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for where he had shown discretion before he now shouldered his way roughly between the horses, quickly transposed the halter from the neck of the German to that of the filly. This done he adjusted the reins, hoisted the German to her back and kept up behind him.

The sudden action and unaccustomed weight shook off her dark lover's spell. With a frightened snort she stiffened, her ears cocked forward and her eyes dilated wide, another wire and she was bolting down the road towards France. The Percheron, his ardour only increased by such a display of flickleness, took after her with steady purposefulness. The remaining fillies seeing their only stallion in months disappearing followed in mad confusion.

Driver Amyas meanwhile was having some difficulty in keeping his own equilibrium and that of his captive as well. It was not until they had nearly reached the British sentry that driver Amyas glanced behind, making him fly the filly madly with the loose end of the line. Like some enormous black monster the Percheron was bounding through the night behind them, his eyes filled with longing and hate.

The sentry fearing some sort of cavalry attack gave an alarm and came running, rifle in hand. He might as well have tried to stop a Steeplechase. A shot rang out and the German clutched his hand convulsively, but the horses still kept coming. The sentry seeing them to be riderless stopped his efforts and reported to Battalion H. Q. by phone: "An ole blinkin' ghost h'arney 'as gone by. Wot's that? Ou's marmacy. Or right if you says so." Muttering strangely he went back to his post.

The race became more furious as the combined weight of driver Amyas and the German began to tell, and the filly, who after all was only a filly, showed signs of tiring. The stallion, however, with the tenacity of his gender kept coming at a steady rumble. They reached a bend in the road with the Percheron so close that driver Amyas could feel the hot foamy breath on his neck, when the weakened knees of the filly buckled. Arm in arm the riders flew over her head. A splash and a gurgle and they disappeared. Spitting mud and pebbles, driver Amyas broke the surface to feel the iron bulk of the tank beside him. Hoisting one arm about the front cowl he fished for the German, found a rein and hauled him in as an angler would a fish. Scrambling up he showed the German inside and crawled in after him, stretched his arm along the turret rim and fell fast asleep.

A bright sunlight morning brought the salvage crew, some Royal Engineers, gunner O'Toole and the commander. On rounding the corner they were greeted by a pastoral scene as pretty as any in rural England. Gathered about the tank in the shade of the bridge were some thirty horses, while in their midst a full three hands higher than anything else, stood the Percheron, his black snout nuzzling against the sleeping head of driver Amyas.

"Bejabbers it's the driver, an' a whole menagerie of beasts." O'Toole was the first to find his tongue. They doubled up with laughter till the tears ran down their cheeks in rivulets. "Holy mother of God, will ye be lookin' at the horse. It's an elephant." They woke driver Amyas up long enough to get him and the German out of the tank while they got it back on the road in running condition. They placed the German in the salvage truck and put driver Amyas in the middle seat of the tank, where he sat propped up by two empty petrol refills, a sweet alcoholic smile playing about his lips.

"Swit, an' it must have been gasoline he was drinkin'," said O'Toole wrinkling his nose in disgust at the high octane quality of the driver's breath made itself apparent.

They arrived at their base, where the German was placed under guard and driver Amyas under medical supervision. Later the horses were rounded; the stallion, however, proved a disturbing influence and had to be transported to a place where he could pursue his conquests more constructively.

By the following noon driver Amyas was able to count all his fingers without fear of their shaking off, and by two o'clock he was able to stand fairly erect when called before the major. The latter, a tall gunner man with bearing eyes, brown and clipped manner of speech was reading as he came into the room. He kept reading for some time, until driver Amyas thought his legs would start going backwards like these Flamingos he had seen in Australia.

"Well, well, amazing. Armed only with a pitchfork, eh? Hope you're feeling better. Nasty thing to ride. Useful information from your captive. I'm writing H. Q. in my next dispatch, will see to it that you get mentioned. Good work. Take two days leave, need rest you know. That's all."

One night a few months later the unit had assembled in a depot preparatory to moving up. "An' like I said, these here saddle cans can't hope to do one half wit an intelligent horse can." Driver Amyas stopped and lit his pipe, looked around as if expecting some disputation, remark, but bearing none he flitted an imaginary sigh from his Memory Service ribbon and eased himself back. Only gunner O'Toole could be heard to mutter between mouthfuls what might have been a rather discourteous "Blitney."
into a curious Arch. . . . This useful Compound may be had at 1/6 an ounce (with full Directions for using it) at Mr. Smith's Flower, in the Market-Place, Bath.

Before we finish with the "Quarterly", may we take time to mention the last item in the magazine, a short story called "Kreuger's Loan," which is written around a rather unusual plot.

The students at Trinity College School are to be congratulated on publishing a large and interesting number of "The Record" to commemorate the Seventy-Fifth Anniversary of their school. The magazine contains accounts of incidents in the school history, notes on Old Boys, and photographs of persons who were connected with the school in its early days and of the school itself. May we extend to T.C.S. our best wishes for many years of success in the future.

We have received and read with pleasure the following:

The McMaster University Quarterly, Hamilton, Ont.
The Record, Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.
The Queen's Review, Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.
Cracow, Auckland University College, Auckland, N.Z.
The College Cord, Waterloo, Ont.
L'Hebdo Laval, Laval University, Quebec, Que.
The Xavierian Weekly, St. Francois Xavier University, Antigonish, N.S.
The Bev Students, Bev College, Lewiston, Maine.
The Aquinian, St. Thomas University, Chatham, Ont.
The Sacred Heart University, Baltimore, Md.
The Acadia Athenaum, Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.
Cap and Gown, Wycliffe College, University of Toronto.
The Manitoban, University of Manitoba, Winnipeg, Man.
The Challenger, St. John Vocational School, St. John, N.B.

THE GUILD OF THE VENERABLE BEDE

On September 17, 1908, there was founded at Bishop's University the Guild of the Venerable Beude. This guild has a two-fold object, that of forming a bond between the Divinity House and its past and present members, and of encouraging mutual interest and assistance. The Venerable Beude is the patron Saint of English Theological Scholarship. At the University the members in residence join together in the daily offices in the Oratory and the weekly celebration of Holy Communion on Thursdays. And those who have graduated remember their brethren of the Guild in their prayers and try wherever possible to

make special intercession at a Thursday Eucharist.
The Guild membership is now a hundred and eighty, of which number, twelve are still undergraduates. Twelve others have passed from the Church Terrestrial to the larger Church of those who have finished their earthly course. Their memory is hallowed among us and they are recalled by name with other members of the Guild on Thursday mornings.

Of the remainder, five did not proceed to Holy Orders, and two have left the Church of England to work in other communions. The rest are serving their Church in many parts of the world and in various capacities. Two have been raised to the Episcopate, the Rt. Rev'd Louis Frank Sherman, Bishop of Calgary, and the Rt. Rev'd W. H. Moorehead, Bishop of Fredericton. Two, at least, are known to be engaged in educational work, while the others are parish priests.

In Canada there are at present one hundred and eighteen Bedsemen active in all provinces but Manitoba. The largest number, forty-four, are working in Ontario, while Quebec province runs a close second with forty-two. Of the remainder, thirteen, are in the Maritimes and nineteen in the West.

Sixteen Bedsemen are now serving in England, some temporarily as curates, and others in permanent positions.

We have a representative at Cardiff, Wales, another in Jamaica, and one in far-off New Zealand. Two members are serving in missionary capacities at either side of the globe—one at the Seamen's Mission in Antwerp, Belgium, and the other in the United States. Ten Bedsemen are serving in nine States in widely separated areas of the country.

Any article about the Guild of Venerable Bede would be incomplete without reference to our beloved Dr. Frank Gifford Vial. For twenty-five years Dr. Vial gave of his time and great talents as Wardens of Divinity House and professor of Pastoral Theology. His deep understanding and fine personality have endeared him to all members and his home is a gathering-place of present and former students. Whenever a present student meets a Guildman now working in the mission field, one of the first questions he is asked is, "How is Giffy?"

Such then is the Guild of the Venerable Beude thirty-two years after its inception. Its representatives hallow their memories of the "Sheed" and enjoy a bond of fellowship which passes definition.

A. B. Craig.

JUNE, 1940

(Continued from page 10)

CATERPILLAR CAVALRY

much so that he began to whirl the pitchfork around his head dervish fashion until one of the points became fastened in the black rump behind him. The effect was electric. A sort of rage, a Ton of his black mare and the Percheron, the blood of his Agricola horse, streamed in a wild torrent down his back. He was thundering down the road in wild flight, careening from Germany to Luxembourg and back again with breath taking leaps.

A kilometer of such unrestrained advance and they settled back to a more stately pace, as befitted a heart of the Royal Stables. Driver Amyas found to his disgust that the last bottle of the Royal cellar had fallen by the wayside in the recent contretemps, and had to content himself with rehatching his alcoholic exhalations. Despite such gallant efforts to bolster his wane spirits, the scenery around him was becoming less blurring and he was able to see the desolate nature of the country.

The Percheron had apparently recovered from the effect of the earthquake, as he appeared more alert than before, sniffing the air insistently, cocking one ear and then the other. His unrest grew as they advanced, until his slow ponderous walk had changed to a prancing trot driving driver Amyas like a human cocktail shaker. The horse's breathing now came in short, sharp breaths, finally breaking into wild fits of delight as they came around a bend in the road, where, huddled in wet discomfort beneath an enormous oak were some twenty or thirty bay, chestnut, and pibald fillies. The sight of the Percheron's heaving chest and waving mane caused the driver to clamber in silence down through the assembly. Then with coy femininity they scattered in all directions.

Driver Amyas overcame the sudden sight of so much equine brawn only to whisper a hoarse, "Horse!" The Percheron, like a true gentlemen, waited no time to splash gallantly to greet his new-found ladies. One filly, a beautiful dapple, more dainty than the rest, had stayed beneath the tree where she tremblingly awaited driver Amyas and the Percheron. The latter, it appeared she had been married to in the Percheron's behalf. The general condition of war, when such national distinctions among horses had been waived. It was a happy reunion and as they had much to discuss it was with the greatest difficulty that driver Amyas was able to pacify the grey anxiety with due regard to the feelings of her erstwhile husband who was searing jealously, he was suddenly struck by the soft sleek curve of her back, and comparing it with the broad hard one he was on he decided to change. Suing the action to the thought he fell from the high back as quickly as possible, gathered himself up and proceeded to devise ways and means of bringing up the rear.

He espied a low building at the far end of the field. Making towards it he discovered a barn where the horse's food and equipment was stored. Hanging from one of the beams he found a long trapeze and halter which he proceeded to tug vigorously. Finding his efforts boomed in his veins slightly, he clambered up on two feed bins standing against the wall and gave his Percheron yank. The rams came away completely throwing him back against the feed bins, which collapsed beneath him with a rending clatter. From, where he lay he heard the excited cries of someone running towards the barn.

"Wer ist der? Ein Dech, ein Deb." Upon hearing the guttural tones harshly blasting the night driver Amyas realized that he was skirmishing with the two Cubans. Suddenly gazing up he saw a horse he had stood behind the door. As the excited German poked his head in, peering from under a raised lantern, the room was scudded around his neck with deadly precision, immediately cutting off any resistance on his part. "Now yer blasted foreigner well we won't stop." Loosening the loop to pin his arms and having studded an old piece of horse blanket in his mouth, he turned him about and held the lantern up. "Wel me beauty, come sneoping around while I'm busy y'well?" Scowling, he held his face an inch from that of the frightened German. Although he bore the insignia of the horse artillery on his uniform he was only a mere boy, probably being charged with the care of the horses which had been placed ahead of the actual defensive area.

Driver Amyas slung the traces over a beam and tied them securely. Taking the lantern, he made an inspection of the barn. At the back he found something which made him chuckle with delight. "A bottle ... Hm-m, says Am leavin' de Germans. Hair tonic. Always alcohol in hair tonic." Tilting the bottle, a remnant of pre-war French German amity, he swallowed several large mouthfuls before the heat started to melt his gold fillings. Gaping howls, clattering at his collar, he ran outside past the steaming tramp, that was burning, raising a cloud of dust and rain spout. Either his French was faulty or the alcohol was bad; whichever way he thought of it his mind seemed unable to clarify the situation. After his mouth had cooled sufficiently he was unable to find the lantern and throwing the flint and silex on the German's neck led to the two horses which were still holding lovers' tryst beneath the tree.

The "hair tonic" had obviously caressed his feelings,
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Sports

Since there has been very little athletic activity in these parts for the last month or so, the writer of this column must resort, in the main, to reminiscing in this, the last and most neglected issue of the Mitre. But there are a few recent events which might stand some sketching. Tennis, for instance, is the most brilliant sport to be seen on the campus lately. Brilliant because of the appeal of the players than the calibre of game they play. Green, yellow, red and dirty white shirts of various cuts provide a startling array when contrasted with the mono green, clay coloured courts. In the case of some students, who, I think have decided Tiran complexes, there is an obvious absence of these gay garments, and the result is only odious to the onlookers. However, since exercise is necessary to efficient studying we can perhaps excuse these ever enthusiastic fresh air fiends, and dispel our qualms with the ever popular "boys will be boys." Golf, although not so colourful, is a popular antidote to examination jitters, and I have seen quite a number of enthusiasts heading in the direction of the course at various intervals after lunch and supper. I doubt whether any extraordinary scores have been attained since golf is a game that requires strenuous concentration and can not be properly played when one is disturbed by mental oppression.

Now that the year is almost over we can look back upon the general sporting activity of the University and appraise it from a less biased point of view than was possible in the heat of the various struggles that took place rather badly from the appalling lack of time, which is the certain cause of lack of interest. Football managed to struggle through the season, and the team gave what can fairly be considered to be a good account of itself. Our losses were all by a very narrow margin, whereas our victories were sweeping and decisive. The sports of the team, and the supporters, were always high enough to make even a losing game exciting and interesting. The coach was highly satisfactory and it is hoped that he will be able to continue his good work next year. Then there was hockey, and here is where a lack of time caused a lack of interest. There is no doubt that the intermediate squad did not receive the material that was necessary to the formation of a winning team. Several capable players fretted away their time doing nothing while they could have been out at practices bolstering the team. And so the season culminated with poor results, not through any fault of the players or the coach, but because of the shortness of time and the absence of interest. The junior team was not as successful as the Intermediates, but one rowdy game against Bromptonville brightened up the season's entertainment. It was unfortunate that discretion proved to be the better part of valour, and the suggestion that a large party travel to Bromptonville for the game there was vetoed, but it was probably all for the best. Skiing was the only sport that suffered no setback this year. This was probably due to the fact that all practice in that sport is purely arbitrary, and those who were interested always found time to take a short run around the premix and a few runs down the golf course hills. We once again won the E.T. championship, and hope to repeat the success next year. Badminton did not receive the enthusiasm of former years, but nevertheless the tournament was played and several invitation contests took place. Basketball did not live up to the predictions made in this column, but the manager tells me that next year will see this sport in a very prominent position, since we have entered the Intercollegiate Intermediate League, and the material is promising. The soccer team emerged victorious in their contests with Goodspeed, and despite the smallness of the league everyone had a lot of fun. The annual golf tournament was not finished this autumn, and since Geoff Scott, one of the semi-finalists, has left, it will be quite impossible to reach a successful conclusion.

Frankly, it is hard to say what will happen next year. Football looks as though it might have a championship team, but then it has looked that way in other years and nothing has come of it. If everything continues as in the past, and as many people graduate from Loyola as we hope, there is no reason why we will not turn out a dangerous aggregation. Hockey on the other hand looks hopeless. At least seven of the regular players are graduating, and so far nothing points to some stars taking their places. Basketball, as we have said, looks hopeful, and skiing and badminton will probably carry on as they have done in the past.

But, of course, I don't know, and you don't know, in fact, nobody knows what will happen next year. So it seems to me that, since I have rambled on enough, I might as well wish you all good luck, give my congratulations to all those who have participated in sports this year, and close.
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**Notes and Comments**

In our private cosmology we have decided that there will be a special Hall set aside for (1) All bull session brigadiers, who, with the aid of maps and quotations from American news correspondences, attempt to show how we are going to win the war by moving bottle-caps, thumb-tacks, string, and other brit-ash-bric about the face of Europe; (2) Those who attempt to explain (a) what a blitz is; (b) how it works. There will also be a minor Hall set aside for those who insist on drawing comparisons between the coming examinations and the war. We shall give no mercy.

In spite of the fact that the annual Formal dance was postponed from its traditional date in the Easter term to May the third, it was the most successful dance held at Bishop's in some years. The dance was made a success furthermore by the whole-hearted co-operation of the student body. The members of the Council, the members of the Dance Committee, and the students themselves, did all the work necessary to transform Convocation Hall into the scene that greeted the dancers Friday night.

The dancers were received by the Principal and Mrs. McArthur and Doctor and Mrs. Raymond in a pastoral scene containing among other attractions a huge sun shining over the floor, and a rainbow with a pot of gold. Around the room were arbours covered with flowers containing such attractions as a real bed-bath (courtesy of Mr. John Carrol), rustic benches and a wishing well (courtesy of Miss Elaine Scott). Besides Convocation Hall itself, rooms along the lower hall of the New Arts were decorated in a wide variety of styles in sitting out rooms. Two that received a good deal of attention were Gordie Cooper's "Cave" decorated in "Deep Purple" and to which a visit rather reminded one of a visit to such smut-tastic ground attractions as "The Old Mill" or the "Caterpillar." The other was the real old-fashioned bar room "O'Boyle and O'Shaughnessy proprietor." It was complete in every detail, so the owners claimed, and included the inevitable spittoons on the floor, and the still more inevitable charming lady in the place of honour over the bar itself. This room won first prize from the Decoration Committee.

The annual Platoon Competition took place on Wednesday, April 2. To two of our cadets, W. H. Fisher and R. M. S. Bouchard, after watching the three platoons go through their pace announced that number One Platoon under 2nd Lieut. M. C. Pharo had won by a narrow margin. Number One Platoon thus holds the Ross-McMurtry trophy for a second straight year. The competition there was nothing left for the corps except the little matter of the practical examinations and the annual inspection. Both got under way after a little delay.

On May 6th, a week or so after the practical exams, the corps was inspected by Brigadier General Tremblay, the Inspector General for Eastern Canada; and Brigadier Arichambault, the Officer Commanding M. D. 4. and their respective staffs.

After the General Salute and March Past the unit was split into various groups for exhibition of the type of training received during the past year. After a short speech of congratulations to the corps and the presentation of the R.M. trophy to 2nd Lieut. Pharo, the parade was dismissed. The offer of a camp for the unit sometime during June is meeting with approval and a large number have signified their intention of taking part.

The inspection brought to an end the most active year in the history of the corps; a year in which much of the students' time was devoted to the various parades and lectures, and which results have shown the time was well spent. We hope that next year the same enthusiasm and hard work will be shown by the students as this year.

The Glee Club on Saturday, the 18th of May, went to King's Hall, Compton, for their annual visit, which does so much to keep the Glee Club functioning. After giving their program of songs interspersed with selections on the piano from "Doc" Meade from his compositions, and listening to a number by the King's Hall Glee Club, the members were entertained at a dance. This ended another successful year for the club. Next year with Syd Meade back again at the helm they should have an even better year and we wish them all the luck they deserve.

The *Mitre*, as the *Mitre* usually does, held a banquet in the New Sherbrooke House on May 16th, to celebrate the fact that all five issues were published this year, as had been optimistically planned. Of the dinner itself there is little to recount as there were no speeches and no other incidents worthy of telling. After having been winéd and dined in a satisfactory manner, most of the members departed for the local movie. Others remained behind over a little unfinished business that needed attention.

The effig-boarding, sign carrying demonstration that never got under way started out as something to break the monotony of examinations. It then became a youthful, serious and a sincere protest against Canada's lack of war effort. It ended up with resolutions being drawn up to endorse Canada's resumed war effort. And that was that.

And so we leave Bishop's as another year draws to a close. For those of us in the third year it is a time of parting. We leave the shelter of her walls to go out into a world that is not the same as when we came. We have not the same certainty about our future as we would have in times of peace. But we hope that our achievements in the last three years will not count for nothing in a war torn world.
Ann Bridge as a combination of these strains which she observes in women writers, the sophisticated lady, the gentlewoman and the matriarch. As she has this last does not mean, a gentlewoman she writes with knowledge about gentility, as a matriarch she writes her character's problems in accordance with the rules of established order. Her characters are well-bred people who can be counted upon to behave with dignity in difficult circumstances. They are not prudes but they still have principles. They are cultured and intellectual and yet retain a simplicity which baffles the shoddy and the second rate. Such then are the Lydards, kindly and adaptable, able to merge themselves in their environment without necessarily absorbing the bad that is in it. They live in the East but do not find it necessary to talk incessantly of tint and chic. They can give a cocktail party without indulging in second rate heartiness and enjoy their books and music without showing off. Like everybody else they have their feelings and emotions but can control them without being inhibited and express them without being vulgar. In a way they may seem too good for this world but that is more because they are individuals than because they are too good. They are not typical because no one is typical. Typical Englishmen, typical Americans and typical Frenchmen don't really exist; the suggestion that they do come from a world which doesn't like individuals overmuch and must always pigeon-hole what it does not understand and define what it cannot comprehend. Miss Bridge is a poor young man of questionable parentage, unusual mental capacity and an inferiority complex which makes him desire to be other than he is. These two are friends. For Simon everything must be subordinated to the will to power, and the power to dominate his whole life is only a preparation for the stark and ruthless domination of others. Simon is not a reformer for he has no interest in the issues he intends to exploit, no wish to better their lot and no sympathy with them as individuals. He is more cynical, more cruel, more anxious to achieve his own ends than the most dishonest and sinister members of that capitalist class which he seeks to destroy. Even his friendship with Charles which is the only good thing in his barren life has to be expunged by humiliating and insulting behaviour when they meet.

The story opens with Charles going to Paris for the long week-end of Christmas. Simon, a working journalist there, takes him to a disreputable night club where he meets is the English version of the "glamour girl" in no sense a gold digger but endowed by nature with a charm and fascination which she herself can only exploit and still less exploit. She is a femme fatale, a sort of modern Helen. When she walks men turn to look at her as the people of Troy turned round to look at Helen. Such people are a danger to themselves. Miss Bridge has not made of her the spot envious character who is the object of an infatuation with an ending which is as right as it is unexpected.

Lady Downham is probably Miss Bridge's most cherished character, she resembles the old Marchesa in Enchantress' Nightshade. With the sure hand of the matriarch Miss Bridge makes Lady Downham play the matriarch role. It is Lady Downham who rescues Rose from her dilemma. Rose is entranced with the spectacle of this old lady who has been through so much and seen so much. In her she finds that stability for which she is seeking, a stability made up of good. Like everybody else they have their feelings and emotions but can control them without being inhibited and express them without being vulgar. In a way they may seem too good for this world but that is more because they are individuals than because they are too good. They are not typical because no one is typical. Typical Englishmen, typical Americans and typical Frenchmen don't really exist; the suggestion that they do come from a world which doesn't like individuals overmuch and must always pigeon-hole what it does not understand and define what it cannot comprehend. Miss Bridge is a poor young man of questionable parentage, unusual mental capacity and an inferiority complex which makes him desire to be other than he is. These two are friends. For Simon everything must be subordinated to the will to power, and the power to dominate his whole life is only a preparation for the stark and ruthless domination of others. Simon is not a reformer for he has no interest in the issues he intends to exploit, no wish to better their lot and no sympathy with them as individuals. He is more cynical, more cruel, more anxious to achieve his own ends than the most dishonest and sinister members of that capitalist class which he seeks to destroy. Even his friendship with Charles which is the only good thing in his barren life has to be expunged by humiliating and insulting behaviour when they meet.

The story opens with Charles going to Paris for the long week-end of Christmas. Simon, a working journalist there, takes him to a disreputable night club where he meets the Russian woman called Lydia. In her company and through her he comes to know something of the Parisian underworld. Lydia with all the perverted and lascivious potentiality of her race is expiating her husband's crime of murder by leading a life of degradation. She is in a most uncom- mon and uncomfortable companion for a well brought up young Englishman, however, Miss Maugham makes it clear that we are looking at the well brought up the reasonable side of life.

The story of Lydia's husband Robert is revealed piece by piece and makes up the main part of the book. To Charles she is a horrifyingly fascinating revelation of the darker half of the human soul. He learns that the time that man can be gay, generous and kind to his mother and at the same time a criminal and a blackmailer. He comes to realize that such a man can be as faithful to his wife as a white horse with the footless creature. He even learns that such a man looks upon crime as an art and feels his creative power has been stunted until his victim is bleeding at his feet; that he can return home gay and triumphant to enjoy home life with his victim's blood freshly dry on his trousers. In a word Mr. Maugham would have us believe that when such a man should, if ever, feel good in his soul, in fact, feels remarkably good.

This, as has been said, is a novel of contrasts very skilfully and penetratingly drawn. The world of criminal Paris by night is thrown against the sound and solid middle class complacency by day. A love that curiously passes all understanding is discovered in a milieu of casual violence and vicious brutality. The carefully studied, elaborated and etched of Charles' mockery visiting the Louvre compared with the passionate self-indulgence of Lydia to create and desolate still life picture. Simon, the fanatic who wounds a friend, deliberately destroys with physical and mental blows his one chance of friendship. Lydia, consumed with a passionate love for a worthless wreck, expiates that passion by a passionless life. Lydia is a woman of a life of utter dedication. All this has radically affected Charles and his reactions are given in a series of sharply etched pictures at the end of the book.

Charles drinking, with a sigh of relief, a rum sherry on the Dover boat. Charles reclining in the armchair of posters and statuesque officials. Charles once more in the bosom of his family eating an English dinner and saying that here is no longer reality but only substitute and flight from life. Charles at last, sitting in his lonely and reflecting on the family reactions to his having to leave and thinking how his father has been laughingly understanding and mildly worldly about the kind of holiday he thinks he has had, how his mother has been vaguely deploring the kind of holiday he hopes he has not had, while he is giving no inkling of the kind of holiday he has had at all feels that the bottom has fallen out of his world.

Prof. Preston.
1940, each vacationer had taken time out to send back gay pictures of lake or ocean, and generally carrying the wellcome thought of "having wonderful time—wish you were here." Those of the staff who fish stuck pretty much to the cards that portray minor sea monsters being dragged from some river by a tractor, the stereographs went in for swanky mountain resorts, and none of the cards were ever very surprising.

But this year the Office Manager sent no card, something that was remarked on by several people. We were still more amazed, then, when he appeared on the morning he was due back, carrying a number of bundles and looking like Santa Claus about to pass through an orphanage. He had something for everyone, calculated, he said, to recapture some of their pleasant holiday memories for us—and everything was in the World's Fair spirit. He had perfume for the girls in Pieris and Tryton bottles, and pepper shakers for the married folk cast in the same image, cigarette lighters and cases nicely crested with Mr. Whalen’s favourite buildings. I received a paper weight, "which should dress that desk of yours up nicely." It did.

And his largesse had started something. Next to go on holidays was the Treasurer, who had received a pair of imitation marble book-ends, and who has been maintaining a sort of rivalry with the O.M. for years. Everyone looked forward to his return with interest, and no one was disappointed.

A motor trip into France and Switzerland had impressed him with the skill and native craftsmanship of the habitant, and he was burdened down with hooked rugs and carved figures, which he handed out in the same gracious manner used by the Office Manager. The girls received

**The Mitre**

**Oasis**

The car crawled along the busy streets between the sorid rows of red brick houses. Dirty children sprawled in the mud, ragged beggars lounged in the doorways, and here and there as we looked before it a bedraggled puppy scurried away in terror. Everywhere was filth and neglect, but at the end of the row we found a little house, one that stood out from the rest by a stone wall on the side and a little hedge at the front. The bushes were laden down with blossoms, ranging in colour from light mauve to deep purple, interspersed here and there with sprays of white. Green leaves, washed clean by the recent rain, waved at us in a breeze that seemed to spring from nowhere; and the clustering flowers nodded us a bright-eyed welcome. Birds fluttering from their nests in the hedge chipped a merry ditty while the bees in search of pollen hummed hopefully about the blossoms. Wave after wave of heavy, perfumed air

**HELEN ROSS**

hooked rugs entirely, the carvings were passed to the men in a piecemeal system of grading according to position. The President was the rich for one that stood about three feet high, the office boy hung him on his watch chain. Mine was a carved moose—just to stand on my desk.

Since then, as each person departs for holidays, speculation has been ripe as to what will turn up in the grab bag. Gifts from all corners of the globe have poured into the office, and my desk—I seem to have been singled out for desk ornaments—begin to look like the White Elephant Booth at a rummage sale. Even the girls, who might very well have been excused, have departed from the traditional custom of postcard sending. What their souvenirs may have lacked in expense, they more than made up for in originality, and the number of plants fetched down from farms and cottages is beginning to give the office a faintly jungle-like look. Most popular donor to date is the office boy, who spent his holidays visiting every candy and gum factory within fifty miles of the city. The confectionery store in the lobby has threatened to complain about this.

The worst, however, even with summer finishing up, is yet to come. Our President left last week for Nova Scotia, to fish for Marlin. His Secretary showed me a snapshot he had sent her, in which he was dwarfed by a monster marlin weighing around two hundred pounds. He wrote that luck was good, that they were really biting, and that they were BIG ones, too. Then he said he'd be seeing us all in a week or so.

Still, you never know. A stuffed marlin would look nice on my desk.

**JUNE, 1940**

**The Bishop Looks Down**

**ERNESTINE ROY**

"FAREWELL THE BANNER"  
**Winear, Frances**

"Farewell the Banner," is a composite biography of William and Dorothy Wordsworth and Samuel Taylor Coleridge, with the greater emphasis upon Coleridge. Beginning with Coleridge's birth in 1772, his career is followed in some detail until the time of his break with Wordsworth, and ends with a summary of his later years.

Here Miss Winear has drawn an enticing portrait of two extraordinary men and an extraordinary woman. The question whether Coleridge or Wordsworth gained more from their mutual friendship is the central theme of this biographical story. To this question the author brings, if new material for a clear and dramatic answer. It is definitely a theme for a novelist, for with the instinct and the art of one who has done fiction, she seems to have held comparatively well to historical truth in a narrative that often reads like fiction. Furthermore, she has brought to the task what was most needed; the ability to analyze divergent, yet merging personalities.

If there is any criticism to be made, it is that Frances Winear gives perhaps too favourable an account of their activities and their philosophy of life. A biographer is supposed to be impartial, and she is sometimes carried away by her admiration for things which on closer analysis seem rather to merit criticism. But the book on the whole is certainly well worth reading, and offers a valuable fund of material information to those able to judge impartially, and to form their own opinions.

**TELLERS OF TALES**  
**Maugham, William Somersett**

This is a superb anthology of one hundred short stories selected by Mr. Maugham from the literatures of the United States, Great Britain, France, Russia, and Germany. There is also a long introduction by the editor which is full of sense, taste, and easy learning. "Tellers of Tales" is probably the best one-volume anthology of short stories ever published. Critical but alert, Mr. Maugham has looked over the field of such narratives, and has made a fine catch. Tolerant as to dimension, he includes a story as long as Conrad's "Typhoon," and others as nearly as long, and so on down to one as short as Mary Austin's "Papago Wedding." Despite the grand spaciousness of this book, the mark of the editor himself is on most of its: the personality of the anthologist tightens the collection into a whole.

The only exception anybody could take to it is that it contains no story by Mr. Maugham himself.

**E. Roy**

While everyone today reads war books, it is pleasant to turn aside from their gloomy forebodings to a novel which deals with a pre-war life. In Four Parts Setting Miss Ann Bridge has returned to Chaos. In this fifth novel she maintains the same high standard as in her previous works. The characters are, as always in Miss Bridge's novels, drawn from the upper class. Miss Margaret Lawrence in her book The School of Feminism would have classified
Ye Complete Hitch-Hiker
Or How To Get The Most Out of the Other Fellow's Money

William Mounsey

With two World's Fairs, several Wars, and a Visit Canada Year, all in action at the same time, the market for tourist guides will be quite glutted by the end of the summer. Otherwise I would have called this a hitch-hiker's guide. But, as such, it tells you how to get a ride for a cent a copy. As it is, I will probably not be a millionaire by the time September rolls around, but I do hope that I will have contributed to the fuller life of my fellow Bishop's students.

Many of us long for the open road, but even in this era of cheap mechanical transportation, the expense is often too great for our slim resources. Whenever the suggestion is made to go some place, the first question is always—how much will it cost? Hitch hiking, being the least expensive form of travel in the world as I see it, fits into our life very well. Expense is of little importance when planning a tour via thumb—a dollar a day is luxury; fifty cents a day is plenty, and I have gone three hundred and fifty miles for only thirty-five cents. Even the luxurious dollar a day is little when one covers three or four hundred miles in that time.

You may well ask how one can cut travelling expenses below the cost of living at home. The answer is that on the road you are roughing it. All luxuries are eliminated. Food and other items of expense, and they are not light. I seldom eat breakfast unless it is during the dull, early morning period. In the larger cities one can usually get free buttermilk and sometimes ice-cream from the dairies. Coffee and tea are unnecessary—if you want something better, they will be plentiful. From six to ten in the evening the traffic bogs down. Travellers are either eating or have put up for the night. Most of the cars are filled with families or young couples going for an evening's ride. After ten the hitch-hiker's luck picks up, and from then till two in the morning the hitching is at its best. Saloonmen and business men are going home, and truckers are beginning to move. The waits may be rather long, but the rides you get are well worth the waits. Everybody seems to be going a long ways, and it is nice to pick up merely to have someone to talk to and to help keep them awake. Several times I have been asked to drive on these early-morning runs.

There is a science to hitch-hiking beyond knowing when and where to eat and sleep, and when the best times of travel are. As with fying fish, first you catch the fish in with hitch-hiking, first you hitch the ride. Many and varied are the ways of getting rides, but at no time do I believe in any type of deception. Some hitchers have been known to carry gasoline cans, and the innocent motorists would pick them up thinking that they merely wanted a ride to the next gas pump. Others use police whoad to attract attention, but this I notice, is usually received with unfavourable comment by both the motorist and the police. Lying prone on the road is not only dangerous, but also makes you feel that the motorist is hunting when you hop up and bum a ride. He feels that you may have persuaded him out of the thrill of racing to the nearest hospital with a mangled body, and that sometimes tempts him to mangle the body in question so that he can carry out what he stopped to do. No, these methods are definitely out. Everything on the square, and keep your hands on the table. I always say, First you should equip yourself with a small grip or overnight bag, even if you have nothing in it. On this should be a college sticker, it makes little difference what college, but it should be a big one (both sticker and college), and you should know something about the college because some grad may pick you up. If you know nothing about the college, you can always say that you borrowed the bag from a friend's student. I prefer to paint in large letters my destination on one side, and my college or residence on the other. Within thirty miles of college (or a hundred and thirty if it is a large, well-known college) I use the college sign. Then, if my destination is several hundred miles away, I use the destination sign until I am within thirty miles of my goal. Near my goal I switch back to the college sign. If people know that you are a from a college they will often pick you up, especially if that college is near or well known. They will also, particularly the long-distance drivers, give you a ride if they know that you too are stopping for the night. Of greater importance than letting people know where you are going is having a good appearance. You should be as well groomed for hitch-hiking as you would be for your best date. Let youth, college, and innocence bear forth.

Now you have your blazing red bag and innocent spine, ready to go to whatever town and when to thumb. Naturally you go where the heaviest traffic is. Try to keep to the main routes. Leaving a town or city, make sure that you are in the main stream of traffic, and that no other

JUNE, 1940

Jack Ewing

Actually did go was the office manager, who informed us all were leaving that he was going to see The Day of A New Day, a day he really owned itself. As he went, he drove around the city, and his car was side of the time, anyway, no one felt more than usually excited.

We just waited for the usual postcards to come in, cards that have been coming in from a number of places at holiday-time each year for many. So many years, in fact, that they have become an office tradition, and always, before
kiss, granting continuously of his own knowledge of local and Eastern conditions, showed him in. Gifford looked as if he had walked off a Hollywood movie set—the most typical foreign correspondent imaginable, fitted out completely for the East from his brand new pith helmet to his gleaming riding boots.

A suppressed snicker went around the room as he came in but nobody said very much. A few minutes were spent in general conversation about conditions back home and then Armstrong who was regarded as the senior of the group took him in charge, most of the others moving off to bed.

Bill let Gifford do most of the talking which the latter most willing and able to do, mostly about himself. Wallace had been right evidently. Gifford certainly seemed to consider that he was going to supply the world with the greatest one-man coverage that the newspaper business had ever seen in any single war. Bill pointed out very briefly that such a policy would probably prove unwise in the long run, to put it mildly, but Gifford with all the assurance of a cab on his first flower show would have none of it. At least so it seemed. Anyway Bill wasn't going to argue it out with him so he too went off to bed.

Gifford didn't get along any too well during the next month. He got his stories all right. He got as much as anybody else and occasionally a little bit more. Naturally, hanging around the dosing room when the other boys were comparing notes and talking about the day's happenings, he picked up what they had gathered and used it in his own story. That was all right as far as it went. But a few times he managed to pick up something on his own hook but he always filed it before he passed it on to the others, if he bothered to.

Nobody said much about it for the first week or two. Then, of course, some of the boys began to get a little fed up. True, the bits that he had scooped them on hadn't amounted to anything really, but he wasn't playing ball. And if by chance he did happen to run across anything really big—

Gifford hadn't come in from the wire office one night, as Wallace and Thompson were sitting back sipping rum swizzles and discussing ways and means of bringing Gifford to bed. Everybody was sitting around and it began to look very much like another evening of poker. Thompson suddenly broke on Tony who was just beginning another long grumble. "I've got it boy," he cried. "I know how to fix Mr. Richard Harding Davis Gifford. An old newspaper gag to cure wise guys but it works."

"Right you are," came back Wallace. "Don't say it. You mean a bum story."

"Sure thing," Thompson replied. "And it's all ready made for us right here. Look! What's the story that we're waiting for now?"

"Why the Emir's peace terms of course," Tiny answered. "That's a gem. But how do we get the story to him and make him laugh?"

"Wait a minute," Thompson answered. "It's cinch. It wouldn't be so easy if Gifford knew the country as we do but as it is, it's easy. Never mind about the details now, but here is the general idea.

The Emir just got another flock of supplies—ammunition and all that—from old Wakh the other day so we're quite safe. We know that he's not ready to make terms yet for awhile. In fact Abdul told me as much. Well, supposing Gifford gets a tip that the old devil is going to make terms—that'll be easy. Abdul will do anything for enough money to be able to lie his way out of it afterwards. We ought to know, to make him pay enough to keep us posted.

"Gifford knows that the Emir is somewhere around Arsinie. That's fine. He gets a tip from Abdul that the Emir is ready to talk terms, and that he will be in Arsinie on a certain date. Gifford being what he is will bear it out there secretly on a three days journey and will talk with the Emir and get what he thinks is the story—and a scoop. And you, my dear Tiny, will be the Emir. Don't interrupt me now—just think of old Morgan's face when the Star has to print a retraction three days late.

"Gifford doesn't know that young Fallah flies down here once a month. We'll get in touch with Fallah and after Gifford pulls out on a camel you can fly up there and be all ready to receive him in your best Oriental style. After all you weren't on the stage three years for nothing."

"By Jove, Thompson, you have a brain after all, Fallah will be down here Monday, so suppose we get Abdul to tip Gifford off on Saturday. We can work out the fine points of this tomorrow."

Gifford was mining at lunch on Saturday. Just as they had finished Jenkins came in a fluster to tell them that Gifford had gone off into the desert that morning with two Arabs, the whole party riding on camels. Evidently he intended to make a long journey for they seemed to be pretty well loaded. Disguised that such a piece of news should meet with nothing but grim and apparent disinterest, he withdrew. As the door closed behind him Armstrong turned to Tiny. "Well, my cherubic friend," he said. "It appears that your little plan is working as per schedule. I suppose you fly out there Monday."

Fallah arrived on Monday, and for a price consented to fly Tiny to Arsinale. The remainder settled down to await developments.

Developments came Sunday night, when cables started coming in from papers in America asking for information on peace terms. Tiny had evidently convinced Gifford that he was the Emir. Amidst much merriment and satisfaction as having put Gifford in his place every single correspondent cabled back an explicit denial of the story. Then a wireless message from Gifford himself. He had interviewed the Emir, and he had been given the complete story on his demands for settlement. Did they want the story? And in conclusion a rub about scoping them.

Sure, Gifford could give them the story. Congratulations on his smartness. Maybe they had been wrong. Maybe his method was the best after all. Howls of glee went up as Gifford outlined his story. Tiny sure did himself proud as a fake Emir. Bill who was supposed to have been taking the message down did it well too, with a lot of repeats and questions.

Hell's bells! Wait till that dope got back. What a sweet retraction he would have to write for the Star.

Drinks all around when they got back to the hotel. It was a rather stiff one to put over on Gifford, but he would be the better newspaper man for it afterwards. Another drink around. Ton bad Bill hadn't actually taken that story down, just to show the lad when he got back. Abdul came in with some news that he had picked up that evening. Pretty drunk he was too, and consequently very benevolent. Another round for the newspapermen. This time on the Arab. Paid for in an American hundred dollar bill, too.

Where the devil could that have come from? The door opened suddenly, and in walked Tiny, roaring for a drink. A bowl went up as he appeared and a drink to Gifford's story.

"Story?! Tiny turned around. "What story? I didn't even see Gifford. We cracked up about half way out and I had to come back on the bounding main of a camel's back. What the devil are you all gawking at? Give me a drink; somebody! I here Abdul, you . . ."

Abdul was gone.

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Will Death come to me in black
With hollow eyes and toothless grin?
Will he have wings upon his back
And hold the scales to weigh my sin?
Shall I behold his face with dread
And strive to hide me from his sight,
When Death sits down beside my bed
On my last night?

I picture Death quite otherwise
Than such a spectre full of gloom,
As herald of the morning skies
To chase the darkness from my room—
An emanation from that star
Which fingers last above the dawn
And seizes the golden lands afar
And night withdraws.

I like to think his voice is low
And filled with murmurs of the sea,
Where tides for ever eb and flow
And taste the joys of destiny.
If Death be such, where'er he come,
I shall lie tranquil to the end
Then say, with lips to others dumb,
"I go, my friend."

Frederick George Scott.
That Infernal Machine

There is a telephone in this world that has forgotten how to ring, and a girl who vainly waits beside it. I've read about it in books, I've heard about it in songs, and I only wish I could find it. The telephone of the dumb. It has been there for many years, but there is no mention of it in the telephone directory. Perhaps it is because people do not care to hear of such a thing. Yet there is something about it that makes one want to say something. Perhaps it is the thing that is left behind when one leaves the telephone. Perhaps it is the thing that is left behind when one leaves the telephone because it is unbearable. Chief offenders in the monopolies category are women. It is no doubt Confucius that defined women as species that can't answer a phone without pulling up a chair.

As a result of our careful tabulation we are obliged to admit that the telephone has some less exceptional uses. Dreary Use. The stage has also realized the utility of the telephone as a dramatic agent. An anonymous call at the appropriate time never fails to deepen the mystery, and the expected call is excellent in speeding up the action. Comedians have exploited the telephone as a vehicle for their humorous monologue, and glamour girls find it an unexcelled means of conveying "oomph." Artistic Use. Probably the most pleasant use of the telephone is that explored by Mr. Perry. If the reader does not know George Perry he must surely be familiar with Betty Pety, his sensational creation. She is the darling of "Exquisite" and graces every college man's room. Pourled delightfully into scissors of various hues, she languishes across the page and inspires admiring exclamations from every masculine heart. Her inseparable companion in her horizontal loneliness is the telephone. The Indolent Use. From man's eternal laziness spring several modern uses of the telephone. The late guest no longer calls to say goodbye at nine o'clock. Also in this category is the race of commercial statisticians who phone to ask if you are listening to the "Gritty Crunch" programme, when you are probably engaged in something infinitely more entertaining. The Practical Joker's Use. As we have said the previously mentioned offenders are comparatively innocent in their misuse of the telephone. There are some inebriates, however, politely referred to as "practical jokers," or as the "life of the party," who should be branded as public enemies No. 1. Considerable national and public esteem. No. 1 belong to the group that phoned a certain Mr. Chips after the release of a recent film, and having been assured that they had the right party recited "Goodbye Mr. Chips," and hung up. Halloween brings out candidates that deserve a high ranking for their lack of originality if for nothing else. The drug stores are bothered with one call in particular on Halloween—"Have you got Prince Albert in a tin? Well for heaven's sake let him out!" or again, "Is your store on Main Street? Well get it off, there's a car coming." The Monopolist's Use. When a telephone might be of some practical use it is never available. Have you ever waited your turn in a phone booth? Standing in line is annoying enough, but when those in front jabber in French and you haven't even their conversation as a diversion it becomes unbearable. Chief offenders in the monopolists category are women. There have been days, when I cursed Alexander Graham Bell for his part in the invention of that little black fandango that sits in the downtown hall. I have given the matter serious thought and have tried to analyse any aversion, to find some root cause, something common to the various objections to the telephone. My labours were unusually unsuccessful. My ultimate conclusion was that I objected, not to the instrument as such, but to the usages which I associated with it. With scientific accuracy I have attempted to classify the various usages as sub-lethal, subject, and to condemn the more exceptional uses. The Unintentionally Offensive Use. That is to say when the offender is not aware that he is causing considerable annoyance, but the unfortunate on the wrong end suffers nonetheless. Take, for instance, the times you rush into a dressing gown and slip, race downstairs, and snatch the phone from its cradle just to hear the click of the receiver at the other end, or perhaps you've volunteered with the rest of the family to take a call—"I'll take it, it's for me"; "I've answered"—only to find out it's not a wrong number. You have all at one time or another been roused from your Sunday sleep by some inconsiderate creature, probably Saturday night's date, who insists you promised to go looking at nine o'clock. Also in this category is the race of commercial statisticians who phone to ask if you are listening to the "Gritty Crunch" programme, when you are probably engaged in something infinitely more entertaining. The Practical Joker's Use. As we have said the previously mentioned offenders are comparatively innocent in their misuse of the telephone. There are some inebriates, however, politely referred to as "practical jokers," or as the "life of the party," who should be branded as public enemies No. 1. Considerable national and public esteem. No. 1 belong to the group that phoned a certain Mr. Chips after the release of a recent film, and having been assured that they had the right party recited "Goodbye Mr. Chips," and hung up. Halloween brings out candidates that deserve a high ranking for their lack of originality if for nothing else. The drug stores are bothered with one call in particular on Halloween—"Have you got Prince Albert in a tin? Well for heaven's sake let him out!" or again, "Is your store on Main Street? Well get it off, there's a car coming." The Monopolist's Use. When a telephone might be of some practical use it is never available. Have you ever...
Mr. Jones' Birthday Present

Napoleon Bonaparte Jones was waiting for a street car. He held a huge ledger defensively before him to hide his tie. The cravat was one to make strong men shudder and drinkers take the pledge. It screamed hideously from the dark background of his suit. Today was Mr. Jones' birthday and such was the present he had received from his wife. The little bookkeeper thought miserably of his wife's last words: "Maybe this will help give you a little backbone. I warn you Napoleon Jones," the woman's voice rose hysterically, "unless you go in there and demand a raise, I'll leave you. And you can rot among your ledgers, for all of me." Needless to say Mr. Jones had never demanded anything in his life. It was no wonder then that he took the wrong street car.

Just as nine o'clock the man noticed that he was far out in the best residential section when he should have been only a few blocks away from the Commercial Street. He would be late for the first time in fifteen years. Trembling he got off the car and wandered whether he would lose his job. As he stood there in a quandary, a long black sedan drove up at the curb. Suddenly Mr. Jones found himself in the back seat, blindfolded, his hands tied behind him. Some one said: "O.K. Mike, take it away." Jones managed to whisper, "Kidnapping is a federal offense." The man called Mike laughed. "Get that, Boss. Uncle Sam'll catch you if you don't watch out."

"Yeah, and listen Stevens, it won't only be a match if you don't decide to string along with Cassini." "Cassini," breathed Mr. Jones.

"Yeah Cassini, and I don't mean your Aunt Sophronia. If you don't lay off me in your filthy rat, so help me I'll pump you so full of lead Hitler could use you for scrap iron. I think I ought to dynamite your set-up anyway, Stevens. The town was satisfied about that hank job out in Ohio till you came out with some tripe about 'Local Boy Makes Good Out West.' Then they pin the rap on me. Why Stevens I could love you if I didn't want to kill you so bad. Now come on," Cassini warned Jones sharply.

"Are you going to play ball, or do I have to put the screws on?"

"But I'm not Stevens. I'm Jones, Jones, Jones." Mr. Jones screamed in a crescendo of terror.

"Jeez, Boss," put in Mike, "we might of made a mistake. Stevens is no crybaby."

"And how could we of made a mistake, bright boy? We picked him up right outside of Stevens' house." Cassini looked at the cowering figure on the floor. "Say maybe you're right." He tore out the inside pocket of Jones' coat.

"Napoleon B. Jones, 13 Angel Street Court, 3/23/36," he read.

"Now what are we going to do with that?" asked Mike, pointing at Jones. Cassini drew his fingers across his throat.

"Take the old river road, Mike there's less traffic." They drove along the lonely road in silence broken only by the whispering of Mr. Jones.

"Take the old river road, Mike, there's less traffic." They Cassini finally said.

"Yeah it would, Boss. Only there's a squad car parked up here at the forks only about five hundred yards."

"Aw pull yourself together. So what? The cops can fish him out before he looks too bad."

Jones waisted aloud at these words. But when Cassini laid hands on him to heave him out of the car, Jones, in an agony of fear, struggled from his captor's grasp. The gangster, surprised at this sudden resistance, again drew his gun, while Jones trembling and sobbing, wretchedly tried to scramble into the front seat. Mike, struck in the back of the head, turned and wore. The car swerved. There was a crash, a shot, sudden stillness. A few minutes later the squad car drew up, sirens screaming. Two patrolmen jumped out and ran towards the wreckage. Mike and Cassini lay sullenly swearing, pinned beneath the overturned car. Jones was unconscious with a bullet wound in his shoulder.

Back in her tiny flat about five o'clock that afternoon. Angela Jones was reading the evening paper in amazement: "Local Citizen Captures Leader of Cassini Mob." "Death Ride Ends in Thrilling Coup.

"Two gangsters who robbed Ohio National Bank of $100,000 were today captured by Napoleon Jones, city bookkeeper . . ."

Mrs. Jones called a taxi. A few minutes later she entered the General Hospital.

"Mr. Jones, please?"

"Room 404. No visitors, madam. The patient—"

"But I'm his wife."

"Very well, madam."

Mrs. Jones rode up to the fourth floor. She entered room 404 brandishing the paper triumphantly before her. She knelt down beside the bed and said: "O dearie, I always knew you were one of those strong silent men."
When you take YOUR PLACE in the WORLD OF AFFAIRS

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MODERN, EXPERIENCED BANKING SERVICE ... THE OUTCOME OF 100 YEARS' SUCCESSFUL OPERATION

JUNE, 1940

"—will serve my king and country for the duration of the war." It reminded him of a phrase in the wedding ceremony, "... to honour, love, and to obey until death do us part."

Outside, the crowd seemed different; he felt part of it now, and could view those around him with a new air of confidence, for no longer were they his superiors. And Joan, well after all, he thought. Joan will understand, and damn it all, you cannot live on ideals, nor even on love.

Normally it would be a bare twenty minutes walk from the recruiting office to his home, but today he took longer. Every step nearer filled him with uneasiness. What if she did not understand; but of course that was unthinkable. His street was empty except for two boys playing ball on the sidewalk, and a dead cat lying where a car had crushed it. He made a mental note to remove its body on his return.

Joan was asleep when he entered the apartment, and the room appeared to be in a state of untidiness, plats were unwashed, and the bed had yet to be made. Even the cigarette which he had smoked the previous night lay untouched on the ash tray. It was unlike Joan to be untidy; perhaps she was ill. For a moment the horrible fear ran through his mind, but the regularity of her pulse, and the coolness of her forehead reassured him. He gazed at her again, and noticed that her plumpness seemed to be enhanced by the rays of the sun casting their shadows into the room. Yes, she was beautiful; but it was the faint smile on her face which now attracted him; the same smile which he had noticed when they had first decided to float convention, and live together until they could afford to marry.

He hesitated a moment, and then kissed her lightly on the lips. She opened her eyes slowly, smiling up at him with a far away look, as if she imagined herself in the midst of some tropical paradise. George had decided beforehand to tell her everything before he lost his nerve, and he began to speak rapidly and nervously. The smile died off Joan's face, and a look of fear and hate filled her eyes, before George had finished talking he knew that it was no use, she did not understand. He rose wearily from the bed, and looked down at her, "Then it's no use," he said. She shook her head, and turned to look abstractly through the window. George knew it was useless to argue, for they had always understood each other too well to waste time on superfluous words. Picking his coat from the chair, he turned his back, and walked slowly from the room.

It seemed cruel leaving Joan like this, but after all she had managed to keep them both for over five months, so it would probably be a relief to rid herself of one burden.

Before the last sound of his footsteps had died away, Joan turned over on the bed to smother her sobs. Oh, God! she thought, How could I tell him then, and now she would never know her father.

Nunc Dimitiss In Uce Domine Servum Tuum

(At the burial of the fallen)

"O Lord, let Thou a son depart in peace
Into Thy loving arms, to be with Thee
Until that glorious day when Heaven and earth
Shall meet Thee at Thy throne."

The cannon roar sinks into quietude.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life,
He that believeth, though he were but dead,
Yet shall he live."

The evening sun peers through the battle-smoke.

"The hearts beloved cry out for Thee, O Christ,
O be Thou here in spirit at our side,
O Thou who triumphed o'er an earthly grave,
Be with us in our weakness and distress,
Our Guardian and our Guide."

— Leon Adams.
nice Paulhi Bishop. It was founded in 1839 by Charles R. Bishop as a memorial to his wife, a princess who refused the throne in order to marry him, then Minister of Foreign Affairs under King Lunalilo. Not only does the museum house wonderful collections of exhibits which cover all aspects of the islands of the Pacific, but it has published a series of bulletins and papers which form an authoritative record of what is known. The scientists would find these bullettes treasure trove indeed, for they set forth with accuracy and a great wealth of illustration detailed information on Hawaiian flora and fauna, marine life, volcanic actions, racial history, ornithology, geology, etc.

Hawaii is famous for course of its flowers. Nature lavished colour and scent when she filled the islands with gorgeous tropical flora. The brilliant hibiscus is the national flower; the yellow sandalwoods, the ever-blooming bougainvillea, the scarlet flowered Royal poinciana or "flamboyant", the beautiful night-blooming cestus, the oleander, and the South Sea rose, all flourish in such abundance that the custom of weaving flowers into leis or wreaths joins them, has become as traditional as the familiar "Aloha Oe" which Princess Liluokalani wrote in 1881 to commemorate it.

We have several books on the birth of the life of Hawaii, and two of these are particularly valuable. The first one, "Hawaiianism: The Birds of the Sandwich Islands," by Scott B. Wilson, F.Z.S., F.R.G.S., assisted by H. E. Evans, M.A., F.R.Z., London, 1900-99, is almost unobtainable now, and last sold in Hawaii at one hundred and fifty dollars. The second one, "The Avifauna of Layaan and the Neighbouring Islands," by the Hon. Walter Rothschild, Ph.D., illustrated with coloured and black plates by Meurs, Keulemans and Endersby, London, 1891-1900, is exceedingly scarce and costly also, and is considered a far more important book than Wilson and Evans, both for its scientific content and its illustrations.

The books which I find most enthralling are the many volumes of folk-lore. The Hawaiians have an almost mystical respect for the traditions and legends of their islands. There are fairy tales of the sea, and of the volcanoes, and myths of island dwarfs such as the Menehunes who favoured the benevolent English "brownies" for the good of the people. Padrasc Colum has collected much of this lore into several attractive volumes. Try his "Ogmaus Mythos of the World" with its Doris Arzothyhan illustrations, or his "Legends of Hawaii," or "The Bright Islands."

Miss Castle has sent us several novels in Hawaiian set-
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saulted into the saddle position with all the knightly grace of King Arthur himself; however, it was only with repeated efforts that he would not pull off the bit and kick himself down an uninvited guest. "Blasted clanking machines ain't better'n no horse. Now wo's lossier an' horsh? Big bootiful horsh?"

To emphasize his remarks he squeezed the neck of his listener strongly, then realizing the intimate nature of the thought yabbing from his further argument. His nearby supply exhausted, he stood up in search of more, only to sit down much quicker.

"Mush be roof moving. More bottles here. M-m-m, hundreds 'o' bottles."

Finding more bottles, and a pressing need for air, he stuffed several into the many pockets so kindly provided by thoughtful army tailors, and throwing caution to the winds bumped his way to the steps, where with a sudden burst of Bantam industry thrust himself at the fiendly host of many savage rushes and much yelling was able to hoist himself into the cool outdoors of the farmyard. Amidst all this carnage and ruin he suddenly felt his soul to be lifted as on wings, such degradation, such flight was not for him. The strain, the virtuous welling strong in his heart. He would dance, a beautiful unstately dance, a dance of little grace and exquisite tenderness, a dance of wild passionate abandon. Flinging himself recklessly he whirled into the ever increasing tempo of a gypsy Czardas, his size thirteen guiding him somewhat through the litter of debris. Suddenly he stopped dead in the execution of a most difficult pass, with hand uplifted he remained rigid, only relaxing when he hit the soft earth. Picking himself up he blinked his eyes. "Mush be clouds," he muttered, waving a wet and fevered brow.

"No, by h'heck! I'm horsh.

The object of his adoration stirred uneasily from one hoof to the other, twisting his ears towards the sound.

Driver Amyas, acting with the speed of Mercury and theueness of Bacchus, seized a sharp two-pronged sapping fork lying before him and leapt over the intervening rubble.


At the sound of these unencouraged sounds Bessee moved forward shaking the ground at every step. The two met in a position mutually fallow, but oblivious to their surroundings they clasped each other passionately, driver Amyas planting kiss after kiss in universal abandon on the broad black Percheron nose. Finally, as if they found the smell of another too overpowering, they backed away for a long southwarding gaze. Turning himself away with difficulty driver Amyas found a piece of rope, which, with renewed courting, he was able to slip into Bessee's mouth. Leading his charger to a suitably high mounting block he

SOMETHING ABOUT HAWAIIAN

Kipling once wrote, "Until thy feet have trod the Roof, advise not wayside folk," which is a very sound admonition, but though I have never been to Hawaii I have no hesitation in advising you to make it a true goal of your travels some day before you're old. I have stood at one gateway to this land of the south, the gateway of books, and I can offer you the same privilege through the library of Hawaiians which is now housed at Bishop's.

Early in the winter of 1919 Miss H. E. Edelslyn A. Castle of Honolulu wrote to say that she would be very glad to donate to the university library a small collection of books in the field of Hawaiians if the librarians and library committees saw fit to accept them. This was the beginning of one of the most generous and unique gifts of books Bishop's has ever received, for the collection has grown steadily until in scope, monetary value and special geographical and historical interest it has become comprehensive and notable.

The gift now includes 847 books and pamphlets, 642 separate works of museum publications and those of other official and social bodies in Hawaii, as well as several periodical issues and a series of about 20 maps. Many of these are fine editions in beautiful bindings, and a number are rare and costly. With each list of books Miss Carlic has written the letter following and annotating nearly every volume. These letters in themselves form a commentary on Hawaii, proving most justly a desire to enter these "isles of enchantment," if not by transcontinental train and ocean liner at least and best through the realm of books.

For here are works which touch upon every phase of Hawaiian life and culture—the history of the islands, the folklore, the education of the people, the social and domestic life, the language, the industries and art, the religion, and finally the scenery of the islands. Whatever ideas you may have had—most of us have long thought of Hawaii only as a distant island Paradise—your imagination will not remain long uncorrected when you examine the variety of books we now possess. You will discover that the spirit of past and present Hawaii is inseparably strung in a random arc in mid-Pacific, like the last grains from a weary sower's hand—is indeed a land of delight and beauty, a land of picturesque peoples and great natural beauty, but you will also find it a territory where progress has long been limited, and where industry and initiative have helped to bring about a highly civilized state of society.

The Hawaiian group consists of twelve islands of which eight are inhabited and the remaining four are small barren rocks. Legend and history are in such names as Hawaii, Maui, Oahu, Molokai, Lanai, and seem to overlap in their accounts of the settling of the islands, which goes back to ancient times when a migration from the southwest, perhaps from Tahiti, perhaps from New Zealand itself, is thought to have peoplesed. Most of the traditions of the Hawaiians point to such a migration, but it was not until 1874 that the islands were made known to the world through their discovery by Captain Cook. From this time on the influence of the outside world helped to develop them and determine the life and religion of the people.

The history of Hawaii is inseparably linked with the history of the missionaries who were sent to introduce to the people the continental way of life. By a strange coincidence the first missionaries to reach Hawaii, in March 1820, arrived at a time when the natives were in process of casting and their old religion, a system of cults and under their new king, Kamehameha, was searching for just the answer which the missionaries miraculously appeared to offer. Townsend Griggs in his guide book, "When You Go to Hawaii" sums up the work of these first missionaries and their wives, about the Bishop's Library: "Of course the great object held in view was the conversion of the Islanders. But the missionaries did not stop at that. The Hawaiian language for the first time was systematized and reduced to writing. A printing press was placed in operation in Honolulu in 1822. Half of the adult population was taught to read. The children were gathered into the schools. The natives were shown improved methods of agriculture. The king and his court were given intelligent and just counted in the management of the Islands' internal affairs as well as in matters dealing with foreign powers. The missionaries showed the path to follow and guided them skilfully along it. The Hawaiians owe much to them, and the missionaries and their families had no reason to regret their great undertaking."

We have many books about these early missionaries and their wives, about the Bishop's Library and about the three copies of the Bible in Hawaiian and English. There are also biographies of Father Damien and Brother Joseph Dutten, "The Saint of Molokai," books describing the controversy between B. L. Stevenson and Dr. Hyde over Dunlop's works describing the actual Leper Settlement at Molokai.

At Honolulu on the island of Oahu, is situated one of the world's great museums, which bears the name of Ber-
teeth with a steel file, surveying the greasy faces of his brother cavalrymen.

"Human oil-cans, that's war."

"We're all O'Tool's, who was badly engaged in sorting steel filings from his bread with a magnet, took quick exception to this remark.

"If it's an oil-can I am, then it's a pair wet thing you'd be if it were a horse ye was riding."

"For right 'A' Amyas, was the 'Al's use of them 'animals out 'ere? This 'ere war his modern. Y'ere awl-fashoned, that's y'ere trouble," chimed in one of the other drivers.

Driver Amyas, seeing himself outnumbered and remembering repeated defeats in such arguments in the past, muttered something about "Throwin' pearls at pigs," and left the assembly with catcalls and laughter ringing in his ears.

Stomachs and tanks replenished, they squashed and strayed along roads that must have served Napoleon, and possibly Caesar.

"Orders say to take secondary roads, to avoid airplanes, but it don't say to take ditches," muttered driver Amyas as he negotiated a particularly deep rut. Once they had to halt and deploy, due to three enemy aircraft flying low, but their coating of grime must have effectively screened them, for the planes neither slackened speed nor changed course.

Upon refueling at nightfall they received further orders to proceed without lights or wireless to a point within three miles from the advance B.E.F. patrols. The rain had been falling ceaselessly until the roads over which they advanced resembled buffalo wallows.

"It's bathin' suits they'll be issuing next. Why, hell, I can't see no further than me elbow," groaning the driver of O'Tool's. Poring through the driver's log Amyas grunted as a blob of mud narrowly missed his mouth and hit his chin, slipped down inside his open tunic and settled mostile on his hairy chest. Gunner O'Toole, whose Irish patience was fast disappearing with each succeeding jolt, cursed savagely.

"If ye'd not be talking so much, an' mindin' the road we might be getting there."

Swift repartee was choked in driver Amyas' throat as the nose of the tank took a nickening lift forward, teetered uncertainly for a brief second, then sheered smoothly to a muddy grave. The tread no longer able to grip, raced madly, churning the mud to chocolate cream consistency.

"Well that's fixed the blasted machine. No horse ever double a thing like this. Only a dumb thing of bolts and rivets could be as lunatic."""Lunatic? If ye ask me it's the driver that be the lunatic, ye puir half-baked donkey," growled gunner O'Toole, his temper breaking loose in rich Irish rhetoric. Turning off the motors they waded waist high in silent inspection. The action had thrown one of the tracks to some unfathomable corner of the particular pool in which they found themselves. The leading tanks had discovered their loss by this time and had stopped to investigate, until quite a staff of experts, drivers, gunners, and commanders were gathered around the gloomy pit. Although they all agreed on the merits of a driver who could pick a reaver in preference to a bridge, they varied in opinion as to the method of abstraction. Some said a block and tackle, others suggested an under cable pulled by a team of two tanks, but eventually it was decided that they would be encroaching on the prerogatives of the Royal engineers to tackle so major a problem alone. Thus it was decided to postpone the operation till more favourable conditions, and more professional advice prevailed.

The crew of the ill-fated E-3 was appointed to the rest of the unit, however, and it wasn't until they had reached their base that driver Amyas was missed. Many nasty slanderous remarks were passed about his honour and fighting capabilities, and the unit commander marked him as "absent without leave."

Driver Amyas meanwhile had been activated by motives entirely exemplary under the circumstances. During the heated discussion by his comrades as to his merits, he had naturally deemed it more modest to withdraw, so that, finding a narrow path on the far side of the stream he followed its meanderings until through a full in the driving rain he was able to make out the remains of a building on his left. In the hope of finding some short respite he crossed the road, climbed the fence, and entered what had once been a farmyard. Evidently a shell of exceedingly large calibre must have strayed hither, hitting barn and house indiscriminately. Climbing through the shambles he discovered the basement door was still hanging on its hinges, swaying gently in the breeze. Descending a pair of wicker steps, he struck a match to discover he was in a fairly large cellar which was almost dry. The match sputtered and went out, but driver Amyas had seen the farther side to be higher, so dropping to his hands and knees he stared in that direction. By his calculations he was nearly there when his hand came in contact with a hard round object.

"A ruddy bottle, and full too. Probably this here cheevel water they drink." Pulling the cork he took a quick cautious taste, then a long inceretious swill.

"Um, cador that's war."

A few moments later and driver Amyas was searching tenaciously, until he bumped into a whole line of similar bot-
"But let my due feet never fail
To walk the stately cloister's pale,
And love the high embossed roof,
With arches pinnacled above.
And storied windows richly lighted.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced quire below.
In service high and holy.
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies.
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.

On the other, those tremendous phrases whose renown washes through the airs of the mind like a great organ-tone.""Methods I see in my mind a noble and puissant Nation running herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an Eagle mewing her mighty youth and kindling her undaiz'd eye at the full mid-day beam, purging and scaling her long abused night at the furnace itself of heavenly radiance, while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amaz'd at what she means, and in their envious goggle would prophesie a nocturnal act of schemes.""Truly a vision appropriate to the needs of 1840. If we climb now to the parapet, standing there we can see right out to the suburbs, where the houses are quite small and quite new. Some of them are rather ugly and wondid, but they are part of the city, and they have a fascination of their own. This street in which all the houses are exactly the same, each with its blank, staring windows, its flight of stone steps and its area railings, gives expression to this:

"They are racking breakfast plates in basement kitchens
And along the trampled edges of the street
I am aware of the damp souls of householders
Sponging dependently at age-gates.

Beautifully hopeless, isn't it? Even if you don't like it, you cannot deny the vivacity with which the limp mood is portrayed.

And in the same street:
"This is the way the world ends,
This is the way the world ends,
Not with a bang but a whimper."

That gives me a jolt, and my whole being wants to protest that it's not true. But perhaps I'm wrong, and in any case it's not a bad thing, occasionally, to be jolted into protest. Still further out are some houses built by another of the "shock-troopers," this time a woman, who moulds truth into epigrams. For example:

"Safe upon the solid rock the ugly houses stand;
Come and see my shining palace, built upon the sand.

And—
"My candle burns at both ends;
It will not last the night.
But ah, my feet, and oh, my friends,
It gives a lovely light."

Haven't you sometimes felt that the deaconic rebel, even when rebelling against the truth, has a touch of divinity which is lurking in the respectably dull? But few people could have expressed it so tersely.

"Down at the docks of my city, there lies a unique vessel, built of the same illustrious stone. The name on her counter is "Pequot" — and what an amazing world of bustling emotions, etiological research, seamanship, and thought engendered in the name form. In a series of vivid pictures, Ahab, not content on his quarter-deck, his whalebone leg a symbol of his life's passion, to find and kill the white whale; the crew, crowded for'dee with its oddly assorted crew; the boats pulling away from the ship, and the fierce conflict after the harpoon strike.

Among so much fine writing it is difficult to make a choice, but there are few passages more splendid than Melville's defense of human dignity: "If then to mearest mariners . . . I shall hareseise arque high qualities — then against all mortal critics bear it in mind, thou just Spirit of Equality, which hast spread one royal mantle of humanity over all my kind! Bear me out in it, thou great democratic God! who didst not refuse to the frail convict, Bunyan, the pole, poetic pearl; Thou who didst clothe with doubly hampered leaves of finest gold, the stumped and gauged arm of old Cervantes; Thou who didst pick up Andrew Jackson from the pebbles; who didst hurl him upon a war-ship; who didst thunder him higher than a throne! Thou who, in all the mighty earthy abominations, ever-eveales Thy select champions from the kingly commons; bear me out in it, O God!"

I have other deen-sex friends, among whom is one with a very penetrating sense of the sound of words to express his purpose. Can't you feel the cut of the wind as you read:

"I must go down to the sea again, to the stagnant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way, where the wind's like a whetted knife."

A little extra emphasis on the "'w's" produces a marvellous elocution. Not better example of this could be given than the first and last verses of his best known poem:

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"Quinquennial of Nineveh, from distant Ophir,
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine.
With a cargo of ivory,
And apes and peacocks,
Sandalwood, cedar-wood, and sweet white wine.

"Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke stack,
Butting through the Channel in the mad March days,
With a carga of Tyre coal,
Road-stoys, firwood, iron-ware, and cheap tin trays."

How gracious are the smooth-flowing syllables of the first, and how bludly the second stanzas along! And don't think for a moment that the last verse is meant to be balmy. Miself saw an equal romance in the dirty British coaster.

But, whether your interest be historical or religious, or both, whether you love words or woman, you will be saying by this time, "But you have left out the most important building of all!" True, and my defence is that that book refuses to fit into my scheme. It is too big. Instead of a building, it is the road on which we tread, the air we breathe—all-pervasive, wholly satisfying. To start no higher than human love and loyalty, can you in all literature find any more words of love to Naomi?""Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if I beget not death parte thee and me."" With the world again in flames and turmoils, it is no weak excaad but a sense of eternal truth deep in the heart of man that makes him cry out, now as of old: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills!—from whence cometh my help? My help cometh even from the Lord, which hath made heaven and earth. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved, and he that keepeth thee shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord himself is thy keep, the Lord is thy defence upon the right hand; so that the sun shall not burn thee by day, neither the moon by night."

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil—yea, it is even: he that shall keep thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and for evermore."

The sonorous tolling of these mighty words relaxes the strained nerves, and enables us to realize again that though the brente rage and the kingdoms are moved, from everlasting to everlasting, he is God.

**Caterpillar Cavalry**

Driver Amyas of His Majesty's 49th Light Cavalry unit sat on the stout of his iron charger, oil on his face, his once "clean "battleroom" looking much like a piece of the rag he held in his left hand, and cursed. It wasn't one curse, but a carefully balanced flow of curses, which only years of training in the Royal Canadian Hussars could have afforded him."Why this here thing has as many nuts and bolts as a whole regiment of horses has teeth. It ain't right. Me a bleeding lance-corporal for nearly twenty years, with at fine as a horse the West could reproduce, an' me a blinkin' robot to ride." So saying he spat accurately and forcibly in the general direction of the well around which the unit had ranged their machines. "You mark my words, O'Toole," he said, addressing a large vermin who was smoking an unusually large cigar, "the brass hats will regret the day they sustained this here wheelbarrow for the sweet intelligence of the horse." O'Toole's complete indifference to this tirade showed him to be unmoved by the virtu of the horse. Up he leant the insolent words won't be kicked in ye in the stomach when ye feed them. An' if ye don't stop gawping and thy God, thy Lord. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if I beget not death parte thee and me."

Thus cursing and coughing the unit advanced East until the second day when it began to rain, and they stopped at a percol depot for fuel, ords and nourishment. Inside the depot, gathered about a workbench which served as a temporary table, the unit ate hungrily. Having finished, driver Amyas pushed back his chair, eased his belt, and picked his

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by the hand, so to speak, and leads you on from one adventure to another. They are episodic books without clearly woven plots, but rich in human sympathy, diversified landscapes, and a wealth of characterization which rivals the infinite variety of life. I am not blind to the faults of Dickens. The melodramatic and sentimental stories injected into the midst of Pickwick Papers set one's teeth on edge. The showman's tricks, the excess of caricature, the rhetorical banter, are self-evident weaknesses of style and content. And yet to spend Christmas in spirit with the Pickwickians at Mr. Wardle's; to listen to Sam Weller giving evidence in connection with the legal action of Bardell against Pickwick; to visualize the antics of Mr. Winkle's runaway horse; erect to be transported to the scene of the cricket match between Muggleton and Dingley Dell, will do much to quiet "the restless pulse of care" and herald the gentle stirring on of that sovereign analytics sleep. Don Quixote in its own realm as an incomparable book. In it there are no false notes as in Dickens' Pickwick Papers. In this wise, genial, and humane masterpiece of world literature lies an abundant store of solace and refreshment of spirit. Forth we wander with the romantic idealist and the shrewd, homely realism, in a land where the mireage of enchanted castles of Spain arises only to melt into a vista gilded solely by the common light of day; yet the actuality is more entrancing than any illusion.

And, finally, at a time when "the riddle of the painful earth" is hard to read, there are moments when only one book can always be relied upon to tranquilize and fortify our inward thoughts. The Bible is unrivaled in this respect. Accents like those of the Psalmist:

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills: from whence cometh my help.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: yea, it is even he that shall keep thy soul. 

raise us above our storm-tossed days to repose upon that Strength and Stay upholding all creation.

Many poets have written beautifully of "Care-claumber Sleep, son of the Sable Night," but none so exquisitely as Shakespeare. In a single passage of Macbeth he assembles a galaxy of phrases, any one of which would make the fortune of a lesser poet. Since night-caps end at the entrance of the cave of Morgue, a citation of Shakespeare's apotheosis to sleep may form an appropriate conclusion:

...the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd slave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

Begin Living O How

Begin living O how?
Time is notchet to steel.
Muffled in silk of dreams
Hears the mimicking echo now.
Living this curtain street
A boy of gentle dreams
Remembered, violent joy,
Even sorrow sweet.
And now the dreamed-for had
Love in caebots with time
Nir cares for constant heart
Nir flesh more violent made.
For love, (with that not so)
What will and intrest, what
Acre where, by shadowed
Elm and intimste soome?
O how for us—who keep
The testament of night
(O we have need) and know
The animus of sleep.

Ralph Gustafson

THE MITRE

JUNE, 1940

Graham George

The Illustrious Atom

C. E. Montague, who was an austere reader, and hard to satisfy, said of words: "These are the illustrious atoms of which all the freakish pinchers and capes of the world's wit were made"—which shows you that he was no mean builder himself. If we broaden the meaning of the word "wit," we see that the Illustrious Atom can build not only freakish pinches and capes, but whole cities. Every man has his own city, of which he is mayor, council, town clerk and auditor—only he can decide who shall be allowed to build there, and whether its gardens shall be formal, or whether any unofficial roses shall be allowed to bloom about it. As much for my own satisfaction as for anyone else's, I am going on with this city, and if you care to come with me, so much the better—if not, it's your loss and anyway you have a city of your own—or if you haven't, you are ignoring your birthright.

The general design of my city is along rather massive lines, and if you took an aerial picture of it, you would find that it radiates outward, as most of our English cities do, from Shakespeare, that stupendous builder whose plans can be shown to be all wrong, but whose achievements remain incomparable. When I was very young, older people in—

 contracted my town site, and erected some buildings which they said we were very fine, but which I thought were very dull. One day, though, when I had learnt more about these things, I caught a glimpse of beauty in—beauty more potential than actual—so I tore down these contract-built edifices, and went to Shakespeare himself for original designs, and the results anyone who has had that experience knows. We went to finger over every well-loved component, we should never end, so two examples must suffice. Here the lovers Lennam and Jessica look on nature, and feel their own joy the more keenly for her beauty:

"How sweet the moonlight slows upon this bank,
Here will we sit, and let the sound of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night
Become the toucher of sweet harmony.
Sit Jessica, look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with pavements of bright gold,
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim."

And then the haunting list of the lament sung by Cymbeline's son over Imogen, whom they suppose to be dead:

"Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;" 

Thus worldly task hast done,

Home art gone and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must.

As chimney-sweepers, come to dust."
EDITORIAL

The final issue of the year, and in particular the Editorial, provides an excellent opportunity to review the immediate past. In retrospect we discover the year has been, on the whole, a good one; sports found us plugging away with the same old fight for which Bishop's has always been noted. Dramatics had one of its most successful years, the Glee Club and Debating carried on nobly in spite of lack of time, in O. T. C. work our results were, to put it tersely, superb, and finally the Mitre has, we hope, worked out in vain in its effort to gain popular acclaim— we have had a year of accomplishment, a hard one but a satisfactory one. Let us sum up by saying that because of the able guidance of Lincoln Major and his cohorts, which provoked the Principal to remark in one of his addresses to the students that seldom, if ever, had there been such a cooperative spirit between the faculty and the students, and such well directed student activity, we have had a year pass like a flash, one of rare activity and enjoyment.

Notes and Comments revealed, under the entertaining editorship of William Power, that the months have not passed without amusement, without incident to divert the spirit from boredom and dullness to hilarity. "Shag 'Shaughnessy performed miraculous feats in hopefulness and excused with the shortening results of Bishop's vs. Loyola games. Bill Campbell too, with much dull material to read through and edit, turned out trumps. Ed. Parker ferreted out with much tenacity graduate information. Walter Nelson, whose drawings the Mitre will miss next year, did a fine job. And lastly Ernestine Roy was so successful with her column, which was discontinued last year, that we feel it has taken a permanent lease on life. To these people, the Assistant Editor, and to all those who formed the rest of the Literary Board, the Editor takes this occasion to thank them for their very fine support. Next year's executive will consist of Patrick Boyle, President; to be appointed, Vice-President and Editor-in-Chief; Jack Apps, Advertising Manager; Hugh MacKenzie, Secretary-Treasurer; Lester Tomlinson, Circulation Manager; and Cynthia Baker as Woman's Representative. The outgoing board with them the best of luck in their endeavours during the coming year.

And now, with one eye on the typewriter and the other on the examination time-table, we pour out the last words of this, our final editorial. We hope you worry through in spite of the brain-freezing effect of war fever and graduate magna cum laude, and, if not so distinctively, that you manage to crackle triumphantly your piece of parchment at Convocation Garden-party anyway, and that everyone else will be back with us next year.

To the former we close with advice; to the latter, au revoir ... and to all bonne chance.

JUNE, 1940

NIGHT-CAPS

I do not intend to dwell on that antiquated headgear, frequently adorned with a tassel and fastened by strings beneath the chin, which Mr. Pickwick strove so desperately to tug off in his unromantic night adventure with the middle-aged lady in yellow curl-paper. Nor do I purpose to deal with those pantaloons of spirit or wise taken before going to bed, which, like the waters of Lethe, induce oblivion and slumber. I use the term night-cap in a symbolic sense as representative of things that are sleep producing. Everyone has his pet recipe for wooling Morphous. Counting sheep jumping over a wall is powerfully reputed to lead to doziness. Walter de la Mare in a fine lyric has pictured Noel as an old shepherd accompanied by a sheep dog, "Slumber soon," driving his flock on the road of evening.

His are the quiet steeps of dreamland.

The waters of no-mo-pain.

His ram's bell rings 'neath an arch of stars,

"Rest, rest, and rest again."

It has been maintained that the mere process of counting has a numbing effect on the brain, and that before one thousand is reached the reckoner will fall asleep. I have never gone beyond three hundred, and after reaching this total I was wide awake and fretted by the addition. Perhaps my lack of success is a proof of an unmathematical mind. Sometimes as a variant on these counting schemes I have tried the expedient of playing over mentally at night the strokes of a round of golf engaged in during the previous afternoon. But the memory of some wild slices into the woods is distracting rather than pacific.

A friend of mine tells me that his scheme is to turn on a radio, and sit there and listen to music of a futility variety. With the first approach of doziness he switches off the machine. Another friend informed me that when he went to bed he made it a rule to throw all of his worries out of the window. Napoleon is said to have compared his mind to a chest of drawers. In order to secure concentration he kept only one drawer open at a time; at night, he declared, he shut them all up. "Dinner fast your self" it a good Scotch motto to keep in mind; and remember that you would always seem far blacker than it really is if you happen to wake in the wee small hours. "Heavenly may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

Benjamin Franklin once wrote a letter to a friend entitled "The Art of Procuring Pleasant Dreams." His advice is in accordance with his eminently practical and energetic make-up. Eat moderately before retiring, use thin and porous bedclothes, beat up and turn your pillow, shake the bedclothes well with at least twenty shakes if you are overheated; and as a last resource get up and walk about the room until you are thoroughly cooled, are amongst the items of his prescription.

Sounds of Nature affect various people differently. Edmund Spenser complained that the noise of frogs in the bogs of Ireland prevented him from sleeping. He writes with evident feeling:

"Ne let th' unpleasant quarey of frogs still croaking Make us to wish theyr chocking."

To me, the contrary, the croaking of frogs, so innimitably mimicked by hundreds of choruses of Aesop's, Pekkes, koo-ax, has always been soporific. I like the treble croak of smaller frogs blended with the deep bass of the plunking of a full grown bull frog, like a string of a cello suddenly struck. It is at once an overdone and an undertone of Nature making me think of lake side scenes, of waving reeds, and the vibrant life of spring. A reminiscent of country landscapes is one of the best of night-caps: an old swimming hole, a stretch of pastoral meadow or upland, elms rustling their plump tops in a breeze, the distant sound of horn-books far down a rustic road in the twilight, these are entertainments that lure "the dewy-freshed sleeper."

But I have so far left unconsidered what are perhaps the most reliable of night-caps, namely books. In the choice of bedside books there is no accounting for tastes. An ingenious detective story is a panacea for many people. Preference should be "a thrifter." Although I have been intrigued by the immortal Sherlock Holmes, I have never been a great reader of detective stories. They seem to me to consist of a mere skeleton of a plot, and the spice of melodrama thrown in does not compensate for the lack of characterization and description. Then I can never resist the temptation to glance at the final pages of a detective yarn instead of gradually working up to the denouement. Books of a romantic character transporting the reader into a realm removed from humdrum actuality are often regarded as ways of escape from the problem of a work-a-day world, and even of affairs such as rest and diversion. Neville Chamberlain has said that he turns to the novels of the elder Dumas and the tales of Conrad in his hours of leisure.

In my own experience, books of the genre which is represented by Don Quixote, Tom Jones, and the Pickwick Papers, make the most satisfactory night-caps. They are all books of the open road, in which the author takes you
The Truth About The Red Cross

(Reprinted from The Globe and Mail, Toronto, Canada, of May 21, 1940.)

If your neighbor tells you the Canadian Red Cross Society is selling the socks and sweaters that patriotic women knit for the soldiers and sailors, it’s a Nazi lie. The Red Cross has never been able to obtain proof that socks so made are being sold for 49 cents a pair, or any other price. The canard has been officially denied a score of times, but is still circulating.

Out of every dollar subscribed to the Canadian Red Cross Society, 80 cents is being used for actual war work, 14.5 cents for peacetime services, and only 3.5 cents for administration.

The Canadian Red Cross has for months been shipping thousands of cases of hospital supplies, surgical dressings and comforts, including knitted goods made by Canadian women, to be available in England for emergencies. Thousands of refugees from Holland and Belgium who have poured into England are being helped. An organization has been set up to minister to the Canadian soldiers overseas. A 600-bed Red Cross hospital has been erected and equipped at Taplow, near Windsor Castle. Canadian prisoners of war in Germany will be fed and cared for, as they were during the last war, when 2,700 were supplied the necessities of life in one month.

Nazi lies about the Canadian Red Cross are circulated to dissuade the thousands of women across the Dominion who are giving of their time and effort voluntarily to provide comforts for the gallant fighting men.

Subscribers to this humanitarian society will realize that the Red Cross is definitely an emergency organization which cannot be tied down to a prepared budget controlled by a joint community chest effort. Its work is universal, and its scope is limited only by the need.

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JUNE, 1940

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