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I stood at the window and watched
The moon rise silently,
Like a flowing tide of light
About the dark earth.
Round about
The lights in the windows of the world
One by one were muted,
Till at last only one remained
To struggle against the darkness,
Without all was dark and still
Save for the silvery-white mist of the moon
And a few frogs’ piping.
It was a night for horror and death
In the dark shadows of the world—
A night for the forces of evil
For spirits and for spectres.
Gone were the soldiers of Freedom and Truth
Perished are the good and the brave;
Chaos and Anarchy rule supreme—
Beauty lies dead in her grave.

—R. Smith.

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SHERBROOKE, QUE.

JUNE, 1941

JOHN BROPHY—(Continued from page 10)

From this point of view, the book is divided into four parts, named respectively after the women who exercised the greatest influence on Shakespeare's life—Ann, Scarlet and White; Dark Woman; Judith. These correspond in their turn with the generally accepted division of the poet's career into four main periods: the early years in Stratford; the unclouded time in London of romantic comedies and gaiety and sunshine; the valley of the shadow whence proceeded the great tragedies and the problem plays; and the final stage of rest and release and mellow wisdom and kindliness.

In his delineation of the women of Shakespeare, our author seems to be developing in his own way ideas similar to those of Frank Harris. According to Frank Harris—for it is instructive to compare the two treatments—Shakespeare's jealous, scolding,awful wife overshadowed all his early manhood, and left her bitter mark on most of his youthful work. She is to be seen in Adriana in The Comedy of Errors; in the raging, raving Commeancement of King John; and again in Katherine in The Taming of the Shrew. Then, with Shakespeare's coming to London, this shadow was exorcised by Queen Elizabeth's maid-of-honour, Mary Fitton, whose influence thereafter dominated his life and work for many years; till at last he broke free and returned to Stratford, to the care of his daughter Judith. Of Mary Fitton, according to this theory, "we have a realistic snapshot in Rosaline in Romeo and Juliet; a superb photograph in the other Rosaline of Love's Labour's Lost; idealistic happy impressions in Julia, Juliet, Portia, Beatrice, and Rosalind; passionate full-length pictures in the Sonnets and in False Crown of Troilus and Cressida; and finally a triumph, living, breathing portrait in Cleopatra—while Lady Macbeth and Gerontius are developments of the less attractive aspects of her character. Shakespeare's daughter Judith, not important till the last period, is, of course, thought to be mirrored in Marina, Perdita, and Miranda, in Pericles, The Winter's Tale, and The Tempest respectively.

The main alterations in Mr. Brophy's scheme are first, the altogether kindlier treatment of Ann Hathaway already noted; secondly, the suggestion that the sprightly, witty, vital heroines of the early comedies are not the incarnations of the brighter half of Mary Fitton's complex personality, but have their origin in another real woman, called simply the Lady in Scarlet and White, whom Shakespeare saw for the first time in the courtyard of the Earl of Southampton's palace, and who afterwards became his true friend and a beneficent influence, in a relationship uncomplicated by the disturbances of passion. But perhaps the most original change in the treatment under review is that Mary Fitton is banished altogether out the picture. Nobody knows who the Dark Lady of the Sonnets was; or even, with complete assurance, that there was such a woman at all, outside the confines of the poet's mind. Mary Fitton, indeed, existed, but her candidature for this particular niche in fame is due mainly to the fact that she is Bernard Shaw's guest. At any rate, Sir William Davenant, who claimed to be Shakespeare's son, indicated quite another source of his origin; and there are other guesses as well. In the obscurity, one conjecture is as good as another, and Mr. Brophy discards Mary Fitton in favour of the Welshwoman, Nell, the niece of Peter Fender the merchant, who acts the Pandar of to her Cressida. Nell, as our author intimates her, is a truly formidable character, by whose sorcery and ruthlessness the poet is reluctantly but helplessly engulfed, loving and hating at the same moment, and both in extremes; it is this deep inner conflict in his own nature, the dark impulses of jealousy, the rebellion of self-loathing, which find timeless expression in Hamlet, Othello, Lear, and Timon of Athens—eternal types of the self-torturing of the human spirit. This part of the book is the most original, the most moving, the most deeply conceived. If Shakespeare's supreme gift of imaginative sympathy and splendid outburst of imagery and expression owed anything—as we can hardly doubt they did—to his real experiences as a man among men, and women, this or something like it must have been the mingled ecstasy and meagery of his apprenticeship to the human spirit. Sonnets such as 'The expense of spirit in a waste of shame is hurt in action'; cannot be academic exercises, but must be the stuff of experience wrount into imperishable form.

The whole point, at least, of Mr. Brophy's Shakespearean philosophy is that it is impossible to separate the poet and the man, and that if Shakespeare can probe the depths, as well as rise to the heights, of our human condition, it is because he has been there himself, and knows wherein he speaks.

(This review was broadcast over radio Station CHLT by Dean Jones last month.)
THE MITRE

NOTES AND COMMENTS—(Continued from page 29) task. The tennis courts are now in pretty fair shape and it is seldom that there is not someone playing there. Similarly, the golf course, also in good shape now, is attracting the enthusiasts for the ancient Scotch sport in fair numbers. Those not so energetic take their relaxation prone on the grass, on window sills, and on roofs, acquiring vitamins and wuff from the vital actinic rays of the sun. In spite of it all, though, a great deal of work is being done, and we know of several who are confident of passing. There’s blatant self-confidence for you!

And in addition to being novel, the number of romances which seem to have sprang to life since the Spinner’s Spree (ah yes, it takes the woman to draw out the shy male in spring—the young man’s fancy, it seems, doesn’t turn, any more like it used to, without help) . . . the aspirations of one of our number to feel the thrill of control behind the wheel of an automobile . . . the kind-hearted propensities of certain young men who have taken to nursing anything—from a viper to a canine, including wubbets (probably a sign of a frustrated complex of some sort) . . . the reinstatement of our favourite instance of the value of physical training with heart shrub—also due to the Spree—we wonder if he stayed to breakfast again . . . the enforced vacations of three of our brotherhood until the start of examinations . . . thirteen French essays still owing by one delinquent member of third year.

And so closer one of the most active years that the College has ever known. We gladly relinquish this department to next year’s commentator who will no doubt be able to keep you even more in touch with the passing show. We wish him and you all the best . . . Bonne chance!

CREATURES
OF HABIT

* When you don your socks, button your coat, answer the dinner song . . . all of these things you do without thinking. It’s the same with saving money. It’s easy to form the habit of setting aside at least some of your money, as it is to spend it all on things of the moment.

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THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

JUNE, 1941

Alumni Notes

Births

BOULIOL—At the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, on April 20, to Mr. W. Seplyn Boulion, b.a. ’26, and Mrs. Boulion, a daughter.

HALL—At the Catherine Booth Maternity Hospital, Montreal, on April 30, a son to Mr. Gordon G. Hall, b.a. ’54, and Mrs. Hall.

AYLAN-PARKER—At Whitehill, England, on March 21, to Jean, wife of Captain C. J. Aylan-Parker, b.a. ’36, Royal Canadian Regiment, a son.

MOORE—At Mississauga General Hospital, Sarnia, to Mr. J. C. Moore and Mrs. Moore (nee Allison Ewing, b.a. ’32), a daughter.

Engagements

MCMURRICH-ROY—The Rev’d Canon E. R. Roy, m.a. ’39, and Mrs. Roy of Waterville, P.Q., announce the engagement of their daughter Carol to Mr. Arthur Bolenz, McMurrich of Toronto. Mr. McMurrich was a member of the university in 1936.

Marriage

PARKER-PATTERSON—The marriage took place in April, at the Church of St. James the Apostle, Montreal, of Miss Phyllis Alice Muriel Patterson, b.n.n. only daughter of Mr. Herbert Patterson and the late Mrs. Patterson, to Sergeant Observer Henry Hodomyth Pihus, b.a. ’34.

STOCKWELL-EVETT—The marriage took place recently of Edythe Mae Lyons Everett, b.a. ’39, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Everett of Lennoxville, to Lieut. Lyle Burbach Stockwell, R.C.A., only son of Mr. H. W. S. Down of Lennoxville and the late Mrs. E. L. Stockwell of Danville, P.Q. The marriage was solemnized at St. George’s Church, Montreal.

STARNES-ROBINSON—On May 10, Helen Gordon, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Robinson of Montreal, was married to Lieut. John Kenneth Starnes, b.a. ’39, of the Black Watch (R.H.R.) of Canada, A.C.A., only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Kenneth Starnes. The marriage took place at St. George’s Church, Montreal.

Among the ushers were 2nd Lieut. J. E. Martin, b.a. ’39, and 2nd Lieut. G. Blake Knox, b.a. ’38.

WITH THE KING’S FORCES

Lieut. J. C. Campbell, b.a. ’34, is with the Tank Corps. Terry Giles, b.a. ’40, is in England with the Carleton and York Regiment of New Brunswick.

Gren Temple, b.a. ’40, has just received his Pilot Of-

Lion Adams.

Buds

They tell me that the flowers bloom To beautify the soul
They tell me that in every bud
There’s music to console.

But when the buds come in the Spring
With freight of April rain,
My heart’s not filled with ecstasy
But with the buds of pain. 

LEON ADAMS

Pilot Commission in the R.C.A.F.
Ronald Rivett, b.a. ’38, is with the R.C.A.F. in Canada.
Allan Magee is overseas with the Canadian Infantry.
Launt, J. S. Ewing, b.a. ’38, is with the C.A.S.C.
W. C. Stockwell, b.a. ’32, M.C., is overseas with the C.A.M.C.
The Rev’d Eldon Davis, m.a. ’39, formerly of Petawawa, is now on active service as an army chaplain.
Owen Fredericks, b.a. ’37, is now in the Dental Corps.

GENERAL

Miss Ruth Echenberg, b.a. ’40, is attending the Montreal School of Social Work.
R. B. Lamb, b.a. ’36, b.c.l., has recently successfully passed the Bar examinations for the Province of Quebec.

The Lord Bishop of Quebec has announced the appointment of the Rev’d Canon Charles E. R. Bowes, b.a. ’17, of Comeau Bay, to be Rector of La Tuque, Quebec.

On April 26 John Nichols, the son of the Rev’d Russell and Mrs. Brown of Sherbrooke, was christened by the Rev’d Eldon Scott at St. Peter’s Church in Sherbrooke.

Paul Niffle, b.a. ’40, is in Medicine at McGill University, Montreal.

The Rev’d William Thomas Gray, l.c. ’46, of Scotia-town, Quebec, has been appointed priest-in-charge of the Mission of St. Paul in Sherbrooke.

Dr. G. H. Tomlinson, b.a. ’31, is now director of research for the Howard Smith Paper Company of Cornwall, Ontario.

Recent visitors at the university were the Rev’d Colin Cuttell, b.a., the Rev’d Norman Pilcher, l.c. ’37, Jim McNelis, b.a., Charles Miller, b.c.l., John Scanes, b.a., Evelyn MacDonald, b.a., Helen Legge, b.a., Peter Greenwood, b.a., Jim Beadon, b.a., Merritt Fano, b.m.c.
at the same time, pursue this book, whereby you shall attain your desired condition." Another chapter of his work he dedicates "To Mrs. Anne Danvers, of Chelsea: Madam, Let not your maiden modesty be betrayed to a blush, seeing yourself here left alone, surronded on all sides with mas- "cine Dedications. It will keep you in countenance, if reflecting your eye either on the first page of this book, or side columns of this page, where you shall find the queen of virgins in the front thereof, whose queen this book is described, indeed a portion thereof, being designed to your late brother, (now glorious saint) falls of course to you, with his goods and chattels, as his sole executors. If any Latin letters occur in this section, I doubt not but God will seasonably and cringe shower-bath "lied sly inglyous have was indeed passed to "speak of my labours, had it been early, would have been kind, but it has been delayed till I am indifferent and cannot employ it; till I am solitar- and cannot impart it; till I am known and do not want it . . . Having carried on my work thus far with so little in return of learning I shall not be disapp- pointed though I shall conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation. My lord, your lordship’s most humble, most obedient ser- vant, Sam. Johnson." Although literary patronage went on for another twenty years, and Johnson himself wrote masterly dedications, though usually for others, the gradual rise of a greater reading public brought about the method of publishing books by subscription. Then the book-sellers hit upon the errand of serial publishing, which lessened the cost of publishing and increased sales. From now on the rewards of writing lay in the author’s own ability and popularity. Dedications became fewer and less flattering, until finally the business of patronage was dead, and only the memory of it remained in our pleasant custom.

### SKI PATROL—(Continued from page 18)

Baler—you saw me. I knew about your eyes and had planned on your not wearing your glasses, my voice res- umes his and I had fixed up with his secretary. I’ve always hated Baler and thought that I might do him a bad turn —I knew about your father." Then with a peculiar look in his eyes he concluded, "Baler died two days ago." He lay back gasping for breath and in a few seconds Phil felt his pulse die out completely.

His face devoid of all expression, Phil walked over to the window and looked down at a crowd of men gathered in front of the house. They didn’t seem at all worried about their captives escaping, and Phil could hear some in- side leisurely pulling down the barricade on the staircase. They were laughing. Suddenly Phil threw up the window and with a wild yell jumped down among the men below, bring both his revolvers as he did so. A few figures fell but the rest simply flowed over him. A knife was flourished high in the air and then plunged home.

It was still snowing gently.

### Exchanges

The number of magazines recently received has been rather surprising, considering that most universities have been either preparing for examinations or writing them, or have already completed them. It is therefore regrettable that pressure of time does not permit a complete review of the publications received, for the first cursory examination proved very satisfying.

"The Gateway" (University of Alberta) enriched its last issue by adding a photographic section, showing scenes of campus life and personalities. The pictures were com- prehensive, showing scenes of the infirmary, the dining room, various labs, the printing press, sports pictures, and even a snapshot of the college “lover’s lane.”

We turned up an entertaining story in “The College Times” from Upper Canada College. The title is “R7/176 Mining,” and its interest depends almost entirely on the plot, so we will say no more. “We, The People,” an article in the "Trinity University Review," makes the best ap- proach we have yet seen to the subject of lack of contribu- tions to the college magazine.

And now we have finished exchanging magazines for another year. That is but one of the many changes brought by the end of the term. Some of us will exchange this col- lege life for positions in the business world, some will ex- change multi for khaki, some will exchange notebooks for a long summer holiday. But whatever changes the future brings you, may it also bring good luck.

### "Lift Up Your Hearts"

The garden that I love the best is the garden of the sky; there are no lies half so white as the clouds that wander by. No blue-bell have a deeper hue than the highways of the day, Till roses redens in the West when the sun has gone away.

And, sweeping down the garden paths, the winds sweep down and bring The scent of far sky-wreaths where wild birds on the wing Like thoughts are fitting here and there in freedom’s octary, Forgetting all the world below and the nest on rock and tree.

No power of man can shut me out from the garden of the sky, For I can mount on spirit wings where no one passes by; I can pluck the burs of morning, and wear them for a crown, Or lie at ease upon the clouds when the tidest day goes down.

And all the sights are golden gates and fancy holds the key And gives me ownership of all the land above the sea, I hear no more the noisy world but, guided by a star, I drift beneath the dome of night to where fresh beauties are.

—Archdeacon Frederick George Scott.
We owe to the literary patrons of such poets as Virgil and Horace. These two men were fortunate enough to gain the support of Gaius Maecenas, the most distinguished of all patrons of literature under Augustus. Maecenas was a member of the noblest aristocratic family. We learn that he had been carefully educated, and had developed the most refined literary taste. He had wealth and position, and his attractive and winning personality won him a place near the emperor Augustus. We can imagine one of his courtiers in that last quarter of a century B.C., looking at Maecenas as a model of classical taste.

Maecenas seems to have been a literary enthusiast. He even tried to write himself, but his efforts were severely criticized by those attempts by the censors of his own day. However, his place in the history of literature is assured, for it was he who persuaded the emperor to remunerate Virgil for the loss of his property as a result of the Battle of Philippi, a sum by which the author was impoverished. He could not afford to have his works copied by the scribes, or published, as we would say. After that remissness by Augustus, Virgil was drawn into a close relationship with the imperial circle. Augustus and Maecenas smiled upon him, he lived at Rome on an estate near Naples, and here he wrote in honour of his distinguished patron, whose name he had given to his epic poem, the Aeneid.

Horace, who lived at the same time, also owed his uprightness to the goodness of Maecenas. Horace was the son of a freedman who valued education so highly, that he took his boy to Rome to the schools and then exercised personal supervision over his studies. Horace prepared intellectually under such favourable conditions, until he too lost his farm in the redistribution of land among the victorious soldiers after the battle of Philippi. When he returned to Rome, his father had died and Horace was left with only the remnants of his father's savings. But he did not lack energy or initiative and he tells us that his poverty drove him to write verses. He gained a small post as a clerk of the quaestors and this work gave him a livelihood and some leisure for poetry. It was Virgil and Varus, who introduced Horace to Maecenas, who, delighted with the witty, genial, rotund little man and his poetic genius, admitted him to the inner circle of his familiar friends. Maecenas gave Horace a country seat in the Sabine hills, so large that it contained five farm-houses. Here the poet lived in freedom and prosperity dedicating his satires, his Epodes and Odes to his well deserving, beneficent patron.

This literary patronage was a necessity, though a most distasteful one even to many of these early Latin poets. More than once we learn from words of the Roman Martral who had to defend himself against accusations of flattering the court of Domitian. Apparently Martial was no better or no worse than the general run of the people among whom he lived, and his excuses for going by and by' in the world were not always a necessity of life to him. So he answered his accusers in these words which cast an indiction on the system of patronage for all time: "Flatter the emperor and his court: of course I do; so does everybody; why my liveliness depends on my patronage. I hate it. If a thing has not to be done, it may as well be done effectually, and the Romans have made such progress in encomiastic phraseology that anything short of highly seasoned flattery is no flattery at all. If I am to flatter

DOLCE. I am not...”I know not why I admire him or his courtiers for his flattery; but I know that I am a man of taste and that I admire the sophists of Rome; I admire the sophists of Rome because they are the worst in the world. But a friend of the Earl of Derwent and a poet laureate of the Roman world, was able to write to his patron: "Delight"..."To Delight..."A pleasure."

In the age of Elizabeth authors were continuing to flatter the court when it served their purposes to do so, and it still remained to their advantage to secure prominent and generous patrons. But under Elizabeth the growth and spread of literary activity became rapid. Authors were drawn from every rank of life, and the methods and motives of patronage varied with their social positions. Patronage became a great and difficult game of preferment, with the reputations of writers as the stakes and the whims of the nobility as the hazards. We read that Spenser's early poems helped him to win the private secretaryship to Lord Grey of Wilton, which made Ireland his home for the rest of his life. And when Spenser wrote his Faerie Queen, a great tribute to an English monarch, he dedicated it to Elizabeth "to live with the eternity of her fame." But Elizabeth did not give Spenser the high office that he sought as a reward. He had to rest content with a pension of 10 pounds a year, a sum corresponding to at least 300 pounds now. Thus the author had to take his chances. He might receive in recognition of his flattering eloquence a high office, he might receive a sum of money varying in amount with the generosity of his patron, or he might receive nothing at all, either than the gratitude of the person to whom he addressed his dedication. Richard Burton, who compiled and translated a number of dull religious works, records that he presented his "Harmony of King David's Harp" to Queen Elizabeth as she was "going to the Chappell in the morning," and he wrote: "I was not a part of the circle of her court." A chronicler wrote that when the queen characteristically told him that she had quite enough to do in paying and relieving her needy soldiers, and that as she had not set on the way she did not intend to proceed. And among the great Elizabethan patrons the name of Sir Philip Sidney holds an honourable place. He was a nephew of the Earl of Leicester, but his influence was not due to his family connections, nor to his wealth, for he was not a rich man and Richard Smith terms him a "nameless son in letters who gave the great encouragement of example, a man who was by common consent the most accomplished writer of his day." Spenser acknowledged his "prudent of noblesse and of chevalerie" and "the hope of all
The Bishop
Looks Down

MISS C. E. THOMPSON

A short time ago Mr. Van Wyck Brooks, a noted authority both on American literature and on social evolution in the United States, published the first of a proposed series of volumes on his country's literary history. In this book, entitled "The Flowering of New England," he reviewed American literary history during the years 1815 to 1845, interpreting the lives and works of Longfellow, Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Lowell and others of the famous literary lights, as expressions of the political and religious life of the time. The result was a highly important and singularly fascinating book, one of the finest, most stimulating criticisms of American writers ever produced. Thorough, intimate, and homely Mr. Brooks's descriptive method of writing is immensely effective, inspired by fine discrimination and controlled with masterly skill. A thousand details are welded together making something substantial and real. Impressiveness is subordinated to scholarship; narrative is fitted to the purposes of philosophy, Brooks has taken a symbolic group of ideas, documented by books and memoirs of the New England writers, and expressed them so effectively that they cease to impress us as ideas at all. We read them rather as a narrative of people and events. But these people and events are placed in an entirely new focus. More than any other writer Van Wyck Brooks has made us feel the richness of American literature. "The Flowering of New England" is indeed a rare combination of exact scholarship with great art.

All those who have read this fascinating book awaited its sequel with interest. They were not disappointed. "New England: Indian Summer," the second of the proposed series has in the United States already received almost every literary honour that could be bestowed upon a contemporary work. Here the study of New England's literary history is taken up where the former volume left off, and brought up to the year 1815. Mr. Brooks has found this era a time of fascinating complexity. The period between the close of the American Civil War in 1865 and the economic collapse of 1892 was marked by an accumulation of material wealth unparalleled in the history of other nations. It was also marked by a shifting of centres of influence, a radical change in standards of conduct and thought, all of which reacted upon literary and artistic tastes. Thus, though Mr. Brooks is writing of poets, novelists, historians, he never forgets the degree in which external events affected their development. His work is punctuated by the lives of four men: Henry Adams, Henry James, Francis Parkman and William Dean Howells. But there are also scores of lesser authors, half-forgotten men and women lovingly resurrected and painted with his brush pen. Mr. Brooks does not attempt to impose any artificial unity upon this period. He has no grand theme, just a dozen or more minor themes none of them impressive or even important. Yet from this fragmentation emerge a sufficient pattern for the history of New England, and indeed for all of our intellectual history. "New England: Indian Summer" possesses the same careful scholarship and vivid style which made memorable "The Flowering of New England," ranks among the outstanding non-fiction publications of the year. It is to be hoped that Van Wyck Brooks will soon publish further volumes on this interesting subject.

LITERARY PATRONAGE

GRACE JACKSON

In the early days of authorship and book production a practice arose which has become one of the oldest and most interesting literary customs, the practice which authors have of dedicating their books. A preliminary page of most books published to-day we find an inscription addressing the book to some one whom the author wishes to honour with his esteem or affection. We read with delight for in-
Sports

Sports, like everything else within these venerable walls of U. R. C., are drawing to a close. In fact organized sports ended several weeks ago. However, impromptu games of tennis and golf still keep life from becoming too studious. Several stars shimmer on the courts and on the links but we shall not mention them here—there are other things to do.

In the first place we want to thank Irv Richards for writing throughout the year, the basketball section of this column. It should also be mentioned that details gathered by "Tubby" Lane were of invaluable assistance to the department—we thank him also for his co-operation.

A few weeks ago a softball game was played between the (deleted) clubs of the New Arts and the Old Arts. The results of the game determined which team would win the "Simon" Scott Trophy for the year. At the ninth inning the score was tied at 9 all. However, when the game ended—it was played in the afternoon—the score stood at 10-9 in favour of the New Arts team, regardless of the fact that their red-headed outfielder flatly refused to run bases until coercion was brought to bear on him. The Old Arts team also had difficulty near the end of the game with a certain anonymous infielder who was afterwards strenuously criticized—we must admit, however, he plays a good game of rugby. Let us add that it was a fine ball game with never a dull moment.

The season officially closed with the annual athletic banquet. This banquet did double service as it included the rugby banquet, which was postponed last fall. The banquet was a great success from all angles.

The customary speeches were made as in former years. Lord Shaughnessy proposed the toast to the Alma Mater. He showed that today we have much to be proud of in our university. Professor Elton Scott replied to the toast and recalled that in former years, students took a similar pride in their Alma Mater. A. R. Tulk "awakened" reminiscent smiles by his toast to the teams, which was replied to by Dr. A. H. McGreer, who mentioned that the university had received a Royal Charter in the reign of Queen Victoria and pointed out that for nearly a hundred years students have been upholding the fine tradition of Bishop's, and expressed the assurance that such a tradition shall not be permitted to flag during the present world crisis.

An extremely clever and amusing toast to the Faculty was given by Guy Marston. The reply was made to this speech by Dr. Langord, which was followed by the presentation of awards by Professor A. L. Kateher. The awards were as follows:

BADMINTON CRESTS—Hollinger, Savage, Duval, Tanner, Day, Wengate.
It was mentioned that Dr. Raymond supported the badminton team admirably in several of the matches.

MINOR SKI AWARDS—Peake, D. Tomilson.
Ski Crests—Peake, Tomilson, Brown, Stairs, Kirwin.

MINOR HOCKEY AWARDS—Savage, Duval, McKell.

As no intermediate hockey was played this year, major awards were not presented; however, D. Savage, on successful completion of his first year, received a major award for last season. R. Lindsay and Van Horn also obtained their minor certificates for last season. Van Horn and Peabody who gained their letters last year relinquished this season for a minor letter. It was announced that Giroux, Atte, Tyler, Day and Schoch gained minor awards in junior hockey which they will receive on completion of their first year.

MAJOR BASKETBALL AWARDS—Hay, Carpenter.
Richards, Lane and Stevens relinquished for their major awards; and on successful completion of his first year Hollinger will receive a major letter.

A minor award in Basketball was presented to McGilton and Robinson received a minor award won in his freshman year.

Crests were awarded in rugby to the following members of the team: Atto, Brooks, Day, Duval, Hay, Johnston, Lane, McKell, Savage, Stevens, Shaughnessy, Tempelton, Willumson, Robinson, Hollinger, Tulk, Scott, and Schoch.

His freshman year completed, M. Robinson was presented a major letter gained last year on the Bishop's gridiron.

The McKinnon Trophy for Interyear Hockey was received by Hugh Smith for the doughy freshman team. The first year had an extremely strong team and won all the games it played during the winter. The ski cup for the championship of the Eastern Townships zone was presented to captain Jack Peake by Dr. Tomilson. The intramural gold championship trophy was presented to Sherm Peabody who won it last fall.
For three months he harbored on the border of life and death. The doctors were at a loss to explain his condition. His housekeeper explained that his health had been failing just before he left, and in the excitement nobody mentioned the day of his departure or arrival; so the discrepancy in time passed unnoticed.

He remained sometimes semi-conscious, sometimes delirious, sometimes they even thought he was on the road to recovery. One day his condition was unquestionably worse, and the doctors gave him but a few hours to live. Cynthia, waiting patiently outside his room in the hospital, was suddenly distracted by the conversation of two nurses standing nearby.

"You remember, about three months ago . . . that fellow they found in the river . . . dead body in . . . imagine killing your brother for money! Well, he got what he deserved this morning . . . bang!" I suppose you read about it in the paper.

A picture of the tall young man with slightly foreign features flashed into Cynthia’s mind. She had tried to forget that. It seemed strange, that happening the same night she had danced with him at the hotel. And he was such a good friend of John’s.

"A nurse at the door of Wagoner’s room beckoned to her. "You’d better come in now," she whispered, "he seems to have something he wants to say to you.""

John’s death was announced by a tap on the shoulder, and they tip-toed into the room and stood one each side of the sick man’s bed. Finally he whispered: "Cynthia, my dear, come nearer to me. I must confess something before I die, so that none else will suffer for my terrible deed. That man . . . the river . . . listen carefully, Cynthia," and in a stumbling, incoherent fashion he told the whole story. Cynthia calmly replaced his hand on his chest as a pool of crepe over the dying man’s face. As the realization came to her, the storm pale and silent and breathed a prayer.

"Thank God he never knew." 0

PROVIDENCE.—(Continued from page 14)

but I switched my motors on you last night, figuring that with strange ones you wouldn’t have a chance. Heh heh! you didn’t think the old man had that much energy left did you? Now, boy, don’t mistake my motives as vindictive. I know you, but I can’t see him wasting his life in those damned boats of his, ’n I figured that if he lost today he would be more likely to fall into line with my plans for his future. There is a position waiting for him in the firm, and to recompense you, Ed. I’m leaving you a sub-

We shoulder to think that in the last issue of this magazine we have given expression to the beauties of spring. We have now decided that our first impression was false. A more abundant season does not exist.

Notes and Comments

We shoulder to think that in the last issue of this magazine we have given expression to the beauties of spring. We have now decided that our first impression was false. A more abundant season does not exist.

Probably the bees and the birds would not agree with this, but at this time the Bishop’s student feels even more than ever the kinship with the tillers of the soil for whom awakening of life upon the earth means nothing but that they must start tilling the soil all over again. Even thus, the student realizes that the time has come for him to start ploughing up the fields of learning that have lain fallow all winter. This is not intended as a reminder to lazy students that the examinations are again upon us. Personally we despise the sort of kill-joy who takes delight in such sadism and many is the offender whom we have cheerfully strangled for just that offense. But there is a tradition of long standing that the procurotor of this department makes a few fitting remarks on the subject at the beginning of the final brain-child. And we are an abject slave to tradition. Now that we have fulfilled our sacred duty, our conscience has given us the go-ahead, so, again, we are off.

The trap of feet and the beat of drums are no longer heard heretofore, except faintly from the school as a sort of reminder. In fact all O.T.C. activities have ceased for the year—that is except for a quick pay parade some time between now and the end. We hope that this is the most active year that the corps has ever known, and all have fallen into line behind the Major to cooperate and thus have carried all difficulties before them.

Long ago the annual platoon inspection was held and very keen was the crit'cal test that day—in fact so keen that in the final marks there was a difference of but one point between each of the three platoons. This year the third platoon took the Ross-McMurtry trophy. Congratulations, Rollie Everest! Now all the staffs hailed, and were saved for the inspection, and all did their best to profit by their few mistakes in the competition in order to make this the most successful inspection to date, and to justify Major Church's confidence in his contingent.

The day came. As has often turned out snappy and cloudless, setting a perfect stage for the drama which was to take place. Major General Trembley, Inspector General of Canada, and Brigadier General E. Panett, Officer Commanding, M.D. No. 4, and all in their official garb, and were very pleased with the show we put on for them. The ceremony over, there was a demonstration of the work being done in training the men, after which there was an official presentation of the trophy to the winning platoon. The "Brass Hat" were very worthy in their praise of both the men and Major Church who has done such a fine job here this year.

Now, with all that behind us, we are all looking forward to the next two weeks' camp which is scheduled to take place soon after vacation. It was very unfortunate indeed that the twelve weeks' training, leading to commissions, was cancelled. All concerned felt very sorry at the news since many of us had given up good summer jobs in order to take this training—jobs, which, in most cases, were unable to reacquire. We are all looking forward to the time when inefficiency will not be the keynote of the activities of the Canadian army.

At last the protracted ordeal of sitting, for pictures and waiting for clouds at the best of the hooded one is over. No longer is the campus brightened by the sight of students all in their finest, or scantily clad in their sporting togas, and blessing of blessings, had bidden one no longer lurks about the campus.

This year there has been no Millie banquet, as there is a shortage of money all round, or perhaps it is because we are afraid of spoiling our appetites for the better meals—"we've been hers to much about but never see. While we are on the subject, we are given to understand that the slaves have been requested not to pay any attention to tummies from the dining halls on glistening walk. The situation is getting desperate. The service is slow and inefficient except in such cases where the water has been on the job for forty years. Keep it up Jim, and try to instill some of your energy into the others.

The Senior's Supper this spring, was an outstanding success from all reports. It was held at the Mayfair, where Rollie Badgey's boys supplied inspiration for terpsichorean activity. The place was at full as it ever has been and a delightful evening was enjoyed by all. This event caused a stir as a result of the number of old 'Varsians who were present.

The New Arts celebrated the advent of spring the other day in their annual banquet, held, as usual, in the Mansion House in Steubens. As yet the Old Arts have not had their annual banquet, and it is so late now that there seems to be some doubt as to whether it will be held this year at all.

Aide from the activities mentioned above, little has transpired of note since the last time we sat down to this
The Mitre

Sorrows of an Orchestra Leader

I run a dance band. I do not stand up and wave a baton because I do not have a baton. Also, I have to play in the band. Many say it would be nicer if I waved a baton — I hope they are just trying to be funny.

It’s quite an experience to run a dance band. I began to be a glamour boy like Dorsey or Miller; but either they are not glamour boys or else my band is not like theirs. Anyway I am not yet a glamour boy.

There are many privileges that the leader has which the members of his band haven’t. He is allowed to buy the music at eighty-five cents per piece. Future leaders will note that forty pieces are barely enough; the better pieces last two weeks.

There are more privileges. The leader builds the music stands and owns the drums. The drummer still gives him hell for holding a quarter note for two bars. The drummer just doesn’t understand syncopation ad lib. He says when he hears music he plays a mouthorgan. Don’t take that at its face value. You should hear his mouthorgan-playing.

The leader also owns the trumpet mutes. These are never used. They say the trombone sounds better with a mute in it. They say it would sound better with two or three mutes in it. They also say theitone sax couldn’t sound good unless hit with a sledge hammer. Their humor is getting a little tiresome.

But being a band leader has its drawbacks. I can get no respect. I am sure Dorsey gets respect. I am also sure Miller gets respect. But I can get not even a little respect. I say in an authoritative voice calculated to include kindness and ability “Right, boys, give ‘em ‘What’s new Joe’ and one ‘em down.” The drummer clicks his sticks 1-2-1-4 and they’re he into “Stardust.” They complain that I said “Stardust” first, and make some remarks about not mattering what part I play because there’s no difference. I don’t get the remarks. But you see? No respect.

One of the trumpeters is a big boy. He weighs two hundred and ten pounds in his birthday suit. One day I paid the boys for a job after deducting the expenses. They figured that I paid myself more than them. They sent their deputys (the trumpet) to find out why. Now I don’t get any pay.

It’s a hard life we musicians have to put up with. The other trumpet, physically smaller, is a woman hater. He claims that whenever a certain girl passes the bandstand during two nights, they get the big trumpeter. That happened only once. I lost my place in the music. The trumpet sympathized. He also says the girl must gain the stand quite a bit. I don’t know how to take that remark.

Now you understand the joys of being a bandleader. But there’s one more you don’t. It’s polishing the instruments. Before this may be fully appreciated, one has to do it a dozen days. I would be glad to accommodate all those little ones. Next time I take up an instrument it’ll be a flute. Know anyone who wants to buy a trombone or tenor sax cheap?

East to the River

(Continued from page 23)

had found and fondled with anticipation in the taxi, he lay out at the unsuspecting man and in a mad frenzy rained blow after blow on his defenseless head. Realizing what he had done and suddenly tense with fear, Wagner with difficulty dragged the body to the river and hurriedly shoved it in.

Wandering aimlessly through the streets, Wagner was debating in his mind how he would face his daughter. He passed a small tavern and, mentally and physically exhausted, he entered and ordered a drink. Having become thoroughly intoxicated from the effects of too much of the unfamiliar spirits, Wagner slept most of the day and woke that evening amid strange surroundings. The bartender’s wife, a beautiful woman, had put him to bed. For a while he nursed his injured head, and then he dozed and, with a hurried thanks to his hostess, stepped into the street and hailed a crawling taxi. Determined to face his daughter, he gave her address, and leaned back completely at a loss as to what he could say. He rang the bell of the house, and the door was opened by a young man, good-looking with a clean-cut, honest face. Wagner gave his name and was surprised when the fellow grasped his hand with every show of enthusiasm.

"Why, sir, Cynthia never told me you were coming! This is a surprise! I’m very glad to meet you!”

"W—w—who are you?” Wagner stammered.

"Why, Mr. Wagner, I’m John Sutton, your future law-in-law,” was the reply.

At this point our robust Cynthia, her face showing her surprise which changed to alarm when she saw the sullen colour that her father’s face assumed. He was staring in consternation at the young man’s face, and suddenly pushed forward in a dazed fright. With some difficulty the two managed to get him upstairs to bed, and his daughter, in a panic, called the doctor.

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JUNE, 1941

Anonymous
The Guild of the Venerable Bede

Leon Adams

The Guild of the Venerable Bede

The Guild has again had a very busy year. The Offices and Thursday Eucharist have as usual been said in the Oratory and the devotional life of the members has been greatly helped by two retreats during the year. The Ven. Archdeacon Jones of Lennecolle conducted the annual Devotion House retreat in January, and the Rev'd Elton Scott conducted a "Quiet Day" during Passion Week.

However, the activity of the Guild has been somewhat increased this year by the introduction of informal monthly meetings held either at Fr. Vul's, the Warden's, or Harrold Lodge. At each meeting, a faculty member read a paper on some current subject and then led a discussion. For example, during the year, excellent papers were given by the Dean of Divinity who spoke on "What Should Be The Christian Degno of the Soul?", Prof. Burt on "Spiritualism", Prof. Moffatt on "Messianic Hopes in Israel's Story!", Dr. Boehm on "The Background of Church History!", and Dr. Owen on "The Pulpit and English Literature!". The Guild appreciates the contribution which each speaker made.

The annual Sports Party was held in May and turned out to be a great success financially as well as socially. The snow was not good for skiing, at the time the party was held, so most people either skated or played bridge and then danced to college orchestra. When all the bills had been paid the total profit was £29.59.

The missionary work of the Canadian Church is one of the main interests of the Guild members. Each year, generally by means of the Sports Party, a sum of money is raised for missionary work in Canada. This year, the Guild was able to send $20.00 to the Montreal branch of the Fellowship of the West, $21.00 to the M.S.C.C. to help make up the loss of the English missionary grants, and $10 to the Bishop of Quebec for some mission in his diocese.

Eight new members were added to the Guild roll this year—Mears. Turpin, Apps, Robinson, Harwood, Lome, Wright, MacVean, and Blackstock—three new honorary members, the Dean of Divinity, the Rev'd Professor Burt, and the Rev'd E. R. Moffatt.

Things are much the same in the Oratory. Mrs. McGregor kindly made four new embroidered bookmarks for the Missal. At present the Guild Committee, under the Warden, is drawing up a new Office Book which is expected to be published early next autumn. It will include a missionary litany, the Litany of the Holy Ghost, Sext, and the Sursum Compline.

This June two Guild members will be giving the quiet haunts of "The Shed", i.e., the Rev'd Guy Marston and Alex Craig. Guy will be working in the Diocese of Quebec, while Alex expects to work in the Diocese of Niagara for two years before going west to the Diocese of Kentucy. As usual, during the summer, many of the "Shedits" will be working in various Canadian dioceses.

At present the future is a big question mark for all of us. But, come what may, while there's a "Shed" there'll be a Guild which will carry into the dark those flaming torches of Christ—prayer, work, and fellowship—which, pray God, will form the basis of our post-war society.

"God send us men whose aim 'will be To make the word of love their creed And to live out the laws of Christ In every thought and word and deed." "God send us men alert and quick His lofty precepts to translate Until the laws of Christ become The laws and habits of the State!"

—(Hymn 69)

St. Bede of Jarrow

(To the tune "Picardy"

King of Saints, to Thee we offer our thanksgiving hymn and praise For the life of Bede, Thy servant, honoured priest of ancient days, Who for us hath left a record of the Church which Thou didst raise.

In his life he ever followed in Thy steps of holiness, Trod the path of sacred learning, brought joy to the comfortless, Toiled unceasingly to bring man knowledge of Thy holiness.

Father of the Saints Triumphant, Saviour of the martyr host, Honour be to Thee forever, and to God the Holy Ghost, Alleluia! Alleluia! from earth's bounds and ocean's coasts.

—Leon Adams

JUNE, 1941

Hooky

Henry Lightheld Livingstone was perspiring freely as he left the telephone booth. He lighted a cigarette and chocked painfully on it. He made his way through the crowd of drifters, a few tourists, and a soldier, who substituted as a guard at the counter. The attendant, with the briskness and imper- sonal efficiency which characterizes his kind, produced a glass of water from nowhere. He drank the water, spilling it down his front, and ordered a cup of coffee.

Henry Lightheld Livingstone was nervous. There was no doubt of it. He was a nervous as a fifteen-year-old on his first date. And this was not his first date. Henry, twenty-nine, grey, and portly, had a wife and two children. The folks in Scarslon all said that his was a successful marriage, and Henry, thinking about it, was not at all sure they weren't right. But this was different. You can't call it a date when you take your wife to the Club Bonhembre and sit there worryng about the work in Starfield's agency, about the gas bill for last month, about Henry Jumor's bad eyes. No, a man's got to have a little fun once in a while. So why should he feel nervous about a date with an old friend like Diana Sarton. She never meant anything to him, at least not much anyway. It was silly to get all worked up about it. Jane wouldn't mind. She knew he wouldn't. Damn! Coffee as hot as this should be served with straws. No that silly, the straws would melt. Well, anyway, it's too damned hot. God but Diana looked lovely this afternoon. He always said that she was the most beautiful girl he had ever known, and this afternoon, after his long train ride into Pittsburgh, the sight of her in the Starfield office was the most refreshing and even breath-taking experience he could remember. Of course there was Jane in her wedding gown, but that was several years ago. That wedding had been quiet, and what little publicity it did get would never have gotten around to Diana. Yes, he was pretty safe on that score. And it would never get back to Jane—of that he felt sure.

He had been staring for some time at a big clock on the wall in front of him suspended between a list of sandwiches and a colorful poster advertising cigarettes when suddenly he realized that it said eight-twenty, and when he had phone Diana for a date he had said half past. He paid the clerk, tipping him twenty cents, and, taking out of his pocket the dispatches which he had feebly scribbled down in the telephone booth, he hurried to the rented car which he had parked outside. As he got nearer and nearer to her apartment his agitation increased. He felt more and more like that fifteen-year-old. He rather looked forward to the diversion of trying to muddle out the apparently confused instructions, by now almost illegible on the crumpled visiting card. But no. They were painfully simple and directed him with alarming speed straight to her apartments. On the way up in the elevator, his hand trembled as he pulled out his watch and he realized that he was exactly on time. What was he going to say to her? Where should he take her? These thoughts were still tumbling confusly through his mind when she opened her door. There she was, more beautiful than he had ever seen her, glad simply but exquisitely in black, with a dull gold band about her waist that matched the dusky blond hair that he had always so adored. The dark brown eyes, fascinating as ever, looked somehow worried, but real sorcery was in her voice as she welcomed him.

"Hi, Dit!" He tried to sound as casual as possible and act as much like his old self as he could, but he stumbled on the threshold and almost fell. He caught himself and blushing as it seemed he had never before tried to recover his dignity. "Always was a bit clumsy. My years of discretion don't seem to have—that is, I guess I still am." "Remember the time you fell down the stairs at Jimmy MacVane's party?" she asked, and they both laughed. The ice was broken. Soon they were talking of old times re- minding each other of half forgotten escapades and enjoying many a hearty laugh over incidents of the now heart- soaring past.

Henry had a wonderful time. He always had enjoyed his dates with Diana. They went to a night club and afterwards to a roadhouse well out of town. On the way back though, his nervousness returned. He was driving slowly and grossly. Neither had spoken for some time. He turned his head and looked at her. By the faint light from the dash and from the occasional street lamp, he could see that her head was back against the seat cushion pillows on the mass of amazing hair, which, in this light, looked almost black, except for the occasional glint of the rusty gold. She looked tired, he thought, but the years that had passed since he had seen her seemed not to have aged her a bit. He smiled to himself. What must he look like to her? He knew that although the wearing hand of time had been very kind to him, he was no longer the dashing, handsome man of his younger days. He was a little heavier than he had been and his hair, though he still had all of it, was turning slightly grey on the sides. Perhaps, he mused, she thought him more a man of the world than before. Certainly their conversation toward the end of the evening...
Seated (left to right): C. L. Tomlinson, Circulation Manager; H. E. Mackenzie, Secretary-Treasurer; Miss C. C. Thompson, Women's Representative; Dr. W. O. Raymond, Honorary Vice-President; T. P. Boyle, President; R. J. Carpenter, Editor and Vice-President; Miss J. E. Sutherland, Second Year Representative; J. H. Apps, Advertising Manager.

Standing: G. L. Loosemore, First Year Representative; R. J. Everett, Art Editor; R. H. Tomlinson, First Year Representative; W. G. Pentfield, Notes and Comments Editor; E. delahousien, Advertising Assistant; L. G. B. Adams, Alumni Editor; C. Watson, Advertising Assistant; B. H. W. Kirwin, Sports Editor.

Absent: Dr. F. G. Vial, Honorary Presidents D. D. Rom, Exchange Editor; L. M. Richards, Managing Editor; W. Blackstock, Advertising Assistant.

JUNE, 1941

East To The River

The train on the station platform darted nervous glances about him as he waited for the train to take him to the city, a journey he had taken every morning at precisely the same hour for the last thirty years. Automatically this sallow-faced little man climbed onto the train and threaded his way down the narrow aisle of the coach looking for a vacant seat. Henry Wagoner, an insignificant clerk in the Commercial Union Insurance Company in Indianapolis, was below medium height, about fifty years old and slightly bald.

In the thirty years that he had associated with them in the business world, the other clerks had not discovered the smallest detail of his personal life. They did not know his wife had died years before, leaving an only child on whom he had bestowed all his affection. Señorita he had guided his attractive daughter, and now, for the first time in her life, she was away from him, visiting an aunt in St. Louis.

This morning seemed to Wagoner not quite like other mornings. Although nothing out of the ordinary had happened, a feeling that something was wrong was growing on him. Being a methodical and unassuming man, he tried to dismiss it from his mind, but this mental disturbance kept nagging at him, and he returned home that night in a worried and angry state.

Lying on the half table in his house was a letter from his daughter, the third he had received in the four weeks he had been away. Whereas the first two had been perfunctory notes from a dutiful daughter, this one fairly bubbled over with girlish exuberance. It contained the news that she was engaged. For no reason he could fathom, Wagoner was strangely disturbed. It was the culmination of that feeling of impending evil that had overshadowed him all day. He walked slowly into the small and dingy parlor muttering to himself.

"Engaged—to marry—she can't! She's only twenty—too young, and she never mentioned anything about it before. She doesn't say much about him—hm—why, she may have a souniderl! I'm sure of it—that's the meaning of that fragment? I've had all day!" He sank into a chair and sat staring fixedly into space.

In the days that followed Wagoner worried more and more about his daughter's future husband. The change in him was unmistakable, and his work at the office suffered in consequence. The manager suggested that he take a few days' holiday to recover his health, but with a slyly "thanks, I'm perfectly well!" Wagoner refused his offer. By the time five days had passed—five wretched days interlaced with six sleepless and even more wretched nights—Wagoner made up his mind that he would go to St. Louis and if possible break up this engagement. His mind prejudiced by his jealousy of anyone who would steal his only possession, he had conjured up a formidable picture of his daughter's fiancé. Accordingly, he went to the manager and, apologizing for his abrupt behavior, asked if he might reconsider the offer of a few days' holiday, and it was granted him. He took the first train to St. Louis, and with each mile covered his obsession grew; his hatred for the unknown increased.

Several hours later found Wagoner nervously pacing the floor of his hotel room. He had resolved to wait till evening to go to his sister-in-law's house to pounce upon the unsuspecting pair of lovers. To quire his nerves he went down to dinner where he sat alone, pondering a plan of action. The orchestra played a melancholy tune, and the room began to fill rapidly with gayly dressed couples. Then, changing to glance at the dancers, he was surprised Wagoner beheld his daughter, laughing and talking amably with a tall young man with slightly foreign features. Restraining an impulse to leap up and vent his rage upon the unwelcome suitor, Wagoner sat gazing at him with malevolent hatred. Some fragment of reason left in his now thoroughly disordered mind showed him the folly of attacking the stranger in the crowded dining room. As soon as the music stopped, Wagoner saw the pair pick their way through the crowd to an obscure table where another couple were seated.

He was about to move nearer to get a better view when the young man excused himself, walked hastily to the check room, and got his hat and coat. Wagoner cautiously followed him through the hotel and, to his amazement, saw him take the arm of a young lady who waited for him in the lobby.

"Walking out—call!—I knew it!" murmured Wagoner suddenly filled with a primitve impulsion to kill. For the rest of the evening he dwelt the man's footsteps, lingering as inconspicuously as possible in theaters and night clubs in the manner of the fictional detective. An acquaintance, meeting him on the street, would not have recognized him—his face contorted, his hands clenched, and every once in a while his arm waving in wild passion. Finally his victim and his companion, closely followed by Wagoner, took a taxi East to the river. By the eerie light of approaching dawn Wagoner noticed that this section within the last few years had been cleared out and built up into a series of modern apartments, and it was in front of one of these that he witnessed a tender good-night scene, which, if possible, increased his raging emotion. The girl went indoors, and the young man blandly started off down the street humming softly to himself. Suddenly seemed to snap within Wagoner's brain, and grasping firmly the wrench which he

(Concluded on page 27)
Half a Will

A will which makes no provision for a responsible and experienced Executor is only half a will. Sometimes it is little better than no will at all.

Estates which took a lifetime to build have melted away in one generation . . . simply because the heirs lacked the judgment and experience needed for their proper care.

Many years of experience in the management of estates and property equip this Company to help you in the planning of your will . . . to be drawn by your lawyer or notary . . . and afterwards to see to it that its provisions are wisely and economically fulfilled.

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SHERBROOKE, QUE.
She had come early to my bedchamber. At once I perceived her to be very unhappy, and begged her to reveal the cause to me. So, after some hesitation, (my mind was meanwhile occupied in arranging my hoops in preparation for a visit to the Waters,) she confided that she was desperately in love with a young squire, a certain John Wharton, who was the owner of a handsome estate near Hagrat Hall. These two, it appeared, had been meeting during Emily's afternoon rides and she earnestly believed that the young man had returned her affection. However, it was imperative that she should acquire a fairly large sum of money at once. Otherwise, the estate, which his late father had permitted to fall into ruin, during his absence at school, would be seized by creditors. Poor Emily had regarded Sir Christopher as the obvious solution to their problem. Compared to her brother's vast fortune, the required sum was trifling! But when she had first explained the situation to him, he had fallen into a rage. He had no intention, he informed her, of permitting a ward, upon whose education he had spent much time and money, to sacrifice herself to any mere squire, much less one to who had nothing to offer a wife but a pile of unpaid accounts.

"A wicked rogue, an excitable wretch!" Sir Christopher snorted. In her hand she held no money. He had lost his cards again, and was busy venting his anger upon the victor. By the time I reached the drawing room door, my husband had forsaken the smoking parlour. He was seated at a sideboard, reading Fox's "Martyrs" with apparent satisfaction. I was told that he was flushed by anger and drink, his wig, usually faultlessly powdered, hung in disarray, the curls limp and straight about his head. Despite all this, his clothing was the acme of style and perfection. He was clad in blossom coloured velvet trimmed with gold, a two-point lace cravat, and matching ruffles, white silk stockings, and shoes which sported large square buckles plated with silver. A glass was stiffly applied to his eye. Opposite him, in a wainscoted recess, among costly blue and white jars, Lady Emily huddled a pale, wretched figure in dull green and ermine. Soon the guests, tired of cards and drink would retire. Then, I must approach Sir Christopher about his sister—a altogether an unpleasant task, and fraught with peril, which I was soon to discover.

The next morning, I instructed my maid to awaken Lady Emily in order that she might accompany us to the Waters. From this errand the girl soon returned in much consternation, reporting that Mistress Emily was not in her bed, nor had she been seen anywhere about the house that morning. I was a little vexed, as she had found pinned to Emily's pillow. This I hastily opened and read as follows:

Dearest Sarah:

As long as I remain at Hagrat Hall my case is hopeless. Even you, my dear sister (I pray that I may call you "sister"), can not, I fear, move Sir Christopher. John and I shall be married, and go at once to Bristol. Here he hopes to receive some sort of assistance from his cousin, a wealthy trading merchant.

May God bless and protect you, dear, and may we meet again some day.

Affectionately,

Emily Hogart.

This news did much to engage my already vascular husband. He forbade the entire household, including myself, to make any attempt to communicate with Emily. Indeed, her name was not to be mentioned in his presence. Soon after this unfortunate occurrence, our guests departed for Kent in order to attend the cricket matches there in progress. Unaided and alone, and, except for an occasional trip to the springs, I was left to my own resources.

For now Sir Christopher refused to associate with the gay crowds that daily filled Epsom. During this time I particularly missed Emily and often wondered concerning her fate.

At length the summer was over and we returned to London. I had long dreaded this journey, but we were indeed fortunate as our carriage broke down only once during the entire trip. Moreover, we escaped all attacks by highwaymen who so often infest the roads leading to and from capital. London was much the same as usual. The muddy roads were causing considerable annoyance, especially since the spring season had been an exceptionally rainy one. My husband, as usual, had no doubt to apprise me of the loss of my dear friend, Emily, had opened a new home near the Palace. This house, which was panelled in costly oak and sumptuously furnished with mahogany, contained many priceless articles, including several tall grandfather clocks, decorated with large silver shields, and other rare chinoiserie, brought to England at great risk by our own East India Company. However, all these things, the pride and joy of Sir Christopher, failed to compensate me for the loss of Lady Emily, and I constantly prayed that she was happy. Because of the war, the city life was unusually quiet that year. However, the merits of our successful General Marlborough were sung by everyone. Indeed, I soon learned that playing cards recalling his military glories were now quite the rage among the most popular gambling houses.

After his sister's untimely departure, I seldom saw Sir Christopher. However, it was evident that he was spending more and more upon his attire. The fineness of his laces and velvets could hardly have been surpassed even by the most fabulous of young courtiers. And although I had never been accustomed to worry over the state of my husband's finances, I now feared that he was spending more than could ever have been known, and that such extravagance was not only a cause of my consternation, but also a cause of disquiet to my husband's creditors. Indeed, after that time I was always careful to keep a watchful eye upon his accounts, for I feared that he would one day go to the wall.

London remained as usual, a busy place for all. The weather was dull and cold, and the fogs were thick, as usual. The fog was so thick that one could barely see across the room, and the streets were so narrow that one could hardly breathe. The fog was so thick that one could barely see across the room, and the streets were so narrow that one could hardly breathe.

The next day at tea, Sir Christopher had gone to visit a sick friend in Paddington, so I dared to bring Emily to our home. I confided to her all the family news. The dear girl listened in silence, then smiling, said, "But, dear Sarah, do not vex yourself so. We can easily lend you the money. No one need ever know. This exhibition of forgiveness and kindness completely overcame me and I wept upon Emily's shoulder.

At length, Sir Christopher was forced to humble himself. The proud baronet received the loan from the brother-in-law whom he had previously refused to acknowledge. Emily remained with us while her husband was fighting in Europe, and Sir Christopher truly a changed man, did all in his power to make her comfortable and happy.

Once again the London season is over. The war it also over. This spring we shall return as usual to Epsom, but there will be others returning in the coach with us, Emily and John, and their young son, Christopher. Through the hatchowrle brakls I can distinguish a young woman in a scarlet cloak, shining flame against the setting sun. It is Emily and she is singing as the coach approaches.
FT 110853
The Mitre
JUNE, 1941

Doing Unto Others

It was the second week in June, and for another year the London season was over. The Court hailed Her Majesty's sumptuous gown of unc teal velvet, her stomachers, a rock of diamonds, were things of the past, memories to be revived or revived after the lamps had lit and the chart freely circulated. So it was that I found myself alone, as I had so often wished I might, beneath the stately oak of Hagirt Hall, and far from the smoke, the mud, the din of London life. We were but a few miles from Epsom, and a hackney coach bearing several happy, curious visitors dashed down the bumpy road. Through the howling brakes I caught a fleeting glimpse of bright robes and glittering jewels. Laughter and song mingled for one brief moment with the uproar from goose and blackcock lurking in the nearby bracken. Then all faded away in the distance, to be replaced almost immediately by the strange accents of a Welsh drover, leading sheep and cattle, and gowned and gaited to the capital. Beside him tripped some farm wench, humming the chorus of a popular hunting song:

"Will sometimes follow, will sometimes follow, will sometimes follow the fox's tan."

Her stable cloak, trailing in the mud about her knees, the setting sun. For some reason, I knew not why, that carefree rural dame reminded me of Emily. I must return to her.

Though 'twas but early June the night air was sultry, and the windows of the smoking parlour were open. Passing beneath three, I observed that many of my guests had already drunk to excess. Their faltering notes gave ample proof:

"Good-bye to the Mall The Park and Canal, St. James Square,"

Shrieks of female laughter greeted the conclusion of this drunken ditty. Lady Montagu, seated at the gambling table, fell laughing as a deep base continued.

"Adieu to the knight "Doubt was the beginning"

She appeared most handsome, clothed in a petticoat of black velvet, embroidered with chenille, 'heath a gown of white satin, embroidered also with chenille mixed with gold ornaments.' I could hear her shell voice, as she displayed for all eyes her efficiency in the art of flattering one's fans. "This rural politeness," my lady's eyebrow arabed delicately, "it is so troublesome. Why, a country squire shall make you as many bells in half an hour as a lord could do in a week." But I had been one of them, a woman of gentle birth and rearing, I too might have appreciated Lady Montagu's remark. I too might then look down with ill-mannered contempt upon humbler visitors to the waters. However, steeling myself against the nearness of my art I had put aside the art of the aristocracy. My father had been a humble yoman of Cambridge, our beloved "corn country." Like that maiden with the scarlet cloak. I had studied over muddy roads; tended sheep and cattle upon the heath and commons; learned to love the ordered, peaceful countryside, about which the poet writes: that perfection of rural loveliness in contrast with the mountains' magnificence above and around. And had it not been for Aunt Maria I might have remained a humble, ignorant peasant, tending geese or shooting rabbit and hares. For to the surprise of the entire family, Maria Collis, a timid, though attractive, young governor won the admiration and love of Sir Timothy Townshend, wealthy Whig minister in Her Majesty's government. Thus, once Maria Collis had through her own endeavours become Lady Townshend, it was considered advisable that I should be sent to her home in London at an early age. Here, the able teacher, who praised herself on her extensive and important social connections, which she boasted even included colourful Sarah Jennings, the Termagant Duchess of Marlborough, and devoted friend of Queen Anne, might instruct me in those matters pertaining to the education of a young lady of quality, and prepare me for a more advantageous marriage than the humble birth of the village. So it was that under the guiding eye of ambitious Maria Townshend I was in due time presented at Court, and soon afterwards became betrothed to Sir Christopher Hagirt, a burdensome weight on the shoulders of my life and career. And the village which my father marked by this singular honour, conferred upon a daughter possessing no extraordinary talents or accomplishments, declared that we were indeed just of a humble. And though I had some doubts as to the truth of these words, they soon vanished amidst the glitter which heralded my first winter in London. At any rate, mine was a marriage of prudence and common good-liking without any mixture of the ridiculous passion of romantic love. And whether or not I regained my renunciation of the green fields and hunting grounds of Cambridge for the Court of London and the downs of Epsom had not, I must confess, rested my mind until that morning when Emily Hagirt, my husband's young and beautiful sister, had appealed to me for aid.
with the money they would inherit from Herbert floated delightfully through his mind. A house on the Boulevard, perhaps, where they could look down on the rest of Mon-
treal. A new car and a top south every winter. They
wouldn’t have to envy their more fortunate friends. The
taxi turned up at Mrs. Victoria Avenue and drew up before the
Hawthorne Apartments. They were home again.

Almost a week had passed since the Traversons arrived
in Montreal. Life had returned to a routine more or less normal. Peo-
ple had been sympathetic about Herbert’s death, but they
did not expect the Traversons to be very much disturbed by it.
He had, after all, been only a great uncle of theirs.
When news of the inheritance was made public, it caused
quite a stir among their friends. Henry quite enjoyed this.
Now he had almost forgotten the telephone call. He
couldn’t explain it, but since it seemed to have no sinister
implications he had dismissed it from his thoughts. As he
and his wife sat comfortably listening to the radio, life
seemed almost perfect. The clock in the hall struck eleven.

Time for the news," remarked Henry, as he tuned in
to CJCE. The day had not been an unusual one. The
smooth voice of Christopher Ellis told of bombed London,
of raids on the invasion parts, and of further debate on the
Lesse-Lend Bill. Then—"The Canadian Fund for Air
Raid victims opened its nationwide appeal today. Already
nearly a quarter of a million dollars has been subscribed.
An interesting donation was that of one hundred thousand
dollars from Mr. Henry Traverson, Westmount business man.
Mr. Traverson said that this was really the contribution of the
late Herbert Southwood, well-known Montreal architect,
who died three weeks ago. Mr. Traverson inherited the money,
but—told—"

"Henry Traverson, how could you do such a foolish thing?"
burst out his wife. "After all the risk we took in getting
the money and you throw it away like that!"

Henry’s expression changed from bewildermint to ang-
er—"But I didn’t do it! I didn’t give it away! Somebody
is trying to be funny at our expense. They’ll find that
it doesn’t pay. I’ll phone and find out about it. I’ll—"

"Wait a minute," interrupted his wife, "Let me do it."
She went to the phone and dialed a number. "Air Raid
Campaign Headquarters—" "This is Miss Earshaw of the
"Globe", I would like to ask a few questions about that
hundred thousand dollar donation to your fund." —Yes.
When was it made?" —"I see. Did he come to your head-
quarters in person?" —"He didn’t. You’re sure?—"Oh—"
—"And that was his
only statement—"—"Thanks very much."

Slowly she turned to face her husband. Anger blazed in
her eyes. "So you did it. You utter fool!"

"I didn’t, I tell you. I didn’t," cried Henry frantically.
"I went out of the office all day. It must have been
somebody else."

Suddenly he turned pale. "The phone call. Remember
the phone call! There must be somebody am-

Eric Duval
maybe he was worried about not having seen Nancy. Then the old man's composure smiled recur to him and seemed to dance before his eyes all the way into the wharf. He couldn't help it; this race worried him more than it should have, and superstitions like all others, he could not refrain from construing anything awesomely ad an evil omen.

He was not reassured at all by the continued strange- ness of Neil's behaviour as they filled their long spare tanks and checked the rubber connections to the gas tanks mounted on the motors, for his friend maintained an abso- lute silence. He tied on his safety belt and with a long, piercing, and almost accusing look from under his curly shock of black hair, dropped from Edge's right into his boat. Edge turned to the attendant.

"What do you suppose is wrong with him?"

"Damn, sir. Probably this race get's him down. He wouldn't be the first, you know."

Really worried by this time, Edge finished his inspection and moved out into the bay to find Neil. He passed him several times but not once did he receive any acknowledge- ment of his cheery wave. Well, he had some taping of his own to do. Neil would be all right when the race started, he tried to convince himself. The boats began to collect down at the end of the five-mile rectangular course and he saw Neil again when he pulled up beside his friend for last minute instructions. Now that didn't matter, they had gone over and practiced their system often enough so that no further preliminaries were really neces- sary. Hence, since Neil seemed to be taking the outside of the bunch, he moved over to the inside. The start worked perfectly. All thirty-two boats moved slowly through the rough water to the starting line. When the smoke from the signal cannon on the wharf appeared, shortly to be followed by the report, Edge retarded his spark a little and advanced to fill the throttle, following it shortly with the spark. With a roar, the machinery boomed forward and looked to the right, Edge could see that Neil and he were off to a perfect start, and a good half-length ahead of the nearest follower. According to plan, they started to bunch the field, forcing it closer and closer upon itself, so that grad- ually more and more he had to slacken speed in order to avoid fouling and disqualification. Perhaps this wasn't ethical, but they had always used this system, this and the joint blocking around buoys. Skillfully using their wakes to bend and push other boats, they con- tinued to draw away and in almost no time they were at the first buoy. As they approached it they realized that there was a wide green boat making a desperate effort to cut inside them on the turn. It was familiar work cutting out this challenger. He whirled a long half-circle, took the turn, and on the next leg, a short one, the two black boats, leaping from the top one sea to the next, were leading by ten yards the green vanguard of the following pack. Side by side they approached the buoy. Neil seemed much too close. Edge took one numbered hand off his wheel and waved the other boat away. Neil paid no attention and continued to crowd closer and closer to the buoy. It must be that he is too used to taking the inside, thought his friend, but his blood turned cold when he looked quickly at Neil and saw the fiercesh smile which was set on that dark face. They were right on top of the buoy now and Edge hadn't a chance of making it. With a flick of his right hand he forced both controls into the idling position and throwing his weight forward onto the bow span the wheel to the right. Neil flashed past his starboard bow with no more than an inch to spare and missing the buoy by ten took a long arc around into the new direction. Edge was meanwhile fighting for control. In his sharp turn he had taken aboard a good deal of water. The green boat was approaching fast bearing straight down on him from be- hind. Still wallowing in the heavy sea, Edge gunned his motor and leaped forward with his wheel hard over to the left. Damnit! He had over controlled! He retarded again and whirled his wheel the other way and pulled out his throttle control again, but it was too late. The great metal buoy heaved his hull as he spun past it. He glanced at the buoy and the judge for the first time saw the disqualification flag being waved. Bewildered and numb, he pulled his bag out of the course and circled the judge's hand, and, hardly hearing the condolences of those on board, was about to leave when he heard his name called. He killed his idling motor and running in and through the tousled blond hair, stared up at the despectacled individual who had called.

"Your name Edgar Lofton? Well, there's an urgent call for you from the starting dock — either you or Neil Davey."

"Neil—yeah—O.K.—thanks, I'll go right in."

In a dash he started his motor and leaning forward uncon- sciously he gave it full throttle and sped towards the dock.

When he arrived at the wharf he learned that Bar Dry down was in a bad way and that he had called for him. Edge borrowed a car and in a few minutes was mounting the same stairs he had descended such a short time before. He found the old man in the same cooch before the fire, but wrinkles of worry had supplanted the composure smile which he had worn before.

"Oh Edge," the man murmured. "I'm so glad you've come. Doctor Elmyrown won't tell me so, but I know damn well I've got both pins in the grave now." Edge glanced at the doctor who so sadlly nodded his corroboration of the statement. Old Bar Dry down was an old friend of Edge, there's something I want you to know. Don't tell Neil about this.

(Concluded on page 28)
Providence

He cursed softly to himself as he descended the wide steps in front of the Davidson mansion. He pulled his hat down harder onto his head against the ferocious wind which was flattening the rows of begonias lining the walk, and made his way across the drive to his ancient Lincoln touring car. As he opened the door, he looked back at the historic pile which had been his friend Neil’s home for years. Gloomy and forbidding in any weather, it was even more so as it presented its weather-worn front to the unseasonable blast which howled in over the Atlantic from the northeast and moaned through the stately old elms on the lawn sloping gradually up from the bay. One of the chimneys protruding from the roof of the house was giving off a small amount of smoke which seemed to be sucked out of it by force and snatched away by the invisible might of the wind. Probably Bar Davidson’s fire beside which the old man—so unlike his son Neil—had been lying on a couch when he left him. He had been talking to the old man, half crazy in his senility, and lower today than he had ever seen him, about today’s race which, despite the inclement weather, was being held in the bay that afternoon. Old Bar, fully dressed and smoking in open defiance, as always, of the doctor’s orders, had silently listened to him recounting his and Neil’s ardent hopes about the outcome of the national W-class outboard final, while a cracked old smile played about his shrunken lips. He did not like that smile, which increased as he told the old man about the plans the two of them had of working together in the race in order to exclude the rest of the field and then on the last couple of laps to race each other for first place. This would mean that they would both be entered in the international races next spring, and he knew that Neil’s father had been long against any such postponement of his son’s law training in the Davidson firm. Why that smile? He didn’t like it. But that was silly, he thought, as he slid in behind the wooden steering wheel and started the motor: why worry about the facial expressions of a smile octogenarian like Bar, when he had the biggest race of his life in front of him with all its attendant worries? He shrugged his shoulders and steered carefully around a broken elm limb which lay in front of him in the driveway, and swung off down the winding lane to the boathouse. He and Neil had shared this boathouse ever since they had started racing in their last year of college, and now, as he skidded to a stop behind the sloping building, he saw Neil maneuvering his father’s long mahogany launch into its berth. Neil had been down to Providence to see his fiancée. He never failed to avail himself of her good wishes before a race. Coming around the end of the boathouse, an angular, gaunt figure whose great height was surmounted by a heavy wealth of black hair, his smile of greeting looked a little forced as he shrugged out of his dripping macintosh.

"Well, one thing about this weather—it will probably cut down the field."

"Did you give my message to Nancy, Neil?"

"Darn it, Edge. I didn’t even get to see her; I had to stop in at Haron Point for a new cylinder-head gasket, and by the time that ass Fife had the damned thing in, it was time for me to start back."

"Tough luck," sympathized Edge, making the stern painter fast to a cleat on the deck. "Well, you’re back, anyway. That’s the main thing. I must say that I was a little worried about your getting back in this sea."

He stroked the smooth, black hull of his shell-like racer and checked the patch he had applied the day before.

"Hey, Edge," called his friend from the other side of the boathouse, "did you leave this door unlocked?"

Neil referred to the door to the little room in which they kept their motors and tools. That was funny. Neither of them had been down there that day and Edge remembered locking the door himself yesterday. He and Neil had the only keys, unless old Bar still had his and he was an invalid. Very queer. Their concern over who might have been monkeying around there was soon forgotten, however, in the absorbing work of taking each engine down from its rack and staggering across the floor with it to the testing rack just above the water. Edge remembered that he had a worn shear pin at the end of the drive shaft which had to be replaced before he could undertake the grueling seventy-five mile race. Hastily he made the necessary replacement and helped Neil lower the two boats into the water. Half an hour later, after careful last-minute tuning up on the experimental racks, while the frame structure above their boats shook and reverberated with the noise of the two unmasked exhausts of the identical motors, the boys mounted them on the sterns of their boats and pushed themselves out into the frigid daylight. The half mile to the town where the race started was made at half speed, with occasional bursts full out as they checked the bowden remote controls for the throttle and spark. Passing the lighthouse, Edge noticed that Neil was acting very strangely. He stopped his motor twice and tilted it up as if to check on the security of the center pin on the propellor shaft. He then ran in close behind the other’s boat and appeared to be examining it closely, whereupon he gave his motor full throttle and with a smooth deep roar disappeared toward the white-painted starting wharf. That was funny—it wasn’t like Neil to do that just before a race, but then
Letter From England

The following paragraphs are taken from a letter received by Prof. A. V. Richardson from Bill Jones, a member of the University until Christmas, 1946. Bill Jones, son of the Ven. Archdeacon Jones of Lennonsville, is attached to the Royal Air Force as a member of the ground crew.

April 21, 1941.

Dear Sir,

"Finally we've finished our training and are now settled down in various parts of the British Isles. We spent several
weeks on projects involving some of the most interesting work I have yet encountered. The course we took lasted just ten
weeks but in peace time the identical course took two and a half years, so I shall have to let you imagine the as-
various how much they tried to cram into us in such time.

"Two other chapels of the 160 that came over with me are posted to the same station. We are the only three Can-
dians in this district and as you can imagine we are having the time of our lives. The people down here are exception-
ally kind and helpful and the work is fascinating—especially when we go to no end of trouble for us. I dare say you know England
many times better than I do, so I need not go into long detail on the subject of summertime here in the south. The
country and the sea together—well, I've never been seen anything like it.

"The work is very easy—we have 16 hours off every four
weeks, and we only work about five hours a day on the
days we do work. The afternoons is the best part of the day
here and since I only work one afternoon out of every five,
I think I have very little to complain about. One was the
night watch I didn't used to enjoy particularly was the night
watch. Do you think you would feel comfortable, sir, with
a gas mask for a pillow, a work bench for a mattress, and any-
thing that happened to be lying around for a blanket.

"Night watch only turns up once every four or five days,
but you soon get hardened to it, and it's really surprising
just how much sleep one can get.

"During my work-end leaves and seven-day leave I have
gotten in a great deal of time in London. I don't believe
that there is any other city in the world that could keep
me so easily entertained as does London. There is no end
to the number of places that one can see—one other shop
and myself thought we'd cover all there was to see in Regen's
Park in one hour. We set out accordingly and started our
tour about 11 a.m. When we left the park it was very
nearly 3 o'clock, and even then we had only 'scratched
the surface.'

"There is one thing in London that captivates me more
than anything else, and that is the underground system. For
some unknown reason I have developed a childlike passion
for them and the number of hours I've spent in the tubs
can't be counted. As far as I can see it is the only means
a foreigner has of finding his way around the city. You
can't miss anything in it so plainly marked—you spend your time following arrows.

"Perhaps the bomb damage would interest you if you
were to return to England. Somehow the streets in
London remind me of a person who has just come out of
the dentist. As you walk through the thoroughfares you see
the odd house or apartment building missing—perhaps
two or three stores here, and then there mayn't be a scrub
on any of the buildings for blocks. I am better acquainted
with the End than any other section of the city and of
course the damage in the End it not to be compared with what one can see in the
End. There are certain sections in the End that seem to have
gotten it worse than others. Road, particularly in the
business section his not habitable but it is a different
road has been pretty well knocked around too. What
the road looks like since the 'blitz' two or three nights ago
heaven only knows. Amongst other places I believe that
is about to evolve a looking hole as one would
care to see. I spent a couple of days in
just after a recent 'blitz' and believe me it was a mess. Whole
areas were, and are still now I suppose, just so much rubble.
Areas comprising ten, fifteen, and twenty blocks literally
disappear without leaving a trace. The rubble then is
ropped up and hand carted to a point, where it
is certainly brings you down a few pegs after seeing the suf-
f ering and destruction this war is causing. It is really pit-
iful, there's no other word for it. One of the most pitiful
ights I've seen was the London underground—every
ight the tubes are packed with sleeping people. Persons
of every age and class just mixed up in a heap it seems—each
one trying to get a wink of sleep. I saw one old man who
must have been up in his eighties sleeping on the under-
ground stairs with nothing but newspapers to keep him
warm. When you step out of a tube late in the evening you
find yourself doing all the latest dance steps in an attempt
to avoid this one's hand and that one's baby. It is some-
thing one has to see for one's self.

Best regards,
Bill Jones.
many tasty educational dishes without imbiding their essen-
tial contents. There is too much window dressing in mod-
eran education. This superficial glitter obscures the necessity of a thorough and incisive study of those elemental subjects which are the bases of a sound nurture of the intellect.

Once more I quote Newman:

"I will tell you, gentlemen, what has been the prac-
tical error of the last twenty years—not to load the stu-
dent with a mass of undigested knowledge, but to force
upon him so much that he has rejected all. It has been
the error of distracting and enfeebling the mind by an
unmeaning, or profusion of subjects; of implying that a
smattering in a dozen branches of study is not shallow-
ness, which it really is, but enlargement, which it is not.
... All things now are to be learned at once, not first
one thing, then another; not one well, but many badly.
Learning is to be without exertion, without attention,
without toil; without grounding, without advance, with-
out finishing."

A little later on, Newman writes in a vein that is not
without point in view of the frills and fads that too often
find a place in our modern educational curriculum.

"Recreations are not education; accomplishments are
not education. Do not say, the people must be educated,
when, after all, you only mean, amused, refreshed, soothed,
put into good spirits and good humour, or kept from
vicious excesses. I do not say that such amusements,
such occupations of mind, are not a great gain; but they
are not education. You may as well call drawing and
fencing education as a general knowledge of botany or
conchology. Stuffing birds or playing stringed instru-
ments is an elegant pastime, and a resource to the idle,
but it is not education. It does not form or cultivate the
intellect. Education is a high word; it is the preparation
for knowledge, and it is the imparting of knowledge
in proportion to that preparation."

So far I have spoken of a crack involving a leakage at
the bottom of the cask of education. But is the rim intact?
A secondary school teacher might well say to his univer-
sity colleagues: "And why beheldst thou the more that is
in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is
in thine own eye?" Cracks there certainly are in the rim
of university education. One of the most apparent of these
is our comparative failure to successfully bridge the gulf
of transition between the student's last year in high school
and his first year in college. We may grant that there must
always be a difference of kind as well as of degree between
high school and university education. But, even with this
passage, we somehow fail to make the requisite adaption,
and a large proportion of our student constituency never
find their sea-legs throughout their freshman year. The
cinnamon of spice, however, compels me to reserve consid-
eration of this crack, in the rim of the educational barrel
for a future article.

Valley Snow

The snow's
a grey Persian cat
huddled to the earth,
waiting
patiently
to be stroked
by the warm
sensitive
fingers
of the morning sun.
Soon
it will stir
and we shall see
a bed
of white anemones.

-Leon Adams.

THE MITRE

JUNE, 1941

Gentleman of Stratford: John Brophy

Books on Shakespeare are as the stars of heaven, in
number if not always in brilliance, and like the stars that
are on the wane for multitude. The vast majority of these
books are concerned with Shakespeare's work, in its
innumerable aspects and relationships. Only a few, rela-
tively very few, face up to the enigma of Shakespeare the
man and seek to make him true to their question. Shakes-
pear is the human being, who, after possibly a wild youth
and certainly a hasty and ill-advised marriage in Stratford,
came to London at one of the great epochs of its history,
settled down and prospered, amassed a moderate fortune as
actor and playwright, because of one of the prominent person-
alisations of the age in Court and literary circles, rose in due
course to the town of his birth, and died there as Master
Shakespeare, "a gentleman of worship"—having inciden-
tially in the interval enriched the world's literature more
than any man who has ever lived. What sort of a person
was he, in the details of his daily life, as a man on two legs,
if I may put it, and not as a collections of works within the
two boards of a book? Not many have had the temerity
attempts to answer this question, and still fewer have
achieved any degree of consummation in their portrayal.
The task is hazardous, for the scanty insured data have to
be eked out by uncertain inferences (from the plays and
sonnets, and by the still less reliable imaginative reconstruc-
tion, as it is called, guessing would be better, of the partic-
ular writer, and the result is seldom either conclusive or
unsatisfactory. I cannot recall, within the present cen-
tury, more than four or five attempts to present Shake-
peare in dramatic or quasi-dramatic form which have had
any degree of success. There is, of course, Bernard Shaw's
brilliant but very short play, "The Lady of the Son-
nets"; there is a play by Frank Harris on the same theme,
and his two studies "The Man Shakespeare" and "The
Women of Shakespeare", in which he attempts to recon-
construct the poet's personal life and character on the basis of
the supposed intimations contained in the Plays; there is
Clemence Dane's much better known dramatic effort, "Will
Shakespeare"; and there is the novel "The Best of His Fam-
ily" by Cora L. O. Atman. Apart from these I have heard of
no others which are generally remembered, or are worth re-
membering, until we come to the present moment, and the
Shakespeare novel which I should like to review briefly.

"Gentleman of Stratford" by John Brophy seems to be,
in many respects, not only the latest but the best of these
efforts to get behind the plays and poems to the living man
when they partly reveal, but partly also conceal under the
multitude of his abides.

In the first place, this book tells a story which engages
the attention for its own sake. The protagonist happens to
be one William Shakespeare, known beforehand, by repute
at least, in certain circles; but one need not be unduly con-
scious of that fact. One need not remind oneself, to per-
severe with reading, "Oh well, this isn't a genuine novel
after all, whose characters and events lose all virtue when
they lose our interest. This is really a study of Shakespeare
over which we must be prepared to take some pains."
That argues a certain inherent credibility in the character-
drawing, and a certain interest in the unfolding phases of a life,
which, whether or not we are subsequently satisfied that
the life so described is in fact likely to be that of the
historical person whose name has been borrowed. Thus one
common rock of stumbling is avoided—the setting up of a
lay-figure as a convenient point of assembly for absurd
and patchwork of anamorphoses here, a dummy which has not,
had never had, in it the breath of life. The hero of this book
is conceived from within outwards; he is the work of a
creative artist, not of a professor.

But, of course, the professor cannot be ignored. Tho
though the book is strictly in form, it is in fact a study of Shake-
peare and sooner or later the questions cannot be avoided.
Is it an adequate study? Is it even a credible one? How
has the author used the available materials and woven them
into his pattern? And what does he make of suchorny
problems as the deer-stealing incident, Mistress Ann Hath-
away and the "second-best bed," and the redoubtable lady
of the Sonnets who is credited with so much of the splen-
dour and novelty of Shakespeare?

A short summation of the work will go some way to answ-
ering these questions. The narrative begins with Shakespeare
as a lad in the Grammar School of Stratford, an imagina-
tive boy, living in the past of Rome, and already at inter-
vals experiencing the urge to poetry, obscurely but deeply
affected, and which is to affect all the phases of the play
of human life. The chance overhearing of a story of a
girl drowned in the river Avon makes a strong impression,
which many years after is to take shape in the death of
Ophelia. Some while later he encounters Ann Hathaway in
the countryside, and discovers some of the romance of
life, and more of its anxieties and responsibilities. This
section of the story is told with charm and restraint, and
is inherently not less probable than the commoner and more
vulgar version of a cuckold woman entraped by a designing
woman many years his junior. In fact, throughout, the re-

DEAN G. BASIL JONES

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Editorial

So absorbed were we in our worries (notice we didn't say "studying") about the forthcoming exams that the matter of an editorial for this issue had almost completely escaped our minds—as a matter of fact, the entire June issue would have been absolutely forgotten had we not heard a couple of freshmen complaining about the Mitre assessment in their term bills. Hearing their conversation reminded us that we had a job to put through and that probably we would have to be done almost single-handed, with only the help of the faithful department editors who, issue after issue, turn in their highly commendable work.

A couple of weeks ago we had entertained the thought of putting a notice to the effect that due to the complete lack of contributions and the editor's toothache, there would be no June Mitre. But that could not be done as there were advertising contracts to fill, and there had to be some vehicle to get the Notes and Comments department with the latest college news to the students.

Anyway, we braced ourselves muttering "It's got to be done, and there's no point in stalling around—first thing you know, exams will be upon you, and then you won't even be able to console yourself with the chance you might have"—and realized that the second year students were required to write a short story or two for the English comp course. Approaching Dr. Owen, we found him sympathetic as usual, and he volunteered some suggestions and in this issue you have the work of some of his students.

Seriously, though, as the 1940-41 academic year draws to a close, and much too rapidly we must admit, some of us will be writing our last papers at Bishop's while others of us must face the fact that this June's papers are only reminders of what we will go through again next year and possibly the year after that. The Mitre Board hopes that this year's graduates will maintain a connection with the University by subscribing to the magazine, and promises them a complete and accurate alumni department next year so that they may follow the activities of their friends and classmates.

In retrospect we find that the year has been on the whole a good one; sports found us plugging away with the old Bishop's flag, dramas had the most successful year in some time, the Glee Club and the Debating Society carried on superbly, and the O.T.C. work was done enthusiastically and nobly, and the Mitre, in spite of its now traditional difficulties, has, we hope, worked not in vain to win popular acclaim.

Next year's Mitre executive board will consist of Bob Carpenter, president; George Loovens, editor and vice-president; Wilder Penfield, advertising manager; Bill Van, secretary-treasurer; Gordon Watson, circulation manager; and Kathleen Hall, women's representative. The literary board for the next year will be completed and announced in September. This year's board wishes them the best of success in their work.

And now, as we pound out the last words of this, the first editorial of the year, with one eye on the typewriter and the other on the examination time-table (to use a phrase that has appeared in every June Mitre editorial for the past few years), we wish all, those who are leaving and those who will return, bonne chance.

June, 1941

Where Is The Leak?

There is an entertaining old Greek story of a simpleton who on opening a cask of wine discovered that only two-thirds of its contents remained. He explained to a friend that he had carefully examined the rim of the cask and found it intact. His friend suggested that there might be a crack near the bottom of the cask out of which the wine had leaked. The simpleton replied to this: "You ast! don't you see that the deficiency is at the top?"

I venture to use this story as a parable. That there is a leak in the cask of our present-day educational system few would deny. But where is the crack? Is it near the rim, in the universities? Is it near the bottom, in the secondary schools? Or is the barrel cracked at both ends?

Any answer to such a query involves some conception of the aims and ideals of education, and of their application to the psychology of students at various ages. At a starting point for a discussion, I avail myself of a distinction stressed in a masterpiece of educational theory, Cardinal Newman's "The Idea of a University." The two points about which Newman's thought on educational problems centres on what he calls "Knowledge" and "Enlargement of Mind." Since his primary purpose is to show that enlargement of the mind is the goal of university education, it has been maintained that Newman underrates the importance of knowledge. But, however, by no means the case. In the eyes of Newman the acquisition of knowledge is the indispensible foundation of all education. Moreover he regards the laying of this foundation as the essential business of the schools which prepare students for university life. "Memory," he writes, "is one of the first developed of the mental faculties; a boy's business when he goes to school is to learn, that is, to store up things in his memory. For some years his intellect is little more than an instrument for taking in facts, or a receptacle for storing them." Newman strongly insists upon the acquisition of knowledge in secondary education as a process which is in accordance with child psychology. He emphasizes its value from the point of view of some of the best as well as mental discipline. Moreover, the moral habits, which are a boy's praiseworthy, encourage and assist this result; that is, diligence, assiduity, regularity, dispatch, persevering application; for these are the direct conditions of acquisition, and naturally lead to it.

When Newman turns to higher education, he relates it to the psychology of a mature student. Judgement is the primary faculty of a man, as memory is the primary faculty of a child. In masterly fashion he defines the ideal of enlargement of the mind which he regards as the supreme end of university education.

"The enlargement consists, not merely in the passive reception in the mind of a number of ideas hitherto unknown to it, but in the mind's energetic and simultaneous action upon and towards and among these new ideas, which are rushing in upon it. It is the action of a formative power, reducing to order and meaning the matter of our acquirements; it is a making the objects of our knowledge subjectively our own, to use a familiar word, it is a digestion of what we receive, into the substance of our previous state of thought; and without this no enlargement is said to follow."

It is evident that Newman looks upon education as consisting of two stages, first, knowledge, which is the foundation of it, second, enlargement of mind, which is its superstructure. While extolling enlargement of mind as the end of the educatoo, he is not blind to the finito and instability of any ideal of enlargement of mind that does not presuppose and rest upon knowledge.

There is, it seems to me, a real danger in our schools today of ignoring the natural evolution of education stressed by Newman and the sound psychology that lies back of it. This danger might be characterized as a purging of the air before the horse. Nobody would deny that there is a relative place for the extreme of judgment and the cultivation of enlargement of mind (to use a modern term, appreciation) in the training of young and immature students. But, as Newman points out, judgment and appreciation to have any worth must be based on a store of accurate and disciplined knowledge. Bricks cannot be built into an edifice without mortar, and there is nothing more valuable than a sound judgment and a shallow appreciation treading about in a vacuum. A cloud cuckoo-land of misty impressions, flim-flam appreciations, is a poor exchange for the garnering of precise and elemental knowledge, and the formation of attitudes of mental keenness and incisiveness that give a cutting edge to the intellect. The earlier years of life, when memory is quick and retentive, when habits are readily formed, are heaven-sent times for acquiring that substantial knowledge on which the reasoned judgments of a man are based. There is no royal road to learning, and the attempt to substitute a vague and nebulous appreciation for that groundwork of knowledge which leads ultimately to a true enlargement of mind is a get-rich-quick policy that is full of pitfalls. In keeping with this fallacy, there is a modern trend to avoid disciplinary subjects in order to follow lines of least resistance. The very multiplication of courses in the school curriculum, conjointed with a liberty of election, affords hopes of escape. Nobody would wish to return to the narrow and ironclad educational system of the three Rs. But in the extreme reaction from this, there is a wide latitude which allows the young pupil to skim the surface of
THE MISTR

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