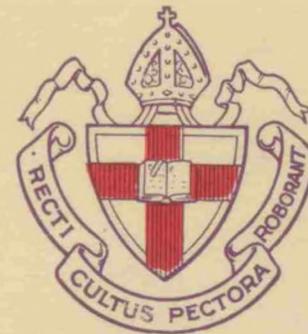


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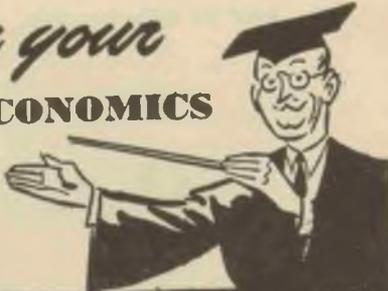
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Foreword

I wish to bring before the readers of *The Mitre*, some thoughts that cannot be repeated too often.

The Victorian Age has suffered much criticism yet it had great merits. Life was simpler and rather uneventful then for it was a tranquil age. Education was conducted as it had been for generations. In its

primary stages it consisted, along with a considerable amount of religious teaching, of what were known as "the three R's. In the later stages there was branching off into study of languages, chiefly Latin and Greek; and arithmetic developed strange allies in geometry and algebra. Modern languages in most schools were confined to French, taught in academic fashion. Latin, Greek, and mathematics were the mainstay of what is called a liberal education. Geography and English Literature were acquired by the zealous student in pursuit of other subjects. History was treated with great respect and some boys had read MacCaulay and Guizot in their spare time.

These studies were continued in the universities. Very little time was given to science or psychology. These subjects were supposed to be picked up by the intellectual student.

The condition of the world now is as unlike as possible the calm progress of the Victorian Age. Everything to-day is in a state of confusion. Educational principles are under severe yet uncertain investigation. There seems to be little sense of discipline, and self-discipline has almost vanished. The consequence is that no strong lead is given to men of good-will. Until we recover the motive of self-discipline little real progress can be made. From the roots of self-discipline spring up the need for co-operation.

One strong man can lead others in "team-work", and that is as necessary in the university as in the world at large. It is from the university that the world will derive its inspiration to go forward. It is the duty of the university to train its students to take their place as leaders in the world.

There were many defects in the old methods of education but there must have been much virtue too, because they produced such excellent results. The cry to-day is, "Let us throw aside the old attitude and system, and try to place our present inspiration on a better footing with new ideals and outlooks upon life". But life is not built in that way. To insure permanence there must be a blending of the old with the new.

So my earnest wish for the present generation is that it should restore the sense of discipline and learn to co-operate with men of sound hearts and brave sane outlook, on the basis of what is old and well tried, with the energy and power which modern life seems to contain within itself.

F. G. Vial, *Hon. President*, THE MITRE.

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Editorial

At McMaster University, Hamilton, Ontario, in 1926, there was held a conference of university students which resulted in the formation of the National Federation of Canadian University Students. Since then N.F.C.U.S. — as it is commonly called — has led an active life, except for a period of inactivity during the war, there then being more important matters at hand. The period of inactivity is over, and N.F.C.U.S. has now an active programme before it. It is essential, therefore, that each university student should understand the importance and significance of this organization.

As no man or country can live apart, so neither can our Canadian Universities hope to secure as great success alone as they would as members of a federation. N.F.C.U.S. is such a federation. Here representatives

from all Canadian Universities join together and are thus able to meet and handle problems common to all. Bishop's is a small college — the smallest in the organization — yet we too have an interest in it. In order that we as a college are to be successful in any N.F.C.U.S. programme it is necessary for us as a student body to understand the scope and the importance of the federation.

That N.F.C.U.S. was organized in the first instance was due to the activity of a former Bishop's student, Rev. L. I. Greene '25-'28. At the first conference at McMaster he was elected the first president. Bishop's twice has had this honour, for at the first peacetime conference, held at McGill in December 1945, W. C. MacVean was elected president.

What essentially is N.F.C.U.S.? Perhaps no better answer can be found to this important question than to quote directly from the Constitution, which states as the object of N.F.C.U.S. — "To promote in every way possible a better understanding among all students; a greater degree of co-operation between all Canadian Universities for the promotion of national interests and to provide a means of developing international relationships with student groups in other countries." It is a student service.

The executive of the National Federation of Canadian University students is in the hands of a president, four vice-presidents and a secretary-treasurer. The president and the four vice-presidents are elected at the Annual Meeting, while the secretary-treasurer is appointed by the Executive Council. The Executive Council also consists of two official representatives from each member-University. The total membership of N.F.C.U.S., however, is composed of all university students paying student government fees.

N.F.C.U.S. has had a successful past, and has been able to secure various benefits for all Canadian Universities, and individual students, in keeping with the aims and objects as laid down in the Constitution. It has secured reductions in play royalties, as well as in prices charged to both individual students, and their respective associations, for athletic equipment. It has arranged for the exchange of undergraduate student between various Canadian Universities, on a scholarship basis. Further it has made provision for national and Empire debating teams, and it has promoted student travel. In connection with the latter it is of interest to note that two tours to Europe were sponsored.

Yet, the N.F.C.U.S. has met with difficulties, especially in regard to finance. Because of the tremendous correspondence carried on by

N.F.C.U.S. the need for a permanent secretary has been great. The funds have never been sufficient to provide for this, however, and a sum of \$500 is the maximum allotted for this purpose. This means that the secretary has also to depend on some other position. Such funds as are raised are in the form of membership fees collected from the various member universities. This membership fee amounts to \$50, plus a per capita levy of .05¢, according to the number of students paying fees to a local student government.

The last N.F.C.U.S. Conference was held in December 1946, at the University of Toronto. To this conference, Bishop's sent two delegates. Here the programme for the year was drawn up. This programme is of great interest to all, as it may greatly affect Canadian University life. Further, the success of the programme can only be secured through the effective co-operation of all colleges involved.

The work at the Conference was divided into four commissions: Cultural, Organization, Constitution and Finance, Student Services and Public Relations. Under the Student Services, the question of student employment was discussed. Several recommendations were passed, among which the most important were:

- 1) That the activities of local branches of Dominion-Provincial Employment Services be given publication through CUP columns in campus publications.
- 2) That local campus authorities undertake to cooperate fully with authorities in charge of unemployment services.
- 3) That where campus employment services do operate, they collect and forward information on summer employment openings to other camps.

Under this same Commission, inter-university activities were also discussed. In the debating sphere, three regional debating divisions have been made, the winners of each division to compete for the national championship. Interest is also to be stimulated in regional drama and musical festivals, and in national athletic championships.

Student services were also discussed. In this connection, a committee was set up by the University of Ottawa to discover the possibility of reduced travelling fares for students. Under student welfare, vocational guidance, housing and health services were considered. Committees were set up to deal with these questions, and, as in the case of all the committees, their findings will be available shortly.

Various features were stressed by the Public Relations Committee. The need for CUP releases to local papers was emphasised, in order that college news would become more widespread. Committees too were appointed to look into the possibility of radio programmes, and the use of films to spread college news. The C.B.C. is to be approached with the idea of establishing an all-varsity programme, originating from various campi in turn. Then, too, the National Film Board is to be approached with a view to acquiring coverage of certain university events.

That in brief is the programme for N.F.C.U.S. for the coming year. The importance of the programme, and of N.F.C.U.S. cannot be over-stressed. As the federation is not a religious or political organization its success therefore depends wholly on its members. We at Bishop's must therefore lend our willing support to the N.F.C.U.S. Not only will we then secure the benefits of the programme, but we will also gain the prestige that comes through membership in this our own student organization. S. M. MacKay.

In This Issue

THE MITRE wishes to make clear that the opinions expressed by contributors do not represent University policy. This magazine is not an official organ. It is a *student activity*, and does not have any political, economic or social axe to grind.

The response to our Michaelmas issue was very gratifying and the staff hopes that their efforts will continue to please both graduates and undergraduates alike. Contributions from all our readers will be given careful attention by the Literary Board. Notes on graduate activities are urgently wanted to enable us to further expand this feature.

Between the covers of this issue we have many surprises for our readers. The Dominion Minister of Finance, the Honorable D. C. Abbott, in response to our request a few weeks ago, took time out from his onerous duties at Ottawa, to write our "lead article" on Dominion-Provincial Relations. His feature deals first with the agreements and discussions undertaken during the past year and then he outlines, by a series of questions and answers, such factors as desirability, necessity,

advantages, tax reductions and provincial autonomy. This concise analysis will be an aid to a comprehensive understanding of this vital issue of today. *Dominion-Provincial Agreements* is a must on the reading list of everybody. The author, a Lennoxville boy completed one year Arts at Bishop's before enlisting in the McGill Siege Battery in 1916. After the war he graduated, in law, from McGill.

Professor W. O. Raymond of THE MITRE Literary Board, has contributed *An Uncanonized Saint*. It deals, in prose and verse, with the first martyr of the Jesuit Mission in Canada, and should prove interesting to THE MITRE's many readers.

Has *The Fascination of Maps* ever held your interest before? Professor Richardson's lucid analysis of conical, Mercator, stereographic and gnomonic projections will grip your imagination as well as provide a much needed fount of digestible information.

The "Ogden Nash" effusion of Dr Jefferis will delight lovers of this poetic genre. His incomparable humor is always appreciated here at Bishop's even though we ourselves quite frequently are the subject of his ready wit.

We feel highly honored in being able to publish *One Called Barabbas* by George Herbert Clarke, distinguished poet and former head of the English department of Queen's University. He is the editor of *The Queen's Quarterly*, one of Canada's outstanding literary publications. An honorary alumnus and a good friend of this University, his sonnet will be read and enjoyed by all our readers.

Mr. George Whalley by a process of much diligent research and a wide knowledge of bibliographical data, verified his original hunch that the copy of *The English Mercury* we gave him some weeks ago was a forgery. He says he had "good fun" doing *A Noise of Swallows*, and readers will certainly find it interesting.

Mary Hall was awarded a Ten Dollar prize for her short story *Miss Davis' Dominion Day*. Her delightful easy style in this work, plus her restrained treatment of an ordinary theme makes pleasurable "must" reading. *Nobil Canticum; Dulce Melos Domum* is Miss Hall's contribution to our poetry assortment in this issue. You will want to hear more from this student who can write so feelingly of

"Peace . . .

. . . that comes in the hushed night,

Quiet and pleading."

Former MITRE President and Editor, Fred Kaufman, now on the *Montreal Star*, has contributed an article which is to form the basis of a larger work later on, dealing with the Canadian Senate. Students of public affairs will find it of interest. Another factual study is that by A. W. Jones, who writes with authority on India after having spent most of the war years there. *The Indian Dilemma* is timely, full of interesting data and covers social, cultural, religious, political and racial problems concisely. He maintains that India's conflict "can never be resolved by discussion." Read it to see why!

Dr. F. O. Call told us the other day by phone that he had no unpublished verse to send us but kindly consented to let us reprint *Christmas Miracle* from *Canadian Homes and Gardens*, December, 1926. A former professor at Bishop's, Dr. Call will be remembered kindly by many readers. He is, in addition a Canadian poet of note and THE MITRE is happy to renew this old acquaintance.

Mr. Lewis Evans is another contributor of poetry. His surprise ending of *Halfbeck's Lament* will please the most casual readers and even produce a smile from the classicists. We are also pleased to hear from Dr. Vial, one of the co-founders of THE MITRE, who has some excellent advice for students and some stimulating thoughts for every reader concerning education for life, and the place in that life for self-discipline. His forward was dictated to one of our staff and is full of the same vigor and spirit remembered by so many of Dr. Vial's old students and friends.

We would like to reiterate again that comments from readers are always appreciated. One of last month's nicest letters came from Mr. H. M. Scott, the father of a graduate, who enclosed a cheque of Ten Dollars to be used as a prize for an article. Thank you very much, Mr. Scott. Your tangible expression of appreciation has given the staff much encouragement.

Dominion-Provincial Agreements

D. C. Abbott.

A current problem of national importance and national interest to all Canadians is that of Dominion-Provincial relations, more particularly in regard to taxation agreements with the provinces.

This article is written therefore with the object of outlining something of the history of the negotiations which have taken place with a number of the provinces since the budget offer was made by the then Minister of Finance, the Right Honourable J. L. Ilsley, last June 27th. The article also deals with some of the questions that have been raised from time to time and concerning which there is a good deal of misunderstanding in the minds of many people.

The essence of the budget offer is an annual payment to each province in consideration of their agreeing not to impose income taxes, corporation taxes, and (if so agreed) succession duties, as well, for a period of five years.

The budget offer contained two optional bases for establishing the guaranteed minimum annual payments to each province. The first of these options was a sum equivalent to \$15 per capita of the 1941 or 1942 population of the province; the second was a sum equivalent to 150% of tax receipts of the province under its wartime tax agreement. Because of its exceptional position, there was also a special arrangement for Prince Edward Island. As a matter of fact, the first option was more favourable to all the provinces except British Columbia, while the second was more favourable to British Columbia. In the case of the first option, the budget offer provided that the annual payments were to be increased by what has come to be known as an "escalator provision". The increase was to be based upon increases in provincial population and national income, worked out according to a carefully devised formula. The option which fixed the minimum at 150% of the wartime tax agreement payment was not subject to increase. In other words, under the budget offer, British Columbia would have got no additional advantage from increases in national income or provincial population for probably the term of the agreement, though the population of British Columbia is growing faster than that of any other province.

NEGOTIATIONS

The provinces of New Brunswick, Manitoba and Saskatchewan

entered into negotiations on the basis of the original budget proposals and informed the Dominion that they were willing to enter into agreements on that basis. Following these discussions, the Premier of British Columbia visited Ottawa to discuss an agreement. He strongly represented that it was unfair that British Columbia with a rapidly increasing population and industrial development should be frozen at the minimum throughout the whole term of the agreement, and urged that the escalator clause should be extended to the guaranteed minimum applicable to his province. After carefully considering the difficult situation presented by British Columbia the Dominion Government agreed to this proposal, upon condition, of course that the three provinces which had already accepted the budget proposals would be prepared to proceed to conclude agreements. The three provinces in question took the view that the escalator provision should not be extended to British Columbia unless compensating adjustments were made to other provinces in order to give them a comparable position with that of British Columbia. This was recognized as a reasonable position and efforts were made to work out the best means of assuring substantial equality for all.

The Dominion Government had an obligation to New Brunswick, Manitoba, and Saskatchewan, because it had been understood when the agreements were negotiated with them that the advantages of any variations in the original proposals would be extended to the three provinces.

NEW OPTIONS

After considering all the factors involved, the Dominion Government decided to extend to all Provinces two additional options for establishing the minimum payments. Both new options begin with a per capita payment. Briefly, the first option includes in addition some recognition of the differing potential yields to various provinces of the personal and corporation income tax fields, as well as the payment in addition of the statutory subsidies which are the result of some generations of adjustment and tradition. Under the first new option, the guaranteed minimum annual payment by the Dominion is to be calculated in the following way:

- (1) \$12.75 per capita of the 1942 population of the province, plus
- (2) 50% of the Province's tax receipts from income and corporation taxes in 1940, plus
- (3) statutory subsidies.

The second new option is designed to meet the case of those

provinces which in 1940 were using income and corporation tax only to a relatively small extent. Under this option the guaranteed minimum annual payment by the Dominion would consist of:

- (1) \$15.00 per capita of the 1942 population of the province, plus
- (2) statutory subsidies.

It should be mentioned to make the story complete, that special consideration continues to be given to the case of Prince Edward Island. Under both new options, the guaranteed minimum payment is subject to the escalator clause.

In many respects these two new options would seem to afford a sounder and more equitable basis for the rental of these tax fields from the provinces than those originally offered. In the event of all provinces entering into agreements with the Dominion and of each taking the option most favourable to it, the guaranteed minimum annual payment to all provinces would be approximately \$206 million, an increase of just about \$25 million over the minimum provided in the original budget proposals of last June.

These negotiations have been referred to in such terms as "hole in the corner dealings". Nothing could be farther from the truth. Aside from a minor modification which had been suggested to take care of the position of the Maritime Provinces under the Duncan and White Commission awards, which position is now taken care of automatically in the two new options, the only previous variation from the original budget proposals has been the willingness of the Dominion to extend the escalator clause to British Columbia and Prince Edward Island.

The Duncan-White Commission award variation was set out in the letter from the Prime Minister to the Premier of Nova Scotia which was at once made public.

On December 16, a public statement was made outlining just what the modified arrangement with British Columbia and Prince Edward Island meant. In it, it was stated that the alteration in the original budget formula was conditional upon the three provinces which had already accepted the budget proposals proceeding to conclude agreements.

The two additional options referred to were, of course, discussed first with the three provinces to which the Dominion Government was obliged because they had made tentative agreements on the basis of the original budget proposals. The new options were then made known promptly to all the other provinces, including those which have so far evinced no interest in entering into an agreement with the Dominion on any basis whatsoever.

DESIRABILITY

Turning now to some of the principal questions which have arisen and which seem to have caused some misunderstanding in the public mind concerning these Dominion-Provincial negotiations. —

Why is it desirable to enter into agreements with the Provinces?

During the war by virtue of the Wartime Tax Agreements between the Dominion and the Provinces, the Dominion was the only taxing power in the personal income and corporation tax fields. The advantages of a single authority in wartime in these tax fields was clearly demonstrated. It is fairly generally agreed that had it not been for the Wartime Tax Agreements, Canada would never have been able to finance a war effort of the magnitude achieved by this country during the war years. If the Dominion Government had been limited to super-imposing a layer of Dominion Income taxes on top of nine provincial tax structures, the results, both financial and economic, would have been drastic. The advantages derived from a unified tax structure in wartime should be equally apparent in time of peace.

If the so-called poorer provinces do not enter into a tax agreement they will almost certainly be forced into undesirable tax policies. These tax policies would be undesirable from the point of view of both the people living in those particular provinces and from the point of view of those living in other provinces but doing business, or affected by business done, in those provinces. While such tax agreements will benefit all provinces, admittedly they offer greater direct advantages to the less favoured provinces, particularly since they tend to equalize the tax burden and the standard of provincial governmental services. The fact that the less favoured provinces enter into tax agreements will itself benefit people living in other provinces even though the other provinces do not enter into a tax agreement.

This is true because it is the less favoured provinces which are most likely to be driven by a desperate need for revenue to adopt undesirable tax policies. It is generally realized that undesirable tax policies in the Western Provinces, for example, can hamper business and reduce employment in Ontario.

The governments of some of the so-called richer provinces may feel that they can do better for their people by not entering into tax agreements. There is no quarrel with this stand. As was stated in the budget speech of June 7th, 1946, the offer made by the Dominion is entirely

optional and each provincial government is perfectly free to remain out of the agreement and deal with its own problems in its own way.

SIMPLIFICATION

The first concern of the Dominion Government has been to try and prevent the hopeless confusion which existed before the war. Previous experience would indicate that much of the financial difficulty before 1939 was due, to a large extent, to the overlapping, the uncertainty, and the unfair incidence of the multiplicity of income and corporation taxes. While the pre-war situation was unsatisfactory, it is believed the post war position would, in the absence of new agreements, become equally unsatisfactory, and if times should get bad, might become much worse.

Financial pressure on the less favoured provinces would give rise to increasingly arbitrary and discriminatory taxation. It might also lead to interference with inter-provincial trade and to the extension of Government ownership and operation of business merely in order to raise revenues. Even then, some of the provinces might find it difficult to retain their solvency and any degree of financial autonomy.

Failure to arrive at a tax agreement might well mean that many of the so-called poorer provinces would have to fall back on the Dominion in any event for financial support.

Surely it is better therefore that steps be taken now to strengthen the position of such provinces by preventive action rather than having to take remedial action at a later date.

Then, too, a Dominion-Provincial taxation agreement will mean that the Dominion can proceed with constructive tax policies. Tax policies have a direct and important effect on business and employment. Everything possible should be done to keep up employment and to avoid another depression. If at any time in the future a recession or depression is threatened, it may be far wiser and far cheaper to make drastic cuts in income and corporation taxes in order to expand consumer buying power and stimulate private investment than to embark, for example, on an ambitious public works programme which is bound to be wasteful and would tend to perpetuate itself. But it would serve no useful purpose for the Dominion to throw off taxes merely to have the gap taken up again by the provinces.

TAXING POWER

Are agreements necessary in order to balance the Dominion budget?

The answer to that question is of course 'NO'.

The Dominion has unlimited taxing powers and in order to balance its budget can impose whatever taxes, direct or indirect, parliament decides.

The B.N.A. Act of 1867 set out the division of governmental responsibility and taxing power between the Dominion and the Provinces. The expensive national responsibilities were assigned to the Dominion Government and it was authorized to raise money by any form of taxation — direct or indirect. The provinces were assigned the more local functions of Government such as roads, education, health, and the like, most of which, in those days, were of very little concern to the Government. The provinces were given the limited powers of direct taxation within the province. It is significant now to recall that at the time of Confederation, nobody really believed in direct taxes and that in giving the provinces powers to impose such taxes, the Fathers of Confederation did not expect the provinces to use them except to meet emergencies.

While possessing unlimited taxing powers, in practice for 50 years after Confederation, the Dominion limited itself to indirect taxation for raising necessary revenues. In 1917 however, under the pressure of war needs, the Dominion first entered the field of direct taxation with the introduction of the Income War Tax Act. Most of the provinces entered the income tax field long after the Dominion had done so. Ontario first entered this field three or four years before the second world war. The Province of Quebec first began to impose a personal income tax in 1939.

While the Dominion Government, with its unlimited taxing powers, does not require tax agreements to meet its budgetary needs, it naturally does not want to see unbearable burdens piled on the taxpayer by competing governments.

BASIC NEEDS

Why not divide the tax fields between the Dominion and the Provinces and let each raise all its own revenues?

The chief objection to following any such plan is based on the inequality existing between the wealth of the various provinces. It is doubted whether any partition of the tax field could be agreed upon which would be equitable, efficient and adequate for all governments under the great complexity of conditions and needs that exist today.

In Canada, by virtue of geography and the historical development of the country, the bulk of income and wealth has tended to become concentrated in a few regions. Most of the large or national corporations which do business all over Canada have their head offices in two or three provinces. The result is that a few Provincial Governments are in very

favourable positions while others are not.

If each province were to raise all its own revenues, the result would be that the so-called poorer provinces would have to impose higher taxes or, alternatively, would have a much lower standard of governmental services. In time of war, most people profess to be strong believers in equality of sacrifice. It seems logical and equally important that in time of peace roughly equal advantages of citizenship are available to all Canadians. Only so, can our country be kept strong in the world of today. *What advantages do wealthy provinces like Ontario and British Columbia get out of the tax agreements?*

From the point of view of provincial governments, a major advantage of such tax agreements, which is equally applicable to the more wealthy provinces, is that it gives them a stability of revenue whether times are good or bad.

From the point of view of the people of the province, a tax agreement means that there is only one tax to be paid, and one set of forms to be completed. This is particularly important in the case of businesses operating on a nation-wide basis and which, in the absence of tax agreements, would be required to pay taxes and complete tax forms for all provinces in which they are carrying on business as well as for the Dominion.

Then too, business men and corporations are safeguarded against attempts by poorer provinces to raise revenues by methods which would have the effect of strangling nation-wide business. This is particularly important to the wealthier provinces where large businesses are generally located. But perhaps most important of all is that the more favoured provinces gain by the maintenance of a higher and more stable level of employment, business activity and national income than would be possible under a system of competitive and conflicting tax policies. Under such conditions provincial revenues from all sources are higher than they otherwise would be and provincial expenditures to alleviate unemployment and distress are of course much lower.

TAX REDUCTIONS?

Will the increased rental payment prevent tax reductions?

The answer to this question should not be interpreted as a forecast of tax policy for 1947 in advance of the budget. It should be made clear however that the overall commitments of the Dominion are not being increased. As a result of increased rental payments from the Dominion,

the Provinces will be able to assume, and must expect to assume, a somewhat greater financial responsibility. The Dominion Government will be able correspondingly to reduce some of the burden it was prepared to assume for a public investment and social security programme.

What does the Dominion get out of the tax agreement?

It should be stressed that the agreement is not needed for the purpose of balancing the Dominion budget. There are, however, advantages that will accrue to the Dominion. One of these is the assurance that the provinces will not nullify Dominion tax policies. To put it quite plainly, the Dominion wants to make sure that when taxes are reduced, they stay down, and that the so-called poorer provinces, driven by need of revenue, don't boost them back where they were before.

Another advantage is that the financial position and the credit of the individual provinces will be strengthened, and the solvency and financial strength of the individual provinces, of course, has a direct influence on national credit.

In the Government's White Paper "Employment and Income" published in April 1945, its policies with regard to the maintenance of a high level of employment and income were outlined in detail. Briefly it is the Government's purpose to see that as much employment as possible is provided by expanded exports, increased consumption and new private or corporate investment, rather than by Government spending.

It is felt that government should create conditions, or "a climate" within which initiative can be exercised and enterprise flourish. To create such conditions, the Government believes it should be made possible, through reduction and simplification of taxes, and in other ways, for private enterprise to operate boldly and courageously, and, in doing so, provide most of the employment; and that government should, by direct action, fill the gap in employment — when, but only when, there is a gap to fill that would not otherwise be filled.

Satisfactory tax agreements will enable the Dominion to shape its fiscal policy to its employment policy and assist in creating the conditions referred to above.

AUTONOMY

Will tax agreements weaken provincial autonomy?

It is submitted that there is no reason why such agreements with their many benefits and advantages to the provinces, should weaken provincial autonomy.

There is no constitutional change or amendment proposed. The tax agreement is merely a temporary contract. The provinces which have entered into taxation agreements have not abrogated their taxing powers but have merely agreed with the Dominion that for "good and valuable consideration" they will not impose certain taxes "for a term certain of five years".

Actually, such an agreement will strengthen the autonomy of all provinces. It will assure them more adequate and more stable revenues and thereby place them in a position to discharge their constitutional responsibilities more efficiently and more independently. This point was very fully dealt with by the Prime Minister in his opening address to the Dominion-Provincial Conference on August 6th, 1945.

"What exactly is the relationship we are seeking between the Dominion and the Provinces? Let me first make very clear what we are not seeking. The Federal Government is not seeking to weaken the provinces, to centralize all the functions of government, to subordinate one government to another or to expand one government at the expense of others. Our aim is to place the Dominion and every province in a position to discharge effectively and independently its appropriate functions. In other words, we believe that the sure road of Dominion-Provincial cooperation lies in the achievement in their own spheres of genuine autonomy for the provinces. By genuine autonomy, I mean effective financial independence, not only for the wealthier provinces but also for those less favourably situated.

We believe that once the provinces have reasonable financial security, it will be much easier for them to cooperate with the Dominion in the furtherance of policies which neither can bring into effect successfully without the help of the other.

To put it briefly, we regard autonomy and co-operation as essential means of achieving satisfactory Dominion-Provincial relations."

The question of Dominion-Provincial relations in regard to the proposed taxation agreements has unfortunately been to some extent controversial. In this article an attempt has been made to deal with the problem objectively because it is felt important that the public should understand the proposals which the Dominion Government is making and the reasons for these proposals. It is sincerely hoped that public discussion of the question can be kept on an objective level because the issues at stake are great and it is important to resolve them at an early stage in this post-war, reconversion period.

An Uncanonized Saint

By Prof. W. O. Raymond.

The First Martyr of the Jesuit Mission in Canada.

Reprinted from The Mitre of 1930.

The recent canonization of eight martyrs of the Jesuit mission recalls one of the most dramatic pages in the annals of Quebec. Parkman and others have told the memorable story of the heroism and indomitable fortitude of that gallant little band of men, who braved the hardship of midwinter journeys in primeval forests and the cruelty of savages, in order that they might bring the Huron Indians within the fold of the Catholic Church. Neither famine nor torture, the rigour of Nature nor the fierce hate of the dreaded Iroquois — a foe more merciless than Nature — could dim the flame of their faith.

In "The Jesuits in North America" Parkman has found a theme worthy of his pen. Yet the art of the greatest of American historians was hardly needed to emblazon the tale, for the Jesuits have been their own best annalists. Whoever turns to "The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents" will question whether the spirited narrative of Parkman, dramatic and colourful as it is, equals in enthralling interest the routine reports of their work sent by the missionaries themselves, either to the Superior at Quebec or the Provincial of the order in France. The Jesuits, be it remembered, while missionaries in the wilderness, were men of education and culture, carefully trained in rhetoric and the practice of letters, and shrewd observers of human nature. Though the conditions under which they wrote, amid the smoke and filth of Indian lodges and all manner of distraction and persecution, forced them often to deliver "a round unvarnish'd tale," they were no mean narrators. The history of the Huron mission between 1630 and 1670, as related in "The Jesuit Relations," is a story of epic proportions, rising at its close to the sublimity of a tragedy. The final ruin of the doomed Huron nation is raised above the plane of massacre and horror by the dauntless courage and faith of Jean de Brébeuf, Gabriel Lalemant, and their fellow martyrs.

The festival of All Saints includes those on whom no Church has placed an imprimatur, and in this article I wish to pay passing tribute to one of the most devoted and heroic priests of the Jesuit mission. Father Anne de Nouë.

De Nouë was one of the pioneer Jesuit fathers in Canada. While Biard and Massé were in Acadia at an earlier period (1611 - 1613), De Nouë may be said to have been present at the inception of the Quebec

mission. Charles Lalemant, Massé and Brébeuf came to Quebec in 1625 and were joined the next year by Noyrot and De Nouë. Their enterprise was soon interrupted by the war with England and the capture of Quebec by Kirke. When, after the treaty of St. Germain-en-laye, the mission was re-opened in 1632, Fathers Le Jeune and De Nouë were the first of "the black gowns" to return to Canada. At Quebec they celebrated Mass in the oldest house in the country, the home of Madame Hébert, widow of the earliest French settler in Canada. The delight of this staunch French-woman and her family over the return of their countrymen after the English occupation, is touchingly recorded in a letter of Le Jeune to the Provincial of the Society of Jesus.

"When they saw our ships coming in with the white flag upon the masts, they knew not how to express their joy. But when they saw us in their home, to celebrate the Holy Mass, which they had not heard for three years, good God, what joy! Tears fell from the eyes of nearly all, so great was their happiness."

The gifts that Father Anne de Nouë brought to the mission field were not those of eloquent speech, nor does he seem to have been a ready or fluent writer. He had neither the commanding presence of Brébeuf nor the scholarship of Le Jeune. Being handicapped by a poor memory, he struggled in vain to master the Huron tongue. In 1626 he set out for the Huron country with Brébeuf, but being unable to learn the native language was obliged to return to Quebec, leaving the front line trench of the mission to his brilliant colleague. Hereafter he ministered to the French and Indians round about the forts, where an interpreter was at hand.

But, if De Nouë lacked Brébeuf's personal magnetism and Le Jeune's literary ability, he had practical gifts which compensated for their absence. Whenever there was work with the hands to be done, he was an invaluable member of the little community. Under De Nouë's direction, the Jesuit residence, which had suffered greatly during the English occupation of Quebec, was rebuilt. A small house was also erected for the priests in charge of Champlain's chapel, Notre Dame de Recouvrance. The chapel of the mission-house of Notre-Dame des Anges was furnished with loving pains. Thus we read in "The Jesuit Relations" such extracts as these:

"Father de Nouë, who has a good heart, has had the care of our labourers, directing them in their work, which is very difficult in these beginnings.

Our workmen this year have made boards, have gone to the woods to get the trees, have placed doors and windows throughout, have made little rooms in the refectory, some furniture, tables, stools, credence-tables for the chapel, and other similar things; they have enclosed our house with large poles of the fir tree, making for us a fine court about a hundred feet square, being superintended in this work by Father de Nouë."

When Anne de Nouë was not occupied as a builder he looked after the sick, and in times of want fished in the river or dug roots in the woods for the sustenance of his flock. He was an untiring worker, a man after Carlyle's own heart. "Though sprung from a noble family of Champagne" says Parkman, "he shrunk from no toil, however humble, to which his idea of duty or his vow of obedience called him."

De Nouë was destined to be the first martyr of the Canadian mission. His death, which took place when he was sixty-three years of age, was a fitting climax to his heroic but unostentatious life. Unlike Brébeuf and Gabriel Lalemant he was not burned at the stake by the Iroquois, but died from cold and exposure on the frozen highway of the St. Lawrence, between Three Rivers and the mouth of the River Richelieu, while engaged in an act of Christian kindness and charity.

The story of the death of this brave and aged companion of the Order of Jesus may be read in Parkman's eloquent prose, but the contemporary account of the Father Superior in the "Journal des Jésuites" is moving in its sheer simplicity.

"February, 1646"

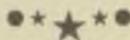
"On the 12th, while returning from the benediction at the hospital, I met two Hurons coming from Three Rivers, who reported the news of the death of Father Anne de Nouë. He started from Three Rivers to go to Richelieu, to spiritually assist the garrison, on the 30th of January, in company with two soldiers and a Huron. They lay down for the night, six leagues above Three Rivers; but the Father left them after midnight, in order to send people to meet them and relieve them on their sledge; and he set forth by the light of the moon. But the sky became overcast, and it began to snow. His companions followed him by the trail of his snowshoes, and at last they find him, 4 leagues above Richelieu, — kneeling in a hollow of the snow, with his arms crossed and his eyes raised to Heaven, his hat and snowshoes near him."

On the first reading this account in my own under-graduate days, I attempted to describe the incident in verse, and venture to reprint the lines as then written.

The Death of De Noue

Around him lay the snow. The untravelled wild,
With endless rifts piled up in white array,
Swirled in a dim confusion. Through the sky
Chill blinding flakes fell fast; while far and near
Swift gathering darkness half obscured the view.
On either hand the barren wilderness
Stretched far away. The ice clad pine trees tall,
Like hoary watchmen, who in castle halls
All grimly guard the winding entrances,
Stood sentinel o'er all the forest waste.
No howl of wolf, no growl of ravenous bear,
Or warring shout of fiendish Iroquois
Rang through the air. All sound of life was still;
And life itself crushed in the stern embrace
Of savage winter's cold and deadening hand.
Only the icebound rill, the glassy lake,
The frozen tree, bursting with strident sound,
Mixed with the wind and formed a music drear
To echo o'er the land a dirge of death.
Did he hear these? His thoughts were far away,
Not near that circle where, in narrow space,
He knelt surrounded by the drifting snow,
Hands clasped in prayer, head bared and eyes upraised.
The wind might rage, the stormy tempest blow,
He felt them not; before him bright there shone
Angelic forms, and heavenly music played,
Grand organ pealed, and in a roseate glow
Again the sculptured arch, the nave appeared,
Where oft in wonder he was wont to bow
Before the sacred bones of Loyola.
And higher yet, in heaven's high portal, stood
The martyred saints, playing on psaltery sweet,
With crowns of glory — the celestial throng
To whom his earthly vows were oft addressed.
And above all, he heard the blessed tones

Of his great Master, and the sweet "Well done,
Thou faithful servant," pierced his trembling ears,
And in the light divine he passed away
To realms reserved for those who love their Lord.



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What, No Five Dollar Prize?

J. Jefferis

Having been invited by Mr. Gooch to provide a contribution to the Mitre

On any subject that I might choose, (than which what invitation could possibly be considered politer?)

I have decided not to try to write out something that I have just said to the Education Class in a lecture,

(Because if you do that, someone is almost sure to detect yer),

Nor to spend several hours compiling an original essay by copying out of the Encyclopedia Britannical

Which is too, too mechanical,

But to try something rather more in the style of Ogden Nash,

The main difference being that he does, but I shall certainly not, get paid in cash.



I do not expect that this contribution will be printed under the heading "Canadian Poets of Bishop's University",
 Because of better qualified entries there is no scarcity,
 And I certainly am not trying to set up in rivalry to my colleague
 Mr. Whalley,
 Who now has a dog, a parrot, and a baby daughter, as well as the
 Nine Muses, to console him if he's feeling melancholy,
 Though I might perhaps reach the heights attained by minor versifiers who
 scribble for *The Campus*,
 Most of whom Nature obviously intended for a career catching lobsters
 in the Bay of Fundy or amadillos on the Pampas.
 (Its quite safe for me to talk like this about *The Campus*, of the
 editorial board of which I am the President,
 So I shall not be hesitant,
 Especially as I sometimes write editorials for it gratis, and if you read
 my last one you may have found it misleading,
 Due, not to my ambiguous prose style, but to poor proof-reading.)
 However, if you think this contribution so muddled that, instead of Mrs.
 Raymond's prize, it merits reproach,
 Why not write something better yourself, and send it to Mr. Goach?

Miss Davis Dominion Day

Mary Elizabeth Hall

East Bristol was doing up its first post-war Dominion Day celebration with a dash. The plans had been made months before. The Ladies' Aid and Ladies' Guild had forgotten, temporarily, their animosities, and had formed a co-alition to sponsor the grand event. The Patriotic Society had done its bit in arranging for the dance to be held in the Municipal Hall in the evening, and the Women's Institute and Women's Auxiliary had donated between them four tables of food and fancy-work. This was no small accomplishment when one considers that Bristol was a village of some four hundred souls, counting the inhabitants of the surrounding farms. Moreover the good housewives represented in the three church organizations (The L. G. and W. A. being Anglican)

also made up the membership of the secular Patriotic Society and Women's Institute.

But the Dominion Day Celebration was an old Bristol tradition, dating possibly from as far back as Confederation, when Bristol was still known as Jamestown. The fame of that celebration, held annually on the common fronting the school and Anglican Church, had spread in a circle throughout the countryside, as far as the Border Villages and industrial town of Newbury to the south, to the north as far as Metcalfe, the hub city. Former Bristolites and their offspring gathered there on the first of July to make holiday and to meet old friends. You heard old-timers say: "Yep! You meet everybody on Dominion Day. Almost like the County Fair."

The celebrations had been discontinued during the later war years, because of the shortage of foodstuffs and because the inhabitants felt it was hardly fitting to hold such a gay affair while so many of their young men were on the battle fields or in the skies over Europe. But now that the war was over, most of the young men back, the memorial services duly held and the new Honor Roll meetly dedicated, the citizens felt that they were free to make the first of July, to quote a village storekeeper "one bang-up occasion".

So the ice cream and soft drink booths mushroomed overnight on the broad common, under the maples planted there by the British militiamen in 1812. In the shade of the trees and immediately facing the Main Street, planks were laid on sawhorses and covered with huge strips of white paper to form tables. Beside them two kitchen booths, one for the Ladies' Aid and one for the Ladies' Guild, went up under hammers of husbands cajoled into service. The whole affair was organized by a committee, a sort of co-alition cabinet, led by Mrs. Lydie Harris, merry widow, a lady of tireless energy, and great genialty. For days she had bustled about, indulging in her favorite pastime of organization. Now, as the day dawned fresh and promising, and a light easterly breeze billowed the Union Jacks hung at every flagpole and verandah post in the village, Mrs. Harris surveyed the scene with satisfaction. The Newbury Band, still admirably sober at this early hour, was lining up with the parade of floats, decorated bicycles, saddle horses, Indians and miniature Mounties on ponies, nineteenth century ladies and gentlemen in buggy wagons, and human daffodils and roses in prams, at the northern end of town opposite Alex MacMurdock's glorified farmhouse. Shining

Fords and Chevrolets were still rolling into the village from all directions. Already they had packed the parking spaces about the edge of the common and were making raucous, discordant music with their horns. A varied crowd lined the Main Street on both sides, from MacMurdock's at the north to the Jones' house at the southern end of the village, where the parade turned, and was thickest about and opposite the common. Two genuine Mounties trotted about to keep order, and to keep clear a space on the common where the parade was later to be lined up for judging. Everywhere were shakings of hands and:

"Why Joe (or Mary). Land's Sakes, haven't seen you in years. Holy Mackerel, how that boy of yours is grown!"

Miss Jessie Davis, at that moment, was having her sallow hand wrung by a short, sandy, slightly bald gentleman in glasses who was saying

"Well, well, Jessie Davis. Haven't seen you in years. Still single?"

"Oh yes," said Jessie, with an air of Christian resignation, "I stayed with Mama till she died, you know. Goodness me, Matt, time hasn't changed you much."

"Nor you either, Jessie. My word, don't seem possible it's been twenty years. Things change a lot in twenty years. Young ones growin' up. Can't say you look such a lot older, though. Not more'n thirty-five I wouldn't take you for today. Still most as blooming a girl as you were when I was here in twenty six."

Jessie, though not in practice, was able to conjure a maidenly blush upon her sallow skin. She was not quite sure what to say next, since Matt had given the conversation such an unexpected turn. Yet she was pleasantly flattered as she had not been in many years. This unlooked for meeting with an old sweetheart, after her long years of dry resigned maidenhood, was extremely pleasant. Once she had been a not unattractive girl, and had done the Hop Polka better than anyone else in the village. Once she and Matt . . . it was better to change the subject, she thought.

"I do declare," she said, "there's an awful lot of the boys back. There's Godfrey Wyatt with his new bride. My, isn't she a pretty little thing though?" Matt followed her eyes to the couple in question.

"My word. Don't tell me that's Fred Wyatt's little boy!"

"Not much of a little boy now."

"Well I should say not. Why he was just a kid in school in twenty six. Tell me, who was she?"

"Some girl from out west. He met her in the service. But she seems nice enough, looks like a lady. And Myra says she likes her."

"Oh yes. Haven't seen Myra."

"I guess she's here; the Wyatt's never miss the first if they can help it."

"No. Who's that big strapping fellow in the soldier's outfit?"

"That — oh that's Lydie Harris's oldest boy, Clayton. He's a captain in the army. Done very well, too. Better than the rest of her family, I must say."

"Well Lydie would want 'em all to be captains and colonels and married to executives if she had her way about it. Guess Tim's passing didn't affect her much from the way she's bouncing around today. Too bad, that, I always liked Tim."

At this point the Newbury Band, giving a spirited rendition of Sousa, *en marche*, put an end to their conversation and they turned to watch the parade go by. Jessie was afraid that Matt might wander on to talk with someone else, but he stayed with her, glasses gleaming and gold teeth flashing as he made comments on the various floats and costumes. A little growing flame of delight inside her warmed Jessie's blood, putting colour in her cheeks and a glow in her dark eyes, so that Anne Wyatt, seeing her, whispered to Ex-Sergeant Tony Crawford (who like Matt had found things changed in Bristol including Anne).

"Just run your eyes over the local maid named McGinity. She looks almost pretty. Or am I just easily deceived?"

"Let us hope so" cracked Crawford and was rapped on the knuckles for it.

Some foreigner said that lovers notice that malady more quickly in others. Certainly more than one commented, or thought, concerning Jessie during the parade. Yet Jessie would have evinced Puritan scorn at the term lover. She was just enjoying herself, as a woman, for the first time in years. When the Parade was finally over and lined up on the common she said:

"Well, I suppose I must get back to my table. There'll be a lot of folks coming around now."

"Now where's that?" asked Matt.

"Oh just over there. Ladies' Aid Fancy Work. Guess I'll have to go along," she added reluctantly.

"Well," said Matt. "Guess I'll go along, too, for a spell. Haven't

seen a real good display of fancywork since I left Bristol. Women don't do that sort of thing in the city. Go messing around in politics where they've got no business to be, instead."

"Well, if you want to," said Jessie, succeeding in being nonchalant. Not too nonchalant, though, for Matt said:

"Oh, I'll tag along. Probably meet a lot of folks. Just as many as if I wandered around nowhere in particular. An old fellow like me don't take much pleasure out of ice-cream cones. Not when he's alone anyway."

Jessie was neither poised nor foolish enough to express her pleasure at Matt's attention. In an admirable business-like fashion she marched to her fancy-work table. And Matt trotted after.

Jessie took her place behind the fancy work table and Matt potted about, gingerly fingering lace doilies, luncheon sets, layettes, pot-holders, "centerpieces", table cloths, embroidered dishtowels, tea-cosies, knitting bags, bureau scarves and aprons. He said it was a real fine fancy-work display. He met a lot of people he had not seen for a long time, told them all they hadn't changed a bit, and made an arrangement to sell Captain Clayton Harris a life insurance policy. Jessie, doing an excellent business for the benefit of the Ladies' Aid, fondly watched Matt enjoy himself. When the crowd had thinned somewhat Matt leaned across the table and said he guessed he'd wander along and have a look at the other displays.

"When you having your dinner?" he asked.

"Well," said Jessie, "I don't rightly know. Along about one. Mrs. Grenville — that's our parson's wife — said she'd take over for me."

"Well," said Matt. "Well, I'll be along about one then. You better be ready." He almost winked. He succeeded in looking thoroughly jaunty. Jessie thought he came near to being fresh. She turned the colour of a peony and nodded her head.

Matt walked away, very sprightly. Jessie, disturbed, fluttered and gushed when Myra Wyatt asked her about the price of a knitting bag. Then she muddled the change and became more flustered than ever. Myra gave her a keen glance, but checked the wry O'Neill humour that rose to her lips, reserving the comment to relay it to her family later. In the privacy of the Wyatt *Plymouth*, at lunchtime, she remarked,

"I declare, there's no fool like an old fool. Did any of you happen to notice Jessie Davis this morning?"

"Hubba, hubba", muttered Anne, her mouth full of ham and tomato sandwich.

"I should think," continued Myra, "that she was old enough by this time to know better. But she goes ahead and makes a fool of herself as soon as Matt Wayland get back to town. After twenty years!"

"They used to go together?" asked Godfrey.

"I guess he's done fairly well in the insurance business," murmured Fred Wyatt. "I was talking to him. Most decent insurance agent I ever talked to. Didn't say a word about a policy."

"He did to Tony," put in Anne. "He was unbearable. If Tony ever comes near me again it will be a miracle after what he said. 'Marrying and settling down'. My Gawd."

"Well that wouldn't be any great loss," said Myra. "I've always said Tony Crawford was a sap and I shall continue to say so. Where's that knife? I was sure I put a knife in to cut the cake with."

Lydie Harris felt somewhat the same as her good friend Myra about Jessie, or at least purported to do so. The real reason for her unpleasant attitude towards Jessie was that she could not possibly see why a successful insurance agent should prefer a desiccated spinster, with only enough money to scrape along, to a buxom, genial widow like herself, with a house of her own and a comfortable sum in the Canadian Bank of Commerce. She had watched Matt's lap-dog attentions to Jessie throughout the early morning with the green eye of envy. She herself had hailed Matt a long-lost brother, pouring out her effervescent personality like a very fountain over him. Unfortunately Matt was not fond of effervescent people. One reason for his success in the insurance business had been his Puritan reserve and reticence, instilled in him by Yankee forebearers. The crowning blow to Lydie had been to see Jessie marching proudly up to the dinner-table with Matt. At that moment she had been occupied in seeing that the Newbury Band was properly regaled, and the unwelcome sight had so disturbed her that she spilled a cup of coffee, fortunately lukewarm, on Sam Morrison's neat striped trousers. He had taken it well, being in a jovial mood, but all the same Lydie was exasperated, and experienced a short fit of temper. If anyone else had spilled coffee on the best cornettist of the Newbury Band she would not have minded too much; she would have had a scapegoat. As it stood, it was her fault. To alleviate the prickings of conscience she blamed Jessie. The acids of envy and anger combined and reacted inside her,

and the fumes eventually found vent in a half-whispered remark to her sister-in-law Myrtle.

"Just look at that, will you? Don't tell me we're going to have another wedding in Bristol."

"Looks like it," acquiesced Myrtle.

"No fool like an old fool. But I declare he takes the cake. Dried-up old maid like her and he comes back and starts making calf's eyes. Just plain foolish!" At that she bustled off and Myrtle never gave a second thought to the matter.

Matt and Jessie enjoyed their meal tremendously. Matt ate with a Gargantuan gusto that did Jessie's heart good to see, though she did warn him that he might overdo it. Rich, sweet baked beans; cool, tasty beet and potato salads; luscious lemon pie; succulent blueberry pie with a crisp flaky crust — all these he sampled with the air of an epicure and devoured with the appetite of a lumberman. Jessie remarked that for a man of his age and profession he had "a real good appetite."

Matt replied that in all the places he had travelled there had been no cooks to equal these in Bristol. Not in Montreal, or Quebec City, Ottawa, Toronto, St. Catherine's or Moncton did they serve meals to compare with those served in Bristol. Not in twenty years had he eaten a meal like that. No, not in twenty years.

Replete, favoured by the deities of eating, drinking and the tender passion, he leaned back in his chair, lighted a White Owl cigar, and blew up pungent blue incense to the kindly gods. Then, because others were waiting to sit down at the table, Matt and Jessie rose and wandered off across the common.

"Reckon," said Matt, "the parson's wife can stand to watch the table for another fifteen minutes or so, can't she?"

"Well, I really should get back," said Jessie.

"Folks that always do what they should grow old fast", said Matt. "Don't want to grow old before our time. I haven't seet that new honour roll that got such a big write-up in the Chronicle yet."

There could not possibly be a more worthy cause to stay away from one's duties than to admire and make appropriate remarks about the new honour roll. It was a surprisingly long list for a such a small parish. There were four fatal casualties. Matt ran down the list of names, repeating each out loud, and when he came to one he didn't know Jessie supplied the necessary information. But most of them he recognized,

by the surnames at least. He paused over the casualties and read them in a lowered voice. Jessie, her voice also lowered, made the appropriate remarks, sparse enough to indicate a genuine grief and sympathy.

They left the monument of the two wars in silence, heads bowed. After a time Matt gazed across the common and said in a rather strange voice:

"The old church looks the same."

"Yes, it looks the same," Jessie agreed.

"You going to be able to leave that table in time to see the baseball game?"

"Oh I guess so," said Jessie. "Mrs. MacMurdocs supposed to take over at three. I really would like to see that game."

"They're playing Carris Bay aren't they?"

"Yes."

"Well I hope our Bristol boys give them one good shellacking. Ought to be able to with all these husky young fellows we have back"

"But Carris Bay has some husky young veterans, too" Jessie ventured.

"Ought to be a good close game then. Guess I'll go talk with some of the boys. I'll be around at three."

The game was all that it had promised to be: fast, close, and exciting. The faces of the players gleamed under the hot July sun; the sweat soaked through their black and white striped uniforms, but they still did their best and came off the field panting and exhilarated. The crowds cheered them on to do deeds of glory and they did them. After the final inning the score read fifteen to eleven in favour of Bristol. Amidst the cheers of the crowd and the furious honking of motor horns the team marched off the field in triumph.

Matt had been one of the most excited spectators, and afterwards he and Jessie went among the team members, Jessie glowing as Matt congratulated them individually on their play. Finally he stood them and their girls to "cokes" 'at one of the soft-drink booths. Jessie felt life coming into her as she associated with these youngsters. Their laughter did her good; they joked with her and she joked with them and felt better than she had for twenty years.

When the coke straws were sucked dry the crowd gradually dispersed and Matt and Jessie strolled slowly across the fast-emptying common. As they walked up Main Street they were silent. The shadows

were lengthening; the breeze that had been blowing all day had dropped and a peculiar hush had settled on the village: the flat calm that inevitably follows excitement. In that quiet hour each had thoughts and a deep unvocal understanding.

Finally Matt said, "Same old Dominion Day, same old Bristol; hasn't changed much, when you get right down to brass tacks. Never will as long as the young fellows and girls keep coming up and having their fun and getting married. Not in twenty years. Not in a hundred."

Somehow it made Jessie think of the Bible: "For as long as the earth endureth seed-time and harvest shall not fail."

"No, it won't change," she said. They were at the door of her little white frame house. She fumbled in her handbag for the key and unlocked the door. Matt followed her into the dim hall.

They stood facing each other with tension on either side. "Jessie," Matt said tentatively.

"Yes?"

"Remember twenty years ago? For *Auld Lang Syne*, Jessie."

She nodded. Gently he put his hands on her shoulders and kissed her full on the mouth with the warm salute of friendship. He stepped back, their eyes met, and they smiled. For a moment they had recaptured youth.

"Goodbye, Jessie," Matt said. "I'll be seeing you before long, I figure. Hear Len Cavendish is selling out the store. You can keep that under your Sunday bonnet," he added.

"Reckon so," she said, almost flippantly.

"Well, goodbye," he repeated. "It's been a real fine Dominion Day. Real fine."

She stood at the door until he had reached the sidewalk. Then she turned and looked at herself in the hall mirror.

"Lands' Sakes," she told the reflection, "you look ten years younger."

And, as she put away her coat and hat she murmured, "Yes it's been a real fine Dominion Day. I do believe it's been the nicest Dominion Day we've ever had."

Canadian Poets of Bishop's University

One Called Barabbas

George Herbert Clarke

*The prison portal creaked — Barabbas, out!
 He cowered there, waiting the fatal ending:
 The slayer slain, after the shameful knout,
 Stretched on a rude cross, tortured death impending.
 They dragged him forth, drove him unto his own
 Who turbulently surged, while he, amazed,
 Stumbled and sank, with many a broken groan,
 Still doom-rapt, for that swaying rabble raised
 A savage clamour: **Scourge Him! Crucify!**
 Would his own herd destroy him? Clutching, rough
 Hands were upholding him, and passers-by
 Halted to count his hurts and stare enough.
 Sudden he knew his luck, leapt up and cried:
Away with Him! Let Him be crucified!*

Christmas Miracle

*St. Anne de Beupre**F. O. Call.*

*Along the King's Highway
 White with new-fallen snow,
 The eager pilgrims go
 To seek the shrine of Good Saint Anne.
 The bells with loud,
 Insistent voices call the hurrying crowd
 To the great church to pray;
 Where gleaming candles burn within the hush before the
 jewelled shrine,
 The pilgrims strive to work a miracle divine
 By kneeling long before the altar stairs
 And murmuring there a thousand oft-repeated prayers.
 But down beside the ice-rimmed river's edge
 Where the fresh-water tide engulfs the frozen sedge,
 Within his tiny shop
 An old wood carver cuts the crisp white chips away
 From shapeless blocks of wood, until the waning sunlight fades
 to gray.
 Not for a moment does he stop
 Or raise his eyes to see the pilgrims go
 In haste to kneel before the glittering shrine,
 But in the afterglow his gleaming chisels shine,
 And hour by hour his gnarled old hands move to and fro.
 Bent shoulders, flowing beard and shaggy head,
 As white as is the host
 Before which now
 The pilgrims bow,
 He seems the ghost
 Of some old craftsman many centuries dead.*

*Ghostly and stark,
 The church spires rising pierce the starlit dark,
 The Pilgrim's Bell calls to the Midnight Mass
 Through clanging doors townsmen and pilgrims pass
 Within the church where incense rises in a thick blue cloud.
 The drone of prayers, now low, now loud,
 Floats on the river's fog.
 Within the dusk of the wood carver's shop, from fragrant log
 Of rough-hewn pine another incense rises on the air;
 Beneath the windows the tide drones dully like an old time-
 hallowed prayer.
 One slender candle throws across the night
 A wavering golden light,
 Like to the star that shone above the manger long ago
 In Bethlehem. Still to and fro
 The old hand ply, the chisel flashes and the chips fall down
 like snow.
 Mindless of calling bell or chiming clock,
 Still at the shaping block
 The old wood carver chips and chips,
 Until in a niche of darkness, sorrowful and mild
 Stands the white Virgin Mother and her child.
 A wondering smile upon the baby's lips.
 Like a worshipper at Midnight Mass the old wood carver
 stands,
 Awed by the miracle wrought by his own hands.
 The stars like altar candles through the darkened window
 shine,
 And a thousand prayers still drone before the glittering shrine.*

The Fascination of Maps

A. V. Richardson

"Will you write something for the next number of the Mitre?" Such was the editor's request, and in reply to a plea for some guidance as to subject, absolute *carte blanche* was accorded. This seemed to mean one of three possibilities — one could tackle a subject on which one knew a little, a subject on which one knew less than a little, or "faute de mieux", put together the requisite number of words on a topic of which one knew nothing whatever. All these alternatives were canvassed without much satisfaction or success; at length a haphazard combination of recent circumstances seemed to coalesce into a more or less coherent idea; the reading of Professor Preston's stimulating article in the last number on "The Cinderella of the Sciences"; a visit to Ottawa during the Christmas vacation, when a combination of sub-zero temperatures and unpleasantly penetrating winds led to some protracted visits to the Map Room at the Dominion Archives; the fact that the words "carte blanche" might be twisted to mean "a blank map". Why not then attempt to say something about the development of maps, both from the artistic and the scientific point of view?



Up to the beginning of the nineteenth century, and even later, maps are chiefly, more often than not, a delight to the eye. Strict accuracy, to the cartographers of earlier times, was an impossibility; in many cases their work was designed to accompany a traveller's tale (frequently a tall tale). Once the main outlines had been drawn, details seem to have been filled in with a spirit of absolute free-will and extreme individualism, while the borders are, in the majority of cases, adorned with charming and imaginative little drawings of the indigenous fauna; native warriors (and their wives, families and dependents) are depicted in scenes, sometimes bloodthirsty in character, sometimes of disarming naiveté, sometimes bearing gifts to the armour-clad "tourist" — Spaniard, Frenchman, Englishman, as the case may be, and sometimes torturing his unfortunate prisoners. The adjacent seas are peopled by ships drawn on an impossible scale, and by dolphins on a scale even more gargantuan. One expects also to find, and rarely is one disappointed, cherubic winged heads with puffed-out cheeks in each corner, evidently to bear out the experience of those early mariners that the direction of the prevailing wind was not necessarily constant.

The maps of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and early eighteenth centuries are indeed largely imaginative, but they are certainly artistic and they are the work of craftsmen — they can be compared with the engraved illustrations, the title-pages of books or of musical works of their contemporaries, and are characteristic of their particular period. Even the maps produced by Mercator (who can be credited with the first really scientific map-projection), or of the famous Dutch cartographer Herman Moll in the early seventeen-hundreds, appeal to the eye and to the artistic taste. They conjure up such voyages as those described by Hakluyt.

I must confess to a special fondness for French maps of the eighteenth century, such as those produced by Monsieur Philippe, Censeur Royale et Professeur de l'Académie Royale des Sciences et Belles-lettres, (do not the very words express the twofold aspect of the charm?) or by Monsieur Bonne, Ingénieur Hydrographe de la Marine — of whose method of projection more later. The border decoration in these maps are a sheer delight — sometimes we find an exquisitely engraved coat-of-arms of the country in question, surrounded by the most delicate rococo ornament in true Louis XV style; sometimes by an elaborate allegorical composition, as in the map which illustrates the campaigns of Louis XIV. On the actual maps, although the scale seems to be reasonably accurate, the rivers appear often to possess an incredible number of tributaries, and

the mountain-ranges bear a strong family resemblance to elongated centipedes or to a kind of superman of the hairy-caterpillar tribe — it's all a matter of shading! No town is represented by anything so unimaginative as the modern dot; those of the first, second or third order are shewn by the appropriate number of towers or spires, a cathedral city by an additional cross (two for an archbishopric) and every abbey by a crozier. All this, of course, for the well-surveyed countries of Europe — when we turn to Africa we find large blank spaces labelled with such exotic names as "Etats du Roy Gingiro"; in North America an enormous inland sea is shown in the area which is now British Columbia.

Even after 1800 the artistic aspect of maps by no means dies out. There are atlases as late as the decade from 1840 to 1850 in which city-plans are surrounded by beautifully-executed scale drawings of the most prominent buildings; I have seen maps of the Australian Provinces of a century ago with pictorial borders showing life in the bush or kangaroo-hunting, and one of Newfoundland of about the same date with a delightful engraving of the mail-steamer passing through the fishing fleet on its way to St. John's. All these are engraved plates, but one should not omit to mention the charm of manuscript sketch-maps and plans made a century or more ago by officers of the Royal Engineers stationed in Canada; many of these men were real artists, and the Ottawa Archives possess many specimens of their work. One little note-book of the 1830's, with sketches and plans of places of possible military importance along the Canada-United States border, remains most vividly in my memory. The innocent "tourist" in those days had no camera, but he had a skilful pen.

Coming nearer to our own days, how many of us realise what a flood of "County Atlases" appeared some sixty to seventy years ago? Artistic, in the true sense of the word, they are certainly not, but they are social documents of considerable interest. Evidently produced by subscription, they are freely interlarded with lithographic portraits of local worthies, their homes, and even their live-stock. Here we see, for example "The Residence of.....Esq., Stanstead Plain, P.Q." — a Victorian-gothic monstrosity with a croquet party on a lawn which seems to defy all the laws of perspective; or "The Residence of.....Esq., Newport, Vt." with an incredibly steep flight of steps leading down to the lake-shore while the old "Lady of the Lake" steamship is solemnly chugging along in the foreground. The leading notaries and farmers of the Eastern Townships in those days, if we are to believe the evidence of their portraits,

possessed the power of growing beards of abnormal length and business, while (on a larger scale) we find inserted the likenesses of such political lights as Sir Leonard Tilley or Sir Richard Carthwright who must have possessed the finest pair of whiskers in the infant Dominion. These "propaganda maps" are not dead; they still survive, as we can see by looking at any time-table of the X.Y.Z. Railway. *Their* route is the straightest and shortest, and indicated by far the blackest and heaviest lines. An atlas intended for use in German schools under the Nazi regime pushes this propaganda aspect to extreme but not entirely unexpected lengths; maps showing the attempted "encirclement" of the Fatherland and the location of alleged ritual murders of Party members by "non-Aryans" are much in evidence.

However, we must go on to the more modern and scientific aspect of maps — but not before a glance at what, in my humble opinion, is the high-watermark of all artistic maps — the big folio volumes of the "Atlantic Neptune". This, one of the most valuable, as well as the most beautiful, of all series, was produced around 1780 by Major Des Barres, who became Governor of Cape Breton Island and lived (if I remember rightly) to be a centenarian. Every copy of this book, and I have seen more than one, is adorned with actual and individual water-colour sketches or sepia drawings of the entrance of the various harbours shown, or of the neighbouring coasts. The fascination of these sketches, and their careful execution, are quite remarkable; their creator must have been a real lover of the sea and of ships, and we get from them a really wonderful idea of how the coasts of New England and Nova Scotia must have looked a century and a half ago, and of the various types of seafaring craft which frequented those coasts. If only to see this exquisite work, a visit to the Map Room of the Dominion Archives at Ottawa is worth while to anyone who is interested in maps — and there is a Bishop's graduate in charge of them.

In looking at the principles of construction which underlie the making of a modern map, the first thing to realize is that something has to be sacrificed and that a compromise of some sort is always to be expected. It should be obvious that a spherical surface (or even a considerable portion of it) cannot be flattened out on a sheet of paper without distortion or wrinkling of some kind. Much depends on the purpose for which the map is intended. The type of projection suitable for the plan of a city or a county would be decidedly useless for that of a continent. For the navigator, whether on the sea or in the air, the main point of importance

is that of direction; for (shall we say?) the politician, a map which preserves shapes or areas would be of greater appeal; for the motorist, one by which he can readily find his way within the limits of a comparatively small area. Absolute directions are also of importance: a projection suitable for a long and narrow area running North and South (for example the Nile valley in Africa, or Chile in South America) would produce serious distortion if used for a narrow East-to-West strip (for example the Canada-United States border). Some compromise will therefore always be necessary.

We must not mix up a "map" with a "chart" or a "plan"; all these three words are used with a definite meaning, though the boundary line between "map" and "plan" is a little fluid. Broadly speaking, anything drawn on a scale larger than six inches to a mile (roughly a scale of $\frac{1}{10,000}$) is known as a plan — any scale smaller than this, as a map. The word chart seems to be reserved for ocean areas; who speaks of uncharted forests or unmapped seas?

The three things usually safeguarded are shapes, areas and great circles, and not more than two of these three can be preserved simultaneously. We may wish, in depicting *large* areas on the earth's surface, to preserve shapes, or to preserve directions; we cannot conveniently preserve both at once. Everyone knows what is meant by the equator, by a meridian of longitude, or by a parallel of latitude. The first two of these are "great circles" — their centre is the centre of the earth; the average parallel of latitude, being a ring parallel to the equator, cannot lay claim to the name of great circle. So the problem of projection reduces to the question "what paths are to be made straight?" Are meridians to be mapped as straight lines, or parallels of latitude, or both if necessary?

The first really scientific attempt at projection was that of Mercator towards the end of the sixteenth century. If we imagine a transparent globe, with meridians and parallels marked on it, and with a light at its centre, to be surrounded by a cylindrical roll of paper, it is not hard to realize that the shadows of this network of curved lines will appear straight when the paper is unrolled, that the vertical circles will become equidistant straight lines, while the parallels of latitude will transform into horizontal straight lines, but no longer equally spaced, becoming in fact more and more widely separated as we recede from the equator towards the poles. This is the idea behind Mercator's projection, still in use in many school atlases for maps of the whole world: areas (well away

from the equator) are naturally greatly distorted; Greenland appears to be much larger than India, the actual vast areas of Asiatic Russia appear even more bloated, and Northern Canada seems not what it is. Why then has Mercator's projection held the field as regards navigational charts? Merely because angular bearings remain as they are in reality, and a Mercator chart is perfect for journeys carried out by means of compass directions — which is *not* the same as taking the shortest distance between two points. This actual shortest (or "great-circle" distance) will appear as a curved line.

But the idea of a roll of paper enclosing the globe has not been the only fertile one. Imagine a flat sheet of paper sitting on the top of a golf ball. How will the shadows of meridians and parallels look now? If the spot where the paper touches the ball is taken as the "North Pole", it is clear that the meridian shadows will appear (on the paper) as straight lines radiating from the pole, while the parallels of latitude will come out as concentric circles. This type of projection is known as "Zenithal". A variant of it supposes the projection to be, not from the centre of the globe, but from the pole opposite to that on which the paper sits; this form has been given the name of "Stereographic", and brings out the meridians and parallels as curved lines, but it has its uses from the equal-area point of view.

The third main type of map projection is the conical; imagine a cone (say a filter-paper) sitting on the golf ball. The curve of contact will be a circular ring — the "standard parallel". When the cone is unwrapped, the parallels of latitude will be concentric circles, possibly equidistant and possibly not, according to taste. The meridians will be straight, and areas will be somewhat distorted, though not so violently as in Mercator. If these meridians are graduated in the appropriate manner, so as to preserve the true proportion of areas, we meet with the projection of Monsieur Bonne, who was mentioned above. But anyone is at liberty to wear his hat on one side — and so the cone may sit askew, instead of upright; this gives an oblique conical projection, which for certain purposes may be useful. Now if the globe was made of some soft substance, while the cone was hard and unyielding, it could be pushed through, cutting the globe in two rings instead of one (two standard parallels) with a belt of the earth cut-off between them. This type of projection has met with considerable favour in recent years, as distortion for a map of a specified area (such as the most thickly settled part of Canada) is just about reduced to the attainable minimum.

There are many subvarieties of projection, some rather fantastic, but the only other one worth mentioning here, the gnomonic, has the valuable property of showing all great circles (the "shortest distances" between points on the earth) as straight lines. However there is the inevitable nigger in the woodpile — it cannot possibly show compass bearings with reasonable accuracy, as the Mercator chart can.

And so, if we look at a map, how can we tell on what principle it has been constructed? It is fairly obvious, even on a very cursory inspection, that all modern maps are based on some sort of coordinate system, — from the rectangular grid on a topographical military plan to the intersecting lines, straight or curved, on the map of a continent or hemisphere. Until quite recent times, any information as to the projection used on a particular map has been conspicuous by its absence, but this omission is passing away. The admirable series of maps published several times a year as supplements to the National Geographic Magazine now give adequate information as to the system used, and are worthy of attention from every standpoint.

Still, even if no helping hand of this sort is afforded, we have a fairly simple guide in the commonest cases:—

(a) the characteristics of a conical projections are that the meridians are straight and the parallels of latitude are parts of circles.

(b) for a Mercator projection, both meridians and parallels are straight lines.

(c) for a stereographic projection, both meridians and parallels are curved but cut at right angles.

(d) if the meridians are straight, and the parallels of latitude are curved, but are not circles, the projection is gnomonic. The most frequently occurring subvarieties come under heading (a); the circles may or may not be equidistant, according to what is wanted, and if the meridians are not straight we have our historic old friend M. Bonne.

It will have been noticed how frequently the idea of lines cutting at right angles comes in — or, to use the jargon of mathematics, an orthogonal network. This is the basic idea and the fundamental connecting-link of all types of map-projection. Varied as they seem to be at first sight, they are in reality all members of the same family, but each with its own personality. Calculations in detail may be — and indeed often are — complicated and tedious, but the mathematician can now proudly affirm that "all map-projections are particular solutions of the same differential equation". Could the condensation of multiple detail

into one general unifying principle go much further?

Have then romance, artistry and imagination indeed died entirely where maps are concerned, to be replaced by a few standard processes? I think not — the human qualities are still there, even if no longer so prominently on the surface. Maps can still be things of beauty, even if constructed on strictly scientific principles. We can still visualise the river and the forest, the ocean and the township, the boulevard and the town-jail, but in a juster relative proportion than could our ancestors. Lewis Carroll, who was a mathematician as well as a writer of inspired but logical nonsense, has, I think, expressed the point of view with absolute precision in "The Hunting of the Snark", that half-forgotten classic of crazy fantasy, which is not really fantasy at all —

*"What's the good of Mercator's North Poles and Equators,
Tropics, Zones and Meridian Lines?"*

*So the Bellman would cry; and the crew would reply
"They are merely Conventional Signs!"*



Mephistopheles and the Last Nazi

(A Dramatic Monologue)

I. Gliserman.

The scene takes place somewhere in the heart of a war-ravaged German Empire. The time is sometime after World War 2 has finished its devastating work.

Two men are walking along a dusty, deserted roadway. One of the men is tall, well groomed, and attired in a black evening suit. Strangely enough, the dust does not seem to cling to his clothing. The other figure stumbles along with a weary look on his face. His clothes are in very bad shape and he mumbles to himself frequently. He seems to be oblivious to the presence of his companion.

The well groomed man speaks:

'Well, good afternoon, Oscar. Oh, pardon me. Did I disturb you? I'm dreadfully sorry. Really, don't let my appearance distract you. I usually wear black. But what's that you're looking at, my friend? Why don't you wipe the layer of dust off it? There, that passing breeze did it. Oh! It's only an old sign post, Oscar. And a pretty worn out one at that, don't you think? Now let me see. The hand painted letters are cracked and tearing off, but I think I can still distinguish something there. Ah yes. L-le- Leit- Leitmeritz. Yes, that's it. Leitmeritz — 12 Kilometres.

There, there now, Oscar. Don't look so hopeless. Surely the fact that Leitmeritz is 12 kilometres away doesn't disturb you, does it? You, a man who has travelled the entire length of Europe! Pshaw. Shame on you, my friend. Oh! Oh, dear. I'm dreadfully sorry old chap. Yes, yes, that's right. It was in a tank that you did your travelling wasn't it? One of those huge khaki machines. They were pretty good, weren't they my friend? Why Dr. Goebbels said they were the best in all of — oh, I'm sorry. Really, don't scream so.

Dear, dear. Now you're sobbing. Get up, Oscar. Stand firmly on your two feet. Remember the time you spoke before that great mass of people in Ausig, Oscar? You looked so strong and capable! Your grey uniform was neatly pressed and your medals shone so that even King Sol smiled with admiration, if I may use the term. I was in that crowd,

Oscar, and I felt proud of you. The people cheered you, friend. They cried for you to speak to them. You were their hero! Surely they haven't left you! But come, come Oscar. You're ruining your clothes, friend. And look. Look at that gaping hole in your right trouser leg. And that cut? Why it's bleeding. It may even become poisoned, Oscar. Hmm, poisoned! Oh, I shouldn't have said that, eh? Pardon, pardon.

Just look at your face. Why surely you must have two weeks' growth there. Don't those grey whiskers irritate you? Oh, you mean you haven't any more feelings? But look how it's affecting your eyes, Oscar. Why, they're all bloodshot and your brow is all dirt streaked. Tut, tut. You should take better care of yourself, friend. Why don't you see the local doct — Oh, I almost forgot. No doctor. But of course. Even I wouldn't live in these ruins. Why you never can tell when the roof will fall in on you. Roof! Hah, hah, hah. I almost forgot again. Most of the houses in this district have no roofs.

(Oscar cries out)

What was that you said, Oscar? Heh? Oh, it's not the roofs. He's dead! You mean, the doctor? Ah well. You shouldn't have done what? Kill? Oh, killed him. Dear, dear!

Why whatever is the matter, friend? Oh, that sound. Don't worry, Oscar, it's only — Oscar, Oscar! (My, look at him stumble. And I was just going to tell him that the rumbling sound was merely a few old bricks dropping down. But, oh well. I have to hurry to reach him again.)

Oops. Now you've done it, Oscar. You've fallen, and — hah, hah — I can't help laughing — hah, hah, hah — into a rubbish heap. Oh, I know I shouldn't laugh, Oscar, but really, you look so funny. But here. Let me help you. Oh, you don't want me to touch you. But why? Oh, I see. You're frightened. Poor Oscar!

Now what's that you've got? Ooh! You're shivering. Now, now. It was only a hand, and not a very good one at that. Two fingers were missing. Oh, you didn't notice it, did you? Well, look, I'll show — dear, dear! Don't get so excited, friend. I won't touch it if it's against your wishes. After all, I'm here to comfort you. Now, was that grimace necessary? And why in the name of heav — oh, no, no, not that place — why are you frightened of an old, withered hand? Don't you remember Anna Koplovitch. She threw that grenade at your company. But you captured her. Oh, yes, remember Oscar? You ran and trapped her in the corner of an old warehouse. And with your shining bayonet, you cut — Oscar, Oscar! Please get up. I realize I said something wrong.

(There, there. Look at him run again) Oscar, look out! That door. OSCAR! Now he's done it. It fell right on top of him. Hmm. One would think that he wasn't wanted in the church. Ah, there. Good Oscar. You've freed yourself. That's it. Now you're up on your feet again. Good! Oh, but perhaps you don't remember this old church. Oh, I realize it doesn't look the same. But the war you know. Remember the old priest, Oscar, who struggled when your men dragged him from here. Now if my memory serves me right, you shot — no, no, you stabbed him, didn't you friend. Well, after all, he was old, wasn't he — oh, all right, all right, I shan't say anything more about the church. And anyhow, we'll catch our death of cold here. My, the skulls that lie about here! I'm liable to injure my ankle stepping on one of them. Empty, foolish heads, weren't they Oscar? They didn't seem to realize that 'might was right' did they? Well, that's their fault, Oscar, not yours.

(Both men walk slowly away from the ruins of the church. The sun throws its last ray of light on the broken altar and then disappears. Evening approaches. The men have been walking for a long time.)

'Now, now, Oscar, you're puffing as if your lungs were ready to burst. And if I'm not mistaken, that's blood on your lip. Aren't you frighten — oh, no! You couldn't be. After all. Those 3000 Jews in the Pilsen ghetto — why I believe one of your sentries said there was enough blood there to flood — OSCAR! Don't hurry so. You'll tire yourself out. Look out now. Why you nearly fell into that ditch. What? Not a ditch? A grave? Oh, I see!

My we've come a long way. Oh, dear. There you go running again. Oops! You nearly slipped on the water. But it's not raining, Oscar. Oh, I see. It's not water. It's red.

Look, Oscar, look! Those grey houses up ahead. Oh, you see them. Why you're laughing Oscar, you're laughing. Run, friend, run! watch it. Keep going. Oscar. Why I believe you'll make it! Stop swaying, man. Keep going. Like one of your blitzes, Oscar. Run, run, run. Hurry. Oscar! There, there, you're nearly — oh, I almost didn't see it Oscar. Wait for me to read it for you, friend. You can read it? Oh! Oscar. Oscar. Your hands are slipping on the pole. You're dropping. What's the matter, friend? The what? The signpost? The letters are hard to read. One minute while I wipe off the dust. There! Now let's — hah, hah, hah, hah. — oh dear — hah, hah, hah, — why, would you believe it! (The man can hardly restrain from laughing too much) Why — hah — it says — it says, Leitmeritz — 12 — oh, hah, hah, hah — 12

Kilometres! And you wanted to escape!

Get up, Oscar, get up. Oh, pardon me. I see! You can't. But don't worry, friend. I'm here. I'll carry you. Come Oscar. Now let's travel together.'

(Suddenly the place becomes utterly deserted. There is no sign of human life. The only thing that remains standing is an old dust-covered signpost, with a grey uniform hanging limply over the top of it.)

Halfback's Lament

Lewis Evans

In this Era of the Plastic
It appears to me fantastic
That a syllabus scholastic
Should demand I study Verse,
For my interests are athletic
And I'm quite unsympathetic
To the ecstasies poetic
Of the *Faerie Queene* and worse.

Now I've passed Matriculation
I require no Keats quotation
To express my admiration
To the girls I dote upon;
I will need no Shelley lyric
Nor Byronic rhyme satiric,
But, unhelped by panegyric,
Beowulf like *Don Juan*.

A Noise of Swallows

George Whalley

Some weeks ago there came into my hands a pamphlet of four pages entitled *The English Mercurie*, No. 50.: a 1942 reprint of what purports to be a circular issued in London when the first news of the engagement with the Spanish Armada was received in July 1588. The pamphlet was found between the leaves of a book bought at auction in Sherbrooke in 1943; it has not been possible to trace the origin of the pamphlet further back than that. The reprint, one supposes, was issued for purposes of propaganda; though why in 1942 rather than in 1940 is less easy to guess. A facsimile of the title is printed below.

The English Mercurie. No. 50

Published by AUTHORITY

For the Prevention of false Reportes.

The text of the pamphlet is made up with three reports. The first, dated "*Whitehall, July 23rd, 1588*", opens with the sensational statement that

EARLIE this Mornings arrived a Messenger at Sir Francis Walsingham's Office, with Letters of the 22d from the Lorde High Admirall on board the *Ark-Royal*, containinge the followinge materiall Advices.

And a circumstantial report of the first engagement extends almost to the middle of p. 3. The second report, dated "*Ostend, July 27th N.S.*" gives in some detail an account of the invasion being mounted along the Dutch and Belgian coasts and ends with the hope that "the Lorde Admiral Howard will prevent the Spanish Navie from being in a Condition to raise the Blockade." The third report, dated "*London, July 23rd*", tells in a dozen lines how "The Lord Mayor, Aldermen, Common-Council and Lieutenancie of this greate city wayted upon her Majestie at Westminster this afternoone, with Assurances of their hearty and unanimous Resolution, to stande by and support her Majestie at this critical Juncture", and how "The Queene received them very graciously, and assured them she did not coubte their zealous Endeavours to serve theyr Country on the present very important Occasion." The pamphlet ends

with the single line:

"Imprinted at London by Christ. Barker, her Highnesse's Printer, 1588."

The English Mercurie led me to consider the incidence of the sound of naval gunfire in English literature, other than in set battle-pieces such as *The Last Fight of the Revenge*, to see whether any distinct reason could be found for issuing a pamphlet *For the Prevention of false Reportes*. Two instances will suffice.

The beginning of Dryden's *Essay of Dramatic Poesy* quietly unfolds against the sound of distant gunfire. We catch a vivid glimpse of the effect of that sound upon 17th century London.

It was that memorable day, in the first summer of the late war, when our navy engaged the Dutch [3rd June 1665]: a day wherein the two most mighty and best appointed fleets which any age had ever seen, disputed the command of the greater half of the globe, the commerce of nations, and the riches of the universe. While these vast floating bodies, on either side, moved against each other in parallel lines, and our countrymen, under the happy conduct of his Royal Highness, went breaking, by little and little, into the line of the enemies; the noise of the cannon from both navies reached our ears about the city, so that all men being alarmed with it, and in a dreadful suspense of the event, which they knew was then deciding, every one went following the sound as his fancy led him; and leaving the town almost empty, some took towards the park, some cross the river, others down it; all seeking the noise in the depth of silence.

In the excitement Dryden met his patron, Charles Sackville, Lord Buckhurst (Eugenius of the dialogue) and two other cultured companions. Before the well-bred and incisive discussion of dramatic poetry begins, we follow the four interlocutors down the river.

Taking then a barge . . . they made haste to shoot the bridge, and left behind them that great fall of waters which hindered them from hearing what they desired: after which, having disengaged themselves from many vessels which rode at anchor in the Thames, and almost blocked up the passage towards Greenwich, they ordered the watermen to let fall their oars more gently; and then, every one favouring his own curiosity with a strict silence, it was not long ere they perceived the air to break about them like the noise of distant thunder, or of swallows in a chimney: those little undulations of sound, though almost vanishing before they reached them, yet still seeming to retain somewhat of their first horror, which they had betwixt the fleets. After they had attentively listened till such time as the sound by little and little went from them, Eugenius, lifting up his head, and taking notice of it, was the first who congratulated to the rest that happy omen of our nation's victory: adding, that we had but this to desire in confirmation of it, that we might hear no more of that noise, which was now leaving the English coast.

Eugenius and his three companions were lucky enough to be within ear-shot of the battle and to be able to draw an accurate conclusion for themselves. But Eugenius's hope "that we might hear no more of that noise" was not to be fulfilled.

On 29 July 1667 Samuel Pepys noted in his diary:

Many guns were heard this afternoon, it seems, at White Hall and in the Temple garden very plain; but what it should be nobody knows, unless the Dutch be driving our ships up the river. To-morrow we shall know.

If on the next day he discovered the reason for the gunfire he made no note of it in his diary; but there was reason for the touch of bitterness in his laconic phrase about the Dutch. In those days Pepys, as Clerk of the Acts, was working industriously within sound of the guns, ordering fireships, trying to spur to action a navy debilitated, undermanned and poorly equipped in order to avoid a repetition of the squalid disaster still fresh in his memory. In June the Dutch had sailed up the Thames and, meeting with little opposition, broke through the Medway boom and burned as much of the deserted English fleet as was within reach. The ships could not be saved: the dockyard men, too busy moving their own belongings to safety, refused to tow the ships away. The episode was a disgraceful one; but when we take up Pepy's account we find the incident significant.

On 12th June Pepys wrote in his diary:

After dinner, my wife out by coach to see her mother; and I in another, being afraid, at this busy time, to be seen with a woman in a coach, as if I were idle, towards Tho. Turner's; but met Sir W. Coventry's boy: and there in a letter find that the Dutch had made no motion since their taking Sheerness; and the Duke of Albemarle writes that all is safe as to the great ships against any assault, the bomb [boom] and chaine being so fortified; which put my heart into great joy. When I come to W. Coventry's chamber, I find him abroad; but his clerk, Powell, do tell me that ill news is come to Court of the Dutch breaking the Chaine at Chatham; which struck me to the heart.

The most lethargic imagination can conceive the currents of rumour seething through the City. Pepys himself moved in circles where news was official and reasonably reliable. His action on that occasion is revealing: it is the action of a shrewd clear-headed man who knew what London was like in a crisis; it is the action of the man who, it is considered, was personally responsible for bringing the Fire of London under control the previous year. On the night of 12th June, when everybody else was in bed he explained to his wife and father behind closed doors the conclusion he had reached: the Navy, and probably the country, was doomed. All they could do was to try to save their money. Next morning before it was light Elizabeth and John Pepys left by coach for the country, taking £1300 in gold in their night-bag. They had been given strict and detailed instructions about burying it. Will Hewer was sent early to Backewell's to withdraw another £500 before the inevitable run on the banks started, and a messenger was sent with this money to overtake the coach. Bryant's compression of the diary tells the story of the rest of

the day.

All day long people kept coming in and out of the office, all with various rumours and all in alarm—the King and Duke of York among them. Meanwhile the public alarm grew. Travellers from Chatham bore tidings of burning English warships, of unmanned English guns, of English seamen who stood on Dutch decks and shouted to their countrymen on shore that they had fought hitherto for tickets [pay tokens which were difficult to redeem] but now they would fight for dollars. And in the streets of Wapping seamen's wives cried aloud that such things were a punishment for not paying their husbands. The City was in a panic, and rich men everywhere were moving their money-bags.

In 1667 the situation though critical was not fatal. The Dutch were in possession of Sheerness but did not seem to know what to do next; yet the City was in panic, and the panic in Whitehall involved even the King and the Duke of York. In the summer of 1588 London was expecting invasion, disaster even. The possibility of panic crippling all concerted action was not slight. We turn to *The English Mercurie* to see how the matter was handled.

A mud-spattered horseman arrives in London with the news from the fleet of the successful initial engagement with the Armada. The threat of invasion is not past. Panic must be avoided. Information is so easily distorted when passed by word of mouth. So a pamphlet is printed by the Queen's printer, *Published by AUTHORITY. For the Prevention of false Reportes*, and, no doubt, circulated free of charge. Very neat, very effective.

It is precisely that quality of neatness and complete sufficiency that first makes one suspect the authenticity of the pamphlet; and as we examine it in closer detail our suspicions deepen.

The colophon is the obvious starting-point. Christopher Barker could have printed *The English Mercurie*. He died in 1599 and had been printing books since 1576; also he had stopped spelling his name *Barkear* in about 1578. In 1577 he bought from Sir Thomas Wilkes extensive patents bearing upon the printing of Bibles, and was thus appointed Queen's printer; but he did not gain exclusive rights to print official documents until 1589, and even then complained bitterly of the unremunerative duty of printing Proclamations. In his complaint (printed in part in *The Dictionary of National Biography*) he states that in 1582 he had "the printing of the olde and new testament, the statutes of the Realme, Proclamations, and the book of common prayer . . ." From 1588 onwards Barker conducted his business by deputy. Certainly *The English Mercurie* does not look much like a Proclamation; and the phrase "her Highnesse's Printer" is suspicious. The evidence of the colophon is, however, far from conclusive.

The catch-word title is much the most suspicious feature. In the history of English journalism there are no catch-word titles until 1621: *The Courant*, a translation by Nathaniel Butter of a foreign newsletter. The first true native English news-letter appears to have been *Mercurius Aulicus*, 1643; and in the same year we find the titles *Wednesday's Mercury*, *The Scottish Mercury* and *The Welch Mercury*. But even in the case of single periodicals the title is rarely stable. Also the name *Mercurius*, or its anglicised form *Mercury*, is not the name of the news-letter but the name of the writer. The Star Chamber was not absolved until 1641. At its overthrow censorship in the strict Tudor sense disappeared and journalism as such emerged. Before the appearance of the name *Mercurius*, the most common word on the title page of a newsbook was *Diurnall* (1641 approx.); and before that the word *Current*, *Corant*, *Corante*, or *Courante* (1622) all translations of foreign news-letters. The *Gazetta* of Venice, an official news-sheet, began to be circulated in manuscript early in the sixteenth century and, with other foreign pioneers such as the *Cologne Gallo-Belgicus*, found its way into England. But until 1641 the rigid Tudor laws against unlicensed printing restrained all periodical literature except for stray news-pamphlets and news-ballads, many of which were printed in defiance of authority and privilege. These pamphlets generally bore a descriptive title and none of them bear serial numbers. The titles of these pamphlets make good reading; the contents are even better. A few samples, drawn from the representative list in *The Cambridge Bibliography of English Literature*, will suffice.

Items of news published by the State before the appearance of real news-papers have descriptive titles, such as *A Declaration of the causes mooving the Queene of England to give aide to the people in the Lowe Countries*. 1585. Three broadsides by T[homas] D[eloney] on the subject of the Armada have survived and are reprinted in A.F. Pollard's *Tudor Tracts*. Three other items referring to the Armada are listed as published in 1588; but their titles are a bit cumbersome for citation. The most enchanting titles deal with matters of domestic curiosity, of which the following are representative:

C. R.: *The true discription of this marveilous straunge fish*. [A black-letter ballad]. 1569.

Abraham Fleming: *A Straunge and terrible Wunder wrought in the parish Church of Bungay*. |1577|.

A notable and prodigious Historie of a Mayden who neither eateth, drinketh, nor sleepeth, and yet liveth. 1589.

Newes from Scotland of Doctor Fian a notable Sorcerer. [1591].

John Darrell: *A true Narration of the Vexation by the Devil, of 7 persons in Lancashire*. 1600.

A certaine Relation of the hog-faced Gentlewoman. 1640.

Murther, Murther, or, a bloody relation how Anne Hamton murdered her husband. 1641.

We come incongruously upon our word *Mercury* in a news-sheet too late for our purposes, in

The Marine Mercury. Or a true relation of the straunge appearance of a Man-Fish in the river Thames. 1642.

Convinced that *The English Mercurie*, No. 50 was a forgery, I was interested to find out whether it was an old or a recent effort. Mr. A. D. Banfill has very neatly solved the matter by drawing my attention to the following note in H. R. F. Bourne's *English Newspapers: Chapters in the History of Journalism*:

The English Mercurie, of which four drafts in manuscript and three printed numbers are in the British Museum, and which latter purported to have been 'imprinted at London' in 1588 and to have been 'published by authority, for the suppression [sic] of false reports', accepted as genuine by Chalmers and other antiquaries, was in 1839 shown by Thomas Watts to be a clumsy forgery.

I am not informed of the origin of the text of *The English Mercurie*. No doubt a scholar of Elizabethan history could say whether it is drawn from authentic letters or a journal of 1588.

That the experts on propaganda and morale should be prepared to snap their fingers in the face of scholarship by reissuing a pamphlet which had been recognised as a forgery for over a century, is an interesting reflection upon the gravity of the situation between 1940 and 1942.

NOTE: Just as this article was going to press I came across the following statement in a letter printed in *John o' London's Weekly* of 3 May 1946:

The old newspapers acquired by Roy Willyams constitute an interesting 'find'. May I, however, make the following comments? 1. *The English Mercurie*, dated 1588, was a fake, published about eighty years later. To discover a copy of this fake was, of course, a notable antiquarian achievement.

There is no new thing under the sun.

The Indian Dilemma

A. W. Jones

Ardent antagonists of British "Imperialism" have suffered a serious setback since the close of World War II. India is to receive her long sought-for status of complete self-government! Hitherto the blame for India's dilemma has too often been attributed to Britain, and now that the shoe is to be fitted on the other foot the outlook for Indian peace and internal security is pretty bleak indeed. Too little consideration has been given to the country's really basic problem — that of Hindu-Moslem relations.

My own experience of the Moslem and the Hindu in the average Indian bazaar left little to choose between the two. The Hindu was perhaps a little more dishonest and less dependable — but that may have only appeared so because of his predominance. I have lived with both and have been entertained by both, and if a choice was forced upon me I should certainly pick the Moslem for he thinks more along the lines of a westerner.

The Moslem is a rigid monotheist and he believes that all the faithful followers of his religion are spiritually equal in the sight of Allah. The Hindu, on the other hand, believes in everything that the Moslem does not; he is one of the world's worst polytheists and maintains the most rigid and oppressive caste system alive in the world today.

Their cultural backgrounds differ widely. The Moslem looks to Persia and Arabia for his classics whereas the Hindu has his own ancient literature and an alphabet which resembles ours.

Again the Moslem eats the cow whilst the Hindu worships it, and the low caste Hindu eats pig whilst the Moslem abhors it in any form. Thus it is a difference in life, in tradition, in history and in fact in all the social things which constitute a community.

From the historical point of view I believe the Hindu holds the stronger claim. Many centuries before the Moslems came to the country the two rival religions had been Brahminism and Buddhism; the Buddhist influence rose to great heights then degenerated to the point where it was forced to exile. Hinduism had its origin about the time when the Buddhist-Brahmin rivalry was at its peak — some thirty-five centuries ago. The followers of Allah, however, didn't appear upon the scene until the eleventh century (the period of the Mongol invasion), and until the eighteenth century remained the dominant military power within the country.

It is interesting to note that in spite of the mere 90 millions of Moslems in India against the 300 millions of Hindus, the effective fighting power of the Moslems at least equals that of the Hindus.

In 1885, with the help and the encouragement of the British, the All-India Congress came into being. Initially the league was set up as a sort of political club which Indians of all creeds could meet and discuss the political future of their country. Originally it was genuinely an All-India organisation. By 1906 Hindu nationalism was well on the rise, and the Moslems, finding themselves members of a Hindu dominated Congress, left and founded what is now known as the Moslem League. A few Moslems, however, still belong to the All-India Congress in spite of its Hindu Majority, but such members get little support from Moslem communities — in fact Azad, the present president of Congress, himself a Moslem, dare not enter Moslem dominated territory.

Two years before the formation of the All-India Congress, a progressive and respected Viceroy, Lord Ripon, had introduced elective local government and set Indian eyes on the ultimate goal of full self-government. In 1909 the Morley-Minto reforms provided an Indian majority in enlarged legislative councils for the first time but the power of decisions was still left in the hands of the British Government and the Viceroy. In 1919, the Montague-Chelmsford reforms carried this a long step further by providing for still more elected Indian representatives on the provincial councils and at the same time giving them control of some government portfolios. The Government of India Act in 1935 provided for fully elected provincial governments, thus carrying India within a single step of full self-government.

In 1940 the British Government promised India that as soon as the war was over she would become a free and equal partner in the British Commonwealth under a constitution framed entirely by Indians. However, owing to Gandhi's then declared policy of pacific resistance the British Government felt that it was obliged to retain control of the Central Government until after the war. A short while later Britain, endeavouring to make her promises more concrete, sent out the famous Cripps Mission. The Cripps offer stated for the first time without any ambiguities, and without insisting that India should remain part of the Commonwealth, that immediately upon cessation of hostilities an elected body of Indians should frame a constitution for the country. Congress viewed these promises with its traditional attitude of distrust towards the British Government, resulting in the complete collapse of the Cripps proposals.

The Hindu dominated Congress wanted the offer to take effect immediately and feeling that the British power in India would shortly be nullified by the invading Japanese and Rommel's rolling successes in the Western Desert, decided that if the British wouldn't hand over the reins of government immediately that they were now in an ideal position to force the issue by arousing traditional anti-British sentiment.

It may be as well to remind ourselves of Britain's military position at this time. The Japanese had just succeeded a few weeks before in stripping Britain of all her major naval bases in the Far East and at that very moment were marching northwards through Burma towards the Bengal frontier. Britain's manpower in India was inadequate and too poorly organised to deal with any large scale operations against the country even presuming adequate supplies and equipment had been available. And it is to be remembered that it was at this same moment that Rommel was pushing Wavell back into the gates of Alexandria, all the while threatening, with the Japanese, a sort of pincer movement on the Indian Peninsula. In the course of a few weeks Great Britain had shipped about 200,000 men into the country in the hope that the psychological effect would help alleviate to some extent India's threatened position. So long as our positions in the Western Desert could be maintained India was safe from the west and consequently all British equipment was going to Egypt where naturally it was then most needed. Fortunately the monsoons broke over the Bengall frontier thus virtually closing that front until the early part of 1943 when dribbles of equipment began to arrive from Britain.

Thus Congress' opinion of its chances of success had never before seemed brighter — the Cripps offer naturally fell through and Congress embarked on wide spread anti-British demonstrations, Gandhi referring to the proposals as "a post dated cheque on a failing bank".

Fortunately for the British the Congress Party's war conduct was not shared by the masses of the Hindus. Rajputs, Sikhs and the Mahrattas supported the war as vigorously as did the Moslems, and many other classes of Hindus enlisted equally as rapidly in the ranks of the three services. Actually India during the war had the largest voluntarily recruited force the world had ever known — totalling more than two million men who served in all parts of the globe. Considering these facts one can hardly support Nehru's claim that the All-India Congress is representative of the whole of the Indian population.

Each Indian province approximates the size of a European country

and like the European country differs both in race and language from its neighbour. In each there exists a legislative assembly which supplies ministers for the government of the province; over these ministers is a British governor who holds what are known as "safeguard" powers, and finally, over the provinces is the British Viceroy.

The India Act of 1935 provided for a Federal Parliament for all India; this was to be started whenever the Provincial Governments were ready and was to be comprised of ministers who were to be responsible to the Federal Parliament for the government of the sub-continent. In 1937 the parliament was opened and at the time was controlled by a Hindu majority. Hindu domination of Provincial governments was naturally resented by the Moslems living in the provinces concerned and vice versa, yet in spite of the legitimate Moslem majorities in three of the eleven provinces the Hindus actually requested that the British government dismiss these Moslem ministries and take over control in these areas — an outstanding example of the prior importance of Hindu-Moslem rivalry over political development of any sort.

In 1939 when Provincial Congress ministries resigned under orders of the Congress Party leaders, who refused to support the war, it was done in spite of the fact that it meant the end of representative government and a return to direct administration by the British.

However, in spite of Congress's behaviour and its consequent set back to the development of India's Independence, development did not cease during the war years. In 1940 the Governor General's Executive Council, by whose majority the decisions of government were normally carried on, consisted of four European officials and three non-official Indian members. By 1942 however, this council consisted of four Europeans and eleven Indians; furthermore two additional Indians were appointed to the British War Cabinet and the Pacific War Council in London.

In June 1945 the Governor General invited India's leading political figures to Simla to consider new proposals. In their new offer the British proposed turning over to Indians all ex-council portfolios other than that of War Member which was to be retained by the Commander-in-Chief; the portfolios to be transferred included Home, Finance and External Affairs. The executive council was to comprise equal proportions of Moslems and Congress Party members and representation was to be given to the Scheduled Castes, Sikhs and other special interests. The members of the proposed new executive council were to be selected by

the governor general after consultation with political leaders. The conference failed because of the inability of the two main parties to agree on the strength and composition of the new executive council.

In September 1945, the Viceroy conferred with the new British Labour Government and returned to announce that no change of policy was intended so far as the granting of Indian Independence was concerned. It was proposed that following the elections to be held in the Provincial legislatures and Central assembly, preparatory discussions would be held with the newly elected representatives of British India and the Indian States.

Delaying the framing of the Constitution until after the elections was viewed with suspicion. In order to waylay suspicion and to keep Indians from growing too impatient, the new Labour Government conceived the idea of the Cabinet Mission. The delegation which left for India towards the end of 1945 included the Secretary of State for India, Lord Pethwick Lawrence, Sir Stafford Cripps and Mr. A. V. Alexander. The Mission was empowered to fulfil the promises of 1942. Like all missions to India they left full of hope and returned completely deflated. They failed to obtain agreement between Moslems and Hindus and in May 1946 published their own proposals, which were:

- a. a draft constitution
- b. an Indian Constituent Assembly to consider it.
- c. an Interim Government to be composed of Moslem and Congress leaders.

The Moslem League accepted the Constituent Assembly with the hope of a "complete and sovereign Pakistan" and started negotiations to enter the Interim Government. Congress held out for better terms. Then the Cabinet Mission perpetrated a classic blunder by losing patience with the Indians and rashly announcing their intention of forming an Interim Government whether Moslems and Hindus entered it or not. A few days later Congress accepted the Constituent Assembly but refused to enter the Interim Government, whereupon the Mission informed the Moslem League that the scheme for an Interim Government had to be given up owing to Congress refusal.

The mission then appointed a "care-taker" government and returned to England, leaving India in a worse state than that in which they had found it. They had aroused the hostility of the Moslem League which had hitherto considered the British just, if sometimes somewhat dense

arbitors. Jinnah, the Moslem leader, claimed the Cabinet Mission had been cowed by Congress threats. The Moslems, who had hitherto followed both peaceful and legal methods to gain their ends, now declared the British Government had shown signs of deferring to Congress both in the quisling court-martials and in the question of the Interim Government. Both sides began to arm.

A new proposal came out from Britain. It was suggested that the provinces with Moslem majorities should sit in the Constitutional Assembly in two groups with the Hindu majority provinces in another group, and that considerable autonomy should be provided for such groupings. At first both Congress and the Moslem League accepted this basis for a Constitutional Convention, then Jinnah thought he found reservations in the Hindu acceptance and so cancelled his own.

Discussion then turned to All India Interim Central Government. Jinnah refused to recognise any Moslem members of Congress and it was not until a Moslem member of Congress, who had been appointed to a cabinet position, resigned his post that Jinnah would enter the government. At the moment, the Central Government comprises six Congress members, five Moslems and one each for the depressed classes, the Sikhs and the Christians. However the pathetic part of this arrangement lies in the fact that the Moslem ministers refuse to admit joint responsibility, or to recognise Nehru (Leader of Congress) as the head of the Interim Government; so far as the Moslems are concerned Nehru is merely filling the chair in the absence of the Viceroy.

The Constitutional Assembly, whose members were elected last Spring, has met twice but on neither occasion has it been attended by the Moslem League. At the last meeting of the assembly a resolution was passed on severance from the Commonwealth. The next meeting is scheduled for April of this year when it is hoped that the Moslems will have decided to attend though Nehru has stated that the assembly will carry on without them if necessary.

The Moslem feels that a solution lies in the formation of an independent Moslem state to be known as "Pakistan". However the difficulties are many — Pakistan would necessarily comprise some Moslem dominated areas. Unfortunately the Moslem distribution is such that this would necessitate two separate Moslem states, one in the North-Western section of India and the other in the North East with some 700 miles of Hindustan territory lying between the two. Furthermore the central province of the

North Eastern sector, Bengal, has only a very slight Moslem majority, whilst the central province of the North Western sector would necessarily comprise the rich and powerful province of Punjab which at the moment has strong pro-Congress leanings. And it is to be remembered that such an arrangement would in no way provide for the protection of some 35 millions of Moslems variously distributed throughout Hindustan territory.

Solutions to the dilemma, if they exist are few. The trouble is not political — it is a bitter conflict between two diabolically opposed religious beliefs — a conflict which can never be resolved by discussion.

“Nobile Canticum; Dulce Melos Domum”

Mary Elizabeth Hall.

*Delicate, intricate ties of maternal hands
Are woven to hold me here
In the shadowy mist of the elm-leaves
In the lazy middle year,
In the quiet and calm
Born of sure harvest and sowing
Where life is as graceful and slow
As the south wind blowing.*

*Beyond my window crimson hollyhocks,
In the orchard yellow apples falling,
And peace until I look away and hear
The grey road calling.
Peace, until I look and see the way
The road is leading,
And hear a voice, that comes in the hushed night,
Quiet and pleading.*

Desertion and Dawn

W. L. Rowe.

Have you ever watched the ghosts retreat before the dawning day? The illusion is both fact and fantasy. The night is real and we can see the stars as friendly tracks in “that inverted bowl we call the sky”. It is like looking through the punctuated roof of a dark hay barn at the bright sunshine. Soon we see the eastern glow as if from a city just below the horizon. The black begins to fade into grey and the grey into pale blue. The stars sicken, linger and die, until one remains in the morning brightness as if to defy the day. With this there is an even more striking change on the earth. The landscape creeps at us out of the ever receding black wall.

First the tree appeared, the the jungle of twisted growth that had once been the garden, and with it the house, small and lonely, and strangely unreal in the cold wet magic of the early daylight. There was no access to this tenantless place for not only was the gate secured with a rusty padlock, but fence and gate were covered with a twining creeper. The flagstone path, which could just be seen through the grass and shrubs which now possessed it, led directly to the front entrance. The door itself sprawled before it with one corner on the stone step. The windows, on either side, were hollow openings in the wall, like the eye-sockets of a skull. Despite the air of utter dejection there was a friendliness, rather a pitiful friendliness, in the scene. Perhaps this was given by the low roof, the long sheltering eaves or the feeling that made one realize that people, human flesh and blood, had been protected from the storm by this roof, like chickens under the mother’s wing. Now no one returned to protect the ageing cottage against the storm of time. Only the old tree remained, standing at the right corner, to give the support of company in old age, for each knew the weariness of a long life. Only the outline of the house seemed strong and protecting for in detail it was so dilapidated and untended that it would appear to the imagination to be a thousand years old. The dew lay white and thick on the roof, the grass and the tree, glistening in the pale grey of morning.

The title below the picture read: DESERTION AND DAWN.
Below this in bold print appeared the legend:

— HYMAN GOLDBERG & SON — MEN’S CLOTHING —
I turned away without remembering to look for the date.

The Tardy Diners

M. J. Seeley

Agnes Cooper had never felt better in her life. She had just come from the hairdressers and had settled down in a comfortable chair in the upstairs waiting-room of the Ritz Carlton Hotel to wait for her husband. It was Tuesday, and every Tuesday for years Agnes and her husband had dined at the Ritz. She always waited for him here because it was warm, comfortable and quiet, and after a strenuous afternoon at the hairdressers she felt the need for relaxation.

Another woman, well-dressed and buxom, entered the dimly lighted room and came over and sat opposite Agnes. She recognized her as Mrs. Capon.

"Such an afternoon, Mrs. Cooper! I am simply exhausted", said the late arrival.

"Yes, I am tired too", said Agnes, "and I hope my husband doesn't keep me waiting for long. I simply can't understand him being late today. It's the first time he has not been prompt since V-E Day, and then the traffic held him up."

"This waiting can be such a bore, especially since the war ended and you have to get to a hotel early or simply have to take scraps. I remember two weeks ago that my daughter and I didn't get to Drury's until nine o'clock and the steaks were crossed off the menu. We simply starved, my dear, for neither of us could eat the frightful lamb."

"Lamb is such a flat, dull food, I agree."

"Why the salad was even limp, and the hors d'oeuvres nothing but vinegared vegetables! Not even a taste of herring!"

"Yes, I can quite understand what it must have been like, although Theodore and I never eat later than six-thirty. The last time we did was on V-E Day, and then we barely sat down at seven and had to wait hours to get served."

"My, and its 6.35 now," said Mrs. Capon. "My daughter simply gets so upset if her meals are not regular that she has to stay in bed for days. That nice Dr. Bedeau I was telling you about last week, says it takes 48 hours for her blood-pressure to become normal."

"My blood-pressure is always high these days. I guess it must be the result of the long waits one has to put up with at Philippe's. I just get furious when his girls take so long to change between customers. I

am sure I smelled smoke on the one who kept me waiting today!"

"Good gracious, keeping *you* waiting while she had a smoke?"

"Yes, and I asked her if she had been smoking while I was waiting for attention and she just passed the smock over my head and made some excuse about having to wait to change, and besides what harm was there in a smoke while waiting! I simply wouldn't tolerate the creature if it weren't so difficult to get my weekly appointments there."

"And Philippe is such a dear, too," said Mrs. Capon. "I remember he did me once and was so obliging, so gentle."

Agnes lit another cigarette and smiled to herself. Philippe had attended her personally only last week.

"He told me last week," said Agnes, "that he hasn't been able to get a capable girl since 1940 and that most girls now only stay long enough to learn his secrets and then walk out, without even giving him proper notice, mind you!"

"People just don't seem to want to give service these days", sighed Mrs. Capon. "What with those family allowances and baby bonuses we get taxed for its a wonder any of that class need to work at all. Why, do you know that my husband was telling me the other day that before we know it all our money will go to the government and we'll have to live on an allowance of five or six hundred a month?"

"Incredible! Why, how could they expect us to live on that?"

"But he said that was what we were coming to soon, and you know my husband was only talking to the Governor of the Bank of Quebec at his club on Friday (Jack goes on Friday, for they always have fresh Gaspé salmon) and they were talking about business, so perhaps that's where he heard about it."

"For goodness sake! What will we do? Why a person could hardly exist. Agnes took several rapid puffs at her cigarette and stubbed it when it got hot. "I do wish he would get here", she said as she looked at her watch again.

"Oh, there he is, standing in the door" said Mrs. Capon shrilly as she waved to the slight figure on the threshold of the lobby. "Oh! goodbye, Mrs. Capon. I do hope your daughter is not too long". She stood up, shook her companion's hand lightly and adjusting her furs, strode majestically to the door. Half way there she turned to wave, and said anxiously,

"I do hope you have better news from the Governor this Friday."

Whither Canadian Senate ?

Fred Kaufman.

With the recent appointment of three Canadians to the Senate, Liberal representation in the 96 member Upper House has risen to 69. There are also 23 Progressive-Conservatives, while the remaining five seats are vacant.

Keeping the above figures in mind, we could not help but ask ourselves what would happen should the present government continue in office for several more years. The obvious answer seems to be that after a sufficiently long Liberal rule the Senate would become a one party body with virtually no opposition. This would definitely not be a very health state of affairs.

Yet no Liberal Prime Minister, be his name King or something else, could reasonably be expected to nominate a man with opposite political views for a seat in the Red Chamber. The only solution therefore — some observers believe — seems to lie in a drastic reform of the present system of filling vacancies in that House.

* * *

A large number believes that the Canadian Senate should be modelled after the U.S. body, where members are elected for a limited term of office. A similar system is in use in Australia. But this immediately raises two objections: 1. An elected Senate would be an unnecessary duplication of the House of Commons, and 2. The destruction of a system whereby Senators can give advice without being in constant fear of losing their seats in some future election. Both points, along with many others, raised by opponents of the "elected Senate" add up to this: The Red Chamber would no longer be able to act as a break to a hasty Lower House.

What is a more plausible suggestion, however, is that provincial governments be given a voice in the appointments of Senators. Of the Dominion's nine provinces three are at the time of writing ruled by Liberal governments, two by coalitions, one by a C.C.F. dominated legislature, another by the Social Crediters, Quebec by Duplessis' Union Nationale and Ontario by Progressive-Conservatives. We can therefore see that

three provinces, one in the East and two on the Prairies, have no voice in the Upper House, politically speaking.

* * *

Arguments against any scheme which would allow provinces to have a say in the choice of Senators have not been heard very often. The main reason for this is that the idea is a relatively new one. But we must not overlook the fact that two opposition parties, the C.C.F. and the Social Crediters — or Union d'Electeurs, as they call themselves in French-speaking parts of the country — have no representatives in the Senate and they would therefore welcome any plan which would give them a voice in the Upper House. Since left-wing groups are usually the first and most vocal opponents to any scheme that does not suit them, we cannot regard the silence from the other parties as approval of any such plans. Had the situation been the reverse, we are sure that public attention would have been attracted a long time ago.

In order to get at least a semi-official opinion on this matter from the two parties with representatives in the Senate, this writer approached two politicians whom he believed to be good authorities on the subject. Col. George Drew, Prime Minister of Ontario, was one of them, but he refused to answer any of the questions put before him. The Liberal representative, however, was kind enough to discuss the matter with the author. He is the Hon. Jacob Nicol, K.C., LL.D., a member of the Legislative Council of Quebec and a former Speaker of the Provincial Parliament, as well as a Senator of the Dominion.

* * *

"If we want a strong and united Canada", said Senator Nicol, "we must have a Canadian House of Commons and a Canadian Senate. The appointment of Senators by the provinces would greatly weaken the Canadian spirit". To substantiate his arguments, this veteran parliamentarian pointed to the recent Bilbo affair in the United States.

Bilbo, it will be remembered, was elected by the people of Mississippi to a seat in the U.S. Senate. A group of senators argued that his election should be challenged owing to alleged irregularities and an inquiry was started. Senator Ellender, of Louisiana, however, later claimed that it was a "shameful attempt to interfere with the sovereign rights of the State of Mississippi.

Walter Lippmann, noted New York Herald-Tribune columnist, thereupon published an article in which he discussed the case of the

State vs. the Union. He went as far back as 1787 to prove that a majority had always favoured a strong Union, rather than strong states. And they had been right. For it was over the question of state rights that the South seceded from the Union and that the Civil War was started. But we do not have to leave Canada to watch such a struggle. Talks about financial arrangements between the Federal and Provincial governments recently came to a standstill because tenants of state rights would not yield some of their powers. All this goes to show that a strong Senate is needed. And Senator Nicol contends that it could not be strong if provinces were to be given a voice in making appointments.

* * *

Another point which is brought up time and again is the introduction of an age limit. On this point Senator Nicol admits that arguments could be made for both sides and a recent survey of the Canadian Press revealed that — provided present members were exempted from the ruling — such a bill would have a good chance of passing. "It is true that there are a few old and some infirm Senators", the Quebec legislator remarked, "but they are a small minority and in most cases they bring to the deliberations of the Senate an experience and a knowledge which it would be hard to dispense with".

"If the number of Senators were smaller", Senator Nicol continued, "I would favour an age limit, but there being 96 Senators there are plenty of young men to carry on the most arduous duties and the older heads help to create a feeling of security and of wisdom which does the Senate no harm". This also provides a sound argument against advocates of a system whereby Senators would be appointed to a term of office of definite length — ten years has been suggested after which they would have to resign and could not be re-appointed.

After considering all the pros and cons we must conclude that odds are definitely against any reform at the present stage. Not only does the opposition to the present system fail to agree on what methods should be used in the future, but it looks almost impossible at the time of writing that the federal and provincial powers could come to an agreement on any matter, particularly one of such importance.

All we can do in the meantime, therefore, is to hope that whatever party is in power, the cabinet will exercise the greatest of care in choosing men for the Red Chamber who possess wisdom, experience and broad-mindedness.

The Echo of Fear

Margot Mitchell

*I dug my oars deep down into the water,
The little boat spurted forward silently,
The air around was pregnant with the quiet,
And feel of doom lay heavy on the sea.*

*I looked before me at the island beach head,
The trees rose up, thick barriers of green,
They touched the oval of a cloudless heaven,
Reflected in a sea, so calm, serene.*

*But as I gazed entranced into the water,
An oar, held carelessly, slipped from my hand,
And slapping down, the echo far resounded,
It unnerved me, making my fear expand.*

*Again I dug my oars into the water,
So deep they grated on the ocean floor.
A sand bar loomed before me like a warning,
A silent plea to leave, approach no more.*

*But soon I reached the fringes of the island,
The waves lapped gently on the darkened sand,
I dragged the boat above the water's level,
And looked about me at the lie of land.*

*Beneath my feet the sand was hot and burning,
I frisked and played until the day was done,
Why had that fear possessed me with such sureness?
Was it the sea, the calm, the glassy sun?*

Book Reviews

South of Heaven, by Lettie Rogers. Random House, New York, 1946, 278 p.

Lettie Rogers, born and brought up in China, is on familiar ground in her first novel, *South of Heaven*, which has its locale in a city deep in the interior of China during the late twenties.

This is not the China so often encountered in modern novels — a China of smells, of starvation, of coolies racked by labour. Rather *South of Heaven* is a delightful and warm-hearted picture of Chinese character. It is, of course primarily the story of young Judy Ward, the daughter of a stern American missionary more interested in the welfare of his converts than in the happiness of his family. A sensitive child and hungry for affection, Judy turns to the Chinese servants and their children for the love and understanding that her parents fail to give. But young as she is, Judy is aware that she is a foreigner in the land of her birth — that she will never be accepted wholly by the Chinese because she belongs to what they term the "tiger's camp".

Only one person understood the depth of Judy's problem. Christopher Blair, a young Eurasian doctor respected by both races, alone realized how alarming and unaccountable life may seem to a child caught between two alien worlds.

Although Miss Rogers has handled her material skilfully, nevertheless the narrative moves slowly in *South of Heaven*. It is only in the final chapters when the soldiers of Chiang Kai Shek, marching from the south, bring chaos and confusion to the towns through which they pass, that the story gains any momentum.

But it is for its appealing characterizations that the story will be chiefly remembered. The old Chinese nurse, the young doctor, the pathetic missionary mother, the lovable serious child — all stand out clearly and are drawn with such understanding and tenderness that one feels Miss Rogers may not only be recalling many incidents from her own childhood but that the characters she so sympathetically describes may actually have existed too.

South of Heaven is a pleasing story, while the author's keen observation of Chinese customs and inter-racial relationships in the days when the Kuomintang was young may incidentally help the reader to understand better much of the social discontent of present-day China.

— C. Oakley.

Return to Jalna, by Mazo de la Roche. Macmillan, Toronto C1946. 462 p.

This novel of the life of a now famous Canadian family came from the pen of Miss de la Roche in 1946. It portrays the various activities of the Whiteoak family in World War II. Several new characters are introduced, and the reader is left with the impression that families in her fiction are not eternal—new faces replace the old. Miss de la Roche has accurately captured the nervous strain so characteristic of women who during wartime fear for the safety of their husbands. The homecoming of Piers and Renny is handled with warmth and feeling, although never reaching sentimentality. Jalna's varied landscape is described with a freshness and vigour to contrast the suffering of human intellects (particularly that of Renny) with the unchanging path of life pursued in God's countryside.

Return to Jalna is, however, primarily concerned with the private life of the Whiteoak family. There are many instances of subtle contrast between Piers and Renny, who have suffered the pain and who have felt the futility of war, to Mooey and Finch who have in particular led a protected life behind the stout walls of Jalna. Alayne is portrayed in the earlier parts of the novel as the wife of a soldier at war who is struggling with domestic crises never before met by her; her life after Renny's return is at times difficult, and there is emphasis on her devotion to him and her family. Mooey is pictured as the gangling adolescent shirking physical labour, cramming for examinations, eagerly awaiting his inheritance; Finch is portrayed as a young man frustrated in love, and who has turned to the music of the piano to regain his self-esteem. The introduction of Roma is shown to be distasteful to all members of the family; Eugene Clapperton with his "model village" coupled with the three sisters provides a strong contrast between the proud Whiteoaks, and the plans of an ambitious and calculating man of the world.

It has been for the Whiteoaks of Jalna an era of change, but there remains intimate contact with the past for them in the old uncles. The spirit of their grandmother too, haunts the very structure of that mansion so steeped in tradition, so loved and cherished by each succeeding generation of Whiteoaks. — D.H.M.

The Fish That Got Away

F. J. Harrington.

I remember when a boy
 Of ten or twelve, or somewhere in between,
 Being out on Lake St. John,
 Alone. Oh, mother didn't mind,
 Or didn't worry either. She knew I had been taught,
 If not quite all, then almost all there is to know
 About canoeing. You see,
 I had an Indian for a tutor.
 At least he claimed he was an Indian,
 I think he was half-French or maybe Scotch,
 Their genealogy is so mixed it doesn't matter
 'Though he thought it did, but then, most people do.

Well, anyway, he taught me how to half-sit,
 Half-heel in the bow, to keep an even
 Circular stroke. Not as white men do,
 In to the side of the canoe,
 But out and around, barely lifting paddle
 From waters the only noise a tiny gurgle
 Caused by the whirlpool, and the slapping
 Of the wave against the canvas.
 He taught me how to tell
 The whisper of approaching rain or wind
 By watching the dimpled ripple racing towards me,
 And always to head into it, or race with it.
 Often we used to go fishing, Willie and I,
 Trolling for salmon, though 'twas more often
 That we caught dore, half-pike, half-pickeral,
 With mostly the pike's laziness.
 Pulling them in was like pulling weeds from water,
 Too easy, and too monotonous.
 But the sleek and silvery salmon,
 Wananish, the Indians called them,
 Were something else again.
 I've seen my father often
 Fight one for two hours, and still he'd get away.

This time I was trolling, lazily,
 On the windward side of the Pointe
 In the middle of the afternoon, and not the time of day
 When salmon bite. I did not really care
 It was just the feel of water underneath me,
 Dripping from my paddle that I wanted.
 In the distance I could sometimes hear
 The Indians pitching horseshoes,
 Their favourite sport, being too lazy to do anything
 More strenuous, or more useful
 When of a sudden I got a strike,
 And started hauling in the line,
 Dripping water in silvery drops off the end of my fingers.
 It was just another dore, so I thought
 Until I pulled it overboard
 Into my lap, and took the hook out.
 And as I gazed in wonder
 For it hadn't fought at all,
 It gave a flip one splash
 And it had joined its brothers.

Exchanges

Betty Quintin.

On comparing the many magazines that have come in from different universities we all seem to have one problem in common. Little of the work appearing in University publications is work received from the students.

The editorial of the *McMaster Muse* can give us a little food for thought in regard to the poetry contest that was sponsored by the "MITRE". There were some very fine attempts made by the students of McMaster University in that line and I think Mrs. Raymond (who incidentally very graciously offered the prize for our contest) as well as ourselves will join the editor of the *McMaster Muse* in thinking that "if

dissatisfaction is the first sign of progress, then we may surely look forward to increasingly superior publications We cannot and will not conform to literary extremes regardless of their claims. It is ridiculous for anyone to claim that a child is not human because it is not an adult, and vice versa. It is likewise ridiculous for anyone to refute our poetry as not being poetry simply because it does not conform to a particular school. It is as if a twig of a tree accused the trunk of not being organic.

This term we were very pleased to receive the *Jargon* of Melbourne Technical College, Melbourne Australia, and *The Review* of Canterbury University College, Christchurch, New Zealand. Both universities are all out for post-war reform, and I think we can afford to take time out ourselves to reflect on the good advice the *Jargon* has to offer. For necessary reforms cannot come wholly from without — from co-operative societies, bodies for social welfare and civic improvement — but must commence with each individual. Individualism is the important factor, and it should never be allowed to be swamped by any organization."

The Gryphon (University of Leeds) has also sent out to its students a plea for more copy. "Few students seem to have sufficient enthusiasm for their beliefs to want to spread them by the printed word, few seem to believe sufficiently in their imaginations to want to publish their stories and verse, few seem to have enough confidence in the critical faculties to wish to make their comments known more widely. Above all, few students realize that in the University Magazine they have probably the best opportunity for publication they will ever have. The sole criterion of copy is merit. Commercial anomalies do not exist." This, too, is very sound advice.

Many thanks go to all the universities who have sent us their publications, which serve a dual purpose. They all provide very interesting reading, and give us an idea of the problems that arise among the students of other universities and their methods of coping with them.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

THE REVIEW, Canterbury University College, Christchurch, New Zealand.

McMASTER MUSE, McMaster University, Ontario.

RED AND WHITE, St. Dunstan's University, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

THE QUEEN'S REVIEW, Published by the General Alumni Association of Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario.

KING'S COLLEGE RECORD, King's College, Halifax, N.S.

JARGON, Melbourne Technical College, Melbourne, Australia.

REVUE DE L'UNIVERSITE D'OTTAWA, Ottawa.

THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, New Haven, Connecticut.

THE GRYPHON, University of Leeds.

The Diamond Trail

Conrad Lafontaine

Diamond! What meaning does the word suggest? If you are a baseball player, or interested in baseball, you will immediately think of the ball field, where the space enclosed by the base lines forms a diamond. On the other hand, if you happen to be a gambler or a card player, you will refer to "diamond" as a suit in a pack of cards on which the pips are diamond shaped. The mathematician will, of course, confound it with a geometrical figure, such as a lozenge or a rhombus.

But to most of you, the word "diamond" will be connected with the isometric mineral or precious stone, which is a very rare and expensive piece of ornament, and which is also very strongly desired by all. Because of this high cost of diamonds, although their production is very considerable, only a few are allowed to buy them, because the possession of diamonds is considered a privilege. Truly speaking, diamond is nothing but crystallized carbon, therefore I find it illogical to see why so many people are ready to pay enormous sums of money for such useless luxuries. Fortunately diamonds, besides being expensive and useless jewels, have a few practical uses. You probably know that this mineral has the property of being the hardest substance known, therefore it is used by the glazier to cut glass and by the driller to drill rocks. I think that these few examples will be sufficient to illustrate my point.

So far I have dealt with the general point of view of most people. Of course there will be some exceptions, and I am one of them. In fact the word "diamond" has to me a more significant value than perhaps to most of you.

Let us return to June 6th, 1944 (D-Day), when the Canadian Army first set foot on the beaches of Normandy. It was a grand day for me, one for which I had been longing, and one which I shall never forget. At last the chance had been given to us to prove to the whole world that once again Canadians could do an important and valuable part in defeating the German oppressors of liberty.

From France to Germany, on the Canadian front, there were many roads, and in order to differentiate one from another, the Canadian High Command had adopted a system, which consisted in giving a name to each route. One of these was called the "Diamond Route", and could be identified by means of large wooden boards, on which a red diamond sign had been painted in the top left corner. That route was the site

of many blood battles, where many Canadians lost their lives and were buried in the soil of France, Belgium, Holland and Germany. Their lives were not sacrificed in vain, for this "Diamond Route" was the road to success, the road to victory, the road to freedom, and the road to happiness, and its conquest had to be paid with blood. It was also for us the way home, as we all knew we would go back to the country and the people we loved, only after the end of that famous "Diamond Route" had been reached.

After you have read the story of the "Diamond Route", it will not be difficult to understand why the word "diamond" has to me a more significant meaning than any other interpretation. The most expensive jewels can be bought with money, but the "Diamond Route" was paid for with blood, with the lives of brave Canadians, and this is priceless.

Alumnae Notes

Our section this term is much larger than usual and reflects the desire of this magazine to give graduates a comprehensive coverage of their activities. We wish to thank Mrs. H. Hall and Mr. R. H. Tomlinson for their help and co-operation in this regard and hope to hear further from them. The Alumni Editor will be glad to receive any items concerning graduates and urges all readers to aid in this work.

Bishop's Alumnae are slowly but surely reorganizing after their lapse of inactivity. In Montreal, the local executive of the branch held their last meeting on the third of February. Mr. R. H. Tomlinson who is a member of the Alumni, has consented to keep the MITRE's Alumni Editor in close touch with Bishop's men in Montreal. This should prove very helpful and we hope to have further news of Montreal activities in our Trinity issue.

The Alumni plan to hold an annual business meeting in Montreal at the same time as the Teacher's Convention. It is also hoped that there will be a reunion meeting at Convocation this year.

Over the week-end of February 1st and 2nd Bishop's entertained one of her youngest alumni. Howard Fumerton (B.A. '46) visited the school for what might be the last time. "Fummie" is at present employed in the Economics Dept. of the Sun Life Assurance Co. Montreal, and

is attending lectures in Modern languages and Political Science at McGill University. "Fummie" left Bishop's with the Chancellor's prize and the Economics prize. In a few months he hopes to leave for France where he will study at the Sorbonne in Paris. Best wishes "Fummie"!

The week-end of January 18th and 19th found another old Bishop's boy back at the college for a visit. Captain George Blake Knox, (B.A. '38), the Black Watch (R.H.R.) of Westmount, Quebec, said how good it was to see the University again. On December 10th, 1946, Capt. Knox married Miss Imogene E. P. Hayes, in London, England. Miss Hayes is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. C. F. Hayes of London, England.

Many Bishop's men served in the forces during the war but not all saw the atrocious crimes committed by Japan as did Capt. the Rev. James Barnett, of Quebec. Capt. Barnett graduated in 1929 with honours in the L.S.T. course. His first position was that of assistant curate at All Saints Church, in Winnipeg. On December 18th, Capt. Barnett testified at the Allied War Crimes Tribunal at Hong Kong where he told of brutal beatings and maltreatment of Canadian soldiers and nurses. Capt. Barnett is now at Camp Shilo, Manitoba.

The Rev. E. H. Patterson, (B.A. '45) has been released from the diocese of Quebec to take up his new duties in Holy Trinity Church, Welland, Ontario, commencing Feb. 15th. Mr. Patterson did a wonderful job in Leeds and Iverness, a mission comprising ten churches, while he was there. His congregations has expressed their regret in losing him. His many friends at Bishop's will miss his visits to the College but wish him the best of luck in his new parish.

The Rev. Eldon Davis, (M.A. '38) has resigned from St. John's Church, Ottawa. Mr. Davis will go to India in the spring to work in the mission fields.

Lt. Col. Kathleen Atto, '17, is stationed in Germany as head of the nursing division of the American Occupation Forces.

Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Teakle (Marjorie Francis '24) have returned to Montreal, Mr. Teakle having given up his wartime position at H.M.-C.S. Royal Roads, B.C.

Miss Marion Morrill '28 has returned from England where she was stationed during the war years, and is living in Montreal.

Mrs. Horace Clarke (Dorothy Goodwin, '18) is spending a month or two in Lennoxville.

Mrs. Guy Marston (Grace Jackson '31) is living in Waterville — her husband, Rev. G. Marston now having charge of the parish and the neighbouring one of North Hatley.

Lydia Aboud, '44, is teaching in Arvida.

Mrs. John Carroll (Patricia Hall '41) is librarian at the Haskell Memorial Library, Rock Island.

Peggy Richardson '40 is working in the library of the military Hospital, Queen Mary Road, but hopes to complete the librarian course at McGill this year.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Massey (Jessie Knowles '30) have moved to Ottawa.

Mrs. Wallace Smith (Frances Ayer) is Principal of the Intermediate School in Mansonville.

Miss Audrey Walker, '42, received her M.A. at Convocation, 1946.

Miss Lois Hamilton '46 is teaching in the High School at Shawville.

The engagement is announced of Jean Boast '46 and Jack Bagnall. The marriage is to take place in April.

The Rev. R. Eric Osborne (B.A. '36) has resigned as curate of St. Matthew's, Ottawa, to accept the position of rector at St. Martin's in the Field, Toronto. While at Bishop's Mr. Osborne was president of the Mitre Board.

The Rev. Canon A. E. E. Legge of Three Rivers has recently been appointed a member of the corporation of the University.

In the 1933 Year Book, below the picture of the Rev. R. H. Waterman appeared these words: "So far, he may not be even a rural dean". Mr. Waterman has been Dean of the Cathedral in Hamilton, Ontario for the last nine years and during the recent Anglican Advance Appeal was organizing secretary for that effort.

Christopher Campbell Eberts (B.A. '34) and Rhodes Scholar in 1934 is now in the Diplomatic Service. He is at present in the Canadian Legation in Mexico City. In 1932, Mr. Eberts won the Robert Bruce Intermediate certificate and the Kaulback Latin prize. While he was at Bishop's he was activities' editor on the Mitre. He graduated in honours in French and English.

Mr. R. L. Baglow (B.A. '36) is taking his M.A. in physics at Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

James Flintoft (B.Sc. '40) was married on December 26th, 1946, to Joan Mitchell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Burnham Lord Mitchell,

in Deer Park United Church, Toronto. The couple honeymooned in Bermuda and now reside in Toronto.

Dr. S. M. Medine, (B.A. Bishop's, M.D., C.M. McGill) is at present doing post graduate work in London, England.

Mr. W. E. Soles has been appointed assistant general manager of the Anglo-Canadian Pulp and Paper Mills Ltd. After leaving Bishop's, Mr. Soles attended Queen's University where he graduated with a degree in Mechanical Engineering in 1935. In the fall of the same year he joined the Anglo-Canadian Pulp and Paper Mills Ltd., and from then has risen to his present position.

Mr. C. L. O. Glass, graduate and Rhodes Scholar from Bishop's College has been Headmaster at Ashbury for the past two years. Mr. Glass addressed the members of the Regional Conference of the Ontario Headmaster's Association in the latter part of November. His topic was "The Democratic Influence of Education". During the war, Mr. Glass served in the navy. He told the conference that as long as he was entrusted with the education of youth he would see that the principles of Democracy were soundly shown and given every opportunity to bear fruit.

Mr. V. McGovern (B.Sc. '46) is now with the Service Department of Bell Telephone Co.

Walter Reise (BSc. '46) is doing actuarial work for the Standard Life Insurance Co., Montreal.

Norm. Williams (B.A. '26) heads the city desk of the Montreal *Star*.

Engagement. — Miss Helen Kelly (B.A. '43), to Mr. H. Morrison (B.A. '38). The marriage is to take place in the summer. Miss Kelly is in the Service Representative Dept. of the Bell Telephone Co., Montreal, and Mr. Morrison is teaching at the St. Lambert High School.

The annual Alumnae tea given for the women of the graduating class was held at the home of Mrs. Darcy Bennett '26, on the day before Convocation. Those able to attend were Kathy Ewing, Jean Boast, Ada Sutton, Thelma Parker, Frances Ladd, Amelia Smart, and they were all welcomed into the Alumnae Society. The other Alumnae present were Florence McFadden '45, Phyllis (VanVliet) Home '28 B. Hunten, Hazel (Bennett) Farr '21, Edith (Barraclough) Bennett, Muriel Wood '15 Peggy (MacRae) Doak '38, Lynie Jackson '34, Geraldine (Seale) Smith '31, and Elsa (Burt) Hall '31. After tea,

poured by Mrs. J. Jefferis, the University Dean of Women, the guests were each given a little souvenir of the event.

A Masonic funeral was held at Hatley on December 17, 1946, for the late Rev. A. F. G. Nichol. Mr. Nichol was born in India, began his education in England and took his theology at Bishop's. After graduation he served in parishes at Leeds and Megantic and for a few months before his death, assisted in the parishes of Hatley, Way's Mills and Ayer's Cliff.

We regret to announce the death of Mrs. C. G. Perry (Edith Titcomb '37) who passed away in July, 1946.

MARRIAGES

The marriage of Miss Bernice Brennand '40 to Mr. James A. Rorison, took place on Saturday afternoon, July 27, in the Chapel. Mr. and Mrs. Rorison are living in Howick, Que.

The marriage of Miss Ada Mildred Sutton, '46, to Mr. John Poaps took place on Saturday afternoon, Aug. 31, 1946.

The marriage of Mary Lynn, '43, to Douglas Gallinger, took place in Nov. 1946. They were married in the Chapel.

Miss Helen Ross, '41, and Mr. William Olivier of Sherbrooke were married Sept. 12, 1946, and live at 9 Winchester Ave. Westmount.

Miss Lilian Salicis, '31, and Mr. Bruce Alexandra Lancey were married in Aug. 1946.

Amelia Smart, '46, was married to Mr. Gilbert Bretzlaff in July 1946. Her address is 60 Charles St., Aylmer, Que.

Mr. Robert Taylor and Audrey Bellam '40 were married June 29th, 1946.

BIRTHS

To Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Fraser (Marguerite Burbank '41) on Feb. 25, 1946, a baby girl, Jean Marion.

To Mr. and Mrs. Peter Edgell (Roberta Richardson '39) on Jan. 27, 1947, a son, Christopher.

To Mr. and Mrs. Caswell (Millicent Marlin '38) a son, Jan. 25, 1947.

A propos de chapeaux

M. G. Birchwood.

*Three feathers and a piece of felt
Cover milady's cranium,
But if she thinks it looks "divine"
She doesn't have much brainium.*



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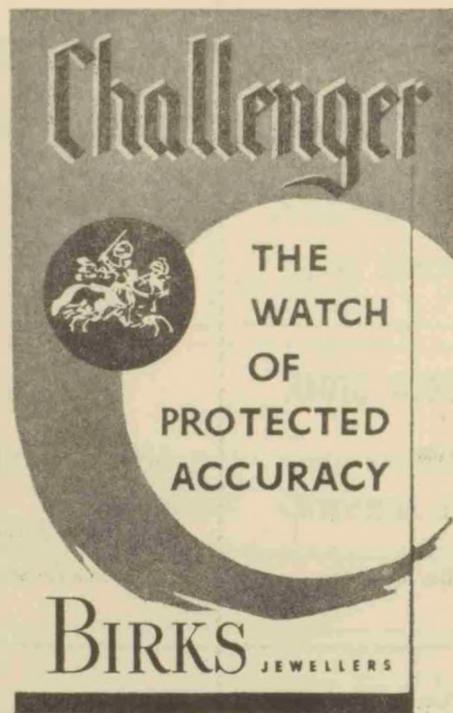
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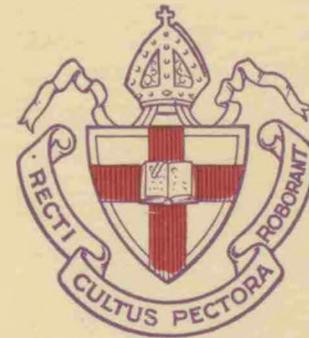
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