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Among those enrolled in the C.O.T.C. of Toronto University are George Morrow, '33-'34, in the Dental Arm; Jack Rogers, B.A. '38, in the Engineers, and Jack Ewing, B.A. '36, in the Army Service Corps Branch.

The name of Professor F. R. Scott, M.A., B. Litt., of the Faculty of Law, McGill University, appears in the list of Canadians to whom awards have recently been made by the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation. In the announcement of the awards which appeared in the *Gazette*, it was stated that Professor Scott will prepare a book on "The Nature and Development of the Canadian Constitution, describing the principles underlying it, and analyzing the problems that have arisen in the field of Dominion-Provincial relations in recent years."

Professor Scott is a graduate of Bishop's University. He was awarded a Rhodes Scholarship for the Province of Quebec and went to Oxford in 1921, where he took the degrees of B.A. and B. Litt. In 1927 he received his B. C. L. from McGill. The *Mitre* heartily congratulates Professor Scott on the latest distinction which he has won.

(Continued from page 29)

from figures and symbols and conventions into men and women, and there is no jar in the process. Then one is made to realize something of the appalling conditions of ancient slavery, the one large Nazi concentration camp that was Goshen, and the anguish which underlies the simple, objective words of the Bible. Finally, what might have been an obstacle to some modern minds, the treatment of the miraculous, the story of the ten plagues of Egypt, for instance, or the crossing of the Red Sea, has been most ably surmounted in a narrative at once beautiful, impressive, and inherently convincing.

Here then, to sum up briefly, are four books: "Moses and Monotheism," "In the Steps of Moses the Lawgiver," "On Eagle's Wings," and "This Evil Generation," of three quite distinct varieties, but all united in their common conviction of the transcendent worth of this lonely, commanding figure, separated indeed from us by three thousand five hundred years, but whose significance is far from being exhausted even in our contemporary, and supposedly Christian, world.

Dean G. B. Jones.

BOOKS

The following are books in travel, art and fiction recently added to the library:

- Bailey, Truman. Polynesian venture. 1939.
 Bridge, Ann. Four-part Setting. 1939.
 Bromfield, Louis. It Takes All Kinds. 1939.
 Coward, Noel. To Step Aside. 1939.
 Craven, Thomas, ed.
 A Treasury of Art Masterpieces. 1939.
 Dane, Clemence.
 The Arrogant History of White Ben. 1939.
 Durant, Will. The Life of Greece. 1939.
 East, Sir A.
 The Art of Landscape Painting in Oil Colour. 1929.
 Hoffman, Malvina. Sculpture inside and out. 1939.
 Heim & Gansser. The Throne of the Gods. 1930.
 Huxley, Aldous. After Many a Summer. 1939.
 Iles, Francis. As For The Woman. 1939.
 Keith, Agnes Newton. Land Below the Wind. 1939.
 Knox, R. A. Let Dons Delight. 1939.
 Masfield, John. Live and Kicking Ned. 1939.
 Maugham, W. Somerset. Christmas Holiday. 1939.
 Maugham, W. Somerset, ed. Tellers of Tales. 1939.
 O'Henry Prize Stories, 1939.
 Roberts, M. F., ed.
 101 Ideas for Successful Interiors. 1939.
 Twenty Best Plays of the Modern American Theatre. 1939.

- Vance, Ethel. Escape. 1939.
 Walpole, Hugh. The Sea Tower. 1939.
 Wegener, E. and Loewe, F., eds. Greenland Journey. 1939.
 Williams, Aldyth. Rue With a Difference. 1939.
 Woodcock, Gwen. Historic Haunts of England. 1938.

(Continued from page 37)

- The Xaverian Weekly, St. Francois Xavier University, Antigonish, N. S.
 The Quebec Diocesan Gazette, Quebec, Que.
 The Argosy, Mount Allison University, Sackville, N. B.
 The Acadia Athenaeum, Acadia University, Wolfesville, N. S.
 The McGill Daily, Montreal, Que.
 The Queen's Journal, Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.
 The Manitaban, University of Manitoba, Winnipeg, Man.
 The Bates Student, Bates College, Lewiston, Maine.
 The Challenger, St. John Vocational School, St. John, N.B.
 The Silhouette, McMaster University, Hamilton, Ont.
 The College Cord, Waterloo College, Waterloo, Ont.
 The Brunswickian, University of New Brunswick, Fredericton, N. B.
 The Gateway, University of Alberta, Edmonton, Alta.
 Technique, Les Ecoles d'Arts et Métiers, Montreal, Que.
 The Gryphon, University of Leeds, Leeds, England.
 Alma Mater, St. Jerome's College, Kitchener, Ont.
 Kings College Record, Kings College, Halifax, N. S.

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Alumni Notes

BIRTHS

Pattee—At the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, on the 7th March, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. F. Lyle Pattee. Mr. Pattee graduated in 1931.

Eberts—To Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Eberts (née Martha Magor) at the Privates Patients Pavilion of the Toronto General Hospital, a daughter on March 20. Mr. Eberts graduated in '34, and won the Rhodes Scholarship in that year.

Davies—In March, a son to the Rev. and Mrs. S. J. Davies. Mr. Davies who is now in P. E. I. received his B. A. Th. in '38.

MARRIAGES

Gall-Scroggie—On the 23rd March at Calvary United Church, Montreal, Miss Olivia Margaret Scroggie, daughter of the late Wm. Scroggie and Mrs. Scroggie, Westmount, was married to Mr. Hugh Wilson Gall, B.A. '34, son of Mr. and Mrs. Mossman Gall of Lachute, Que. Mr. Henry E. Wright, B.A. '34, acted as best man for Mr. Gall.

Brakefield Moore-Edwards—At All Saints Church, Ottawa, on February 11, the marriage took place of Julia May, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Edwards of Regina, Sask., to Mr. Edwin Brakefield Moore, M.A. '30, B. C.L., member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police at Ottawa, and son of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Moore of Sherbrooke.

Weaver-Parker—On the 30th March at Christ Church Cathedral, Ottawa, the marriage of Betty Angharad Parker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Parker of Sydney, N.S., to Mr. E. D. S. Weaver, son of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Weaver of Trenton, N.J., was solemnized. Mr. Weaver received his B.A. in '32.

DEATHS

Ham—We regret to record the death of Dr. Albert Ham at Brighton, England, at the age of 83. Dr. Ham, Musical Doctor F. R. C. O., who was organist and choirmaster of St. James Cathedral for many years, was also Examiner for Degrees in Music of Bishop's University and was widely known as a composer. He took part in the Coronation Service of King George V and Queen Mary in 1911. To Dr. Ham's widow and two sons the *Mitre* extends sincere sympathy.

Munro—On the 18th March at Ottawa, Mr. Herbert Granville Munro. Mr. Munro was the father of H. Bruce Munro, B.A. '34.

GENERAL

Abbott, Douglas C., B.A., who was recently made a K.C. was elected to represent the constituency of St. Lawrence-St. George in the federal elections.

Bunbury, Fred, B.Sc. '39, has obtained a commission as sub-Lieutenant in the R.C.N.V.R. from which unit he has been loaned to the Royal Navy. He left for a training base in England at the end of March, along with Geoffrey Scott, B.A. '40.

Carson, Jack, B.A. '36, is in the Air Force in Ottawa.

Chappell, John, B.A. '36, is in the Ontario Tank Corps at Oshawa as a Lieutenant.

Crandall, James, B.A. '27, left college and joined the staff of the Montreal Daily Star. In 1931 he changed to the British United Press, and is now somewhere in England and France writing for the same.

Edson, Cedric, who was a member of the University from '34 to '37 is now with Prescott & Co. Regd., Montreal dealers in chemicals and dyes, etc.

Irwin, the Rev. E. A., L.S.T. '26, was inducted into the rectorship of St. Patrick's Church, Guelph, Ont., on April 18, by the Rt. Rev. L. W. B. Broughall, M.A., D.D., Bishop of Niagara. The address was given by the Very Rev. R. H. Waterman, B.A. '14, B.D., L.S.T., Dean of Niagara.

MacNab, Miss J. L. B., B.A. '37, has been awarded a graduate scholarship at Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass., and will take up a position at the School of Graduate Instruction in September. We congratulate Miss MacNab who was assistant lady editor of the *Mitre* in her third year, on winning this distinction.

Martin, Miss Dorothy L., who was a member of the University in '36-'37, is now a nurse in training at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal.

McHarg, R. G., B.A. '27, is resigning his position as principal of the Cowansville High School for service overseas.

Page, W. D., B.A. '36, who is now on the staff of Trinity College School, Port Hope, spent the Easter vacation in Lennoxville.

Powell, Hugh, B.A. '36, is practising Law in Ottawa.

Rogers, W. J., B.Sc., who is now reading for the M. Sc. at Toronto University, will proceed to the degree of Ph.D.

Ross, Kenneth, B.A. '35, is in the Law office of Jerrison and Hills, Toronto.

Tobin, Ashton R., B.A. '24, of Sherbrooke was recently appointed a Crown Prosecutor for the District of St.

ED. PARKER

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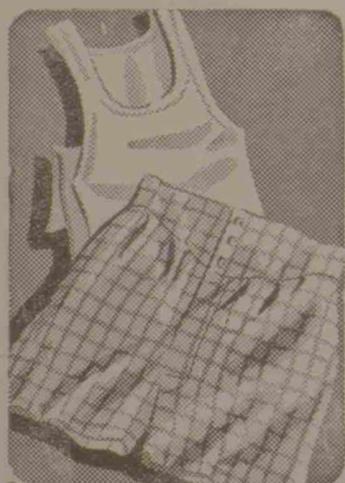


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Exchanges

Among the exchanges now on hand, the "McMaster University Quarterly" takes a prominent position as one of the most outstanding college publications we have had the pleasure of reading recently. This magazine has been favourably mentioned in one of this year's previous issues of the *Mitre*, and the March number easily warrants our continued praise. The contents vary from two amusing short stories, based on the modern sport world, to a discussion of songs which have their origin in Shakespeare's plays, and an interesting article on Japanese art. There is also included an address by the late Lord Tweedsmuir, which will be read with interest by those who have always enjoyed his literary works and who know his exceptional power of expression.

A magazine which we have not received very often, up until the present, has come in in time to be mentioned in this issue of the *Mitre*. This is the "Kings College Record," from the University of Kings College, Halifax. Amongst other entertaining material to be found in its pages, we might recommend "War's Fringe," a personal account of experiences in connection with the several wars and war scares in Europe from 1899 to 1918, written by a man who was, in one way or another, concerned in all of them.

"The New Northman," a publication of Queen's University, Belfast, has always been one of our best exchanges, and the current issue is no exception. It contains two short stories which are well worth reading, in addition to various articles and poetry. One article, entitled "Some aspects of an American University," gives one a startling idea of the multitudinous activities carried on at a large American college—in this case, Iowa State. Another good feature of "The New Northman" is a series of short book reviews, which we think would be a welcome addition to any college magazine.

"The College Times," the magazine of Upper Canada College, also presents some book reviews in the Easter number. Three recent best sellers are considered—"Not Peace But A Sword," by Vincent Shecan, "The Grapes of Wrath," by John Steinbeck and "Young Man With A Horn," by Dorothy Baker. Another notable department in this publication is the Photography Section, in which some very fine scenic photographs are reproduced.

An amusing skit based on Hitler-Stalin-Mussolini mutual trickery and rivalry, called "Totalitarian War" is included in the Contributions Division of "The Record," from Trinity College School. It takes the form of a poetic play, written in the Shakespearean manner, in which the three dictators are the characters.

Those who enjoy reading good French, and who like to study the forces which lie behind the present world situa-

tion, will do well to take up the "Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa" and glance through the article entitled, "Notes sur le 'Complexe d'infériorité' de l'Allemand contemporain," which gives an insight into the racial characteristics and inhibitions of modern Germans. Such an insight helps one to grasp the reasons for recent acts of aggression carried out by that people and its leaders. The article is based on a recent book, "D'où vient l'Allemagne?" by Gonzague de Reynold, in which the author says: "Il faut se rappeler encore que, depuis le moment où il apparaît dans l'histoire, l'Allemand souffre d'un complexe d'infériorité" . . . et que ce complexe le porte à se replier sur soi-même, à s'imposer par la force brutale, à se faire une supériorité de son infériorité: la barbarie." The writer of the article goes on to point out that this so-called inferiority complex of the "Hitlerized" Germans is caused by geographical, historical and cultural conditions or traditions in Germany: "L'Hitlerien ne possède pas de patrie; il se la forge au jour le jour. La langue et la volonté de vivre en commun essaient de remplacer ce que la nature lui a refusé, moyens artificiels qui réussissent mal à voiler une infériorité géographique. Une telle nation, écrit Reynold, 'se trouve devant une fatalité naturelle. Lorsqu'elle est faible, telle est condamnée à être envahie; lorsqu'elle est puissante, elle est forcée d'envahir. Elle ne peut être que sujette ou impériale'.

. . . Or c'est un fait que l'Allemagne est en retard de plusieurs siècles sur la France et l'Italie.

. . . Aussi, la vie intellectuelle est disparue: les philosophes se sont enfuis, les artistes ont été bannis."

In summing up, the author says: "L'Allemagne est une grande nation, mais si elle est forte et terrifiante pour ses voisins, la cause n'en peut être que l'inversion de son 'complexe d'infériorité'."

We have received and have taken great pleasure in reading the following magazines and papers:

The Record, Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.
 Red and White, St. Dunstan's University, Charlottetown,
 P. E. I.

The College Times, Upper Canada College, Toronto, Ont.
 The Stonyhurst Magazine, Stonyhurst College, England.
 The Northerner, King's College, Newcastle-upon-Tyne,
 England.

The McMaster University Quarterly, Hamilton, Ont.
 Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa, Ont.
 The Queen's Review, Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.
 The New Northman, Queen's University, Belfast, Ireland.
 L'Hebdo Laval, Laval University, Quebec, Que.

(Continued on page 41)

If nothing else was accomplished the Bishop's team learnt something about basketball which it may not have known before. Later on in the season the Stanstead team went into Montreal and were beaten by Westmount by only three points.

On March 2 the team travelled to Montreal, under the motherly wing of Manager Rabatich, to play Macdonald. Pharo and Bateman led the team to a 31-20 victory over the St. Anne's squad, both playing an excellent brand of basketball. Apparently a good time was had, and everyone returned quite satisfied with the week-end. The last game with the Spartans was rather an upset. The namesakes of that ancient Greek people succeeded in pounding the Bishop's team to the tune of 65-36, most of their points being scored in the last half. Bishop's led by 24-23 at the end of the first half, but unfortunately the Spartans came back in strength too great to be withstood by our boys, and Barfield, Stewart, and Hammond led them to the resultant victory.

The last game of the year was against the Grads, and youth asserted itself by handing these men of the world a 50-33 defeat. By this game the season was officially closed, and all members of the ball and basket sport hung up the trunks for another summer. The record was not quite as good as we expected at the beginning of the year, but we are not downhearted chiefly because it has often happened that a whole season has been played without Bishop's winning a single game. As it was we finished in third position in the league, hoping that next year will find us at the top.

BADMINTON

The annual badminton tournament took place on the 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th of this month. Entries were much as usual and the matches were played off without any broken legs, backs, or skulls. It is even said that there were no racquets broken in this tournament, but, even though Pete Greenwood has left the college, that is a little hard to believe. The highlight of the affair was the exquisite tea served by James Dewhurst on Sunday afternoon: egg and jam sandwiches abounded, and, to the joy of all, there was actually cream for the tea. Credit is due to Merritt Bateman and Terry Giles for the smooth way in which the matches were arranged; very few people missed their supper which is quite an achievement in the history of badminton tournaments at this college.

Terry Giles again carried the singles crown beating Merritt Bateman in the finals. Kay Thomson won the ladies' singles with Bessy MacDougall as runner-up. The men's doubles was won by Armstrong and Giles in perhaps the most thrilling game of the tournament against Dr. Ray-

mond and Steve Rabatich. Gibeau and Betty Donaghy beat Magee and Kay Thompson to win the mixed doubles and Kay Thompson and Mary Ward prevailed against Cynthia Baker and Kay Bancroft to win the ladies' doubles.

INTERYEAR ACTIVITIES

As usual the interyear basketball and hockey championships were hotly contested. A sudden-death basketball game was played between second and third years. The second year team started off with five men playing and no reserves, but as the game went on some tardy arrivals appeared as replacements. Practically the entire graduating year was on hand at the very outset to help their class to victory and by force of numbers rather than by native ability they managed to eke out a victory over the hard-worked second year squad.

Interyear hockey has been a foregone conclusion since the beginning of the season: Second year gathered probably the most brilliant class team that has been seen in this college for years. After having beaten third quite easily they ran up against a snag when they were beaten by first year, but, since the second year team was not complete for this game, first year was regarded as slight opposition for the finals. After beating Divinity in the playoffs they were faced with a slightly over confident first year in the finals. The score of the game was 8 to 1 for the second year marvels, and money poured in to the pockets of their wise and numerous supporters.

SKIING

Skiing is quite finished for the year, despite anything Tomlinson might say to the contrary, but there still remain pleasant memories of happy days spent at North Hatley, where snow and ice and Scotch and water filled many Sundays with long lasting joy. For the second year in succession Bishop's won the Eastern Townships' zone meet, and an account of how it was done is given by Bruce Kirwin below.

"Bishop's repeated last year's success in the annual Eastern Townships' ski meet by winning both the team and individual awards for the highest aggregate of points. The meet consisted of three events—the cross-country, slalom and downhill—and the Bishop's team gained first place in each of them.

"On February 12 the cross-country was held at Waterloo. Terry Giles covered the eleven-mile, windswept course in one hour and thirty-five minutes to win first position. Jack Peake rated third and Tomlinson fifth. Kirwin placed eighth but only the first three gained points for the team.

"The next week-end the slalom and downhill were held

at North Hatley. The slalom event was run in the morning on a rather slow course. Tomlinson won the race with George Cross only one point behind him. Kirwin placed third in it and Gibby Stairs seventh. In the afternoon the downhill event was run on the maple trail. George Cross gained first place and Kirwin and Stairs held second and fourth positions respectively. Tomlinson rated sixth because of a bad fall on the second shuss in his first run; however, he had the highest individual aggregate score and retained the individual trophy that he won last year. Cross who did not race at Waterloo, had the highest score in the downhill and slalom events at North Hatley. He will not be supporting the ski team next year as he has left for England to be an officer in the Navy. We wish him the best of luck."

AWARDS

At the hockey banquet held on Saturday, 20th of this month, awards were presented for achievement in hockey, basketball, skiing, badminton, and an indoor sport which has no place in this column. No hockey awards were presented at the banquet, but Savage and Russel were awarded major letters, to be presented on "successful completion . . . etc." Geoff Scott was also awarded a major letter, but nautical commitments prevented him from being present. Bennett, Bradley, Cooper, Flintoft, Schoch and Willis won their major letters both this year and last, and according to Professor Kuehner will have them brought up to date. Walters and Waldo and Ray Tulk won their minor letters for Junior hockey, both this year and last, and will also have them resigned. Grier, VanHorn and D. MacDougall all received special minor awards. Ralph Hayden was presented with a major award for basketball, and Pharo, Lane, Richards, and Bateman were mentioned as having won their major letters this year and last. Rabatich and Stevens will be presented with their major letters next year, and Robinson will receive his minor letter next year as well. Minor awards only are granted for skiing and G. Cross and B. Kirwin were awarded these. George Cross presented the same difficulty as Scott, so this letter was not collected. Manager Tomlinson had won his minor award this year and last.

This just about ends the sports chronicle for another year, and what will appear in the next issue of the *Mitre* under that heading is as unknown to the writer as it is to the reader. However, I have no doubt that the very efficient Editor will goad this very over-worked columnist (if that title is applicable) into digging up enough material to cover at least a page. For this reason then, I must exhort you all to run around the block, go swimming, play tennis, golf, ping-pong, or tiddley winks, in fact do anything you want in the way of athletic activity so that there will be something to say in a thousand words for the next issue. Until then I remain at your mercy.

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| CLERGY SURPLICES, Slightly Gathered | - " | \$5.50 | |
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"Shag" SHAUGHNESSY

Sports

While looking over the sports department in the last three issues of this publication I was amazed at the lack of imagination exercised by the writer in its compilation. In all three cases the department was much too long to stimulate any interest on the part of the reader. The subject matter consisted of some very inaccurate predictions, and an elaborated list of victories and defeats followed by the conventional excuses. The result was dull to the extent of being morbid. There was no account of the spirit pervading the game, no mention of whether the teams played well or not, in fact, nothing to make the department worth reading. So, in an endeavour to reform himself, the sports commentator for the *Mitre*, in this and the following issue, is going to concentrate on brevity and analysis with a view to the interesting those who up to now have been exceedingly bored.

HOCKEY

It hardly seems appropriate to talk of hockey since this is officially supposed to be spring, but good work cannot go unrecognized. The Loyola game in Montreal was not such a success as was hoped. The Bishop's team had none of the vivacity of former games and fell prey to the subtle tactics of the Loyola squad. Towards the middle of the second period our team tired visably due chiefly to the fact that they had only two lines to Loyola's three. Harry Allen of the Irish squad was the most dangerous of the Loyola players and by the end of the game the sight of him carrying the puck towards our goal precipitated a sudden rush of hearts to the mouth in the ranks of the disunited Bishop's supporters. Actually Allen is the most efficient player that Loyola has. His back-checking was as effective as his offensive play, and all things considered it is pretty safe to say that he and Viellieux paced the Loyola team to a 5 to 1 victory. Cooper and Willis shone for Bishop's with Russel getting the only point on our side.

A four-point game played against Sir Geo. Williams College on our home ice proved to be the outstanding event of the season. The speed and energy displayed on both sides provided a pleasant contrast to the slow tempo of the Loyola game. Rouleau was outstanding for Sir Geo. Williams, and in the opening minutes his fast and somewhat curious way of skating diagonally across the ice seemed to baffle the Bishop's team. Later, however, Bishop's succeeded in hampering his freedom so that he did not prove as great a menace as was expected. Rouleau and Marriott opened the scoring for Sir Geo. Williams and Scott scored on a pass from Savage and Russel at the end of the period, keeping Bishop's in the running. Hemstead scored for Sir Geo. Williams towards the end of the second period, but Scott

countered with another goal for Bishop's a minute later. The second line played sterling hockey in this period. Savage did a fine job both on defence and on the right wing. This was the best game that the second line played all year, for they seemed to find that necessary co-ordination which had been only spasmodic in other games. Law scored for Sir Geo. Williams about half way through the third period putting his team ahead by four points to two. But it was really thrilling to see our boys drive after this point. The whole team excelled itself by continual onslaughts on its opponents goal. The result was a goal two minutes later, but it was called back because the referee's whistle had already blown. I don't know whether or not this misfortune infuriated the team, but, at any rate, they fought harder than ever and Russel succeeded in scoring on a pass from Cooper a minute and a half before the final bell. This game may be fairly characterized as one of the harder ones to lose but in spite of that fact it provided a very satisfying conclusion to the hockey season of '39-'40.

Now to pass from the sublime to the ridiculous.

It came to pass that there was much rivalry between two venerable institutions in this college. One was called the Parchesi Club, the other the Froth Blowers. Someone was unwise enough to suggest a hockey game between the two sometime last year. The game was played and the result was victory for the Froth Blowers. The same thing was suggested this year, but the result was far different. The names of the players on each side are of little importance, but what is important is that the Parchesians emerged victorious in both contests. The score of the first game was 3-1, the second was 6-5. The Froth Blowers are now ready to renew the conflict by transferring the scene to the baseball field.

BASKETBALL

The last game reported in the *Mitre* was against Spartans; since then there have been two game against Lennoxville, one against Stanstead, another against Spartans, and one against Macdonald in Montreal. Bishop's beat Lennoxville in both games by scores of 25-8 and 32-19. The second game with Lennoxville was the most rousing of the season. Since it was only an exhibition there was an absence of any enmity on either side, and everyone was concentrating on enjoying the game rather than caring much who won and by what score. The final game against Stanstead, this season, was not exactly as satisfactory as might have been expected. The team down near the border were, all said and done, superior to our squad. Their organization and accuracy was a little more than Bishop's could cope with, and the result was 33-17 victory for the Red team.

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Notes and Comments

Another Trinity term has rolled around and with the term has come no promise of spring. What high hopes there were for a record flood on the St. Francis were dissipated when most of the ice just melted away and the rest went out in an orderly fashion one morning when most of the students were asleep or at breakfast. About the only other sign of spring is that the graduating year has succeeded in having their picture taken and handed their write-ups in to the editor of the year book, which is a sure sign that another academic year is coming apart at the seams.

When the custom of setting aside one year in four as a Leap Year and giving the females of the species a special interest in it began is neither here nor there, however, judging from the enthusiastic remarks of those students lucky enough to get a bid to the Leap Year dance put on by the coeds it is one that could be extended to every year.

What is our loss is the Navies gain is a trite phrase to sum up the departure of Geoff. Scott and George Cross, but unfortunately it is all too true in their case, however, if there was sorrow at their departure there was also merriment as the Frothblowers and the Parchesi Club honoured their respective members. The Frothblowers gathered at their annual banquet at the Magog on March 20 and presented Geoff with a suitably engraved flask. Besides the regular members Jerry Wigget and Russ Blinco were present and both addressed the club. Elected to succeed Geoff, as Senior Blower was Jim Flintoft, and next year's Senior Blower will be Les Tomlinson.

At the beginning of this term the members of the Parchesi Club honoured George Cross at their closing banquet. Others who attended were the honorary president, Jack Spray, Professor Yarrill and last year's president, Diamond Jim Bredin.

Another departure which has caused universal regret was that of old Tom, or as he was affectionately known "Moses." He leaves to take up a better position and all nocturnal wanderers will miss his cheery beacon. The new man has succumbed to the progressive spirit of the age and uses a flashlight, a change that we deplore.

Since the annual Formal Dance is taking place in Convocation Hall on May 3 the citizens of the New Arts are hard at work decorating the lower hall rooms which are to be used as sitting-out rooms. They did receive some help that can be said for their efforts is that they met with an icy reception a few hours later. Prizes are to be awarded for the best decorated rooms though Ed. Parker's suggestions for improvements are being met with the remark, "that this is not the Plumbers' Ball."

The O. T. C. is rapidly ending up its year. All that remain now is for the annual inspection to take place, the in this line from certain members of the Old Arts, but all

WILLIAM POWER

practical examinations in the various arms, and the all important pay parade to end up a very active and successful season.

The elections for next year's Council have taken place and we find that Guy Marston is the next year's Senior Man, Syd Meade is the Vice-President and Ian Hay the Secretary-Treasurer. Other officials are Don Chute popular rugby manager as President of Athletics, Patrick Boyle will guide the destinies of the *Mitre* as President, and "Shag" Shaughnessy as President of Debating will attempt to stir up a little more interest in this activity than there has been in some years. Hector Belton takes over the reins of the Dramatic Society and will attempt to keep it on its usual high level of achievement.

The Glee Club will once more justify its right to exist and make a trip to Compton in the near future. Syd Meade owing to pressure of work has turned the arrangements over to brother "Cec," the founder of the club, who will lead them. Doc, it is rumoured, will be with us again next year in the Teachers' course.

The annual Athletic Banquet took place on Saturday, April 20. It was conducted in a quieter tone than some previous occasions although some believe this a virtue. Linc Magor presided and there were speeches from Dr. McGreer, Professors Richardson, Kuehner and Raymond, while Power, Parker and Schoch replied for the students. Bill Power gave the toast to the Alma Mater which was responded to in a very witty speech by Doctor Richardson. The Glee Club then entertained and the Principal gave the toast to the teams. Nic Schoch then replied. Ed. Parker then proposed the toast to the Faculty to which Dr. Raymond replied. Dr. Boothroyd then presented the Skinner Trophy to the victorious Divinity faculty, Professor Kuehner then gave out the various athletic awards.

It seems that the Gaspé fisherman is hooked this time. Magee finds that the Mayfair is a swell spot for practising Indian lore. Penfield numbers among his accomplishments hog-calling. The mysterious disappearance of a mandolin from the New Arts has nobody worried. They will start to worry if it shows up. Recent visitors to the college were John Chadsey in from Quebec and Lew Smith from Hanilton.

Recent revelers from the Old Lodge returned from the Macdonald Formal so impressed with the charms of a certain "southern gall" found in their travels that a song featuring some of her "features" was the result. The Old Lodge are pursuing an isolation policy with regard to attacks. They claim their "Millarheim Line" can't be broken. Doug Bradley has taken up the traditions of the Navy where Geoff. left off.

So, until the next issue . . .

have now been found for pushing back this date by at least one century, and possibly two. If the date is put back two centuries to the time of the king named Thotmes III, then the interesting probability is reached that the Pharaoh's daughter who rescued Moses was none other than the Princess Hetshepsut, one of the most remarkable, one might even say notorious, women in Egyptian history—a sort of amalgamation of Cleopatra, Jezebel and Queen Victoria, with very modern, not to say modernistic, ideas about the correct treatment of a husband. Concerning her a good deal of information has been handed down, as, for instance, how she dressed in male attire, caused herself to be referred to as, "His Highness" and "he," and carried out many astonishing exploits. But that is another story.

It is far more likely that Moses lived under Amenhotpe IV, and that the Exodus took place about the time of that son of his whose name was on everybody's lips a few years ago, when his mummy was discovered in the Valley of the Kings by Lord Camarvon and Dr. Howard Carter—Tutankhamen. If that is so, then Moses' foster-mother may well have been Nefertiti. She may be termed the Egyptian Helen, having regard to the quite lovely portrait head of her which has been salvaged from the past.

But there is more involved in this than merely a beautiful woman. Nefertiti's husband, Amenhotpe IV, in the year 1368 B.C. or thereabouts, launched a great revolution, the most interesting and most important movement in Egypt's whole history. He was a sickly youth and possibly subject to epileptic fits, but he was a young man of intense spiritual ardour, filled with an overwhelming zeal for truth and sincerity, and with a passionate adoration for the god Aton, in whom he understood God almost, it would appear, as we understand Him now. Aton, he declared, was the formless, intangible, omnipresent Father of mankind, the controller of the life-giving energy behind the power of the sun. He was the tender and merciful "Father and brother of all that He had made," the "Lord of Love" (these are actual quotations), the "Comforter," the Prince of Peace who hated warfare and delighted in happiness. He abandoned the city of Thebes with its many temples and potheistic idolatry, and founded a new capital at Tell et-Amama. Here he preached his astonishingly enlightened monotheism, and the great hymn which he composed in honour of his god Aton is, in places, almost identical with Ps. 104 in the Bible. Unfortunately this wonderful flowering of spiritual religion did not last long. The people were not ready for it, Amenhotpe died before he was thirty, his son Tutankhamen was only a boy. Very soon the priests of the old gods whom the reformer had attempted to discredit regained control. Amenhotpe was posthumously denounced

as a heretic and a traitor, and things were once again as they had always been.

But, in view of this astonishing attempt at religious reformation, the placing of Moses in Amenhotpe's reign, as is frequently done today, becomes exceedingly significant. We need not necessarily assume that either borrowed from the other. We may have the phenomenon, not unique in history, of two great minds, at much the same time, and here in the same country, working along parallel lines to much the same conclusion. One reformer died and his work perished. The other, the inspired prophet of Jehovah, found in the providence of God, and in the long run, a better issue to his labours. But both were centuries in advance of their time, and both suffered in varying degrees the inevitable penalty. Moses, no less than Amenhotpe, preached to a stubborn and evil generation. His teaching, too, soon became neglected and obscured—so much so that, until quite recent years, the tendency of interpreters has been to assert quite definitely that the religion proclaimed by Moses was not monotheistic at all, and that the idea of one almighty God only very gradually and very late dawned on the consciousness of the Hebrew people, and did not emerge in anything like definite form till the very last of the prophets, when O. T. history was almost over. But the principle of progress, of development, can be applied too stringently. History is by no means a uniformly onward movement—but rather a tidal phenomenon in which there are ebbs as well as flows, though on the whole perhaps the water rises. Certainly no great religion with an historic founder has maintained its primitive purity and lofty conceptions of God. It has been followed by a period often a long period, of deterioration and decline, and later generations have had to rediscover the truths for which it once stood, and brush away the debris which have hidden the true sublimity of its prophet. Such has been the fate of Moses—and more than once. But today, in the world of scholarship at least, he is being rediscovered; he is being reinstated in his true proportions; he is being recognized more fully as the prophet of a monotheism, of which, at the time, his people were unworthy, but the seeds of which he nevertheless planted in their hearts, to be brought to fruition at last by the slow discipline of centuries.

The other books I had in mind to mention are concerned with the details of Moses's life, so far as these are recoverable from the Bible story, aided by a sane use of the imagination. One of these books can be passed over with a bare reference, not because it is at all less admirable in its way than the others, but because most people have heard of it already, and many have read it—I mean "In the Steps of Moses the Lawgiver," in which the celebrated Jewish

novelist, Louis Golding, follows the road pioneered by H. V. Morton in his apparently ubiquitous travels in the Near East and follows it in a way which even Mr. Morton himself might envy. With all the volumes of the "In Steps" series now available: "In the Steps of the Master," "In the Steps of St. Paul," "In the Steps of Moses the Lawgiver," supplemented by H. V. Morton's latest volume "In Search of Bible Lands," there are few sections of the Scriptures, old or New, which have not been illuminated and interpreted and relived by these journalists of genius. If we wish to visit Egypt or Palestine today, we need do no more than go to the nearest reputable library and embark on a journey wherein our inspired guide will most decidedly make us see much more than our own limited vision could ever have taken in. There is something to be said for seeing through the eyes of other people, when those eyes are used to such purpose and so unfailingly see the right thing.

And now just a word or two about two books by A. E. Southton, named respectively "On Eagle's Wings" and "This Evil Generation." They are retellings of the Bible story of Moses and the Israelites in the external form of novels, and are, to my mind, extraordinarily successful examples of this difficult type of work. Imaginative reconstruction of this kind is a ticklish business. On the one hand, there is the ever present danger of merely expanding and paraphrasing and embroidering on the forceful simplicity of the sacred narrative, and so merely diluting and weakening it. On the other hand, if imagination is given free rein, there is the danger that the author, instead of developing what is implicitly contained in his source, or may reasonably be inferred from it, will merely make it the excuse for his own fantasies. Unoriginality on the right, and improbability on the left, are the constant companions of him who essays to follow this narrow road. But why pursue this narrow road at all? Cannot we all read our Bible? Well, we can, but we don't, and no small merit of this particular species of work, if skilfully done, is the gentle pressure it exerts in the right direction, shepherding us painlessly back to a fresh reading and understanding and appreciation of the Scriptures. Still, the story must stand on its own feet, and be judged by its own merits as if it were, in substance as well as in form, a modern novel. And, in these particular books, one gets absorbed in the vividness of the description, the beauty and power of the style, and above all in the verisimilitude of the character analyses. At the end, one is moved to exclaim: "Yes, I suppose this, or something very like it, was what Moses and Miriam and Aaron and the rest really must have been if they did what they are reported to have done." They have been translated

(Continued on page 40)

"LAND BELOW THE WIND"

Keith, Agnes Newton.

The "Land Below the Wind" is, literally, what the natives call Borneo. After their marriage, Mrs. Keith, and her husband who was the Conservator of Forests and Director of Agriculture in the British Protectorate of North Borneo, went to live between the sea and the jungle, in one of Britain's most remote outposts of the Empire. For more than four years after her marriage she struggled with servants, housekeeping, learning the Malay language, travelling in the jungle, and has apparently emerged with her good sportsmanship and humour intact.

This chronicle from the farthest wilds is a book of sustained and unaffected originality. It is marked by wit and warmth and curiosity rather than by excitement, and it contains a humor, charm, and unpretentious wit which makes this book so eminently readable. It is charming rather than informative, with an attractive, playful irony ever present.

With the lure of a "farthest outpost," North Borneo has a good many visitors, who obviously go equipped with plenty of preconceived ideas to aid them in their search for the wild. "Around-the-world journalists often pass through Sandakan, but they seldom stop because the matter can be dealt with in passing through." And these "galloping geographers" can spin exciting tales easily enough, without bothering too much over exactitude. But, says Mrs. Keith, "in these bold stories of the Borneo wilds it seems to me that the adventurers have passed over the most melodramatic scene of all, and the one which needs no exaggeration. Here is a jungle background almost as wild as our chroniclers picture it. Here are the aborigines, as fierce or as wild as they seem. Here is the tangled green of the jungle creepers which have constantly to be beaten back, and the wild which waits to engulf again the clearing we call Sandakan. And here, living in astounding peace and security, following a pattern as formal, as pleasant, as gently inflexible, and as uniform as the design on a set of tea cups, are the English households of Sandakan."

It is this "most melodramatic scene" which fills the broad canvas of Mrs. Keith's book. And alike to the English and the aborigines she gives her appreciation and laughter, her admiration and friendship. She can with equal facility arouse delighted laughter with her word-picture of Sandakan cricket, or bring haunting tragedy with accounts of savage practices from the native point of view. But whether she is listening to such stories as these, or joining the island women in the "ocean market" of the Lulu Tea, the people are close to Mrs. Keith's own life.

E. Roy.

with the requirements of Montreal industry. A second powerhouse had to be built. The first units were installed in 1911, and additions were made from time to time. The water for the operation of these turbines is carried by tunnels constructed through solid granite. When it was completed in 1929 powerhouse No. 2 had a capacity of 219,000 horsepower. The company also has another 55,000 horsepower available here, so that the total supply at Shawinigan Falls is 333,000 h. p.

The next most important development is that at Grand'mère, some seven miles further up the river. This powerhouse is a most attractive one, as might be expected from the fact that it was designed from the St. Cecile Cathedral in the city of Albi, France. There are nine generating units here, with a capacity of 195,000 horsepower. Two steel tower transmission lines go direct from Grand'mère to Quebec City. The third plant in this area is the one at La Gabelle. Completed in 1924 it includes five generating units with a total capacity of 166,000 horsepower.

The first layout to be completed on the upper St. Maurice is found at Rapide Blanc, 137 miles from the St. Lawrence. The transportation of material for the construction work here proved somewhat difficult, due to the fact that the nearest point on the C. N. R. is ten very rough miles away. The problem was solved by the construction of a first-class road. The surface consisted of a ten-foot reinforced concrete slab on one side and a nine-foot gravelled surface in the other. I might remark that this makes as good a road as may be found in this province. When the transformers, weighing 105 tons each, were brought in, three trucks had to be used, and their average speed was all of 2 miles per hour. The present installation at Rapide Blanc is 160,000 horsepower, with provision made for the installation of two more 40,000 horsepower units. A fifth plant now under construction at La Tuque will have a generating capacity of 162,000 horsepower. When this powerhouse has been completed the total installation in the St. Maurice Valley will be over one million horsepower.

The possibilities of the river have not by any means been exhausted by the five plants I have described. On the upper St. Maurice there is a reserve of power estimated at over a million horsepower. This will be developed, as power is required, until the whole river has been utilized. The best of these potential sites is the one known as Trenche, 127 miles from Three Rivers. When and if developed it will be the most powerful plant on the river, having a proposed ultimate installation of 348,000 horsepower.

The electricity produced in the St. Maurice Valley is sent to more than four hundred municipalities. 1600 miles

of high tension transmission lines (60,000 to 230,000 volts), and 2400 miles of distribution lines (30,000 to 2,200 volts) are used. One of the longest cable spans on the continent is included in this system. This is at Three Rivers, where the central span of the St. Lawrence crossing is 4,801 feet long. The territory covered extends from Oka on the west, eastward on both sides of the St. Lawrence as far as Kamouraska and Murray Bay, and south as far as the United States border.

The St. Maurice Valley has played a major part in supplying Quebec with electricity ever since the beginning of this century. This service will undoubtedly be continued for many years to come. To-day its potential capacity is well over two million horsepower. We may rest assured, then, that the St. Maurice will be able to produce electrical power in quantities which will meet the requirements of any further industrial expansion which may take place in this province.

Evening By The Ottawa

The Ottawa sings a quiet song,

A pine-song, sweet and low,
Weaving a skein of phantasy

Where the careless waters flow.
And when the tattered clouds of day

Go sailing to the west,
It sings aloud of loveliness

In words that it knows best.

It sings of stern escarpments
Where man has never trod,

And purple-shouldered parapets
That whisper to their God.

It tells of summerstolen gold
Hidden in the hills,

And silver treasuries of peace
That the moonlight fills.

O river of a hundred ghosts,
Where Champlain ventured forth

Beneath the labyrinthine heights
Into the silent north,

Now chant your vesper melody
In the cloistered light

And welcome with the white-eyed stars
Our Lady of the Night.

Leon Adams.

The Bishop Looks Down

ERNESTINE ROY



MOSES

Moses has been a good deal in the news recently, or rather to be more accurate, in the world of books. And when I say Moses, I mean Moses the Hebrew leader, the Prince and Saviour of Israel, the man to whom God spoke as to a friend, the establisher of the pure religion of Jehovah—and not some contemporary baseball player or race-horse. And when I say the world of books, I mean not merely the small section of it which has appeal and meaning only for professed students of archaeology, but that wider and less exacting domain in which any of us may happily and profitably wander, unencumbered with professor's spectacles and a detailed knowledge of Hebrew.

Comparatively recently I have come across no less than four books which, in their various ways, seek to make the figure of Moses, obscured for many of us by the mists of antiquity, or, at the best, conventionally conceived as a stern, and on occasion rather irritable, old man, with a long white beard, grasping two tablets of stone in a somewhat intimidating attitude—which seek to make that figure more real, more alive, more human, and more probable.

I will begin with Sigmund Freud's attempted explanation of Moses, entitled "Moses and Monotheism." This Freud is, of course, the world-famous founder of psycho-analysis who fled from his house in Vienna some two years ago, after the Nazi domination had made his life unbearable, and died recently in Hampstead, London.

It is interesting to notice, incidentally, the attraction which the exploration of Biblical subjects seems to have for many scientists in their declining years—not by any means always a fortunate attraction. Newton, for instance, after discovering the dynamics of the physical universe and formulating the Law of Gravitation turned his attention to ancient prophecies, and from being probably the greatest mathematician who has ever lived, wilfully degenerated

into a very second-rate theologian. In the same way, it is safe to say that, if Freud had done no more than seek to uncover the Scriptures, instead of uncovering the somewhat grimy sleeping partner, named the Unconscious, whom we are all of us supposed to be carrying around within us, discreetly hidden from sight, he would never have been heard of. Still Freud's news of Moses are not without interest, and may be found to shed some light on the significance of one of the greatest figures of all history.

Briefly stated, his two chief assertions seem to be (1) that Moses was an Egyptian, and (2) that Moses borrowed monotheism, the belief in one sole sovereign God, from the Egyptians, and made it the foundation stone of the religion of the Hebrews. The first of these ideas, that Moses not merely seemed to be, but actually was, the son of Pharaoh's daughter, may safely be set aside, not only because of its patent inconsistency with the Biblical record, but because it is unsupported by any real evidence, or by the agreement of even radical scholars.

But the second suggestion, that of the relationship through Moses of the Egyptian and Hebrew religions, is much more interesting and important, and has also more of the colour of possible truth. And here, to make the position clearer, a very few words about the presumed date of Moses are called for. We get very little help from the Bible itself, which is never interested in questions of what is called absolute chronology, that is, the exact fixing of events in the general framework of world history; and the best that can be done, even with the help of archaeology so far, depends on more or less precarious inferences. Until quite recently, the generally accepted view was that Moses lived in the 13th century B. C., in the reign of Rameses II, one of the great kings of the 19th Egyptian Dynasty, and that the Exodus from Egypt took place under his successor Merneptah or Merenptah. But more or less cogent reasons

The Year's at the Spring

According to the Gregorian calendar the year is now (April tenth) in its spring season, but to many of the fifteen million fishermen in North America spring will not arrive until the opening of the trout season. We cannot make it a national holiday because the opening date ranges from April first to the middle of May, but each one of us properly celebrates the opening of the trout season in his own locality.

For weeks and months we have been preparing for this great festival. Our favourite rods are overhauled, lines are replaced, reels are polished, and the trout flies are brought forth once again into the sun long before the ice leaves the trout streams. If we are fly-tiers we have probably been working on our season's supply all winter. Otherwise we must replenish our stores from the local sport shops and from the many gaudy catalogues which make their appearance about March first. Poolrooms and bull sessions no longer ring to the laughter of risqué jokes; now come the deep chuckles of fish stories, and the earnest discussion of whether lines should be level, tapered, or double tapered, and the pros and cons of automatic reels. Worm fishermen, the untouchable caste of trouters, compare each other's methods of keeping their beloved worms alive. Dry flyers, wet flyers, and wormers all congregate by themselves to praise their own system and to laugh at the others. Emotions are under an increasing strain as the Great Day approaches. Will the water be too high or too muddy? Will the weather be rainy or clear? Does the sacred fisherman's calendar foretell a good day? Tables of tides (even in non-tidal waters) and moon phases are studied. Will the water be the correct temperature, and will the wind be in the correct quarter? All these are burning questions as the festive day draws near.

Spring is coming along by leaps and bounds, just like a tom cat chasing a fish peddler down the street, and eventually the opening day draws upon the horizon. Long before that first dawn of the true spring peeps over the eastern mountains our fisherman has lovingly packed his boots, jacket, creel and net, his many flies and leaders, and his precious rod and reel into the car, and has driven to his favourite stream. Here he greets the golden, glowing morning (though it may be raining trout flies and angleworms) in the true fisherman's manner. He sings praises and halleluiahs to his bamboo rod and to the fish in the stream, spits on his particular bait, and makes his first hopeful cast.

For many workless days and many sleepless nights our fisherman has been planning on that first cast, especially on

the proper lure with which to open the season. Of course, if he is one of the purists—dry, wet, or worm—there is no doubt about what he will use, though there may be a lingering doubt in his own mind whether his particular lure is really the best. Personally, I am not a purist. Though it presents many difficulties in my tackle selections (different types of rods and lines are desirable for dry or wet and worm fishing), I fish with whatever lure seems to me to be the best under the conditions of the season. In the early spring I rather favour the common garden-hackle, the fisherman's favourite Annelida. Later I change to wet flies, then to dries.

That first cast is invariably unfruitful, and so is the second and the third. By noon our angler may have lost three immense trout, and have landed three just over the legal minimum length. He has twice stepped into holes over his boot tops, and he has tangled his line in the brush seventeen times. He crawls out onto the bank, takes off his boots and pulls the toes of his socks. Then he delves into the sandwiches and the apple pie which is accompanied by a large piece of rugged, rat-trap cheese. After lunch he rolls over to relax, and awakes at about half-past two.

During the afternoon and early evening he may land three more legal trout, step into two more holes, and tangle his line many more times, but he is happy. Those trout will go very nicely with the bacon and coffee in the morning, and the worms (or flies) did catch some fish as he felt sure they must.

He is refreshed in body, mind, and spirit, and he can once again face his hatched-faced old biddie if he has been unlucky enough to become entangled with one along the stream of life. These women who have been vaccinated with a victrola needle, and who are always wanting to know why the screens haven't been put up, or the lawn mowed, or the garden weeded, or why they haven't been taken down to South Icebox, Maine, to see their dear cousin Lizzie whom they haven't seen in the thirty years since Lizzie two-timed them at a church social and walked off with the prize bachelor of the whole country, the grocer's boy who is still selling codfish and tripe at his father's old store—these women have driven many a man to drink, but never a fisherman. They only drive him to more fish. Once in a while a fisherman may carry a bottle to guard against rattlesnake bites, but usually the only bottle he has is that containing his pet fly dope. A friend of mine makes some that I use—that mosquito terror of his will run a black fly or mosquito through six miles of alder swamp, booting him

right in the slack of his breeches at every jump. One time I threw away an empty bottle of it when I was fishing, and three months later when I happened past the same spot there was an old battle-scarred he-skunk sitting there smelling the bottle. The tears were running down over his face and splashing off his toes, and he moaned, "Oh, hell, what's the use!" and dejectedly slunk off.

Most men like to fish alone; seldom more than two ever work together. It is a personal sport where one can soak up the silence and listen to the brook talk to itself. As one old chap once said to me, "No, I aint asking you to go fishing with me. I like to be quiet and peaceful, and fish with myself, and sometimes with one other feller that don't talk too much and really knows how to fish. But there is

plenty of good brooks and plenty of trout. You go find your own like I done."

I took his advice. I found the brooks and the trout. Later, when he learned that I had methodically covered the country, and had found many of his favourite holes, he invited me to go with him. Evidently he found that I did not talk too much and that I was very interested in fishing, for he showed me more of his favourite spots and gave me many unobtrusive, carefully worded hints on how to fish.

Thus it is that in the spring the thoughts of many men turn to fishing, and may we be thankful that on this continent we may indulge in this spring sport so much more healthful than war.

Power on the St. Maurice

DAVE SAVAGE

A partly wooded farm on the west bank of the St. Maurice River marks the birthplace of Canadian industry. Here, in 1730, was established the first metal-working plant on the continent. For more than a hundred years these iron works were the only source of iron in the whole of Canada. Towards the middle of the last century the forges could no longer be profitably maintained and were allowed to become a mass of picturesque ruins. The reputation of the valley was not allowed to lapse, however; soon far greater industries had been established. To-day the St. Maurice Valley is one of the world's greatest pulp and paper centers; its chemical industry is one of the foremost in the Empire; and its hydro-electric developments have been the most influential factor in the industrial expansion of this province. It is with the last of these, the hydro-electric developments, that this article deals.

The St. Maurice River has its source in a series of lakes near the Hudson Bay height of land, some three hundred miles north of the river's junction with the St. Lawrence at Three Rivers. Its drainage basin, covering approximately 16,000 square miles, is well forested and likely to remain in this condition for many years. This forest cover and the many large lakes found in the district have an excellent regulating effect on the flow of the stream. In its journey to the St. Lawrence the river makes a descent of over 1300 feet, mostly concentrated in the 190 miles between the Manouan River and Three Rivers. There are ten distinct falls and many cascades and rapids. These conditions obviously make the St. Maurice an ideal location for hydro-electric development.

The flow of the St. Maurice had still to be considerably improved before the river could be used to the greatest advantage. The problem was to conserve as much as possible of the water which would normally escape at maximum flow. This was accomplished by the construction of storage dams, the first of which was completed in 1908 on the Manouan River. Later two others were added on the same river, and to-day they have a combined capacity of 17 billion cubic feet of water. In 1910 the Provincial Government took over "The Management of Running Waters in Quebec." Their first accomplishment on the St. Maurice was the construction, near the headwaters, of the Gouin Dam. This dam is 1800 feet long, 70 feet high, and forms a lake three hundred and sixty square miles in area. Its total capacity of 220 billion cubic feet makes it one of the largest reservoirs in the world. In 1930 another dam came into operation on the Matawin River—with a capacity of 33 billion cubic feet. These five dams increased the low flow of the river at Shawinigan from 6,000 to 18,000 second feet, thus practically trebling the power capacity of the river.

The St. Maurice River is controlled, as power is concerned, by the Shawinigan Water and Power Company. The pivot point of their operations is Shawinigan Falls, where they maintain their most powerful plant. This layout was begun in 1899 with the construction of the first powerhouse. Delivery of electricity was commenced in 1901, and when in 1909 the final generator was installed the plant had a capacity of 58,500 horsepower. It soon became obvious that more power would be needed in order to cope

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caused them to be even as skunk-cabbage. They were exceeding unfair.

12. And the foolish Arts students made mock of them, and laughed at them, and said Go to, you silly Science students, do you never have fun?

13. But the wise Science students made no reply, and kept on in their way.

14. And it came to pass that a decree went out from him who was overlord of the college known as Bishop's, him who is first in authority, even the Principal.

15. Saying that on a near and imminent date there should be held an examination, and them that passed it should graduate, and them that failed it should not.

16. And to them that passed it honour should be done, and them that failed it should be held in low repute, and should be compelled to write those examinations known as supplementals, than which there is no greater disgrace.

17. Now the wise Science students read this decree and hearkened at it, and worked even harder than before, saying We must work or we shall fail, and we shall not graduate.

18. But the foolish Arts students mocked them further, nor did they any work, for they were exceeding foolish.

19. Then came the night before the examination, and lo! to the foolish Arts students came bitter realization that theirs was the way to disaster.

20. And they pondered amongst themselves, saying What shall we do, that we may pass our examination, and be graduated.

21. And one of their number said Let us go, even unto the wise Science students, and ask that they impart to us of their knowledge, that we may learn and pass and graduate.

22. Straightway they hied themselves to the dwelling of the wise Science students, and beat upon the door, and cried in a loud voice,

23. Saying Let us in, we beseech thee, and give us of thy knowledge, and teach us that we may pass this examination and graduate even with thee who art wise.

24. But the wise Science students laughed at them, and locked their doors, and poured cold water on them from urns, and from pitchers and even from waste baskets,

25. And bade them depart and go their way, saying Get yourselves hence, you foolish Arts students, and take thee to the taverns,

26. Carouse amongst the fleshpots, brawl in the motion picture theatres, and seek there that knowledge which hith-

erto ye scorned,

27. For ours was the way toward learning but ye shunned it, and now we have no time for such as ye, for we must study that we may pass and graduate.

28. Then came the examination, and Lo! the wise Science students had passed, and had won distinctions, and they rejoiced exceedingly.

29. But the foolish Arts students had failed exceeding badly, and could not graduate, and they hung their heads in shame.

30. And the professors took them, even the satraps of the Principal, and smote them with staves, and belaboured them roundly, and chastised them, and drove them hence,

31. And they sought refuge in the rink, and there was a wailing, and moaning, and a gnashing of teeth amongst the five foolish Arts students who had failed.

32. Then the professors came unto the wise Science students who had passed, and washed them with hyssop, and anointed them with frankincense and myrrh,

33. And dressed them in fine raiment, and adorned them with purple and fur, and decked them with gold, and led them forth in magnificent procession,

34. Even before him who is overlord at the college known as Bishop's, who is first in authority, even the Principal,

35. And he bade them kneel before him, and he spake to them in a strange tongue, even in Latin, and he conferred on them a degree, for they had graduated,

36. So that that night there was dancing and singing and much merry-making in their honour, and all manner of men did them homage, and the fair maidens looked not unfavourably upon them.

37. But the five foolish Arts students sate in the rink, and covered their heads with sackcloth and ashes, and cried unto heaven,

38. Saying We who were foolish are wise, and we have learned our folly and do repent, and next year we shall study—just see if we don't!

39. For it is written, he that doth dance in January shall pay for his tune in June, and he that doth ask questions at the year's beginning shall know the answers when the year shall end.

40. And thus spake the sage, it is written for all to read, and them that are wise will take warning, lest they be even as the foolish Arts students.

nearby spectators cast scornful glances at Alan, then turned their backs on him to watch the fire.

The fire had made Alan forget his troubles momentarily. But the attitude of the soldier brought them back to him, and made him feel even more melancholy than before. Even Sue had turned again him! Suddenly the whole world—and the whole world was against him. What was the use of living? Perhaps he would end it all. Perhaps—the idea struck him with the suddenness of a blow from behind. He had heard that death by gas was the easiest way. And the man had said it was suicide to enter the building!

At one side of the munitions plant, bulk-head doors opened directly into the cellar. Alan stepped away from the crowd, and walked boldly toward these doors. At first he was unnoticed, then a policeman started toward him, thinking he was one of the more curious, and wanted to get a close look. Alan ran the few remaining steps to the doors, trotted down a few steps, and was inside. He was surprised that there was no fire in the cellar, though the place was full of dark brown fumes. Water dropped from the ceiling above.

Alan started to gasp and cough at once. He had walked forward into the centre of the large cellar room, and his head reeled already as he tried to get air. He tripped over something on the floor, and as he went down he felt it soft under him, and thought, "This must be Martin." He struggled to get up, but the effort was too much for him, and everything went black.

Four hours later the blackness cleared away, and Alan found himself in the three-storey house that was Aldbrickham's hospital. He heard someone murmur, "He's coming around fine," and went back to sleep. When he awoke again the room was empty, save for a patch of sunlight on the ceiling over the bed. Although he was slightly confused at first, Alan was not foolish enough to think he was in heav-

The Spring Formal Murder

(Any relation to characters either living or supposedly so is, of course, purely coincidental and should be taken solely in the spirit of good clean fun.)

Young Ephraim wearily climbed the two flights of stairs leading to his friend Eddy's room in the Old Arts building. He knocked gently; no answer. He knocked less gently. Still no answer. So he slowly turned the knob and walked in. And there was Edward Fitzhiggin McBottomly

en, or its opposite, but realized that he had somehow been rescued. He felt glad to be alive, and to wiggle his toes under the white sheets, and to watch the flickerings of the patch of sunlight above him. Then his thoughts went back, back to the time before the fire, to the reason for his decision to seek death, and he was sorry to be alive, and wondered why fate was so spiteful toward him. People would despise him even more for what he had tried to do.

The door opened, and someone tiptoed quietly in. "I'm awake, Nurse." Alan told the unknown person, and turned his head toward the door. Standing beside the bed was a young lady wearing a plaid dress and the brightest smile Alan had seen for some time. "Sue!" he gasped in amazement.

"Oh, Alan! You were wonderful! But you mustn't talk, and I mustn't talk. The doctor said I could come in for just a minute, though you're all right, and you'll be up in no time. Oh, we're so proud of you!" She said it all in one breath, as if she were too excited to stop and draw another. Alan didn't understand, though it sounded good. "The men had just arrived with gas masks when you went in. They said if you hadn't discovered Martin and got him out into the middle of the cellar, they wouldn't have been able to save him before the floor fell in. As it is he'll just pull through."

"But, Sue, you don't understand."

"Yes, I do. Now not another word, or the doctor will scold me. You've got to forgive me for what I said yesterday afternoon. Everyone knows you're the bravest man in Aldbrickham. Now go to sleep."

Alan tried to protest, but in vain. After she had gone out he imagined he could still feel her lips pressed to his, and see her laughing eyes above his.

"It's a funny world," he murmured, just before he went to sleep.

lying on the Persian rug in a pool of blood and gore, a ruby-studded Malayan Kris sticking in his heart. Two army 45's lay on the floor at his side and in the late Mr. McBottomly's hand was half a glass of potassium cyanide. In the corner of the room was a small cobra taking a sun bath.

"Oh!" said Ephraim, and he shut the door carefully behind him as he left.

Outside, he took off his elastic bow tie and his Eton

collar, and bracing himself against the wall, gave voice to his pent-up emotions. "Janitor," he called.

"Yah. Wassit this time?" The janitor's cultured voice preceded him from under the bed in the next room, where he had been neatly rearranging the cigarette butts of an untidy student, and the sight of the man's intelligent face, peering through his hair reassured little Ephraim, who drew himself to his full three feet, and replied.

"McBottomly. You know Eddy? Well, he has returned to his maker."

The janitor thumbed through the pages of a pocket dictionary, and his face assumed an expression of clairvoyance. Master of the situation, he removed the door and laying it against the wall, surveyed the body. "Yus," quoth he, "he smells," and called the police.

Patrolman Kelley looked at Eddy. "Chee! I tink der's been a moider. I'll have to call de sergeant."

Sergeant Theophile Dubonnet of the Lennoxville Sureté looked at Eddy, a smile of amused satisfaction distorting his classic good looks. "Mesdames, messieurs," he said, "eet eez ver' seemple. In ze inside left pocket of ze coat of ze late Monsieur McBottomly you will find a note from hees sweetheart. Hees best friend is take her away from heem." (For be it known, oh Best Beloved, that this was the weekend of the elusive Formal.) "Ah! you see? And voilà, zere eez two leetle spots of mud on ze collaire of ze gentleman's shirt. Seemple, non? But no, I weel not solve thees case. I cannot be bothaired weeth such plebcian activities. Adieu, mes petits."

And zat was zat.

But the crime had to be solved, for the honour of dear old Bishop's. So I had an idea.

Professor Philo Sholmes Cohen (yes he is) was deeply engrossed in the April issue of *Breezy Stories* when I broke in upon the peace of the great amateur criminologist's cheerful den in the basement of the gym.

"Professor," I said, "would you like to solve a murder?"

"A murder? Oh, boyohboyohboy!" cried the professor, tossing two or three of his priceless Ming vases out of the window.

"Well, it's this way," I said and told him all I knew about the terrible discovery in the Old Arts.

The professor seemed to be gazing at something far, far away as he took his foot out of the wastepaper basket. "You know, Smith," he said in his usual mysterious way, "there is a place in Tibet where they drink Scotch and sodas all day long except for an hour in the evening when the women

go out and milk the yak. It must be wonderful." I started to say something but the professor removed his light from under the bushel in the corner. "D'you know, Smith," he continued. "I think that there is a certain faction amongst the other professors which seems to feel that I do not dress as well as I should. I wonder if I should procure a new pair of trunks. These are a little seedy, I supp—" He stared at me. "I've got it!" he screamed. "It was not suicide at all, but—"

Just then the telephone rang. It was Kelley, and he wanted us to come over to the porter's office—he had found the murderer. The professor slipped out of his trunks and into a burlap bag in the twinkling of an eye, donned a tuque and his most mysterious smile, and vanished from my startled gaze.

I found them all surrounding the cowering culprit, who, with trembling nether lip, was shouting, "Yes, I killed him, and I'm not sorry. I've taken out every girl he ever asked down here. And why not? I'm his best friend, ain't I? But Sally, she came out with some fool crack about having been asked here by Eddy, and absolutely refused to go swimming in the St. Francis, even without my millstone about her neck." At this point several students of theology crossed themselves and one trembled as he reached up to assure himself that his new halo was still in place. The phalanx of wardens nervously slipped the safety catches of their submachine guns. The prisoner straightened his tie and flickered the imaginary piece of dust from his immaculate sun suit. "Yes, there are lots of people that I have tried to kill around here, but they continue to walk about as if they weren't full of lead. I'm glad that I have finally killed somebody. Too bad that it had to be Eddy—he owed me thirty-seven cents."

He leaped to his feet with a scream, knocked out his pipe, and with a final wail that I shall hear until my dying day, dived through the open window under the wheels of the passing train.

Little Ephraim smiled a little smile as he walked across the quadrangle. Reaching up, he hoisted himself up on top of a hydrant, and absently tossing Mills bombs into a parked car of late revelers, he mused, "Sally's a wonderful girl. I wish my other daughters had as much sense. I must try to graduate soon, so that I can make enough money to buy her a dress. That steamer rug I found for her, well, its really a sight." He drew out his English drill book and continued his work on the first page.

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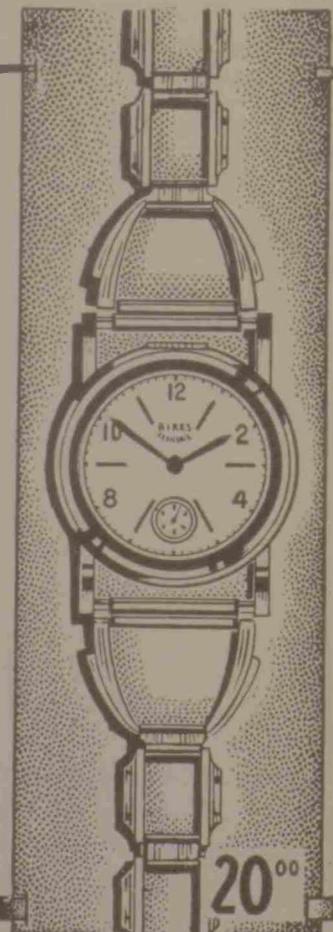
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The Pacifist

DONALD ROSS

Alan Winstanley trudged slowly down a dust-laden street in the little mining town of Aldbrickham. He was a slight young man of medium height, with stooped shoulders and a long, thin face. He walked with his eyes on the ground, and his slow, careless gait gave him the appearance of a man who dreaded reaching his destination. In direct opposition to his almost inactive body, the youth's mind raced from one bitter thought to another. Before the present war he had been reasonably happy, both in the small preparatory school here at home, and during the two years at college in London. That had been the big mistake—he never should have gone to London. If he had gone to work in the mine, the way the other fellows did, he would have joined up as soon as the conflict started, and thought nothing of it. But those two years—arguments, bull sessions, secret meetings, lectures—had made him see the futility of war, and the injustice of a society that expected men to go to war.

Pausing to light a cigarette, his mind turned to more recent events. How angry his father had been when Alan told him he was to face the tribunal at Manchester for refusing military duty! The townsfolk were, of course, much more intolerant. Old friends refused to speak to him, though when he met people on the street, their glances cried "Coward!" at him. He knew he was no coward. He knew it took more courage to face persecution (especially that of the tribunal) as he had done, than it did to join the army. Nevertheless, he winced as he thought of the chairman's remarks: "Your health, age, and ability qualify you for military duty. Your father served his country in the last war. You call yourself a conscientious objector, yet you have no objection to war on religious grounds. Your objection appears to be based on a selfish fear. However, for the present you will be assigned non-military duty."

That had happened two days ago. As yet he had received no further directions. He had been able to bear the objections of his parents, the cat-calls of the crowd at his trial, and even the hostility of his townspeople. He had been able to bear these tribulations, knowing that others like himself had situations like his own to contend with. He had been able to bear them, knowing that he had left one friend who understood him. But now even she had forsaken him, that very afternoon, telling him in strong language that she would have nothing more to do with him. The words she had used kept repeating themselves over and over in his brain. Sue, who had been his best pal from childhood, no longer recognized him as a friend. Sue,

who had grown up with him, who had even forgiven him when he took influenza the week before their graduation dance, now hated him. They had never really been in love, but they had been such good chums that Alan had known he would some day marry her. And now she, like all the others, had renounced him. And only because she didn't understand things.

Preoccupied by his thoughts, Alan had failed to notice how unusually empty the streets were. As he turned the corner onto the road that passed by his own house, his attention was drawn to a scene of much activity. Far down the street a large building was on fire—he could not tell what one at that distance—and half the population of the town was gathered around, either helping the fire-fighters, or hindering them by trying to get a good view of the conflagration. Alan increased his pace, and as he passed his own home he recognized the building. It was an old laundry which was now occupied by the newly formed Aldbrickham Munitions Corporation, a recent offspring of the war. The building was not large; it employed about twenty men, most of whom were too old to carry arms. The fire was by now well under way, and occasional licks of flame could be seen through the upper windows, from which dense clouds of smoke were pouring.

"Started by an explosion," a man at the back of the crowd explained to Alan. "Everyone got out safely but poor old Jack Martin. They've given him up, poor fellow. He was seventy-one last November."

"Can't they find him?" Alan asked. He remembered Martin, a kindly widower who used to make wooden whistles for the boys in the neighbourhood.

"They can't go in to look," replied the spectator. "It seems that the place is full of some sort of poisonous gas from the materials they use. It would be suicide to go in."

"Nitrogen dioxide," volunteered a younger man in soldier's uniform. "There's a huge tank of nitric acid in the cellar, and the heat is decomposing it. You can see the gas coming out of that side window." He pointed to one of the lower windows that had been broken by the firemen, and from which wisps of brown gas could be seen escaping. "Is your name Winstanley?"

Alan wondered why the soldier looked into his face so keenly, until he remembered that his picture had been in the town weekly the day before. He admitted his identity, and was hurt by the look of contempt that came over the soldier's face before he moved on, either to see the fire from another angle, or to find more agreeable company. Other

“My Reverie”

I've been dreaming again. I'm always dreaming. Whenever I'm not dreaming I'm sweeping. I've been alternately dreaming and sweeping for a good many years now. At least, long enough to have been able to cut my sweeping time to a minimum. Every morning I reach the end of my route a way ahead of schedule. The bloke on duty on the other side of the street sticks strictly to the time-table, always arriving at his destination on the dot—which is half an hour later than I. There is a lovely, old, wooden bench under a spreading oak up on a soft, grassy bank just a few paces from where my work ends. So when I lay down my broom, and am waiting for the truck to pick me and my sweepings up I usually stroll over to the bench, and stretch out,—and dream.

In my dreams I have dealt with a wide variety of different situations. I have been murdered, and have committed the crime myself. I have rescued damsels in distress, and they have rescued me. By feats of strength I have overcome the blackest villains, and they have overcome me—by feats of strength. I have hunted wild animals, and they have hunted me. I have been tormented by love. Great is the range of my unconscious imagination. It has enabled me to travel to many distant lands. I have lain on the golden sands of Wakiki plucking breadfruits from a nearby whatever-breadfruits-grow-on while from a copse of palm trees floated the sweet melody of twanging guitars mingled with the voluptuous swish of grass skirts. I have stood shivering in Alaskan snowy wastes watching a chorus of Eskimos go through their routine in moccasins, tights, and ear-mufflers. In the heart of the African jungle I have seen natives waltzing to the strains of the “Tales of the Vienna Woods.” I have been to Russia, and have conferred with Molotov, Rachmanenof, Buljanof, Abrahamovitch, and Ulovanovitch; the purpose of the conferences being, of course, beside the point.

This morning while stretched out on the old, wooden bench I had a most extraordinary dream. Once more I was at Bishop's. It did not occur to me until I was standing in the Quad after having come slowly across the Massawippi and up the drive that it actually was Little Oxford. Everything was as I had last seen it. The whole atmosphere was unchanged. To my right the New Arts Building still stood, although I can't think why all the windows were shattered; to my left and in front of me the Old Arts was as it had always been. For some unknown reason I began to feel that there had been a change after all. I turned round so that I was facing the eastern horizon, but I could not see it. A

large, unfamiliar edifice obstructed my view. Suddenly the realization made me gasp. “The new Science Building,” I muttered. I moved closer to look at the cornerstone mutilated by many re-engravings.

The place seemed deserted. All was still, the silence occasionally being broken by the roar of many human voices which came from the direction of the football field. I sauntered out of the Quad, through the cloisters, and turned to my right. On arriving at the spot, at the corner of the building just under Convocation Hall, where one gets one's first view of the campus I beheld a wonderful sight. There where the football field had been rose a magnificent stadium—the Bishop's Bowl. The stands were packed with cheering crowds; even now they were yelling. “Touchdown! Touchdown! Touchdown!” went up like a fervent prayer to the gods of the gridiron. Eager to join the fray I ran down to one of the gates, paid a very unpopular price, and was soon seated high up in the vast arena gazing down upon a strangely familiar sight. It was an old scene in a new setting. There strung out on the five-yard line the maroon monsters crouched. The men in purple broke from their huddle, and came up for the last play of the game determined to make good this chance of victory. The ball was snapped. Some men shifted in perfect rhythm, others pivoted, while still others lunged forward to perform their various interfering jobs, and in a simple “single wing-back to the right off middle-plunge crisscross-forward pass” play he went over standing up. In the terrific din that followed I heard someone say, “Those Irishmen just don't seem to be able to beat the Bishop's Bowl jinx.”

The Chapel bell began to toll out its evening summons, and automatically I proceeded to my room to get my gown. I found the room in which I had resided for three glorious years (or was that too a dream?) untouched. Dr. Pryde took my name at the door without betraying any surprise at my presence. The members of the Faculty were seated in their customary places. They had not changed, no more than the Chapel itself had. It seemed to me that each one must be encased in a vacuum through which time could not penetrate. During the service my attention was drawn to a tall lad with rather equestrian features and a loud voice. He seemed more eager to respond than most of the congregation for his amens were very distinct. At times he found a place for them in the middle of a prayer. Beside him stood twins. At first glance one would have marked them down as orientals, but I noticed later as they went out that they had a decided nautical roll to their walk. In

JAMES FLINTOFT

the same pew were three other young men. Two of them gave an impression reminiscent of the I.R.A. In direct contrast the third's proud, defiant carriage lent an atmosphere of imperialism to the pew. On the other side of the Chapel up near the reading desk a fair-haired youth sat whose grim Hungarian features and blank stare suggested deep thought. Six or seven dark, thick-set chaps were also in that row. They reminded me of two Yugoslavian lads I once knew. On our way out after the service a fellow came up to me and said, “But Boy! There are plenty of rabbits in the Gaspé.” I tried to look as intelligent as possible.

In the dining room I took my place where I had always sat without encountering any resistance. Those around me did not show any signs of perplexity on seeing me. No sooner had we sat down than cries went up demanding the immediate presence of Dewhurst. After a dignified interval had elapsed, little moustacheless Jim came trotting out of the scullery. Evidently he still delighted in tantalizing the poor students. It was the same old stuff of starting and maintaining a pointless argument at one end of the table which did not take long to kindle the wrath of the impatient occupants of the other end, and caused the most abusive threats, mingled with curses, to be hurled at him. Then with an offended expression on his face he reprimanded them by saying, “Pardon me for checking you, sir, but when I'm talking to a gentleman—.”

“Oh! For God's sake, Jim, shut up, and get me some-

Seascape

Soon will the lonely petrel
Bank upon my thought,
And I shall watch again
Him lay a wing against the heart.

Ocean-shirker, land-shorn,
Sinewed on headlong air
Shall flaunt his flight mnemonic
To my solid flesh, my fear.

Oh then, as he, claim ocean,
Parallel the thunderous wave
In mad heroics make
O my soul your glorious leave.

Now, now as this bird
The wilderness of ocean
Wings, one with prophetic
Joy, the midnight's acclamation!

Oh suddenly! or I
Within my fearful thought
Oh I shall know, shall know
Love lay a wing along the heart.

Ralph Gustafson

thing to eat.”

“Lamb or ham, sir?”

“Bring them both in, you sawed-off totem-pole, and let me judge for myself.”

Then from the other end, “How about a couple of poached eggs, Jim?”

“No. No poached eggs to-night.”

(Threateningly) “Come on, Jim.”

“You'll have to speak to the chef.”

“I swear I'll break your neck if you don't do as I say.”

“Pardon me, sir, for—”

“Oh! Get the hell out of here, and bring me some corn flakes.”

“—But is that the way to talk when you want something?”

“Get out.”

“Yes, sir.”

And off he trotted making a bad job of concealing a triumphant grin.

It struck me that there was no loafing around the halls after supper. The answer to my inquiry as to the reason for this was that the Christmas exams were only two and a half months off, and swotting was in full swing. At this point I woke up.

The truck had just arrived. I tossed my broom and sweepings into the back, hopped up beside the driver, and headed home for lunch.

Lornlay

On Lornlay Hill the ground is white
With the sweet drift of apple trees;
And there I met my love by night.

On Lornlay, lo! the moon was white
We told our shallow blisses, these
We named by moon and candlelight:

We numbered haunted kisses, these
By yellow moon and candlelight;
Bitter the scent beneath the trees;

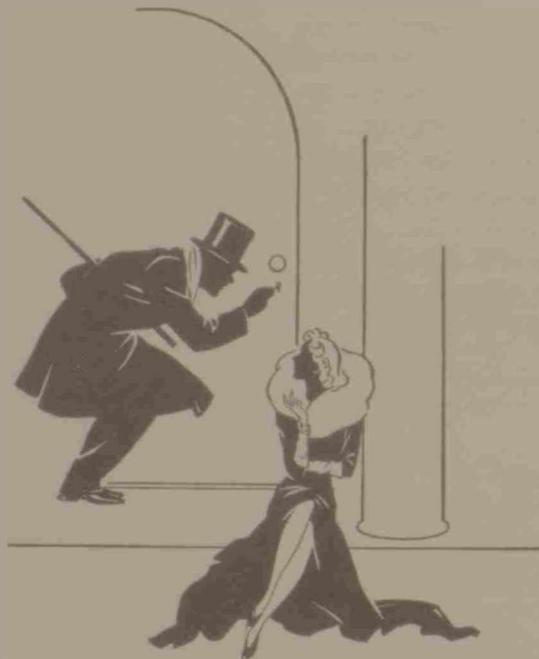
Bitter the scent that ferment frees
Of blossoms broken in the night
By one dejected on his knees;

Moon-weird and empty is the sight,
A haunted Lornlay; in the trees,
A murmuring, and wistful flight.

With broken blooms beneath the trees
The air is steeped, the ground is white;
I taste, and listen on my knees,
By moon and fallow candlelight.

Neil Tracy.

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Letter To John Williamson

GEORGE WHALLEY

"At 9 o'clock this morning 2nd Lieut. John Williamson, 20 years old, was found dead in his room in Fort Redoubt. A revolver, from which one shot had been fired, was found lying beside the body. There was no indication of foul play.

"His fellow officers report that he got up this morning at the usual hour and seemed to be in good spirits. He went to his room shortly before nine. A few minutes later a shot was heard and when investigations were made he was found already dead."

I did not know. You did not tell me, John, I could not guess that there was trouble.

You came to Redoubt a month ago. It was no distance from my home. Yet on the one occasion when you came to see me three days ago I had already gone away. I was careless and blind. If only I had not missed you, if only I had come to see you, if only you had told me, you would be living now.

Between now and the time that you left school, I saw you only the once, and then at a distance. I was walking among the rocks above the coast road, you were on the road above the sea. I waved and called to you. The wind was blowing off the sea and took the sound of my voice from you. But you saw me and waved. Then you looked up at the grey sky. You stood looking out over the water for a few moments. You turned and walked through the gateway of the fort, and the birds stopped singing. You looked lonely, and in the cry of the sea I heard the ache and echo of your sadness. I said, "I will see him when I get home again. We have all life before us." That was four days ago. You have finished with sadness now.

At school you were quiet and strong and had a keen eye. You were gentle for all your strength, and unselfish for all your silence. You were often light-hearted, but always there was a tear in it, a little veil of tragedy that surrounded you. You seemed to be alone inside yourself, as though you had once been very sorrowful and the sunlight had never come back. I think it was in your eyes.

We had known each other a long time before you told me that your father had been killed saving your life. You told me quietly, as though you were tired or in pain, or as though you were giving me the last little morsel of yourself.

You never led, but you could laugh and were full of courage. When Gerald fell off the cliff nobody but you would have dived after him. You did not hesitate. A hundred feet might have been as many inches. There must have been much of your father in you.

But this morning, John, when you looked to see if your

revolver was loaded, did you not remember, did you not think? Did there not come into your mind a memory of the mornings on the cliffs, the dawning mist over the water, the stillness without wind? Did you not remember now the cold river pressed about us, and how we stood on the rocks naked and full of young laughter? Or the starlight in spring, or the boy called Yan? Did you not remember? Free to wander in the sunlight and the warm darkness.

Each spring the cawing of the crows seemed more beautiful than anything we had ever heard before. We heard the patter and laughter of loons taxiing, the whirr of the nighthawk, the lament of the whiskered whippoorwill in the evening swamp holding a choir-practice for her young birds and losing patience with them. We saw the outspread flight-pinions of the osprey taking a fish, saw the down-lustre on new chestnuts, and in the boll of an old apple tree the swallow's white eggs scarcely visible in their nest lined with white mother-breast feathers. In the fall we saw the squirrels swimming from the islands to the mainland, their tails floating high in their wake. We felt the warmth and softness of the little rabbit that, for fear of us, swam across the thaw-pool. His eyes were wide with fright. We wrapped him in a sweater and left him under a bush. He was gone when we came back and the nest in the wool was still warm. Remember? We listened to the wind making silk in the pine needles.

John, we treasured these things away against the darkness. Could you not hear? Could you not see? If you had told me I could have given you the eyes to see the sun, and the colours, the rich colours: and the ears to hear the birds and the frogs and the pine-needles.

You were alone, desperately alone, shut inside the cold fortress of yourself. It was autumn over the barren coast. It was barren and grey inside you. The birds had gone south, and you could see no beauty in the grey-green lichen and the tentacled sea-wrack.

You listened to the sea, and you were of its nature, strong and cold, and hungry with a desperate hunger. One by one all the lovely things, all the beautiful things, all the precious things dropped away from you. You stood alone, desolate and empty, the sea's hunger calling. This morning the last scrap of beauty fell away from you and left you naked and empty and alone. The sea cried with an exquisiteness of grief and pain that you thought was joy. The darkness of deep water filled you.

You took a pistol and killed yourself, hearing the birds no more.

sorption of beer than to the reading of the classic drama. If Bernard Shaw had been born with a beard, then Mr. Boar



had been born with a large cigar in his mouth, and indeed, he had gone further than that; for he had managed to make his hat seem part of his head. He could also hit a spittoon while engaged in conversation, at a distance of five yards.

At first I gathered that Mr. Boar didn't think it wise to produce "The Indian Knife" at the Forester's Music Hall. He expressed himself in no uncertain terms, but with the aid of liquid refreshment, followed, as far as I was concerned, with a severe bilious attack, this histrionic magnate was persuaded that a production of "The Indian Knife" might add colour and prestige to his Music Hall. And so, a date was fixed for a public presentation. Unfortunately, Noel Hunt developed mumps three days before production and all the intricate work of stage management was thrown upon my own shoulders.

The great day arrived, and the play was timed to appear immediately after the intermission. An acrobatic troupe preceded the intermission, and this included a fluffy female who did a realistic "strip tease" as a finale to the act. Flossie Higginbottom witnessed this exhibition from the wings and turned round to me, saying, "I refuse to go on!" This placed me in a very embarrassing position, and I turned to Flossie and said, "I beg your pardon?" She repeated, "I re-

fuse to go on"; and although I explained to her that the love interest in my play would be ridiculous without her, she kept repeating, "I refuse to go on."

Here was a situation which I had not anticipated. I went down on my knees to Flossie Higginbottom, and implored her to be reasonable. I ripped a hole in the stage cloth with my spurs, and finally plunged my fist through an oak tree, and the boa constrictor fell on the head of a perfectly frightful-looking stage hand, who promptly unwound himself from the debris, and punched me in the nose. I became most annoyed. I had no time to think about the man who said to his friend, "You have burned my house, robbed me of my money, put salt in my tea, stolen my wife, kidnapped my pet monkey, and generally blasted my whole life—I warn you! Don't go too far!"

I ran amuck. I sent a terrific left at the stage hand's jaw, and loosened all his wisdom teeth. He made a mess of me, and I finally landed into the arms of the nude acrobat. Mr. Boar came up and sent out a verbal smoke screen, and finally Flossie Higginbottom consented to "go on."

The curtain went up on "The Indian Knife" and I made my debut before the public. On my entrance there was a mighty roar. I shall never forget it. I have never been able to understand the real motive underlying this



reception; but as the Scotchman would say, "I ha mi doots."

Somebody had deliberately placed obstacles in my way, and when I opened my mouth to speak, all the lights on the stage were extinguished. In the darkness, Flossie tripped over a row of nails (bottoms up) and her silk dress was torn from her shoulders. When the lights went on again, there she was, standing stage centre, in a pair of mauve panties and pea-green garters. She appeared to be ossified.

Then the bombardment began which caused Flossie to "Go off"—as a matter of fact, she was hooked off the stage with a long pole. Her screams died away in the distance and missiles continued to fly around. I discovered them to be "eggs." I knew this because I had to scrape one out of my mouth. Then an overripe plum arrived and hit me on the left ear. Next followed a bunch of carrot, accompanied by some mushy variety of vegetable which completely ruined my uniform. The juice from the plums began to filter down my back, and I stumbled towards the footlights and shouted, "Look here! This is ridiculous!" And the audience seemed to agree with me.

To round off the proceedings, some idiot launched a gas attack, and several small glass bombs alighted at my feet, and quickly put an end to my career. The curtain came



down and the orchestra struck up a Whitechapel ditty

called "Father bring the coke hammer, there's a fly on baby's forehead."

I was in despair. No calamity can produce such paralysis of the mind as despair. It is the climax of human anguish. The mental powers become frozen with indifference, and the heart becomes ossified in its tracks. The soul is shrouded in gloom. No words of consolation, no cheerful bantering can break the death-like silence which follows the filtration of overripe plums down the back. Despair might develop into madness when the plums are followed by the fumes of sulphurated hydrogen. I found myself in a state of torpid dormancy. My cerebral organs were totally deranged. And all this misery was caused because I had a false estimate of my powers. I think men are like tea, for the strength is never drawn out of them until they have been in hot water.

Flossie was busy telephoning her lawyer. I didn't wait to say good-bye to anyone. I didn't even get back to my dressing room. En route, I was seized by the frightful-looking stage hand, and thrown into the gutters of Whitechapel.

The only humorous episode accompanying this series of events was the fact that a cousin of mine who was working in a bank, had promised, in the absence of Noel Hunt, to stage manage the show. He arrived at the stage door of the Forester's Music Hall half-an-hour after my exit. Upon investigation, I found that my cousin had arrived at the stage door in a handsome cab, and had put on full evening dress, complete with a monocle. He said that he was the stage manager of "The Indian Knife." Before he could say anything more he was seized by the stage hand and thrown back into the cab, with the request that he should be dumped in the river. For quite a time my cousin refused to speak to me, in fact this incident caused a serious strain in family friendship, all around.

My stage debut was climaxed by painful corporal punishment, and by a decree that I should have to cross the "Pons Asinorum" a dozen times after school hours, for a whole week.

My next stage appearance came about seven years later, when I was fortunate enough to be engaged by the late Sir George Alexander, at St. James Theatre, London, to play in Sir Arthur Pinero's play, "His House in Order."

of this boundary face substantially the same problems. Maine and New Brunswick talk about the same worries; Cleveland hates John L. Lewis no less heartily than Toronto; dust means the same tragedy in Saskatchewan as it does in the Dakotas.

In practical, immediate, everyday affairs the Canadian can understand his cousin (or frequently his brother-in-law or brother) to the south. But when that brother acts from decisions which spring from deeper more basic attitudes, he is confused and believes that the relationship is pretty thin after all and here's a man to be watched. The confusion is greater when ten to thirty millions of that cousin's cousins do something which affects the livelihood of the Canadian and seemingly threaten his way of life. Then he is hurt and suspicious and even angry.

The sorry truth is that the average Canadian has accepted the three thousand miles of undefended border platitude so long that he doesn't appreciate its full meaning. He has allowed himself to be cast for the part of unofficial ambassador of the Empire and has played the part very badly. He has made little or no attempt to know American history, aside from a few dates and battles and names. Consequently he is entirely unfamiliar with incidents which have dictated actions of the federal government in the past and which have become the warp and woof of Washington's policy today.

This lack of knowledge might be pardonable in an average run of the mill Canadian. It cannot be forgiven, though, when it becomes the boast of those whose duty it is to know better. I remember the bland humor of a seemingly well-educated Englishman who told me that he'd just heard about the war of 1812, "A couple of gunboats on a lake, was it not?" It amused me when he asked; but not when I read the biography of Andrew Jackson and learned how much the defeat of the British at the Battle of New Orleans in 1815 has coloured the antipathies of the South. Today,

An Etching and A Song

There's midnight mist upon the moon,
And in the starless sky
Strange moonlight magic weaves a veil
Dipped in a witch's dye.

And moon-born fairies slide upon
The shafts of misty light,
While snow is falling, snow on snow:
An etching, black and white.

The sightless breezes softly sing
An old antiphonal,
With ragged trees responding low,
Sad and poetical.

And in the shadow-black of hills
Where sylvan voices throng,
I hear a weird, unearthly strain:
A moon-begotten song.

Leon Adams.

January 8, the anniversary of the final battle is celebrated all over the country with Jackson Day dinners. While they are manifestly to raise money to pay off the Democratic party deficits and are a revival of the dinner President Jackson gave to mark the paying off of the national debt in 1832, this nice distortion is overlooked and the memory and deeds of crochety General Jackson are raucously hymned anew. And even if the diners don't understand Old Hickory's prejudices and hatreds, they accept them as part of the heritage which gives direction to the attitudes of a large bulk of the party he founded over a century ago.

Now, I don't intend to recommend that Canadians should drop every thing and point their whole educational system toward the south instead of across the Atlantic. In their own interest, however, I feel that they must be less prone to complain that Americans don't act as they should. It is their job, by hook or crook, to learn a lot about the United States. And how better can they learn than by a wider, more intelligent reading of American literature; particularly the many fine definitive biographies of statesmen which have appeared in the last few years. Not to overlook literature and history in the making they should undertake a searching examination of the problems which face the country today by going to their public libraries and looking into such topflight magazines as *Harpers*, the *Atlantic*, *Fortune*, and *Time*.

We have a sound literary authority for doing this, because novelists of every country have told us what many of us know from our own experiences: that cousins are harder to live with than strangers. And though the original blood tie which bound us to the south has been thinned considerably by torrents of foreign blood from every corner of Europe and is now not much thicker than water, we still speak the same language, pretty much. They live right next door. They are tremendously important. It's time we got to know them.

Stage Dust; My Histrionic Debut

DICKSON-KENWIN

In these days one is apt to get so crammed full of everything, that one really knows nothing at all. I am reminded of the school boy who was asked to define anatomy: he wrote, "Anatomy is the human body which consists of three parts, the head, the chist, and the stummick. The head contains the eyes and brains, if any. The chist contains the lungs and a piece of liver. The stummick is devoted to the bowels, of which there are five, a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes y and w."

To be bright and cheerful under all circumstances requires great effort and courage, and those who are able to retain a sense of hope and humour, will be the ones who will win through in the end.

A little time ago, in Toronto, I heard a dear old lady ask a street car inspector if it would be dangerous to put her foot on the car line. The inspector replied that it would be perfectly safe provided that she placed the other foot on the trolley wire.

"Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute;

What you can do, or think you can—begin it."

At the age of fifteen, I was in earnest about taking up a stage career. So one day I escaped from school to visit the Royal Theatrical Garden Party at Regents Park, London, which was being held for the benefit of the Actors' Orphanage Fund. I thought that here it would be possible to see all the great stars of the stage gathered together sans make-up, sans wigs, sans mannerisms. I was greatly thrilled. One of the sideshows was a juicy melodrama called "Buckets of Blood." This was an impromptu entertainment presented by Gerald du Maurier, and in the caste were Ellen Terry, H. B. Irving, and Beerbohm Tree. I remember seeing Brandon Thomas, author of "Charlie's Aunt" standing on a platform outside the tent theatre, barking like a "midway" showman. He caught sight of young Bernard Shaw in the crowd of spectators, and shouted: "Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, walk up, and see the live monkeys stuffed with straw, feathers in their hats and feathers in their caps, walk up! Walk up!" Then he pointed at Shaw and said—"See that young fellow over there—that's Bernard Shaw, the only man born with a beard; soon he will be promoted to a British top hat—Walk up ladies, walk up." Bernard Shaw called back: "You're a rotten actor, Brandon"; and the latter replied, "I quite agree with you, old top, but what is our opinion among so many?"

This scene greatly impressed me, and I actually believed that Bernard Shaw had been born with his beard, and I

thought if that were really so, I might have been born an actor. And so, on the 4th of June, 1897, I became a stage-struck youth.

I was a somewhat unruly pupil at the West Hampstead Preparatory School, and my particular chum was Master Bonavia-Hunt, who later became one of England's most famous organ builders. As a boy, Hunt was an extraordinary fellow whose hobbies were practical joking and amateur chemistry. I remember that he once succeeded in constricting a calcined wart which grew in the nape of his neck, into the shape of a collar stud. He fixed his Eton collar to this wart, and I shall never forget his howls when he stooped down to pick up a book.

I confided in my chum the day following the garden party, and he thought I was destined for a stage career, so between us we wrote a one-act play and called it "The Indian Knife." We wrote about India because Noel Hunt's sister once met somebody who had been there. "The Indian Knife" was just as dark and juicy as "Buckets of Blood." There was a grey-haired villain, a comic chambermaid, and a village policeman. I decided to play the part of Percy Vere de Vere, and, subsequently, a supposedly professional actress, Flossie Higginbottom, was engaged to play the romantic heroine. One line in the play which stood out and for which Noel Hunt was responsible, was "You are not the daughter of your mother, she is your aunt, and Rudolph is heir to the estate." My elder sister typed the script, and it was complete in every detail, including such directions as "Go to L" and "Exit through gap in hedge, cautiously."

The scene took place in a dark and gloomy forest, with half a dozen armchairs dotted about in casual positions. We arranged to have a dummy boa constrictor hanging from one of the trees. The locality in which this awful mess was to be presented was somewhere near the summit of Mount Everest. Noel Hunt and I kept this venture secret until we found a suitable opportunity to launch it upon the public.

Finally we managed to get an introduction to Mr. Frederick Boar, manager of the Forester's Music Hall in White-Chapel. This opportunity came through influence, and owing to the fact that Noel Hunt's aunt sent her laundry to a Chinaman who knew somebody who lived next door to somebody else who had an interest in an east-end opium den near the Forester's Music Hall.

I interviewed Mr. Boar, who was a man who presided over the destinies of a community more prone to the ab-

that seems to Pater best to achieve that union of the intellect and the imagination "where artists and philosophers and men of action breathe a common air and catch heat and light from each other's thoughts." In his volume of *Studies in the Art and Poetry of the Renaissance* Pater, whose admiration of the Middle Ages appears elsewhere, especially in his essay on the cathedral of Amiens, first demonstrates that the spirit of the Renaissance is already discernible in mediaeval days in the history of Abelard and the legend of Tannhäuser and in the languid delicacy of the troubadours. Then we are introduced successively to Pico della Mirandola, who in fifteenth century Florence attempted to reconcile Christianity with the religion of ancient Greece; to Sandro Botticelli, painter of ineffably melancholy Madonnas; to the ethereal grace and purity of Della Robbia's reliefs; to the strange interfusion of sweetness and strength in Michelangelo; to Leonardo da Vinci with his enigmatical and exotic genius; to the shadowy figure of Giogione, with whose memory the fantastic splendour of Venice is traditionally interwoven.

But beauty to Pater is not merely a matter of painting and sculpture and what are known as the fine arts. It is equally to be aimed at in the intellectual activity of the mind and in one's conduct of life as a whole. The full enjoyment of beauty, that is to say, involves philosophy, and it involves religion. Pater's volume of *Plato and Platonism* deals with the milieu and the work of the greatest of philosophers and discusses in a delightful non-technical manner the supreme aesthetic value of Plato's method and Plato's doctrine. To Pater, Plato is the greatest of philosophers because he is the philosopher of love. The sensuous lover in Plato becomes a lover of the invisible but still a lover after his earlier pattern, carrying into the world of intellectual vision all the associations of the actual world of sight. He is able, in fact, to think and feel about abstract ideas as though they were living persons, almost corporeal, as if with hands and eyes; and the idea of Beauty becomes for Plato the central idea of his philosophy. As for the Platonic process of arriving at truth, Pater describes it as a journey to the top of a mountain, an operation the very converse of mathematical or demonstrative reasoning. It is only upon the final step, with free view at last on every side, uniting together and justifying all those various, successive, partial apprehensions of the difficult way—only on the summit, comes the intuitive comprehension of what the true form of the mountain really is; with a mental, or rather an imaginative hold upon which, for the future, we

can find our way securely about it; observing perhaps that, next to that final intuition, the first view, the first impression, had been truest about it.

Pater's most ambitious and most important work is the famous contemplative novel, *Marius the Epicurean*, dealing with the spiritual history of an aristocratic young Roman of the second century A. D. who, having been brought up in an environment of old-fashioned Roman piety, comes in contact with various phases of contemporary culture, is captivated by the literary charm of the brilliant writers then in vogue, and won over by the hedonistic philosophy of the Cyrenaics while at the same time filled with reverence for the noble Stoicism of his imperial master, and finally comes under the spell of the primitive Christian community that surely seemed to be bringing into the unhappy pagan world a strangely pure and serene delicacy of outlook that might prove the solace and the anodyne of its great sorrows. In this magnificent though melancholy narrative Pater has summed up his aesthetic philosophy and has at the same time recaptured the mood of that fascinating era of the Antonines, the age of Lucian and Marcus Aurelius and of that kindred spirit Apuleius whose tale of Cupid and Psyche, the loveliest of allegories, is here retold and serves almost as the keynote of the whole book. For Psyche stands for the human soul that wandering hither and thither rests not night nor day in pursuit of the vision of divine beauty, which having once experienced though but dimly and intermittently it knows no peace until the union that has been broken becomes indissoluble. But the happy ending of the fairy story is not paralleled in our life on this earth. For the quest of the soul no satisfactory consummation is to be expected; complacency with our attainment means that the adventure has been abandoned. And this is the note on which Marius concludes, summing up the genuine aesthetic attitude as one of eager, heroic endeavour far removed from the languidly voluptuous mood of decadent hedonism. "Surely," says Pater, as he brings to a close the tragic story of Marius, "the aim of a true philosophy must be, not in futile efforts towards the complete accommodation of man to the circumstances in which he chances to find himself, but in the maintenance of a kind of ingenuous discontent in the face of the very highest achievement; the unclouded and receptive soul quitting the world finally, with the same fresh wonder with which it had entered it still unimpaired, and going on its blind way at last with the consciousness of some profound enigma in things as its pledge of something further to come."

" . . . And Join In Love Together "

GERALD CAMERON

Five years ago when I drove down from Ottawa to New York in the middle of a blizzard that blew out of James Bay and whisked me along the murderous slopes of the Hudson River Valley, I thought I knew a great deal about America. Not that I had travelled. Not that I knew much about anything. I merely took it for granted that the United States was a giant composite of all the notions I had gleaned from moving pictures and magazines and certain novels of great importance and popularity.

I knew, of course, that Americans were shrewd and eccentric and generous and extravagant and clever and rude. I had met several. I knew, too, that their culture was promising and interesting; but really of no great depth and not worthy of extended examination in any reputable Canadian university. I had been made aware of this two years earlier when as a freshman I had, by an honest miracle, qualified for a new honour's course in English. In this course was a section called "American Literature" and I and one other were to be the guinea pigs on whom it was to be tried out.

I was excited. Now, at last, I could get my teeth into a study of the writings of those people to the south. I would know where Washington Irving stood in relation to Hawthorne and Thoreau to Poe and Longfellow to Whitman and how all these managed to produce Hemingway and Pound and Dreiser and Mencken. I plunged into the course hungrily because I had read snippets of all these men but their works never seemed to fit into any pattern or stand in any niche in the structure of American writing.

My excitement cooled a little, however, when I was told by a very superior woman, whose opinions and dicta I heard were truth itself and whose taste and knowledge, like Mrs. Caesar's virtue, were beyond reproach, that there was no American literature. I was foolish and the university was wasting its time in attempting to elevate American writing to a place where it could be considered along side of the written expression of England or France or Germany or even Russia, to mention only the moderns. The woman was a graduate of Oxford.

But there was nothing to do: the university was committed and gave the course. I was subjected to it and it took. And after living and studying and working in the United States for five years, I am convinced that a course just like it should be required in every Canadian college and every Canadian high school.

With every part of the world in an uproar today, the United States stands in a very peculiar situation. London and Paris and Berlin and Rome are not only datelines in

newspaper dispatches. They are centers of decisions of vital significance. What they are reported as doing or saying today influences the form of our civilization tomorrow. And on this side of the Atlantic, what Washington says or does is waited on with increasing anxiety and importance in these four other capitals. What Washington does might anger Berlin or Moscow or Paris or London. It might even annoy Ottawa and incense Montreal and devastate Moose Jaw.

It is quite possible, too, that the wheat farmer in Saskatchewan and the factory hand in Ontario and the broker's clerk in Quebec might be furious at Washington and everything that Washington stands for. They might think back to 1917 or try to remember what someone told them about 1917 and become very nasty in their opinions of their cousins to the south.

But the wise money is on the fact that they don't know their cousin and have never made any attempt to know him. They have catered to his wants when the cousin came up to spend a quick vacation or to shoot a few deer or to see the "Quints". They have listened to him and felt his voice grate on their ears and have laughed politely but with more than a little pity at his ignorance of Canadian geography and history. They knew that they, themselves, couldn't be so naive or ignorant of the United States. They knew that there were forty-eight states and what the principal rivers were and who was President and what was the capital of Florida. They knew that Hollywood made movies and Chicago gangsters and New York, well, anything.

But they didn't know and the sad part of it is they didn't know, they didn't know why their cousin to the south thought as he did, or believed what he professed, or condemned what he eschewed.

The Canadians might easily excuse themselves by pointing out that the Americans don't know these things themselves; they don't even know one another. They might mention that the midwest farmer doesn't enthuse over the demands of the Pennsylvania steel worker; nor the Connecticut mill care very much about the condition of the California migrant except when she reads a "Grapes of Wrath." But, stating a fact, doesn't excuse the Canadian; because whether they like it or not to Canadians, they occupy a position of increasing importance in the relationships of the United States to the rest of the Empire and to everything that the Empire stands for. The thin ribbon of population which runs along the international boundary is very close to the variety of Americans which stretch from Maine to Washington, and the men and women on each side

EDITORIAL

The use—or rather the abuse—of the radio by modern governments in time of war has made newscasting and censorship a very nasty problem indeed. Today all parts of the world are placed in intimate contact with each other by the radio and anyone who possesses a set may hear the conflicting broadcasts of warring nations. The result has been that governments have tended to exaggerate their news reports with the twofold intention of contradicting the enemy and of undermining the civilian morale of the enemy. As an inevitable consequence no one has known exactly what to believe.

Now that we ourselves are at war this problem becomes a vital question to us. We have seen the confusion of reports when other countries have been involved and it is only natural that many should wonder if British reports are being coloured as those of other nations have been.

The British Government has appreciated this situation. The Englishman, it is hardly necessary to reassert, considers free speech to be one of his inviolable rights. He would feel that any party which proposes take away that privilege had betrayed him and he would immediately lose all confidence in these leaders. The Chamberlain policy reflects the attitude of the English people. No restrictions other than those which are absolutely necessary are placed upon the free expression of opinion in the daily press and in the House of Commons. The Englishman listens to whatever broadcast interests him. It is significant that he regularly enjoys Lord Haw Haw's program from Germany and listens without interference by authority—although *Life* professes to have "inside" information that the British cabinet is getting worried about the Nazi propagandist.

The strength of this policy is quite apparent. In the first place it ensures against the possibility of Englishmen fighting a war of which they do not approve. While freedom of speech is the rule, the policies of the government if they are to win any support, must have the sympathy of every Briton. The liberty of thought and speech in the realm indicates clearly that the British war aims will bear the uncensored criticism of the nation. In the second place a constant open comment upon the actions of the government and its agents is bound to have a salutary effect. As General Ironside has said "This press of ours that is after us like a lot of lions" is one advantage which the English have and the Germans have not.

This policy in Britain is not merely fine theory, a sop

for democratic mobs; it is actually applied. Of course, wartime conditions make certain precautions imperative. A censorship board must be inaugurated to prevent the leakage of information of military significance. It is necessary to take certain steps to safeguard public morale. When giving a news report it is only logical that reports of allied successes should be given precedence to allied reverses. Due regard must be taken of the psychological effect of a stress upon unfavourable items of news. Yet one need not fear that Englishmen will be imprisoned for speaking their minds; he is still a free citizen of a free state. British reports are of such a moderate tone as to be quite acceptable to even the sceptic; they have a ring of truth. Indeed, if the news agency published that type of exaggerated report which is typical of German sources, the practical Englishman would soon begin to wonder.

The Nazi policy is in marked contrast to the English. In Germany the average citizen is forbidden to listen to foreign broadcasts. He cannot freely discuss the policies laid down by his leaders. The freedom of his daily press is strictly curtailed. Official news reports are prone to overlook entirely Nazi reverses and to exaggerate successes. We understand that no mention was made in the German press of the naval engagements in the Norwegian waters. The recent raid on Sylt well illustrates the radical difference between the German and British policies. The British War Office could produce no photographs and they therefore reported, "Our pilots saw fires; neighbouring peoples heard terrific explosions, we believe considerable damage was done." The Germans made a retaliatory raid on a British convoy and at once asserted they had sent seven ships to the bottom. Neutral sources have since confirmed the English report that only one ship was sunk.

It would seem, therefore, that although all reports made by British sources are perhaps not absolutely accurate—the difficulty of obtaining information is very great—the English are making an honest attempt to offer the truth to the nation. The difference in the German and British methods of censorship and news reporting is but another point in the battle of ideals between the two nations. The Allies stand for freedom of individual thought, for reason, for truth; the Nazis represent rigid control, individual subservience to a higher authority. We would make the perhaps unnecessary comment that the *Mitre* throws its preponderous weight upon the side of Britain and France.

W. E. T.

The Centenary of Walter Pater*

DR. E. OWEN

Walter Pater, the centenary of whose birth has just occurred in this year 1939, was one of the greatest English prose writers of the late Victorian period and indeed one of the most cunning masters of prose harmony that English literature has ever known. To the general reader of today his name is likely to conjure up little more than a vague recollection of a somewhat fastidious and self-conscious literary epoch. Yet actually Pater can best be studied and enjoyed without reference to the transient vogue of any cult or school, and his work today even more than on its first appearance provides a stimulus and a corrective for an age struggling painfully for acceptable standards of value.

To Pater the quest for beauty is the absorbing preoccupation of a cultured existence, and the achievement of beauty in one or other of its forms provides us with our most intense and most satisfying experience. Throughout his life Pater was happily able to attain and enjoy this multiplied consciousness of beauty, which was peculiarly developed in him by a harmonious physical environment. His childhood at Enfield followed by schooldays at Canterbury and the rest of his life at Oxford resulted, to adapt his own expression, in an inward and outward being woven through and through each other into one inextricable texture. In an essay called *The Child in the House* we are presented with an exquisitely coloured though idealized picture of the writer's own early surroundings "among high garden-walls, bright all summer time with golden-rod and brown-and-golden wall-flower," where time, as he tells us "seemed to move ever more slowly to the murmur of the bees in the lime-tree, till it almost stood still on June afternoons." And again in the essay on Charles Lamb, speaking of the places where his own lot had fallen as had Lamb's before him, "Nowhere," he says, "are things more apt to respond to the brighter weather, nowhere is there so much difference between rain and sunshine, nowhere do the clouds roll together more grandly; those quaint suburban pastorals gathering a certain quality of grandeur from the background of the great city with its weighty atmosphere, and portent of storm in the rapid light on dome and bleached stone steeples." Pater's own schooldays have clearly inspired the delineation in his imaginary portrait of Emerald Uthwart of the gravely magnificent city with its typical English school where, as he says, "we teach boys their pagan Latin and Greek under the shadow of mediæval church towers, amid the haunts, the traditions, and with something of the discipline of monasticism." And it is of himself too that Pater is thinking as he describes Uthwart's plunge from

youth into manhood when he has passed finally from the old Gothic gates of the school and finds himself in his own quaint college rooms at Oxford looking out from his windows in the old black front eastwards, where on summer nights the scent of the hay, the wildflowers, comes across the narrow fringe of town to right and left; seems to come from beyond the Oxford meadows, with sensitive half-repellent thoughts from the gardens at home.

Pater's published works are all concerned in one way or another with the search for beauty and with the interpretation of its manifold varieties. Trained as a classical scholar and engaged most of his life in the teaching of classical, particularly of Greek, literature, he naturally sought in the vestiges of Hellenic culture the primary source of his inspiration. His hero is the great German humanist Winkelmann, who laid the foundations in the eighteenth century for the modern interpretation of Greek art and relived in his own person the life of ancient Greece instead of studying it academically from the outside. And so in Pater's volume of *Greek Studies* we find first a chapter on the god Dionysus and his place in mythology and art, Dionysus the ruddy god of the vineyards with his satyr train in their goatskin garb but the same Dionysus that inspired the orgies of frenzied Bassarids and the frightful vengeance upon the demented king in the great tragedy of Euripides. Here too we have the story of Demeter and Persephone as interpreted in sculpture as well as in poetry, the *mater dolorosa* of ancient Greece painfully seeking for her abducted child. Next comes a strange imaginary sketch called *Hippolytus Veiled*, where the fatal tale of Theseus' son is linked up with the grey cliffs and sloping olive yards of pre-historic Attica and with the cult of the virgin goddess Artemis who glides mystically through the dusk. This volume concludes with a series of chapters on the early stages of Greek sculpture. The great works of Greek sculpture, Pater explains, though the most abstract and intellectualized of sensuous objects, are still sensuous and material, addressing themselves in the first instance not to the purely reflective faculty but to the eye. It is its success in happily harmonizing the ideal and the sensuous that to Pater is the chief glory of the Greek genius; the delight in brightness and colour and in changeful form side by side with that love of order and severe composition, the blending of grace with an intellectual astringency, that is symbolized in Dorian architecture and in the religion of Apollo.

Next to ancient Greece it is the Italy of the Renaissance

* Broadcast over CHLT December 10, 1939.

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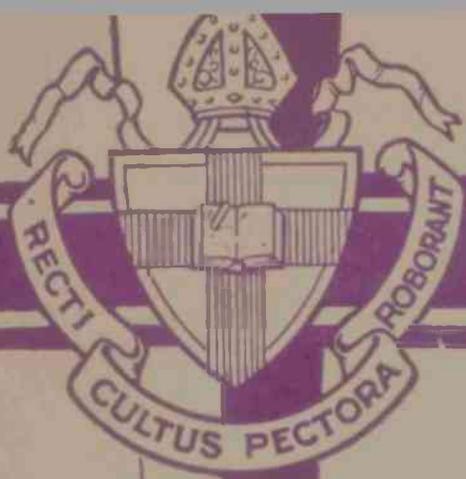


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