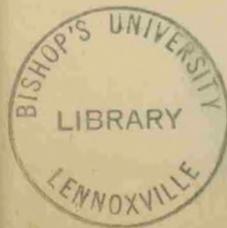


THE  
MITRE  
1947-48



*The*  
MITRE



A LITERARY  
REVIEW

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

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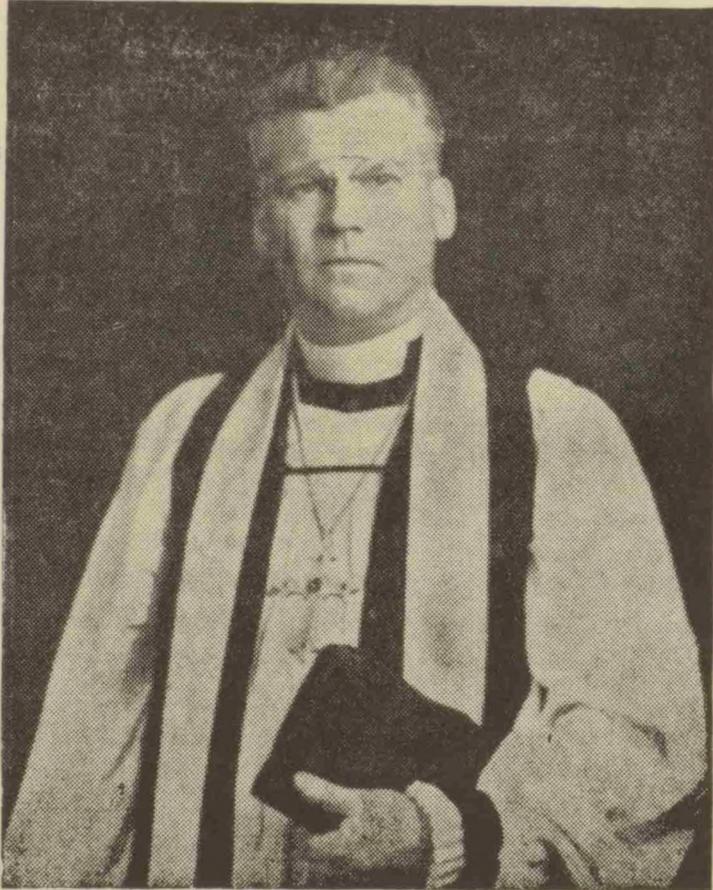
**LA TRIBUNE**

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This issue of the Mitre is respectfully dedicated to His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Nova Scotia and Primate of All Canada, the Most Reverend George Frederick Kingston, M.A., D.D., Ph.D., D.C.L., a distinguished alumnus of Bishop's University.

### *Foreword*

It is a privilege to write a Foreword for "The Mitre". I am proud to be numbered among the Alumni of Bishop's University, as the record of this institution of higher learning has been honorable indeed. Her contribution to Church and State in this Dominion is rich in its content, for disciplined intellect well formed character and sacrificial service have been poured forth by successive generations of Graduates into Ecclesiastical and National life.

There is a great need in the world today for the best products in mind and character which our Universities can produce. And my most sincere wish for Bishop's University is "that there may never be wanting a supply of persons duly qualified to serve God both in Church and State"

May God's blessing be upon the work of Faculty and Student's alike.

Yours faithfully,

*George Frederick Nova Scotia*

PRIMATE OF ALL CANADA



hold no brief for Communism, Capitalism or the superiority of a dictatorship over all other forms of government.

What we do suggest is that University students find out about, and discuss these issues. What is it that makes our Western civilization so much better than "Orthodox Christendom" — to use Mr. Toynbee's quaint phrase for Russia, and most of her satellites. Or is it really any better? If it is better, why is it? Is it because *we* live in the West and therefore the fact is self evident, or is there perhaps something to the idea, that it is we as individuals who count and not the state?

We are not going to attempt to answer these questions. If anyone is really interested in finding out about them there are several excellent books in the library, and the "Gazette" doesn't begin on page twenty-two.

The liberal education that one is supposed to acquire at University entails a certain amount of effort on the student's part. If the three or four years spent at University are to be of any value, a certain amount of work must be done. University offers an unparalleled opportunity to find out something about the world around us, and ourselves — it should not be wasted.

If our Western civilization is worth what we seem to feel it is, then let us find out why. Let us believe in it for some good reasons.

If the Universities do not produce men and women with a firm faith that our Western civilization is worth something, what will? Who except students have the time and the opportunity to think about such problems?

If Communism is evil, if it is to be defeated in our own country, then we must have men and women with a positive faith in Democracy, or Christianity, or what-ever the antithesis of Communism is. But it is certain that unless we believe in *something*, we are not going to prove much of an obstacle to the Communists, or anyone else, who know exactly what they want, and know how to get it.

J. R.



## In This Issue

The Mitre is pleased to dedicate this issue to the Primate, and takes this opportunity to thank his Grace publicly for sparing the time to write the foreword.

Miss Mary Hall a graduate of Bishop's has written an extremely interesting article called "Prelude to Nationhood" which will be read with enjoyment by all those interested in Canadian art. Miss Hall has also written an amusing poem which we hope will be accepted in the spirit in which it was written.

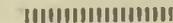
M. J. Seeley has written a penetrating Article on the Maritime Provinces. This article was originally presented to the History Club, but we are sure that it will prove good reading in a larger circle.

In the "Canadian Poets of Bishop's University" section, we have two poets. Mr. Neil Tracy of Sherbrooke, and Mr. George Whalley who lectures at Bishop's. While the two poets are very different as regards style, form, and content, yet we feel sure that time spent reading their work will not be wasted.

Readers will be interested in J. A. Sproule's article on Bolivar, it gives a good, readable account of a crucial period in the history of South America.

M. Birchwood has contributed a short story, which we feel is certain to entertain our readers.

Lastly there are poems stories, and book reviews, which go to round out the first number of volume 55 of THE MITRE.



### Requiescat in Pace

We learn with sorrow of the death of Fr. Vial, Honorary President of "The Mitre". An appreciation of his life and work will appear in the Lent issue of this Review.

## Prelude To Nationhood

(Essay on Canadian Poetry)

Mary Hall

In spite of what optimistic anthologists may say to the contrary there is as yet no distinct Canadian literature. This statement calls, I think, for some explanation. Canadian literature today is not specifically and inevitably Canadian in the same sense that the works of Longfellow were not distinctly American. The works of Longfellow belonged to the main body of English Victorian poetry and nothing in them singles them out as a voice of the young republic. The poet drifted gracefully with the main current of contemporary English letters. The choice of national themes alone does not make a national literature. Prof. A. C. Ward says in his book "American Literature" that "no nation has yet produced a great literature until it found a new voice to express a new vision and a new interpretation of the universal kaleidoscope."

The birth of American literature came with the publication of Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*. At the same time, in a remote country town, a New England spinster was writing short emotion-packed poems, not for fame nor fashion, but from sheer necessity. These two, Whitman and Emily Dickinson, were the poetic voice of young America. They represent the opposite poles ① of the individualistic democracy which is essentially an American achievement. Both sing the self: Whitman the self turned outwards — generous, taking and receiving, earth-loving, copious and fundamental; Dickinson the self turned inwards, sufficient, restrained, esoteric, focussed upon small things. Both transcend their environment to deal with universal themes; yet one cannot well imagine either, certainly not Whitman, as a product of any other nation than the United States of the nineteenth century, the United States of Jacksonian democracy, rising economic prosperity, western expansion, with its optimism, its glorification of the common man, its frontier sense of equality. These two poets restated the fundamental

themes for and of America. They had new visions; the re-interpreted the universal kaleidoscope. And so an American literature was born.

English literature, to take another example, had its real beginnings in the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, and the tradition was continued in the Elizabethan Age by Shakespeare. Chaucer, too, restated fundamental themes in the voice of the Englishman. He even borrowed his themes, yet there is something implicitly English in his treatment of them. He puts the tales into the mouths of English men and women; and though the characters are English they are also universal and eternal. Woven into all the tales and the characters we see the personality of the poet, and his broad, tolerant philosophy of life. What he wrote will be good for all time, because it transcends nationality, just as Whitman and Dickinson do. Yet Chaucer is essentially a product of fourteenth century England just as Whitman belongs to nineteenth century America. And, if we look at history, we will see an interesting parallel. The fourteenth century in England was a period of growing economic and military importance. The French wars had made the islanders known and feared on the continent, English merchants were prospering in trade, Simon de Montfort had long since set up the first Parliament and the unique English constitution was well on its happy way. It was, significantly, an age in which the middle class was increasing in importance, and this is a healthy sign, economically and culturally, for any country. It was also an era of growing national consciousness. Both nations were on their own, independent, succeeding in the struggle for national existence. One sees here the same broad general trends, modified by geographic circumstances, as one sees in nineteenth century America. It is therefore comparatively safe to suppose that such a setting is favorable for the emergence of a national literature. All these political and economic signs really point to one thing: the growth of a nation's soul. This, as a rule, goes hand in hand with the expression of that soul by the bards of a country. This is their ancient right and duty: to clarify the spirit of a people who are becoming proudly and positively aware of that spirit. They express, in the particular voice of their *patria*, themes universal and applicable to any nation, yet in such a way that their expression arises naturally and implicitly out of the way of life of that people. A poet once said: "Let me write the songs of a

① One might almost say the masculine and feminine poles; but the classification is too narrow to hold true throughout.

people and I care not who makes its laws." Actually it is more complex than that, for the songs and the laws inter-act upon one another, they are interwoven, melted together into the organic unity of a nation as a whole. The spirit of a nation itself sums up the traditions, the customs, the history, the character of the people which have gone into its making. The poet who catches that spirit takes into himself the past, expresses the present, and ordains what the future is to be. He is part of the nation, it is implicitly part of him. Hence it is necessary that before a nation can have a literature specifically its own it must have a tradition of its own, certain peculiar characteristics, and above all, organic unity.

Here Canada immediately runs into a snag. In the first place she is bi-racial; and for the present purpose we must consider only the one group, that which is known loosely as "Anglo-Saxon". Yet our Anglo-Saxon population is far from being as united as we could wish. The West is against the East, the provinces are striving against each other and against the Federal government, Montreal is against Toronto; all the provinces are against Quebec; and the Maritimes are opposed to everybody. In addition there is conflict between those Canadians who are faithful to Britain and those who have a similar colonial attitude to the United States. Both groups oppose, actively or otherwise, the rare and commendable few who are true Canadians, with a vision and the faith to bring it into being. The wit <sup>③</sup> who suggested that we take a patch-work quilt for our new national flag may have been wiser than he thought.

In the spiritual sense, then, Canada is not yet a nation. Nominally, she is so, and the spirit grows with and increasing economic prosperity and developing independence. It is unfortunate for our national soul that this independence has come so peacefully. Suffering, say the Calvinists, is good for the soul. So it is with a nation, provided that it is taken in fairly large quantities at comparatively rare intervals. But our autonomy has come so gradually and peacefully that Canadians are not yet aware of it; and most of them remain colonial in attitude. They tend to be apologetic where Canada is concerned, to lack faith in themselves. This is partly a result of economic and geographic accidents. Canada is caught and pulled between the two great powers of the United

<sup>③</sup> I only quote from memory, but believe it was B. K. Sandwell in "Saturday Night" — Editorial comments.

States and Britain; in her foreign relations it has been necessary for her to compromise and take a middle-of-the-road policy. This is reflected in our way of life itself. "Canada" writes A. R. M. Lower, "is a successful mediocrity of a nation". As long as we are conscious of the mediocrity we shall never be a nation in spirit as well as name.

The roots of this Canadian attitude are sunk deep in our history, and reflected in all our literature. The first British settlements in Canada were military, Tory, and Anglican; these factors all tended to sharpen the settlers' devotion to the motherland. Their ranks were strengthened in the 1780's by the influx of U.E. Loyalists from over the border. The first allegiance of these refugees was to Britain, and they came to the Canada's and the Maritimes because these territories were under the British flag. They too were Tories, Royalists, and usually Anglicans, and most of them had fought beside the British in the Revolution. They were cultured men many of them, and their early settlement in Nova Scotia produced a number of literary journals; all modelled on similar publications in the Homeland. Joseph Howe (1804-1873) came from one of these Loyalist families, and in his works we may trace the characteristic attitude. Howe was inspired by the Loyalist tradition to direct his patriotism toward the Mother Country, yet one sees in such poems as *Acadea* the influence of the frontier working upon the poet and inspiring him to write of the raw young country. A certain crudity breaks harshly through the rigid eighteenth century forms he uses, and the result is not altogether pleasing. Verse form and thought are not organic, and it is possible to separate them at one reading. Howe takes the eighteenth century forms as they are and forces what he has to say into them. But his message seems to be, essentially, that of a rising settlement, and his form is that of an ultra-civilized period in English life and letters. The divergence and clash between the two is obvious, and for that reason, his poetry on the whole fails to satisfy.

"The Flag of Old England" is a particularly unhappy example, combining a Loyalistic colonialism with time-worn clichés and a remarkably unfortunate metre. There is nothing fundamentally wrong with what he has to say, — his colonial attitude is at best an enlightened one and quite in accordance with his times — but Howe's method of expressing himself has gone wrong. We find the same thing, in a more

palatable form; in the selection "The Indian Massacre" from *Acadia*. In this selection Howe relates the story of an Indian attack on a settlers' homestead. The form used is the heroic couplet, usually associated with Neo-Classicism and unsuited to the dramatic, narrative theme of Howe's poem. The trappings of the Neo-Classic style are there, looking oddly out of place among the pine-trees, the red-skins and the log huts in the clearing. "Labour", capitalized, sweetens the homesteaders "rough couch" and Love, also capitalized, endears it. Commerce, Ambition, Slumber and Hope, vaguely personalized, step with pompous care through the humble setting. Generalization marks the introduction but disappears as Howe loses himself in his theme. The poet uses rhetorical questions freely and becomes involved in syntactical contortions and those contractions such as "e'er", "o'er", "op'ning", "'twas" so dear to the heart of the minor (and imitative) poet. These are sacrifices to the form. The vigorous personality of the writer, his real interest in his subject, and his genuine sympathy with the victims of the midnight attack, save the poem from failure. One must not criticize Howe too harshly, for he was active all his life in the editorial and political fields, and had comparatively little time to devote to serious writing. Moreover he is, as a man of affairs and a man of letters, an expression of his era, and the society in which he lived is as culpable for his shortcomings as the poet himself. He was a man of such mental capacity, native intelligence, and interest in contemporary affairs that we cannot imagine him ignoring a pulse which might be stirring in the young nation. I believe that he does sense this, no more so than his contemporaries, though, and that the semi-realization of it has produced much of the unevenness of his verse; a result of the typical conflict arising on the frontier between the culture of the old world and the demands of the new. When one makes concessions for the writer's handicaps one is able to appreciate more fully his dramatic treatment of his theme. In the midst of the description of the massacre the poet becomes absorbed in his subject, disregards the end-stoppings characteristic of the heroic couplet, and produces some flexible and dramatic passages, of which one example will be sufficient:

*"... for now an Indian flings  
Himself upon the roof which loudly rings*

*To every stroke the polished hatchet lends;  
The bark that bears him to the pressure bends,  
It yields — it breaks — he falls upon the floor —  
One blow — his fleeting term of life is o'er,  
The settler's axe has dashed his seeking brain  
Upon the hearth his soul had sworn to stain."*

If the reader can overlook the inversion of "loudly rings", the cliché "fleeting term of life" and the contraction "o'er" he finds this passage a stirring description of action. The dramatic irony of the last couplet is particularly striking.

Yet, on the whole, this is rather dull stuff. Howe is conventional, presents no new vision of life as demanded by a new country. The writer cannot be blamed entirely for this; the time for that vision had not yet come. Howe handles his medium with the skill of early American writers. ③ Howe's attitude to his native land is essentially colonial; negative, and is shown in phrases as "rough couch", "milder skies". The derivative character of his work is implicit in "cottage", "lone cottage", "shady grove", and similar words and phrases which belong specifically to rural England. One senses that the poet, unconsciously or otherwise, is making the best of his exile in a frontier community and is convinced that the environment of the Homeland is infinitely better. ④ This apologetic attitude toward things Canadian is still found today.

With the achievement of Confederation in 1867, and the plans for a transcontinental railway, men of vision like Sir John A. MacDonald and George Brown saw a new nation arising from the "quelques arpents de neige" won from the French in the Treaty of Paris in 1763. Sir John A. MacDonald and his party ⑤ developed a rational policy of expansion, railway building and protection of native industry. Sir Francis Hincks made a financial break with the Motherland by introducing the American dollar system in Canada and by setting up our distinctive Canadian banking system. And a group of intelligent young men in Toronto, inspired by dreams of nationalism, formed the "Canada First"

③ Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, J. R. Lowell.

④ Which it then was.

⑤ The Conservatives, not to be confused with Tories which in Canada form a faction.

movement. This was primarily a political organization, but part of its program was the development of a national cultural tradition.

One of the members particularly interested in this was Charles Mair (1838-1927). He realized the poetic possibilities in the Canadian scenery and history; but oddly, and unfortunately, was not aware of a more important task: that of catching the spirit of that dramatic Canadian period which saw the building of the transcontinental railway, the opening of the west, and the Wheat Boom. He lived through all this, yet in his poems he harked back to Tecumseh and Mackenzie, escaped to a dream world, or wrote accurate and dull descriptions of the local flora and fauna. The parallel period of expansion and prosperity came earlier in the United States; and Whitman was there to capture its essence for posterity, giving as a literature distinctly American. Yet it is significant that Mair realized the poetic potentialities of Canada and this may help us to forgive him for squeezing full-blooded frontier themes into the civilized verse forms of the Romantic Revival. Contemporary Canadian Society made it impossible to do otherwise; the country itself had not broken away from the old cultural tradition to form a character of its own. The same will-o-the-wisp of unconscious-allegiance-to-Britain-in-all-things that had misled Howe, misled Mair. To write poetry it was considered necessary to write something that looked like the well-established and revered works of Byron, Keats, Shelley and Wordsworth. This group influenced Mair in his choice of themes as well as in verse forms. He attempted, unconsciously, to transplant the Romantic Revival to Canadian soil, where it did not thrive. He used Canadian material self-consciously and one suspects that there was sometimes little pressure behind its use.

Yet at times one feels that Mair captures the atmosphere of the Canadian countryside with great skill and charm. He has the gift of fancy, but lacks poetic imagination. Some of his descriptions are delightful, as this one, from "The Fireflies".

*"How dreamy-dark it is!  
Men yawn for weariness and board their gains,  
While careful housewives drown the kitchen fires . . . .  
The plodding oxen, dragging creaky wains*

*O'er bosky roads, their ancient horns entwine,  
Lick their huge joles, and think of bedded stalls,  
And munching of sweet corn."*

The presentation of the oxen and the wain is particularly good. Mair has the ability to transmit a picture attractively and with accuracy. But, like Howe, he lacks a vision, a deep underlying philosophy, and, as a rule, dramatic intensity. Hence, though he can write occasionally lines that look a good bit like Keats they lack the distinctive flavour one finds in Keats which is a result of his Beauty-Truth philosophy. Mair is unable to pierce the surface. He has no deep and profound convictions of life. This attitude is a typically Canadian one, and has been echoed in our politics, our foreign policy, our folklore, our art, our letters and our forms of public amusement ever since 1867. But although Mair's work was of little immediate importance, and though it was itself of little survival value, he set a precedent of using Canadian material, which was followed by a young Canadian poet, Isabelle Valancy Crawford.

I think that Crawford has come as near to being the voice of the young dominion as has any Canadian writer to date, except, perhaps, for E. J. Pratt. Thought and verse form are closely woven in her work, and one cannot separate the two component parts at a glance as one can in Howe and Mair. She is like Dickinson, at times, in her use of striking phrases and daring imagery, for example: "The frost bit sharp like a silent cur", "flame-swift", "snowy torch", "sharp zest", "starred fee", "keen, two bladed moon", "wolf death", "her laugh-a zig-zag butterfly". They have fantastic imagination in common too. Crawford compares love to a silver fish, a silver deer, slaughtered fish to scimitars, licking flames to copper snakes, the crackling of rice-beds in the wind to the harsh scolding of squaws. It is not so many steps beyond this to see "the seraphs swing their snowhats, and Saints to Windows Run." ⑥

Yet Crawford lacks Dickinson's concentrated intensity, the ability to squeeze philosophic thought of some magnitude into the capsule form of poetry. She lacks, too, Dickinson's craftsmanship; and though she

⑥ Dickinson: I Drink a Liquor Never Brewed.

has a feeling for words it is to a relatively small extent, and many of her arresting phrases are probably happy accidents. For without any qualms at all she can put side by side "The mossy king of all the woody tribes" and "the bright axe cleaved moon-like through the air." The fact that the second phrase is not one of her best would suggest that the cliché above is a result of flagging energy, possibly of lack of taste or of self-criticism. Certainly these faculties cannot be at their most active in a person who describes life as "one great daffodil". Yet this is the price the poet must pay for a fantastic imagination; it takes a Dickinson to be always successful. Crawford lacks Dickinson's vision. She may approach a precept by logical thought or by groping in the darkness for something she senses but is unable to clarify. She lacks the ability to see truth in a flash and state it with clarity and simplicity.

Yet she does sense the prevalent spirit of the age, and expresses it in "Malcolm's Katie". She uses Canadian material naturally and un-self-consciously because that is what she knows; and it fits naturally into her poetry. (One might even argue that the time-worn clichés handed down from older poets of the Homeland are an expression of the time, too; more likely they show the poet's lagging interest.) Her reaction to nature is that of the frontier — she senses the sinister power of natural forces, the tremendous, automable fecundity of natural growth — corruption and incorruption; birth, copulation and death, over and over again, moving in a tremendous rhythm, obedient to moon, tide and season. And her reaction to it is one of resistance, mingled with awe. We see this in her description of the seasons from "Malcolm's Katie", and her view is clarified by the following passage in which she describes the settler's conquest of the forest, in which she brings out the dual idea, so prevalent at the time, of beating back the wilderness and building a civilization. It is implicit in the words: "We build up nations, this my axe and I." The spirit of the opening of the west is caught in the following lines:

*"Then came smooth-coated men with eager eyes,  
And talked of steamers on the diff-bound lakes;  
And iron tracks across the prairie lands;  
And mills to crush the quartz of wealthy hills;  
And mills to saw the great wide-armed trees;*

*And mills to grind the singing stream of grain;  
And with such busy clamour mingled still  
The throbbing music of the bold, bright axe —  
The steel tongue of the present and the wail  
Of falling forests — voices of the Past."*

Here Crawford says, in fewer words, much the same thing as Whitman does in "Song of the Redwood Tree". She catches the same sense of incorruption (fallacious) coming from corruption, of a nation rising from the fallen forests. It is a spirit of optimism, a spirit of the times. The pioneers felt that with "muscle and pluck forever" <sup>⑦</sup> they could beat back the wilderness, subdue the forces of nature, and raise their civilizations indestructible. Whitman states this view in "Song of the Broad-Axe" and "Song of the Redwood Tree". <sup>⑧</sup> Crawford, writing in a parallel period of Canadian development, echoes it. Awe and even horror of natural forces might exist, but the pioneers were confident of victory. This view was to change later.

Though Crawford can write attractively, even powerfully, though she uses Canadian material with ease and charm, though many of her phrases are vivid, original, and memorable, though she captures the spirit of the era in which she lived, she failed to become a poet of Canada as Dickinson and Whitman became poets of America. The reasons, are I think, threefold:

(1.) There was no essentially Canadian message to be given to the nation and the world at the time. Any vision peculiar to the continent had already been expounded by the Americans.

(2.) The poet has no new personal vision, no profound, underlying philosophy that colours all her work. At times we catch glimpses of something, but she does not clarify her viewpoint; which we must then suppose was conventional and traditional, somewhat the attitude of Browning's Pippa.

(3.) Crawford does not bare her own soul as do the two Americans. But her personal lack of a firm philosophy, perhaps her colonial attitude, prevented her from being original, and doing so.

<sup>⑦</sup> Whitman: "Song of the Broad-Axe. (Leaves of Grass).

<sup>⑧</sup> Not as a central theme, but included and implicit.

Isabelle Valancy Crawford pointed one way for Canadian poetry to go. She was distinct, individual. Charles Mair pointed another way, and it was in his direction that the Canadian nature poets, Roberts, Carman and Lampman followed. Crawford, with her vivid imagery, and luxuriant style, produced work that was new, original, and in miniature clear-cut, though the general effect is one of confused sickness. She struck below the surface of nature, and felt the pulse of a growing nation. Now, in this younger group, some poets who wrote musical, dreamy nature verse which touched the surfaces, described them delicately, and did no more. They began to write during one of the most rugged optimistic periods of our history, in the era of our widest eastern expansion, the era that saw the wheat boom, the era of economic prosperity which led men to say that the twentieth century was Canada's century. The "*quelques arpents de neige*" were bringing forth golden fruit. Horizons broadened, and so, under the influence of the frontier, did men's views. It is true that our western settlements were not marked with the lawlessness that characterised the western United States during their early development, but the Yukon goldrush, at least, showed much of the same thing, and the same influences were working, in a modified form, on the Canadian west as on the American. On the frontier the struggle for existence becomes clearer, sharper, and all but the fundamental vices and virtues tend to disappear. It is a case of every man working for himself; and this brings about naturally an individualistic attitude of mind. In the battle against nature all men have an equal chance and only the strongest and cleverest survive. This is the life situation which gives rise to a democratic philosophy; it is democracy implicit. It is a democracy peculiar to the North American continent; and it was a way of life there before Jefferson and Jackson expounded its doctrine or Whitman put its essence into words. It was a new force in Canada, and represented a break from the colonial attitude of the long settled East. There is something, fundamental, and primitive in it.

One would think that this group of young Canadian writers, living in such an era, would sense this, and breathe its essence into their writings. But this was not the case. The new force was primitive; their verse is polished, genteel, highly civilized; in none of it do we see reflections of the rugged life of the frontier. Their attitude to nature is a highly civilized one, such as would come to those born on long-tilled

land, where field and forest are brought under the control of man. They regard nature as a bounteous, all-comforting mother. This cannot be the view of a man who has ever had to wrest a living from the land, or battle for survival against the amoral forces of nature. The poets themselves were cultured, well-educated men. Two were Maritimers, and one a Torontonion. These eastern provinces, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec and Ontario, are the oldest settled land in the Dominion. Halifax, Kingston and Toronto had long been centres of culture. All were re-inforced with a strong Loyalist tradition. Their character is essentially different from that of the west. The opening up of the prairies involved a swing westward of Canadian economic interests, and the Maritimers became the forgotten provinces. Their heyday, waning since the days of wooden sailing ships had ended, and cut down the Maritime business of shipbuilding, was finally over. These early settled provinces were left far behind in the wake of progress. We can imagine, then, that Carman and Roberts, writing from the Maritimes, should turn naturally to the world-weary verse of the *fin de siècle*, seek escape in a dream-world, in the far past, or in the beauties (and they are not without great men) of nature. Lampman, the most individual of the three, was not a Maritimer.

One cannot say that Carman's praise of the vagabond life is either an expression of a frontier attitude or of a Canadian one. The man on the frontier is concerned with a struggle for existence, the amassing of material wealth, and the establishment of security for himself and his family. To him the vagabond is a failure. The average Canadian has the same view. He is a comfortable bourgeois, with a comfortable bourgeois philosophy, and the nearest he ever gets to the vagabond life is a few weeks camping and fishing on one of the northern lakes. But vagabondia seems very charming when seen from an armchair by the fireside on a winter's evening. We like to think that we have gypsy blood lurking beneath our civilized exteriors, and that the broad highway calls us over the hills away, but we know it would not be a practical, or even a pleasant way of life. With Carman it was a pose. Therefore, no matter how skilfully and charmingly he may write, his work suffers from lack of sincerity.

Lampman came nearer to piercing the surface of nature than did either Roberts or Carman. He turned to the fields and woods for solace

from the money-grubbing city he hated, and his experiences in the country had a profound effect on him. He is a keen observer and describes what he sees with affection and sincerity. His technique is fine and polished, his verse runs smoothly, and much of it is very good Keats indeed. But he remains derivative, nor does he derive from Keats more than mere outward and visible signs; missing the inward and spiritual grace which is necessary for a great poet. He presents no new vision, nothing that is specifically Canadian.

All the same the work of Roberts and Lampman is most enjoyable poetry, if only for the pictures it gives of Canadian still life. It presents bits which may be symbolic to some readers and may call up a host of pleasant associations. For instance this quotation from Roberts "*In an Old Barn*":

*"Through a high chink one lonely golden ray,  
Wherein the dust is dancing slants unstirred,  
In the dry bush some rustlings light . . ."*

calls me back to a time when I, with my brothers, used to climb onto the rafters in the hayloft and jump into the mow. It was a wooden barn, weather-beaten, and the sun used to shine between the boards in exactly that way. I can still smell the sharp fragrance of the hay, mingled with the dusty odour of the loft. There was the same "dry hush", and "rustlings lights". The whole atmosphere is recreated, from those single lines, and it becomes symbolic of a lost era to me. Hence the poem is of value to me, not so much for its pretty thought, as for my personal interpretation. One of the functions of poetry is to call up associations for the reader; in this the writers of the Roberts' school are successful.

They present skilfully detailed pictures, couched in smoothly flowing verse, which make pleasant, though not altogether satisfying, reading. Although they do not present a new vision of life for and of Canada we should not underestimate them any more than we should underestimate Longfellow and Emerson because they followed in the main current of contemporary English literature. For theirs is fine and skilful writing even though it does not make a distinctly Canadian literature.

© A. R. M. Lower: *Colony to Nation* (Longmans) p. 561.

We must appreciate the fact that their work, like the building of Canada itself © was an act of faith. They have set the literary groundwork, as Longfellow and Emerson did in the United States, upon which future generations may build. This fact, that they were trying self-consciously to develop a Canadian literature (Roberts confessed this), handicapped them, yet it is significant that they thought such a task worthwhile. Their act of faith will yet, when the time is ripe, bear fruit.

D. C. Scott, another member of the group, went still further than these writers, and there is in his writings an essence which seems to me distinctly Canadian. His attitude to nature differs from that of his contemporaries. He turned to the more sinister and harsh aspects: the anger and power of night, of storm and wind and raging sea. He wrote of the less civilized parts of the country where the geography, vegetation, and architecture (if any) bear less resemblance to the English countryside. This gave him a greater opportunity for originality, such as appears in his later poems. His early ones, though skilful — "The Piper of Gill" is one of them — belong to the *fin de siècle* tradition or the nature tradition of Lampman and Roberts. They were five examples of this type of poetry, but are nonetheless as derivative as all previous work by Canadians had been. He was following a tradition popular in Britain and the United States at the time. This is a typically Canadian attitude, reflected in our form of government, our foreign policy, and our *moves*. Canadians hesitate to express an opinion or develop a policy that is distinctly their own; that has not been made "pukkah" by expression in the motherland or South of the border. This is a result of Canada's sense of inferiority where her two big sister nations are concerned, and, though we may be unconscious of it; it is nevertheless in each one of us and hence has long acted as a handicap to Canadian writers. It is this which, I think, prevents Scott from becoming original, wholly Canadian; this and the correlating fact that Canada was still a colony.

In writing of nature and of Tudian themes he was particularly successful. He has a wider scope of imagination than the others, he sees more in nature, and says more in his poems of nature. He understands the Indian as no Canadian poet before or since him. The human element, as a rule conspicuously absent from Canadian literature, constantly enters, and in his poems we see clearly for the first time since Craw-

ford man's relation to nature, in this case a negative force, neither good nor bad, which may help or hinder mankind. This is a more discerning view than that of Lampman, Carman and Roberts. Few of his nature poems are mere description; they have something to say beyond that, and the poet is sincere in what he says. A very simple poem "Dulce-gathering" redeems itself by the human touch in the final quatrain:

*"And memories lone on the shingle flung,  
Like the waves on the shingle flung,  
When the sun was young, and young was the world,  
When we were young."*

This is a poignant expression of universal nostalgia for youth; it is the same the world over. His themes seldom remain narrow and regional; they transcend regionalism. Even his Indians cease to be American Indians, and become symbols of universal man, universal woman, in the tragic poems they become denationalized, heroic, like the figures of Greek tragedy caught in the webs Fate and Circumstance weave for mankind. His "Madona of the Onondagas" and "The Half-Breed Girl" state the ternal tragedy of all persons of mixed blood. The old woman in "The Forsaken" is sister under the skin to the woman Keats pictures in "The Song of the Old Mother". Scott is interested in humanity, and is as observant of the ways of man as he is of the ways of nature. This selection from "Lines in Memory of Edmund Morris" seem to me to ring with truth; stated with novelty:

*"For our friendship was always fortunate  
In its greetings and adieux  
Nothing flat or importunate  
Nothing of the misuse  
That comes of the constant grinding  
Of one mind on another."*

He displays great skill in his treatment of Ladion themes and in logically developed poems such as his "Variation on a Seventeenth Century Theme" and "The Dame Regnant". There is nothing in Roberts, Carman, or Lampman to compare with these; with their cosmopolitan view and their universal application. In "The Dame Regnant" Scott points the universal gossip who has

*"worn the quiet smile  
Till her mouth is drawn as trim*

*As a Quaker's beaver brim".*

This is solid stuff, it rings of truth and it strikes home. Still it cannot be classed as specifically Canadian. As a poet of the main body of English literature it is fine work; derivative from no particular source, backed by a quiet forceful personality, and executed with precision. He introduces an interest in character formerly lacking in Canadian writing. Duncun Campbell Scott is a man of letters of whom Canada may well be proud.

Marjorie Pickthall, too, was a capable writer, but she followed in the wake of the early Yeats and even her poems with Canadian settings bear their marks of celtic symbolism and dreamy vagueness. There is music and a certain romantic beauty in them, but judged as *Canadian* literature they are found lacking. Canadian landscape is sharp, clear-cut, full of vivid colours; its weather is marked by extremes of cold and heat. The nature Majorie Pickthall sings of is not implicitly Canadian. Her poetry is colonial; her attitude is colonial.

Following the war a new school of Canadian poetry arose. The writers were influenced by Eliot, Hopkins, and the Metaphysicals, and they were following the same trend as contemporary English and American poets. Among them are Abraham Klein, Frank Scott, A. J. M. Smith, Leo Kennedy and Ralph Gustafson. Most of them had studied abroad and they naturally followed in the way set by foreign poets. Over against them we may set E. J. Pratt, who published his first important work, *A Book of Newfoundland Verse* in 1923. Pratt is original as no other Canadian poet, but he is completely apart from the main stream. He is not derivative, like the "sad young men" of the twenties who revolted so violently against the Roberts school of nature verse and proceeded to write poetry which was just as colonial as that against which they rebelled. A poet is just as derivative when writing in the manner of Eliot as when writing in that of Tennyson. Whether he turns to *The Golden Bough* or the Arthurian legend for inspiration he is still not being Canadian; nor presenting a new vision of life for Canada. However, this is significant: the Canadian writers today are following in the contemporary stream of English letters, not lagging a quarter of a century or more behind it. This is just what Emerson was doing when Whitman began to write. From this analogy it seems possible that the next step is for Canadian literature as such to begin.

In later writers, particularly Anne Marriott, Raymond Khuister, Dorothy Livesay and Earle Birney, one finds a growing essence of something one might call Canadianism. Anne Marriott in *The Wind Our Enemy* give us a poem which, it seems to me, could only have been written in Canada by a Canadian. This has been called proletarian poetry. It is also regional. These two limitations prevent it from being the voice of Canada — for that voice must sing for all of Canadian Society from our working proletariat to our bourgeois aristocracy. Two poems of Birney's are particularly good: *Man on a Tractor* and *Joe Harris*. Neither Marriott nor Birney is trying to be Canadian; they are doing an honest job of reporting. Yet one thing seems to be lacking, even in Pratt. This is a philosophy, a vision, as Canadian as Shakespeare was English when he "filled Lyon, Rome or any town you like of olden time with timeless Englishmen" ⑩ as Canadian as Whitman was American. This is impossible until Canada begins to realize herself her character. She is divided as yet; but so was England when Chaucer wrote. The poet can weld a nation if he is powerful enough. Canada to, at present, experiencing increased industrialization, which will ultimately bring a larger population, and increased economic prosperity. Canadians need only to awake to themselves, when they do they will find a poet. It is a favorable sign that more serious prose is being written in and of Canada today than there ever has been before. It is also significant that a history ⑪ of Canada has been written; and has excited the imagination of Canadians and the admiration of foreigners. Nominally, we are a nation, and it is only a matter of time until we become one organically. The realization must be implicit, un-self-conscious. It must come from native-born Canadians who place Canada first and foremost. Our historians have done this. The people, the poet, and the novelist, must follow.

Hence the fact that we have as yet no distinctive Canadian literature should be a challenge rather than a source of discouragement to the Canadian writer. Perhaps in the seaport town of Vancouver, in a ranch-house on the prairies, or in a Montreal tenement, is already the personality that will shape the course of future Canadian letters even as Shakespeare in England and Whitman in America. Only a happy combination of events — the groping natural awareness of the people with the poet's vision is now needed.

⑩ E. A. Robinson: "Ben Jonson Entertain a Man from Stratford".

⑪ A. R. M. Lower: *Colony to Nation* (Longmans).

## Recollections Of My Seventh Year

Regina Northridge

When I was six or seven years old, my father had a country parish in the northern part of New Jersey.

One Sunday morning after church, my mother introduced me to Mr. Camire, a man of nearly seventy, who said that if I would visit him sometime, he had some little kittens to show me. By the time I visited him the kittens were half grown, but there were some baby turkeys and a little calf to see and my visits to the *Bert-Will Turkey Farm* soon became a weekly event.

Mr. Camire was a scrawny old man with thinning white hair, smeary blue eyes, and creased, brown skin that always looked moist. He was well educated, and had lived most of life in New York City. In one week his wife and only daughter died of influenza, and a few days later he lost his entire fortune. Later he married again, a Belgian woman, some years younger than himself, and they moved to their present home, built on a hill overlooking a valley, where they raised turkeys for a livelihood.

Mrs. Camire was about fifty-five. Of her appearance I can only say that she was brown and grey, though I have often heard my mother say that she bore herself like a duchess. She had been a nurse during the first World War, and her memories of the sufferings of her people had made her very bitter towards the Germans. She spoke with a pronounced Belgian accent. Her chapped hands with the broken nails were very gentle.

Mr. Camire used to tell me of *Hop-On-My-Thumb* before I went to bed in the little store-room at the head of the stairs. I slept on a straw filled mattress, and before I fell asleep I could hear the mice scurrying among the jars of preserved and the flour sacks.

Breakfast was a wonderful meal; we had thick porridge with cream, Vienna bread with butter, and an assortment of coffee cakes and French apple-pie. I used to gobble up my porridge as fast as I could so I could have some pie.

One morning Mrs. Camire took me into the lower pasture to pick

mushrooms. As she picked, I sat on a large flat rock, and I noticed some tiny, red insects crawling in and out of the cracks.

"What are those little red bugs for, Aunt Bert?" I asked.

"I don't know what they're for," she replied, "but whatever God created must have a purpose. Remember that." And I can still remember it, as I can still feel the morning sun on my shoulders, and the roughness of the rock as I crushed one of the insects with my finger.

When Picrust, the dog, had puppies, Mr. Camire said I could choose one for my very own. I chose a fat, black puppy and I named him *Spring*, because he was born in the early spring. I wasn't allowed to take him home for six weeks. When he was three months old, my mother and I were walking with *Spring* towards Camire's when he was hit by a car. It had run over his neck. I cried when I saw him for his eyes and ears and nose bled but he wagged his tail when I touched him and then he died.

I received other gifts from the Camires too. One was a mahogany paint-box with many layers of water-colour paints and little bottles for water. In a drawer there was a palette, I think it was made of ivory. The drawer was held in place by dropping a gold nail through a slot in the top of the chest. The chest had belonged to his daughter, Annabelle. The scrap-books had belonged to her too. There were three of them filled with prints of the paintings of the great masters. I had one favorite, the first book. It had the pictures of the Creation and of Adam and Eve's expulsion from the Garden of Eden. I used to save the scrap-books for special days: when it rained or when I was sick.

On my seventh birthday I had a party. There were about twenty-five guests. When I opened Mrs. Camire's gift, I was ashamed, for it was wrapped in brown paper and the gift itself was homemade. Then I was ashamed of being ashamed and I said loudly that it was my favorite present.

There was always a breeze on Camire's front porch, and there on summer evenings we sat, listening to the wind in the two giant pines before the house, and sipped iced-tea fragrant with mint leaves. One night as we sat there, Aunt Bert gave me a silver pin of six tiny birds sitting on a bar. It had been given to her as a child for good behaviour.

I had a safety clasp put on it. I was never ashamed of that gift, and I still wear it.

My recollections of the *Bert-Will Turkey Farm* are vague. I can remember that the house was of stone, but I can't recall its shape. I know that the taps in the upstairs bath were leaky, but I can't quite remember where the bath was, nor can I remember any of the bedrooms except my own store-room, as anything but large china jugs and wash basins, and *Hop-On-My-Thumb* will always be swallowed by the cow in Camire's barn. It was my seventh year. I wonder, was it as magical then as it is to me now?

## Maritime Grievances

A Study of a Few Problems of Canadian Regionalism

M. J. Seeley

(This paper, the first of a series on regionalism in Canada prepared for the History Club of Bishop's University, concerns the group of provinces which form the eastern gateway to the Dominion of Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. In view of the fact that Newfoundland has not, at time of writing, declared her intentions with regard to union, she has not been included in this study. However, her problems today, may well be her grievances tomorrow, when (and if) she becomes Canada's Tenth Province, and I would urge members to bear her in mind as the Maritime grievances and problems, both real and imaginary, are unfolded.)

After eighty years repose within the bosom of a matriarchal Confederation, the Maritime provinces still believe that their interests have been subordinated to those of their more prosperous and influential sisters in Central Canada. There is a feeling everywhere about the Maritimes, that not only has the Central Government shown very marked preferential treatment to the other original members of the family group (and also given the more recent arrivals more than their rightful share of the perquisites,) but has deprived Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island of much that was originally theirs.

There is a definite sense of injury in these three provinces; they know they have been neglected, they feel humiliated at being treated like poor relations, and they are bitter because they remember their Golden Years of prosperity which they contrast with their present position. Whenever there is talk of "Upper Canada" or "up to Canada" there is voluble evidence of a sense of frustration, and an uneasy awareness of the system of economic feudalism which has kept down Maritime progress and prosperity for over half a century.

As elsewhere in Canada, geography plays tricks with national policies and purposes. The natural geographic and economic links of the Maritimes are North and South, not East and West. The commercial reciprocity enjoyed during the Golden Era of these provinces ended in 1865; but since that time another, equally powerful tie has linked the North-South axis by what I call sentimental reciprocity. Logical markets in the New England States, despite high tariffs, attracts many products of this area. Numerous historic, and equally numerous family connections, still link these people. Today after nearly a century of Confederation, Maritime sons and daughters are more at home in Boston and New York than in Montreal or Toronto. The fish markets of American, not Canadian cities, influence price and demand.

Natural resources are not as bountiful here as in Central and Western Canada. Outside of lumber, coal and fish, these three provinces are veritable Cinderellas in the Canadian family! Before the turn of the century, much of these resources had been exhausted, particularly lumber. Coal resources are expensive to mine and most of the product is of the soft coal variety which has to compete in Canadian markets against an American product which is cheaper to mine and has no heavy freight charges to absorb.

The factor chiefly responsible for the decline of the Maritimes after their Golden Age has been the delicate balance of the region's economy. Her prosperity has, and does, depend to a large extent on foreign markets, and consequently such unpredictable things as foreign tariffs and trade policies severely effects this balance. Maritime industry is often complementary, and when one is affected, so is the other. The three "F's", farming, fisheries and forests, are the basis of most secondary industry.

Agriculture is mature, but only a small area is suitable for cultivation. The topography of two provinces, New Brunswick and Nova

Scotia, is such that most suitable farm lands are small in size and isolated; modern, efficient methods are impracticable. Staple goods such as apples, potatoes and furs, as well as the products of the forest and fisheries industries, depend largely on export markets, and are therefore also subject to extreme fluctuations in value and demand.

Apart from the coal industry, which supports twenty per cent of the Nova Scotia population, the Maritimes can boast of very little industrial or manufacturing life. In the 1870's these provinces were leading figures in Canadian industrial and financial circles. Thirteen and one half per cent of Canada's manufactures came from the Maritimes in 1870; in 1935 only four per cent. After the Golden Era it was realized that it was uneconomical to try and compete with the producers from the large areas of population in Central Canada, and a great exodus of capital took place.

The population of these gateway provinces is very diverse. Acadian descendants of French settlers are the oldest group. Descendants of Loyalists from the U.S.A. make up most of the New Brunswick population and much of that of Nova Scotia. Other New Englanders during the Eighteenth and nineteenth centuries drifted to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, as a logical course of events, attracted by farms and fine fisheries. Scotch Roman Catholics settled Cape Breton, while large numbers of Scotch Presbyterian and Englishmen settled over other wide areas, notably Prince Edward Island. The very diversity of the racial stock has made them a strong, proud, stubborn and virile people.

#### POLITICS

It is hard to overlook, in considering government, the fact that the Maritimes was Canada's oldest settled area, and though governed from Quebec for a period, after 1763 they became a distinct, self-conscious colony. In 1784 they broke up into the three provincial areas familiar to us today. These people felt a strong sense of unity and nationhood long before any other area in Canada. Nova Scotia was the first British colony to possess a flag of its own, and is the only province in the Dominion today with this distinction. Their colonial charter was given them by James I of England in 1621. These provinces have demonstrated how a diverse group can mingle and unite with a minimum of differences as to language and creed, and their history, in this connection, is one more distant Canadians might well envy.

Political history in the Maritimes has varied but little since Confe-

deration. The Liberal party stalwarts have been consistent winners in both federal and provincial elections since 1867. There is a die-hard stigma attached (particularly in Nova Scotia) to the Conservative party, which has taken the full blame for Confederation. Old timers still say with bitterness, "Them as has, gits", and speak of being sold short by big business interests "up in Canada". A political observer said of the Conservatives recently, that their leaders are the best vote getters the Maritime Liberal party has. His reference was to John Bracken's speeches during this year's Halifax bye-election.

Before leaving the more general subject of politics, I want to stress the point that despite differences and grievances, Maritimers are loyal. Their Tories are not quite as extreme as are those in Central Canada and leftist sentiment can only find support among the mining population of Cape Breton, and to some extent in Halifax and St. John. Conservatives and Liberal are usually mild, staunch party members, ready to compromise. A columnist in the *Yarmouth Light* recently said "Party politics has been our bane. The politicians that we send to Ottawa have always, alas, been too ready to sacrifice our best interests to party success. And this has been true of Grit and Tory alike . . . our elected members sit mute and glum, and never raise their voices in our behalf . . . we have Cabinet Ministers in the government who are in a position to stand up for our rights. But do they roar . . . when the Central Provinces trample us in the dust? The answer is, NO ROAR!" From personal observation, I know many who have said . . . "What's the difference between electing a Tory or a Grit? None of them do anything for us at Ottawa." I disagree with many who blame the politicians for everything, especially for playing the "party game", without, as they say, any due regard for the people they represent. When a politician as for, and gets a "hand-out" he cannot turn ungratefully on the party which has distributed the largess!

To conclude this introduction there remains but one more topic to consider — a topic which leads right into specific Maritime grievances — Confederation. Only one of the three provinces, New Brunswick, entered the union voluntarily. In Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, voters repeatedly refused assent to union. Nova Scotia never gave popular assent to Confederation, and for forty years the Conservative party was ignored by Nova Scotia electors. Prior to 1867 a fortunate period of prosperity gave these provinces their Golden Era. Under reciprocity farm produce was readily marketed, wooden vessels

did a booming trade, and later, the Civil War blockade running was lucrative. Maritimers grew rich on low tariffs and war! In 1867 both these favorable factors ceased to exist. A final blow was struck by the march of progress which made obsolete the basis of Maritime economic prosperity. The era of free trade, the wooden vessel and timber was at an end. Protection, steam and steel left these three provinces in the wake of progress.

The Fathers of Confederation realized that concessions would have to be made to these provinces when tariff revenues were taken from them and their markets lost. They promised that adequate transportation facilities, linking the eastern seaboard with the new Canadian hinterland, would compensate for the other losses. Substitute markets in Central Canada would replace the foreign and American markets, they said, after assuring them that the Intercolonial Railroad would be built for that express purpose.

But why, asked the people of the Maritimes, a few years later, must we pay railroad rates over a round-about route, calculated on initial railroad costs plus interest charges, when the Fathers promised that the route, as a Central government obligation, would not be operated as a commercial enterprise? This question takes us right to the start of Maritime grievance, for along with other considerations, and because of the problem of high rail charges, the substitute markets in Central Canada never materialized!

The Maritime people might well ask: Has not the spirit of Confederation been ignored? Have not the expectations and assurances so freely given them been unfulfilled?

#### TRANSPORTATION

Ever since Confederation, personal and public outcries against injustice of one kind or another, have been heard "down east". These cries have concerned exploitation, neglect, broken promises, ignored moral obligations, penalizing tariffs and no preferential treatment of Maritime ports. Of all the grievances aired in the past eighty years, the one concerning transportation has been the most controversial, as well as the most pressing.

As mentioned above, at the time of union, certain promises were made and subsequently broken. The grievance became acute in 1917, when the Intercolonial Railway (completed as per agreement, in 1876) was incorporated into what was to become the C.N.R. system. It was

contented, in opposition to this move, that (and I quote the admirable summary from the Report of the Royal Commission on Dominion-Provincial Relations)

"the road would be operated in perpetuity by the government and kept separate and distinct from all other Canadian railroads".

They objected to the incorporation because the C.N.R. operated

"not with reference to the rights of the Maritime Provinces under the Confederation system, but with the object of showing results in the same way as any private corporation."

That is, the Maritimes objected to having rates computed on a depreciation, carrying charge and construction basis. The increased rates paid after 1913 had been from five to forty per cent higher than formerly, rates which remained until the 1927 implementation of the recommendations concerning transport, contained in the Duncan Commission Report on Maritime Problems.

This commission held that Maritime rates were not to be computed on a commercial basis because this basis was subordinate to "national, imperial and strategic considerations", and so any increased costs should be borne by the Dominion Government. The Maritime Freight Rates Act of 1927 made adjustments up to twenty per cent, but even these were excessive and out of line with rates elsewhere in Canada. After this adjustment a demand for excess freight rates compensation was made by brokers and shippers who had overpaid over the period of fifteen years. Their claims were unwarranted and had no legal basis and were consequently ignored.

Maritime ports were and still are closely linked with this transportation question. Halifax and St. John contend that they have not been given an adequate share of the export and import business of the Dominion. Montreal, Quebec and Vancouver have nearly monopolized this trade, while Boston, New York and Portland have developed at the expense of Maritime ports as well. Here again economic factors and progress have been unkind. The building of the Panama Canal had deprived the Maritime ports of much of the former trans-continental trade. Again, shippers found it cheaper to ship from Central Canada via water and rail routes to inland ports like Montreal, or closer ports like Portland, than to use the long rail route to Halifax or St. John. The Dominion Government tried to direct trade over this route by adjusting tariff

policies to allow a ten per cent reduction on goods entering Canada from a trans-ocean port; this effort to aid Halifax and St. John failed. The C.P.R. Montreal-St. John short line was completed and the National Transcontinental railway built. It had been anticipated that both these lines would aid Maritime progress. The Central Government also expended huge sums developing the port and grain facilities of these two big ports, but prohibitive rail rates did not help fill the elevators or keep the docks busy. The Transcontinental did not become the grain route to the Eastern Provinces because the all-rail rates to Quebec and U.S.A. ports were still lower than from the west to Halifax or St. John. However the Government could not force grain exporters to use an all-Canadian line or the inferior cargo space available at Maritime ports. In this connection the Report of the Royal Commission on Dominion-Provincial Relations stated that the Maritimes had over-emphasised the value to their ports of the grain trade and that no contractual obligations had been violated.

Prince Edward Island has a long-standing grievance concerning "continuous communications with the mainland". Bad ferry service and inconvenient train connections were chiefly responsible for complaints. The Dominion, in 1901 recognized the validity of one such claim and agreed to pay a yearly subsidy of \$30,000 as compensation for poor service between 1873 and 1901. Demands for tunnel communication with the mainland are excessive and unwarranted. Today, a daily ferry service operates, with additional service in the summer months, along with year around T.C.A. air connections with the mainland.

#### ECONOMIC FEUDALISM

The Maritime people have always felt that national policies have accelerated the natural shift of industry, finance and wealth to Central Canada, and believe that more should have been done to prevent or divert this exodus. The direct result of this shift has been a growth "down east" of what I call economic feudalism.

Banks, insurance companies, shipping firms, brokers and large retail chains operated from and by business men in Central Canada have replaced similar Maritime financial and business houses. The result has been a steady draining of excess wealth and earnings from these provinces into Central Canada. Prices and rates were fixed in Montreal and Toronto, and business men have not hesitated to increase their profits from this area. Rail charges and extra wholesale and retail outlets in

turn would exact further profits, forcing prices out of all proportion to those on comparable goods in Central Canada. It may well be said that Nova Scotia fishermen worked one day for inadequate food and clothing, two days for the middleman, and three days for Montreal and Toronto financiers!

The other serious side of this situation is that the governments have had very few real cash incomes to tax and little wealth with which to carry on even ordinary affairs of local and provincial government. There is a general feeling of helplessness prevalent in all three provinces. Their economic plight forces them to exist on hand-outs from the Central Government. As with individuals, so with a people! No one can be the object of "hand-outs" (graced with the name of subsidies) for long, without danger of losing his self-respect.

Consider for a moment what the exodus of capital has meant to local and provincial treasurers trying to meet current expenditures. What handsome taxes on profits might be paid by the Bank of Nova Scotia if its head office were in Halifax and not Toronto? Consider also the purchasing power and taxes lost to that province by reason of the fact that all high salaried executives work at that same head office? The Dominion Steel and Coal Corporation offices are in Montreal, not Sydney. Here, too, huge sums are lost to the Maritime economy. The every day picture in Maritime minds, of fat, rich parasites living "up in Canada" on profits unjustly drained from the provinces in which they were earned, can only be understood in the light of the foregoing.

The fishermen scattered around the Maritime coasts have been chained to a system which keeps them impoverished. This system involved economic subservience to the big dealers through the small agency stores at which fishermen buy rigging, food and clothing on credit. Prices are exorbitant, but people have to buy. During the fishing season these agents pay rock bottom prices for the catch, usually little more than the amount owing the firm. The fishermen usually have little cash, even at the end of a good season, with which to bolster up their self-respect. In recent years the growth of co-operatives has helped mitigate some of these conditions, but the movement has not become widespread enough as yet and thousands are still enslaved by a system which grows rich on misery and privation.

These eastern provinces do not produce enough food for their own consumption, and as mentioned above, middlemen, freight rates and

green drain off more money than necessary. Local industries servicing these areas, due to the relatively small population (1,206,000) have higher production charges than comparable firms in Central Canada. High tariff policies have prevented cheap imports from logical supply sources in New England, from reaching the areas. Consumers therefore, feel that they are being exploited and are very active in pressing for reforms which will ease their burden. Perishable market goods are only an overnight run by boat to American markets while long freight hauls and costs make markets in Central Canada useless. Wishful eyes are all on the New England market! The psychological effect of trips to, and visits from, relatives living in the U.S.A. is to my mind, quite considerable, for no one could avoid contrasting the poverty and wealth of both countries.

#### EXPORT OF BRAINS

The export of brains to both the U.S.A. and Central Canada has been going on ever since the 1870's, and has had an adverse effect on Maritime development. Insufficient opportunities in both business and professional fields drives ambitious youth to areas where opportunities abound. You have only to read any one of dozens of Maritimes weeklies, any summer, to note a formidable list of visiting relatives, most of whom have made their mark in whatever field they represent. Noted bankers, insurance executives, generals, doctors, judges, journalists and clergymen are always "going home" for the holidays! The United States and Central Canada have drawn some of their finest executives, statesmen, scholars and professional men from the Maritimes. True, if some businessmen had remained at home they could have helped develop their local industries. But who could have held down the senior executive of one of Canada's largest banks, within the limited business interests of a small hardware concern? What brilliant scholar and administrator could find his maximum utility level in either of the five small denominational universities of the Maritimes? What American general would have been happy as a lieutenant in some Nova Scotian Saturday Night regiment? Yes, many Maritimers resent their inability to provide opportunities at home for their brilliant young men and these resentments find expression in decrying centralism and petitioning for more equitable treatment in the Canadian union.

The poor facilities for education in many provincial centres are

due to the succession of depression years when sub-marginal standards of living prevented municipal institutions and social services from growth commensurate with the rest of Canada. No depressed area can support adequate educational or social institutions, and Maritimers feel acutely a sense of frustration and injustice when they see or hear about the higher standards in Central Canada.

One other field might be mentioned in this connection, for it concerns the benefits derived from union, by education in the western provinces. The Federal Government granted public domain lands for the support of education in the west. In the Maritimes public domain lands revenue is negligible and she had not received subsidies in lieu of them either as have western provinces. New provinces should not have received all funds from these public domain lands claim the Maritimes. The funds should have been equitably distributed to all and not to just a favored few. Is it any wonder they feel a deep sense of injustice as they see their facilities lag behind those of other provinces?

Another grievance concerns the vast areas of exploitable virgin territory given Ontario and Quebec since Confederation. They claim an interest in these lands as they belonged originally to the nation, not to the two wealthiest provinces.

Prince Edward Island has a grievance which ranks even higher in provincial circles than does the mainland communications one. It concerns the land purchase loan made to the island at Confederation. The loan enabled the P.E.I. legislature to buy land from absentee landholders. Today the \$40,000 yearly interest charges paid to Ottawa seem unfair and unequitable to the islanders, in view of the small capital returns on the sale of lands, and, their lack of income from other crown lands and natural resources.

As a result of the Treaty of Washington, signed in 1871, another problem was to plague the consciences of Maritimers for years. The popular name for this grievance is the "Halifax Award". The treaty concerned Maritime fisheries, and the U.S.A. agreed to admit Maritime fish free of charge and was giving certain fishing and shore rights and privileges in return. A cash settlement was also made by the U.S.A. This money went to Great Britain, who sighed the treaty, but was in turn handed over to Canada's Central Government. A small sum was given, yearly, to the three provinces, in the form of bonus' to fish-

ermen; this amount has never exceeded \$160,000 a year. New Brunswick feels particularly angry on this point because she only receives ten per cent of the Maritime grant although she produces twenty six per cent of the fisheries. All three provinces, moreover, feel that the cash settlement belonged rightly to them, and not the Dominion Government.

To conclude this cross-section of grievances it is only right to say that the Maritimes feel that their representation at Ottawa is inadequate. Due to a relative loss of population, they have had their number of members decreased, while the Central provinces have had theirs increased. They want a "minimum" number of members established and "pegged".

### LOYALTY

From the foregoing it should be sufficiently clear that while some Maritime grievances are imaginery, most of them are real, and loom large on the horizons of our Eastern seaboard, like a black pall of gloom. National unity cannot be achieved in Canada while this important strategic area is allowed to fret, and to suffer undue economic privations. Maritime people are loyal to Canada, despite their numerous grievances, and their prior loyalties to their own provinces. They realize now, that though they opposed Confederation from the first, their lot would undoubtedly have been worse if they had remained outside the union, (if such union could have materialized without them, which I personally doubt!). The article, quoted earlier, from the *Yarmouth Light*, summed this up, in typical Maritime fashion. It said:

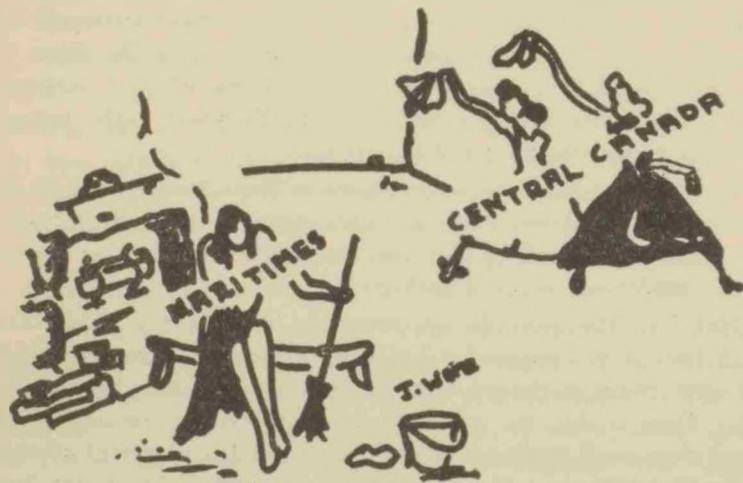
"No one knows what conditions in Nova Scotia would be like today, had we, back in 1867, in our pride and prosperity, loftily scorned to put the chains of Confederation on our tender and sensitive necks."

No! The Maritimes do not want to abandon the union, even though fears in this connection have been expressed in Central Canada, when separationist sentiments, in times of acute depression, have become vocal. There is also, too much loyalty to things traditionally British in these three small provinces by the sea, to fear any concerted effort to join the United States. Only one notable Annexation Movement, born of discontent (and like the Montreal prototype some years earlier, supported by the wealthy merchants and ship-owners) took shape, during the period of agitation against Confederation in the eighteen sixties.

By 1872 it had disappeared and has not been revived since.

The average Canadian in the Maritime provinces feels that he has a low standard of living because of Ontario and Quebec big business, which he believes, runs the Central Government, and therefore the country. Today, as in former years, despite a prosperity cycle which has given most primary producers excellent prices, Maritime fishermen cannot get a decent price for their fish, and farmers cannot market their produce for what it cost to grow. There is a widespread belief that the Central provinces, which shelter and collect the taxes on the big industrial and financial corporations, will only actively concern themselves with the acute problems of these sister provinces, when "down east" consumer markets begin to collapse! Can we wonder that the neglected people of Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia feel that Central Canada thinks more of self-interest than nationhood?

Only when these Central provinces realize the responsibilities implied in a family relationship such as we have in Canada, and forget for all time their self-interest, can the Maritimes get their New Deal. That New Deal will depend primarily on the recognition of many of the existing grievances touched on in this paper, (particularly insofar as drastic permanent reduction in freight rates is concerned) and on the recognition of the principle of fiscal need, instead of charity.



VERITIBLE CINDERELLAS IN  
THE CANADIAN FAMILY

## Harbinger Of Peace

Graham Knight

As a breath of Atlantis transported upon the evening breeze; thick fog drifts in from the North Atlantic upon Antwerp. In the battered harbour American merchantmen, vast, looking down upon their smaller foreign sisters who ply Rhine and Scheldt; dingy colliers out of Cardiff; diesel Norwegians, Hollanders, Greeks . . . all surrender individuality to the impartial gray haze. Leaving the docks a maze of ghostly, indistinct shapes; the silent mist drifts on over sprawling Antwerp.

Borne by the friendly breeze fog drifts over sooty factories; weighted bridges spanning antique canals congested with the 'wasserkracht' of a half score European nations; over lonely Belgian anglers, squat and short, upon the tall stone banks edging refuse-laden brine — all are merged in shades of gray. Waterfront streets of worn cobblestone, narrow, twisting; flanked by ancient cathedrals, shops and dwellings; damply reflect soft light of the weak street lamps.

Along the Boulevard d'Italie, Frankelei, Brittanlei; spacious avenues split with even rows of sparse leaved trees, carved fountains in granite and marble, stately embassies from which the boulevards receive their names; this grandeur becomes dull and obscure. Taxis, small cars, for the most part Renauds, nestle to the sidewalks; their drivers prepared for a quiet evening. Revellry in countless cafes continues; Flemish love songs, selections from obsolete 'Hit Parades' broadcast from Frankfurt, Danish and French voices raised in ditties of those nations . . . these noises, too, are gradually lessened in the soothing dun cloud of Atlantis.

Gradually all sounds cease; burghers and seamen have retired at home, abroad anchored ships or, befuddled with the haze of wine and fog, on convenient stoops and spacious statue bases. There is silence; there is rest; the fog has brought peace and Antwerp sleeps.

## Canadian Poets of Bishop's University

Neil Tracy

## Echoes

## 1

You left your little treasury and went;  
 An ivory box of nard, your slender stock  
 Of gold to bind your brows, a tiny clock  
 Whose every minute was a sacrament,  
 Three silver amulets to bows soft bent,  
 A small red psalter with a heart-shaped lock  
 A book of thoughts whose tender measures mock  
 At time and tears and loneliness unspent.  
 These lovely things once glowed with life from you.  
 Blest with your touch, yearned over by your gaze.  
 Made thought and speech, set off with tone and hue  
 Drenched with the essence of your nights and days;  
 Now they are coldly strange and oddly new  
 Since when you laid them by and went your ways.

## 2

Sometime I heard the bells across the rain;  
 Dusk, and the leaves went rushing through the gray  
 Cold, dripping streets, where like a beggar, day,  
 Fled with the night, wind, autumn, on his train  
 Like hounds who snarl at poverty and pain;  
 A thief he is, and well might watch-dogs bay  
 The flying heels which bear my dreams away,  
 My lovely dreams, to come no more again.  
 The bells cry out across the empty trees,  
 I listen for a foot step and a call;  
 This is the hour that sets the bread and cheese,  
 And lights home-comings candles in hall;  
 The bells are dumb, the tattered daylight flees.  
 Only the wind's moan and the rain's long fall.

## 3

Lovely and lost, it was a mighty spell  
 That turned the sun to moonlight on your brow,  
 That kissed to lunar silence lips but now  
 Strong with the warm, sweet anger of a bell;  
 Low voices pass like shadows in a well  
 And sympathetic breathings ebb and flow,  
 As if a great moth hung against the glow  
 And moved his green wings to a silent knell.  
 I watch the sun and shadows move like wings,  
 Like wings, or languid waters on your face;  
 Who knows how long a shade this phantom flings,  
 How deep the waters which no sound can trace;  
 I think upon all lost and lovely things,  
 And lo! my spirit fails me in this place.

## 4

The night crawled on; I waited anxiously;  
 She laid aside the book whereon she read,  
 And having gazed on him who slept, she said,  
 With tears, "The fruit is bitter from the tree."  
 Then went, and closed the door on him and me:  
 Then I was sad, and waited by the bed  
 To bear the autumn night, until her thread  
 Passed on; I killed the light and turned the key.  
 The fall night fumed with vapour, glow, and sound,  
 The world was like a broken bowl of yeast;  
 All teeming; yet the world was turning round,  
 To winter's death, when living ferment ceased.  
 There was no promise seething in the ground,  
 No other summer rising in the east.

5

A door will open suddenly to frame  
 A young girl with a candle in her hand,  
 Her hair caught backward with a pale blue band,  
 Her soft lips rounding to another's name:  
 Or maybe I shall catch a shaking flame  
 Of music, flashing through a drowsy land;  
 And how these things will bring me to a stand  
 To say, "Oh she was, and thus she came."  
 O, young and fair, who slip from mortal arms,  
 To find your last great love beneath the ground.  
 You live again in everything that charms,  
 The stinging ecstasy of light and sound;  
 The living soul of things which heals and harms,  
 So beauty stabs; so beauty heals the wound.

March 28, 1944.



George Whalley

## Ubi Thesaurus Ibi Cor

*Mummy, I don't think Man can have made the Universe.*

Propel yourself for a moment out of your armchair  
 and away from the latest copy of *The Reader's Digest*  
 to some imagined point (say *Mu*) in space  
 beyond the farthest spiral nebula  
 until the galaxy and star-cities  
 assume integral conspicuity.  
 Then come back through the pathways of the stars,  
 past the horse's head near *Zeta Orionis*,  
 through *Cygnus'* lacy nebulosity.  
 Tread the black silence at the speed of radio waves  
 till ruby-emerald flash of *Algenib*  
 splits into separate splinters of flaming light,  
 each its own self-star, solitary vortex  
 tracing a curved track of chromatic speed  
 silently through unregenerate space.  
 Come down a comet's orbit towards the sun  
 past the hushed inhuman wanderers;  
 break through the screen of asteroids and spin  
 across the lifeless oceans of the moon.  
 Then come where the *Baltic* amber lies unsought,  
 where diamonds and rubies sleep in the still mines.

The universe is *very* wonderful, is it not?  
 So let us humbly take our hats off  
 to the learned propagandist. Let us worship  
 the ingenious disinterest of the advertiser.

Close your eyes and hold your breath till bright  
 dyspeptic spots of self-deception zoom  
 across the eyeballs. Don't stop to think  
 or you might not buy a pink enamelled bath  
 in sixty easy payments, or a car  
 with twenty-three new places for an ashtray.

Now that we've all got education and culture  
we all reside (not live) in homes (not houses)  
situated where it is the fashion to be situated.

"You like the place? Yes, charming:

and so dustproof. Books?

Well, no. They clutter the place,

and besides I prefer *life*.

We do, however, have *The Encyclopaedia Britannica*  
on microfilm (14th edition with 3,547 illustrations in glorious colour),

I always mean to read the thing — one summer perhaps

Don't worry about the furniture: it's ultradurable.

Blood and cigarette burns come off with a ramp cloth  
and its 93% more sittable-in.

Admittedly it won't resist much hydrochloric acid

and it *does* evaporate three years and fifty days after

processed installation by the company's technicians —

but otherwise the sales potential would drop

And surely that could never be

Allowed in a democracy."

*(Let the following verses be chanted*

*To one of Schonberg's melodious little tunes)*

This is the life, the life I love  
In which my nightmares all come true:  
This is the life whereby I prove  
A wisdom Athens never knew.

O turn the little thermostat  
And start the air-conditioning.  
It's fun to be a bureaucrat  
And bully Labour in the Spring.

O pass the potted taste around  
And call another Gallop Poll  
To prove how splendid and profound  
Is Murphy's patent Thought-control.

Surely the past was never true —  
The future a neurotic myth.  
The present is a colloid glue  
To piece together glamour with.



## Things Are Tough All Over

*Michael Birchwood*

Jeff stood in the doorway for a moment before his eyes grew accustomed to the smoky half-light of the bar. His gaze swept over the drinking men sitting at the tables as he searched for an empty one. Finally he saw one in the corner and made his way there between the crowded seats.

It was not much of a place but typical of the dirty little "Bar and Grill's" that surround any large city. The long bar facing him was presided over by two large men in soiled white jackets filling out the orders thrown at them by the scurrying waiters and the three or four customers who preferred to drink at the bar instead of the tightly packed tables.

"What'll it be, Sir?"

The waiter's words brought Jeff out of his day dream.

"Got any rye?" he asked.

"You name it and we've got it."

"Make it a double, and come around again, soon."

The man shuffled off to the bar and returned shortly, setting the drink before Jeff. His black jacket was frayed and covered with grease spots and Jeff noted with disgust how dirty the man's hands and nails were. He looked away in distaste, paid for his drink and downed half of it in one gulp.

Someone dropped a nickel in the garish juke-box and a brassy version of "You Hurt The Only One Who Loved You" blared out. Jeff started up at the first sound of the words, changed his mind, sat down and ordered another drink.

He was on his third one when the little man came up to the table. Jeff didn't even notice him till he spoke:

"Mind if I sit down?" he asked. "You see this is my usual place."

Without speaking Jeff pointed to the other chair. The man nodded and sat down with a loud sigh. He must have been a regular customer for the waiter brought his drink without even taking an order.

Jeff finished his drink and looked at his companion. He was a small man, but well built for his size. He wore a creased blue suit that looked as if it had seen better days. It was his face, however, that made him noticeable. It was not a handsome one, and yet there was a pathetic sadness to it which made it seem attractive. The myopic blue eyes were never still and darted from object to object. A shock of grayish brown hair dropping untidily over a lined forehead heightened the impression of a hunted and worried animal facing its tormentors.

Jeff couldn't remember who it was that had started the conversation. It just seemed to develop of its own accord. There they were, two men, each intent on getting drunk to forget his troubles, and troubles they must have had if the constant sighing coming forth from both was any

indication. At any other time Jeff would probably have found the situation amusing, but right now there wasn't the least measure of comfort in knowing that others besides himself were beset with troubles.

The little man made a good listener and at first merely clucked sympathetically as Jeff poured out his woes. From time to time he would only sigh softly and a warm look would come into his eyes as Jeff told him of the first meeting with Louise, their whirlwind courtship and consequent marriage.

Jeff was practically crying when he told him of their happy honeymoon in the Ontario lake country, of their return to the city and settlement in the little apartment where they were living. The combination of alcohol and all these happy reminiscences was almost too much for him, and even the little man seemed overcome by the fervour of his description.

"Everything seemed fine," Jeff continued, "at least, it did until yesterday, and then it all seemed to go wrong."

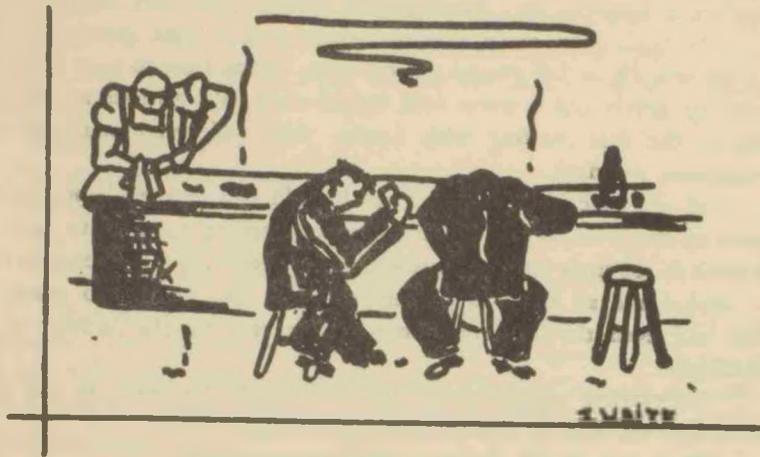
"How was that?" the man asked encouragingly.

"Well," replied Jeff, "now that I have had a chance to think it over, I realize it's all my fault, and I feel like a filthy heel about it."

He then went on to tell how from the early morning everything seemed to go wrong. At breakfast the toast was slightly burned and he had complained about it bitterly. Louise had apologized but he had kept it up, complaining about the cereal, eggs, and even about the temperature of the coffee. That day, for the first time since their marriage, he had not kissed her good-bye as he hurriedly left for the office. There too, everything seemed to go wrong and when he returned home for lunch Jeff was in an even worse temper than in the morning.

"Lunch was late," he added, "and when I found that this was so because Louise had gone out to buy a hat, a hat which not only looked atrocious but was far beyond our budget I really blew my top. Louise got mad too, and we shouted at each other for about fifteen minutes when she suddenly said she was leaving me and ran out of the kitchen. I didn't believe she really would and merely yelled some cutting remark after her. The next thing I knew she had gone and I was alone in the apartment. I went out to get some lunch and then returned to the office. I couldn't do any work and when four o'clock came, rushed home. She wasn't there. I walked about the streets for a while. I didn't know where I was going or what I was going to do. When I saw

this place I stepped in and have been drinking ever since."



Jeff stopped, his face was flushed and covered with perspiration. He looked appealingly at the little man.

The other raised a glass to his lips, took a long draught of the liquid and, nodding his head, replied:

"Yeah, things are tough all over, but you'll be O.K., Mack."

"O.K. — heck!" snapped Jeff. "It might be all right for you to say that, but what am I going to do? I have no place to go now and my wife's gone. What can I do? I am fed up with everything. Sure, the whole thing was darn stupid, but where does that get me? She sure didn't think so, and by the way she slammed that door she's probably gone for good. I don't know where she is now, and if it's at her mother's, the old lady won't even let me speak to her."

He buried his head in his arms and slumped across the table. His whole body shook with sobs and the little man looked around with concern.

"Here, Mack," he said soothingly, "take another drink and calm down."

Jeff straightened up, took the proffered drink and let the liquid down his throat. He looked up appealingly and then collapsed on the

table again. A broken stream of words poured out:

"Sure," he sobbed, "take another drink, and then another, and another. Get drunk. But what of it? I am drunk now. Drink some more. Drink to forget. But what about tomorrow? Drink again. And the day after? Drink again. Get on the spinning wheel. Drink and get plastered, drink and get plastered. But there's always tomorrow, and what then? I'll never forget. What's the use of going on with it? Why keep it up? There's never any end to it. Yeah, no end except one. And why wait for that? Might as well get it over with. Yeah, well I better leave now. What else can I do?"

The little man looked worried now. He put a restraining hand on Jeff's arm and gently pulled him back into the seat.

"Look, son," he advised, "you'll be all right. From all you told me that's a mighty fine little wife you have. So what if you are mad and she's mad. She's got enough sense to realize that the whole thing was not so important. She'll come back. And what would she think if you weren't there? She'd probably go away and never come back then, but only then. What's a hat? So you didn't like it. So next time you'll know better. And I'll bet my last buck that there will be a next time if you go back. She will probably come back saying it was all her fault and you will say it was yours and in the end everything will be hunky-dory again. Take the word of an old man for it. Just give it a trial."

Slowly Jeff's sobbing stopped and he gratefully looked up at the little man. For the first time that day he smiled.

"Yeah," he said, "maybe you are right. Maybe she'll see things the way I do. Yeah, I'll get some flowers and candy and go home. Yeah, it's worth a try. Maybe you're right. Yeah, maybe you are."

The little man looked at him encouragingly, patted his arm again and got up.

"Look, Mister," Jeff exclaimed, "I don't even know your name, but you've done a lot for me. More than you realize probably. Don't go yet. You must have another drink with me."

"You are all right now, Mack," the other replied. "Thanks for the invite, but I've got to go."

He turned and left the bar as unobtrusively as he had entered. Jeff waved at him and summoned the waiter again.

"Another rye," he ordered.

The waiter returned with the drink. As Jeff paid for it the other

looked up saying:

"I hope the old boy didn't bother you, Sir."

"Oh, no," Jeff quickly answered, "as a matter of fact he was a big help to me."

"Well," the other admitted, "he isn't a bad sort. But you see about six months ago his house burned down and his wife was killed in it. And now all he does is sit around here and tell people his troubles."

## Home - Thoughts From Stanstead

Mary Hall

(with apologies and thanks to Rupert Brooke)

*Here in Stanstead I sit down  
Without a cap, without a gown  
And This I think when, as one will,  
I wish to be in Lennoxville:  
There poplars wave on Moulton Hill  
And lads and girls in gowns are seen  
A-strolling on the golfing-green.  
Oh, still the haunting river-scent  
Floats up the lawns when day is spent,  
And peace drifts slowly down the hill  
To come to rest in Lennoxville.*

*Here I am mournful and unmissed,  
Writing an attendance list,  
And, there, unstirred by weal or woe,  
Blithe Anglicans to chapel go.  
Oh! there the bells the air enliven  
At half-past seven, eight and five,  
And the Olympian Spike and Blue  
Yawn in lectures morning through*

*Oh! I will rise and take a 'bus  
And get me to Bishop's without more fuss,  
And there, within the sacred town  
Shall feast my eyes on cap and gown;  
And walk along the hallowed street  
Where godly collored clerics meet;  
And delight in, as I walk,  
The wit and philosophic talk:  
Such topics as immortals parry —  
The women's Residence — and tarry  
Upon the virtues of professors,  
Review the loves of true confessors:  
The latest gossip and the old  
Of B.C.S. and Bishop's told.*

*Oh Bishop's maids and men are fair  
As pure milk or summer air;  
They take delight in sounding song;  
Their laughter liltng is and long;  
Their wit is sharp as anything,  
Their favorite tune "God Save the King";  
Their minds are filled with useful knowledge;  
Theirs is indeed a noble college,  
And, as is meet and right and fit,  
They take a proper pride in it,  
And of all colleges east and west  
Agree that Bishop's is the best.*

*King's College clerics all are narrow;  
MacDonald grads push the wheelbarrow;  
Acadia gives us Baptists prim;  
Dalhousie Maritimers grim;  
Men of the western colleges  
Have communistic tendencies;  
And at McGill, or so it's said,  
The college shelters many a Red!  
While in Manitoban halls  
Lurk slinking, sneering Radicals!*

*But Bishop's, with her other glories  
 Produces only the purest Tories  
 And (I hinted this above)  
 Such as bear the proper love  
 To Church and King, whose hatred centres,  
 On Socialists, Nationalists, and Dissenters.  
 (But though conservative as thinkers  
 They make it up as liberal drinkers.)*

*And Bishop's maids are sweet and clean;  
 Straight of limb and fair of mien;  
 Their hair is neat, their smiles are pleasant;  
 Their charming chatter is incessant;  
 — Not over-bright, nor over-free —  
 Are all that women ought to be.*

*Such men and maids have spread the fame  
 And lent an aura to the name  
 Of Bishop's, where the great souls go  
 Upon the Duo Potimo*

*Oh tell me, now I am away  
 Will academic canines play  
 The same within the lecture-room?  
 Will the daffodils yet bloom  
 In the beds beyond the hedge?  
 Will the brown river at the edge  
 Of soft green lawn still trill its laughter?  
 Will there be meetings, singing after,  
 And the academic pile.  
 Re-echo to the rag-time style?  
 Will the boys and girls yet go  
 A-carolling through falling snow?  
 Will there be sleighrides (or, instead,  
 The girls on ice defeat the Shed?),  
 And bridge and History Clubs and teas  
 And summer studying under trees?  
 And, now that we are former grads  
 There yet be bolden girls and lads?*

## Bolivar - Liberator

*J. A. Sproule*

Today, as statesmen continually tell us, this globe, this system of oceans and continents is One World. We are truly everyone's neighbour and a first principle in living peaceably with your neighbour is to have an understanding of his likes and prejudices, a knowledge of his family and background, a sympathy for his way of life. This is the ultimate object of the United Nations — the promotion of such unanimity in our One World that inter-state aggression will be morally impossible. Canada can achieve a long and permanent step along the road to world harmony by learning of the political and economic history of our great neighbour to the south — South America — and the history of that land is the history of one patriot, Simon Bolivar, the George Washington of the southern hemisphere.

Simon Bolivar played his important role in a South America very different from that of today. Columbus, on his third voyage in 1498, discovered the continent proper and for half a century a haphazard system of exploitation and discovery was carried on before the Spanish government put into effect a plan of proper administration. Noble Spanish hidalgos were appointed viceroys of the various provinces and they and their families constituted a nobility that ruled with despotic authority. However, an upper class had developed from the inter-marriage of Spanish officials with the better type of native and this upper class, called the creole-aristocracy, was entirely disregarded by Spanish officialdom. The creoles were cultured and wealthy, yet they were restricted on every hand. Educational facilities for their children were provided only to a limited degree, forms of address, the location of seats in church, at the theatre and at other public gatherings were regulated and it was among this class, Spanish descent but of mixed blood that there grew a resentment against existing conditions which culminated in the South American Revolution.

Simon Bolivar was born on July 24, 1783 at Caracas, Venezuela, son of one of the oldest and wealthiest families of the creole-aristocracy. He was more than a handful for the guardians appointed after his parents death and has been described as "insupportable, restless, audacious,

headless to counsel but of sharp wit and endearing charm." Finally a tutor was found for him, one Simon Rodriguez, the only person who exerted any real influence on Bolivar's future.

Simon Rodriguez has been described by historians as an eccentric savant, a constitutional nonconformist who wandered about spouting quotations from the Roman and Greek philosophers and carrying a copy of Rousseau's *Emile* in his pocket. Ludwig suggests, in his biography *Bolivar* that it was the revolutionary Rodriguez, with his powerful discourse on the *Contrat Social* and his thundering tirades on the rights of man, that awoke in Bolivar the realization of social responsibility. Then too, summers spent on the family estates, the first hand experience of the terrible conditions of slaves living in wretched quarters, may well have opened his eyes to the existing lot of the native living under Spanish yoke. His land and people were subjugated to an all powerful government three thousand miles away and this, in the light of Rodriguez's teachings, became intolerable. Bonaparte, the champion of the people, the knight fighting tyranny, became his hero, and fittingly, it was in Paris when Napoleon, as first consul, was at the height of his glory that Bolivar saw the bright flame of the light that was to lead him the rest of his life. The picture of France enjoying, in theory at least, the rights of man, showed him a plan for his own poor countrymen at home. In Rome, on the Monte Sacra six months later, Bolivar made his famous oath. Eyes blazing he cried, "I swear by the God of my forefathers, I swear by my forefathers that I shall never allow my hands to be idle, my soul to rest, until I have broken the shackles which bind us to Spain."

The situation in South America by 1805 had become intolerable. Restrictions enforced on the creole population, on their social activity, enterprise and worship had reached a new high in severity and when Bolivar returned from Rome, the stage was set for an uprising. A hastily assembled revolutionary Council met at Caracas and declared the colony of Venezuela independent, free of all connections with Spain.

Bolivar, until then, had played a part of little importance. He was one of the group of aristocrats who worked for freedom but the Council was headed by older men, men of patience and moderate views. Now, however, Bolivar entered the scene in a more prominent role. He was appointed ambassador to England to procure the sympathies of the

British towards the American cause. Three months in London taught him much. He saw and heard the famed English constitution at work and his own three constitutions bore the mark of English influence. He observed modern schools and systems of education, came in contact with the Quakers, met Wilberforce, the champion of enslaved peoples. More important, he met Miranda the noted Spanish general and persuaded him to aid the Venezuelan cause with his experience and wealth. Important, too, Bolivar learned the art of diplomacy, the value of courtesy and tact, a lesson that paid dividends in his dealings with the peoples of the five great states he liberated.

The revolutionary movement by this time had spread throughout the whole continent but royalist sympathizers were active and strong. Valencia quartered some eight thousand Spanish soldiers and other garrisons were hardly less powerful. The revolutionaries, under Miranda and Bolivar, won some engagements but lost others and the rebellion was in a precarious state of indecision until the morning of the Holy Thursday, 1812. Caracas, the capital, lay asleep when suddenly the streets heaved, buildings crumbled, and an earthquake had struck, killing twelve thousand people. The simple citizens saw in this an act of heavenly retribution for their treason to God's servant on earth — Spain's king, and a priest, taking advantage of the moment, leaped to a statue in the square, crying, "Sodom and Gommorra! To your knees! The hour of vengeance has come! God's hand has fallen on your head in punishment!" In a moment, Bolivar, grasping the danger, had drawn his sword and was crying to the stricken mob, "Nature has joined forces with tyranny. Forward! We will force her to obey us!" This is a picture of the Liberator as he appeared for the rest of his life; it shows his complete presence of mind, his courage and defiance in times of despair, his genius for action in a situation of terror. It is a preview of the later picture of the man who crossed the Andes with seven hundred troops and, after weeks of starvation and cold, destroyed a Spanish army twice the size of his own force.

However, in spite of Bolivar's magnificent example, this earthquake completely demoralized the country and a treaty was signed by Miranda with the Spaniards in the Fall of 1812. The first republic had lasted two years and Bolivar, as one of the instigators of the revolt, fled to Curacao, an English island in the Caribbean.

The beginning of the second phase of Bolivar's life as the revolutionary saviour of the South American continent took place on Curacao. The paladin that now appears was born of sheer adversity for in truth he had nothing. His child, the revolution in Venezuela, was dead, killed by the might of Spanish arms and the inconstancy of his own people. His estates were confiscated and many of his friends were dead. His own life was in danger as an attempted assassination proved. Yet never did he despair.

From Curacao, Bolivar started once again to plan the liberation of South America. New Granada was the only province where any semblance of revolt remained and Bolivar now addressed his famous manifests to the people of Cartagena, Granada's capital. In it he proposed the liberation of Venezuela by the help of the neighbouring state, New Granada, and subsequent amalgamation of the two countries. "Columbians", he cried, using for the first time the term suggesting union between the two states, "New Granada's glory depends upon her assumption of the task of liberating the cradle of Columbian independence . . . let us break the chains of the victims who groan in their dungeons . . . let us quickly give freedom to the oppressed, life to the dying and liberty to all." Such a passionate plea did arouse the Cartagenian people; Bolivar was welcomed in the capital, given an army and the freedom to march on the Spaniards in Venezuela.

Bolivar's plan to liberate Venezuela by a march from New Granada across the Andes to the east has been described by Ludwig as, "... an utterly romantic enterprise, spurred on by the spirit of a man, thirsting for glory, a man who had lost . . . everything which had until then supported him through a difficult life." In 1906, the American statesman, Hiram Bingham, skeptical of the difficulties of this terrible, heroic march, determined to see for himself and what he encountered filled him with amazement of how the march had ever been made. Yet Bolivar made that trek of one thousand miles with seven hundred men and on reaching the plains of Venezuela, tired and ragged, fought and destroyed an army of fifteen hundred well equipped Spanish soldiers. In the next two months, his ranks reinforced, he defeated four more Spanish armies and finally at La Victoria, Bolivar received the Spanish general Fierro and signed a treaty. In his first campaign as a general, Bolivar had marched one thousand miles over primitive mountain country,

fought six battles, destroyed five armies and reconquered western Venezuela all in ninety days!

A week later the hero entered Caracas, his home, to receive the acclaim of a grateful city. He was honored with the title Liberator. An assembly was called and a constitution nominating Bolivar interim dictator was adopted and he was authorized to organize the country on a federal basis. His first speech to the assembly included this promise. "I have not come to oppress you with a victorious army . . . choose your deputies and have confidence that the arms which have saved the republic will always defend the freedom and glory of our country."

The opportunity to defend this freedom presented itself immediately. Napoleon's fall in 1814 was a severe blow to South American liberty. Spain sent powerful armies overseas and only a few months after the founding of the second Republic of Venezuela, Bolivar was defeated and once more fled for his life by boat — this time to Jamaica.

Once again Bolivar had been defeated and yet again, this forced exile was the beginning of new and greater plans for it was now that he revealed his greatest dream, a union of all the republics in the Americas. Enthusiasm carrying him away, he wrote, "A grandiose idea, to form a single nation of the New World. With the same race, the same language, the same religion, and the same customs, a government should be able to unite the separate states to form a united front and provide mutual assistance against encroachment of the decadent political philosophies of the old world."

In December 1816, Bolivar borrowed two hundred dollars, formed an expedition of two hundred and fifty men, seven vessels and a few pieces of artillery and sailed from Jamaica to invade Venezuela once again. He invaded Venezuela with a force of two hundred and fifty men to fight a Spanish army of many thousands, invaded once again and this time conquered!

The Liberator with his tiny army chose to land at Juan Griego and his speech on that occasion is indicative of the indomitable spirit that, in the face of shortages of men, money and everything but determination, could cry, "Venezuelans! The third period of the Republic is dawning! I do not wish to lay down the law . . . (but) I hereby call upon you to summon a congress with the same rights as in the first republic . . . I

recommend you to preserve unity and freedom!" Recruiting was carried on successfully and some six thousand men of the plains, the "llaneros", hastened to join his ranks. Bolivar now had an army, pitifully untrained and poorly equipped, yet as always, the most daring plan to attack seemed likely to succeed. Accordingly, the Liberator set out on a movement westward against Bogota, a distance of two thousand miles across the Andes, every inch of the way untracked territory.

This second crossing of one of the highest mountain ranges in the world is even more fantastic than the first. The winter was severe, the men were badly provided with clothes and few had shoes. They lost nearly all provisions in a blizzard and after endless hardships, one half of the original force reached the valley of the Maddelena. Only Bolivar's perseverance and leadership brought them through. A few days later this motly crew, ragged and worn out, fought an engagement against a Spanish force twice their number and defeated it. Bogota fell and all Granada rallied to the Liberator's banner. Now was indeed the moment to declare the union of Venezuela and Granada and in December 1819, the two states were merged as the Republic of Columbia, and a few months later, Equador was included.

Two years later Simon Bolivar was elected First President and was now at the peak of his career. The Constitution adopted was entirely his work and contained the ideas expressed previously in his various manifestoes. It called for civil liberty and freedom of religion, forbade slavery, provided pardon for political offenses. Suffrage was made universal with certain qualifications. The government was to be composed of four divisions: executive, legislative, judiciary and a group known as censors — supervisory High Priests. The president was to be elected for life and Bolivar was, of course, immediately criticized for assuming permanent power, but he reiterated his oft-repeated pledge that "... the first day of real peace will be the last of my command."

There was still work to be done. At the request of the conquest of Peru, Bolivar lead an army south and drove the Spanish out. In 1822, Quito, capital of Equador, was entered, and Bolivar declared Liberator and President of Peru. San Martin, by now, had driven the enemy from the Eastern half of South America, Argentina and Brazil were independent and finally in July 1824, the last Spanish force sur-

rendered at Azuccucho, Peru, and the great dream was realized — South America was completely free of Spanish domination.

The final chapter of Bolivar's life was a curious mixture of elation and despair. True to his word that he would resign from power when peace was established, he attempted to but his resignation was refused. South America now had no common enemy and, as usually happens in a recently formed and loosely knit federation of states, local differences became more apparent. Paez, one of the heroes of the revolution, started a secession movement from the union in Venezuela. Bolivar declared civil war and marched on Caracas, entering victorious in 1827. He was again hailed as Liberator and was presented with two diadems, one silver, the other laurel. "As he stood there with the two emblems in his hands, a silence fell, the people listened and he said, "A muse has tendered me two crowns. The one signifies power. In Columbia only the people have power." And he threw it into the crowd and went on: "The second, the crown of laurel, is due to the army of liberty. This crown belongs to the soldiers," and he threw it to the troops. The effect was complete; in one simple gesture he surrendered his authority to the masses and expressed his gratitude to his armies. Everywhere he went, he was acclaimed the savior of his country and honors were heaped on him. Yet the envy of other leaders was at work. The old intrigues were rife again in New Granada as they had been in Venezuela. Whenever he left a country, internal trouble commenced and he would return to subdue again by force and by diplomacy the elements of treason. Thomas Rourke says, "He was like a lone man trying to save a great dam that was crumbling fast." He was forty-seven now, tired, the victim of consumption and he wanted and needed rest.

The final blow fell June 24, 1830. Bolivar was in Cartagena when news reached him that Sucra, his favorite general and personal friend, had been assassinated. He wrote to a friend, "I am about to die. I see no salvation for this country... and I believe everything is lost. If there were a single sacrifice I could make — my life, my happiness or my honor — believe me, I would not hesitate. Tyrans have taken my native land from me!" and in final disillusion, he wrote, "All those who have served the revolution have but ploughed the sea."

He died seven days later at Santa Marta, December seventeenth, 1830, broken in health but stricken by the disappointments, the ingra-

titude and selfishness his followers had shown him. A few months later, Columbia fell apart forever. The Spanish had been driven out, a national spirit had been infused in the people but the great dream, the union of first, the South American states and later the two Americas, had ceased to be.

In December, 1842 — twelve years after Bolivar's death, a great fleet of war vessels crowded the harbour of Santa Marta. Representatives of almost every nation of the world crowded the town. The flags of the countries he had liberated, Venezuela, New Granada, Equador, Peru, Bolivia, the flags of England, France and other European powers, hung at half-mast as the remains of South America's great patriot were taken aboard a waiting vessel. On December seventeenth, his body was buried in Caracas, and an heroic monument was raised in the plaza. Four years later Bogota, the second capital city liberated, cast a statue in bronze and in 1858, Peru honored him at Lima in the same manner. The United States, in 1921, unveiled the monument of Bolivar in Central Park and today his portrait appears upon stamps of several countries. All over the world, streets, towns, and villages are named after him; there is also a gold coin and a style of hat called, "Bolivar". By these tributes to his memory, it would seem that, "those who served the revolution," did more than just "plough the sea."

Actually, Bolivar spent nine-tenths of a splendid patrimony in the service of his country and although he had for a considerable time unlimited control over the revenues of those countries — he died without a cent of public money to his name. He achieved the independence of five states and called forth a new spirit of nationalism in the southern portion of the New World. He fostered national interests and encouraged the arts and sciences and formulated a system for the administration of justice. His people remembered him as a man who sacrificed all for his country, as a man who died embittered by the disloyalty of his followers, as the man who is South America's greatest patriot, the father of liberty along the equator.

## A Worm To The Rescue

*Margot Mitchell*

I jumped out of bed this morning in a very gay mood. It was such a lovely day! The sun was shining in through the burrow that Pa had made last night on his way home from Duffy's tavern, but I didn't mind especially. I felt in need of a little drying out anyway. Stretching my segments I started into my brother's room to see if he wanted to come burrowing with me, but he greeted me with a loud howl and told me to go away. Mother was rubbing his tummy (or his crop as she says to call it) because he had been in another fight and his opponent hit him below the belt. I gathered he was feeling rather ill. So I went for a walk by myself.

The soil was just nicely saturated. I was burrowing along at a great rate when I suddenly sensed the presence of another being. I could feel my oxygen rising so I knew it must be a female (my oxygen only rises in the presence of a female). I approached her cautiously, and by her joyous wiggle towards me I knew she must be pleased. I stretched out one of my setae to see how close she was, and immediately knew that it was love at first touch. Happily enough she felt the same way. I could feel the shivers running up and down her main nerve cord. My aortic arches started to throb, all five of them, until I thought I'd burst if we didn't get out in the open where we could jump round. Consequently we started off in a north-easterly direction, and pretty soon came out into clear air. But Oh! a robin had heard us coming! He pounced on my new friend, she being the nearest, and started to pull. I caught hold of her head — the robin had the tail — and we both pulled. It was terribly exciting and frightening. But something had to snap, and neither the robin nor I being in a position to do so, naturally it was the lady. The robin carried away the latter half, but I dragged the head-end into a corner to allow the lady to recover her composure. As she was a very young lady, the wound healed quickly, and soon she was manufacturing sections as gaily as ever. She was so pleased that I saved her life that she immediately promised me her setae in marriage, and we were married that afternoon. I may add that we have lived happily ever since, except for a little over-crowding owing to an addition to the family. My brother was so pleased at being an uncle that he went out and beat up all the other worms around, and the neighbours have bestowed on him the title of "Champion Willie Worm".

## The Marshall Plan and Russia

H. E. Lloyd

When President Harry Truman of the United States advanced his doctrine for the economic recovery of Europe, the world held its breath in hope that the scheme would succeed. Perhaps it might have been successful, had the U.S.S.R. not strangled it at birth.

"Veto!" cried Viacheslav Mihailovich Molotov, "We Russians will not allow the United States to get an economic stranglehold on Europe. Russia has been left out of the plan! We will not support it!"

With these words the Russian Foreign Minister exploded all hopes of a combined Big Four effort.

Then Secretary of State George Marshall, in an address at Yale University, spoke of another plan whereby Europe might be floated off the financial rocks. Shortly after, his statement was confirmed by Washington; and the Marshall Plan came into international prominence.

The plan which the U.S. offers is one of unparalleled generosity. Indeed, she does not even ask any measure of control over the scheme's execution and explains that her part "should consist of friendly aid in the drafting of a European programme". Furthermore Secretary Marshall's plan asks that the European countries arrive at "some agreement as to the requirements of the situation, and the part which those countries themselves will take" in its improvement. The complete plan is intended to take five years with a cost to the U.S.A. of some five or six billion dollars a year. One very important aspect of the scheme is that it is not confined to any one section of the continent; or is it, as was the Truman doctrine, a political counter-move.

The key to Russia's attitude towards the proposal is found in a discussion of its political and economic actions since the war. Throughout Europe, Russia has opposed all unity which she herself could not control. She has not only smashed the Polish-Czechoslovakia confederation, but has, in addition, by her policy of "divide and conquer", politically taken over Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, and parts of Finland, Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Rumania. All in all, she had added 130,000,000 people to the U.S.S.R. in Europe alone. In Asia 160,000,000 would be more accurate figure.

Economically, the U.S.S.R. has fortified her own industry by stripping Manchuria and Eastern Europe. The rapidity with which this sack is being carried out hints strongly at an economically destitute land behind the "iron curtain".

Now, if the Marshall Plan goes into effect, the Russians will have to lift the veil of secrecy off Eastern Europe and their own country. Then the movement of industry from Europe to Russia will have to cease and surplus materials will have to pass freely from districts with an excess to those without. The latter condition will only follow if Russia loosens her grip of the trade of Eastern Europe. On this basis alone the Marshall Plan stands a very good chance of displeasing the U.S.S.R.

An outstanding feature of Russian post-war diplomacy has been her willingness to help out weakened countries. This aid has usually manifested itself in the imprisonment of anti-Communist elements and by free elections carefully supervised by the Reds. This type of political bullying will undoubtedly have to stop if the United Nations put their shoulders behind Mr. Marshall's scheme. Such a block to Russian expansion can hardly expect to meet with her approval.

Finally, Russia may oppose the Marshall Plan because it will necessitate quick decisions in the United Nations Assembly. Once the plan is begun, it will have to go forward with or without Russian approval of minor details. This will force the U.S.S.R. to give up her standard tactics of delay and hard bargaining.

From the preceding discussion the Marshall Plan seems to conflict with most of Russia's policy for Europe. Should the Russians accept it, however, it will either pull Europe from the abyss of poverty; or, more likely, it will precipitate another major conflict between Russia and the Western Powers. In any case, the selfless attitude and the genius of Secretary of State Marshall have resulted in that which Mr. Ernest Bevin of Great Britain calls the "greatest proposal in the history of the world." As such both Great Britain and France have accepted it and stand behind it — with or without Russian cooperation.

Should the plan succeed with Russian assistance, then Communism will cease to be a major force in European politics and Russia will lose her hard-won prestige and control. The only question is,

"Will she do so without a fight?"

## Lake Dawn

M. G. Birchwood

*Early morning mist rises from the water,  
Like a snowy fleece it envelops lake and hills.  
The grass covered with dew glistens in its verdant freshness.  
Vital odours permeate the air.  
A cricket chirps,  
And soon the quiet of the night is shattered.  
A joyous symphony surges from the woods and pastures,  
The lake alone remains silent.  
The first young rays of the sun thrust through the clouds,  
And then the flaming round itself rises from the East,  
Fiery red it mounts and slowly turns to gold.  
The mist ascends.  
Somewhere a cock crows.  
Man stirs.  
Day is here.*

## Russia and the Veto

R. C. Setlakwe

Recent events at the opening of the second session of the General Assembly of the United Nations indicate quite clearly that it is time for a searching reappraisal of aims and policies among the Western Democracies. The virulent speeches of Mr. Vishinsky, the Soviet delegate, during the first week of the session, are significant as a reflection of international irritation which may soon develop into a serious crisis. The cautious optimism which was evidenced two years ago at the signing of the United Nations Charter in San Francisco has now given way to a gloomy pessimism. The blame can be placed directly upon the use of the veto in the Security Council of the United Nations.

At that time Field Marshall Smuts was convinced that only the combined force of the Great Powers could guarantee peace and that

unity among them was essential. Recently, however, he has remarked that the veto was not only destroying Big Power unity but that it was making a farce out of the United Nations. It is obvious to all those who have been watching the activities of the Security Council that the veto is no longer being used as a peaceful instrument but as a diabolical tool to further the soap-box aims of an insincere and selfish nation.

At the beginning of the session, the Security Council was faced with a heavy agenda, many items of which soon ran the gauntlet of Russian obstruction.

General Marshall, speaking for the Americans, announced that the United States was prepared to accept the elimination of the unanimity requirements in voting in the Security Council on the matters falling within the scope of Chapter Six of the Charter, namely the pacific settlement of disputes and the admission of new member states. He suggested, further, that a standing committee on peace and security be created by the General Assembly until the next meeting. The Charter states that questions involving peace and security must go to the Security Council, where the veto applies. While these questions are before the Security Council, they cannot be discussed in the General Assembly. The United States proposal would mean the setting up of a new body to which these questions might be referred instead of to the Security Council. The veto, of course, would be prohibited in this body. Thus the proposal is a direct frontal attack upon the veto. The majority of the nations, including Canada, supported this proposal with the exception of Russia and her satellites.

What is the significance of all this? It means that the United States is now fighting against the veto which it had so strongly supported at Dumbarton Oaks in 1944 and at San Francisco in 1945. The United Kingdom was the only power opposed to the principle of the veto at the 1944 conference. At that time Canada and the smaller nations opposed the veto and only gave way to it when it was apparent that neither the United States or Russia would join without it.

The existing schism among the Great Powers actually began at the Moscow Conference. This meeting was held last March 10th, and its main purpose was the economic reorganization and unification of Germany. At that time General Marshall stated bluntly that: "... unless we can have a real meeting of minds and a real desire to carry out both

the spirit and letter of our agreements it were better none were reached." The Moscow Conference adjourned without agreement.

At that time Russia had used nine vetos for reasons which we shall call fairly legitimate. Since that time, however, the veto has been used more than twenty times by the Soviet Union, and it has now become increasingly evident that the United Nations is acquiring similar aspects to the defunct League of Nations. The members of the Security Council are no longer "arbiters in disputes", as Mr. Bidault asserts, but they are participants in them.

In view of this deplorable Soviet attitude, what possible course can the Western Democracies follow? How can we find a formula for mutual tolerance and co-operative endeavour within the United Nations in the hope that this co-operation between governments may lead to friendlier relations between people? We who believe in a free way of life must not compromise with our fundamental beliefs as the price for co-operation. We must insist the the United Nations be permitted to progress and grow into what it is not now—an organization capable of preserving the peace. Every effort must be made to include all states, but if this is impossible, then we must decide to go ahead towards a really effective international organization with those powers who are willing to co-operate for that purpose.

We must show the rest of the world that ours is a free way of life, which is proud, dynamic and assertive, which proves itself by the contribution it makes to man's happiness, and which, by its achievements, not solely by its words, demonstrates its superiority over any form of social and political organization of man. This demonstration must be positive, not negative, proud and not apologetic.

## Exchanges

In the course of reading a number of student publications, it soon becomes apparent that, in most cases, the similarities outweigh the differences. Such magazines usually have one of two main objects: to give an account of the school or college activities, or to provide an opportunity for the students to display any literary or artistic talents which they may possess. Many combine these two purposes in one publication.

It is a poor magazine, however, which has no original and worthwhile contribution to offer. In almost every one there can be found some small feature which distinguishes it from the others, and this discerning characteristic is the one of most value to those who publish similar magazines in other high schools and universities. I shall attempt, therefore, to point out the features which I think most worthy of note in the exchanges received during the summer months.

The alumni section of an undergraduate publication is perhaps the most difficult one for which to obtain material. "The Ashburian" published by Ashbury College, Ottawa, has solved at least a part of this problem by publishing letters from graduates who are attending university. From each university where a number of "old boys" are studying one letter is received telling of the activities of each of the Ashbury graduates there. This makes it possible for readers to know not only where the boys are, but also what progress they are making. King's Hall, Compton, has a similar method not of relating information about graduates, but of describing what Compton life was like a number of decades ago. In the 1947 issue of this magazine, letters written by graduates of forty and sixty years ago are published. The most outstanding feature in "College Times" from Upper Canada College is its excellent photographs, particularly in the sports section. These consist not only of group pictures but also of those which show the students actually taking part in the various activities. Sherbrooke High School, whose Year Book "Dumbel" is the only other high school magazine received during the summer, should be mentioned for what, so far as I know, is a unique feature — that of printing, in addition to the write-ups on the graduates, a short biography of each of the Grade Eleven Class Teachers.

Three copies of the "Queen's Review", published by the general Alumni Association of Queen's University, have been received during the summer. In the April issue are several interesting articles dealing with the opening of the new cancer clinic in the Kingston General Hospital. One of these contains excerpts from an address delivered by Dr. G. E. Richards at a special convocation held at Queen's as part of the ceremonies marking the opening of the clinic. In his address, Dr. Richards speaks of the importance of sufficient money to fight the "war against cancer", remarking that "had we carried on our fight in the actual war in the same haphazard and in-effectual manner as we

have done and continue to do in the fight against cancer, we should most certainly have lost the war". When we realize how many deaths occur each year from this disease, we must agree with Dr. Richards that such conditions should not be allowed to continue.

Other Canadian university publications which have been received are "Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa" and "Red and White" from St. Dunstan's University, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. "Red and White" contains several articles of timely interest such as "The Political Background of Communism in Greece" and "What About Strikes?" "Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa", which is devoted entirely to literary work, contains many articles by faculty members.

We are pleased to receive "Canta", a newspaper published fortnightly by Canterbury University College, Christchurch, New Zealand. It can be seen by reading the letters to the editor that this paper, as well as giving an account of student activities, deals with many controversial matters of current interest.

From England comes "The Sphinx" published by the University of Liverpool and "The Nonesuch" published by the University of Bristol. The vein of humour apparent throughout the "Sphinx" should help convince those who fear the British are discouraged that the nation which has faced many an earlier crisis with confidence and courage is not disheartened now. Finally, in the foreword to "The Nonesuch", Winston Churchill gives advice to the students of Bristol University from which we can all profit: "Apply yourselves to your studies with diligence, for it is the plain duty of all those who have the good fortune to obtain a University training to use it to make themselves as fully proficient in their branch of learning as their capabilities allow, so that the standard of work in all aspects of our nation's life may be kept at its high level and raised even further."

To all those schools and universities which have sent us their publications, we wish to express our sincere thanks. May they have every success with their future issues which we look forward with interest to receiving.

### Acknowledgments

The Ashburian, Ashbury College, Ottawa.

King's Hall Annual, Compton, Quebec.  
 College Times, Upper Canada College, Toronto.  
 Dumbel, Sherbrooke High School, Sherbrooke, Quebec.  
 Queen's Review, Published by the General Alumni Association of  
 Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario.  
 Red and White, St. Duncan's University, Charlottetown, P.E.I.  
 Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa, Ottawa.  
 The Sphinx, University of Liverpool, Liverpool, England.  
 The Nonesuch, University of Bristol, Bristol, England.  
 Canta, Canterbury University College, Christchurch, New Zealand.

### Book Review

*Behold Your King* — by Florence Bauer. Bobb's Merrill, New York, 1946.

The opening of the eyes of a young man from Cyrene is the undying theme of this impelling novel.

The story is, as might be imagined, of Jesus the carpenter from Nazareth who called himself "The Messiah". Jonathan, a well built, handsome young man from Cyrene heard so much about this young man that he determined to see him and his works. While in Jerusalem one day he saw the Christ eye to eye. This unexpected meeting left him with an emptiness which compelled him to seek after the "Messiah".

Jonathan like all well-to-do Jews could not understand how Jesus could continually associate with the poor, dirty, and disease ridden people. Nor could he comprehend how slaves could have positions in Christ's Kingdom. He wondered what his status would be in this Kingdom and how his wealth would help him.

The narrative is raised to its highest peaks through dialogue. The stream of events flows continually on, but new characters with startling revelations hold the intensity at a very high level.

I feel that this novel is unique in that Mrs. Bauer did not write for enjoyment but rather with a compelling objective in mind. A very close friend of the author's was slowly dying. She had in her fight for

life renounced Christ and Christianity. Mrs. Bauer undertook through her work to strengthen her friend and bring her once again to Christ and Christianity.

The novel is very well done from all points of view. It is interesting as well as being comparatively accurate both historically and theologically. An active imagination coupled with a great interest in the period helps to make "*Behold Your King*" interesting for everyone.

A. Leaker

*The Meaning of Intelligence* — by G. D. Stoddard. (The Macmillan Company — New York 1944.)

"You've failed my course", says the professor, "and I am disappointed in you. You simply haven't worked properly, for you're bright enough." So you retire despondently, meditating two questions which you would like him to answer — "How do you know I'm bright enough?" and "what do you mean by bright anyway?". These two questions psychologists try to answer, even if your professor couldn't, the former by the use of intelligence tests, the latter by disputes as to what intelligence tests really do measure. In their disputes, the two problems which generate the greatest acrimony are the nature—nurture controversy (the question whether intelligence is due to heredity or environment) and the constancy of the I.Q. (the question whether it is possible for the individual at any other time to be either more or less intelligent than he is to-day).

Dr. Stoddard, Commissioner of Education for the State of New York and formerly professor of Psychology at the University of Iowa, has for some years been a rigorous contestant in these debates. In previous contributions to the literature on the topic, he has supported the views that environment is more important than heredity, and that the constancy of the I.Q. is a disastrous fallacy. In the present volume he starts with a definition of intelligence which satisfies his own views, and then roves skillfully through the accumulated evidence, from Binet to the Iowa studies of Skeels, Skodak and Wellman, to support his position by argument, mathematics and diagrams. Not content with defensive manoeuvres, he is always ready for a sortie against Professor Thorndike, the organized Religion or birth-control.

This is not an easy book to read. It may be recommended to



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students in Biology 13, as a healthy antidote to fruit-flies, Psychology 11 and (the last hundred pages at any rate) Philosophy 3. Those readers who, on arriving at page 481, feel that they have followed the argument, may still not be certain what is the meaning of intelligence, but they will have satisfied your reviewer that, whatever it is, they've got it.

J. D. Jefferis

*The Road to Nationhood: A Chronicle of Dominion-Provincial Relations.* By Wilfrid Eggleston. Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1946. Pp. xviii, 337 (\$2.50)

The purpose of this book, as stated by the author in the foreword is to (1) show the reasons why it is necessary to bring Dominion-Provincial relations into better conformity with social and economic realities and (2) to help people become interested in the subject by putting all the highlights of negotiations into a compact form within the covers of one book. I believe the author has succeeded in his aims and in doing so has made a fine contribution to Canadian unity.

Eggleston is a reporter. His book is primarily factual and his material is chronologically arranged, concise, and accurate. As the subtitle states, it is "A Chronicle of Dominion-Provincial Relations". A feature of the work which appealed to me was the extensive use made of verbatim statements by the chief participants in this drama of Canadian Nationhood. He concentrates on "fiscal and economic strands of Confederation" and does not pretend either to be a "political scientist" or a critic of federalism in general.

He recognizes at the outset that Canada has a problem. That problem he states is "to find between these extremes (i.e. legislative or federal union) a kind of working federal union which will preserve the advantages of the federal system and yet conform to the demands upon Canada for strength and unity which social and international changes of recent years make imperative". Complete harmony is impossible, he says, but Canada needs a strong central government. To find it today she must "return to the aims and intentions of the Fathers of Confederation". Eggleston hopes a solution can be found "between the demands of modern nationhood and the advantages of federalism". He says Canada can become a nation if ten autonomies can be harmonized into concerted action.

Eggleston weighs his facts dispassionately throughout. He states at the outset the historical facts of Confederation and the intentions of the Fathers. He shows convincingly how the growth of government activities were the root causes of the breakup of Dominion-Provincial relations, factors which were unforeseen in 1867. He briefly outlines the weakness of federalism and shows how the developments of the 1930's masked the inadequacy of the situation. An interesting, novel feature, mentioned by Eggleston, was the prevalent "laissez-faire" philosophy of the "Fathers" and the change in outlook which developed in the early twentieth century when a new theory of social responsibility developed and public welfare services added burdens to provincial budgets never contemplated in 1867. His analysis of the troubles confronting the provinces was very impartially done and a reader is made to feel sympathetic to the provinces which had such a load to bear.

The overall picture of the effect of forced taxes on the national economy might have been dealt with in more detail, as might the business cycle trends which were reported to have been adversely affected by provincial tax policies. The stress laid on the disastrous effect of debt repudiation somewhat compensated for those weaknesses in part. Another weakness was the author's failure to say more about the theory of cyclical employment.

The general reading public will find, I imagine, as I did, that the section dealing with the terms of reference of the Rowell-Sirois Commission were especially well handled by the author. The philosophical terms of reference were of interest, and the fact that the Commissions did "adopt a reasonably unanimous social philosophy" answered several questions I had in mind.

The facts brought to light concerning the economic effects of the war and the vast public debt burden which the Federal Government now has to finance should enlighten many people who have been reading the wrong newspapers. The book throws this whole problem into sharp relief, for it has to be considered in the light of the increasing responsibilities of the provinces, stressed by Eggleston equally forcibly.

The author's development of the thesis is convincing. His concise and accurate reporting job leaves no doubt in the mind of this reader that nationhood can only be achieved if, to quote Premier McNair of N.B., politicians can realize that "the primary end of all government in Canada is the welfare of the people".

It is quite obvious from studying the proceedings which led up to and followed the submission of the Rowell-Sirois Report that "political realities" would place insurmountable difficulties in the way of realizing what McNair calls "The common denominator of a common Canadian citizenship". Eggleston shows conclusively that political opportunism wrecked the negotiations between the Dominion and the Provinces in 1941 and 1945. The Rowell-Sirois recommendations as well as the modified plan submitted by the government in 1945 were politically unacceptable to certain provinces. Hepburn at the outset, sabotaged the conference in 1941, and along with Aberhart of Alberta and Pattullo of British Columbia opposed any further sittings after the first day of speech making. Perhaps it was only a coincidence that the three provinces which broke up this conference were those who were not to benefit by any National Adjustment Grants as proposed by Plan One of the Report!

The 1945 conference suffered a similar fate. Premier Duplessis was at his rhetorical best. He spoke at length on his "compact theory" of Confederation and provincial autonomy but had nothing constructive to advance. He walked out of the conference before it had been adjourned. Premier Drew keynoted his "no surrender" stand and argued about his formula "X". He refused to commit himself; his alternative plan had no regard for "fiscal need" principles and was merely an attempt to hold up the Federal Government for as much as possible. His rhetoric, like Duplessis' was for the hustings, and proved how petty, sectional and selfish he too could be.

Though the author tries to be impartial his sympathies are undoubtedly with the federal government. Yet a reader cannot help but feel throughout that sense and reason and Canada's future were also linked to that "side" in the negotiations for agreement. The "have-not" provinces like Manitoba made a significant contribution to the proceedings. Garson's fine brief and his passionate plea for a real application of the principles of Confederation make him stand out as a statesman. McNair of New Brunswick also was a strong, sensible figure. In summarizing the opposition in 1945 of "those Siamese twins", Duplessis and Drew (quoted by L. Tremblay (L.) member for Dorchester in the Press, May 9, 1947,) he said pointedly "we are not yet able in this country of ours to weigh and assess the rights and needs of our people from ocean to ocean". Premier Douglas of Saskatchewan warned of the peril of even *hoping* to survive in an "economic jungle" which would result if nothing

was accomplished; he too, deserves credit for trying to rescue the sinking ship torpedoed by narrow economic and political nationalism.

The ordinary lay reader will find the book stimulating. It was written for him, and the author has succeeded admirably in presenting this chronicle of events and proving, by implication, his thesis. It should stimulate wide-spread interest and result in a resurgence of constructive, intelligent public opinion; for, as the author says, if the Canadian federal system fails "it is because people have failed it". Like Eggleston, it is my hope that, Canadians, in Quebec and Ontario particularly, will realize soon, that our system *must* not fail. By using appropriate political means, they can assure other generations of Canadians that the Road to Nationhood leads to a worthwhile goal, the real federated nation, envisioned by the Fathers of Confederation.

M. J. Seeley

## Alumni Notes

R. S. Jervis-Read

Congratulations to James E. C. Beatty, B.A. '39, whose marriage to Miss Dorothea Delight Elgie took place October 18, 1947, in the Dawn Mills United Church, Dawn Mills, Ontario.

Congratulations also to *The Rev. Arthur Vivian Ottiwell*, B.A. '34, whose marriage to Miss Christobel Doreen Bendall took place October 22, 1947, in Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal.

*Arnold Banfill*, B.A. '35 has been appointed to a position in the Law Library of Harvard University.

*Dr. S. Martin Banfill*, B.A. '28 who was a prisoner of war in Hong Kong, has returned to a government position in Hong Kong.

*Kenneth Banfill*, is with a theatrical firm in London, England.

*Tracy-Gentry*. The marriage took place in St. Peter's Anglican Church, Sherbrooke, Que., of Dorothy Ida Gentry, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Gentry, of Chiswick, England, to *August, Neil Tracy*, B.A. '28 — M.A. '29, son of the late Dr. A. W. Tracy and Mrs. Tracy, of Sherbrooke. The Rev. Russell F. Brown officiated. Selections of Mr. Tracy's poetical work appear elsewhere in this issue.

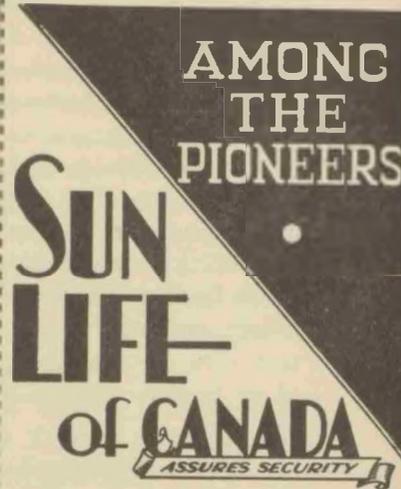
*The Rev. Leon B. G. Adams*, B.A. '43, has been appointed Rector of Winchester, Chesterville, and South Mountain in the Diocese of Ottawa, by the Lord Bishop of the Diocese.

*Robert Bruce Scott*, B.A. '28, has been appointed vice-president and sales manager of Ernest Pitt and Company, Montreal. Mr. Scott is well known in realty and construction business circle and was formerly with the Wilder-Birmingham Realty Company.

*The Rev. C. Ritchie Bell*, B.A. '29, minister of MacVicar Memorial

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Church, Montreal, was unanimously elected Moderator of the Presbyterian Synod of Montreal at the October sessions of that body.

On June 3, 1947 a memorial service was held in Westmount Junior High School, Montreal when a bronze plaque given by the men teachers of the school, was dedicated to the memory of three members of the staff who lost their lives in the late war. They were *Lieut. Hugh Wilson Gall*, B.A. '34, 1st Bn. Black Watch (R.H.R.) of Canada; *Sq./Ld. Leslie Neil McCaig*, B.A. '35, D.F.C., R.C.A.F.; and *Lieut. Kenneth Charles Simms*, B.A. '36, 1st Bn. Black Watch (R.H.R.) of Canada. In addition to the plaque, annual book prizes have been established by the Protestant Teachers of Westmount, to be awarded to the boy and girl in the senior grade of each Protestant Westmount school who have done the most for the school that year in studies, sports, service, character and general influence for good.

*Howard Fumerton*, B.A. '46, has left for Paris, France to take up his studies at the Sorbonne.

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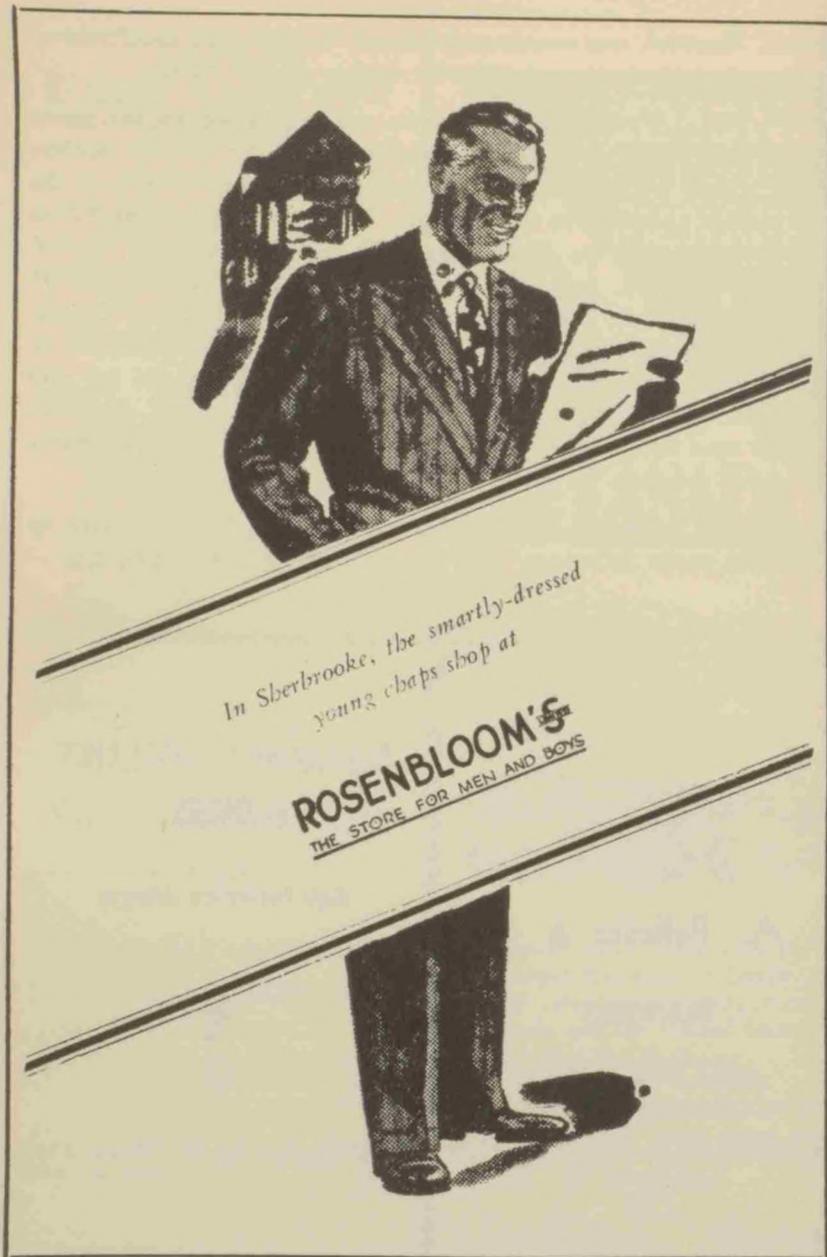
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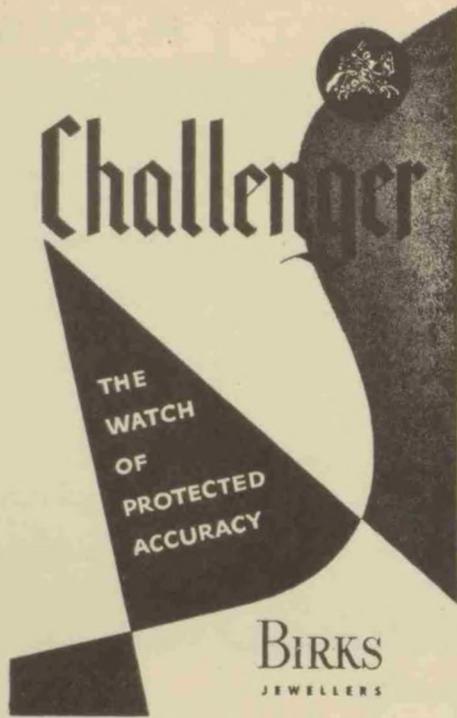
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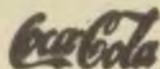
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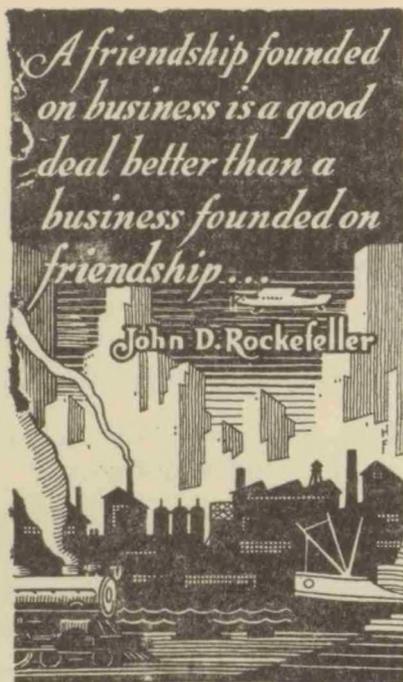
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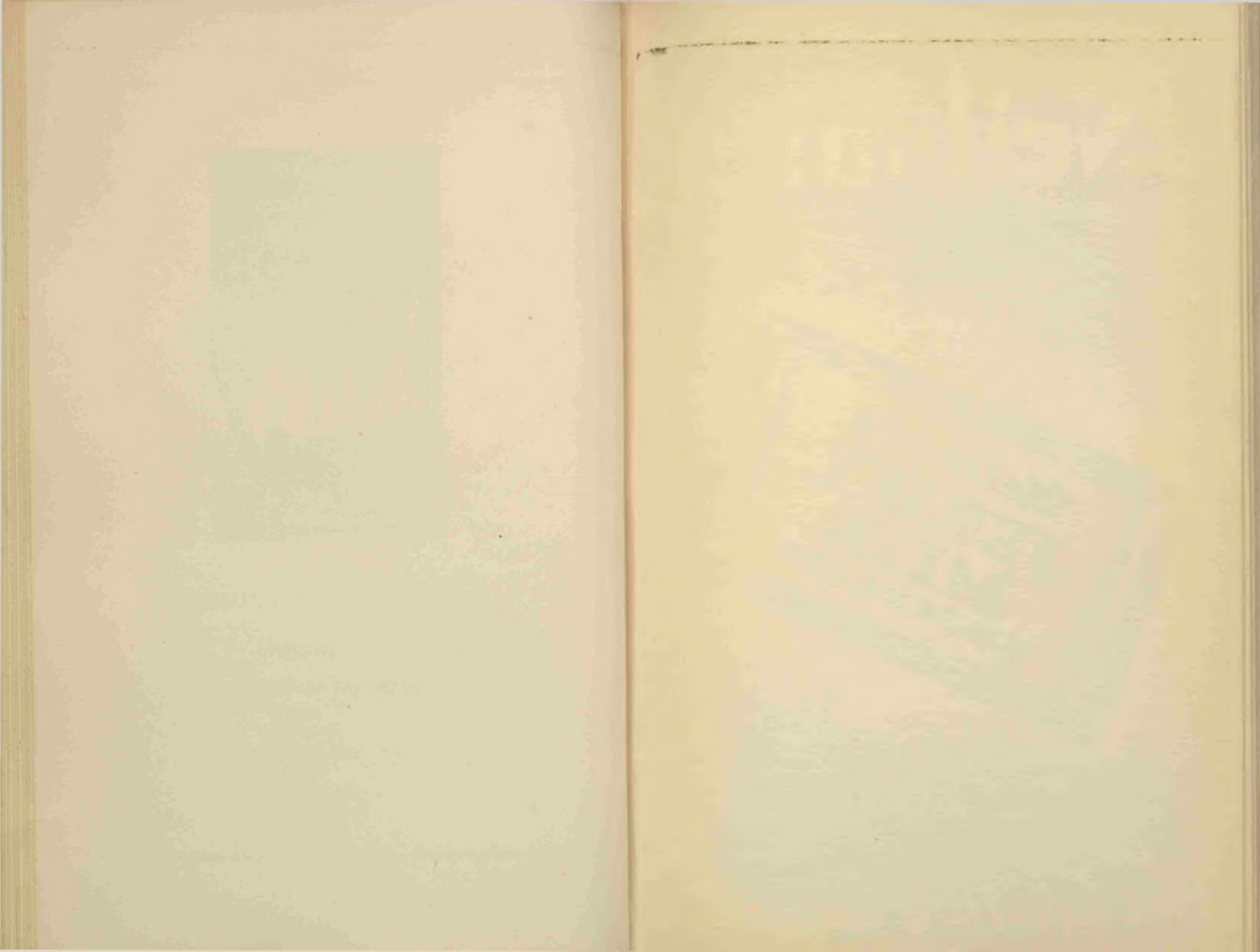
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