

But during leap year, the girls must wait 24 hours more.

Therefore, during leap year, the girls must go into action.

However, the study of the concrete and peculiar facts lead me intensively to doubt about the statement of the discussed hypothesis, even after a broad elaboration of the reasons brought in favor of this hypothesis. As a matter of fact, we can state as a general rule that the leap year did not yet change appreciably the mores in the matter of relations between boys and girls: up to date, no one has been kidnapped, nobody has been bitten; the atmosphere of the rooms is always the same; they are no more perfumed than they were in 1951.

Briefly, the leap year does not stop the moon from rotating around the earth nor does it stop the timid boys from twiddling their thumbs, nor the curious ones from exploiting.

The most logical conclusion would be that I do not believe in "reversed love". How about you?

—THE TWINS '53

THE OLD CHAPEL REVISITED

The other day, while awaiting "next period", I wandered into the old Chapel and sat down to reminisce. The former Sanctuary and sacristy have become a classroom—the nicest one on the Campus. The Chapel proper is used as an assembly Hall, and a number of the old pews with the carvings of generations still serve as seats. One of the old side Altars has found a new home in the present Sisters' Chapel as have part of the old Sanctuary Rail and some of the pews. These latter are hardly recognizable as sanding and varnish have obliterated the traces of the years to prevent the good Nuns having distractions at their meditations.

It is pleasant to remember that Our Lord still comes down to this rail each morning—the rail over which have flown such rivers of Grace, across the years and at which

unnumbered students have knelt to receive the Redeemer of their souls. It is fitting, too, that this Rail should remain with the Sisters of St. Martha, for it was kneeling here that the first of their number pronounced her Holy Vows, the first public Profession of First Holy Vows ever to be made on Prince Edward Island on March 19, 1917. How Heaven must have hushed to listen to this first perfect oblation from the lips of Sister Mary Clare, spoken from the little Island which had given so many of its daughters to the Church abroad, but to none of whom previously had been given the privilege of making the holocaust complete in the homeland.

I thought of the Rectors whose pictured likenesses now adorn our Reception Room and all of whom have built so much better than they knew, from the first, Father Angus MacDonald down to our own devoted, capable Monsignor MacKenzie. I remember the story I had read of Bishop Bernard MacDonald driving from Rustico to the College on a midwinter morning, consecrating some altar stones and celebrating Mass, all without any fire in the Chapel. If His Excellency had to endure such, we may presume the students of the time had to bear equal hardships. One student relates that he invariably left his shoe brush near his wash basin at night, for he needed it to break the ice in the morning. It is a far cry from our present automatic, electrically powered, thermostatically controlled steam system of heating. And the heating system is only one example of progress and achievement.

I thought of the many Faculty members, who since the Feast of St. Andrew, 1831, have given of their best for the cause of higher learning in our Diocese and beyond its limits, because St. Dunstan's has never selfishly confined itself, but has welcomed students of any race, class or creed. If it be true that, "They, who instruct others shall shine as stars for all Eternity", surely the faculty members of our College, cleric and lay, will sparkle like burnished diamonds because they have ever given service—unstinted, consecrated, with good measure, pressed down and running over. With them teaching has been and is, a Vocation in the best sense of the word.

I thought of the students, in their hundreds, yes, thousands, who had come into this hallowed room since September, 1854, to lay the burden of their sorrows and the bubble of their joys at the Feet of their Divine Teacher

in the Tabernacle. Soon we shall celebrate our Centenary, when the sons and daughters of St. Dunstan's will come flocking back to relive again for a few hours, "the best years of their lives." It will be splendid, glorious to be able to partake in this wonderful centenary celebration, and to see and meet the illustrious of other days. Our greatest, of course, is our beloved, James, Cardinal McGuigan, who graces so well the proud See of Toronto. When he knelt here, I wondered, did any glimmer of his future greatness ever come to him or were his chief worries like mine—how to get pass in Economics I and in Math. and where to get a few extra dollars for the Prom. I thought, too, of Bishop Kelley, who remembered us so frequently and so well and who went out from here with "a head full of determination to make every ounce of learning count for a ton," and went on to do so much for God and the Church with that learning.

I thought—too long. My concentration on our interesting past had been so engrossing that a glance at my watch assured me I had missed the bell and consequently Class. Now, I shall have to go and ask for a "blue slip," and whatever shall I give for an excuse?

—C. F. '54.

FRIVOLITY

Fretful over what to wear,
troubled by unruly hair.

Ruled by convention's silly yoke,
wasting away o'er a glass of coke.

Irked by another's common sense,
miserable over a matter of pence.

Volition free is held as naught,
when a place in society is sought.

Old fashioned are words of the wise,
for it is so easy to rationalize.

Love is taught from comic books,
and based merely on physical looks.

Intoxicated by that called culture,
for such is to secure the future.

To see ourselves as WE wish to see us,
is not the least bit troublous.

Yearning for things that demoralize,
and thus the failure to spiritualize.

—DOMINIC MacDONALD, '52.