
And your mother says "What ails you?"  
But the teacher said you had to,  
Then, could you, you'd be glad to  
Write a poem.

As it is I've tried and tried it  
And although I'd like to hide it,  
I will drink my cup of sorrow,  
Give the class a laugh to-morrow,  
Here's my poem.

--Rita Knight, III

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MY SHIPS IN SCHOOL

(With apologies to Bliss Carman)

When I was just a little tot  
And started first to school  
We had a fleet of forty girls  
Who tried to keep each rule.  
From nine o'clock till four each day,  
That's every day, you know,  
We strove to do our best in class  
In sunshine, rain or snow.  
We used to go on merchant ships  
With traders o'er the sea,  
Where cotton and the sugar grow,  
Coffee, wheat and tea.  
We stopped at every port of call  
From London to Bombay,  
And collected all the products  
That we hear about to-day.  
Algebra, with all its snags,  
X-Oh! please do not ask me;  
I'd rather sail the ocean deep  
Than solve----If X is three----  
Now, some may like to "parlez-vous",  
And some dead Latin know,  
But in my Geography class each day  
Out o'er the seas I go.  
And I am sure that when I'm big  
And I have finished school  
My mind will often wander far  
Back to the "Golden Rule".

--June Laverreau, I



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A GRADUATE MUSES

To-night, to-night!  
What is to-night? And why?  
Just a flowery, fragrant moment  
All so swiftly fleeting by?  
Ah! it bears a weightier message;  
O'er glad youth a shadow falls,  
For to us it means transition  
From our Alma Mater's halls.

Dear St. Joseph's! Must we leave it?  
Has the parting come e'en now?  
On our hearts its crested medal,  
And its rose-wreath round our brow.  
Long this day, like beacon beckoning,  
Lured us on its joys to share;  
Now 'tis come--we fain would linger,  
Loath to part from all so dear.

Five years since, its kindly portals  
Swung apart in welcome glad,  
Claimed us as its youngest members  
Offering to us all it had;  
Dressed us in distinctive fashion,  
Raised aloft the "Brown and Gold",  
Pointed onward, ever upward,  
Standards high we must uphold.

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Opened wide its fields of knowledge,  
Helped us when the way seemed hard,  
School routine became our pleasure,  
Duty taught its own reward.  
Bells and rules and regulations  
Guided on from hour to hour;  
Classwork, study, recreation  
Linked in sweet accord by prayer.

Friendship's chains were gently welded  
But so firmly they will last  
When the years our group have sundered  
And the things of youth are past;  
Round St. Joseph's they will anchor,  
Strong and true shall be the bond  
Urging us to ever make her  
Quite as proud as she is fond.

Five full years in retrospection  
Seem so short yet so complete,  
And to-night we've reached the hill-crest  
Where the Past and Future meet;  
For the final gong has sounded  
And the last roll-call is read,  
Alma Mater sends us forward  
To the world that lies ahead.

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Five such years should find us fitted  
To assume Life's sterner rôle;  
Straight and true our moral standards,  
Shining our Scholastic Scroll.  
Could we offer nobler tribute  
Long we'd search for words to tell  
Of our own dear Alma Mater  
Where we must now say farewell.

Of gratitude we owe to parents  
Words are but expression slight;  
For them our hearts in sweet thanksgiving  
Beat with tender love to-night.  
May our future lives in measure  
Crown their hopes and be their pride;  
May we never prove unmindful  
Of their sacrifices made.

Grateful are we to our clergy;  
Like the Master's Whom they serve  
Their compelling, constant influence  
Taught us ne'er from right to swerve.  
In the busy world's arena  
When our souls for strength shall yearn  
To their words of kind direction  
Oft in spirit shall we turn.

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Meet it were, but yet not easy  
To express our heartfelt thanks  
To the Sisters who have helped us  
Year by year to Graduate ranks.  
Pledged by vow to God's sweet service,  
Seeking not reward or praise,  
With light and strength by prayer imparted  
They have led us in God's ways.

Dear companions of our school-days,  
Now our trust we leave to you;  
Guard it nobly--hold it sacred,  
To your "Brown and Gold" be true.  
For a silent, subtle sadness  
Fills these busy closing days,  
"Tempus fugit", and we're standing  
At the parting of the ways.

Glamorous gleams the distant vista,  
Not for us to pause or rest;  
We must quit the ways of childhood  
And set out upon Life's quest.  
"Open! Open! Gates of Future,  
Lift your bars and let us through;  
Yonder lies our way appointed  
And we're strong to dare and do."

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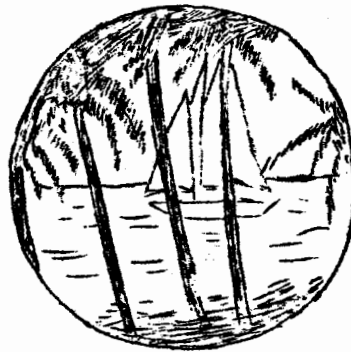
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Now our trust we leave to you;  
Guard it nobly--hold it sacred,  
To your "Brown and Gold" be true.  
For a silent, subtle sadness  
Fills these busy closing days,  
"Tempus fugit", and we're standing  
At the parting of the ways.

Glamorous gleams the distant vista,  
Not for us to pause or rest;  
We must quit the ways of childhood  
And set out upon Life's quest.  
"Open! Open! Gates of Future,  
Lift your bars and let us through;  
Yonder lies our way appointed  
And we're strong to dare and do."

## THE NORTHERN STAR

"What matter that old Time with withering hand  
Doth sift upon our heads the ash of years,  
Doth mask our faces with the lines of age,  
Doth dim the brightness of our eyes with tears?  
Still shalt thou be our Mentor, dear old School;  
In age e'en as in youth we'll turn to thee;  
Thou art our Mother, tender and beloved,  
Eternal lessons learned we at thy knee.  
Still shall we kneel in peaceful retrospect  
Before thy chapel Altar chastely white,  
Still shall we breathe the prayers you taught our lips-  
Unto our souls thou art a beacon light.  
Still looking back through visted years and long  
Our eyes shall smile when gazing upon thee,  
Our lips, thy praises sing; Oh! fair as dawn  
Thy vision living in our memory.  
Dear Alma Mater, whate'er the years unfold,  
We shall be true, true to thy "Brown and Gold".



## THE NORTHERN STAR

We appreciate the permission that has been graciously accorded to make personal reference to one in whom we are all interested, whose poetic genius has been recognized, but whose delightful productions may not be known locally as we should wish.

Canadian poetry and especially Catholic poetry must not lie hidden. Our congratulations are offered to Mrs. Hugh Grace of Sudbury whose daughter, Marjorie, is now in residence at St. Joseph's. Mrs. Grace has been actively associated with the Canadian Club, Sudbury, and with the Diocesan Catholic Women's League, particularly in their Educational endeavours. Two volumes of charming verse from her gifted pen have been published by Stockwell, Limited, London, and her "Coronation Tribute" appeared this spring in the new Coronation Book of Verse, London, England. Moreover, Mrs. Grace has written and has set to music several short select numbers, retaining her own copyright, but publishing through the Paramount Music House, Toronto. We mention in particular her "Land of Silver and Gold" which breathes the lure of the North.

From her volumes "And all that Beauty" and "The Lamp that Burns" we have chosen the following stanzas:

### CONTENTMENT

Don't crave the things you cannot have,  
Love the things you've got,  
Grow a flower in a little tin,  
Don't yearn for an earthen pot.  
The sun will gild the little tin  
That holds a flower bright,  
And all will know there dwells herein  
A home--and love--and night.

--Sarah Grace



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"WE ARE YOUR CHILDREN"

--Coronation Tribute

We are your children, little ones,  
Who sleep in peaceful dream  
On mothers' breasts, O gracious King,  
O'er lands you reign supreme;  
Our eager lips cannot as yet  
Utter your well-loved name,  
But British blood of years long set  
It is our boast to claim.

We want to place close to your throne  
A nosegay of our love,  
A little bouquet all our own  
In form of Heaven's Dove.  
Within our hearts is buried deep  
That ever-living flame,  
That pride of sires, long asleep,  
That they from Britain came.

Accept our offering, noble King,  
To whom God gives the sway,  
To guide the children of your realm  
While He on high must stay.  
For you, like us, your reign began  
With Queen of Mothers near;  
We are your children, little ones  
In lands both far and near.

--Sarah Grace

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THE GIRL WITHIN

Judge yourself as you judge others,  
And don't be too severe;  
Remove the furrows from your brow  
And wipe away your tears.  
Let sunbeams shine upon your hair,  
The girl within will come  
With youth and beauty to endow  
And dreams you thought had gone.

For youth will stay though you are old,  
And bring back years just flown,  
A lock of hair, a kiss, a smile,  
From out the great unknown;  
A longing for the carefree days,  
A sigh--but they're not spent,  
They're with us now and will come through  
Aye, e'en without consent.

--Sarah Grace

LIFE'S A MERRY PACE

Merrily playing, skipping gaily,  
Full of laughing song;  
Tresses blowing, faces glowing,  
All the whole day long.  
Jumping, tripping, running, skipping,  
Children's joyous race.  
Bright eyes dancing, eager prancing.  
Life's a merry pace.

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Climbing, falling, loudly calling,  
Birdie's nest in view.  
Hasty dropping, clapping, stopping,  
Tree trunks little crew.  
Chasing, playing, never staying,  
On from place to place.  
Going, coming, singing, humming,  
Life's a merry pace.

Dreaming, seeming, West sun gleaming,  
Romance in the air,  
Smiling, sleeping, moonlight creeping,  
On their golden hair,  
Stars are winking, closed eyes blinking,  
Slumber's sweet embrace.  
Mother's blessing, soft brows resting,  
Childhood's merry pace.

--Sarah Grace

( ' ' ' )  
?

Said the Robin to the Sparrow,  
"I should really like to know  
Why those anxious human beings  
Rush about and worry so."

Said the Sparrow to the Robin,  
"Friend, I think that it must be  
That they have no Heavenly Father  
Such as cares for you and me."

--Selected



MARY JOSEPHINE LALONDE, B.A.

Queen's, '35

Having graduated here in 1928 and from North Bay Normal in '29, Mary registered in the Pass Course at Queen's and combined study with teaching. She is still in the profession at Swastika, Ont., and is pursuing ambitiously an Honour Degree.



ELIZABETH ANNE (BETTY) SMITH, B.A.

Toronto, '36

Graduate of St. Joseph's Academy, '31, proceeding then to Toronto University Arts Course with Household Science Option. Head Girl of Hutton House, 1935-36, and Hutton House Representative in the Women's Undergraduate Association. With these laurels Betty is now radiating happiness in the family circle at her North Bay home.

## THE NORTHERN STAR

### A VISIT TO MATHEMATICS LAND

\*\*\*\*\*

Twilight had descended upon me slowly and stealthily. A purple haze hung like a drape over the distant mountains. Occasionally the mist lifted disclosing the beautiful, sleeping hills. Over an hour ago the sun had retired, and now a dim cerie light lingered among the trees in the valley beneath me.

My curiosity was arrested by a gentle quivering of the branches. The wind had died with the sun, and I waited, expecting to see some creature of the forests, but, mysteriously and in a fascinating array appeared countless little green elves. The mist had lifted and I could see that all was too clear for a dream. The mountains which before had presented such a sturdy, forbidding appearance, had assumed a soft, velvety likeness.

Suddenly, as if commanded, the goblins halted and stood in single file. Each of these elfish creatures had a number painted on his back, and his uniform was very full at the knees, giving him the shape of a triangle. Their chief appeared, accompanied by attendants who wore the letters of the English alphabet. The leader was a giant star-shaped polygon. At a sign from him there was a general movement among the ranks. I understood immediately the purpose of this. Every letter was equivalent to a number, and each was to find his partner.

Confusion prevailed within the broken ranks. Several terrified numbers were crying woefully as they were marched to detention by armed circles. Only a few letters succeeded in finding their proper positions. The others, who were evidently poor mathematicians, were punished by large squares who erased with straight lines the letters or

## THE NORTHERN STAR

numbers on their backs.

The polygon spoke again, and again the figures fell into single file. As mysteriously and as silently as they had come, they vanished into the luxurious folds of the velvet background. The mist was falling again to curtain the stage and its mystic performers.

--Ada Smith, V

### THE OPENING OF THE FEDERAL PARLIAMENT

Relieved of the mourning-period atmosphere that prevailed at the function of 1936, Parliament met on January 14, 1937 for the second time within one year under a new sovereign. From Rideau Hall to Parliament Hill the Governor-General was escorted by a dashing cavalry squadron of Princess Louise Dragoon Guards. At the Senate entrance the guard of honour stood at attention. Near by on the face of the hill the field battery thundered a royal salute of nineteen guns.

At the gates of Parliament Hill a corps of motorcycle police that had been in attendance from Rideau Hall fell back to await the return of the Vice-regal party.

After taking the salute, and having been welcomed formally by the Prime Minister and by the Leader of the Senate, the Governor-General, attended by his aides in brilliant uniform, proceeded to the Senate. The Commons summoned, the speech from the Throne was read. The floor of the Senate was reserved for officialdom, the dress gallery for distinguished visitors and for friends of the Ministers. The customary assemblage of diplomats shone with a wealth of gold braid and with a lavish display of medals. Military officers in handsome uniforms were most conspicuous. Church dignitaries and Supreme Court Judges in crimson and ermine were prominent.

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The Senate Halls were colourful with an array of magnificent  
Coronation tones predominating. Rich fabrics,  
exotic flowers and priceless gems bespoke happier economic  
conditions, to which reference was made in the speech from  
the Throne.

After the introductory address over, the Commons returned to  
the "Green Chamber" to sit for the formality of greeting  
four new members. They then re-assembled in the Senate,  
and, after a brief formal session, Lord and Lady Tweedsmuir  
with attending retinue withdrew, while the guns outside  
in boomed out their signal.

--Ada Smith, V

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### ...NORTH BAY...

I stood on the Lookout Tower on Thibault Hill and gazed  
long at the delightful scene that lay before me. It was  
May and the freshness of Spring was in the air. Lake  
Mipissing's azure expanse, stretching off in the distance  
to meet the sky, formed the background for the city that  
nestled in the valley before me. The budding forest in  
fuzzy mists of green and gray encircled it protectingly.

Here and there throughout the city the more prominent  
buildings were readily discernible. North Bay College  
stood away to the North while the twin towers of St. Vincent  
de Paul Church seemed to guard the Eastern Gate. The brick-  
red roofs of the Canadian National Offices contrasted vivid-  
ly with the gray granite of the architectural pile sur-  
mounted by the stately spire of St. Mary's Cathedral in  
the West. The dome of the Normal School, the windowed  
storeys of the Empire Hotel, the gray walls of St. Joseph's  
General Hospital and the Old Folks' Home, set in the midst  
of its greening gardens, were details in the picture.

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A train whistled its approach around a bend in the lake and wound lazily through the city. I wished for the hand of an artist that I might paint this picture of my home town.

--L. Courchesne, I.

### CANADA'S CATHOLIC POETRY

There is such a thing as Catholic poetry of Canada, surprising though that may be. There are as yet no groups of Catholic writers, and, therefore such a subject as Catholic poetry cannot be treated systematically. The present study merely offers proof that it exists.

The first Catholic poem of Canada, and perhaps of America is fittingly enough in the Indian tongue. It is a Christmas Carol "Jesous Ahatinhia" written in Huron about 1641 by the Jesuit Martyr, St. Jean de Brebeuf.

A Mohawk princess of later days, Tekahionwake, daughter of the Chief of the Six Nations and better known as Pauline Johnson, wrote one prayer-poem of distinctive Catholic sentiment. It is "The Brier" written, as has been said, out of a heart-breaking experience in her own life. In it a wounded soul speaks intimately with Our Lord.

Among Catholic laymen, Thomas D'Arcy McGee wrote the best religious verse and more of it than any other. He, himself, a man of vision, a nation-builder and a victim without blemish on the altar of patriotism, his verse has ease, vigour and vital sincerity. His range of subjects is wide and his spirit always Catholic. "Requiem Aeternum" a threnody for a dear friend is characteristic:



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Mighty our holy Church's will  
To shield her parting souls from ill:  
Jealous of Death, she guards them still,  
Miserere, Domine.

The dearest friend will turn away,  
And leave the clay to keep the clay;  
Ever and ever she will stay,  
Miserere, Domine.

Friend of my soul, farewell to thee  
Thy truth, thy trust, thy chivalry;  
As thine, so may my last end be,  
Miserere, Domine.

Just one month after this was composed, Canadian churches put on mourning for McGee, and the poignant lines sounded by his own bier.

Bliss Carman was the most Catholic of those poets who belonged only to the soul of the Church. His very titles proclaim it: "The Queen of the Angels", "The Good Priest of Gourin", the "Brothers of St. Francis", "The Lanterns of St. Eulalie", "St. Francis and the Birds". The miracle of St. Francis' Sermon to the birds Bliss Carman accepted. Carman's cousin, Sir Charles G. D. Roberts, has one Madonna poem, "When Mary, the Mother, Kissed the Child", the stanzas of which bear the mystery of the Redemption.

Marjorie Pickthall showed a preference for Catholic symbolism. She interpreted exquisitely the saintliness of the Jesuit martyrs, devotion to the Holy Souls, and in her lyric to "Mary, Shepherdess" an aspect of Our Lady's goodness not often touched upon.

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John Daniel Logan is a true lyrist equally spiritual whether he tells about the Little Heavenly Boy who

"Stole from His Father's throne,  
And toddled down the stars  
And came to Bethlehem alone",

or records a man's sorrow over the death of his friend in his beautiful "Singing Silence". Dr. Logan's titles are often special inspirations.

William Henry Drummond of English ancestry, with deft touch and delicate humour revealed in his poems the very root and fibre of the French-Canadian habitant--essentially Catholic.

Beyond question, Canada's representative Catholic poet is Monsignor James B. Dollard, pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Toronto. Kilmer discovered Father Dollard for the world and anthologists have remembered him ever since. Like those of his countryman, Reverend Dr. Casey, Kingston, his poems breathe of his Irish homeland, and have a music all their own. However, his priest-heart speaks most clearly in poems like his blank-verse "Nocturne", written when Father Dollard was pastor of a little country parish and meditated in the silence of the night upon Our Lord lonely in the Tabernacle.

There are also many individual gems to be found here and there in Canadian literature revealing true Catholic sentiment. Let us hope that future poets may still add Catholic lustre to it.

--M. Merrifield, IV

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AN INCIDENT IN MY LIFE

I closed my eyes and baited my rod with a wiggling worm. When I opened them the worm still wiggled and I was still the victim of circumstances. I was visiting my aunt whose three boys were my--Entertainment Committee. It all started with a rainy night that produced ideal fishing-weather. The boys were eager to go brook-trout-fishing, so brook-trout-fishing we went.

"Brook-trout-fishing is fascinating", I can hear them yet. Now, I'm not arguing about the lure of the rod or gun, but, why are fish particular about the weather? Fascinating? Yes, it exiles one to a lone rock and leaves one to one's fate. Fate's idea of fishing seems to be hard rocks, hateful worms, line caught on bottom, and no brook-trout.

I cast my line and waited. The minutes passed in Indian file. Mosquitoes called as cars at a filling-station. Frogs along the shore plucked bass-strings, while dark clouds piled up in the west. A misty veil soon wrapped the land in cellophane.

I left the rock and stumbled after my cousins. We reached an old log-cabin amid a clump of wind-grieved trees. It was lonelier than a whip-poor-will's nest, but it was shelter. It creaked frighteningly as the wind and storm attacked, then shouldered past. An octopus of lightning clutched the heavens in its grasp, shook it and disappeared. This was the climax of the storm. The rain ceased and the sun shone out. As we walked home, brook-troutless, it drove down the sky like a ship on fire. Evening had come.

--M. Ingolfssrud, IV

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### WHY I AM GLAD TO BE A CANADIAN

Our "Lady of the Snows", that beautiful title applied by Kipling to our fair Dominion, is not a misleading one. Canada is as pure and untainted as the spotless crystalline coverlet that during the winter envelops her. Canada is as old and as permanent as the eternal snows that crown her lofty mountain tops.

"Canada--our boast, our pride", stretching from sea to sea," accept the loyalty of your children who are glad to be Canadians--glad and proud to extol their country's fertile plains and thundering waterfalls, her unfathomable mines and virgin forests; glad and proud to share her heritage of literature and art, of sound and steady government, of her great achievements and her soul-stirring fidelity to Britain.

To an indifferent outsider I must justify my eulogy and clear up false ideas about Canada. There are those who regard her as a "vassal" State, "under the thumb" of Great Britain. To them I say, "Daughter is she in her mother's house, but Mistress in her own".

Economically, Canada is a young country with vast mineral and agricultural wealth still undeveloped. Incalculable as the resources of the Great Clay Belt away to the North are also the undiscovered treasures of gold and nickel and silver of this modern El Dorado. True, Canada's buildings may appear dwarfed beside the sky-scrapers of other countries, but her banks are sure, her factories filled and firm, and fifth is her place in world trade.

In the sphere of literature and art, Canadians occupy several niches. While we boast such luminaries as Gilbert

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Parker, Thompson Seton, Drummond, Roberts, Carman, McKishnie, Katherine Hale, Leacock and many others we can claim as ours Shakespeare, Bunyan, Milton, Dickens, Thackeray and a host of other literary geniuses associated with England. Our artists, too, wield their brushes uncommonly well. A few of Canada's painter prodigies are Paul Peel, Tom Thompson, A.Y. Jackson and J.E.H. MacDonald.

With her glorious thrilling, romantic history, her present recognized greatness, and with evidence that her future will be mightier still, why should I not be glad to own Canada as my country?

### LATIN! WHY NOT?

I plead the cause of languages. It used to be that there was no advanced education which did not include at least one extra language. Perhaps it was Latin; it might have been Greek; perhaps it was one of the modern languages. Your degree of culture was measured by the number of languages with which you were familiar.

For the ordinary person I am not advocating a number, but I am advancing a plea for a knowledge of one, two or three-- Latin, certainly. In this age of speed and of superficiality busy persons are prone to scoff at a School Curriculum which includes the "dead" language. "A waste of time", they say, "Better far to concentrate on shorthand, mathematics, science,--something that will be of benefit when one goes out into the world. Leave Latin for priests and doctors."

How foolish! Latin is a basic language, contributing to a better knowledge of English which, in turn, is used more than either Shorthand or Science. For professional work a knowledge of Latin is absolutely necessary, and where in

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the business world may one work without coming into daily contact with the professions? Latin phrases are met with everywhere. It is true that in medicine all prescriptions are written in Latin. This is not to prevent the patient's reading them, but that a prescription written in one country may be filled in another without a translator to interpret the wording. Again, this language is the key to much old and beautiful literature.

The Middle and Upper School student should find it, as well, an interesting subject co-related with Roman History. Caesar's "Veni, Vidi, Vici" at Zela is inspirational, and "Mrs longa, vita brevis" should teach us the significance of "multum in parvo" when applied to that life.

For the Catholic boy or girl the neglect to learn at least some Latin is unthinkable. It is the universal language of our universal Mother Church. The Holy Sacrifice means much more to one who "prays the Mass" with the celebrant. For him Latin is not a dead language. It is a living, pulsating tongue bringing him the Voice of God.

--P. Morrow, IV

### .. LAKE LAUZON AT SUNRISE ..

Dawn had burst through the eastern sky but as yet the lake lay stilled in sleep. Her head, covered by an azure canopy, rested on the ledges of Table Rock. Her bed-jacket of green was threaded with a narrow ribbon of elder shrubbery. Her curved right arm was the trout-haunted stream which musically rippled away to join a net-work of others gathering on to the sea. In contrast the left arm clutched at a quiet, green bay and on its finger-tips lake loons played, screaming as if to waken the world.

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As I watched, the sleeper stirred, stretched, and awoke to a new day. The radiance of the rising sun caught up the shimmering blue of her morning-robe, pinning it here and there with little fishing-boats and snow-white gulls. Then rudely was my vision shattered when with a splash that seemed to lose its echo in the hills, something plunged and tore a hole in the silken blue.

--Mary Tongue, I

### BEAUTÉS DE LA NATURE

Tous les poètes, tous les artistes, tous ceux qui possèdent une âme élevée sont émus d'une noble émotion devant le spectacle grandiose que la nature nous offre. Pour en admirer les beautés, il ne suffit pas seulement de suivre d'un oeil distrait toutes ces transformations. Mais, il faut être en une observation concentrée et soutenue, afin d'entrer profondément dans ces changements naturels pour y découvrir ce qu'ils pourraient avoir de plus caché.

Les principales transformations sont celles causées par la succession des saisons. Enumérons-les:

Pendant l'hiver, le givre et la neige se posent sur les arbres, sur les buissons, et les pâles rayons du soleil les font ressembler à un original et splendide palais de crystal. Et c'est aussi à cette saison que l'on voit des toits gonflés soudainement d'une gloire imprévue qui sont ainsi l'orgueil de notre beau Canada. C'est ici que l'on peut citer les paroles d'Albert Lozeau: "Tombe, tombe du ciel, somptueuse blancheur! Tu fais de mon pays un si clair paysage!" Tel est l'hiver chez-nous! Tel est l'hiver au Canada!

Au printemps tout est si beau, puisque tout renaît à la vie. La verdure apparaît plus belle que jamais, et les fleurs montrent leur beauté dans tout son éclat. Les

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arbres, sous les plus ardents rayons de l'astre lumineux se parent de leurs plus beaux atours. N'y-a-t-il pas aussi une nouvelle vigueur, une nouvelle énergie dans le sang de l'homme? et fait que l'homme use le présent en rêves d'avenir.

La nature a-t-elle des charmes à l'automne? Certes, oui, n'est-ce pas le temps, le plus favorable à la rêverie! L'homme songe, en voyant les feuilles se détacher une à une de leurs branches et être emportées dans une course folle par l'âpre bise des montagnes. L'homme songe à la brièveté de son existence et souvent ne trouve-t-il pas à peine, au terme de tous ces jours envolés, qu'un pâle souvenir?.....

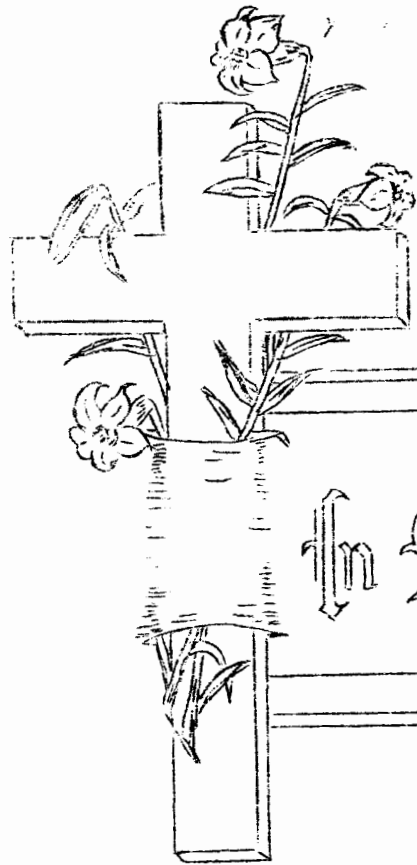
Admirens la nature dans toute son imposante majesté, c'est-à-dire à la belle saison de l'été. Apprécions tout ce qui peut montrer la magnificence et surtout la libéralité de ce Dieu plein d'amour envers ses créatures.

L'épais et immense tapis de verdure se présente sous un aspect encore plus joli que celui du printemps! Les branches des arbres ploient sous la pesanteur des fruits qu'elles portent! La variété des fleurs excitent de plus en plus notre admiration! Les oiseaux font entendre leur plus gai trémolo, au-dessous des hautes cimes des arbres, car, l'été n'est-il pas revenu! Le soleil, lançant ses rayons si chauds, donne une note plus gaie à toute la nature rajouit.

N'est-ce pas dans la nature que l'artiste puise ses inspirations? Le musicien n'essaie-t-il pas d'imiter les sons des chants si doux entendus dans le calme d'un matin d'été? Et nous n'est-ce pas devant cette belle et grandiose nature que nous laissons monter vers Dieu, une prière reconnaissante pour Le louer, Le remercier de tant de bienfaits!

--Marie Rose Carrière,  
Commerciale





## In Memoriam

For spirits in eternity,  
As shadows in the sun,  
Reach backward into time as we,  
Like lifted clouds reach on.

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### ---SISTER ST. BLANCHE---

It is a joy to return to school after summer Vacation to greet the old, and to meet and to make new friends. There is, as well, an unbidden sorrow and vague loneliness when some are missed that we had known and cared for--lightened though it be when we learn they are but gone to other spheres where love or duty calls. Such sentiments might have been ours in the opening days of last September had they not been completely overcast by a gloom and grief more great.

The late Sister St. Blanche came to the Academy ten years ago to take up the work that Sister Honora, now also dead, had been forced through ill-health to relinquish. They had been companions in Novitiate years and they had many interests and many qualities in common. Their ideals were high, and an unwavering sense of responsibility, prompted by a clearer vision and appreciation of life's true values, lent efficiency to their efforts. St. Joseph's students are the better and the richer for having come within such influence.

As Principal of the Commercial School, Sister St. Blanche had closed classes in June with an outstanding record. As Mistress of Boarders she had attended thoughtfully to the least and last of their home-going needs. Farewell messages were exchanged, even in the four o'clock dawn as Trans-Canada trains steamed westward out of North Bay.

The summer passed, and plans and activities incidental to School re-opening had begun. As suddenly as it was unexpected, Sister was registered a patient at St. Joseph's General Hospital. An operation followed, but with such hopeful results that she had been promised and was awaiting an early release. An unseen Power, however, had other

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designs, and in the noon-hour of that First Friday, September 4, without twinge of pain or parting sigh "her soul awoke from earthly scenes to the ecstatic glow of Beatific Light. Through the Gates that open'd that realm of Endless Day, she heard a Music more melodious far than she had known."

While her casket rested in the Academy parlour an unceasing file of family friends and former pupils paid their tearful tribute. On Monday morning it was transferred to the Chapel where Requiem High Mass was sung by Father J. G. Dwyer, and an hour later, through a triple guard of pupils, Alumnae and Children of Mary, the cortege passed to the Pro-Cathedral where the final Requiem was chanted by a cousin, Reverend Myles Flannery, P.P., Thessalon. Reverend Father Gorman's sermon for the occasion was replete with tenderest assurance and consolation. Her grave in the newer section of St. Mary's Cemetery is marked by a simple stone, chastely white. On it her name is engraved not more indelibly than it is enshrined in the hearts of her pupils.

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### SISTER ST. KENNETH (KATHLEEN PARKER)

The silence which enveloped the Academy as we watched by the open casket of Sister St. Blanche on Saturday, September 5, was suddenly shadowed by a message from Port Arthur that Sister St. Kenneth had just died in St. Joseph's Hospital there. She will be remembered at once as Kathleen Parker of Turbine who had been in residence here from 1926--30. Two older sisters, Marguerite and Helen are alumnae of earlier years. With graduation honours still fresh on her brow, Kathleen elected in September, '30 to turn from life's fleeting shadows to

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the Novitiate in Peterboro. Having been advanced to final profession in the Community of the Sisters of St. Joseph, she returned in September, '35, to attend North Bay Normal School and qualified creditably in the June examinations last year. In August she was appointed to the Staff of the Arpin Memorial School in Fort William and left immediately to make preparations for the class she was never to enter. An illness from infection suddenly developed and Death intervened before the opening day. Three sisters with her devoted parents attended the funeral at Port Arthur. Two brothers also survive--her twin brother, William, and Mr. Clifford Parker, Sudbury.

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### SISTER MARY GEORGE (Monica Gattie)

Two months ago, March 19, we chronicled another visit of Death's angel to Alumnae ranks, when it was learned that Sister Mary George of St. Joseph's Community, Peterboro, after an illness of some five years, had passed away in a Montreal Hospital. From her home at Walford, Ontario, Monica had come here for her High School Course and remained in residence for five years, obtaining Senior Matriculation with the first group leaving the School from Fifth Form. She went directly to the Novitiate at Peterboro, and after profession returned to North Bay Normal School. Thus equipped for what promised to be a life of loving and fruitful service in the classroom, she was destined to spend there but a short time. The illness which developed even in her first year baffled all that tender care and medical service could offer and Death was a peaceful relief to her suffering. The funeral took place from Mount St. Joseph, Peterboro and a simple cross marks her grave in the Sisters' plot in St. Peter's Cemetery there.

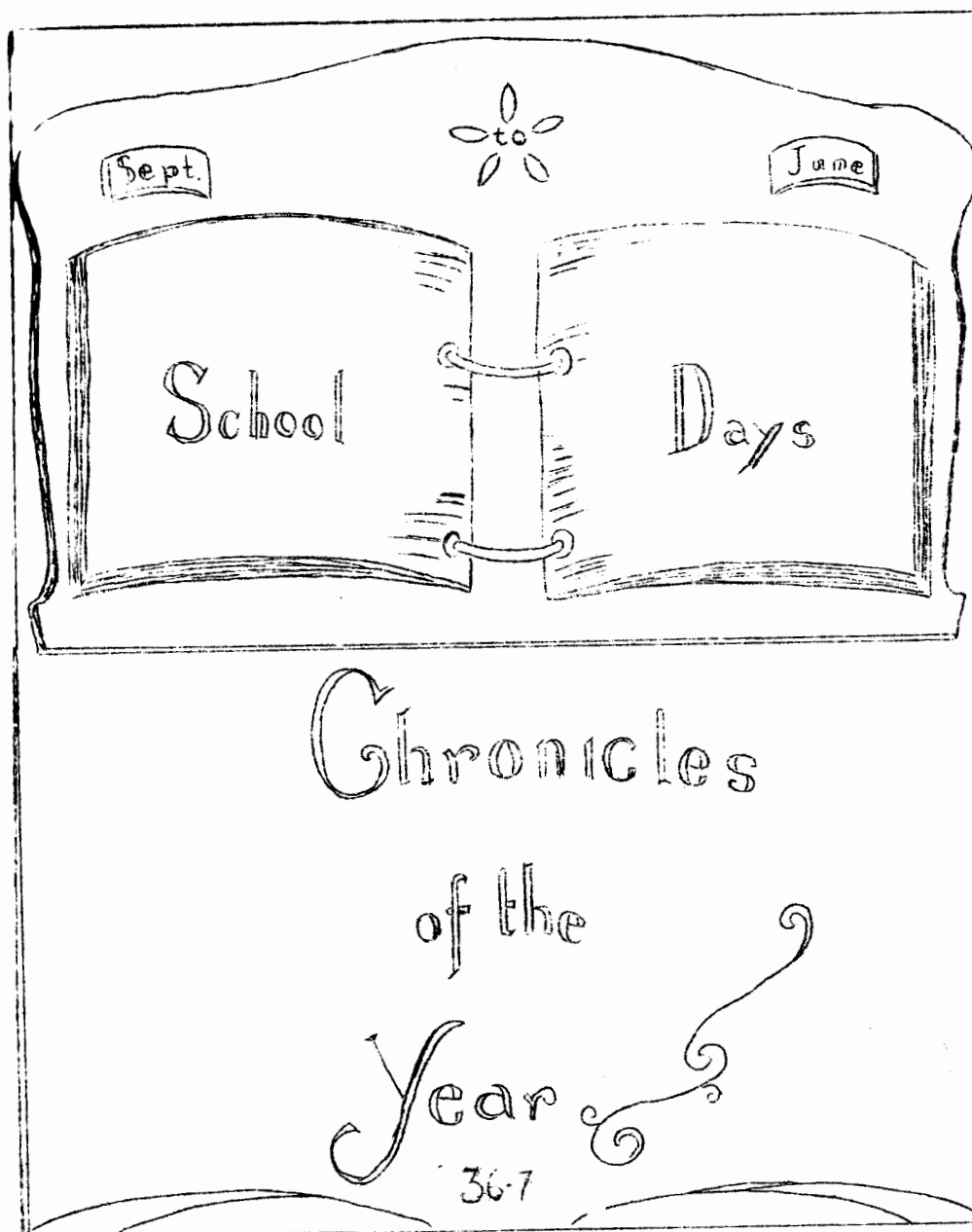
## THE NORTHERN STAR

### MAVA BLACK

Opening April recalls vividly those other April days two years ago when we shared in the general rejoicing incidental to the Installation of His Excellency, our Most Reverend Bishop. Not even her immediate friends dreamed that even in that festive week Death's angel hovered over a happy home in our midst, awaiting the "appointed time" to drop down and enfold with gentle wings the pure young soul of one of our class-mates and companions. The announcement of her death was to many the first intimation of Mava's illness. Just one week previous when it was deemed that medical attention would be helpful, she was taken to St. Joseph's Hospital to assure for her all that professional service and kindly care could offer. After an operation her condition gradually weakened until in midnight stillness as loved ones knelt by her bedside the silent summons came.

For six years Mava had been a pupil of the Academy where it was often remarked that not only her friends but her friends' friends loved her. Her happiness was ever found in doing little kindnesses and in making others happy. We recall her joy on receiving her Driving License because it fulfilled her yearning to be of more ready service to others. While we missed her at school we cannot venture to measure the loneliness of the home that had so suddenly lost her.

Her funeral was one of the largest to leave the Pro-Cathedral. She had been an exemplary member of the Children of Mary, having been Class Prefect for six years. The Sodality in Uniform and Insignia met her casket at the entrance and joined the mourners. Within a year her father's funeral followed, and beside his, her grave is now not so lonely.



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### September 8

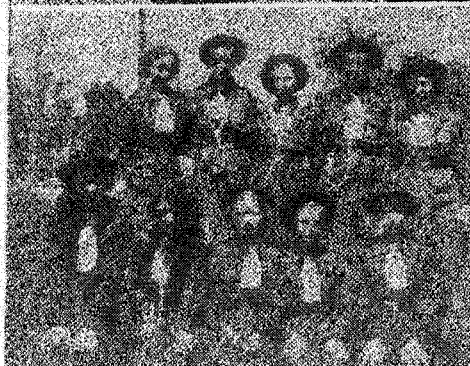
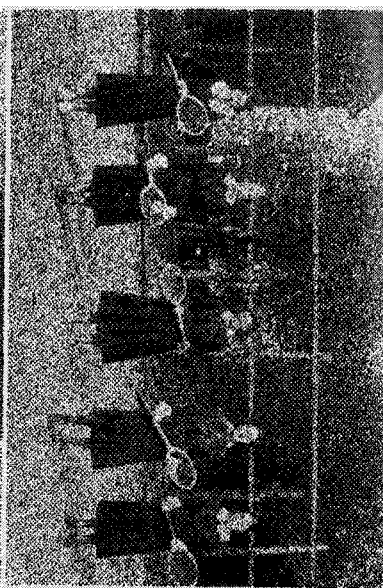
Opening and Registration--What changes everywhere! New entrance! new office! new stairs! new corridors, as well as new faces!

### September 9

Mass of the Holy Ghost in St. Mary's Pro-Cathedral attended by all students and followed by organization of classes with tentative Time-Table. The Sisters have returned to their usual Forms. Miss Dorothy LaBerge, B.A., Sudbury, is again in charge of the French Classes. Our own Betty Smith very kindly offered to supply for a week until the arrival of Miss S.T. Dwyer, B.A., Almonte, who will assist in both Commercial and Matriculation.

### September 20

C.W.L. Diocesan Convention in North Bay---and incidentally a Reception for visiting and local members in the Academy Auditorium. Miss Florence Boland, Toronto, National President, Mrs. M.J. Coughlin, Fort William, Diocesan President and Mrs. F. Lalonde, local President were each presented with a basket of exquisite roses. Lorna Smith voiced words of welcome and of appreciation of League interests in Education, with special reference to the Cash Prizes awarded each year on Commencement night. Choral numbers and our ringing School Song added to the programme. Miss Boland then addressed the students reminding them of their privileges at school and of the great need of Catholic leadership among women of to-day. This was all delightful but she won our hearts completely when she kindly requested and received for us a holiday. The motto of the League "For God and Country", surely finds a rich fulfilment in this distinguished woman. We now offer congratulations to Miss Boland on the recent recognition of



S. J. A. Alumnae

S. J. A. Girl Guides

Father Moore in China

Alumnae Executive



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ments lent towards a "perfectly lovely time" when, presto! Father Moore was announced--after which there was just one item on the programme. Father Moore signed one thousand autographs that evening. A word of explanation--Father Moore is known particularly by two girls of '36. Ordained for the China Missions, he had been assisting at the Cathedral while awaiting his appointment and as Chaplain he had secured a full degree of the esteem and affection of the pupils. This was his last visit before sailing for the Orient and many prayers and letters have followed him to that far-off land over the Western seas.

### October 7

First Literary Assembly of the new year. With Norma Smith as President a very enjoyable programme was carried through. Reverend Fathers Gorman, Humphrey and Dryer, Mother Superior and the Sisters of the Academy were our special guests.

### October 9

"Mary of Scotland" at the Capitol Theatre--Academy students in a body attended the afternoon picture.

### October 12

Thanksgiving Day and a welcome respite from books and study. Several girls enjoyed the weekend at home; others were invited out by friends in the city.

### October 15

To assist the recently organized Athletic Association of the School, pupils of St. Joseph's Academy held a jolly Bingo party in the basement

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at Literary Assemblies and by coloured poster signs. November third found in the classroom an anxious group of business-like girls arranging their afternoon's project..Nor were their efforts in vain. The attractive sum of fifty-six dollars was added, and on the following day a cheque of fifty dollars was drawn in answer to an appeal in the Catholic Press by His Excellency, Reverend R.H. Dignan, for help to build churches in the Sault Ste. Marie Diocese. This cheque was handed to Father Thomas of Hawk Junction who has told us of his endeavours there. His words inspired the students in such a manner that they were zealous to do more for the mission. At Christmas time candle-sticks carried Season's Greetings from them to their newly-adopted mission and since then small gifts have been forwarded. Our recent box contained linen stole-collars, attractive Missal-markers, a Benediction Stole and a cincture. It is certain that such efforts bring happiness to the promoters. The students are always anxious to hear from their mission and in leisure time they busy themselves in the packing of holy cards to send to the Sisters of Service. A mite-box also attracts pennies every week and the proceeds go to the missions.

Thus, through the efforts of the Commercial Class and the generous co-operation of the student body of the Academy we have been able to do our share in fulfilling God's mandate "Go, teach all nations". We are happy that we have done so and hope the work will be carried on.

### November 9

Forty Hours--One of those intermittent echoes of the Annual Retreat, where in the peaceful silence of "Exposition" we seek and ask and find--This was the first time this beautiful Ceremony was held in the Academy. Reverend Father Gorman officiated at the

## THE NORTHERN ST.

... from opening and his conferences were particularly appropriate. Reverend Doctor Kieffer, C.R. of North Bay College was in charge during the second day, appealing in his sermon for a more intimate union with Our Lord in the Tabernacle. The Boarders' Choir lent fervour to the devotions by the beautiful Mass in parts rendered so feelingly and by their special Benediction music.

### November 11

Armistice. Should not we, the younger generation, pay a tribute to the fallen heroes? The past, as it were, rises before us like a dream. We hear the sounds of preparation for war--the beating of the drums, the clarion call of the bugles. We see the pale faces of women whose husbands or sons march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time with the wild grand music of war. We see them marching down the streets of the great cities, through the towns and across the prairies to the ocean steamers that will bear them away to the fields of glory to do or to die for the eternal right. We follow them to the trenches and on all their weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storms and under the quiet stars. We are with them in the hospital ward, and in their prison of hatred and of famine. We are home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the silvered head of the father, the heart-crushed mother or sister, bowed beneath this last grief. Again we hear the roar and shriek of bursting shells when heroes died.....Once more we look and in that war-torn land we see homes and firesides and the faces of the free. These heroes died for liberty--they died for us. They sleep on the land they made free under the flag they rendered stainless. The earth may run red with other wars--they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death.

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### November 21

A very happy incident in our School Calendar was the ceremony of Reception in the Pro-Cathedral, when Doreen Hickey, one of our own Commercial students and shortly out of school, was clothed with the Habit of the Sister Adorers of the Precious Blood. His Excellency, Bishop Dignan, presided, and the beautiful ritual of this cloistered Community was particularly impressive. The S.J.A. Resident Students' Choir attended from the gallery, rendering the "Missa Solemnis" by Pietro Ton, while the students of the Day School occupied reserved seats in the nave. Doreen is the first candidate to enter the Novitiate since the establishment of the Monastery in North Bay last March. Her name is now Sister Mary Teresa and she will remain at the Monastery here. We recall that two other pupils are now Novices at the Monastery of the same Community in Toronto. These are Valeda Kilroy, now Sister Veronica of the Holy Face, and Margaret Burrell who received the Habit there in October and is known in Community as Sister Mary Reparatrix.

### December 10

London.....This is London calling.....  
London calling the Empire. "At long last I have been able to say a few words.....God bless you all. God save the King."

### December 13

Sodality Reception of thirty-three new members in the Pro-Cathedral by Reverend Father Gorman. Congregational singing and pretty Shrine added to the impressive ceremony.

### December 15

Inspector Husband visited the classes and expressed his satisfaction with the work being done. Shortly afterwards the usual Recommendation for Lower School pupils was forwarded from the Department of Education.

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December 18

Classes dismissed for the holiday. St. Joseph's wished "Happy Christmas" to the resident students at a full-course Christmas Dinner in the prettily-decorated Refectory. Reverend Fathers Gorman and Humphrey were guests of honour at the head table. Flowers, place-cards, table favours and candles carried out the seasonal note, while the beautifully-illuminated Tree guarded for the moment the daintily-tied gift boxes, one for each student. Piano numbers and sparkling carols sung by the Choral groups interspersed the banquet courses and when all was over the tree was joyously unburdened. Reverend Father Humphrey in his own humorous manner presented the gifts and then- - - - -

TICKETS! TRUNKS! TAXIS! TRAINS! FOR

-----HOME SWEET HOME-----

January 11

An all-present re-opening with "Grand Change" of classes to new Forms---III to Lower Annex, II to III; I to Upper Annex, Commercial downstairs. Reverend Father Gorman visited the School and pronounced a New Year's Blessing.

January 23

Silver Jubilee Bells ringing for our dear, kind Sister Emerentia--our good friend at all times but particularly so when it comes to "sleep-in" breakfast, late lunch or four o'clock "piece", or again when for candy sales, weiner roasts or school teas we ask to intrude in her kitchen and our intrusions turn out to be invasions.

**PRIZE-WINNING STUDENTS**  
**AT ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY COMMENCEMENT, 1936-1937**



L. Deejardins

M. Burns

A. McCool

M. Allen



**REVEREND M. J. GORMAN**

Blessed Sacrament Parish  
Sault Ste. Marie

Formerly Spiritual Director at  
St. Joseph's Academy

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scholarly exhortations, accented by simple references to practical experiences, could not fail to prompt renewed resolutions towards higher and nobler ideals. Particularly inspiring was the closing ceremony, which centred about a beautiful shrine of Our Lady. The special singing for the Mission services was the appreciated privilege of the S.J.A. Choir.

### March 1

Retreat over, we had just settled down to give practical proof of its effectiveness, when like that "bolt from the blue" and with shattering crash came the announcement that Reverend Father Gorman had been appointed out of the city. Now there was just one Father Gorman and he was, emphatically, ours. Four years ago he had come to us a stranger, yet not strange, for at once we surrendered to the genuine charm of his priestly personality. We had rejoiced with him on the occasion of his Silver Jubilee. As Rector of the Cathedral he had been the pillar of strength in those trying days following Bishop Scollard's death. We had known him as Chaplain of our Sodality and as Religious Director of our School, and his kindly, sympathetic and interested assistance had been graciously ours on every occasion. Not until our beloved Pastor stood in the pulpit and preached his formal farewell, could we force ourselves to believe he was really going. During the week there were assemblies and addresses, presentations and partings among the various Organizations of the parish, each accentuating the more the indefinable beauty and tender strength of that invisible bond that binds God's Priest to his people; and then, for one last brief hour we hoped to claim him for our own. We would sing for him once more our "Tender Song", and we would tell him of our love, our gratitude, and now of our grief. He came-- but alas! for our programme. Voices faltered as

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tears flowed, and we could but kneel as he lifted his hand in parting blessing and was gone. Our prayers and good wishes still follow him to his new home in Blessed Sacrament Parish at Sault Ste. Marie, and we trust that even in his busy days he may not relinquish his kindly interest in S.J.A.

### March 1

A classroom visit from Most Reverend P.J. Monahan, Archbishop of Regina. As parish priest of the Cathedral some years ago, it was he who effected the purchasing of the property that brought into existence St. Joseph's Academy. Though his duties are now Archdiocesan and multitudinous he has retained a not-unappreciated interest in it. His visits--always a surprise--are most happy ones.

### March 12

Debate with Scollard Hall bringing home our Silver Cup, and next day a telegram of Congratulations.

### March 17

"Maytime in Erin", a sparkling Irish Comedy sponsored by the C.W.L. in the Royal Theatre and of definite interest to S.J.A. because in the specialty numbers our vocal quintette (Muriel Saya, Norma Virgili, Isabel MacDonald, Margaret Corbett and Velma Walsh) were to challenge the birds in the blossoming tree-tops. They did, assisted at the piano by Evelyn McGrea.

### March 19

St. Joseph's Day, always a gala day at the Academy, was celebrated this year in a novel manner when at a delightfully-arranged Bridge and Tea the Resident Students' Choral Class fêted Barbara Grant



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and Lorna Smith, the winners of the Interscholastic Debate. Promptly at two-thirty Classes were dismissed and the Boarders lost no time donning festive attire for the occasion. The first hour was spent at Bridge in the Senior Recreation Room, and when scores had been totalled and prizes awarded, the gay party went down to the Music Assembly Room, effectively decorated with tall ferns and a profusion of lovely Spring flowers.

The Tea-table was dainty in Italian cut-work and tall yellow candles in silver holders, while a centre-piece of daffodils repeated the tone of Spring and harmonized pleasingly with the sparkling silver services. In the glow of soft lights daintily-frocked Seniors formed a pretty picture as they graciously fulfilled the duties of hostess. A musical programme of Piano, Voice and String selections was provided during the tea-hour by student artists.

Guests of honour for the occasion included Reverend Father Humphrey, newly-appointed Rector of the Cathedral, and Reverend Father Brunck of North Bay College. At five o'clock Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament terminated the day's festivities, and thus another St. Joseph's Day slipped into history.

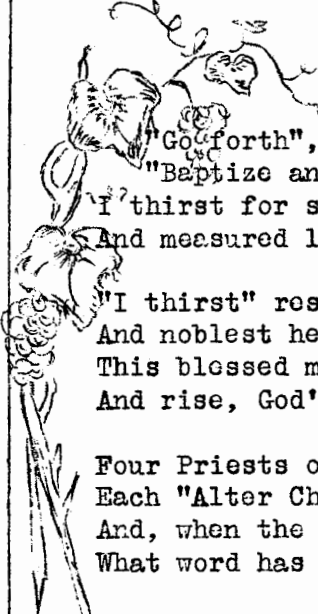
### March 23

The purple shadows of Easter deepen and classes are dismissed giving place to the solemn Church services of Holy Week held in the Pro-Cathedral. Their culmination on Easter Saturday morning by the ordination of four new priests for our Diocese was very impressive. We presume to add our word of welcome and of congratulation and wish them many happy years of priestly service. The new priests are Revorend Fathers Brennan, Cowan, Buckheit and Isabelle.

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OUR NEW PRIESTS

Easter Saturday, March 27, 1937



"Go forth", the Master spoke unto His chosen few;  
"Baptize and teach and save; let none be lost;  
I thirst for souls. My Father's Love is Mine  
And measured lightly by Redemption's cost."




"I thirst" resounds across the arch of Time,  
And noblest hearts are quick the plaint to hear;  
This blessed morn we watched four Levites kneel  
And rise, God's vested Priests, His power to share.

Four Priests of God! Oh! Heaven; Oh! earth, rejoice!  
Each "Alter Christus" lifts his hand to bless;  
And, when the morrow dawns--glad Easter morn--  
What word has power to tell their happiness?

Their Easter Mass!--their first--at altars four  
Will Consecration bells their power proclaim;  
Four Chalices will cup the Blood of Christ,  
In hands new-blest of God's new Priests will gleam.

Then soon they'll go into the Master's fields,  
"Behold all days I'm with you. Do not fear."  
Sault Ste. Marie is far from Olives Mount,  
But o'er both time and space His Voice rings clear.

O Mary, Queen, whose Son was earth's first Priest,  
Let thy blue mantle their protection be;  
Their all-on-earth they've left to follow Him,  
Oh! keep them close, close to thy Son and thee.





MOST REVEREND R. H. DIGNAN, D.D.,  
Bishop of the Diocese of Saint Paul, Minnesota.

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### April 11

Two Sisters of Service of Toronto, guests at the Academy for a few days. They showed slides to indicate some of their activities among the new Canadians in the sparsely-settled West, and of their meeting immigrants at the Ocean ports. We saw also glimpses of their hostels for homeless and friendless girls in large cities, and incidentally of their own Community life. We had heard before of the Sisters of Service but had never seen them, and the talk given by Sister Meade as Sister Rose operated the lantern was most interesting. Our mite-boxes had filled up during Lent and we offered the Sisters a neat little sum when leaving.

### April 13

Father Humphrey, now Spiritual Director of the School, read "Reports" for his first time. If we'd only execute a few of his kindly suggestions, there would be no "stars" in June.--There'll BE NO stars in June !!!!!

### April 16

"Marie Chapdelaine" at the Capitol. This classic of Canadian Literature had an added interest since it is this year an assignment in Upper School English. We were glad to return for one o'clock class in order to "fall in" for the procession to the theatre at two. The story of love, fidelity and sacrifice was vividly unfolded through realistic pictures and we shall fear nothing on that subject from the Department in June.

### May 4

Father Gorman in the City for the Ceremony of Reception of the Sister-Adorers of the Precious Blood, visited all the classes radiating happiness

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as he passed from room to room. We have reason to know Father Gorman hasn't expended all his affections in Sault Ste. Marie.

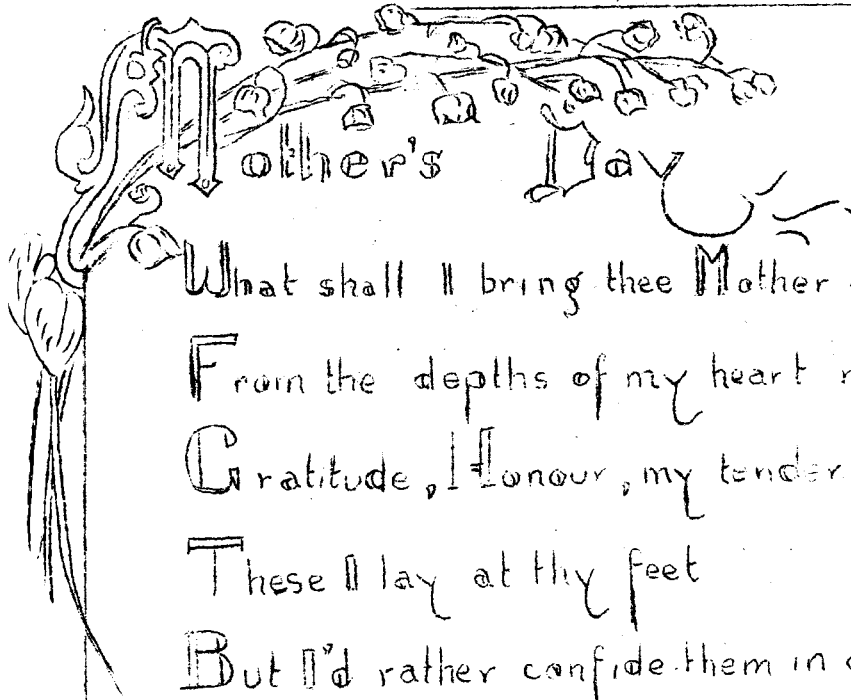
### May 8

Could the foundress of this beautiful Title or one of her Executive have been in North Bay this morning, surely she would have rejoiced at our response. Souvenir cards had been distributed, a special Mass at 8:30 had been arranged for and over three hundred girls received Holy Communion. The Children of Mary in uniform with blue insignia and medal led the lengthy procession up the main aisle. Congregational singing of lovely May hymns and a rose-decked shrine accented the meaning of Mary's Day.

The meaning is prolonged throughout the year by the beautiful statue of Our Lady--gift of Doris Prunty (Mrs. Barrington, Toronto), which still stands in St. Thomas Aquinas Hall. The benign countenance of her to whom was first given the title "Alma Mater" meets our gaze as we enter in the morning and when our studies are over and we leave for home, her smile seems to follow us on our way. Surely every day should be a "Mary's Day" for our girls.

### May 11

We were scarcely aware of the intensity of our spark of patriotism until we assembled in the quadrangle at 9:00 o'clock for our "open air" Coronation Exercises. After a spirited choral programme--O Canada, Land of Glad To-morrows, and all our favourites, the different Class Presidents presented the prettily-ribboned Coronation Medals that had come through the Daughters of the Empire for each student.



What shall I bring thee Mother of mine  
From the depths of my heart replete?  
Gratitude, Honour, my tenderest Love  
These I lay at thy feet  
But I'd rather confide them in deep  
earnest prayer

To the Mother Divine whose sweet touch  
Doth transmute every wish to the purest  
of gold

Through His power Who loved her so much

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### May 12, Coronation Day

Our School measured up with the gayest in its colourful streamers and fluttering flags. There was no need of announcing a free day. At nine o'clock the girls attended the Solemn High Mass of Thanksgiving at which His Excellency, Bishop Dignan, in Cappa Magna, assisted from the throne and delivered an inspiring sermon. In concise and classic diction His Excellency struck effectively the note of the occasion, paying patriotic tribute to their Majesties and to the Monarchy. He traced the definitely Catholic origin of the religious phase of the Ceremony of Coronation and stated that the prayers repeated by the Archbishop of Canterbury are found in the Roman Missals used at our altars. Reference was made also to the erection and initial purpose of Westminster Abbey.

Mother Superior had arranged for a new short-wave Radio in the Senior Recreation Room where all who cared to remain in followed clearly the Ceremony in Westminster Abbey. Later we listened eagerly to the colonial messages received at London and to King George's memorable address to his subjects on that great day.

### May 20

Graduation Day, with its sentiments of mingled joy and sorrow. Ten of the loveliest girls in all this wonderful world made their formal farewell to St. Joseph's. To share their joy at having attained their scholastic goal the School was gay with Graduation Greetings, scrolls and streamers, while the special Mass for them and the special Benediction at two-thirty were meaningful preludes to the evening function on the classic stage of the Capitol Theatre. A shadow over all that refused to be dispelled was the thought



BRITAIN'S ROYAL FAMILY



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that Ada Smith, one of the ten, had taken ill quite suddenly just a few days before and had been removed to St. Joseph's Hospital, where she was now resting after an operation.

Immediately after leaving the Theatre the Graduates visited the Photography Studio and then dispersed to spend the evening among their dear ones. At the Academy an "At Home" awaited the four girls in residence whose relatives and friends from out of town joined them at Dinner. Roses, shaded lights and dainty table service, music, gifts and congratulatory messages prolonged their social hour.

### May 21

The Alumnae claimed our sweet girl-graduates for the first of their series of social functions when Mrs. P. Vizena (Aileen Sayer) President, entertained at a delightful afternoon Tea at her home. Misses Helen Lyons, Hilda Brown and Marguerite Desrochers assisted in welcoming the "Just-outs" who are soon to be Alumnae "Just-ins".

### June 2

Leafy June and the fragrance of Lilac bloom alone might have lured us into the evening grounds, but these were really secondary to the irresistible invitation from those "irrepressible" Second Formers to join their Garden Party. Nor may we call it a Coronation function, even at the risk of being thought unfashionable. It was, instead, a "Station" Garden Party, its objective being to augment the fund opened some time ago for the purchase of new Stations for the Chapel.

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In time scarcely longer than it takes to write about it, attractive Refreshment Booths sprang up and little tea tables dotted the lawns. Posters, original, colourful and effective, as only that Second Form Art Class can produce, had been used for advertising, and four o'clock brought merry crowds of pupils from the City schools, students from the Collegiate and from the College, as well as parents and friends. His Excellency, Bishop Duggan, dropped in when passing and added interest to the gaiety.

Tennis and Soft-Ball Courts were open, "Throws" were taken on this and that and the Home-Cooking and Ice-cream counters had to be replenished. Did anyone say it RAINED? Yes, it rained EIGHTY DOLLARS and five cents into the money boxes. Congratulations, Sophomores, we refer all our readers to your names listed a few pages over.

On the following day Mother Madeleine visited the classrooms and thanked most earnestly the Executive who had undertaken the function, the Form who sponsored it and all others who had co-operated so generously in making it such an outstanding success.

### June 4

A second "Graduation" Tea assembled the happy group at the home of Mrs. A. T. Smith whose daughter, Lorna, is among the season's 'Ten'. The Ten was complete for the first time on this occasion as Ada who had recovered sufficiently to leave the Hospital, had motored up from their Lake Shore Cottage to join her classmates. In charge of her cousin, Miss Mae Johnson, she was being well attended and we know the little outing was as health-helping as it was entertaining. Fragrant blossoms in delicate green and

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white arrangement and green candles made the tea-table daintily-attractive. Betty and Lorna assisted their mother and the pleasant hour registered another treasured number in the Graduates' Book of Memories. With Betty and Frances gone before, Lorna is the third of this prominent North Bay family to graduate from St. Joseph's, and we shall look forward to still another as little Miss Anna is now closing her first year, and with no slight distinction.

### June 6, Alumnae Day

Mass, Communion Breakfast, Business Meeting with election of officers.

### June 10

Reverend Father Humphrey visited the classes, gave an interested and interesting pre-vacation talk replete with kindly and fatherly suggestions concerning a happy, wholesome summer holiday, and imparted his Closing blessing.



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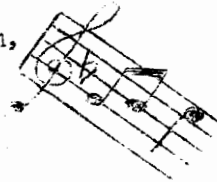
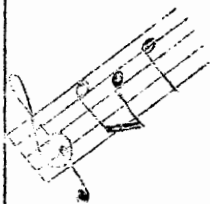
### - - - M U S I C - - -

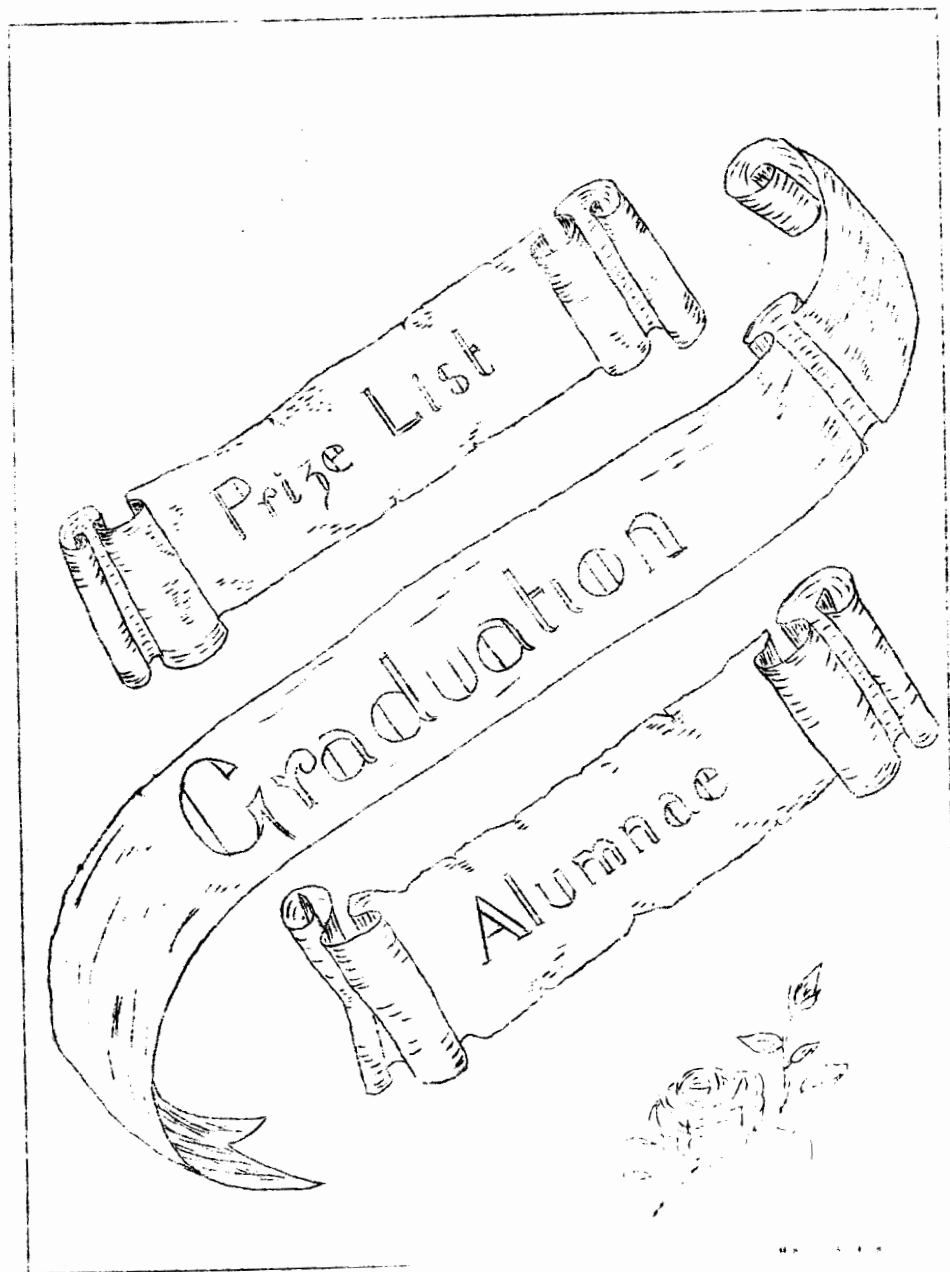
Rightly has someone said, "Music is a gift of God". The meaning of song goes deep. Who is there that in logical words can express the effect it has on us? The plaintive sob of violin, the laughing rhapsody of piano, the soul-stirring ecstasy of the human voice, each is an inarticulate, unfathomable speech that leads us to the Infinite.

Here at St. Joseph's Music holds a prominent place on the Curriculum. Tuition in Piano, Voice Culture and String, as well as in Theory and in the History of Music, is under the direction of experienced and successful teachers.

This year the Choral Classes, both Resident and Day-pupil Divisions, have achieved a high degree of success. Liturgical Music, Radio Broadcasts and Part Singing have varied and have added to the interest of the year's Vocal activities in the School. It is as if Alma Mater, eager always to secure the best for her children, has placed Music, the first of the Arts, in a prominent place among her studies.

"Sing when the birds are waking,  
Sing with the morning light,  
Sing in the noontide's golden beam,  
Sing in the hush of night.  
Sing when the heart is troubled,  
Sing when the hours are long,  
Sing when the storm-clouds gather,  
Sweet is the voice of Song."





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A L M A    M A T E R

To her Parting Children

"Oh God be with you till we meet again  
Dear child of mine, although I know not when  
That day shall be. I trust that through the years  
Your path may lead in smiling ways; may tears  
Ne'er blind the eyes I love, though in the rain  
The knowledge comes that joy is born of pain.  
I wish for you the happiness you ask of Him each morn.  
I hope each daily task of yours may be fulfilled  
As you desire; that Love may warm your heart  
In Love's own fire. I trust you find true friends,  
That enemies may do no harm; and, dear, on bended knees  
I pray that danger shun the path you tread;  
I want to feel that Time has ever led  
Your steps to all that's best and sweet in life!  
And, friend of mine, in joy, in care, in strife,  
Your friend am I. Oh! sail the deepest sea,  
Or climb the highest hill; the widest lea cross over,  
My love is yours; 'tis ever yours.  
And now, my child, the parting time is near;  
Your way is yonder way and mine lies here.  
The Lord be with you till we meet again;  
In life and death, dear,

AUF WIEDERSEHEN".

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GRADUATES'

"The end draws nigh;  
 'tis time that I  
 were gone."  
 Norma Hogan.

If you have tears  
 prepare to shed  
 them now.  
 Edna Smith/37

"The only cure for grief  
 is action."

Barbara Lynard

Together we stand;  
 Divided we fall.  
 Catherine Blum

Hail and Farewell!  
 Lena Smith/37

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FAREWELLS

But now farewell  
I am going a long way  
with these three seats  
— if indeed I go!  
Doreen Wilks

And this, fair  
maiden, my husband  
made.  
Virginia Rogers

If you have knowledge  
let others light their  
candles at it.  
Mary O'Brien.

The time to leave  
has come  
Farewell to all  
my friends

Is this a dagger that  
I see behind me?  
Helena Rogers



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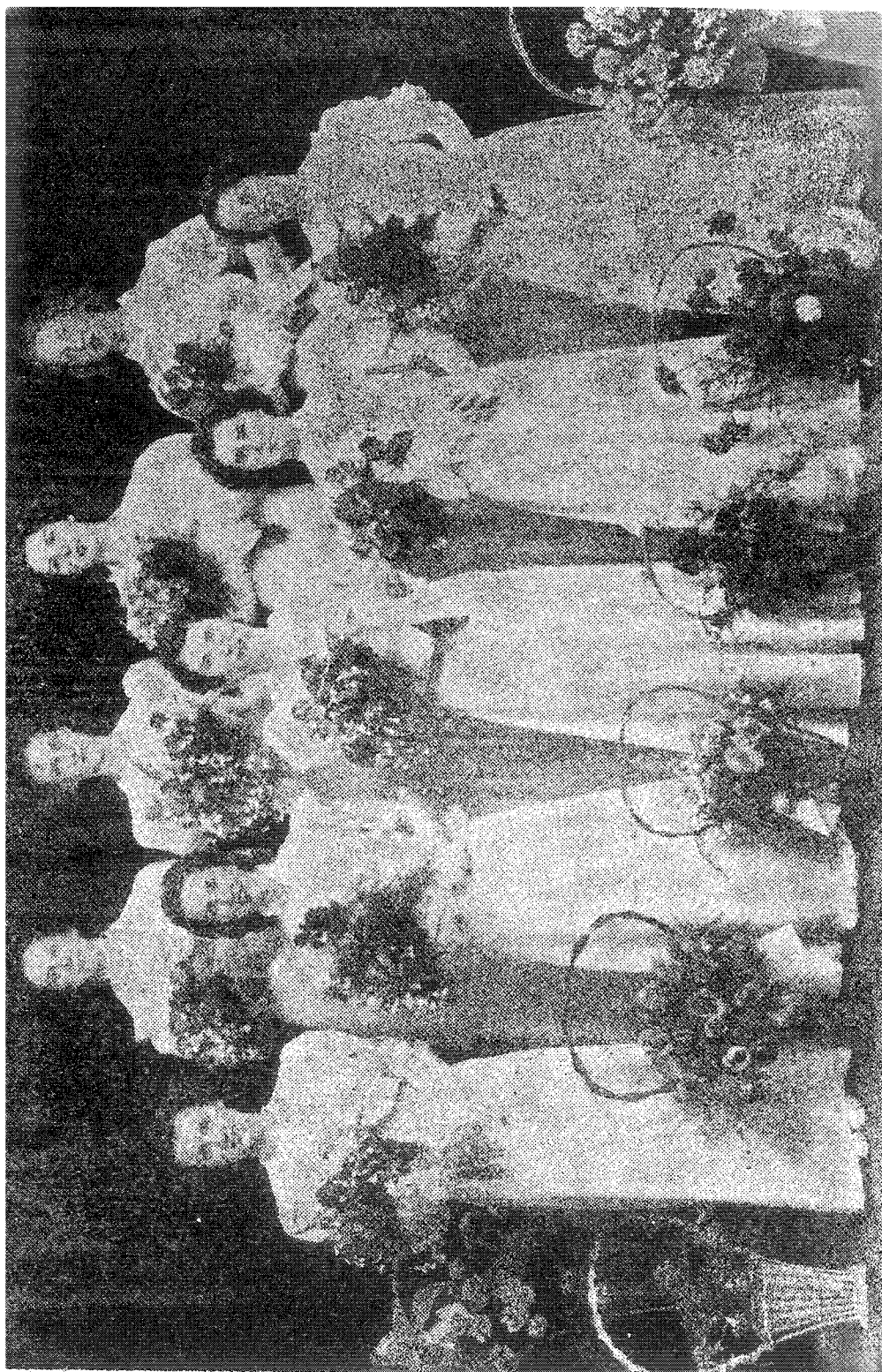
### GRADUATION AT ST. JOSEPH'S, NORTH BAY

Lovely Maytime lent smiling skies and the fairest of its blossoms to the students of St. Joseph's Academy, North Bay, for their annual commencement on Thursday, May 20. At eight o'clock His Excellency, Most Reverend R.H. Dignan, D.D., celebrated in the Pro-Cathedral of the Assumption, the special Mass for the graduates of the year, a fitting prelude for their gladsome day. The young ladies thus honoured occupied reserved seats while the large congregation included the students of the Academy and the parents and friends of the graduates.

At two-thirty the Cathedral was again filled for the Benediction that St. Joseph's always arranges for her parting children. Reverend J.C. Humphrey officiated and addressed the graduates of the day, offering them his congratulations and good wishes through the Eucharistic Heart of Our Lord in the Tabernacle. The singing for both morning and afternoon services was a sweet tribute from the Academy girls to the companions who are now leaving. Their recessional, "Sweet Saviour, Bless Us Ere We Go", was particularly effective.

The spacious stage of the Capitol Theatre in the richest of its classic drapes was the setting at five o'clock for the formal graduation exercises and the exemplification of the Academy's "Finis Coronat Opus".

His Excellency, Bishop Dignan, presided and a large audience of clergy, parents, relatives and invited friends assembled for this interesting function. The curtain rose on an arresting picture of two hundred pupils in school uniform arranged in tiers against



GRADUATES OF 1937

Upper—M. O'Brien, L. Smith, V. Larocque, F. Negus  
Lower—B. Grant, C. Bullbrook, N. Hogan, I. Wicks, I. Moore  
Absent—A. Smith

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a background of rose-red velour caught at the sides by folds of softer blue. A delicate lighting adjustment offset with advantage the profusion of beautiful bloom in the foreground. On the arrival of His Excellency, Wilkins "Ecce Sacerdos" broke in expressively sweet unison from the two hundred hearts, and following the Salutatory spoken by Marian Mulligan, he was escorted to the stage.

To the accompaniment of a string orchestra in the pit the youthful graduates in clinging white with arm-sheaf of roses, and each attended by a tiny flower-girl filed gracefully from the wing to their places and completed a picture of irresistible loveliness.

The delightful program opened through a sparkling chorus "On Life's Journey" and a vocal ensemble "Greetings to Spring" by a gracefully-gowned septette of convent singers. Introduced in turn by Doris Murphy, a sub-senior, the graduates advanced to His Excellency for the simple but significant formality of "Crowning" and from his hand to receive the crested medal. A minor note was struck here owing to the regretted absence of one of the class. Miss Ada Smith had been registered at St. Joseph's Hospital a few days previous, and her little attendant received for her the graduation medal to be presented to her later in the evening at the hospital.

In her excellent Valedictory Irene Wicks voiced the sentiments of her companions and paid grateful tribute to their Alma Mater, after which Margaret Corbett's vocal number "The World in June" supplied a pleasing interlude. The list of scholastic awards for the closing year was then read by Margaret Colton while His Excellency, Bishop Dignan, made the presentations.

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His Excellency then addressed the assembly, explaining the derivation and meaning of the word "Graduate" and congratulating the young ladies on their attainment of the honour. He thanked the parents for their appreciation of and co-operation in educational endeavour and congratulated the Sisters of St. Joseph's Academy on its progress. He hoped the day might come when it would be a Ladies' College in federation with a Northern University.

Again the student body rose and filled the lofty theatre with sweet melody by a devotional rendition of their school hymn, "We Hail Thee, St. Joseph", by Perusch, and the charming function closed with the National Anthem.

Following is the graduating list:

Misses Ivy Pearl Moore, Irene Mary Wicks, Catherine Caroline Bullbrook, Norma Mary Hogan, Ada Caroline Smith, Lorna Marian Smith all of North Bay, Barbara Johanna Grant, Little Long Lac, Thelma Ann Negus, Cobalt, Mary Cecilia O'Brien, Coniston, and Virginia Angeline LeRocque, Spanish.

Prizes for the scholastic year 1935--36 in the High School Department of St. Joseph's Academy were awarded as follows:

Presented by Most Reverend R. H. Dignan, D.D. for highest standing in Upper School Departmental examinations June, 1936, to Anna Mary McGuinty, North Bay.

Donated by Dr. P. McIntyre for highest standing in Junior Matriculation examinations June, 1936, to Irene Wicks, North Bay, who obtained eight first-class honours.

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Donated by Senior Branch, Catholic Women's League, North Bay subdivision, for highest standing in Form III, Marie Papineau, Spanish; Form II, Marian Mulligan, Creighton Mine; Senior Commercial, Mary McFadden, Peterborough; Junior Commercial, Helen Pasmore; Form IA, Alice McCool; Form IB, Anita Corbeil.

Donated by Sault Ste. Marie Diocesan Catholic Women's League for interest in missionary activities, Virginia Larocque, Spanish; For greatest progress in Form II, Elena O'Hara ; in Bilingual Class, Louise Desjardins; in Form IA, Nora Regan; in Form IB, Muriel Burns.

Donated by Reverend M. J. Gorman, for Christian Doctrine, June 1936: Senior Forms, Ivy Moore, Catherine Bullbrook; Form III, Marie Papineau, Spanish; Form II, Lucretia Pepin, Blind River; Commercial, Gertrude Kennedy; Form IA, Patricia Bourke; Form IB, Doris Armstrong.

Donated by St. Joseph's Academy Alumnae Association. for Public Speaking, Lorna Smith.

Donated by Reverend Father Regan, for Public Speaking, Barbara Grant, Little Long Lac.

Donated by Doctor G. W. Smith, for School Spirit, Margaret Allen.

Donated by Monsignor T. J. Crowley for Excellence in Honour Matriculation English, Norma Hogan; for Excellence in Junior Matriculation English, Mary Merrifield, Capreol.

Donated by Reverend Father Batterton for Excellence in Junior Matriculation Latin, Pauline Morrow,

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Copper Cliff; Excellence in Dramatics, Muriel Saya.

Donated by Reverend C.J. Salini, Excellence in Junior Matriculation Mathematics, Margaret Ingolfsrud, Sault Ste. Marie; General Proficiency in Form III, Bernice Corbeil.

Donated by Reverend J.C. Humphrey for the best prose contribution to the School Magazine, to Ada Smith, North Bay.

Donated by Reverend Father Belcastro for Gregorian Music awarded to: Resident student, Thelma Negus, Cobalt; Non-resident student, Norma Virgili.

Donated by a Friend for Excellence in Choir work, to Velma Walsh and Isabel McDonald.

Donated by a Friend for Vocal music, Margaret Corbett.

Donated by Reverend E. E. Bunyan for application to study, Mary O'Brien, Coniston.

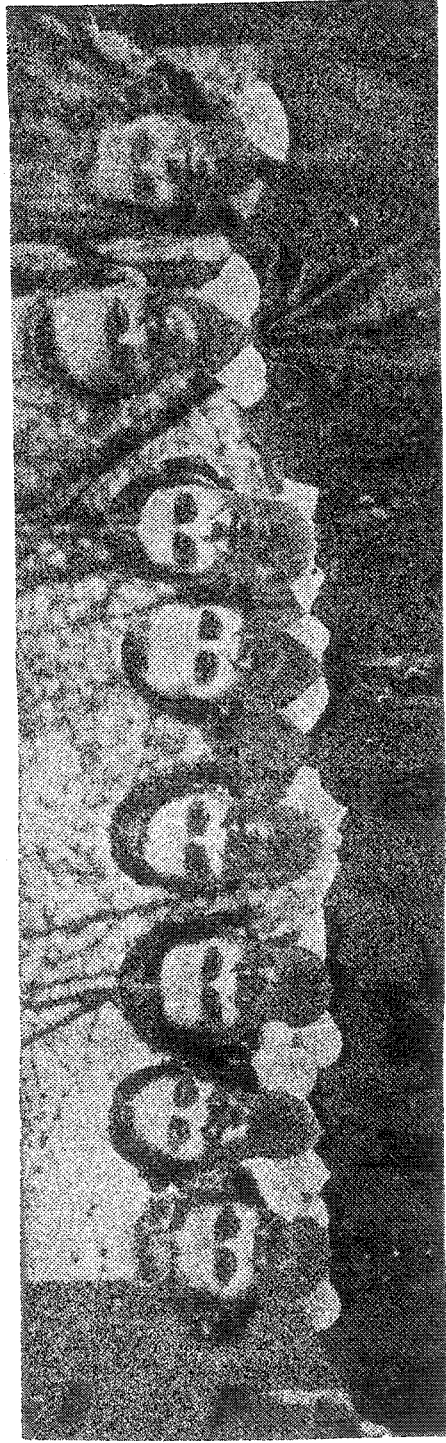
Donated by a Friend for Excellence in Typewriting, to Dorothy Sinclair, Copper Cliff.

Donated by a Friend for best contributions in poetry to School Magazine, Patricia Hogan, Rita Knight and Margaret Colton.



# PRIZE-WINNING STUDENTS

AT ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY COMMENCEMENT, 1936-1937



|           |            |           |          |         |          |           |            |
|-----------|------------|-----------|----------|---------|----------|-----------|------------|
| M. Colton | N. Virgili | R. Knight | V. Walsh | M. Saya | P. Hogan | E. O'Hara | B. Corbell |
|-----------|------------|-----------|----------|---------|----------|-----------|------------|



|            |          |            |             |            |           |
|------------|----------|------------|-------------|------------|-----------|
| A. Corbell | N. Regan | H. Pasmore | L. McDonald | M. Corbett | P. Bourke |
|------------|----------|------------|-------------|------------|-----------|

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### A L U M N A E

Sunday, June 7, was Alumnae Day at the Academy. About forty former pupils gathered for the Annual Reunion which opened with Holy Mass in the Chapel, celebrated by Reverend C.P. Mellen, C.R. of North Bay College. His scholarly sermon was in appropriate theme, developing the definition of the ordinary word "school". It is not the building of brick and mortar nor yet the equipment or even the faculty that supplies the essential note. This is, rather, something intangible and something spiritual--namely the interplay of human personalities between pupil and teacher and between pupil and pupil. Its effects are certain and lasting, though perhaps not realized until long after graduation has ended what may have seemed to be but years of monotonous routine with purely material objective. In the Catholic school that objective is not entirely material. It implies a character-building process actuated and motivated by agencies transcendently powerful--those of faith and of religion, exercised by teachers ever working for an ideal. Such is the fostering influence of Alma Mater that her graduates should feel the responsibility and duty of gratitude. They should be heralds to others with an ambition to see their school grow and prosper. Their example and deportment should reflect no discredit, since there is nothing so convincing as the manifest result and effect of training. Father Mellen concluded his sermon with an appeal for prayerful remembrance of teachers.

After Mass the Alumnae assembled in the Refectory for Breakfast and were joined there by their Chaplain, Reverend Father Humphrey.



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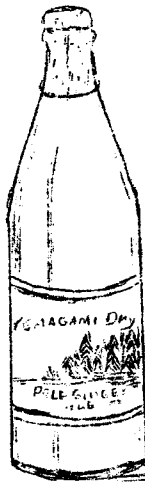
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