

Neilson's



The Quality Chocolate

The
MITRE



A LITERARY
REVIEW

UNIVERSITY OF BISHOP'S COLLEGE
LENNOXVILLE, QUE.,
CANADA

University of Bishop's College

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

Founded 1843

Royal Charter 1853

THE ONLY COLLEGE IN CANADA FOLLOWING
THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE PLAN OF
THREE LONG ACADEMIC YEARS FOR THE
B.A., B.SC. IN ARTS AND B.SC. (Econ.).



Complete courses in Arts, Science in Arts and Divinity. Post-graduate courses in Education leading to High School Diploma. Residential College for men. Women students admitted to lectures and degrees. Valuable Scholarships and Exhibitions. The College is beautifully situated at the junction of the St. Francis and Massawippi Rivers. Excellent buildings and equipment. All forms of recreation, including tennis, badminton, and skiing. Private golf course. Lennoxville is within easy motoring distance of Quebec and Montreal and has good railway connections.

For information, terms and calendars, apply to :

THE REV. A. H. MCGREER, D.D., PRINCIPAL, or
THE REGISTRAR, LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

Eyes are on Kayser

And here's what they see . . . matchless quality, glamorous fashioning and flawless fit that make Kayser products favourites with Canada's smartest women.

Whether on hosiery, gloves or underthings, the brand name Kayser is your complete assurance of craftsmanship and true value. Kayser garments are luxurious and lasting. A Kayser gift is longed for and loved.

KAYSER

Be Wiser - Buy Kayser

Two Sets of Taxes Will Materially Reduce Any Estate!

A man who "leaves everything to his wife" generally intends the estate to go more or less intact upon her death to his children. But the taxes at his death, and again at hers, can reduce the estate substantially and the children might well question their father's judgment.

By creating a trust in your Will, you can provide all that you wish for your wife with provision for other heirs upon her death. Taxes are levied only once on such an estate.

Consultations on Will planning invited.

SHERBROOKE TRUST COMPANY

CASTINGS

BRONZE BRASS ALUMINUM

FAST DELIVERY FROM OUR
MODERN FOUNDRY

Expert Workmanship — Modern Equipment

Phone LENNOXVILLE 323 for Speedy Service

UNION SCREEN PLATE COMPANY OF CANADA LTD.

Head Office:

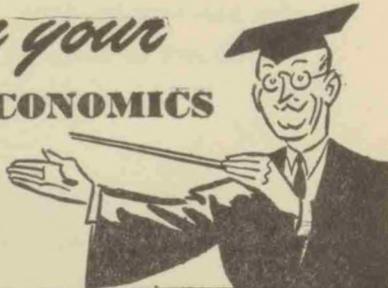
Lennoxville, Que.

Plants

Lennoxville and Montreal

Learn your
PRACTICAL ECONOMICS

at the B of M,
the bank where students'
accounts are welcome.
You can open an account
for as little as a dollar.



BANK OF MONTREAL
*working with Canadians in every
walk of life since 1817*



Branches in Sherbrooke

Main Office: 59 Wellington Street.... R. L. CURPHEY, Manager
Belvidere and King Streets Branch.... L. A. LABERGE, Manager

Contents

<i>Editorial</i>		6
<i>In This Issue</i>		9
<i>Centenary of the Faculty of Arts</i>	A. R. Kelley	11
<i>The Gamblers</i>	I. Gliserman	16
<i>An Old Theme</i>	Mary Elizabeth Hall	22
<i>A Name for the Dominion</i>	D. C. Masters	23
<i>The Winged Word</i>	M. J. Seeley	26
<i>Reverie</i>	Mary Elizabeth Hall	31
<i>Plowman's Folly?</i>	D. Macdonald and L. Blinn	32
<i>Italy Through Untinted Glasses</i>	"P.S.I."	35
<i>The Sun Never Sets</i>	Robert B. Wright	46
<i>Les Colons</i>	Pamphile Lemay	49
<i>Emigration to the United States</i>	M. J. Seeley	50
<i>Le Voyageur</i>	Stephen T. May	58
<i>The Student Veteran</i>	Doug McVie	60
<i>Transfiguration</i>	P. B. Kingston	63
<i>Slag and Steel</i>	M. C. Vipond	64
<i>The English Mercurie</i>		66
<i>Experiences</i>	Betty Quintin	69
<i>A.L. Notes</i>		71

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

THE MITRE

Established 1893

REV'D F. G. VIAL, *Hon. President*

Hon. Vice-President
DR. W. O. RAYMOND

Hon. Vice-President
REV. S. CHILDS

M. J. SEELEY, *Vice-President and Editor-in-Chief*

P. S. IRWIN, *Assistant Editor*

Sec.-Treasurer
T. R. GIBSON

Woman Editor
MISS S. MACKAY

Circulation Manager
D. H. MILLS

Advertising Manager
L. F. MCKAY

LITERARY BOARD

M. J. SEELEY, *Chairman*, DR. F. G. VIAL, DR. W. O. RAYMOND,
REV. S. CHILDS, P. S. IRWIN, MISS S. MACKAY, D. HIBBARD,
MISS B. QUINTIN, J. TILLER, J. D. WAITE, MISS M. BANKS.

A Student Publication

The opinions expressed in this magazine are those of the contributors only and do not represent either the views of the Students' Association or those of the University. Material may be reprinted without permission if proper source is acknowledged. Advertising and subscription rates will be sent on request.

EDITORIAL

Two years ago this month we were all experiencing a wonderful feeling of relief. The war in Europe had ended and the struggle in Asia was in its death throes. Life seemed pretty good. The promise of Peace had turned the world's horizon into a sunrise of golden hope. Has that sunrise faded again into darkness? There are many who would have us believe so — so soon has the horizon of Peace become clouded over. We would be fools indeed to maintain that another war is not possible. We show much cowardice and shallow thinking if we admit for a moment that war is inevitable. We condemn ourselves if we say that Peace cannot endure.

The human individual is a bundle of contradictions. He desires world-wide Peace as an ideal — and moves neither his body nor his mind from his own fireside to realize it. He proclaims aloud to all and sundry the course "we" ought to follow in dealing with the larger problems; but when asked what he is doing about it, manifests only a "Who? Me?" look of injured inviolability. It is a remarkable fact that so few people can ever be found to accept a responsibility — while easily ten times their number (a gross underestimate) can be found to criticize those who do take on a position of trust.

Now no one denies the intention of the majority of mankind to lead a quiet and peaceful life, harming no one and doing good to all. The annals of history are full to overflowing with such noble thoughts. One quality, however, these records of noble intentions lack — and that is, honesty: not honesty as it is generally understood, but honesty in its original seed-bed — in the individual man himself. The Immortal Bard uttered no more sage advice than when he urged, "This above all, to thine own self be true". If we, who cannot trust ourselves, cannot manifest an absolute honesty in our own thoughts, words and actions, seek to arouse in others these same attitudes, what reason or hope have we for success? Contaminated water, whether it is taken from a silver goblet or a paper cup, is equally as sickening.

Dishonesty of intention never yet begat honesty as an offspring. If Peace is to begin anywhere it must begin within ourselves. To create a world-wide Peace we must first work towards it in our own surroundings, with our own acquaintances. Expressed intentions and ideals will remain just that unless they are followed up by real and honest action.

Talk is cheap — and a glut on the market. One war has been brought on the world because we did not realize our own faults until too late. That generation which realized too late has pretty well passed out of the picture now. We — the new generation — must realize, before the present clouds on the horizon of Peace bring the dark bleakness of another war, that only the honest effort of each and every individual can avert another such calamity. And that honesty of effort must become a characteristic of the individual — not solely a dormant capability.

"We are individuals and as such are entitled to our own freedom". Certainly; but freedom, however wide its understanding may be, is still governed by fixed laws. The majority's welfare will always curb the

individual's expression of freedom. Heretofore we have found these curbs in our own towns and cities, or, at furtherest, in our own nations. As citizens of Canada our freedom has been bound by Canadian laws and standards. The age has come when we must realize, as did Zeno, and Socrates, that we are citizens of the world. That which is our freedom must be equally the freedom of everyone else in the world.

How are we ever to achieve that state? We cannot absolutely say. We can say, however, that until we achieve honesty in its every aspect within ourselves as individuals, we can never begin to realize Peace at large.

It is a sad thing that we cannot start life all over again, realizing our mistakes. No doubt if we could we would make a better job of things. We must however start out from where we are and improve as we go along. School and college life offer great opportunities to us to find our stride and develop a sense of responsibility in our role as citizens. Too few there are who take advantage of these opportunities.

* * *

This issue of the "Mitre" marks the end of another academic year. Many of the old familiar faces will be leaving us. It is our hope that they will go out into the world — not merely out into their world — with a true sense of vocation in a world which is asking the question, "Where do we go from here?" To progress at all each succeeding generation must realize the mistakes and errors of the past — and start building from that fore-knowledge. If it cannot do that, the same old failures, distress and heartbreak will be its lot again.

Let the motto of all men and women in the world be, "I am doing the best I can with my life for the best interests of all the people." Honestly said, and honestly applied, we can then avoid the repetitious error and costly recurrence of world wide fear and insecurity. In each age it is to the rising generation that the world looks for the answer to its dilemmas.

We make our adieus to our graduating class this year with confidence in their ability to come to honest grips with the larger problems, and to leave the world, wherever they touch it, a better place for their having been there.

Peace is not an illusion. "Peace at any price" is a slacker's goal. Peace is the result of effort. It has its roots in the heart, mind and soul of the individual. The effort is to make and keep these roots strong and healthy — and honesty is the only fertilizer. — *P. S. Irwin.*

In This Issue

We close the forms on the last issue of Volume 54 with a feeling of satisfaction. The past year has been a successful one in every respect, even though radical changes were made in both the format and the literary policy of *The Mitre*, which some pessimists thought would jeopardize a successful publishing year. Our advertising revenue has improved, our circulation has increased and the quality of material published has been of a high order.

The interest which has been shown by University and outside readers has been very encouraging, and has justified the changes effected by this year's staff. It is our hope that *The Mitre* will continue to exercise its influence in developing literary talent within the University. We feel that by maintaining a good balance between student, graduate and guest contributions of a high order, continued progress can be made and widespread interest in the Review maintained.

Before introducing the contributors to this issue the editor would like to express his thanks to the former *Mitre* President, and to the members of the Literary Board and the business staff who have always given co-operation and never stinted of time or energy in their various positions. We would also like to thank the faculty for their generous support, and the distinguished men of letters and politics who have aided us.

In this issue we take pleasure in introducing Canon A. R. Kelley, of Compton, a graduate who has written many fine history articles in his capacity as Diocesan Historian and Archivist. His feature is entitled *Centenary of the Faculty of Arts* and deals with the early history of that Faculty, as well as discussing the reasons why the Corporation assumed the form it was destined to maintain until recently.

How would you like to have an American step up to you and greet you with a "Hi ya, Tups! How are all the little Tuponians today?" Dr. D. C. Masters, in *A Name for the Dominion* brings to light some amusing examples of suggested names for our Dominion at the time of Confederation. British Esfiga and Tuponia are two samples of the names certain Canadians thought would suit the young Dominion in 1867.

Jack Waite, our freshman artist, who livened up the pages of the Lent issue with several caricatures, has done a few more sketches to illustrate several articles. We commend his talents, and judging by the reports, readers like his work, too.

The recent Biology Exhibit brought to the surface the hidden talents of L. Blinn and D. Macdonald, and after considerable persuasion they agreed to write *Plowman's Folly?* for us. Potential farmers and serious students of the world's food problem might well read this article.

Mary Elizabeth Hall is represented by two poems of a high order, *Reverie* and *An Old Theme*. We predict that she will soon be given a wider audience, and that *Mitre's* ten years hence will be publishing her in the Bishop's Poets Column. A third poem of interest is *Transfiguration* by P. B. Kingston, another third year student.

PSI's fine description of Pompey in *Italy Through Untinted Glasses* will reward the reader. He explodes the "See Naples and Live" myth and takes the readers along the sea front promenades as well as through the back streets of that old city. A visit with him to a hill-top town in Southern Italy will also surprise the reader.

Doug McVie has a *Student Vet* essay which is reasonable and concise. It represents the majority opinion of serious veteran students, a viewpoint which has sometimes been befogged by the demands of unreasonable groups. Irwin Glisserman's *The Gambler* is a well sustained, realistic short story of a train journey.

Readers interested in air force slang might find *The Winged Word* rather interesting, and the list of terms and words amusing. *Emigration to the United States* tries to present a cross section of recent public opinion on this very vital issue of why young Canadians are finding the southern pastures greener. High taxes and fewer opportunities are but two reasons for the exodus.

In view of the interest shown by readers in *The English Mercurie*, the subject of Mr. G. Whalley's *A Noise of Swallows*, which appeared in our Lent Issue, the full pamphlet text is reproduced here.

As it must to all editors, when their term of office is up, a final "30" must be written and the pencil reluctantly laid aside. We assure our readers that Volume 55 will be in good hands. 1947-48 awaits your pleasure, friend!

Centenary of the Faculty of Arts

A. R. Kelley.

The past year may be looked upon as one in which the Arts Faculty of Bishop's reached the hundredth year of its existence. Inasmuch as there were none but theological students in attendance during the first year of its history, the college can scarcely be properly said to have had existence until 1846-7. From the very beginning, its founders contemplated admitting students who desired to enter all professions, including those who were not members of the Church of England. Undoubtedly the original purpose was to train men for the sacred ministry, but alongside this purpose was the desire to meet the educational needs of the English speaking community of the province.

The decision to enlarge the original scope of the college was taken by Dr. G. J. Mountain, Bishop of Montreal, who under that title administered the Diocese of Quebec and who, in the summer of 1841, was faced with an educational problem which demanded immediate solution. The private theological seminary, which his predecessor had begun at Chambly, was at this time almost defunct. A similar establishment was in operation at Three Rivers and upon the verge of being established upon a permanent footing when two retired naval officers residing in the Eastern Townships, after having been in conference with the priest in charge of the Lennoxville parish, who himself was a graduate of the University of Vermont, proposed that a college providing both a general and a theological training be erected in the neighbourhood of Sherbrooke for the benefit of those to whom the expenses of McGill College was too great. The idea commended itself to the Bishop — meetings were held in the fall of the year, both in Montreal and in Sherbrooke, and the important decision taken that the college should only partly be of a theological character and that it should be situated in the neighbourhood of Sherbrooke.

Once this decision was taken, a prospectus setting forth the aims of the proposed institution was adopted and a Montreal committee appointed to collect funds in aid of the project. Its members were Judges Pyke and Gale, Messrs. Geddes and Meredith, Doctors Holmes and Sewell, certain members of the clergy, with the Hon. George Moffatt as Vice-President. During the succeeding months the committee determined upon the present beautiful site of the college, and the joint treasurers, Colonel Morris

and the Rev. Lucius Doolittle of Lennoxville, announced that three thousand pounds had been raised. The next year the land was acquired for the determined site and application made to the two English church missionary societies for aid.

The correspondence that passed between Dr. Mountain and the secretary of one of these societies makes it plain that the doors of the proposed Arts college were to be open to all students, irrespective of their religious affiliations. The Bishop asked for a thousand pounds from the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, but the application was at first refused on the ground that the Bishop proposed to give permission "to any students, not of the Church of England, to attend their own place of worship on Sundays". Fortunately the Bishop had taken the precaution of sending a representative to London to present his application in person before the society. The person chosen, the Rev. H. D. Sewell, appeared before the committee and was so successful in explaining the local reasons which had induced the Bishop to extend the advantages of the college, within limits, to students who are not members of the Church of England that the committee decided to make the grant as requested by the Bishop.

During this year of 1843, when a charter for the "diocesan college of the protestant episcopal diocese of Quebec" was being obtained, the affairs of McGill College were occupying the attention of the Bishop in his capacity of president of the corporation which, so to speak, acted as the parent body of the institution. He had come to the conclusion that "McGill College must be a mixed institution in respect to the religious persuasion of those who held office" and therefore that he must proceed with his plans and seek legislative aid for Lennoxville College.

This letter, written at the time of the opening of the Arts Faculty of McGill, shows that Dr. Mountain, as President of that body, did not approve of the arbitrary appointment of none but Church of England members as Professors of that Faculty by the governors and Principal, in particular by the Principal who at that time was the Rev. John Bethune, rector of the parish of Montreal. Mr. Bethune, on his part, acted in this way because McGill's charter provided that students should be educated in "the true religion" and he assumed that this phrase meant the religion professed by the founder of the college which was that of the Church of England.

"I have no concern whatever," he writes to the Governor-General at the end of the following year, (1844), "with the existing appointments (on the McGill teaching staff in Arts) which are all held by members of the Church of England — I have never contended for the seclusive occupation of these offices by members of the Church of England. More than this I have had my part in the nomination of members of the National Church of Scotland to professorships in the University — at the same time, the University having been founded by a member of the Anglican Church, it would be but fair that the office of principal and the professorship of divinity should be reserved for persons of the same communion."

At the same time he admitted that "the indiscriminating appointment of persons, belonging to different sects, to offices in the college" was alien to his private convictions, and it must be borne in mind that his real objection to the appointment of Mr. Bethune to the post of principal was because he believed that one, engrossed in the duties of the parish of Montreal and lacking a university education, was not qualified for this position.

The unhappy state of affairs at McGill caused by the conflict of authority in that institution at the time, owing to the dual control exercised by the President and members of the parent body known as the Royal Institution for the Advancement of Learning and the Governors of McGill may perhaps throw light on the reason why the Lennoxville College was named Bishop's and why the charter obtained in 1843 empowered the bishops to name both the trustees and the members of the College Council as well as to exercise the power of veto over the proceeding of the Corporation. There could be no dual control in the case of the college to be set up at Lennoxville because authority was centralised in the episcopal office. It is always to be borne in mind that there was no other authority in the church at the time. Constitutional assemblies for members of the church, such as diocesan synods, were not then organized.

Nevertheless the policy of the college as laid down by the Bishop in words uttered by him at the laying of the corner stone of the college in 1844 is clear and broad. "This college," he said, "was intended to supply the spiritual wants of the members of the church and also to extend the blessings of general learning to all, holding out a kindly hand of help to all, without compromising the principles upon which it was founded.

Thus was Bishop's founded in the same decade that marked the opening of several other sister colleges such as McGill Arts Faculty,

King's College, Toronto (Varsity), Queen's at Kingston, Laval at Quebec and the University of Ottawa, Trinity University and Knox College, Toronto, and at Cobourg both Victoria University and the theological institution (which later became merged with Trinity University). It is reasonable to suppose that the colonisation of the two "Canadas" by British emigrants at the close of the Napoleonic Wars made the problem of higher education an acute one during the decade between 1842 and 1852 when Bishop's was founded.

The man who gave the principles on which Bishop's was founded their practical expression was the founder's son-in-law, the Rev. Jasper Hume Nicolls, who became its first principal. In a famous address delivered by him fifteen years after the opening of the college, he sets forth the aims which had guided him in its administration. One of these was to offset the prejudice which arose from the name, "Bishop's" College, by taking pains to train carefully those who were to occupy lay, as well as clerical, positions in the country so that the institution may come into its true place in public estimation. Another prejudice, that of the supposed illiberality in religious affairs, he met by citing the broad-browed policy of the college in opening its doors to students of all faiths. "We are what we profess to be, denominational, but we have no test upon admission, no test in granting degrees. We expect our pupils to attend the services of our church, but parents may direct the attendance of their sons elsewhere upon the Lord's Day." He quotes these words of a Scots Presbyterian to whom he had explained the college's position in this respect: "Well, I don't see what more you could do, or we expect."

He looked upon his work as laying foundations, strong and broad, with a view to a great and heavy pile being placed upon them in the future, believing that much of the future greatness of Canada might depend upon the thorough and contented discharge of duties in the comparatively obscure field of labour in which he then found himself. He persevered because it called for greatness of mind to persevere in so little a work as his was in the beginning.

One thing he appreciated was the privilege of providing means for a liberal education in a district that was French and Roman Catholic. This very fact opened up to him possibilities of attaining a reciprocity of understanding between French and Anglo-Canadian minds. "Let us learn the French language, ideas, and literature — let French be as necessary to education as English."

Prayer for Christian unity was his solution of the difficulty caused

by religious differences but prayer shewn by action. "Let us be courteous and friendly to our French and Roman Catholic brethren and shew them that we esteem them."

In the scientific branch of learning, he saw an opportunity for a Christian university to demonstrate that the excellency of man's discovery lies in the fact that he discovered what God has made and given him to understand. A university sanctifies scientific discovery and saves learning from being swallowed up by barbarism. The university, having been founded by, should be the hand maid of the Christian Church.

To him the university was a place where a young man learned the use of liberty and therefore should receive a Christian training in order to be able to make the right use of this subtle weapon of life's warfare.

To those who wished to lower the standards of the university in order to raise the number of students, he adduced, as the reason for not doing so, the necessity laid upon the university of fitting its graduates to represent the country worthily both in Parliament and in professional life. Are the young men of the Eastern Townships, he asked, to beg to be admitted to such careers or are they to claim a place in them and, if they may, at the head of them? His aim was to use the residential privileges afforded by the college as a means of forming manners because to him the real Christian was the only perfect gentleman, and pointing to those who had graduated from its halls, he remarked that the practical working of the institution had been to produce men of this stamp. His parting words to the students, on the occasion, was an exhortation to remain loyal to the teaching of the gospel of Christ and by the testimony of their lives to show that they had received a Christian training. Continue to be students, and this should mean to continue the quickening of the perceptive faculties.

Today Bishop's is entering upon the second century of its period of service to mankind. It may enjoy the assurance that its foundations have been based upon great Christian principles. Therefore it is in a unique position to call upon all friends of true education to lend it their fullest support so that in the coming years it may lead the English-speaking youth of the Townships of Quebec into regions of thought that will widen their horizons, increase their usefulness to state and church, and, above all else, develop within them that uprightness of character which is the theme of the college motto, "Recti cultus pectora roborant".

The Gamblers

I. Gliserman

'Oops. I'm sorry. Pardon me sir.' I glanced up just in time to avoid the fat blue form of the wheezing conductor. His hot breath struck me in the face forcing me to grimace stupidly when he tried to pass by. But train corridors are very narrow and he was very stout. It was an embarrassing situation.

Finally the harried conductor, snorting with impatience, gave me a hard shove against the rough glass window and strutted by leaving a trail of mumbled apologies behind him. I took a handkerchief from my pocket to wipe off the sweat that rolled down the nape of my neck when the train whistle suddenly gave a raucous shriek and we took a sharp curve.

It was fortunate that the smoking room of the car stood right across from me. I lost my balance, tripped on the thin wooden threshold, and was hurled violently through the entrance of the little room. The two men sitting there quietly in the grey haze of tobacco smoke, opened their eyes wide in surprise. Instinctively, my hand shot out for the double seat in the middle of the floor. But I missed it and the square black table that the men were using, crashed to the floor as I stumbled crazily into it.

'You stupid son of . . .'. One man cursed audibly but his voice was drowned out by a second whistle.

For one tingling moment I thought I was dreaming. All that I saw were red and black spots floating down over my head. Then they vanished into the haze and I was flat on my back on the dusty linoleum floor. The rumble of the iron wheels underneath me sent a sense signal crawling up my spine until it ended with my ears ringing. I shook my head. It ached terribly. Then I looked up.

'Okay, funny boy. You can get up now and stop playing tricks.' The remark came from the fat man with the black cigar. His black vest was open and a bright red tie sat askew by the side of his bull neck. His bald head was shined carefully but his face was smeared with a two-day stubble. He looked very tired.

I was about to curse him heartily as I slowly got to my feet, when I caught sight of the other character beside him. I didn't curse. He was strictly the moronic type of individual with a suit that was definitely a couple of sizes too small for him, and he was very big. He was next to speak.

'C'mon. You heard what he said. Get up.'

'I heard him'. Another lurch of the train. This time I didn't miss the middle seat, 'I'm sorry. I couldn't help myself. You see, the conductor out —'

'Never mind the words, funny boy. Leave us alone. We're busy.'

The nicotine-soaked cigar in the fat man's thick lips waddled to the other side of his mouth. I watched it, fascinated. It moved back and forth like a little brown mechanical man in the window of a large toy shop. Then I thought the simile rather stupid and came back to my senses. Kneeling down on the floor, but careful to pick up my trousers, I helped them pick up the cards strewn wildly across the floor.

Everything returned to normal. Even the rumble of the train settled down to a steady monotonous jog that I was nearly getting used to by now. I pulled out a crumpled pack of cigarettes, lit one, and leaned against the middle seat watching the two men. They looked more like a pair of hunted convicts than ordinary travellers as they settled down to their game again.

'Poker?' The word simply dropped out of me. I don't know why, but it did.

The fat man with the greasy face didn't look up. 'Yeah, funny boy. Interested?'

'Maybe.' I was crazy for even mentioning the word. Perhaps it was the atmosphere of the smoking room that got me. It seems to me that smoking rooms are the worst things for creating atmospheres. And I thought my remark came out as if it had been said by a gangster type in a second rate movie.

'Have a seat then, pal.'

'Well . . .'. I hesitated.

'Low stakes, funny boy. Don't worry. Eh, Moose? He hasn't got anything to worry about, has he?'

Obviously, 'Moose' was the big boy. But the big boy had a dull brain and had to put extra concentration on his cards, so he only mumbled: 'Huh? Oh, yeah. Right.'

'Oh, it's not that', I replied. It was though.

This time the fat man did look up. His small grey eyes glittered with impatience. 'Look funny boy. We didn't ask for you. Either sit down or get the hell out of here.'

Those piggish eyes of his held me almost hypnotized. I figured later that I could have left then. I nearly did. But just then the sun disappeared behind a cloud leaving the outside corridor looking like the dark corner of a mausoleum. I thought of the thin old lady with the bright flowery hat sitting opposite me in the car up ahead. And the married couple beside me with their squirming brats. They were still jabbering like a set of crows when I had left them to get a drink of water.

'Thanks. I'll join in I guess. That's if I'm not disturbing you of course.'

'How many?' The other character spoke, the big fellow.

'Ten dollars?' It was a question instead of an answer. I thought the fat man would laugh in my face. But he didn't. And the big guy gave me the chips. Ten dollars worth.

The long train rumbled on with the same steady clatter of steel bouncing against the brown plywood walls of the car until the walls shook. That made even more noise. The cards were dealt.

'My name's Jones. Albert -er- Jones.' I glanced questioningly at the two players. The fat man chuckled with his eyes on his cards.

'Yeah. My name's Popeye, funny boy.'

'Honest. The name is really Jones. And I don't like funny boy.'

'Okay, Jones. Now shut up and start to play.'

'Yeah, play'. The hard-looking sidekick emphasized the fact.

So we started to play. They didn't know who I was, or at least, what I did. The fact that I was an insurance salesman would seem strange if it were known at this point anyhow. They didn't care I guess. The conversation was held to a minimum.

'Well, gentlemen, I guess I need more chips.' I sank deep into the back of my seat and tugged at my pant legs to try and keep the carefully pressed pleats. We had been playing for over an hour and my ten dollar bill was dissolved in the fat man's pile of chips. Both of them played fast and smart. And they weren't taking me for a sucker ride either by a least letting me win at first. My previous ideas of 'hunted convicts' or wily professional gamblers began to disappear.

'How much mister?' Big boy spoke this time.

'Oh I guess another ten.' I tried to act more nonchalant.

'Here.'

'Thanks.'

The fat man heaved a satisfied sigh and lit another cigar. He must have had at least ten of them in his vest pocket. The thick smoke stung my eyes and I took off my glasses to wipe them. I was getting sleepy but didn't say anything. Twelve more hours, I thought to myself, is a long time to be alone on a train.

The train whistle with a long, shrill hoot seemed to answer me as we passed another town. The vendor came through the cars with his peanuts and chocolate bars but he passed this room right by. I was terribly thirsty.

Then the game began in earnest. The shuffle of cards and the chugging of the big wheels beneath us blended to drown out the silence. I took the first couple of rounds and lost the next few. Then the losses began to overrun the gains and the chip piles climbed. The stakes were raised and still they climbed. I began to sweat profusely.

'It's a long time since I played poker.' I just had to start up a conversation. But there was opposition to my idea.

'Too bad, Jones.'

'Yes. I usually play bridge, mostly.'

'There's nothing wrong with this game.' The fat man spoke and dealt the cards. I changed the subject.

'You're winning quite a bit aren't you?' I was hinting. The stakes were getting very high. My pockets felt empty.

'Yeah.' The rolls of fat under his buttoned vest moved up and down when the fat man chuckled. 'But Moose ain't doing so hot.'

'Moose? Oh you mean —'. I closed my lips. Big boy had flushed around the collar at the fat man's statement. He growled: 'Jus' shut up and play, will ya!' It was surprised to hear him say so much at one time.

The fat man's head came up slowly. He no longer chuckled. For a minute he looked at Moose without saying a word. Then his meaty hand lashed out and knocked his companion's chips off the corner of the table. Every clatter that a falling chip made seemed to shake my whole body.

I thought hell would break loose. Big boy leaped to his feet with a mighty curse. Up came his big fist and his knuckles were dead white under the skin. But the blow never came. The fat man's cigar made a swishing sound on the floor and was replaced by a gun in the fat man's hand. It was a small revolver but it looked as deadly as a rattlesnake.

Moose's mouth dropped open and he looked at it stupidly. Then he sat down.

'One more move like that, ape-face and . . . ' Moose gathered what he meant.

I didn't say a word throughout the whole proceeding. I was too scared to. The cards shook in my wet fingers until I had to hold them with both hands.

The next two hours passed in complete silence. And the tension in the little room was even thicker than the smoke. It was nearly midnight and dimly, I heard the conductor's voice in the front of the car calling out a station. I looked at the fat man's chips. He had a hard time keeping them all in order. I don't know exactly how much he had. But it amounted to thousands in cold cash. One of the thousands was mine. The rest was Moose's. And Moose didn't like to lose.

'Show down.' There was a touch of hoarseness in Moose's voice. The fat man thought a minute. 'What for?'

'I gotta scram. Show down.' The words were hard and fast.

'How about you Jones?' The fat man looked at me.

I took out my drenched handkerchief and wiped my face. I didn't even know what they were talking about. 'I don't quite understand.'

'Look, funny boy. One hand for the works. Get it? One hand.

Gives you a chance to break or even up.'

'Oh!'

'Now you understand?'

'Well . . . how much do you put in?'

'How much have you got?'

I glanced at Moose. But his eyes were fixed on the fat man's chips.

'I don't know, I stammered.

The fat man felt in his pocket. 'Here's a cheque book, funny boy. That ought to suit you. Or do you want to quit?' The fat man shoved in his chips.

'No. No!' I blurted it out. I couldn't quit now. All the money I had earned in the past month was in the card game. The great plans I had for next year were fading in a smoky mist. I was in the predicament that ten thousand others like myself found themselves in when they play cards on a train. At least, that's what I see in the movies. Only this wasn't a movie.

'Alright. Deal me in. Any amount you want.' This was the final big plunge. I was going the limit but by this time, I had no sense anyway. I wish they would have called me a sucker but they didn't.

'Okay. Cut for deal.' Moose spoke softly to the fat man.

Yeah. Jones, you first.'

I cut an eight.

'Monk?'

The big boy cut a king and the fat man handed him the deck.

The cards were dealt. One turned down, the next three up, and the last one covered. The two men picked up their cards and I followed suit. Then my lips clenched together and I put down my cards. My heart began to pump at a fierce rate now. My eyes — well, they were no longer eyes. They were just dull blue hollows in my face. A cold sweat covered me from top to bottom. I sat as still as a stone, swaying only with the movement of the train. Every organ inside me seemed to sink down in despair as I thought of the gun, of my money, and of my life. All I saw in front of my eyes was the hand that was dealt me.

The fat man smiled broadly, sighed, and turned up his cards. 'Here's a couple of queenies and two sevens. That ought to be good enough for the works.' And he reached for the huge pile of chips.

'Haw. Leave it, chump. Here's de straight. From nine to king.'

Moose got up and pushed the fat man's hand away from the money. It was sparkling in the centre of the black table. The fat man looked at his cards again and the cigar began to shake in his mouth.

I couldn't speak. Not a word. My face was white as a ghost's and I could hear my temples beating. I started to get out of my chair to leave as fast as I could. At least I wanted my skin.

Then it came as I had expected. The fat man, his face grease-lined with sweat, had won too much to lose it all in one hand. *This* was the showdown! He didn't become livid with rage but his eyes narrowed down to mere slits.

Just then a sound was heard at the entrance and the stout little conductor poked his red face in. 'Everything all right here, gentlemen?'

He finished his sentence just in time. The fat man's finger had been tightening on the trigger on his gun while the conductor was speaking. Absolutely numb with fear, I waited for the flash. It came — only there were two of them. Two blinding streaks of light as two bullets sped across the table top.

Moose dropped first. The revolver in his hand knocked against the edge of the table and then dropped to the floor with him. The fat man didn't go down as fast. Like a deflated balloon, he stood staring glassy-eyed at the spot where the big fellow had been standing a moment ago. His mouth, minus the splotchy cigar, opened slightly wider, more from surprise than from pain. Moose may have been stupid. But he knew enough to carry a weapon on his person. And the fat man had made a wrong guess.

The fat man hadn't won but he hadn't lost either. So he must have thought, until a red blur dirtied his vest pocket where one cigar was left. The fat man sagged down. He dropped even more heavily than did the Moose.

All along I had been frozen with fear. Then something stirred inside of me and my fingers groped around for my cards. But they drew back as soon as they met the waxed surfaces because I had seen what was in my hand long before. Looking straight ahead, I spoke slowly:

'Gentlemen. I have a **full house.**'

But the gentlemen didn't answer.

The conductor shrieked and ran out terrified.

An Old Theme

Mary Elizabeth Hall

*When he lived the corner pub
Knew him, and he used to rub
Shoulders with the office clerks
And labourers from the textile works.*

*Now he's dead and wavelets green
Flow over him. Red algae lean
And trail their tendrils with frail grace
Across his metamorphosed face.*

*His hands are lilies of the sea;
He drinks wine of anemone
With ruby mouth; his eyes are pearls,
And he is loved by fish-tailed girls.*

A Name for the Dominion

D. C. Masters

When the Fathers of Confederation decided to call the confederated provinces "the Dominion of Canada" many Canadians must have been disappointed at the lack of colour and originality in such a name. For months before the passage of the B.N.A. Act a hot controversy had raged in the Canadian press in regard to the choice of a name. Letters poured in containing all manner of suggestions most of them more ingenious than felicitous. From the welter of suggestions one gets the impression that then, as now, nobody but cranks or crackpots wrote letters to the daily press. From the files of the *Toronto Globe* which played up the question of a name for the confederacy, I have selected some of the more impressive suggestions.

Most of the letter-writers felt that considerations of nationality should govern the choice. Albion, Albona, Victoralia, Britannia, Britannica, each had their adherents. One writer, with scrupulous impartiality, selected five letters from each of the British royal pair, thus producing the impressive compound "Albertoria".

Many of the suggestions were geographic. "Borelia" from borealis (meaning north) was submitted as a counterpart to Australia. Fear was,



?

however, expressed that Canadians would be called "Bors" or "boars". Those of an astronomic turn held out for Ursalia, from the northern star, Ursa Major.

Another authority, mindful of our inland waterway, advocated Superior. To demonstrate its effect, he quoted a hypothetical press notice: "Secretary Seward [the American Secretary of State] has just received a despatch from the Superior Government at Ottawa". Others, however, were more modest.

The historians also were in evidence. "Cosmopolitan" felt that in justice to the real discoverer of America the new Country should be named "Columbusland". Realizing, however, that "Columbuslander" was a trifle awkward, he shortened the name to "Columbland" and proudly asserted "the 'government of Columbland' would strike terror into the hearts of its foes, so formidable would its very name sound". Cabotia, in honour of another discoverer, also had its adherents.

There were several even more remarkable suggestions. "British Esfiga" was constructed by taking the initial letter from each nationality represented in the confederacy: English, French, Irish, Scottish, German and Aboriginal. Another orthographic masterpiece was Tupona which stood for "The United Provinces of North America". "A Briton", however, anticipated that Canadians would then be referred to as "Tups". It was also pointed out that Tupona sounded dangerously like twopenny; from which it was but a step to twopenny-halfpenny.

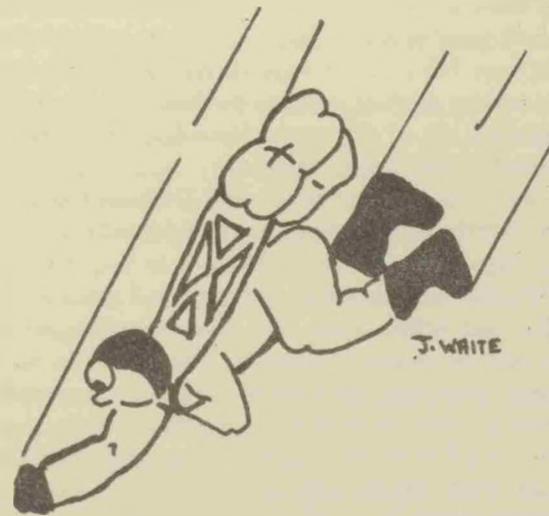
D'Arcy McGee, one of the 'Fathers', in his Confederation speech in the Canadian legislature made use of Tuponia to poke fun at A.A. Dorion, the member of Hochelaga who was opposing the scheme. "One individual chooses Tuponia and other Hochelaga, as a suitable name for the new nationality", said McGee and added in mock horror, "Now I would ask any hon. member of this House how he would feel if he woke up some fine morning and found himself, instead of a Canadian, a Tuponian or a Hochelagander".

Many correspondents favoured "Canada" but considered it presumptuous to apply the name of a single province, Canada, to the whole confederacy. For this reason the *Toronto Globe*, which appeared to represent a large body of opinion, advocated "British America". "An Acadian" came very close to the final choice in suggesting "The British Confederacy of Canada".

The *Globe* quoted the following representative list of suggestions:

Britannica, Borelia, Ursalia, Tuponia, Albertonia, Canadia, West Britannica, Champlania, Transatlantia, Transylvania, Alexandrina, Canadensia, Albinora, Vesperia, Mesopelagia, Albona, Laurentia (the most euphonious of the suggestions), Niagarentia, Victoralia and Cabotia.

Despite the wealth of suggestions the Fathers appear to have been in complete agreement that the name of the confederacy should be Canada. According to Sir John Macdonald the Canadian draft of the Confederation bill provided that it should be the Kingdom of Canada. Macdonald was strongly in favour of the term "kingdom" and always regretted that it was replaced by "dominion". There is a tradition that "dominion" was adopted because Sir Leonard Tilley was inspired by reading the verse in his bible (Psalms 72:8): "He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth." Whether this was so or not, the decision to abandon "kingdom" seems to have been made by Lord Derby, the British Prime Minister in 1867 who, according to Macdonald "feared the first name would wound the sensibilities of the Yankees". Macdonald in 1879 mentioned the incident to Lord Beaconsfield who said "I was not aware of the circumstance, but it is so like



ESFIGA ? TUPONIA ?

Derby — a very good fellow, but who lives in a region of perpetual funk".

Canadian attitudes toward "Dominion" differ sharply. The proposal to change Dominion Day to Canada Day in 1946 produced a long and quite acrimonious debate in the House of Commons. To some extent this disagreement results from a difference in interpretation. To a French-Canadian "Dominion" implies dominance by one country over another. It has no such connotation in the Anglo-Canadian mind. On aesthetic grounds Dominion of Canada has much to recommend it. After considering such alternatives as British Esfiga and Tupona we can at least thank the Fathers of Confederation for what they avoided.



The Winged Word

M. J. Seeley

In June, 1945, the order came to pack and go home. The airmen from 408 and 426 squadrons station at Linton-on-Ouse, in Yorkshire, lost no time in doing so. While sorting the accumulated odds and ends of three and a half years service in England, I came across two notebooks, which I thought were full of information on my trade, and packed them. One year later, wishing to check on some published information about an explosive I dug them out of my trunk. Instead of technical "gen" my notebooks contained a collection of airforceese.

What a find! The editors of the Oxford Dictionary and the learned gentlemen who compile other such works would hardly approve of the slang which the boys of the air force delighted to use. I sat down and added to the collection as many words and terms as I could remember.

The spoken and written word often loses something when used in any but the manner the originator intended. Usage of these words in the service was in most cases oral and many of the terms and expressions have to be heard to be properly understood. However, the writer has made a careful selection of a few of the words and has reproduced them here, for what they are worth, for the amusement of learned civilians.

These winged words have all been carefully selected and service friends need not worry lest any of their choice expressions be published; I assure you, all have been very carefully expurgated. They need not offend anyone.

People unfamiliar with service terms must bear in mind that many of these expressions and terms were born out of tragedy, loneliness, disillusion, cynicism and, above all a deep sense of humor; of course, too, brevity was often desired. If some of the terms seem crude, harsh, common, or bitter, if they show a decided lack of reverence, don't judge the airmen who used them too harshly. Any group of men in such circumstances would be common and crude; if they seem bitter, don't forget the history of those war years; if they seem irreverent or cynical don't forget that to laugh at death and to try to fool yourself and others by cynicism was a natural way out for men who saw friends come and go with the months, and who felt the bitter disillusionment of static, inefficient service life.

At some later date, if readers are interested, a further selection of "airforceese" could be published. In the meantime the following slang words and expressions should amuse the learned and take many ex-servicemen back a few years to the times and places where, like tens of thousands of other Canadians, they learned to use the "winged word".

Air bags — W.D. or W.A.A.F. personel.

Airborne — air minded, inclined to the Air Force

Any Gum Chum? — A greeting, usually from an urchin

Are you well placed? — satisfactory

Bail-out — abandon aircraft, or effort; parachute

Bash — amorous encounter

Beaufighter — a cocktail (Whiskey, Gin, Rum, Votrix and dash of Peppermint) (Max. dose — 4)

Beam — reliable procedure, i.e. on the beam

Beetle — girl

Belly-flop — landing with undercarriage retracted

Bind — to complain

Biscuit — girl

Black — to put up — to make a mistake, usually more serious than a boob

Blast — reprimand, to call down

Blitz — to clamp down on, to discipline

Block buster — 8,000 lb bomb, or mixed drink

Bodies (bods) — human units, enlisted personel

Boob, To — to err

Bought it — a Burton; casualty, misfortune, disaster, death

Brassed off — fed up, satiated

Breeding lumps — looking for trouble
Breeze — line or boasting; *shoot the breeze*; one who "shoots the breeze"
Browned off — see *brassed off*
Bruise — trouble or argument (cruising for a bruise)
Bumpf — paper or written instructions; red tape
Bumps and circuits — circuits and landings in aircraft
Burton, gone for a — casualty, missing, death
Bushed — being on an isolated station
Char — tea
Cheesed-off — browned off, fed up
Chop — casualty, death — (He's got the chop)
Close the hangar doors — stop talking shop
Clueless — no idea, dim
Coned — caught in apex searchlight beams
Coposetic — bang on, O.K., everything correct
Cookey — 4,000 lb bomb
Cooking, What's? — What's the plan?
Corkscrew — evade, or evasive action
Crackers — possessed, crazy
Cruisin' for a bruise — looking for trouble
Cut-up rough — annoyed
Dead loss — useless, clueless
Deck — ground, hit the deck, land, crash on ground
Depth-Charge — A cocktail (double whiskey, rum, gin... with half a pint of beer)
Digger — guard house, jail
Dim — poor, as in "dim view"
Do — engagement, score, action
Dock — hospital
Drain, down the — in trouble
Duff — unsatisfactory, incomplete
Eggs — bombs
Erk — below rank of Corporal; airwomen and airmen
Finger-out — get moving, into action
Finger trouble — an excuse; incompetent
Flanneling — putting on show to curry promotion
Flap — panic operation
Flea-pit — bed
Flip — any air journey

Full boost — full effort
Gankers — disciplinary fatigues
Gardening — mine laying in enemy waters
Gen — information; see *Pukah Gen* and *Duff Gen*
Gen man — one informed or claiming knowledge
Get some in — get some overseas time in!
Gong — gallantry medal
Gremlin — little man who isn't there but is blamed for everything; a scapegoat
Grim — poor, as in "grim show or exhibition"
Grounded — relieved of flying duties, fixed
Had it — finis, that's all, missing, dead. (He's had it.)
Happy Valley — Ruhr Valley
Have a go — try it
Heap — bicycle, car, etc. usually in bad shape
Hero — aircrew with one or more operations
Hit the pit — go to bed
I'm in there like the second handle on a tea pot — right there'
Iron-cow — machine for reconstituting powdered milk
Irons — utensils for eating
Jinking — sudden evasive action, sharp manoeuver
Joe — masculine, one detailed for duty or a job
Josephine — feminine of Joe
Kite — aircraft
Knock up, to — to wake up
Laid on — arranged
Line book — officer's Mess record book of line shoots, tale or unbelievable stories
Line-shooter — one who boasts, exaggerates
Mississippi Fog Cutter — a cocktail (Rum, gin, dash of lime)
Mobile — moving. (Get mobile... get to work)
Muck-up — disorganize
Natter — chatter, discussion, complain (see *Bind*)
NFT's — night flight trials;; a pre night operation aircraft test
Nip-up, to — go to
Op, Ops — air operation on active service
Passion Agent — postman

Peg, on the — on charge, on trial before superior officer
Penguin — office or ground worker
Pit — bed
Pongo — army officer
Prop — propeller of air craft; sleeve badge of airman; wide moustache
Pukah — good, authoritative
Queen — fiancée, girl friend
Queen Bee — senior WD or WAAF officer
Queen Mary — 60 foot trailer
Roger — signal received, heard you
Ropey — uncomplimentary term, below standard
Scotch Mist — an illusion, mistake
Screech — a drink of bootleg liquor
Screened — finished, usually tour of operations
Scrounge — to get something for nothing; to evade work; a job with little work
Scrubbed — off, operation cancelled
Shot down in flames — reprimanded severely; (see *Tear a Strip*)
Show — war, operation, duty, service
Shut the hangar door — close mouth; stop talking shop
Sitter — an easy shot (a sitting shot)
Smarten up — be intelligent, brighten up (dress or thought)
Snafu — situation normal all fogged up
Some in, get — get some service time
Spam — decoration, medal
Sprog — AC2, a recruit, person new at a job
Stooge — a deputy or assistant; stooge around (fly or wander without purpose)
Tail-end Charley — rear gunner
Tear a strip — reprimand severely
Tic-Tacs — Tactical operations conference
Twist-arm, to — persuade
Type — individual or category
U.S. — unserviceable (equipment or personnl)
VIP — very important personage
View — opinion, good or bad
Wad — bun
Weaving — moving (get weaving)

Wingless wonder — ground or office worker
Wizo, wizard — excellent
You may have a body like mine if you are not careful — a cautionary phrase
Zombie — a non-volunteer for active service.

Reverie

Mary Elizabeth Hall

Dreams, I have seen a few
Materialize, come true;
Have seen a few hopes caught,
Solidified, but not
As dreamers visualize:
Such sight would blind the eyes
Perhaps, or it might cloy
With surfeit of joy
The dreamer's hungry maw.
It is devoid of awe
Quiet and naturewise
That dreams materialize —
So soft their footsteps fall
One knows them not at all.

Plowman's Folly?

D. Macdonald and L. Blinn.

In these days when the shortage of food is becoming more and more acute we should stop and seriously consider the importance of conserving the soil and producing better crops. One of the more satisfactory methods of doing this is by building up the organic matter in the soil. A rather revolutionary method of doing this has been suggested by Edward H. Faulkner in his book *Plowman's Folly*.

Has any farmer a satisfactory answer to the question 'Why do farmers plow annually'? The answer should not be difficult to arrive at. Plowing is almost universal. Farmers like to plow. They know that when they plow they turn under last year's trash which would seem to interfere with planting and cultivation. Farmers are encouraged to plow. Is deep plowing approved? Are the farmers advised to cut deep into the subsoil in every furrow? It seems that such advice comes from farm papers, bulletins and many other sources. It was suggested that the most important justification for plowing might be that it "turned over a new leaf" for the farmer by the complete burial of the remains of last year's crops thus leaving the land clear and facilitating planting and cultivation. What pleasure the farmer derives from looking over his freshly seeded land and finding it without weeds and stubble! How he is filled with pride as he wins the contest at the local County Fair for plowing the straightest, neatest furrows!

At Elyria, Ohio, Faulkner had bought a house at the end of a street and after endeavouring most unsuccessfully to start a garden he discovered that his land had formerly been a small hollow into which the excavations from the surrounding houses had been dumped. There was no topsoil whatsoever. Could this land of his possibly be turned into a fertile soil without the cost of replacing the upper layer with a suitable top soil found elsewhere?

His desire to find the benefits or perhaps the harm in plowing, as well as his desire to outwit this crude earth he had purchased for gardening purposes, led him to experiment with the intention of solving his own problem. He dug trenches in the clay and these he filled with leaves and left them to decay. He obtained very satisfactory results by this method and so he proceeded to experiment on a large scale. He started by growing

a crop of rye and disking it into the surface of his mediocre soil. From two discarded wagon wheels he designed a marker to assist him in seeding. The rims of the wheels were fitted with lugs that would track the land at one foot intervals. These lugs compressed the soil forming a vertical column of compact particles which would facilitate the rise of water to the seeds. He planted green beans, tomatoes, cucumbers, onions, potatoes, cabbage, and lettuce. After seeding was complete he did nothing further but await results. In the end his produce surpassed that of his neighbours in both quality and quantity.

Why did he get such good results? Was it because he omitted the customary plowing and by disking the rye into the surface supplied the plants with sufficient food and water? He didn't use artificial fertilizers but depended on the carbonic acid formed in the decomposition of organic matter to dissolve the minerals in the soil. Probably it was a combination of all three. The trashy surface of his field would absorb and hold more water than would be absorbed on a clean surface and would therefore cut down on erosion as well as supplying more water for the plants. In midsummer when his neighbours' crops were suffering from lack of water his land still contained enough to allow continuous growth.

Yet regardless of the results obtained by Faulkner we must consider whether his methods are applicable in all regions. The experimental farms should take over now and do the necessary long-term experimenting but that probably will not happen for a good many years. Contour plowing as a method of conserving the soil has been known for many years but due to the ignorance of the people, or if not ignorance, the lack of concern over this vital problem, the necessary funds are not forthcoming from the government. It is high time that the people of Canada realized that WE ARE LOSING OUR LAND. The money that it would require to check erosion NOW will be very small indeed in comparison with the huge sums that will be required in fifty or a hundred years. Our grandchildren will be faced with a problem far more serious than it is today unless we do something. It will be like locking the door after the horse has been stolen, but we will be lucky if we still have the stable.

Returning to plowing, the chief arguments against it are these. (1) It takes the organic matter from the surface of the soil and deposits it at plowsole depth. (2) By loosening the structure of the soil it breaks the capillary column through which subsurface moisture is brought to the surface in dry weather.

The defenders of plowing admit that there has been too much done, but say that when properly done it stimulates chemical and bacterial action in the soil, increases the ability of the soil to store and hold moisture, increases the number of plant roots and permits them to penetrate more deeply, and indirectly increases the temperature of the soil by mixing organic matter all through it. It is also said to aerate the soil.

In this district land that is not plowed every four or five years forms a hard pan and this hinders the downward growth of the roots. Whether this could be broken up more effectively by introducing earth worms in sufficient number than by plowing is a question. The worm populations in cultivated fields goes down as the amount of organic matter decreases and so we have fewer worms where they are badly needed than we had fifty years ago. If plowing has to be done it should be done on the contour. On many farms of this district the argument is that we have too much water and by contour plowing we will only prevent essential drainage. Tiling would provide good drainage and allow contour plowing but tiling is expensive and has not been employed widely in this district. Years ago the local farmers plowed on the contour much more than they do today. It is said that with the coming tractors they gave it up because of the danger of tipping over on the slopes. It is a question whether or not they should be cultivating land with such slopes, but nonetheless that is why they gave up contour plowing.

In the meantime topsoil is being unnecessarily carried to the sea, annually. The least we can do is to make a critical examination of the pros and cons of plowing, and of method of plowing with a view to the retention of humus and of the topsoil itself. To-morrow's food supplies are dependent upon to-day's soil conservation measures.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Man and the Soil* — International Harvester Publication.
Deserts on the March — Sears
Plowman's Folly — E. H. Faulkner.

Italy -- Through Untinted Glasses

Part II.

by "PSI"

It was a dark night, and the wind blowing in from the sea was cold. One could hear it whine as it broke through the surf some sixty feet away and cut its way between the old buildings along the waterfront. Chilled to the marrow, I stood outside our darkened billet and looked north up the street. There, standing at the end of it, a huge cone of darkness, was the only warm spot anywhere around. From the tip of the cone flame and smoke erupted with warmth-inspiring regularity. But, it was at best a very cold comfort. Vesuvius was a good six miles away and a steep climb up. I could not have lasted to the foot of it. Instead, I stood there and thought back to a time three years or more before when I had been reading something about that mountain in Ancient History. It occurred to me that it had erupted sometime or another and buried some town or other in the lava that came out and poured down its side. I shivered some more and hoped that it would not happen again — at any rate not while I was there. I'd never seen a volcano and this one seemed much too active to remain cooped up for long. A bare month later it did "blow its top".

But that is another story. It came to me in a flash that Pompeii was the name of the town which had been buried by the Volcanic eruption of Vesuvius in 79 A.D., and that part of it had subsequently been excavated. Well, there was Vesuvius — so the excavated portion of Pompeii had to be somewhere near at hand. Sure enough, Pompeii was not twenty minutes ride away, according to the map. So, the next day we set off to visit the city that had "paid for its sins".

An hour after we arrived, by a torturous route, at the gates of Old Pompeii. Paying our entry fee and selecting the guide who looked least like a pickpocket we climbed the way to the old city's gates. The old Pompeians were no fools. It would have taken a hardy man to plod his way up the hill to that town in the old days, clad, as he would have been, in the then-current style of a heavy woollen overgarment. And he would have had to have been a pretty good friend of the town before he would ever have been admitted through those gates. The wall around the place is a good twenty-four feet thick (sixty feet high in places when

the town was in its prime) and the gates through them are double ones. Only one gate was opened at a time to admit a guest to the city. Such an individual went through a period of scrutiny before he was ever allowed into the streets of the place itself. There was no help for him if his name was on the list of undesirables — or if the porter and keeper of the gates did not like his face. Caught between those two gates he could be — and often was — despatched to his gods with a singular lack of ceremony and fanfare.

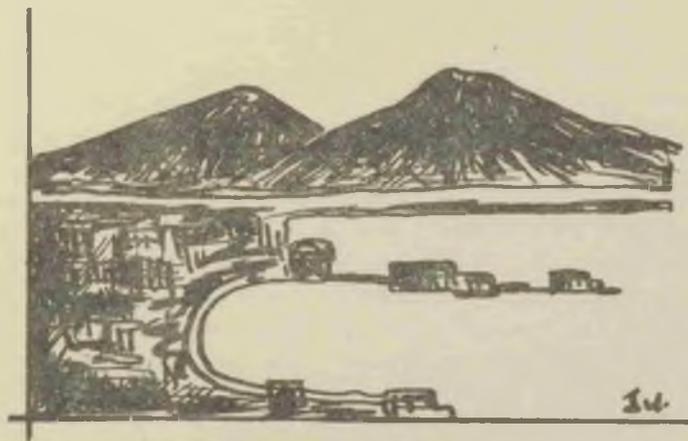
We entered the town by what is currently known as the Marine Gate, and the sight that met our eyes upon entry was one of pleasing geometric symmetry. Such symmetry had so long been an alien sight to our eyes that it was almost breath-taking to come upon it again so suddenly. Practically every town and city in Italy seems to have just "grewed" — like "Mopsy". — around the wells and fountains of their various precincts. Not so Pompeii. Even in that far distant age, household appliances included running water and taps. In one old Roman villa there I counted sixteen such taps and outlets, many of them with water still running through them. True, the piping is crude — heavy lead sheets folded and beaten together — but the idea is good, and it works. Even the modern town of New Pompell which lies next door to the old ruins has not the closest approximation of anything like it.

The straight and well laid out streets of Pompeii carry with them another feature which is not very common in Italy to-day. In some of the streets sewers exist, and while much of the refuse and waste was left in the streets to be carried away by the rainwater in the gutters, this evidence of an effort to provide a more sanitary means of elimination is in advance of those towns which were later built upon hilltops and relied upon Nature to carry the garbage away in Her frequent torrential rainstorms. There is much that could be learned from the old Pompeiian ruins by the modern Italian towns, if they cared to profit by the example.

Our guide drew our attention to another feature of old Pompeiian civic thoroughness, which otherwise would have passed unnoticed. At many of the street intersections (all streets are paved, by the way) stand three or four stepping stones across the road. These are so placed as to permit of foot passage over the road bed when torrential downpours turned the streets into turbulent water courses. But they served another purpose, too, which our town fathers of to-day might well consider. Drunken charioteers could never have guided their vehicles through the

streets without smashing the wheels of their chariots against the formidable blocks of stone placed in their path. If one can believe the many tales of the riotous living in old Pompeii, these stones must indeed have served a needful purpose. Drunken driving was rigourously discouraged among the Pompeiians.

There are many interesting aspects of life within the homes that are manifested to-day in the excavated ruins. Luxury was the key-note of all living in the gay old days of Pompeii, and anything that could promote it was introduced into the daily lives of its inhabitants. The warm climate of the Southern shores of the bay of Naples, made home construction easy. It also discouraged unnecessary physical effort. The people adopted for instance, the old Greek idea of lying down to eat, and relics of this pleasant method of dining still remain in the form of stone couches set in a circle around a small table. Eating, too, was developed to a fine art. Some of the more quotable inscriptions on the walls of the old city bear witness to the Epicurean tastes and accomplishments of the inhabitants. The pictures painted on the walls, further illustrate this point. Our guide even showed us what he called the "Vomitorium" in one of the houses — a small room, one side of which is taken up by a large trough and a hand rail — to which the over-stuffed guests repaired when they felt that they could not cope with another one of the many courses of a dinner without first getting rid of all that they had eaten. Such a disgusting practice need not be elaborated, but the fact that is



was so common a practice is attested to by pictures and architectural remains. The thoroughness with which every phase of life at that time was provided for is exemplified in the "Vomitorium". Bathrooms, to say the least, were completely elementary. But then, they are to-day in that part of the world — so one need draw no comparison there. Where they exist, they do not meet with even the lowest of Western requirements. Privacy in their location and use was and is of no great importance.

Much of what Pompeii was can be ascertained by reading the writings on the walls of the town. About two-thirds of all that is written or drawn in such places cannot be translated here; and, even to the more broad-minded, too thorough a knowledge of Latin might prove embarrassing there. The other third of the wall notices and art give evidence of the fact that Pompeii had public laundries, many shops of different varieties — bakeries, wine shops, meat shops, etc. — and that public business and elections were carried on in a manner not unlike our methods to-day. Of the other two-thirds of the wall inscriptions, W. M. MacKenzie in his book "Pompeii", most politely sums them all up by saying "Fervid and rejected love alike find expression, and, as always, in unqualified strains. But the basic philosophy, nevertheless, comes out in the assertion that "He who has never loved a woman is no gentleman". W. M. MacKenzie is a master of understatement.

Pompeii was a seaport town of twenty thousand and as such, even to-day, we would expect (and not be disappointed) to find a great mixture of races and ideals. So diversified a population must naturally have its irresponsibilities and loosenesses — "lavish manners" as Shakespeare would have them. That people were conscious of the low ebb of Pompeian morals in her day is witnessed in the bare inscription, "Sodoma, Gormora" on the walls of one of the Forum buildings. History has been glib in its condemnation of Pompeii as a city given to the pursuit of carnal pleasures and immoral practices. It has neglected the great strides that city made in other fields. It was not until the close of the twelfth century that Paris took steps to pave her streets. And centuries later before London took-up the idea. Even to-day, neighbouring boroughs and towns have yet to catch up to the standard of municipal development reached in Pompeii two thousand years ago. They have yet to live down its moral stigma. To quote Shakespeare, "The evil that men do lives after them. The good is entered with their bones". So it was with Pompeii. So it is in Southern Italy.

From Pompeii it is but a short trip around the point of Vesuvius to the more modern town of Napoli — or Naples, as it is better known. Here, in what is perhaps the best-known city of the South, one finds a curious mixture of East and West that seems somehow to harmonize with the country round about. This is no place to embark upon exacting interpretations, but the person who coined the phrase, "See Naples and die" could not have left the boat he was looking from — or else he was a traveller from the Siberian hinterland. Like any great city, Naples has its beauty spots and its pleasant centres, along with places that can by no stretch of the imagination be called 'beautiful'. The city, however, puts up a bold and beautiful front and, as that is about all the tourist sees, he might well leave with the impression that Naples is the most beautiful spot on earth. But behind that front there is abject misery, and slum conditions peculiar to Italy exist in plentitude.

The sea front promenades and roadways of Naples are more beautiful than the renowned resorts of Florida and California. A wide, well-paved roadway curves its way around the Bay from the suburban towns at the foot of Mt. Vesuvius to the beautiful, palm-crowned bluffs to the north side of the city. In the heat of the mid-day sun, ensconced in the luxury of a hansom cab, the drive along the water from the Governor's Palace and the Opera House to the outskirts of the city overlooking the Bay, is among the most refreshing and pleasant experiences one can ever hope to have. The docks of Naples are like the docks of any sea port town, crowded, dingy and uninspiring. But they do not string out along the entire front of the city as they do in so many places throughout the world. They are confined to the South quarter of the city, in an area all their own, and need never be approached by the tourist or native, unless on business. The trip down to the dock area is, in itself, a perilous descent. Though the road is paved, it winds and twists so steeply along its sunken bed, that even modern cars experience no little difficulty in descending with any modicum of ease and safety.

The part of the sea front which holds greatest attraction for the visitor is that which has been aforementioned. Here, on one side, are grand, modern office buildings, hotels, and shops, that are in keeping with the standards of any big Western city. On the other side is the sea, glass-blue in the sunlight, upon which little fishing boats bob like corks and launches of the well-to-do and high officials glide about. There is a huge pavilion too, that juts out over the water. At one time it had been a castle or a prison and the exterior is still a formidable reminder

of its sterner days. To-day it is a pleasant resort, in which one can escape the noise and clamour of the main thoroughfares, and relax in the cool, freshness of the sea air. As one moves further along the pleasant water front, the main road divides and goes on, flanking a beautiful park boasting specimens of all types of tropical and semi-tropical trees and shrubs — a favorite resort of all lovers. Here, in the lulling shade of overhanging palm trees, one leans back and contemplates the horizon as it flickers through the fronds of green palm. It is hard to see just where the sea begins and the sky leaves off. Heaven and earth appear to meet just on the other side of the park and the ethereal solitude that such a thought brings perhaps may justify the old admonition "See Naples — and die".



It is the modern settlement which has sprung up at the top of the hills which overlook Naples from the north that is the most attractive place in the city. One may ride up the winding hill in his hansom cab, if he wishes, or he may take the funicular railroad which is there for that purpose. But it is nothing more than sacrilege to permit a faint heart and a flagging will to deter one from making the ascent on foot. Neapolitan "municipii" appear to have realized the great attraction which this section of the city holds for they have constructed one of the most beautiful scenic climbs that any pedestrian can find anywhere in this world. I

speak as a protesting pedestrian myself. Hills and hill-climbing went out when I failed my Rover's Test — except under duress. To this day I don't know what made me climb that hill the first time I saw it. Perhaps it was the lonely clump of pine trees that stood at the top daring me to show that I was as hardy as they. Perhaps it was the desire for a sense of achievement, for something to justify my afternoon's outing. Perhaps it was the group of "bella signorinas" that had passed me and were on their way up. I don't know. There was something that "made" me walk up that hill and I shall never think of ascending it any other way.

The roadbed is carved out of solid rock. It looks up to a towering mass of multi-coloured strata and the blue sky above. It looks down to clusters of fresh, small villas, gleaming in the sun — yet cool and inviting in the shade of their palm and pine trees. And looking out, one can see for miles nothing but the blue expanse of ocean. The smoke of a steamer drifts slowly across the horizon, and closer in, a small fleet of white-sailed fishing boats pattern the sea's face like lilies on a garden pond. At regular intervals throughout the ascent there are resting places in the form of balconies which jut out from the sidewalk over the edge of the cliff. Here one can pause and look back upon the city — always a more pleasant sight from a distance. The more imposing of the stone structures stand out above the rest of the buildings, giving a dignity to the whole scene. There is nothing cheap or flamboyant about the Neapolitan panorama. The larger streets which run north and south, seen from the distance, are straight avenues of glossy green. The leaves and branches of the decorative orange and lemon trees which line the more important thoroughfares canopy the sordid and drab colours of the streets below.

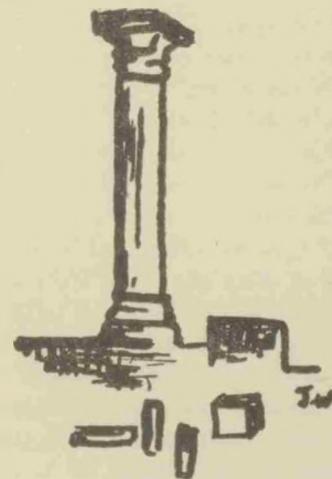
Looking back as one ascends, each step farther up the slope reveals new scenes and unforgettable completeness of panorama. From the summit, Naples appears always to slumber tranquilly in the sunshine of eternal summer. Nothing moves with seeming haste. The boats and ships in the Bay sit motionless on a shimmering sea. Small dots of people move ever so slowly along the streets. Traffic never seems to rush, but glides with the smoothness of silence along the avenues of the city. The white smoke and steam from the tip of Vesuvius glides lazily into the cloudless blue sky. Breathless tranquility is the key note of the whole scene. Sitting underneath the lone pine trees at the top of the hill one is so free from the noise and dirt of the city below, that he seems to be quite apart from all aspects of the Neapolitan world. It is always clean and fresh up there.

In the heart of the city itself, it is quite a different matter.

Most cities have slums and districts which they would rather not admit owning, but Naples is one of few places I have ever been in, where such conditions seems to exist, without concern or notice of the authorities, right under their very noses. The Main Street of Naples is the Via Nazionale. It might well be the main street of any American city. The shops are well built, and lighted and the goods are well laid out. Orderliness and cleanness are the order. But the stranger must prepare himself for a complete change around, should he ever venture down one of the side streets which lead off the main thoroughfare. Narrow, twisting cobblestone streets, littered with filth and "bambinos" not to mention a score of nodescript mongrel curs, meet his eye. The sunlight, which blesses the streets "outside" cannot force its way down through the narrow opening which the close-built buildings provide. There is a continual staleness and musty dampness about the air — a mild assertion to say the very least. Sidewalks exist in some places, but more frequently the pedestrian has to be careful not to fall over the doorstep of one of the casas as he goes by. Approaching traffic, mainly pedestrian, but occasionally a heavy-laden mule, forces one off the road and into the narrow doorways of the houses. There is an eternal greyness and a haunted air about these streets that frightens the uninitiated, making a trip through such areas a nerve-trying one. The people who live within the confines of these streets seem imbued with the same drabness, the same ageless sense of futility with which their habitat impresses one. The very business of existing seems too full of effort to be worthy of any great interest — such a contrast with the atmosphere one meets on the streets outside. The precinct wells spout water from the same sources, from the same spouts, into the same troughs and streets as they did centuries ago. Running water, known to all the streets on the outside, is nowhere found in the greater part of Naples. The facilities do not exist and the desire for the same, it appears, never has. The eternal sameness of odours, buildings, children and adults makes the "back street" quarters of Naples among the most unattractive and disgusting places in the world. But people live there — and thrive there. Families grow and generation succeeds generation. It is a mystery how they manage to keep it up. It is no mystery how Fascism, or any other totalitarian from of rule can claim strong support from these people. The tide of life carries them with it. False eddies sweep them up, whirl them a bit and throw them back to the tide again.

That tide has been on the ebb for two thousand years.

To complete our cross-section view of Southern Italy, let us move on to a typical hilltop town, in the interior. Montecilfone crowns one of the many peaks a few miles inland from Termoli. The adjacent peaks are also crowned with towns and villages. There is nothing unique in anyone of them. They are all the same. Here one meets the people who form the larger proportion of the country's population — the peasant and small rural merchant. It was here, in Montecilfone, that I met "Toni". Ever since that day, "Toni" has been for me, the personification of the Italian mind. I do not feel that such is a narrow judgment, but rather, after having heard and sifted many, that it is the only one which can be most reasonably accepted.



"Toni" had acted as interpreter for us for quite sometime. He was a man in his middle fifties, well preserved, and with a dignity of bearing which the office of interpreter had given him. Besides, "Toni" was the town's "homme de la monde". "Toni" had been to America. "Toni" had lived for forty years in New York city. Just before the war he had come back to his native land, to the hill top town where he had been born, to pass his remaining years among his own kinfolk.

He was a fascinating man, with a shadow of the New World 'savoir faire' about him that made him seem oddly out of place amongst his fellow men. He would talk for hours about the "beeg business" he had had — a barber shop — somewhere in the Bronx; of his own home

there; of his two sons who, having graduated from American colleges, were then serving with the American forces somewhere in the Pacific. He had the American way of doing business firmly imbedded in his character.

One day, having completed a minor investigation with him, he invited me to his "casa" for "ekks and salami". We splashed through the mud of one of the streets of Montcecilfone, the chickens nonchalantly getting out of our way to let us pass, until we came to a plaster-coated stone building at the end. The only door to the place was something of the nature of a Gothic style stable door, grey and cracked with age, and as weatherproof as a pair of last year's overalls. The doors swung inwards upon a scene of the barest simplicity. Bare stone walls divided the ground floor into three rooms. The room into which he led me served the dual purpose of kitchen-dining room and living room. The floor was of packed earth, and in one corner, built up upon a sort of stone shelf, was a small open hearth indiscernable in the darkness, except for the small glow of nearly burnt out faggots. On the floor close at hand was a small pile of drying twigs. Such was the heating and cooking system of the establishment. On a table stood an earthenware jug in which the present supply of water from the village well was kept. From the beams overhead hung bunches of dried garlic and slabs of meat, together with sundry bunches of herbs. In another corner, a small pile of assorted pots and pans, plates and mugs lay in dingy disarray, as if they had been tossed there after one meal and waited sorting out for the next. A rude wooden table in the centre of the room, set between two hand-hewn benches, completed the scene. If there was a window in the room I have forgotten it, so little impression did it make.

I had been familiar with such scenes in many parts of the country, but was surprised, to say the least, to find the same in the home of a man who, to all intents and purposes, had lived his life in so cosmopolitan a centre as New York. I asked him about it over the "ekks and salami" (delightfully fried, by the way, in olive oil). "How is it", I asked him, "that you could leave all the conveniences of the New World and come back to this? No running water, no lights, no sanitary conveniences of any kind — not even a decent floor? Why don't you fix this place up?"

"Toni" gave a bit of a sigh and said, "She's like dis." (There was a long pause, as he strove to find the right words to express his

thoughts.) "She's a my home. She's a got evr'ting I need. She's a suit me fine."

That was the answer I got from "Toni" — and I believe it to be true of the greater majority of all the inhabitants of Italy to-day. Complete and basic simplicity is the rule rather than the exception of all home life in Italy. Outside of war years, I believe it might well have applied to all phases of life. One cannot honestly say that the cause of such poverty and simplicity is ignorance. Too much of the outside world, in some form or other, has passed by their doors not to have left at least a shadow of what is elsewhere. There was a family who lived in a stone cave in the side of a steep hill just outside San Vito. They had lived there for three generations, not a mile from a fairly modern little town and the harbour of Ortona. It was their home. It supplied all they needed for living. What need had they for anything more?

We were inclined to castigate the whole race and call them lazy. It was, in the main, hasty judgment. They have a serenity of life and a simplicity of which they are very proud. Lack of education for the greater mass of people can explain a simple mind, as it does in Italy, but it has little to do with the explanation of their simple way of life. It may be hard for us, who have known nothing but the convenience-laden life in which we live, to understand how any people can be so universally satisfied with their way of life as to turn away from any betterment of it: but the fact stands out in Italy that those people can be. The reason is to be found in the simplicity of their nature itself.

All this applies particularly to those inhabitants of Italy who live in the south — roughly below a line drawn from Termoli to Naples. Perhaps the very nature of the people's nationality might be held responsible for such backwardness. The population of Southern Italy is made up of refugees from every corner of the Mediterranean world — Greeks, Moors, Sicilians, Arabs, Yugo-Slavs and Jews, to mention the more predominant strains. A sense of nationality is hard to develop amongst such a people. Their need of a home and a means of livelihood having been satisfied, they seek, nor want, little else. Their interest in the rest of Italy is small. If they had their way, they would be quite happy to be left unmolested by any part of the outside world. Rome in particular seems to annoy them. They, being essentially and predominantly a peasant class, feel that Rome is continually and on a growing scale, exploiting them. Consequently, there is little love lost between the members of the

Southern communities and those who live to the north of them. They have the same flag, but it might just as well be the flag of any other nation. They cry "Pauvra Italia" and mean "Pauvra mia".

For that matter, so do the Romans.
But for a different reason.

The Sun Never Sets

Robert B. Wright

Sunday is the same as any other day in the week in Straughnville now. The streets are paved now and the Hydro-Electric power is being conveyed to nearly every home along great steel poles where at one time there stood stately elms. Buses run throughout the day and night at intervals of fifteen minutes so that those who wish, residents and tourists alike, may enjoy a show at one of the three theatres or see a good ball game at the Civic Stadium. Straughnville has come of age, the old sign at the entrance to the town which once read, "population 900" has been replaced by an even greater sign which reads, "Straughnville, the biggest little town in the world, population 10,000." The town grew up practically overnight and many residents of Straughnville believed that as soon as the war was over, and the war industries had closed their doors, there would be a return to the farms. But those who held this view were to be disappointed, for a year after hostilities had ceased Straughnville was still a growing community. The members of the Council had sanctioned the building of two factories on the edge of town which would employ a thousand workers each. Straughnville has grown rapidly over a period of ten years, the population is ten times greater than it was in the days when I used to walk down its dusty streets, and yet this growth would have been a healthier one had it been more gradual.

Ten years ago, on a Sunday morning the quiet, dusty streets would be full of people, both young and old going to or returning from church. A peace existed in that small town in those days which it is hard to describe, and which I fear will never return. A common sight each Sunday morning as one passed on his way to church would be the throngs of children coming from Sunday School. One little girl in particular

I watched each Sunday as she tripped home from School. Her name was Elizabeth, but everyone called her Betty. It would be hard to find a sweeter child anywhere within the confines or outside of this little community. She was tall, with marvellous blond curls which softly caressed the back of her neck. She had a lovely set of baby-white teeth, with the exception of the one which was missing since the afternoon she fell down the stairs. All the neighbours would remark at her happy gait as she trotted to and from Sunday School. But she was not the only one with her head in the clouds, there were many more little boys and girls just like her, content with the simple things of life. But this old order of things was soon to change and give place to a newer, more progressive way of life.

Sometimes the married men of the community would accompany their wives to church, or else they would take their wives to church and themselves continue on to the general store at the corner of the street and there sit for the space of an hour or more on the cracker barrel telling of their week's experiences. When the time came for them to call for their wives they never failed to pass the time of day with the Clergyman, who knew each one as John or Bill, and then they would return to their homes and would spend the remainder of the day in quiet solitude. The street lamps would be lighted at nine o'clock and always extinguished by three. There was a curfew, and it extended to all those under sixteen. The children of the town were seldom seen on the streets after eight-thirty, for in those days the parents realised they had a duty to perform and performed it irrespective of the opposition they would inevitably encounter. The town's only theatre, the Capitol gave one show a night, at which any children present were accompanied by their parents.

Doctor Thomas was the only physician within thirty miles, and he was everything from a maternity specialist to a veterinarian. By our present day standards, he would not register very high, and yet I would be willing to say that he had forgotten more about Medicine than many of our young doctors will ever know. He had no fancy names for your ills, you either had a heart condition or you didn't, you never had Angina Pectoris. When you had the measles you were never humiliated with a great red sign placed in the window of your home, instead he just left it up to your common sense, and I doubt if there was any more disease in Straughnville in those days, than there is now, with eight clinics and a forty thousand dollar Civic Hospital.

When I returned to Straughnville after ten years it seemed an entirely new community. The old landmarks had disappeared, the park had vanished and in its place stood twenty new government-built houses, but I suppose this is the price one has to pay for progress. But not only was the face of the town changed, but so was the character of many of its people. The old town of Straughnville just didn't exist and there was no use in thinking that it did. Sunday had become the same as any other day, only that perhaps it was a little noisier. Instead of the throngs of little children coming from Sunday School there were long lines of screaming, and pushing children lined up along the curb trying to get into the local theatres for the Sunday Matinee. It seemed as if the whole community had gone stark raving mad. The same people that to-day stood at the box office of the theatre (and there was little Betty grown to be quite a big girl now) ten years ago, were to be found on their knees praying to God, thanking Him for the many gifts he had bestowed upon them throughout the week. But now there was no time for prayer in their lives, no room for sacrifice in their every day experience, instead they have become the obedient followers of the philosophy of "the greatest pleasure for the greatest number".

And as I retired to my bed that Sunday night I couldn't help but think what a change the war had brought in this one time peaceful community. Whether Straughnville should be classed as a war casualty was merely a matter of opinion. Some of the residents enjoyed the town as it now stood, while there were others, not unlike myself, who prayed for the day when Straughnville might regain part of her old time senerity. It is true that progress is essential in any community, and I wouldn't dream of returning to the days of the moss-covered sidewalks, the dusty roads and the old lamplighter, but I would like to see a little sanity displayed and a gradual growth take place, instead of the present state of chaos and confusion that exists. And so I got up and closed the window, for one cannot sleep with all the clatter of buses, the constant hum of human voices in the early hours of the morning, for you see, the sun never sets in Straughnville.

Les Colons

Pamphile Lemay

*Entendez-vous chanter les bois où nous allons?
Sur les pins droits et hauts comme des colonnades,
Les oiseaux amoureux donnent des sérénades,
Que troubleront, demain, les vigoureux colons.*

*Entendez-vous gémir les bois? Dans ces vallons
Que nous offraient, hier, leurs calmes promenades,
Les coups de haches, drus comme des cannonades,
Renversent bien les nids avec les arbres longs.*

*Mais dans les défriches où tombe la lumière,
L'été fera mûrir, autour d'une chaumière,
Le blé de la famille et le foin du troupeau.*

*L'âme de la forêt fait place à l'âme humaine,
Et l'humble défricheur taille ici son domaine,
Comme dans une étoffe on taille un fier drapeau.*

(From: *The Quebec Tradition*, by Dr. Marion; Translated by Dr. Watson Kirkconnell.)

Emigration to the United States

M. J. Seeley

In recent months Canadians from all walks of life have been publicly expressing alarm at the increased volume of emigration to the United States. University graduates and bright young business men have been leading the exodus. The cause of this exodus has been ably summed up by the Gallup Poll published by the Canadian Institute of Public Opinion on February 12. In answer to the question "Which of these do you think is the main reason why so many young Canadians leave Canada and go to live in the United States?", 66% answered for "wages and salaries higher" and 34% voted for "more scope for one's talents." (1) Business men, who have been partly responsible for this drain on the "brain power" of Canada have, almost without exception in recent public statements, admitted the threat to Canada's future occasioned by the wholesale migration; almost without exception, too, they have laid the blame on the door-step of the Federal Government, whose confiscatory personal income taxes have been a factor in this exodus. On the other hand, many of these same executives have failed to trace the causes to the inherent forces within their own business houses which have, in the past, as today, been driving young men south. Canadian business men have in many cases, retained many stolid and ultra-conservative business methods of former days, and tried to gear them to the more progressive, youthful American ways, with doubtful success.

The situation is grave today. Before the war the trend was observed but generally ignored by all save a few progressive business and educational leaders. The subject was usually brushed off casually, the way it was done quite recently by the Federal Minister of Resources, the Honorable J. A. Glenn. Speaking before the Manitoba Liberal Progressive Association, on January 13, he said that "figures on current Canadian migration to the United States were 'merely guesses' and probably exaggerated." (2)

A recent novel well illustrates one financier's views. (3) These

(1) *Star*, Montreal, February 12, 1947.

(2) *Ibid*, January 14, 1947.

(3) Hugh MacLennan, *Two Solitudes*. Toronto: Collins, 1945. (Quoted by John Bartlet Brebner in *Scholarship for Canada: The Function of Graduate Studies*. Ottawa: Canadian Social Research Council, 1945.) The financier is happy because "so many brilliant restless college graduates emigrate to the United States". Restlessness and brilliance are qualities not often sought in employees by ultra-conservative Canadian business men.

attitudes are typical. Some ridicule the problem, while others, by painting an over-optimistic picture, throw dust in the country's eyes. There are others who contend that emigration has become a habit since the founding of Halifax in 1749, and that people have been "going to whatever part of the continent that attracted them most, on any number of grounds, economic, political, cultural or climatic". (4)

Despite the contentions of the Canadian Minister of Resources to the contrary, the following statistics were given to the Canadian Press in November by United States Embassy officials at Ottawa. "In the period July, 1945, to June, 1946, a total of 18,280 native-born Canadians were granted visas to enter and live in the United States. Of this number about 2,636 were in the professional and managerial classes". (5)

It is significant that 50% of all visa resident applications, were refused in that same period. Further 1946 statistics to prove that this exodus is on the increase appears in a leading article in the October 26, 1946, edition of the *Financial Post*. The figures for July, 1946, released by the American Embassy, Ottawa, were quoted to show that of 1,683 visas granted, 871 were to wives and children of wage-earners and 312, or 38 per cent of the wage-earning emigrants for the month belonged to the ambitious managerial and professional categories.

II

The United States has often been accused of having a calculating policy towards Canadian immigration. The lure dangled before the eyes of the men the Americans want today is higher pay and lower income tax, (6) when, in the nineteenth century it was a generous frontier land

(4) John Bartlet Brebner, *North Atlantic Triangle: The Interplay of Canada, the United States and Great Britain*. New Haven: The Yale University Press, 1945, p. 298. This was comparatively easy until 1812, when the Jay Treaty, which permitted free pass and repass of United States and Canadian citizens, was abrogated.

(5) *Star*, Montreal, November 26, 1946.

(6) *Financial Post*, Toronto, October 26, 1946. Gerald Godsoe, vice-president of the British American Oil Company, in an interview on the exodus problem spoke of this lure and stated that his firm had just lost some valuable men. He suggested that "the bait of higher pay could be made unappealing if Canadian salary control restrictions (lifted on January 1, 1947) were more pliable, but I see little hope of any substantial cut in income tax for a long time."

settlement policy. When the first large scale emigration started in the mid-nineteenth century, Antoine Gerin-Lajoie, fathered a colonization policy (1840), designed to check the exodus of French Canadians. A recent American historian says that French Canadians, through migration to the United States "reduced French Canada's population by one third." (7)

In 1850 an estimated 147,711 Canadian-born were living in the United States, and in 1931, 1,286,389. (8) To prove how futile our past immigration policy has been they state that "for every thousand that Canada added to the native-born at home, there were sent 717 to the Canadian-born of the United States." (9).

In 1917 the United States passed an Immigration Law which placed a few limitations on immigrants, such as a literacy test, which was designed, indirectly, to facilitate "desirable" Canadian immigration. The Act of 1924 also favored British stock and a flat annual total of 150,000 were to be admitted by quota. (10) Though Canada had a large number of immigrants coming into the country, this new Act was "draining off her population to the United States at such a rate that she suffered on balance a loss of over a million persons . . . from 1921-30" (11), the critical period after World War I. The rapid recovery of the United States from the depression acted like a "suction pump" says Brebner, in drawing off Canada's population, and the character of the emigrants was the hardest blow of all to bear. (12) However emigration of Canadian contract laborers was prohibited by mutual agreement of the two countries who found the supplying of relief during the depression periods a hard financial burden.

It has been difficult to secure overall statistics from Ottawa on Canadian emigration to the United States, but the Immigration and Naturalization Service of the U.S. Department of Justice have supplied the Canadian Statistician with the following figures (taken from more comprehensive charts):

(7) Mason Wade, *The French Canadian Outlook: A Brief Account of the Unknown North American*. New York: The Viking Press, 1946. He estimates that between 20,000 to 70,000 emigrated from 1844 to 1849 a one.

(8) R. H. Coates, and M. C. MacLean, *The American-Born in Canada: A Statistical Interpretation*. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1943. p. 24.

(9) *Ibid.*

(10) Brebner, *op. cit.*, p. 295.

(11) *Ibid.*, p. 296.

(12) *Ibid.*

	1935	1938	1944	1945
Immigrants from Canada	7,695	14,070	9,821	11,079
U.S. Citizens Returned	4,453	5,032	4,743	5,138
Deportees from Canada	224	153	69	188
TOTAL	12,372	19,255	14,633	16,405

(13)

The new movement from Canada before the war (in thousands) increased steadily in a 3-4-8-9 ratio and apparently the same thing has happened since the war. During the war, of course, restrictions kept the exodus to a minimum. However, despite restrictions in 1944-5, more particularly affecting the labouring class (and which have been lifted now) the total Canadian-born emigrants to the United States in the three years since 1944, were as follows:

1944	9,821
1945	11,079
1946	18,280 (14)

The number of Canadians who returned to their homeland each year has not been appreciable. In 1944-45, two thousand returned, said the Dominion Statistician. (15)

This historic Canadian exodus is indeed "the most significant single episode, certainly to a Canadian . . . in the whole history of Canadian-American population revelations". (16) Indeed, it is Canada's most vital problem in this acute post-war period! Is it any wonder that Canada has an insoluble population problem? Emigration from Canada has offset any natural increase, as well as any additions to the population under any past or present immigration schemes. Canada in the past year imported 4,000 Polish farmers labourers. In the same period she allowed, or rather she forced, nearly that many professional and managerial natives to emigrate and so enrich the economy of our good neighbours to the South.

(13) *Canada Year Book, 1946*. Ottawa: Dominion Bureau of Statistics.

(14) *Financial Post, op. cit.*

(15) *Canada 1946, The Official Handbook of Present Conditions and Recent Progress*. Ottawa: Dominion Bureau of Statistics, 1946.

(16) Coates and MacLean, *op. cit.*, p. 22-3.

III

What is the cause of this emigration of our educated young men? Why has Canada "persistently failed to retain a larger fraction of her ablest citizens?" (17) The continuous loss of her elite is a humbling as well as a debilitating process. I agree with Professor Brebner that proper social legislation could have helped stem emigration.

But first let us look at the causes.

The United States, because of its larger and more diversified economy, offers more opportunities for work at higher pay, more opportunities for advancement and livelihood in a profession, lower taxation, a pleasing climate, an expanding economy with its consequent money-making opportunities, and more scope for the abilities of a self-reliant and resourceful people. (18)

James Baxter, president of the McKim Advertising Ltd., said on January 22, in a letter to the *Gazette*, that "young Canadians are ready and willing to work for any employer who can really demonstrate that he believes in their abilities and is prepared to back up that belief with "opportunity" jobs and substantial pay envelopes." (19) But there are few far-sighted business men like Mr. Baxter and consequently the conservatism of Canadian business methods continues to drive young men to the States. Brebner says, the atmosphere, (in business as well as university circles), "should be made more hospitable to distinction". (20) There seems to be an inertia present among many of the entrenched elders, who do not, apparently, wish to give the young people a sense of sharing in progress.

Canadian Universities have slept on the job, contends Brebner. He says "the officers of many a Canadian University, when they have reckoned up the destinations of their graduates, have felt less anxious about their over production of professionally trained persons because so many of them have been able to find employment south of the border". (21) Canada proved the worth of these pre-war and post-war expendables during the recent time of crisis. Professor Lower noted this in his latest book, for he says: "At last Canada began to use her gifted young men

(17) John Bartlet Brebner, *Scholarship for Canada: The Function of Graduate Studies*. Ottawa: Canadian Social Research Council, 1945. p. 1.

(18) *Telegram*, Toronto, December 17, 1946.

(19) *Gazette*, Montreal, January 22, 1947.

(20) Brebner, *op. cit.*

(21) Brebner, *North Atlantic Triangle, op. cit.*, p. 302.

instead of shipping them to the United States and the results were discernible in policies not only of competence but, as noted, in certain areas, of brilliance." (22) A Canadian scholar said on January 20, that he knew of a firm that required a bio-chemist for work in Canada. Looking for graduates they found ten from McGill, Toronto and Queen's Universities, but in each case graduates had already secured positions in the States. (23)

Canadian business men are reluctant to give their young men their heads. They believe in following, for the most part, conservative British business methods; a young man is not presumed capable of taking over a big job. In the United States this is not the case. (24)

The president of the Bank of Toronto said, in the middle of January, that Canadians in the United States are heavily represented at the top of such professions as medicine, engineering, research, and in executive positions of great variety. (25) How long would it have taken those young men to reach the top in Canada?

Poor wages, and low salaries in Canada are aiding the exodus (26) but the disproportionate rates of income tax are doing even more. The *Toronto Telegram* charged on December 17, 1946, "Canada's income tax rates on middle income levels is helping to drive ambitious young men with good earning power to the United States where the Government allows an individual to retain a higher percentage of his income". The General Manager of the National Trust Company told the Annual Meeting in Toronto on January 22, that lower taxes are inducing emigration and that "taking the taxes that will be in force for 1947 in Canada and those which were in force for 1946 in the United States, a married man with two children residing in Canada pays 33 per cent more on an income of \$3,000, 51 per cent more on an income of \$7,500, 45 per cent more on an income of \$10,000 and 28 per cent more on an income of \$20,000. If the suggested U.S. tax reduction (i.e. 20 per cent) becomes effective (as intimated by the Republicans) these per-

(22) A. R. M. Lower, *Colony to Nation, A History of Canada*. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Company, 1946. p. 531.

(23) *Star*, Montreal, January 21, 1947. Lawrence Patterson, M.A., to the Westmount Home and School Association.

(24) *Canadian Mail*, Montreal, December, 1946.

(25) *Star*, Montreal, January 15, 1947. F. H. March, president of the Bank of Toronto, in his Annual Report to the Directors. See also editorial comment in the same issue.

(26) *Star*, Montreal, January 21, Patterson, *op. cit.*

centages will be increased to 66, 89, 82, and 60 respectively." (27) These figures are certainly significant. The *Financial Post* in the issue of January II intimates that unless serious steps are taken soon the position of Canada will become untenable for young men. Tax tables are given with the article and the differentials are striking. If the proposed 20 per cent reduction in U.S. income taxes takes effect, the *Post* is confident that "Fuel would be added to the fires already driving ambitious young Canadians across the border in search of higher take-home pay." Although the cost of living is 10 to 20% higher in the United States, a young man is still better off — and enjoys a higher standard of living!

The Montreal *Star* suggests that federal legislators should "do something to cut down this emigration, not through co-ercive legislation, but through a course of action which would lead our young men to want to stay here." (28) Dr. Sydney Smith, president of the University of Toronto claims that "in the post-war period Canada has already failed to make her people feel they belong here". (29) R. E. Davis of the Canadian Youth Council, attributes to other factors the cause and the remedy. He believes that the increasing degree of training required to qualify for jobs and which works hardships on the lower economic groups, make it difficult for a young person to get a job in Canada. The factor of seniority in trades unions, which work on the principle that "youth is the last to be taken on and the first to be laid off" is also a point to consider. (30) The Montreal *Star* blames the exodus to "the sharp difference in remuneration and the difference in the working facilities which are available". (31) A possible solution to the problem might be found if government, industry and science collaborated in tackling the problem. Immigration could be postponed during the trial period.

A knitting mill executive, interviewed in the *Post*, says that American firms are always on the look out for Canadians because of their superior high school and university education. (32) S. C. Capel, president of

(27) *Gazette*, Montreal, January 24, 1947 (Adv.), also news story January 23, 1947, reporting address of H. V. Laughton, vice-president and general manager, National Trust Company.

(28) *Star*, Montreal, January 15, 1947.

(29) *Gazette*, Montreal, December 1, 1946.

(30) *Ibid.*

(31) *Star*, Montreal, December, 1946.

(32) *Financial Post*, October 21, 1946.

the Philco Corporation of Canada, deploring the loss of capable executives, says that with the present confiscatory personal income taxes as they are in Canada "it would be impossible to give raises to outrun the tax collector". (33)

One of the most cogent statements on the question has come from R. Thomas, who writes to the *Star* that the blame lies "in the short-sighted policy" of Canada. Technical jobs are scarce because of low productivity turn over, higher costs of production and because Canadians buy in the United States what could be made here, even if at a higher cost. He does not blame taxes or wages altogether but says that lack of "possibilities for promotion and the chance of his talents being appreciated" are other equally important causes. He maintains that it is not a matter of "what you know but who you know" in Canada that makes for promotions in all fields of endeavour. (34)

This cross section of public opinion, shows that the exodus is causing concern among Canadians. Opinions seem to be fairly unanimous on certain points, too. The Honorable Leighton McCarthy, P.C., K.C., chairman of the National Trust Company is even more unhappy than most, about this exodus. He says, in his Annual Report: "We have lost many of our best and brightest in the war. It would be a double tragedy if we now lost still more of our young professional men and technicians by emigration." (35)

Business and government employers should offer better remuneration for the services of their young men. Personal income taxes on middle income brackets should be reduced also if the tide of emigration is to be retarded. Education should be underwritten more by the governments concerned (just as the Federal Government is giving veterans, under DVA, educational benefits) to prevent people in the lower economic groups from being kept out of jobs which demand expensive technical training. Immigration should be encouraged. *The Round Table*, in discussing Canada's strange position advises "a steady annual excess of immigration over emigration of the order perhaps of 25,000 would be more in keeping with the probable economic future of Canada than the

(33) *Ibid.*

(34) *Star*, Montreal, December, 1946.

(35) *Gazette*, Montreal, January 24, 1947. (Adv. report of the Annual Meeting.)

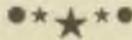
irregular movement of larger numbers. To secure this net immigration, in spite of emigration to the United States, a gross immigration of 50,000 might well be needed." (36) The conservatism of Canadian businessmen must also change or there will be a "continuing drain of our youngest and most energetic stock to the United States". (37)

It is time Canadians became aware of the fact repeated earlier, that "for every thousand that Canada added to the native-born at home, there were sent 717 to the Canadian-born of the United States". (38) This is a situation which demands immediate action. No nation can remain verile and survive under such conditions.

(36) "The Determinants of Canadian Immigration Policy", *The Round Table*, London, Eng. December, 1946.

(37) Wade, *op. cit.*

(38) Coates and MacLean, *op. cit.*, p. 24



Le Voyageur

Stephen T. May.

*One day I'm make a trip up nort'
For see my fren Jean-Paul,
He's live way up in Ste. Agal'
Some piece from Montreal.*

*I'm catch de train from C.P.R.
At ol' Gare Place Viger
I'm tink she's be a darn good trip
She's so tres jolie day.*

*I'm fin but one seat in a car
What's full right up and col',
Her numero is seulement cent,
Mon Dieu dat car she's ol'.*

*She's have no double window on
An when she's run she's sway,
An me, I'm get so scaret I'm tink
She's not so jolie day.*

*Dis car she's fill wit skis an kids,
An all de kids she's cry,
An me, six fois to Ste. Agal,
I'm stop four skis wid eye.*

*I'm feel so bad by time we're reach,
La ville de St. Jerome,
I'm almos' catch de next train back
To Montreal an' home.*

*Dat train she's twist, an' turn an sway,
She's make my stomach bad,
An' all de kids is sick by me,
Ma fois I'm feel malade.*

*My face she's green, one eye she's black
I'm walk like drunken man,
I'm feel like man wid mal-de-mer
Who's see for firs' time Lan'*

*My fren Jean-Paul he's wait for me,
"Comment ca-va?" he's say,
"Hallo Jean-Paul", I'm make reply
"Mon Dieu, she's awful day".*

*"Jean-Paul my fren you mus' excuse
De way I am arrive,
I'm get here by de grace de Dieu,
She's lucky I'm alive.*

*No more I'm travel here by train,
What's dump me here so muss,
Ma fois when I'm go back again,
I'm walk or take de bus."*

The Student Veteran

Doug McVie

Great praise has been heaped on the Veteran's Rehabilitation Act as drawn up by the Government of Canada during, and since the close, of the recent war. The terms of the act are most reasonable, and so much better than those of other nations, that it is difficult to even compare them. They are also a tremendous improvement over similar acts passed after the first Great War.

Most people leave it at that, with a self satisfied, "We have done our duty to the veterans," attitude. There is little doubt that they have done more than their duty to the veteran, but have they done their duty to Canada? The problem here is not quite so clear, but a review of purposes may clear it up somewhat.

The rehabilitation of veterans at the close of World War I was far from satisfactory. With no experience to guide them, the legislators made many mistakes and omissions, and the results were far from pleasing to either the veterans or the government. Veterans, who had taken farms, were forced into bankruptcy, because they did not know how to farm. Many veterans, because of lack of education or training, were unfit for any occupation other than general labour. When depression hit the country, the bread lines were veteran's lines and the nation was ashamed of the way it had treated these men, who had sacrificed the best years of their lives in the service of their country.

At the start of World War II, the government felt that vision and planning were needed to forestall a similar occurrence. They invited representatives of the Canadian Legion, Canadian industry, educational institutions, and other interested groups, to work with the government to work out a planned rehabilitation program that would give both the veteran and the nation the best possible plan for rehabilitation.

This committee considered all the factors at their disposal and drew up their ideas in the form of orders-in-council, which were put into effect by the government. This committee did not attempt to evaluate the worth of man's life, nor how much a man should receive for risking that life for a period of years. They did not try to decide that a man who had flown a fighter aircraft had risked more than a sailor at sea or vice-versa. Their whole interest was what the men in the armed forces would need to get back into their proper position in the civilian structure and how to fill

the depleted ranks of the doctors, the dentists, the chemists, the physicists, the teachers and the maze of highly technical positions that are essential to the prosperity of the nation. They had to think of the number of persons who had left the farms and attempt to have someone fill the gap on the food production line. These, and a thousand other problems, confounded their efforts and broke many holes in the plan before they were conquered.

Finally, however, these men finished their work and, by the time the war had ended, most of the plans were ready to be incorporated in an Act, to be passed by the Parliament of Canada. Their main work was at an end. Instructions went out to all branches of the armed forces that officers were to instruct the men under their control in the terms of the Rehabilitation program. The struggle with the enemy Germany, was drawing to a close; the struggle against depression and disaster, due to the return of the victorious armies, just beginning.

Among the many plans drawn up part of the general program, were two, which will affect the prosperity and security of the whole nation. These were the Veteran's Land Act and the Veteran's Rehabilitation Act. The latter included several sections which provided for the education of veterans mentally capable of taking courses, or of attending University. Provision was made for financial support as well as payment of fees and fixed charges by the government.

At the time these two bills were presented, it was argued that, since much of the trouble, after the last war, had arisen because veterans, who took advantage of the provisions of the previous act, had not known how to farm, the Veteran's Land Act should be applicable only to those who had been brought up on a farm or were able to obtain certain necessary training in farming. At the same time, it was realized that it is extremely desirable to increase the rural population to balance the economy, so that the veterans were encouraged to seek such training as would qualify them.

With this in mind many veterans sought, and received, entrance to Agricultural University courses, and proceeded to also arrange the purchase of farms under the provisions of the Land Act. When this was drawn to the attention of the government, it realized that some veterans were receiving double benefits, and immediately stopped the practice. While the necessity for economy may have made this step necessary, it leaves a great loophole in the plan for a balanced veteran population, with a large number of highly trained, efficient, and progressive farmers included in it.

The second of the acts, which dealt with the education of veterans, has had a happier fate. The provisions of this act arranged for two types of education — vocational (or trade training) and university education. From vocational training schools across the country, many veterans have graduated into well paid trades, although many more have been unable, through financial and other reasons, to finish their courses.

Under the university training scheme, thousands of veterans were admitted to universities across the country, to either start their studies or to complete them. This plan is designed to fill those immense gaps in the ranks of the professional groups which have appeared as a result of the depression and of the war. Up until the present the scheme has worked admirably in most cases. The scheme does not pay all costs of living, but does pay enough to cover board and room, and a few other expenses, such as books. The veteran is, quite properly, expected to work during the summer months and save some of the money he earns during the summer, to pay his extra expenses during the winter months.

In one respect only, does this plan fall through. Because of the thousands of students now attending university, there is a shortage of jobs with high salaries and, as a result, many of the students are unable to earn more than enough to pay their expenses during the summer, and must dig into their savings, or borrow, to stay in university. As it costs thousands of dollars to get started as a professional man, once graduated, this loss of credit is, indeed, a serious threat to the benefits that Canadian citizens should get from their plans, namely, more doctors, and dentists, and other professional men, in as short a time as possible.

Even worse, however, is the threat to the ability of pensioners to remain in college. As they are handicapped, they are unable to earn high wages during the summer, and yet, due to a strange ruling, they must lose part of their grant, or living allowance, if pensioned. The Canadian Legion is attempting, so far without success, to obtain correction of this fault in the scheme.

Many people feel that any criticism of the plan means that it is no good. Any veteran, student or otherwise, would disagree. The veterans feel that they are being well treated, especially in comparison to veterans in other countries, but they feel that any plan is bound to develop a few faults as it is used, and that only continual corrections can keep it up to the high standard that Canadians insist upon for their rehabilitation program.

Transfiguration

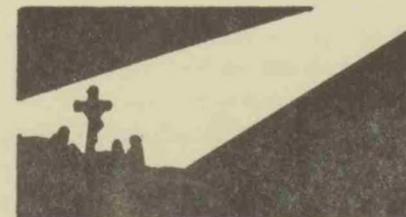
P. B. Kingston

*Through the vivid tones of the Transfiguration,
The evening sun
Streams as through a prism,
Upon the throne of God.
A purple streak upon the pyx,
The host as white as light.
Incarnate Love, the crucifix,
In transitorial eclipse.*

*A thin shadow of the Passiontide
Dances with ethereal step
Close to the pierced side.*

*Ephemeral flight,
The pain of ninety minutes,
Pulsates a still moment.
Till with the cry
The sun
Adorning host
And cross
And throne
In raiment of smooth tone,
Reveals the Love,
Naked but bright
Enscenced in gold.*

*A moment more
All is bare and cold.*



S. WAITE

Slag and Steel

M. C. Vipond

The lock gave with a slight click, and the door of the old store swung slowly ajar.

Larry turned to his younger friend and said, "Stay here and watch". Then he crept forward alone.

First he rifled the cash drawer. Then he started filling the pockets of his hunting jacket with cigarettes, carefully choosing his favourite brand as he did so.

The store-keeper above heard a sound. Drowsily he slumped bare feet onto the carpet by his bed.

Larry tensed — then leapt like a deer through the window, and away into the darkness.

Through deep swamps and snow drifted fields, he slunk the few miles home. But the heavy boots he had worn on his trap-line up North betrayed him. The police arrived in the eerie twilight of early dawn.

His widowed Mother sensed menace in the pounding on the door, and woke Larry from his drunken slumber into reality. Frantically he recalled the past evening, and dashed to the window to rid himself of his spoil. But even as he did so he made out the shadowy form of the police-man beneath his window. He cowered back like a beaten bear.

While Larry served his time Bob thought of the things they had done together, and wondered what he should do now.

He had followed Larry from the time he had been old enough to carry a gun. In this versatile high spirited youth, whom the villagers said would never come to any good, he had found the hero he longed for in his boyish heart. Larry had taught him to shoot and trap, and of the ways of the wild. Bob deeply admired him for his keen humour, his quality of speech, and for his reckless carefree attitude to life. Since Bob had grown older and started high school, they had become fast friends.

They made a strange pair. Bob who was tall and heavy, and had the strength of a bull, seldom spoke. The lighter Larry slipped as easily as a shadow when he moved. When he fought it was with the fierceness of a wolverine.

Bob now judged his friend's wishes correctly. He remained silent, tended Larry's traps for him after school, and waited impatiently for his return.

The next fall the war started. Larry, ever seeking a new adventure, joined the army. Bob cursed his luck and minority and continued in school.

When Larry went into action his training in the wild stood him in good stead, and he fought with the cunning audacity of a wolf. In his letters to Bob, and in his poems he portrayed the long fight up through Italy, describing with stark reality the living hell that it was.

He suffered many physical hardships. How many more times he wondered, would he have to suffer agony, as the pains from a wound racked his body? Twice he was taken down with malaria.

In spite of a hungry yearning to get back to his trapping, Larry maintained a monopoly on joy. His fellow soldiers blessed this quick humour of his when they were under tension.

Bob joined the Navy, and it was not long before he was at sea on a corvette. Larry had written that war would not create the good and the bad in him, but would only serve to exaggerate them. He impressed on Bob the fact that while they would get very little out of the war they could at least play their part as men. Bob read carefully and remembered all.

During those weary nights at sea, while the little ship bucked and rolled restlessly beneath him, and the engines throbbed away the weary miles, Bob lay wide-eyed in his hammock and longed to see his friend. He thought of how the villagers back home still thought of Larry as a reckless youth instead of the splendid soldier who had done more fighting than anyone from the district. He realized how they had been dulled by monotony into their narrow way of life. Larry had always known this and avoided it himself.

Bob was fully aware of the fact that he would willingly follow Larry anywhere. Neither of them knew of the gratuities that would await them at the war's end, so they fought hard, saved hard, and planned a trap-line up North after they returned home.

One day after a tedious Atlantic crossing Bob eagerly started reading the mail that awaited him. The second paragraph of one of his Mother's letters started: "I wish I didn't have to tell you this. son. Larry was killed . . .". His whole world crashed around him and numbness closed in.

The English Mercurie. No. 50

Published by AUTHORITY

For the Prevention of false Reports.

Whitehall, July 23d, 1588.

EARLIE this Morninge 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.

On the 20th of this Instant Capt. Fleming, who had bene ordered to cruize in the Chops of the Channell, for Discoverie, brought Advice into Plymouth, that he had descried the Spanish Armado neare the Lizard, making for the Entrance of the Channell with a favourable Gale. Though this Intelligence was not received till near foure in the Afternoone, and the Winde at that time blew hard into the Sound, yet by the indefatigable Care and Diligence of the Lorde High Admiral, the *Ark-Royal*, with five of the largest Frigates, anchored out of the Harbour that very Evening. The next Morninge, the greatest Part of her Majestie's Fleet gott out to them. They made in all about eighty Sail, divided into four Squadrons, commanded by his Lordship in Person, Sir Francis Drake Vice-Admiral, and the Rear-Admirals Hawkins and Forbisher. But about one in the Afternoone, they came in Sight of the Spanishe Armado two Leagues to the Westward of the Eddistone, sailing in the Form of a half-Moon, the Points whereof were seven Leagues asunder. By the best Computation, that could be made on the fudden (which the Prisoners have since confirmed), they cannot be fewer than one hundred and fifty Ships of all Sorts; and severall of them called Galleons and Galleasses, are of a Size never seene before in our Seas, and appeare on the Surface of the Water like floatinge Castles. But the Sailors were foe far from being daunted by the Number and Strengthe of the Enemy, that as soon as they were discerned from the top-mast-Head, acclamations of Joy resounded through the whole Fleete. The Lord High Admirall observing his generall Alacritie, after a Council of War had bene held, directed the Signall of Battle to be hung out. We attacked the Enemy's Rears with the Advantage of the Winde: The Earl of Cumberland in th *Defiance*

gave the first Fire: My Lord Howard himselfe was next engaged for about three Hours with Don Alphonso de Leyva in the *St. Jaques*, which would certainly have struck, if she had not bene seasonably rescued by *Ango de Moncada*. In the meane tyme, Sir Francis Drake and the two Rear-Admirals Hawkins and Forbisher, vigorouly broadsided the Enemies to retreat much flattered to the maine Body of their Fleete, where the sternmost Ships commanded by Vice-Admiral Recalde, which were forced Duke de Medina himselfe commanded. About Sun-set we had the Pleasure of seeing this invincible Armado fill all their Sails to get away from us. The Lord Admirall slackened his, in order to expect the Arrivall of twenty fresh Frigates, with which he intends to pursue the Enemy, whom we hope by the Grace of God to prevent from landinge one Man on English ground. In the Night the *St. Francis* Galleon, of which Don Pedro de Valdez was Captaine, fell in with Vice-Admiral Drake, who tooke her after a stout Resistance. She was disabled from keepinge up with the rest of the Fleete, by an Accident, which happened to her, of springing her Fore-maste. She carryes fifty Guns and five hundred Men, both Souldiers and Mariners. The Captours found on board five thousand Golde Ducats, which they shared amongst them after bringing her into Plymouth.

Such Preparations have bene long made, by her Majestie's Wisdom and Foresight for Defence of the Kingdome, that (setting aside the common Accidents of War) no greater Danger is to be apprehended, though the Spaniards should lande in any Parte of it; since besides the two Campes at *Tilbury* and *Blackheath*, large Bodies of Militia are disposed along the Coast under experienced Commandours, with proper Instructions howe to behave, in case a Defcent cannot be prevented till a greater Force may be drawne together, and severall of the principall of her Majesties Council and the Nobility have raised Troopes of Horse at their owne Charge, well trained and officered, which are readye to take the Filde at an Houre's Warning. The Queene was pleased to review them last week in the Parke at *Nonfuch*, and expressed the highlest Satisfaction at their gallant Appearance: In foe much, that by God's Blessinge there is no doubt but this unjust and dareing Enterprife of the Kinge of Spayne will turne out to his everlasting Shame and Dishonour, as all Rankes of People, without Respect of Religion, seeme resolute to defend the sacred Person of the Sovereigne and the Lawes and Liberties of this Country, against all foreigne Invaders.

Oftend, July 27th N.S. Nothings is now talked of these Partes, but the intended Invason of *England*. His Highnesse the Prince of *Parma* has compleated his Preparations, of which the following Accounte may be denpended upon as exacte and authentique. The Armie designed for the Expedition is felected out of all the *Spanish* Troopes in the *Netherlands*, and confistes of thirty thoufand Foote, and eighteen hundred Horfe. At *Nieuport* are quartered thirty Companies of *Italians*, ten of *Walloons*, and eight of *Burgundians*, commanded by Camp-Maister Generall *Camillo de Monte*. At *Dixmuyde* lie readye eighty Companies of *Flemings*, fixty of *Spaniards*, fixty of *Germans*, and above feven hundred fugitive *Engliffh*, and headed by the two *Iriffh* Arch-Traitours, the Earles of *Westmorland*, and Sir *William Stanley*. Befides these, four thoufand Men out of the old *Spaniffh* Brigads are lodged in the Suburbes of *Corrick*, and nine hunder *Reiffsters* at *Watene*, together with the Marquiffe *de Guaft* General of the Cavalrie. Volunteers of the first Qualitie are arrived from different Countries, to fhare in the Honoure of this Enterprize, as the Duke *de Pastrana*, the Marquiffe of *Brifgaw*, (Son to the Arch-Duke *Ferdinand*), Don *Juan de Medicis*, Don *Amadeus* Bastarde of *Savoye*, besides manie others of lesf note, whome we have not roome to enumerate. For the Transportation of these Forces, Veffels of all Sortes are prepared at *Dunkirk*, *Antwerp*, and *Nieuport*, fitted up will all manner of Conveniences; the flat bottomed Boates for the Cavalrie have Bridges fixed to them, for the more ease Shipping or Difembarkation of Horfe. The Transportes for the Foote containe each two Ovens, to bake Bread, in case they fhould be kepte longer at Sea then they hope to bee. Twenty thoufand Cafkes are provided at *Graveling*, with Nailles and Cordage, which can foone be throwne into the Forme of a Bridge: And a greate Pile of Fascines is erected near *Nieuport*, designed for the fillinge up of Ditches, covering Workemen at a Siege, and other Artes of that Nature. The little Hoyes, and Barges loaded with Arms, Powder and Provisions, are to bee conveyed through Canals cut from *Bruges* and *Ghent*, to *Antwerp*, *Sluys*, and *Nieuport*, and foe into the *British* Channell, The Scheme is fayed to be thus fettled, that as foone as their great *Armado* arrives in Sighte of the *Flemiffh* Portes, the Prince of *Parma* is to get out with his Transportes and joyne them. After which, they are in a Bodie to force their Waye up the River of *Thames*, aginst all Impediments, and lande as near *London* as they can. But whilst these Harbours are fo closely watched by the united Squadrone of her Majestie and the States,

commanded by the Lord *Henry Seymor*, it is the general Opinion, that his Highnesse will finde it impossible to put to Sea, and we hope the Lorde Admiral *Howard* will prevent the *Spaniffh* Navie from being in a Condition to raife the Blockade.

London, July 23d. The Lord Mayor, Alderman, Common-Council and Lieutenancie of this greate City wayted upon her Majestie at *Westminster* this afternoone, with Assurances of their hearty and unanimous Refolution, to stande by and support her Majestie at this criticall Juncture, with their Lives and Fortunes, when her invaluable Life, the true Proteftant Religion, and all the Priviledges of free-borne *Engliffhmen* are threatened by an open Attack from our bigotted and bloode-thirsty Adverfaries the *Spaniards*. The Queene received them very gracioufly, and assured them she did not doubt their zealous Endeavours to serve theyr Country on the present very important Occosion; that for her Part she relyed on God's Providence and the gooneffe of her Cause, and was Imprinted at *London* by *Christ. Barker*, her Highnesse's Printer, 1588. resolde to run all Rifques with her faithfull Subjectes.

Exchanges

Betty Quintin

The Mitre wishes to congratulate the faculty and students of Bishop's College School for publishing such an excellent Memorial Issue. The make-up, lay-out and general appearance of the two hundred page issue was excellent. The photographs, historical features, brief biographies of the boys listed in the Roll of Honor, and the usual, high quality of activity items are also a credit to the school.

Another Boy's School which sends us copies of their publications is Ashbury College, Ottawa. *The Ashburian* which has just been received has a nice page of pictures dealing with an autumn sports event. It reports that a Bishop's graduate, the Rev. W. J. Belford has just been appointed chaplain to Ashbury, an appointment which will link that fine school even closer to Bishop's. The literary section has several good items.

Wycliffe College, Toronto publishes *Cap and Gown*, the latest exchange which has come in. It is neatly laid out and has a good variety of items, chiefly theological in nature. One of the better articles is *Temperance and Abstinence* while *With the Indian Army* is their best timely feature.

The Gryphon was read with the usual care. This University of Leeds periodical is one of the best university publications which we receive. It can always be counted on for something original in each issue. This time the editorial in verse attracts attention, as did the item in the Notes and Comments section about the lack of contributions to the Hall notes. A stinging "*Lecture for the Lecturers*" features a rebuke to the faculty of that institution for "lack of clarity, coherence and a real desire to assist students in their search for a better understanding of . . . science and society . . ." Features on sleep and the export of education were quite stimulating.

The *Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa* which just arrived has an excellent article on Russian extermination of political prisoners and conquered peoples. The documented proofs of the methodical way in which the Russians card-index and classify every body, shows just how ruthless and inhuman they are. We recommend a reading of this article to those with pro-soviet inclinations and to those who still cherish political, civil and religious liberties on this continent.

At the end of another year we on the *Mitre* are happy to say thanks to those who have sent their publications.

Many stimulating ideas have been derived from these exchanges and we hope that we will all be able to expand our coverage even more next year.

On behalf of the students of this University we extend our congratulations to those of you in Canada and Abroad who have expanded, made progress, experimented and instituted reforms. You have produced much good work during the year. To those members of publication staffs who graduate, au revoir and good luck; to those who return we give assurances that we are looking forward to hearing from you again.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

BCS Memorial Issue, Lennoxville.
Cap and Gown, Wycliffe College, Toronto.
 The *Ashburian*, Ottawa.
 The *Gryphon*, University of Leeds, England.
 Coddington College, Barbados.
 The *Record*, Trinity College, Toronto.
Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa.

* * *

Alumni Notes

J. Tiller

A. B. Farquhar, B.A., has just been appointed supervisor of Stanstead County Schools by the Central School Board of that County. Mr. Farquhar, after graduating from Bishop's, took his teaching training at McGill. Post graduate training has included study at Queen's and supervision and administration work elsewhere. Mr. Farquhar's appointment is an effort by the county school authorities to improve the education standards and effect a closer liaison between the teachers and the board. Our hearty congratulations, Mr. Farquhar! Bishop's wishes you luck in your new work.

The editor has received a letter from Christopher Eberts, of the Canadian Embassy, Mexico City. We are sure graduates will be sorry to hear of a recent illness in his family.

Miss Jean McCallum, B.A. '43 has been discharged from the army and is now employed at the Sun Life Assurance Co. in Montreal.

Dr. Andrew H. Visser, B.A. '39, is company doctor of the Shawinigan Water and Power Co. in Rapide Blanc.

Miss Audrey Walker, B.A. '42 received her M.A. degree at last year's convocation.

The marriage has been announced of Miss Elizabeth MacDonald B.A. '45 and Gilling Goddard, B.A. '43. The ceremony took place on Easter Monday in the Church of the Messiah.

Major Merritt Bateman, a former student, was married to Miss Olive Meredith, RN in St. Mark's Chapel in November of last year.

Major Bateman is at present stationed in Camp Borden, Ont.

Congratulations are in order to Walter Wood, B.Sc. '40, and Mrs. Wood on the birth of a son, December 26th last. Walter has just been promoted, and is now living in Drummondville, where he is with the Shawinigan Water and Power Co.

Among the old students and graduates who took part in the Old Boys vs. Students basketball game in March were Gale Pharo, George McCammon, Vince McGovern, Grant Vaudry and Rus Burton.

Congratulations are in order to Mr. and Mrs. Bud Manning (B.A. '46) on the birth of a son, Andrew Terrill.

Roger Bootroyd was a recent visitor at the university. He is lecturing at Dawson College.

Dr. Donald W. Henry, B.A. '35, is practicing dentistry in Montreal and is a part time lecturer at McGill University.

The following bulletin of information about graduate teachers is taken from the latest Alumni Bulletin.

Miss Katherine Witty '43 and Lydia Aboud '44 are teaching in Arvida.

Mrs. Stanley Gage (Viola Boomhour '40) is teaching in Ayer's Cliff.

Mrs. Gilbert Bretzlaff (Amelia Smart '46) is teaching in Aylmer.

Miss Elizabeth Griffin '36 is teaching in Buckingham.

Miss Esther Farnsworth '22 is Principal at Cookshire.

Miss Lucille George '44 is in Cowansville.

Miss Geraldine Lane '36 is in Granby.

Miss Florence McFadden '45 is in Knowlton.

Miss Lyndall Jackson '34 is teaching at the Lennoxville High School.

Miss Audrey Ascah '44 is in Magog.

Miss Joyce Standish '39 teaches in Noranda.

Mrs. James Rorison (Bernice Brennand '40) teaches in Ormstown.

Miss E. Boyce '17 teaches in the Quebec High School.

Miss S. L. Burton '26 teaches in the Quebec High School.

Miss Elizabeth MacDonald '45 is in Richmond, Miss Jean Boast '46 also teaches in Richmond.

Miss Hazel Griffith '25 is Principal in Scotstown High School.

Miss M. E. Powers '45 teaches in Scotstown.

Miss Lois Hamilton '46 teaches in Shawville.

Miss Gladys Hunting '32 teaches at Stanstead College.



"Oh you darling . . . How simply perfect!"

"Perfection . . . Check ✓ . . . As they say
about Sweet Caps."



SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked"

Miss Esther England '27 teaches in Waterloo.
 Mrs. McFaul (Lillian Webster '28) is Principal at Waterville.
 Miss Jean Macnab '37 and Miss Winnifred Thompson '39 teach in the Montreal High School for Girls.
 Miss Gladys E. Hambleton '30 teaches at William Dawson School.
 Miss Margaret Swanson '28 and Miss Edith Swanson '30 teach at Strathcona Academy, Outremont.
 Miss Olga Jackson '29 teaches at Verdun High School.
 Miss Ruth Hopkins '21 teaches at Westmount Senior High School.
 Mrs. Beers (Norma Hunting '39) is teaching at Ascot Consolidated.
 Mrs. Percy Byrne (Marion Cox '19) teaches at Bath, N.H. U.S.A. Her son is in Japan with the Military Police and her daughter is a nurse in the Hawain Islands.
 Miss Lyndall Jackson '34 is Honorary Secretary of the Provincial Association of Protestant Teachers.

To date there are Three hundred and fifty dollars (\$350.00) worth of bonds, \$100 maturity value of certificates and a bank balance of \$212.42 in the Woman's Residence account.

For those who may not know what is done with the yearly fee of \$1.00 — this covers the prize of Ten Dollars for the highest ranking woman student in the second year, the cost of the tea given for the Graduating Class of co-eds, the Bulletin, and any over goes to the Residence Fund. Additional donations (deductible for income tax purposes) go directly to the Residence Fund.

S. G. NEWTON, B.Sc., Pres.

V. W. NEWTON, Sec'y

NEWTON CONSTRUCTION COMPANY LIMITED

CONTRACTING ENGINEERS

— Factory Buildings — Warehouses — Bridges — Dams —
 — Power Houses — Public Buildings — Private Residences —

Telephone 546

150 Victoria Street

P. O. Box 579

SHERBROOKE, QUEBEC.



... a name that symbolizes the highest quality in women's full fashioned stockings — the ultimate in styling, in fashionable colors, in sheer flattery to the legs —

ORIENT^{*}
Beauty-Skin
 HOSIERY

*Compliments of the Sherbrooke and Lennoxville
urban bus service, operated by*

SHERBROOKE CITY TRANSIT COMPANY

33 King St. West, Sherbrooke, Que.

TRAVEL BY MOTORCOACH

For your homeward journey — or your summer holidays — travel by motorcoach and enjoy **LOW-COST** luxurious transportation over Canada's scenic highways. Ask your Local Agent, or our office, for full information about services and connections throughout Eastern Canada and to the United States.

SPECIAL CHARTER COACHES

available for group travel, transportation of sports teams, etc.



33 King St. West, Sherbrooke, Que.

TELEPHONE 921

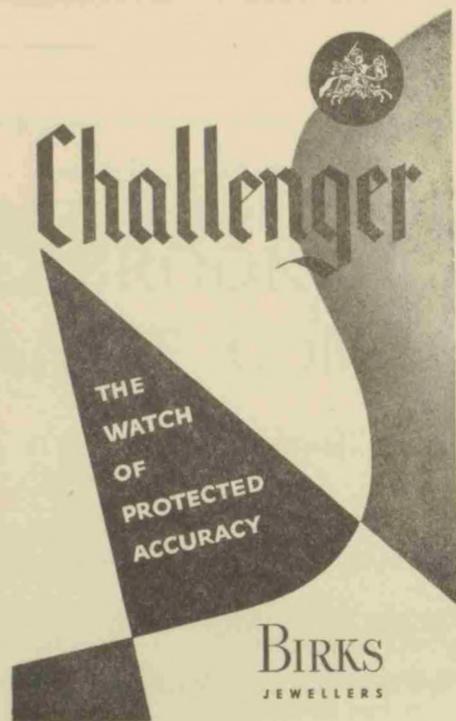
A SIMPLE STATEMENT OF FACT!

*"Goods Satisfactory or
Money Refunded"*

That's the foundation on which the EATON business rests... the foundation on which we've built a solid structure of public confidence and public good-will.

It's a policy as old as EATON'S... as modern as tomorrow... your guarantee of sound and solid satisfaction in a period of fluctuating values

T. EATON CO. LIMITED
OF MONTREAL



SHERBROOKE MACHINERIES

LIMITED

SHERBROOKE ..QUE.



Manufacturers of Pulp and Paper Making Machinery

Lennoxville Press Inc.

FORMERLY BECK PRESS REG'D



133 Main Street, Lennoxville

Telephone 133

PRINTERS OF THIS MAGAZINE

Tot's Town
THE CHILDREN'S STORE 

Specializing in Children's Wear
Telephone 4858
63 Wellington N.
Sherbrooke, Que.

F. W. JACKSON

PAINTING
DECORATING
REPAIRS

34 High Street, Sherbrooke, Que.

For your Insurance requirements,
consult:-

**SOUTHWOOD,
CAMPBELL &
HOWARD**

4 Marquette Street
Telephone 100 or 134

Sherbrooke, Que.

Compliments of

May Mitchell

After the Show... Visit —

Olivier's Restaurant

Wellington St., Sherbrooke

**WEBSTER MOTORS
LIMITED**

Chevrolet — Oldsmobile — Cadillac
SALES — SERVICE

Sherbrooke, Que. Phone 1273
1274



Compliments of

HUNTING'S DAIRY LTD.

LENNOXVILLE QUE.

H. J. McCONNELL

Optometrist and Optician
Phone 37 for appointment
102 Wellington Street North
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

CLARK'S DRUG STORE

FOR
RELIABLE SERVICE

Lennoxville, Quebec.

Compliments of
Sheer Silk Hosiery Mills Ltd.

Makers of Full Fashioned
Hosiery
Sherbrooke, Quebec.

Compliments of
SHERBROOKE

DAILY
RECORD

H. J. DELISLE, Reg'd.

EXCLUSIVE SHOES

48 Wellington N. Tel. 823

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Compliments of
MOZART LIMITED

96 WELLINGTON N.
Sherbrooke, Que.

Compliments of
A. R. WILSON LTD.



Dr. Gerard Boudreau

54a Wellington St. N.

Tel. 440

SHERBROOKE, QUEBEC

SPORTING HEADQUARTERS

BADMINTON — HOCKEY — RUGBY — SKIING

GOLF — TENNIS — FISHING — HUNTING

SHELF AND HEAVY HARDWARE — CHINAWARE

GLASS — CROCKERY — COAL — COKE — FUEL OIL



J. S. MITCHELL & CO., LIMITED

78-80 Wellington St. N.

Sherbrooke, Que.

PANTHER

RUBBER COMPANY
LIMITED

Canadian Manufacturers of
PANCO PRODUCTS

Guaranteed to Outwear Leather

2 to 1

also

PANCO STATITE BILTRITE

and Pancrom Rubber Heels
and Moulded Goods

SHERBROOKE, QUEBEC.

Compliments of

Thompson & Alix LTD.

WHOLESALE FRUIT AND
VEGETABLES



SHERBROOKE, QUE.

AMONG
THE
PIONEERS

SUN
LIFE
of CANADA

ASSURES SECURITY

FIRST POLICY ISSUED 1871

THE NEW SHERBROOKE

Corner Depot and King Street

Sherbrooke's

Most Up-to-Date

Hotel

Solid brick building — Thoroughly modern—165 rooms, 75 with bath attached—Cocktail Lounge and Tavern—20 Commercial Sample Rooms—Garage in connection — Elevator Service—Long Distance Telephone in Every Room.

MacLeod & MacIver, Management

**RENE'S
RESTAURANT**



COME DOWN AND
TRY OUR SPECIAL
HOT CHICKEN SANDWICH
STEAKS and CHOPS



Main Street Lennoxville, Que.

C. C. CHADDOCK
Groceries, Fruits
and Vegetables



OUR MOTTO IS:

Better Groceries, Better Service and
Better Satisfaction at a very
reasonable price.

LENNOXVILLE QUE.

Compliments of

**Southern
Canada Power
Co., Ltd.**

Compliments

of

**The Granada
Theatre**

THE SHOWPLACE

OF

SHERBROOKE

Frank C. Baker
Wholesale Lumber
and Coal

Canadian Bank of Commerce
Building

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

Telephone 171

Compliments of

**WALTER BLUE & CO.
LTD.**

SHERBROOKE'S LARGEST
CLOTHING STORE

Established 1875

17 King St. W. Sherbrooke, Que.

Emilien Gingras

CABINET MAKER

Designer and Manufacturer
of Furniture



28 BANK STREET
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Telephone 1854
3355

**PAGE - SANGSTER
PRINTING CO., LTD.**



Quality Printers Since 1902

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

THE POOLE
BOOKSTORE

BOOKSELLERS

and

STATIONERS



2055 McGill College Avenue
Montreal, Quebec.

TELEPHONE 2250

L. O. NOEL, Inc.

LUMBER AND COAL



178 Wellington Street S.

PRINTED BY
Lennoxville Press Inc.

Crown Laundry
OF SHERBROOKE
LIMITED

Creators of "Crownize" Cleaning



"We Serve the
Eastern Townships"

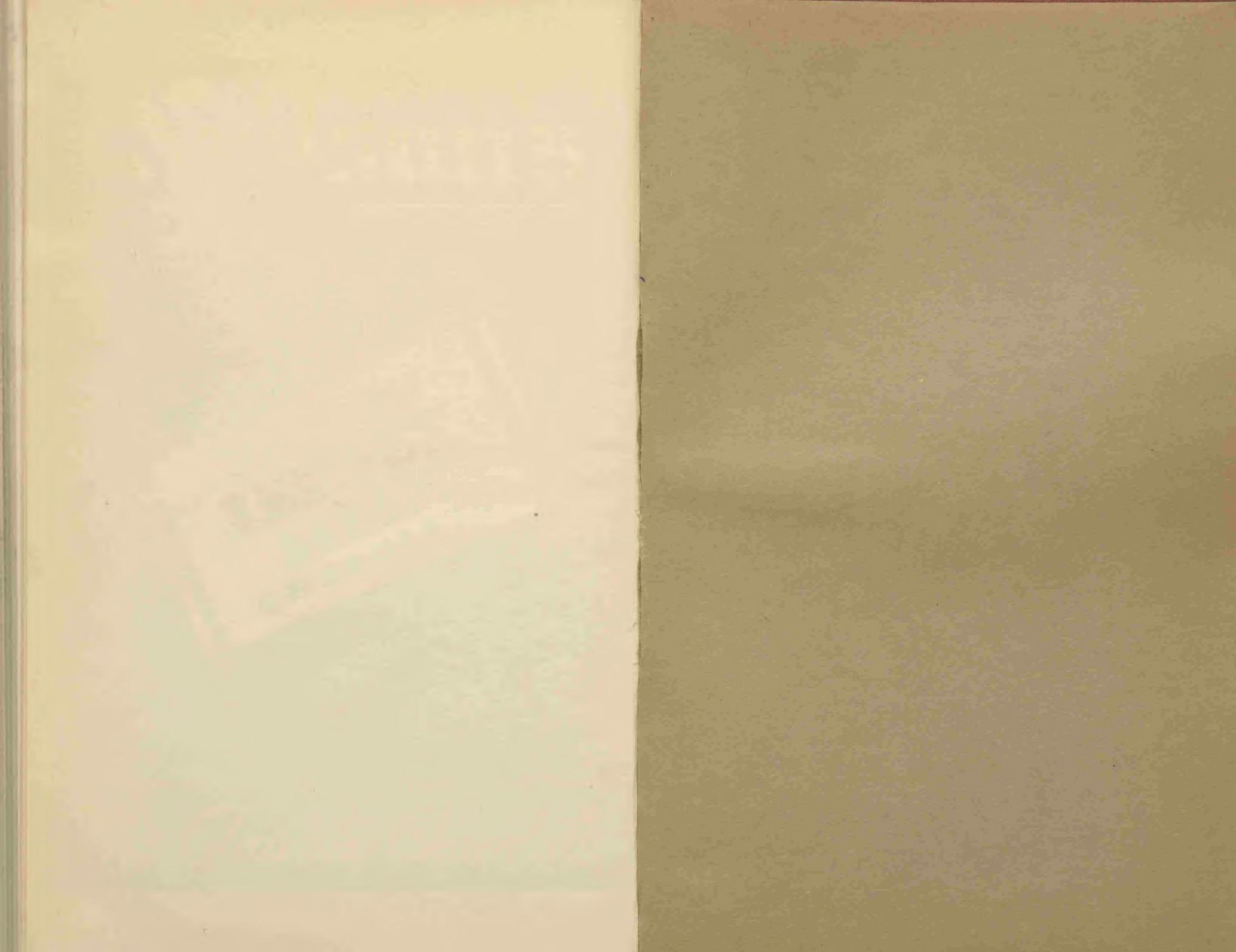
Compliments of

A Friend

Neilson's



The Quality Chocolate



EASTERN
TOWNSHIP

BISHOP'S UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY
LENOXVILLE

BISHOP'S UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY
LENOXVILLE

NOT TO BE TAKEN AWAY

