

NOT TO BE TAKEN AWAY



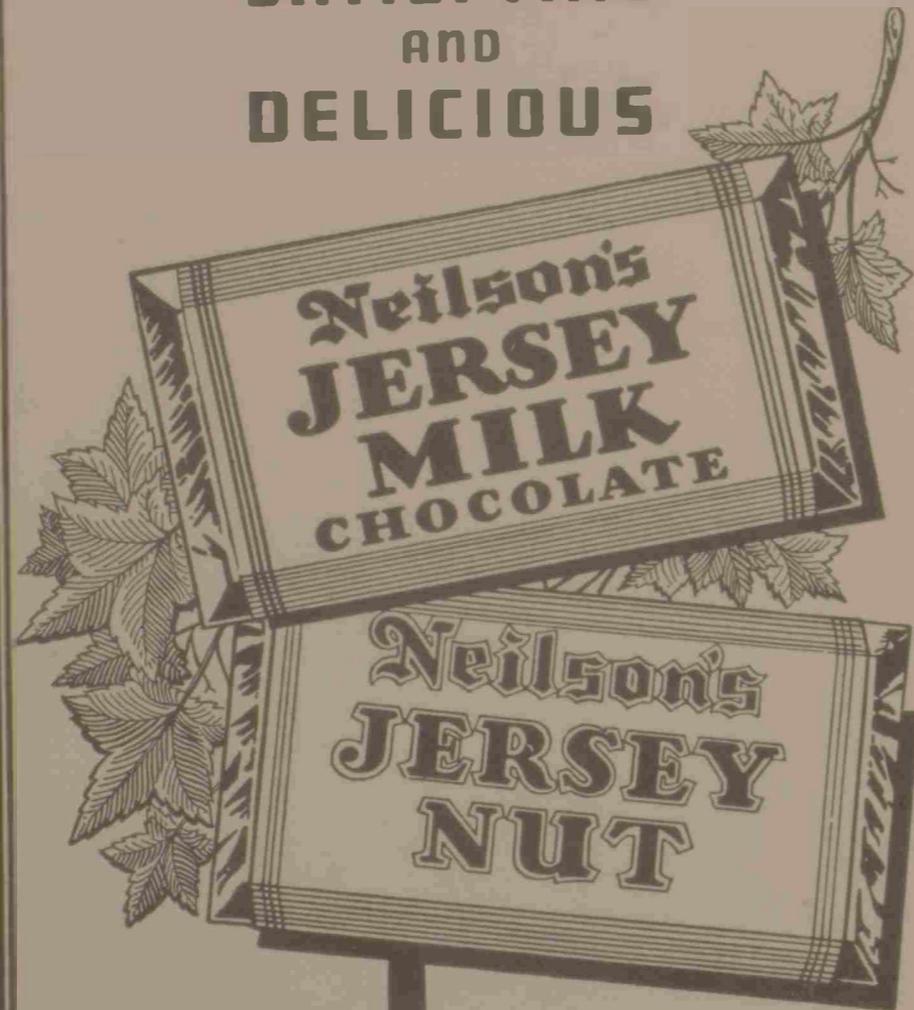
FOR COMPLETE ENJOYMENT

ENERGIZING

SATISFYING

AND

DELICIOUS

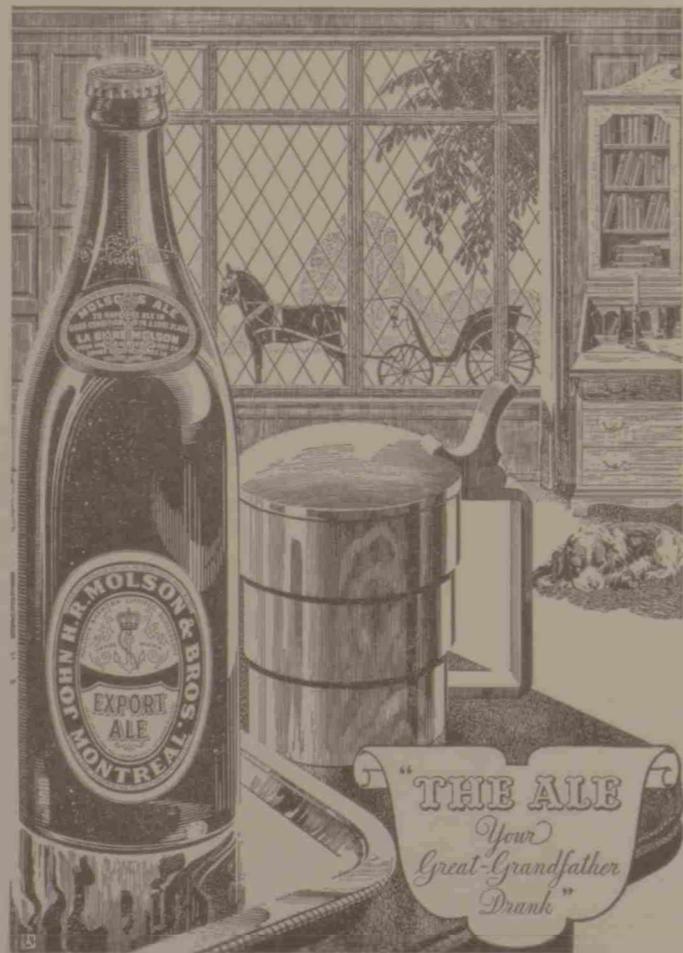


Neilson's

THE BEST MILK CHOCOLATE MADE

LIST OF ADVERTISERS

Bank of Montreal - - - - -	p. 20	Mitchell, J. S. - - - - -	36
Beck Press - - - - -	6	Molson's - - - - -	44
Birks and Son - - - - -	33	Montgomery, McMichael, Common and Howard - -	2
Bishop's University - - - - -	1	Neilson's - - - - -	<i>Back Cover</i>
Bryant, J. H. - - - - -	34	Olivier - - - - -	43
Canadian Bank of Commerce - - - - -	3	Petery's Barber Shop - - - - -	43
Chaddock, C. G. - - - - -	5	Royal Bank of Canada - - - - -	34
Gaudet Drug Store - - - - -	3	Sherbrooke Laundry - - - - -	3
General Board of Religious Education - - - - -	2	Sherbrooke Trust - - - - -	33
Imperial Tobacco - - - - -	14	Spoorp and Co. - - - - -	43
Keeler and Cross - - - - -	43	Sun Life Assurance - - - - -	43
Magog Hotel - - - - -	2	Wiggett, J. A. - - - - -	43
McKindsey's Drug Store - - - - -	5	Wilson, H. C. - - - - -	2
Milford's - - - - -	34	Wippell and Co. - - - - -	5



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

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

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

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

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

A bright sunlit morning brought the salvage crew, some Royal Engineers, gunner O'Toole and the commander. On rounding the corner they were greeted by a pastoral scene

as pretty as any in rural England. Grouped about the tank in the shade of the bridge were some thirty horses, while in their midst a full three hands higher than anything else, stood the Percheron, his black snout nuzzling against the sleeping head of driver Amyas.

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

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

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

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

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

One night a few months later the unit had assembled in a depot preparatory to moving up. "An' like I said, these here sardine cans can't hope to do one half wot an intelligent horse can." Driver Amyas stopped and lit his pipe, looked around as if expecting some disputatious remark, but hearing none he flicked an imaginary ash from his Meritorious Service ribbon and eased himself back. Only gunner O'Toole could be heard to mutter between mouthfulls what might have been a rather discourteous "Blarney."

Swan Life of Canada

WORLD WIDE

BENEFITS PAID SINCE ORGANIZATION IN 1865
EXCEED \$1,200,000,000

HEAD OFFICE • MONTREAL

Wiggett's Shoe Store

Special Badminton and Basketball Shoes
Professional Hockey Skates and Boots
Ski Boots

DRESS SHOES FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Fittings verified by X-Ray

Established 1886

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

- SPARTON RADIOS
- RADIO SERVICE on all Makes
- COLLEGE STUDY LAMPS

Keeler & Cross, Limited

Phone 3060

Sherbrooke, Que.

OLIVIER Enregistrée

TOBACCONIST and NEWSDEALER

SODA FOUNTAIN

Photo Finishing a Specialty

12 WELLINGTON N.

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Compliments of

J. Petery

BARBER SHOP AND SHOE SHINE

Hats Reblocked and Cleaned

48 King Street

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Compliments of

Spoorp & Company

Compliments of

A Friend

into a curious Arch . . . This useful Compound may be had at 5/- an ounce (with full Directions for using it) at Mr. Smith's Hosier, in the Market-Place, Bath."

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

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

We have received and read with pleasure the following:

- The McMaster University Quarterly, Hamilton, Ont.
- The Record, Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.
- The Queen's Review, Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.
- Craccum, Auckland University College, Auckland, N. Z.
- The College Cord, Waterloo, Ont.
- L'Hebdo Laval, Laval University, Quebec, Que.
- The Xaverian Weekly, St. Francois Xavier University, Antigonish, N. S.
- The Bates Student, Bates College, Lewiston, Maine.
- The Aquinian, St. Thomas University, Chatham, N. B.
- The Acadia Athenaeum, Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.
- Cap and Gown, Wycliffe College, University of Toronto.
- The Junior Journal, Princeton Country Day School, Princeton, N. J.
- The Manitoban, University of Manitoba, Winnipeg, Man.
- The Challenger, St. John Vocational School, St. John, N.B.

THE GUILD OF THE VENERABLE BEDE

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

make special intercession at a Thursday Eucharist.

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

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

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

Sixteen Bedesmen are now serving in England, some temporarily as curates, and others in permanent positions. We have a representative at Cardiff, Wales, another in Jamaica, and one in far-off New Zealand. Two members are serving in missionary capacities at either side of the globe—one at the Seaman's Mission in Antwerp, Belgium, and the other in Hawaii. In the United States ten Bedesmen are serving in nine States in widely separated areas of the country.

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

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

A. B. Craig.

(Continued from page 16)

CATERPILLAR CAVALRY

much so that he began to whirl the pitchfork around his head dervish fashion until one of the points became fastened in the black rump behind him. The effect was electric. A snort of rage, a toss of his black mane and the Percheron, the blood of his Agincourt ancestors flowing hot in his veins, was thundering down the road in wild flight, careening from Germany to Luxembourg and back again with breath taking leaps.

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

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

Driver Amyas overcome by the sudden sight of so much comely horseflesh could only whisper a hoarse, "Horses!" The Percheron, like a true gentleman, wasted no time in splashing gallantly to greet his new-found lady friends. One filly, a beautiful dapple, more dainty than the rest, had stayed beneath the tree where she tremblingly awaited driver Amyas and the Percheron. The latter, it appeared she had been married to in June before the outbreak of war, when such national distinctions among horses had been waived. It was a happy reunion and as they had much to discuss it was with the greatest difficulty that driver Amyas was able to introduce himself. Patting the grey nose with due regard to the feelings of her erstwhile husband who was snorting jealously, he was suddenly struck by the soft sleek curve of her back, and comparing it with the broad hard one he was on he decided to change. Suiting the action to

the thought he fell from the high back as quickly as possible, gathered himself up and proceeded to devise ways and means of luring the filly from her black suitor.

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

"Wer is da? Ein Dieb, ein Dieb."

Upon hearing the guttural tones harshly blasting the night driver Amyas realized that he was skirmishing with the enemy. Quickly gathering up the traces into a noose he stood behind the door. As the excited German poked his head in, peering from under a raised lantern, the noose descended around his neck with deadly precision, immediately cutting off any resistance and all his wind. "Now yer blarsted foreigner we'll see wot's wot." Loosening the loop to pin his arms and having stuffed an old piece of horse blanket in his mouth, he turned him about and held the lantern up. "Well me beauty, come snooping around while I'm busy would yer?" Scowling, he held his face an inch from that of the frightened German. Although he bore the insignia of the horse artillery on his uniform he was only a mere boy, probably being charged with the care of the horses which had been placed ahead of the actual defensive area until barracks were constructed.

Driver Amyas slung the traces over a beam and tied them securely. Taking the lantern, he made an inspection of the barn. At the back he found something which made him chortle with delight. "A bottle . . . H-m-m, says Au lavage des Chevaux. Hair tonic. Always alcohol in hair tonic." Tilting the bottle, a remnant of pre-war French-German amity, he swallowed several large mouthfuls before the heat started to melt his gold fillings. Gasping hoarsely, clutching at his collar, he ran outside past the startled German, standing with open mouth beneath the rain spout. Either his French was faulty or the alcohol was bad; whichever way he thought of it his mind seemed unable to clarify the situation. After his mouth had cooled sufficiently he stumbled inside, blew out the lantern and throwing the halter around the German's neck led him to the two horses which were still holding lovers' tryst beneath the tree.

The "hair tonic" had obviously coarsened his feelings,

WILLS

Become 'dated' Too!

A 1940 AUTOMOBILE CONTRASTS SHARPLY WITH A MODEL TEN YEARS OLDER. NEW CONDITIONS BRING CONSTANT CHANGES IN ALMOST EVERY FIELD OF HUMAN PRODUCTION AND ENDEAVOUR

WILLS BECOME DATED TOO.

Family changes, economic changes, business changes as well as tax changes—all make your present Will inadequate.

You should review your Estate arrangements frequently. A talk with those experienced in Estate management will often result in practical constructive suggestions.

Consultations on this important matter carry no obligation.

SHERBROOKE TRUST COMPANY

Alumni Notes

ED. PARKER

BIRTHS

Callan—To Mr. R. F. Callan, M.A., and Mrs. Callan, at St. Lambert Home Hospital, a son, on May 18. Mr. and Mrs. Callan were both members of the class of '25.

ENGAGEMENTS

And Approaching Marriages

Bradley-Pashley — The engagement is announced of Miss Ethel Joyce Pashley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Wilfrid Pashley of Montreal West, to Mr. Wesley Hyndman Bradley, B.A. '34, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. Bradley of Sherbrooke. The marriage will take place on June 22.

Brooks-Prevost—The wedding is arranged to take place on June 24 of Miss Estella Prevost, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Prevost of Westmount, to Mr. Lawrence A. Brooks, '35, son of Mr. and Mrs. B. E. A. Brooks of Sherbrooke.

Caulfield-Salmon—The Rev. E. L. Caulfield, assistant rector of Christ Church Cathedral, Ottawa, is to be married to Miss Irene Salmon on June 5.

Robins-Welsh—Another June bride-to-be, Miss Marguerite Robins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip M. Robins of Sherbrooke, is to be married to Mr. Norman Welsh on June 15. Miss Robins was a member of the University in '36.

GENERAL

Donald Henry, B.A. '36, recently received his license in Dentistry entitling him to practise in that profession. Mervyn Rogers also of the class of '36 received his license at the same time. Both have been studying at McGill for the past four years.

Among recent visitors at the college were Les McCaig, now teaching at Westmount High; Henry Wright, teaching at Montreal High; Ken Smith and Everett Cooper in Medicine at McGill. All were members of the class of '35.

In April an epidemic took hold of the Magdalen Islands and the Rev. Bill Belford, rector at Grindstone, wired to the mainland for serum to be rushed over by plane. In response an R.C.A.F. plane piloted by Wilson Gall undertook this errand of mercy. Mr. Belford and Mr. Gall were graduates of Bishop's in '36, the former manager of hockey in his final year and the latter of rugby.

* *

The annual Alumni Association reunion will be held at the College this year on Saturday and Sunday, June 22 and 23, through the kind co-operation of the college authorities. All Alumni are cordially invited to attend this reunion. Those intending to be present are asked to notify Wm. Mitchell, c/o Messrs. Kearney & Duquet, Royal Bank Building, St. James Street W., Montreal, Que.

Exchanges

BILL CAMPBELL

As this issue of the *Mitre* goes to press at a time when most universities and colleges have completed activities for the year, the Exchange Department has very little material on hand for purposes of review. We have, however, received several graduation numbers of the magazines and papers which have come in regularly during the year, and it would be well to have a glance at some of them.

Once again, "The McMaster University Quarterly" has come to the rescue, and some excellent items are to be found in the present issue. Among these is an article entitled "The German Peril," by J. S. Mlynar, a Czechoslovakian scholar who is, at present, residing at McMaster University and is engaged in writing a history of the international relations of his country before the German occupation. In his article, the author points out the difficulty of eliminating the menace of German aggression by merely striking at "Hitlerism," or Nazi theories. These theories, he says, are essentially the same as those of the German Nationalists previous to the Great War of 1914-1918. It can, therefore, be assumed that ideas of "a place in the sun" and its modern counterpart "room for expansion" are not peculiar to any one group of Germans, but are common to all, and will, consequently, continue to spring up in the future. He then goes on to show how the Nazis are endeavouring to perpetuate their tenets by opposing the Church, which is naturally hostile to their doctrines, and by educating German youth through the Hitler-Youth Movement, which teaches the dogma that the first duty of the citizen is to fight for the Fatherland. To quote the author's concluding remarks: "The German youth belongs to the Nazis; they are inhuman, unchristian, mentally and physically brutal. This youth constitutes a threat to the world, which should not be underestimated. The Nazi doctrine of destruction hovers over the entire world."

This grim picture at once brings into the mind of the reader the question of what the Allies, when and if they win the present war, are going to do to prevent another similar catastrophe fifteen or twenty years hence. But, turning over a few pages of the "Quarterly," we come upon a bit of the brighter side of life in the form of a collection of extracts from advertisements in 18th century newspapers, entitled "I See by the Papers." Compared to the modern obsequious advertising scripts which we see in present day magazines, these blunt appeals for patronage seem crude and amusing. We quote one in particular:

"To take out the Beard by the Roots.

"Mr. Gibson has invented a curious Compound which in half a Minute will take out by the Roots the most strong Beard, and Hair growing too low on the Forehead or Temples; also takes off Hair which grows on Ladies Cheeks, or around the Mouth, thins large Eye-Brows, and forms them

J. S. MITCHELL & CO. Limited

78-80 WELLINGTON STREET NORTH
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Distributors in the Eastern Townships for

SPALDING SPORTING GOODS

Special prices to Schools, Colleges and Clubs

Get our Prices on Club Uniforms

WHOLESALE and RETAIL

HARDWARE

Importers of Fine China, Crockery, Pottery and Glass

Sports

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

Now that the year is almost over we can look back upon the general sporting activity of the University and appraise it from a less biased point of view than was possible in the heat of the various struggles that took place rather badly from the appalling lack of time, which is the certain cause of lack of interest. Football managed to struggle through the season, and the team gave what can fairly be considered to be a good account of itself. Our losses were all by a very narrow margin, whereas our victories were sweeping and decisive. The spirits of the team, and the supporters, were always high enough to make even a losing game exciting and interesting. The coach was highly satisfactory and it is hoped that he will be able to continue his good work next year. Then there was hockey, and here is where a lack of time caused a lack of interest. There is no doubt that the intermediate squad did not receive the material that was necessary to the formation of a winning team. Several capable players frittered away their time doing nothing while they could have been out at practices

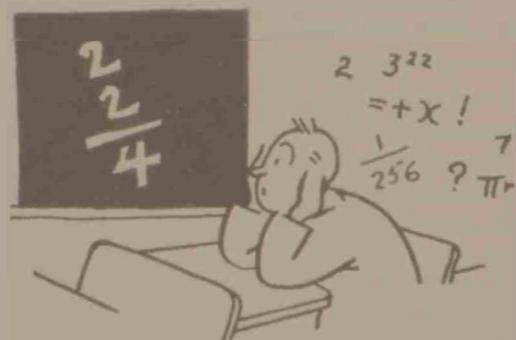
"Shag" SHAUGHNESSY

bolstering the team. And so the season culminated with poor results, not through any fault of the players or the coach, but because of the shortness of time and the absence of interest. The Junior team was not as successful as the Intermediates, but one rowdy game against Bromptonville brightened up the season's entertainment. It was unfortunate that discretion proved to be the better part of valour, and the suggestion that a large party travel to Bromptonville for the game there was vetoed, but it was probably all for the best. Skiing was the only sport that suffered no setback this year. This was probably due to the fact that all practice in that sport is purely arbitrary, and those who were interested always found time to take a short run around the premises and a few runs down the golf course hills. We once again won the E. T. championship, and hope to repeat the success next year. Badminton did not receive the enthusiasm of former years, but nevertheless the tournament was played and several invitation contests took place. Basketball did not live up to the predictions made in this column, but the manager tells me that next year will see this sport in a very prominent position, since we have entered the Intercollegiate Intermediate League, and the material is promising. The soccer team emerged victorious in their contests with Cookshire, and despite the smallness of the league everyone had a lot of fun. The annual golf tournament was not finished this autumn, and since Geoff Scott, one of the semi-finalists, has left, it will be quite impossible to reach a successful conclusion.

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

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

YOUR BANK ACCOUNT HAS A Plus VALUE



"Money in the Bank" is far more than a reserve for a rainy day.

A Savings account gives you confidence in yourself and your future; this "plus" value grows with every deposit and, when you are

ready to enter the larger sphere of business, it will be one of your greatest assets. Start an account now and save regularly.

Students' Accounts are welcome at any branch of this bank.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Flowers



REMEMBER OUR

Flowers by Wire Service



JOHN MILFORD & SON

Phone 1744

SHERBROOKE, QUE.



DRINK THE BEST!

**BRYANT'S BULL'S HEAD
GINGER ALE**

EXTRA DRY GINGER ALE
ENGLISH BREWED GINGER BEER

J. H. BRYANT LIMITED

Telephone 299

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Established 1896

Notes and Comments

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

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

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

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

On May 6th, a week or so after the practical exams, the

corps was inspected by Brigadier General Tremblay, the Inspector General for Eastern Canada, and Brigadier Archambault, the Officer Commanding M.D. 4, and their respective staffs.

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

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

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

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

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

And so we leave Bishop's as another year draws to a close. For those of us in the third year it is a time of parting. We leave the shelter of her walls to go out into a world that is not the same as when we came. We have not the same certainty about our future as we would have in times of peace. But we hope that our achievements in the last three years will not count for nought in a wartorn world.

BILL POWER

Ann Bridge as a combination of three strains which she observes in women writers, the sophisticated lady, the gentlewoman and the matriarch. As a sophisticated lady she does not shun facts, as a gentlewoman she writes with knowledge about genteel folk, as a matriarch she settles her characters' problems in accordance with the rules of established order. Her characters are well-bred people who can be counted upon to behave with dignity in difficult circumstances. They are not prudes but they still have principles. They are cultured and intellectual and yet retain a simplicity which baffles the shoddy and the second rate. Such then are the Lydiards, kindly and adaptable, able to merge themselves in their environment without necessarily absorbing the bad that is in it. They live in the East but do not find it necessary to talk incessantly of tiffin and chits. They can give a cocktail party without indulging in second rate heartiness and enjoy their books and music without showing off. Like everybody else they have their feelings and emotions but can control them without being inhibited and express them without being vulgar. In a way they may seem too good for this world but that is more because they are individuals than because they are too good. They are not typical because no one is typical. Typical Englishmen, typical Americans and typical Frenchmen don't really exist; the suggestion that they do comes from a world which doesn't like individuals overmuch and must always pigeon-hole what it does not understand and define what it cannot comprehend. Miss Bridge shows us how this brother and sister are not insular in a somewhat insular community and not over intellectual in an unintellectual society. They are just themselves and their conversation is intelligent and constructive; it is not maintained for its own sake nor yet for the sake of affect. When they talk they use quotations and phrases but not the hackneyed clichés and quotations which pass in some circles as a mark of scholarship and a sign of learning. Indeed on their excursion from civilization into the hinterland they are extremely clever at playing the game of clichés to annoy Roy Hillier, the bright young author who accompanies them.

Roy Hillier is a sort of combination of Beverley Nichols and Aldous Huxley. He creates a bad impression on intelligent people and a sense of resentment in ordinary people. His own associations give him not pleasure but source material. He meets people not to enjoy himself but to enjoy them. All this, however, is changed by the trip to the Mountain, China teaches him tolerance, and Anastasia a lesson in adaptation. Fundamentally decent he puts off the armour of life.

Rose Pelham is the heroine of the story and upon her Miss Bridge expends all her brilliant powers of analysis. She

is the English version of the "glamour girl," in no sense a gold digger but endowed by nature with a charm and fascination which she herself can hardly understand and still less exploit. She is a femme fatale, a sort of modern Helen. When she walks men turn to look at her as the people of Troy turned round to look at Helen. Such people are a danger to themselves. Miss Bridge has not made of her the apex to any vulgar triangle, but the cause of a real situation with an ending which is as right as it is unexpected.

Lady Downham is probably Miss Bridge's most cherished character, she resembles the old Marchesa in Enchanter's Nightshade. With the sure hand of the matriarch Miss Bridge makes Lady Downham play the matriarch role. It is Lady Downham who rescues Rose from her dilemma. Rose is entranced with the spectacle of this old lady who has been through so much and seen so much. In her she finds that stability for which she is seeking, a stability made up perhaps of old-fashioned virtues but none the less stable for that. In a chaotic world Rose is driven to find her own security in that of Lady Downham; tradition without cost, duty without self interest, interest in the present unspoiled by futile anecdotes about the past. And so she comes to peace with herself and Miss Bridge concludes her book on a higher note of duty and self-sacrifice than might have been expected. Actually this conclusion is the only one which the internal nature of her characters would have allowed her to make.

Nothing could be more unlike *Four Part Setting* than Somerset Maugham's *Christmas Holiday*. This is a novel of contrasts, of irony and satire. The story is short and fairly simple, the characters are few and well defined. Charles is a prosperous young man possessed of reasonable ability, considerable charm and no particular desire to be other than he is. Simon is a poor young man of questionable parentage, unusual mental capacity and an inferiority complex which makes him desire to be other than he is. These two are friends. For Simon everything must be subordinated to the will to power, and the power to dominate his whole life is only a preparation for the stark and ruthless domination of others. Simon is not a reformer for he has no interest in the masses he intends to exploit, no wish to better their lot and no sympathy with them as individuals. He is more cynical, more cruel, more anxious to achieve his own ends than the most fiendish and sinister members of that capitalist class which he seeks to destroy. Even his friendship with Charles which is the only good thing in his barren life has to be expunged by humiliating and insulting behaviour when they are together.

The story opens with Charles going to Paris for the long week-end of Christmas. Simon, a working journalist there, takes him to a disreputable night club where he meets

a Russian woman called Lydia. In her company and through her eyes he comes to know something of the Parisian underworld. Lydia with all the perversity and masochistic potentiality of her race is expiating her husband's crime of murder by leading a life of degradation. She is a most uncompromising and uncomfortable companion for a well brought up young Englishman; however, Mr. Maugham makes it clear that nothing is so fascinating to the well brought up as a glimpse at the seamier side of life.

The story of Lydia's husband Robert is revealed piece by piece and makes up the main part of the book. To Charles it is a horribly fascinating revelation of the murkier depths of the human soul. He learns for the first time that a man can be gay, generous and kind to his mother and at the same time a criminal and a blackmailer. He comes to realize that such a man can be as faithful to his wife as a saint while busied with the foulest crimes. He even learns that such a man looks upon crime as an artist and feels that his creative power has been stunted until his victim lies bleeding at his feet; that he can return home gay and unconcerned to enjoy home life with his victim's blood scarcely dry on his trousers. In a word Mr. Maugham would have us believe that when such a man should, if ever, feel bad he does, in fact, feel remarkably good.

This, as has been said, is a novel of contrasts very skilfully and penetratingly drawn. The sordid world of criminal Paris by night is thrown against the background of English middle class complacency by day. A love that certainly passes all understanding is discovered in a milieu of criminal violence and vicious brutality. The carefully calculated aestheticism of Charles' mother visiting the Louvre is compared with the passionate reaction of Lydia to a crude and passionless still life picture. Simon, the fanatic who needs a friend, deliberately destroys with physical and mental blows his one chance of friendship. Lydia, consumed with a passionate love for a worthless wretch, expiates that passion by a passionless acceptance of a life of utter degradation. All this has radically affected Charles and his reactions are given in a series of sharply etched pictures at the close of the book. Charles drinking, with a sigh of relief, a small Scotch on the Dover boat. Charles rejoicing in the Englishness of porters and customs officials. Charles once more in the bosom of his family eating an English dinner and feeling that here is no longer reality but only subterfuge and flight from life. Charles at the last, sitting in his bedroom and reflecting on the family reactions to his holiday, thinking how his father has been laboriously understanding and mildly worldly about the kind of holiday he has had, how his mother has been vaguely deploring the kind of holiday she hopes he has not had, while he himself giving no inkling of the kind of holiday he has had just feels that the bottom has fallen out of his world.

Prof. Preston.

Give them TIME!
BUT BE SURE TO
MAKE IT *Challenger*

Smart models for both men and women with many points to recommend them as Graduation Gifts. Good-looking and good timekeepers, and inexpensive considering their fine workmanship and durable qualities.

Ladies' Watch, 14kt. natural gold case. Gentlemen's Watch, stainless steel case. Both fitted with full-jewelled Challenger movements.

BIRKS SERVICE GUARANTEE FOR TWELVE MONTHS.

Birks

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

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

And his largesse had started something. Next to go on holidays was the Treasurer, who had received a pair of imitation marble book-ends, and who has been maintaining a sort of rivalry with the O. M. for years. Everyone looked forward to his return with interest, and no one was disappointed. A motor trip into French Canada had impressed him with the skill and native craftsmanship of the habitant, and he was burdened down with hooked rugs and carved figures, which he handed out in the same gracious manner used by the Office Manager. The girls received

Oasis

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

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

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

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

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

HELEN ROSS

assailed our nostrils and made us giddy with its bewildering fragrance.

In a flash as we turned a corner into a still dirtier area of the city it was all swept from our sight, but the perfume still hovered about us, the songs of birds still lingered in the air, and a cool breeze fanned our dust-laden eyes. Amid such squalor could so sweet a paradise have really existed? Still I gazed behind me as we travelled mile after mile from the city. Soon the hills were blue in the distance as the sun set; the clouds, light mauve on the edge, deep purple at the centre, took, as I gazed, the shape of lilac bushes. But as suddenly as they appeared they were gone.

Some day I shall return to see if the hedge was really there, to smell once more the sweetness of the flowers, to hear again the singing of a multitude of birds. Some day I shall go back.

The Bishop Looks Down

ERNESTINE ROY



"FAREWELL THE BANNER"

Winivar, Frances

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

Here Miss Winivar has drawn an enticing portrait of two extraordinary men and an extraordinary woman. The question whether Coleridge or Wordsworth gained more from their mutual friendship is the central theme of this biographical story. To this question the author brings, if no new materials, a clear and dramatic answer. It is definitely a theme for a novelist, for with the instinct and the art of one who has done fiction, she seems to have held comparatively well to historical truth in a narrative that often reads like fiction. Furthermore, she has brought to the task what was most needed; the ability to analyse three divergent, yet merging personalities.

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

"TELLERS OF TALES"

Maugham, William Somerset

This is a superb anthology of one hundred short stories selected by Mr. Maugham from the literatures of the United States, Great Britain, France, Russia, and Germany. There is also a long introduction by the editor which is full of sense, taste, and easy learning.

"Tellers of Tales" is probably the best one-volume anthology of short stories ever published. Critical but alert Mr. Maugham has looked over the field of such narratives, and has made a fine catch. Tolerant as to dimensions, he includes a story as long as Conrad's "Typhoon," and others nearly as long, and so on down to one as short as Mary Austin's "Papago Wedding." Despite the grand spaciousness of this book, the mark of the editor himself is on most of it; the personality of the anthologist tightens the collection into a whole.

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

E. Roy.

While everyone today reads war books, it is pleasant to turn aside from their gloomy forebodings to a novel which deals with a pre-war life. In *Four Part Setting* Miss Ann Bridge has returned to China. In this her fifth novel she maintains the same high standard as in her previous works. The characters are, as always in Miss Bridge's novels, drawn from the upper class. Miss Margaret Lawrence in her book *The School of Femininity* would have classified

Ye Complete Hitch-Hiker

Or How To Get The Most Out of the Other Fellow's Money

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

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

You may well ask how one can cut travelling expenses below the cost of living at home. The answer is that on the road you are roughing it. All luxuries are eliminated. Food and smokes are the only items of expense, and these are light. I seldom eat breakfast unless it is during the dull, early morning period. In the larger cities one can usually get free buttermilk and sometimes ice-cream from the dairies. Coffee and tea are unnecessary—if you want something besides water with your meals, try milk, it is more nourishing. Fruits are cheap in their season, and a good rule to follow is to eat the most of what foodstuffs that section of the country produces. Also remember that a pipe is less expensive to smoke than are cigarettes.

Sleep is the least of one's worries. I usually take mine in small quantities and at regular intervals. The neophyte at the game might have difficulties in finding a good sleeping place, but these places are really numerous. The most natural place to sleep in the early hours of the morning is right in the seat of the car or truck in which you may be riding. This is doubly good as you are sleeping and travelling at the same time. If you haven't the luck of catching an early traveller you can always, in a city of any size, find an all-night lunch cart catering to truckers. Usually these chaps will let you sleep in a booth, and some even have the odd bunk around for tired truckers. These are handy places for the waiter may get you a ride from some trucker that stops in while you are asleep. Next to the all-night lunch cart, my favourite hotel is a used car lot. There

WILLIAM MOUNSEY

are usually several on the main route through a city, and seldom are all the car doors locked. Here one can spend several peaceful hours undisturbed except for the occasional policeman. If the police are unkind, one may spend the rest of the night in a cell, but that is seldom as bad as it sounds. As a whole, everyone is quite sympathetic with the college hitch-hiker. Doorways are good to break the wind while one slumbers, and newspapers tucked around the body are very warm. Cemeteries are often handy places to spend the dull hours of the morning when the weather is warm. The choice of when to sleep is more important than where to sleep. From two to six o'clock in the morning is usually the dulllest period of the day. During that time one might as well sleep. Around noon, say from eleven to one, is another low ebb in traffic. These are the times when one can sleep or eat without feeling that one is missing a good ride.

To simplify matters I divide the day into six four-hour periods. Two to six in the early morning is, as I have said, the dulllest time of all. One may get a long ride, but one will certainly get very long waits between rides. From six to ten A.M., the rides will be much more plentiful although they may, as the morning wears on, be only short rides. The noon period, ten to two, is fairly good at either end, but dull from eleven to one. By that time the salesmen are well into their territory, and can give you only short rides. Other travellers stop for lunch any time from twelve to two. Two to six in the afternoon is a good period, about the same as the six to ten period in the morning. Rides will usually be short, but they will be plentiful. From six to ten in the evening the traffic bogs down again. Travellers are either eating or have put up for the night. Most of the cars are filled with families or young couples going for an evening's ride. After ten the hitch-hiker's luck picks up, and from then till two in the morning the hitching is at its best. Salesmen and business men are going home, and truckers are beginning to move. The waits may be rather long, but the rides you get are well worth the waits. Everybody seems to be going a long ways, and some are glad to pick you up merely to have someone to talk to and to help keep them awake. Several times I have been asked to drive on these early-morning runs.

There is a science to hitch-hiking beyond knowing when and where to eat and sleep, and when the best times of travel are. As with frying fish, first you catch the fish; so with hitch-hiking, first you hitch the ride. Many and varied are the ways of getting rides, but at no time do I believe in any type of deception. Some hitchers have been known to carry gasoline cans, and the innocent motorist

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

Now that you have your blazoned bag and innocent appearance you want to know what and where to thumb. Naturally you go where the heaviest traffic is. Try to keep to the main routes. Leaving a town or city, make sure that you are in the main stream of traffic, and that no other

“Here's A Little Gift I Brought You”

Long after the last building has been pulled down, the final fountain drained dry, and New York's World's Fair declared over, after Grover Whalen has been led away weeping, its effect on our small office staff will be remembered and felt. In fact, combined with the custom of annual vacations, it has produced a wave of “keeping-up-with-the-fellow-in-the-next-office” that is hard to believe.

Not that everybody in the office spent his, or her, holidays at the Fair. Far from it. In fact, the only one who

well-travelled road leaves the city to join the highway later on. If there is a branch highway leaving your route, station yourself just beyond that junction. Make sure that you are in plain sight—at night always stand under a street light. Remember that speeding cars must have plenty of time to think it over and to stop. Drivers, especially truckers, do not like to stop on a hillside; place yourself either at the top or bottom. Try to find a place where natural or artificial conditions will cause the driver to slacken speed. Hills, traffic lights, speed laws, rough roads, and detours all make for slower traffic. The hitch-hiker's maxim is never walk any farther than you have to. Small towns and cities you have to walk through; large cities of one hundred thousand or over are easy to get through by bus, street car, or subway.

Who to hitch is another question, but I really feel that it is of little importance. To conserve energy I would suggest that you need not thumb cars that are already full. Likewise, unless I am stuck in a very unpromising place, I seldom thumb cars more than six or eight years old. The newer cars are the ones that are going farther, and going there faster. Truckers are kind to hitch-hikers, but often they do not have room in the cab or the company will not allow them to give rides. Private truckers will almost invariably give you a lift. You will find that most cars that stop have only one or two men in them. As soon as you get into the car they will ask you where you are going. While you were waiting for the ride, you referred to the map, and found a fair-sized city about thirty miles away. You give them the name of that city to make sure that they are going to continue on your route. Later you will tell them where your destination is, and half of your life's story (if this gets monotonous you can practice making up a past to suit yourself). Always make sure that they are not going to carry you off to some city not on your route; when in doubt, consult your trusty map. Remember to take your raincoat along, and don't yell whoa at the street cars. Farewell, and may the Gods of Chance be kind to you.

JACK EWING

actually did go was the office manager, who informed us all ere leaving that he was going to see The Dawn of A New Day, a duty he felt he really owed himself. As he speaks in upper and lower case letters most of the time, anyway, no one felt more than usually excited.

We just waited for the usual postcards to come in, cards that have been coming in from a number of places at holiday-time each year for many. So many years, in fact, that they have become an office tradition, and always, before

kins, prattling continuously of his own knowledge of local and Eastern conditions, showed him in. Gifford looked as if he had walked off a Hollywood movie set—the most typical foreign correspondent imaginable, fitted out completely for the East from his brand new pith helmet to his gleaming riding boots.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Developments came Sunday night, when cables started coming in from papers in America asking for information

on peace terms. Tiny had evidently convinced Gifford that he was the Emir. Amidst much merriment and satisfaction at having put Gifford in his place every single correspondent cabled back an explicit denial of the story. Then a wireless message from Gifford himself. He had interviewed the Emir, and he had been given the complete story on his demands for settlement. Did they want the story? And in conclusion a gentle rub about scooping them.

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

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

Drinks all around when they got back to the hotel. It

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

The door opened suddenly, and in walked Tiny, roaring for a drink. A howl went up as he appeared and a drink to Gifford's story.

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

Abdul was gone.

My Friend Death

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

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

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

Frederick George Scott.

That Infernal Machine

There is a telephone in this world that has forgotten how to ring, and a girl who vainly waits beside it. I've read about it in books, I've heard about in songs, and I only wish I could find it—the telephone I mean. There have been days when I cursed Alexander Graham Bell for his part in the invention of that little black fiend that sits in the downstairs hall. I have given the matter serious thought and have tried to analyse any aversion, to find some root cause, some common divisor for my various objections to the telephone. My labours were unusually unsuccessful. My ultimate conclusion was that I objected, not to the instrument as such, but to the usages which I associated with it. With scientific accuracy I have attempted to classify the various uses to which the telephone is subjected, and to condemn the more exceptionable uses.

The Unintentionally Offensive Use. That is to say when the offender is not aware that he is causing considerable annoyance, but the unfortunate on the receiving end suffers nonetheless. Take, for instance, the times you rush into a dressing gown and slipper, race downstairs, and snatch the phone from its cradle just to hear the click of the receiver at the other end; or perhaps you've volunteered with the rest of the family to take a call—"I'll take it, it's for me"; "I've answered"—only to find out it's a wrong number. You have all at one time or another been roused from your Sunday sleep by some inconsiderate creature, probably Saturday night's date, who insists you promised to go skiing at nine o'clock. Also in this category is the radio commercial statistician who phones to ask if you are listening to the "Crispy Crunch" programme, when you are probably engaged in something infinitely more entertaining.

The Practical Joker's Use. As we have said the previously mentioned offenders are comparatively innocent in their misuse of the telephone. There are some inbeciles, however, politely referred to as "practical jokers," or as the "life of the party," who should be branded as public enemies. Numerous candidates for the title of Public Enemy No. 1 belong to the group that phoned a certain Mr. Chips after the release of a recent film, and having been assured they had the right party recited "Goodbye Mr. Chips," and hung up. Hallowe'en brings out candidates that deserve a high ranking for their lack of originality if for nothing else. The drug stores are bothered with one call in particular on Hallowe'en—"Have you got Prince Albert in a tin? Well for heaven's sake let him out!" or again, "Is your store on Main Street? Well get it off, there's a car coming."

The Monopolist's Use. When a telephone might be of some practical use it is never available. Have you ever

waited your turn in a phone booth? Standing in line is annoying enough, but when those in front jabber in French and you haven't even their conversation as a diversion it becomes unbearable. Chief offenders in the monopolist category are women. It was no doubt Confucius that defined women as a species that can't answer a phone without pulling up a chair.

As a result of our careful tabulation we are obliged to admit that the telephone has some less exceptionable uses.

Dramatic Use. The stage has also realized the utility of the telephone as a dramatic agent. An anonymous call at the appropriate time never fails to deepen the mystery, and the expected call is excellent in speeding up the action. Comedians have exploited the telephone as a vehicle for their humorous monologue, and glamour girls find it an unexcelled means of conveying "oomph."

Artistic Use. Probably the most pleasant use of the telephone is that exploited by Mr. Petty. If the reader does not know George Petty he must surely be familiar with Betty Petty, his sensational creation. She is the darling of "Esquire" and graces every college man's room. Poured delightfully into scanties of various hues, she languishes across the page and inspires admiring exclamations from every masculine heart. Her inseparable companion in her horizontal loveliness is the telephone.

The Indolent Use. From man's eternal laziness spring several modern uses of the telephone. The late guest no longer needs to rise from his bed in search of a watch. He merely asks for a specified number, and when the connection is made the exact time will be heard over his bedside telephone. Better still he may leave his number with the house operator and he will be called at whatever hour he wishes. Instead of the offensive ring of the alarm clock, the guest hears the gentle voice of the telephone, then the operator's cheery, "Good morning sir, it's eleven thirty." Nay, more! If he expects a telegram, no longer must he anticipate the dreaded walk from bed to door, Western Union phones greetings now, and the message is sung, recited, or read, according to instructions.

Mr. Bell probably realized before his death what a boon his invention was to be to the world of communications. He had dreams no doubt of transatlantic calls, round-the-world conference lines, and other accepted marvels of today. But, let us hope that he never in his wildest dreams envisaged his brainchild as a tool for practical jokers, a device for the acceleration of gossip, or a weapon in the hands of a seductive woman. Let us hope he died in the consolation of knowing he had contributed to man's unceasing quest for ease.

IAN HAY

Scoops Don't Happen Here

Dinner had already started as Bill Armstrong strode into the Continental Hotel where the half dozen foreign correspondents covering the revolution of the Emir of Joghla-pohr had been staying. Making his way quickly to the small room which the newspapermen used as a sort of private dining and conference room, he briefly made his apologies for his lateness and began his meal. Halfway through he turned to the others who had been discussing prospects of the revolution being concluded that spring.

"Any of you fellows pick up anything new today?" he asked. Thompson of the *Times* took a long swallow of his rum punch before replying. "Not a thing," he said. "I was talking to Abdul Wakah this afternoon and he told me that the Emir was still somewhere around Arsinola but that he still refused to talk terms with the government."

"Looks like we'll have to file another review of the situation tonight," mumbled Tiny Wallace of the *Herald-Post*. "The boss cabled back to me yesterday wanting to know whether this fuss had stopped altogether."

"I wish to hell it was finished with," growled Bill as he pushed his plate away. "I'd give a lot to get back home to my family any time now."

Things had been pretty quiet for the past month. For the first few months after war had broken out the government forces had had the Emir pretty well on the run. Then things began to swing the other way. As they were pushed farther back into the desert the rebels got on to ground with which they were much more familiar and it was just a little more than the government could do to control them. So things just now were about at a deadlock. Occasionally one side or the other would manage to take some small outpost but usually would lose one to the opposing side a little while later. And then too, the spring rains had been falling lately and that didn't liven matters up any. Frequently there had been rumors that the Emir was ready to make terms. These at first had been news and would serve to fill up half a column on occasion, but not any more. Correspondents hardly bothered to check up any more when somebody would bring in a rumor that the Emir would talk peace with the government. Moreover, Abdul Wakah, the most influential native in Arsinole where they made their headquarters, had practically assured them that there would be no peace for months. And Abdul was not only known to be a strong sympathizer with the Emir, in spite of the fact that he worked for the government, but was also thought to supply a good deal of the Emir's ammunition and equipment. However, Abdul was an Arab and he could not be trusted too far, so it was better not to rely too much

HECTOR BELTON

on what he said.

By the time Armstrong had finished it was a pretty well decided that after each had filed a few hundred words on nothing at all regarding the rebellion, the best thing to do would be to organize a pinochle game. It looked like rain again, and anyway, what the hell was there to do in Arsinole. Bill had just got his pipe going and his feet placed on the edge of the table when he brought them back to the floor with a thud. "I damn near forgot," he exclaimed. "Jenkins, the manager of this dive, told me this afternoon that the *Star* is replacing Jordan after all. Some bird named Gifford radioed from the boat for reservations. He's going to arrive tonight."

"What!" cried Tiny. "Did you say Gifford was coming here?"

"That's what I said," Bill replied. "Gifford. Why, do you know him?"

"Good Lord, yes," was the answer. "He's that smart guy from Harvard that scooped everybody on that Dawes kidnapping last year in 'Frisco. What a pain in the neck!"

For some time conversation was devoted to discussing the new man with Tiny taking a leading part in the discussion. Then talk swung back to Jordan and the whole affair of his effort to do some reconnoitering on his own. In an effort to get some fresh angle on the war Jordan had gone out into the desert with two Arabs about three weeks before and apparently had taken some bad water. A fever had resulted and Jordan had been sent to Alexandria in a critical condition. After that it had been rumored that the *Star* was not going to send out another man but would just use Press Association despatches on the rebellion.

Chairs were being pulled up to the table to begin the game as Wallace concluded the conversation with the remark, "It seems pretty obvious what Morgan's idea must be in sending this Gifford individual out here. Gifford's been making a name for himself playing up the personal angle—been getting a by-line for himself quite frequently. Morgan probably thinks Gifford will be able to dig up something fresh along his own line that will keep this fuss on page one. Funny that editors can't seem to get it through their heads that a scoop is quite impossible on a job like this, that if correspondents didn't get together none of us would ever have a story worth printing."

"'Twas ever thus," Armstrong answered him. "Once a man gets a desk job he seems to forget what reporting actually is."

The game was almost over and the men were just getting ready for bed when Gifford arrived. Fussy little Jen-

Mr. Jones' Birthday Present

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

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

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

"Cassini?" breathed Mr. Jones.

"Yeah Cassini, and I don't mean your Aunt Sophronia. If you don't lay offa me in your filthy rag, so help me I'll pump you so full of lead Hitler could use you for scrap iron. I think I ought to dynamite your set-up anyway, Stevens. The feds were satisfied about that bank job out in Ohio till you came out with some tripe about "Local Boy Makes Good Out West." Then they pin the rap on me. Why Stevens I could love you if I didn't want to kill you so bad. Now come on," Cassini wrung Jones wrists sharply. "Are you going to play ball, or do I have to put the screws on?"

"But I'm not Stevens of the *Herald*. My name is Jones. Napoleon Jones," stammered the bookkeeper.

"Get that, Boss," Mike shouted. "One of the Jones boys."

"Yeah Stevens, you yellow rat, don't try and put that over on me. There's only one mousepuss like yours in the world and I'd know it anywhere." Cassini jammed a gun into Jones' back. "Come on, Stevens, play nice with poppa," he gave the man a vicious nudge, "or so help me I'll blast you—"

MARY HOYE

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

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

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

"Napoleon B. Jones, 15 Angell Court, 3/29/36," he read.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Back in her tiny flat about five o'clock that afternoon, Angela Jones was reading the evening paper in amazement:

"Local Citizen Captures Leader of Cassini Mob.

"Death Ride Ends in Thrilling Coup.

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

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

"Mr. Jones, please?"

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

"But I'm his wife."

"Very well, madam."

Mrs. Jones rode up to the fourth floor. She entered room 404 brandishing the paper triumphantly before her. She knelt down beside the bed and said: "O darling, I always knew you were one of those strong silent men."

The government of Canada has recently declared its intention to increase our war effort. This statement has been received with the deepest appreciation and enthusiasm by the Students' Association of Bishop's University.

Today we are faced with two realities—the reality that this war has taken a very serious turn, and the reality that most of us Canadians have to date devoted too little energy to the prosecution of the war. Actually, for nine months we have taken the position rather of commentators on European events than of the senior Dominion in the British Empire. Few of us have varied our lives from normal peacetime routine. But this war is a battle for Democracy and Christianity against tyranny, idolatry and treachery. We must be prepared to make every sacrifice, to work for long hours overtime, to alter plans, to give perhaps years of our lives to this cause. The time for a self-satisfied attitude has passed.

We are pleased to see that the government has appreciated the fact and has demonstrated its determination to intensify Canada's war effort. We would have the Canadian public and the Dominion government know that the students of this university are enthusiastically behind every effort for victory in this struggle against Hitlerism.



When you take YOUR PLACE in the WORLD OF AFFAIRS

... one of the most important contacts you will have will be with your banker.

Now, while you are still at college, we invite you to form your banking connection at our nearest office, and, in later years, when you take your place in business or professional life, you will likely find us useful in a score of ways. Wherever you may live in Canada there will be a branch of the Bank nearby, ready to give you the kind of banking service and counsel that will help you solve your problems and realize your plans.

BANK OF MONTREAL

Established 1817

"a bank where small accounts are welcome"

BRANCHES IN SHERBROOKE

Main Office—59 Wellington Street—W. O. NICOL, Manager
Belvidere and King Streets Branch—L. A. LABERGE, Manager

MODERN, EXPERIENCED BANKING SERVICE . . . THE OUTCOME OF 122 YEARS' SUCCESSFUL OPERATION

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

Outside, the crowd seemed different; he felt part of it now, and could view those around him with a new air of confidence, for no longer were they his superiors. And Joan, well after all, he thought, Joan will understand, and damn it all, you cannot live on idealism, not even on love.

Normally it would be a bare twenty minutes walk from the recruiting office to his home, but today he took longer. Every step nearer filled him with uneasiness. What if she did not understand; but of course that was unthinkable. His street was empty except for two boys playing ball on the sidewalk, and a dead cat lying where a car had crushed it. He made a mental note to remove its body on his return. Joan was asleep when he entered the apartment, and the room appeared to be in a state of untidiness; plates were unwashed, and the bed had yet to be made. Even the cigarette which he had smoked the previous night lay untouched on the ash tray. It was unlike Joan to be untidy; perhaps she was ill. For a moment the horrible fear ran through his mind, but the regularity of her pulse, and the coolness of her forehead reassured him. He gazed at her again, and noticed that her plumpness seemed to be enhanced by the rays of the sun casting their shadows into

the room. Yes, she was beautiful; but it was the faint smile on her face which now attracted him; the same smile which he had noticed when they had first decided to flout convention, and live together until they could afford to marry. He hesitated a moment, and then kissed her lightly on the lips. She opened her eyes slowly, smiling up at him with a far away look, as if she imagined herself in the midst of some tropical paradise. George had decided beforehand to tell her everything before he lost his nerve, and he began to speak rapidly and nervously. The smile died off Joan's face, and a look of fear and hate filled her eyes, before George had finished talking he knew that it was no use, she did not understand. He rose wearily from the bed, and looked down at her, "Then it's no use," he said. She shook her head, and turned to look abstractly through the window. George knew it was useless to argue, for they had always understood each other too well to waste time on superfluous words. Picking his coat from the chair, he turned his back, and walked slowly from the room. It seemed cruel leaving Joan like this, but after all she had managed to keep them both for over five months, so it would probably be a relief to rid herself of one burden.

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

Nunc Dimittis In Uace Domine Servum Tuum

(At the burial of the fallen)

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

The cannon roar sinks into quietude.
"I am the Resurrection and the Life.
He that believeth, though he were but dead,
Yet shall he live."
The evening sun peers through the battle-smoke.

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

Leon Adams.

nice Pauahi Bishop. It was founded in 1889 by Charles R. Bishop as a memorial to his wife, a princess who refused the throne in order to marry him, then Minister of Foreign Affairs under King Lunalilo. Not only does the museum house wonderful collections of exhibits which cover all aspects of the islands of the Pacific, but it has published a series of bulletins and papers which form an authoritative record of Hawaiian life, past and present. The scientist would find these bulletins treasure trove indeed, for they set forth with accuracy and a great wealth of illustration detailed information on Hawaiian flora and fauna, marine life, volcanic actions, racial history, ornithology, geology, etc.

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

We have several books on the bird life of Hawaii, and two of these are particularly valuable. The first one, "Aves Hawaiiensis: The Birds of the Sandwich Islands," by Scott B. Wilson, F.Z.S., F.R.G.S., assisted by A. H. Evans, M.A., F.Z.S., London, 1890-99, is almost unobtainable now, and last sold in Hawaii at one hundred and fifty dollars. The second one, "The Avifauna of Laysan and the Neighbouring Islands," by the Hon. Walter Rothschild, Ph.D., illustrated with coloured and black plates by Messrs. Keulemans and Frohawk, London, 1893-1900, is exceedingly scarce and costly also, and is considered a far more important book than Wilson and Evans, both for its scientific content and its illustrations.

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

Miss Castle has sent us several novels Hawaiian in set-

ting, but she says there is no great Hawaiian novel yet. Like the Canadians, the islanders keep on waiting and hoping. But Somerset Maugham wrote many stories with a South Sea background, Earl Derr Biggers makes Charlie Chan function in a mysterious Hawaiian atmosphere, R. L. Stevenson knew the romance of the tropics and used it in his tales and Herman Melville of "Moby Dick" and "Typhoon" fame lived in Hawaii for some time.

There are books on native arts and crafts, as well as Malvina Hoffman's two fine publications, "Sculpture, Inside and Out," and "Heads and Tales" which both touch on Hawaiian art. There are books on the language, cook books, beautiful books on shells, and books on the "hula" or native dance. Of this Miss Castle wrote that popular and ignorant interest has commercialized and debased a fine art. She says, "Hula means dance. Every gesture has symbolical meaning not too easy to learn. In order to give the requisite flexibility to the muscles and joints you have to begin to learn it in childhood and keep up the practice of it for the balance of your life. There are hundreds of varieties of the hula. In addition to those known to everyone, each family has numbers of its own, of which they are very jealous lest other dancers see and appropriate them. Then there are more sacred temple hulas. The most famous one is so associated in foreigners' minds with the one which ended in a type of exhibitionism and conduct like that of the Roman Saturnalia (against which the missionaries naturally set their faces) that it is almost impossible to make some people believe there are other types."

Of the many books of verse, "Hawaiian Hilltop" by Genievieve Taggard, and "Slants" by Clifford Gessler seem to contain some of the best and loveliest efforts. But Rupert Brooks knew the charm of the South Seas. Listen to his words on "Waikiki" weave the spell of Hawaii:

"Warm perfumes like a breath from vine and tree
Drift down the darkness. Plangent, hidden from eyes
Somewhere an *eukaleli* thrills and cries
And stabs with pain the night's brown savagery.
And dark scents whisper; and dim waves creep to me,
Gleam like a woman's hair, stretch out, and rise;
And new stars burn into the ancient skies,
Over the murmurous soft Hawaiian sea. . . ."

And when you've been there, whether in actuality or imagination, and have reluctantly returned, perhaps you too will feel as Brooke did:

"Oh, Heaven's Heaven! but we'll be missing
The palms, and sunlight, and the south . . ."

"Courage Stays Behind"

PETER GREENWOOD

"Read all about it. Royal Oak sunk . . . Eight hundred lives lost." The all too familiar headlines shouted at George as he made his way from the tall building onto the street crowded with men and women hurrying to the nearest restaurant. To George they seemed to be filled with an irrepressible eagerness for what lay ahead, and for that he hated them all.

He looked back at the tall building rising floor after floor above the crowded street. Half an hour before he had entered it with that same irrepressible eagerness. Williams had told him, since now that the war had come they would want more men, for production was expanding rapidly. He had half believed the story, and even when he had had to wait in a long line of applicants, his confidence was not entirely shattered. But again it was the same tale. "Yes, we expect to have an opening in the near future; fill out this application form, and we will let you know at the soonest possible moment." They were very kind, they left you with the impression: Well, now I will only have to wait a few days until I hear. But George had waited too long to be inspired by this kindness; disillusionment was too bitter to be alleviated by a trite promise.

Now once again he was carried along by the crowd, not knowing, not caring where he went. Something jingled in his pocket, reminding him of the few coins which remained from those which Joan had managed to collect from the neighbours.

The crowd at noon hour always made him hungry, especially now, when life consisted of two meals a day; one at night, and the other when circumstances allowed. He knew of a place where they sold a cup of coffee and a doughnut for five cents, and where you could sit and think, if you did not stay too long. Three minutes later he found himself outside the restaurant, and pushing himself through the crowd, managed to find an empty seat at the end of the counter. "Well, what is it," the fat and efficient looking proprietor stared at him as if to say—Where in the hell did you get any money from. George gave his order, and again lapsed into thought, oblivious of the people around him. Beside him, two men were discussing the slowness of the Allies in comparison to Germany, while behind him another was complaining of the rapid rise in prices. A small woman was proudly telling her friend about a son who had just enlisted. To George they were just voices, they made no more sense to him than the roar of traffic on Main Street at noon. He just sat and thought. What would Joan think; for more than five months now, he had dressed at the crack of dawn so as to start as soon as possible the long search

after work, while Joan had waited day after day in their small apartment, sewing and washing any clothes the neighbours sent. God! she was never meant to wash clothes, she was too beautiful for any such hardship. Two years before when she had first come to live with him, she had expected at least the minimum of comfort, but when things had taken a bad turn, there was no word of complaint.

George looked up from his coffee, the proprietor was at the centre of the counter now talking to three men. Four months before he had sat at the same place discussing with his friends the future order of the world, but now they had all either joined the army, or avoided his company. "Why don't you enlist," they had said; and when he had not, they had accused him of lacking self-respect. Of course they did not realize the truth. How could they know of the passionate idealism of Joan; how she swore time and again that she would rather die than see a friend of hers aid in any bloodshed or murder. And of course he could not argue against her. Oh hell! why were women so foolish. Why did they have to see the hatred and murder inspired by war, rather than the comfort and comparative security of the army.

A sharp coughing brought him back to reality, the fat proprietor was standing beside the coffee urn, gazing at him intently. It was the signal for him to leave. It was a nuisance but, of course, others were waiting for his place, and after all five cents for coffee and doughnuts was damn cheap, the cheapest place in town. Outside the street was still crowded, a group had gathered to watch some soldiers march past. Across the street there was a recruiting office with a large sign displayed in the window asking young men to enlist for king and country. George crossed over. Two men were standing beside the door talking, and over the noise of the traffic, he could hear the occasional snatch of conversation.

"Hell, it ain't so bad! . . . in the last war we'd good food, spare cash, plenty of women, and drink . . . Yea, you're either bored stiff, or scared stiff, but you eat . . . No, you don't see them when you kill them . . ." Again the sign caught his eye, for king and country. Surely Joan would understand, perhaps he could even change her idealism into other channels. Was not there a poem about that sort of thing, honour and love; oh yes—

"I could not love thee dear so much,
Loved I not honour more."

He remembered the teacher reciting it to the class years before. He hesitated, and then walked into the recruiting office.

tles ranged against the wall. Soon, not one, but many bottles lay round him in empty disorder. He seized another, and held it before him in unwilling conversation as one does an uninvited guest. "Blarsted clanking machines ain't better'n no horse. Now wo's lovelier n'horsh? Big bootiful horsh?" As if to emphasize his remarks he squeezed the neck of his listener savagely, then realizing the inanimate state of the alcohol he drank it, stilling all further argument. His nearby supply exhausted, he stood up in search of more, only to sit down much quicker.

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

Finding more bottles, and a pressing need for air, he stuffed several into the many pockets so kindly provided by thoughtful army tailors, and throwing caution to the winds bumped his way to the steps, where with a sudden burst of Bacchanalian exuberance he kicked them loose. By dint of many savage rushes and much yelling he was able to hoist himself into the cool outdoors of the farmyard. Amidst all this carnage and ruin he suddenly felt his soul to be lifted as on wings, such degradation, such filth was not for him. The artist, the virtuoso welled strong in his heart. He would dance, a beautiful unearthly dance, a dance of lithe grace and exquisite tenderness, a dance of wild passionate abandon. Flinging himself recklessly he whirled into the ever increasing tempo of a gipsy Czarda, his size thirteens guiding him unerringly through the litter of debris. Suddenly he stopped dead in the execution of a most difficult passe, with hand upflung he remained rigid, only relaxing when he hit the soft earth. Picking himself up he blinked his eyes. "Mush be clouds," he muttered, wiping a wet and fevered brow. "No by hell, ish horsh. Big bootiful horsh."

The object of his adoration stirred uneasily from one hoof to the other, twitching his ears towards the sound. Driver Amyas, acting with the speed of Mercury and the sureness of Bacchus, seized a sharp two-pronged haying fork lying before him and leapt over the intervening rubble.

"Here horshy. Nice horshy. Bootiful Beshie. Here horshy, horshy, horshy."

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

vaulted into the saddle position with all the knightly grace of King Arthur himself; however, it was only with repeated testing that he was able to remain there permanently. After ascertaining whether Bessie could respond to the correct cavalry commands he wheeled smartly and, uttering a piercing battle-cry, made off down the road at a lively, if somewhat splashy, gallop.

Whether from the wind in his face, the wine in his head, the horse beneath him, or a combination of all three, he felt young again — young and gay. Remembering the bottles stored about his person, he proceeded to broach one and then another, until the landscape through which they passed took on a blurred aspect. At times the gentle swaying motions took him to far-off Egypt where he could hear the call of dragomen, and the sibilant whisper of soft winds among the palm trees. At others the broad back bethought him of India, riding on some swaying Son of the Jungle; he could feel the cooling rush of air as the palmleaf fans swished about his bejewelled turban. Suddenly his Indian torpor was sharply broken by the commanding voice of a Son of Limehouse.

"Where the ruddy 'ell do yu think you're goin'?"

Driver Amyas, his princely dignity offended, waved his regal pitchfork angrily.

"One side, yu wretched native, hic, or my beast will tramp yu to plup."

"H'unless you 'ave a ruddy pass you don't get by 'ere. Them's h'orders, h'an them's wot I'm 'ere to see is carried h'out." So saying he planted himself firmly in the path of the advancing horse.

At this point on the frontier the River Moselle flows past three nations, Luxembourg, Germany and France, converging at the town of Thionville. The road over which driver Amyas was bent on going was half German and half Luxembourgian at various unspecified spots along it, eventually leading into the interior of Luxembourg. The sentry was posted at a position where a V-shaped trench had been dug, supported by enormous cement blocks placed in stagger formation, allowing only a narrow passage through which wagons and small cars could pass. From a military viewpoint, the Germans considered the road useless, allowing the farmers tactical passage along it, only watching it from time to time. The French on the other hand felt that control of it was essential as it led into their territory and could be used by German motorized attacking units if they so desired.

Driver Amyas was oblivious at this stage to the theory of tactics, feeling it below the majesty of a potentate to meddle with such mundane matters. He was, however, amazed at such brazen insolence and slightly peeved, so

(Continued on page 41)

Something About Hawaiiiana

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

Early in the winter of 1939 Miss H. Ethelwyn A. Castle of Honolulu wrote to say that she would be very glad to donate to the university library a small collection of books in the field of Hawaiiiana if the librarians and library committee saw fit to accept them. This was the beginning of one of the most generous and unique gifts of books Bishop's has ever received, for the collection has grown steadily until in scope, monetary value and special geographical and historical interest it has become comprehensive and notable. The gift now includes 387 books and pamphlets, 423 separate volumes of museum publications and those of other official and social bodies in Hawaii, as well as several periodical issues and a series of about 20 maps. Many of these are fine editions in beautiful bindings, and a number are rare and costly. With each lot of books Miss Castle has written a covering letter listing and annotating nearly every volume. These letters in themselves form a commentary on Hawaii, provoking most justly a desire to enter these "isles of enchantment," if not by transcontinental train and ocean steamer, at least through the realm of books.

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

The Hawaiian group consists of twelve islands of which

GRACE JACKSON

eight are inhabited and the remaining four are small barren rocks. Legend and history are in such names as Hawaii, Maui, Oahu, Molokai, Lanai, and seem to overlap in their accounts of the settling of the islands, which goes back to ancient times when a migration from the southwest, perhaps from Tahiti, perhaps from New Zealand itself, is thought to have peopled them. Most of the traditions of the Hawaiians point to such a migration, but it was not until 1778 that the islands were made known to the world through their "discovery" by Captain Cook. From this time on the influence of the outside world helped to develop them and determine the life and religion of the people.

The history of Hawaii is inseparably linked with the history of the mission church which accomplished much in introducing to the people the continental way of life. By a strange coincidence the first missionaries to reach Hawaii, in March 1820, arrived at a time when the natives were in process of casting aside their old religion, a system of tabu, and under their new king, Liholiho, were searching for just the answer which the missionaries miraculously appeared to offer. Townsend Griffith in his guide book, "When You Go to Hawaii" sums up the work of these first missionaries and their successors. He says, "Of course the great object held in view was the conversion of the Islanders. But the missionaries did not stop at that. The Hawaiian language for the first time was systematized and reduced to writing. A printing press was placed in operation in Honolulu in 1822. Half of the adult population was taught to read. The children were gathered into the schools. The natives were shown improved methods of agriculture. The king and his court were given intelligent and just counsel in the management of the Islands' internal affairs as well as in matters dealing with foreign powers. The missionaries showed the natives the path to follow and guided them skilfully along it. The Hawaiians owe much to them, and the missionaries and their families had no reason to regret their great undertaking." We have many books about these early missionaries and their wives, about the bishops of Honolulu, and also three copies of the Bible in Hawaiian and English. There are also biographies of Father Damien and Brother Joseph Dutton, "the Saint of Molokai," books describing the controversy between R. L. Stevenson and Dr. Hyde over Damien, and works describing the actual Leper Settlement at Molokai.

At Honolulu on the island of Oahu, is situated one of the world's great museums, which bears the name of Ber-

\$1.00 will send 300 Sweet Caps
or 1 lb. Old Virginia pipe tobacco to
Canadians serving in United Kingdom
and France only.
Address—"Sweet Caps"
P.O. Box 6000, Montreal, Que.



"Do the girls like Captain Witherspoon?"

"Do they? They call him Sweet Cap!"

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked."



teeth with a steel file, surveying the greasy faces of his brother cavalrymen.

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

Gunner O'Toole, who was busily engaged in sorting steel filings from his bread with a magnet, took quick exception to this remark.

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

"'Es right h'Amyas. Wot the 'ell's the use of them h'animals out 'ere? This 'ere war h'is modern. Y'ere awld-fashioned, that's y'ere trouble," chimed in one of the other drivers.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Well that's fixed the blarsted machine. No horse ever done a thing like this. Only a dumb thing of bolts and rivets could be so lunartic."

"Lunatic? If ye ask me it's the driver that be the lunatic, ye puir half-baked donkey," growled gunner O'Toole,

his temper breaking loose in rich Irish rhetoric. Turning off the motors they waded waist high in silent inspection. The action had thrown one of the tracks to some unfathomable corner of the particular pool in which they found themselves. The leading tanks had discovered their loss by this time and had stopped to investigate, until quite a staff of experts, drivers, gunners, and commanders were gathered around the gloomy pit. Although they all agreed on the merits of a driver who could pick a river in preference to a bridge, they varied in opinion as to the method of abstraction. Some said a block and tackle, others suggested an under cable pulled by a team of two tanks, but eventually it was decided that they would be encroaching on the prerogative of the Royal engineers to tackle so major a problem alone. Thus it was decided to postpone the operation till more favourable conditions, and more professional advice prevailed.

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

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

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

"Um, cider that's wot."

A few moments later and driver Amyas was searching thirstily, until he bumped into a whole line of similar bot-

"But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antic pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes."

On the other, those tremendous phrases whose resonance washes through the aisles of the mind like a great organ-tone: "Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant Nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an Eagle mewing her mighty youth and kindling her undazzl'd eyes at the full mid-day beam, purging and scaling her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heav'nly radiance, while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amaz'd at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms." Truly a vision appropriate to the needs of 1940.

If we climb now to the parapet, standing there we can see right out to the suburbs, where the houses are quite small and quite new. Some of them are rather ugly and sordid, but they are part of the city, and they have a fascination of their own. That street in which all the houses are exactly the same, each with its blank, staring windows, its flight of stone steps and its area railings, gives expression to this:

"They are rattling breakfast plates in basement kitchens
And along the trampled edges of the street
I am aware of the damp souls of housemaids
Sprouting despondently at area gates."

Beautifully hopeless, isn't it? Even if you don't like it, you cannot deny the vividness with which the limp mood is portrayed. And in the same street:

"This is the way the world ends,
This is the way the world ends,
This is the way the world ends,
Not with a bang but a whimper."

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

into epigrams. For example:

"Safe upon the solid rock the ugly houses stand:
Come and see my shining palace, built upon the sand."
And— "My candle burns at both ends,
It will not last the night;
But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends,
It gives a lovely light."

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

Down at the docks of my city, there lies a unique vessel, built of the same illustrious atoms. The name on her counter is "Pequod"—and what an amazing world of battling emotions, cetological research, seamanship, toil and religious intensity that one word conjures up! One sees, in a series of vivid pictures, Ahab, motionless on his quarter-deck, his whalebone leg a symbol of his life's passion, to find and kill the white whale; the close, crowded fo'c'sle with its oddly assorted crew; the boats pulling away from the ship, and the fierce conflict after the harpoon strikes. Among so much fine writing it is difficult to make a choice, but there are few passages more splendid than Melville's defense of human dignity: "If then to meanest mariners . . . I shall hereafter ascribe high qualities . . . then against all mortal critics bear me out in it, thou just Spirit of Equality, which hast spread one royal mantle of humanity over all my kind! Bear me out in it, thou great democratic God! who didst not refuse to the swart convict, Bunyan, the pale, poetic pearl; Thou who didst clothe with doubly hammered leaves of finest gold, the stumped and paupered arm of old Cervantes; Thou who didst pick up Andrew Jackson from the pebbles; who didst hurl him upon a war-horse; who didst thunder him higher than a throne! Thou who, in all Thy mighty earthly marchings, ever cullest Thy selectest champions from the kingly commons; bear me out in it, O God!"

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

"I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,

To the gull's way and the whale's way, where the wind's like a whetted knife."?

A little extra emphasis on the "w's" produces a marvellous exhilaration. No better example of this could be given than the first and last verses of his best known poem:

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

* * *

"Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke stack,
Butting through the Channel in the mad March days,
With a cargo of Tynce coal,
Road-rails, pig-lead,
Firewood, iron-ware, and cheap tin trays."

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

But, whether your interest be historical or religious, or both, whether you love words or woman, you will be saying by this time, "But you have left out the most important building of all!" True, and my defence is that that Book refuses to fit into my scheme. It is too big. Instead of a building, it is the road on which we tread, the air we breathe—all-pervasive, wholly satisfying. To start no higher than human love and loyalty, can you in all literature find anything to surpass the words of Ruth to Naomi? "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people,

Caterpillar Cavalry

Driver Amyas of His Majesty's 69th Light Cavalry unit sat on the snout of his iron charger, oil on his face, his once clean "battle rompers" looking much like a piece of the rag he held in his left hand, and cursed. It wasn't one curse, but a carefully balanced flow of curses, which only years of training in the Royal Canadian Hussars could have afforded him. "Why this here thing has as many nuts and bolts as a whole regiment of horses has teeth. It ain't right. Me a bleeding lance-corporal for nearly twenty years, with as fine a horse as the West could reperduce, an' they me a blinkin' robot to ride."

So saying he spat accurately and forcibly in the general direction of the well around which the unit had ranged their machines. "You mark my words, O'Toole," he said, addressing a large beefy man who was smoking an unusually large corncob, "the brass hats will regret the day they sustitooted this here wheelbarrow for the sweet intelligence of the horse." O'Toole's complete indifference to this tirade showed him to be unmoved by the virtues of the horse.

"Ut least the divellish things won't be kickin' ye in the stomach when ye feed them. An' if ye don't stop gawping

and thy God, my God. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." With the world again in flames and torment, it is no weak escapism but a sense of eternal truth deep in the heart of man that makes him cry out, now as of old: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills!—from whence cometh my help? My help cometh even from the Lord, who hath made heaven and earth. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved, and he that keepeth thee will not sleep. Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord himself is thy keeper, the Lord is thy defence upon the right hand; so that the sun shall not burn thee by day, neither the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil—yea, it is even he that shall keep thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, for evermore." The sonorous tolling of those mighty words relaxes the strained nerves, and enables us to realize again that though the heathen rage and the kingdoms are moved, from everlasting to everlasting, he is God.

NOW UNTO THE KING ETERNAL, IMMORTAL,
INVISIBLE,
THE ONLY WISE GOD, BE HONOUR AND GLORY
FOR EVER AND EVER.

JOHN STARNES

an' be getting it fixed it's nawthin' ye'll be riding."

Driver Amyas crossed the yard to the farm, holding the offending piece of machinery gingerly. At the back a small brazier had been filled with charcoal which was burning red hot, causing the air to shimmer crazily. Over this inferno he struggled and toiled, the heat of his language joining that of the coals in its intensity.

An hour later the cam-rod had been welded in a serviceable, if somewhat horsemanlike manner, and the unit rumbled and rolled into line with the dust of France billowing behind until it completely enveloped driver Amyas and his two companions who were bringing up the rear.

"Worse than a bleedin' dust-bowl. Yu would think these foreigners ud have paved highways if they needs these blarsted machines so bad like."

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

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

Begin Living O How

Begin living O how?
Time is notched to steel.
Muffled in silk of dreams
Hears mainspring ironic now.

Living this certain street
A boy of gentle dreams
Remembered, violent joy,
Even sorrow sweet.

And now the dreamed-for had,
Love in cahoots with time
Nor cares for constant heart
Nor flesh more violent made.

For love, (with that not so)
What wall and lintel, what
Acre where, by shadowed
Elm and intimate snow?

O how for us—who keep
The testament of night
(O we have need) and know
The animus of sleep?

Ralph Gustafson

than any illusion.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Illustrious Atom

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

The general design of my city is along rather massive lines, and if you took an aerial picture of it, you would find that it radiates outwards, as most of our English cities do, from Shakespeare, that stupendous builder whose plans can be shown to be all wrong, but whose achievements remain incomparable. When I was very young, older people invaded my town site, and erected some buildings which they said were very fine, but which I thought were very dull. One day, though, when I had learnt more about these things, I caught a glimpse of beauty in them—beauty more potential than actual—so I tore down these contract-built edifices and went to Shakespeare himself for original designs, and the results anyone who has had that experience knows. Were we to linger over every well-loved component, we should never end, so two examples must suffice. Here the lovers Lorenzo and Jessica look on nature, and feel their own joy the more keenly for her beauty:

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

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

"Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,

GRAHAM GEORGE

Home art gone and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust."

Did the lovely detail of ornament on that little house catch your eye? "... all gold-dusty from tumbling among the stars..."—that's Francis Thompson on Shelley. The Thompson house hasn't progressed very far yet, but the doorway is magic: "I fled Him, down the nights and down the days—I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways of my own mind." Speaking of magic, there is a park in the city, the groves of which are heavy with a special kind of it—a magic that is almost hypnotic in the intensity of its physical effect, if you go through it slowly, and surrender yourself:

"My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness—
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless
Singest of summer in full-throated ease."

Dreamy?—then I expect you can see my ghostly Synod. Often in this garden "spectral dance, before the dawn, a hundred Vicars down the lawn; Curates, long dust, will come and go on lissom, clerical, printless toe; and oft between the boughs is seen the sly shade of a Rural Dean." Delicious conceit!

That shout of joy?—It came from this huge building, second in my favour, though I must confess it's so vast that I have only begun to know my way about it. The sound you heard was from the lofty central tower—"all the multitude of angels, with a shout loud as from numbers without number, sweet as from blest voices, uttering joy." The tower is curiously carved with grotesque figures of the spirits of evil and crowned with figures of the Blessed Ones. See how the master-builder uses ordinary stones to achieve breath-taking results: "Lifted up so high, I dained subjection, and thought one step higher would set me highest, and in a moment quit the debt immense of endless gratitude, so burdensome, still paying, still to owe." The long-drawn line of those simple words affects me like great music, which, in a sense, it is. Here are unnumbered splendours, from the stately austerity of melancholy to the passionate controversy of the *Areopagitica*. On the one hand, the ecstasy he speaks of, as he says:

EDITORIAL

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

Notes and Comments revealed, under the entertaining editorship of William Power, that the months have not passed without amusement, without incident to divert the spirit from boredom and dullness to hilarity. "Shag" Shaughnessy performed miraculous feats in hopefulness and excuses with the disheartening results of Bishop's vs. Loyola games. Bill Campbell too, with much dull material to read

through and edit, turned out trumps. Ed. Parker ferreted out with much tenacity graduate information. Walter Neilson, whose drawings the *Mitre* will miss next year, did a fine job. And lastly Ernestine Roy was so successful with her column, which was discontinued last year, that we feel it has taken a permanent lease on life. To these people, the Assistant Editor, and to all those who formed the rest of the Literary Board, the Editor takes this occasion to thank them for their very fine support. Next year's executive will consist of Patrick Boyle, President; to be appointed, Vice-President and Editor-in-Chief; Jack Apps, Advertising Manager; Hugh MacKenzie, Secretary-Treasurer; Lester Tomlinson, Circulation Manager; and Cynthia Baker as Woman's Representative. The outgoing board wish them the best of luck in their endeavours during the coming year.

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

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

Night-caps

I do not intend to dwell on that antiquated headgear, frequently adorned with a tassel and fastened by strings beneath the chin, which Mr. Pickwick strove so desperately to tug off in his unromantic night adventure with the middle-aged lady in yellow curl-papers. Nor do I purpose to deal with those potations of spirit or wine taken before going to bed, which, like the waters of Lethe, induce oblivion and slumber. I use the term night-cap in a symbolic sense as representative of things that are sleep producing.

Everyone has his pet recipe for wooing Morpheus. Counting sheep jumping over a stile is proverbially reputed to lead to drowsiness. Walter de la Mare in a fine lyric has pictured Nod as an old shepherd accompanied by a sheep dog, "Slumber Soon," driving his flock on the road of evening.

His are the quiet steeps of dreamland,
The waters of no-more-pain;
His ram's bell rings 'neath an arch of stars,
"Rest, rest, and rest again."

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

A friend of mine tells me that his scheme is to turn on a radio by his bedside, pianissimo, and listen to music of a lullaby variety. With the first approach of drowsiness he switches off the machine. Another friend informed me that when he went to bed he made it a rule to throw all of his worries out of the window. Napoleon is said to have compared his mind to a chest of drawers. In order to secure concentration he kept only one drawer open at a time; at night, he declared, he shut them all up. "Dinna fash yourself" is a good Scotch motto to keep in mind; and remember that the world always seems far blacker than it really is if you happen to wake in the wee sma' hours. "Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

Benjamin Franklin once wrote a letter to a friend entitled "The Art of Procuring Pleasant Dreams." His advice is in accordance with his eminently practical and energetic make-up. Eat moderately before retiring, use thin and porous bedclothes, beat up and turn your pillow, shake the

bedclothes well with at least twenty shakes if you are overheated, and as a last resource get up and walk about the room until you are thoroughly cooled, are amongst the items of his prescription.

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

Ne let th' unpleasant quyre of frogs still croking
Make us to wish theyr choking.

To me on the contrary, the croaking of frogs, so inimitably mimicked in the onomatopoeic chorus of Aristophanes, Bre-kekekex, ko-ax, ko-ax, has always been soporific. I like the treble choir of smaller frogs blended with the deep bass of the plunking of a full grown bull frog, like a string of a cello suddenly struck. It is at once an overtone and an undertone of Nature making me think of lakeside scenes, of waving reeds, and the vibrant life of spring. A reminiscence of country landscapes is one of the best of night-caps: an old swimming hole, a stretch of pastoral meadow or upland, elms rustling their plumy tops in a breeze, the distant sound of horse-hoofs far down a rustic road in the twilight, these are enticements that lure "the dewy-feathered sleep."

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

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

The Truth About The Red Cross

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

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

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

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

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

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

WIPPELL'S

World-Famed

CASSOCKS & SURPLICES

Samples sent free upon request
without cost or obligation.



CLERGY CASSOCKS.

Stout Russell Cord, \$10.50 \$13.25 \$15.75
All-Wool Serge \$11.50 \$14.50 \$17.40

CLERGY SURPLICES, Cathedral Shape, Hand Smocked | from \$7.50

CLERGY SURPLICES, Slightly Gathered - .. \$5.50

CLERICAL CLOAKS - .. \$13.75

STUDENTS' S.B. CASSOCKS .. \$8.25

.. LINEN SURPLICES .. \$4.00

CHORISTERS' CASSOCKS - .. \$3.75

.. SURPLICES - .. \$1.30

Delivery, where chargeable, to be paid to the Authorities by the purchaser upon delivery.

J. WIPPELL & Co., Ltd.

55-56, High Street, EXETER

ENGLAND

We Give You:

Reliable DRUG STORE Service

THIS IS NECESSARY:

for YOUR SATISFACTION

for YOUR POCKET

for YOUR HEALTH

McKINDSEY'S DRUG STORE

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

ANSELL'S DRUG STORE

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

C. C. CHADDOCK

Groceries, Fruits
and Vegetables



Our motto is: Better Groceries, Better Service

and Better Satisfaction at a

very reasonable price.

LENNOXVILLE

QUE.

BOOKS

FOR

- PRIVATE READING
- CHURCH USE
- TEACHERS
- COMMUNICANTS
- CONFIRMEES
- CHOIRS
- CLERGY
- STUDENTS

Hymn and Prayer Books

ALL PRICES

G.B.R.E.

604 JARVIS STREET
Phone MI. 3833

Cable Address
"JONHALL"

P. O. Box 250
Place d'Armes

Montgomery, McMichael, Common & Howard

Barristers and Solicitors

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|----------------------------|
| George H. Montgomery, K. C. | Robert C. McMichael, K. C. |
| Frank B. Common, K. C. | Orville S. Tyndale, K. C. |
| Thomas R. Ker, K. C. | Wilbert H. Howard, K. C. |
| Lionel A. Forsyth, K. C. | Eldridge Cate |
| C. Russell McKenzie, K. C. | Paul Gauthier |
| J. Leigh Bishop | Claude S. Richardson |
| J. Angus Ogilvy | F. Campbell Cope |
| John G. Porteous | Hazen Hansard |
| John de M. Marler | George S. Challica |
| George H. Montgomery, Jr. | Charles M. Drury |
| Andre Forget | Thomas H. Montgomery |
| COUNSEL—WARWICK F. CHIPMAN, K. C. | |

The Royal Bank Building MONTREAL, QUE.

1863

WILSON'S

1940

Buy with Confidence from Sherbrooke's Store

Furniture for the Home

- PIANOS AND MUSIC
- R. C. A. VICTOR RADIOS R. C. A. VICTROLAS
- VICTOR and BLUE BIRD RECORDS
- FRIGIDAIRE (Made only by General Motors)
- EASY WASHING MACHINES
- GURNEY STOVES

Sold on Easy Terms

H. C. Wilson & Sons, Ltd.

37 WELLINGTON ST. N. SHERBROOKE, QUE.

With

the Compliments

of the

MAGOG HOUSE

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

CARPET
CLEANERS
—
DYERS

**SHERBROOKE LAUNDRY
AND DRY CLEANERS LTD.**

31 FRONTENAC STREET SHERBROOKE, QUE.

PHONES
168 - 169



You Will Be Surprised

HOW GOOD YOUR CLOTHES WILL FEEL
AFTER THEY HAVE BEEN TREATED TO
A THOROUGH CLEANING AND PRESSING
BY OUR MASTER CRAFTSMEN.

With the Compliments of

Pharmacy Gaudet

SPECIALTY

We carry a complete line
of abdominal belts, trusses,
elastic stockings.

Note—A trained girl is
attending to the ladies.

BRUNO GAUDET
Druggist, Prop.



29 KING WEST

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

A Business Connection

... The student of to-day is the business man
of to-morrow. As such he will in due course
require a banking connection, as depositor or
borrower, as holder of securities and other docu-
ments requiring safe-keeping, as a remitter of
funds either in Canada or abroad. An early asso-
ciation, beginning with the opening of a savings
account, no matter how modest, can be made
the foundation of a lasting bank connection.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

University of Bishop's College Lennoxville, P.Q.

FOUNDED 1843

ROYAL CHARTER 1853

THE ONLY COLLEGE IN CANADA FOLLOWING THE
OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE PLAN OF THREE LONG
ACADEMIC YEARS FOR THE B.A. AND B.Sc. DEGREES



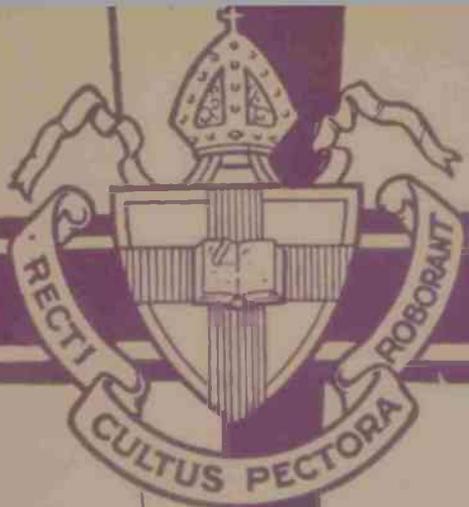
Complete courses in Arts, Science in Arts and Divinity. Post-graduate courses in Education leading to High School Diploma. Residential College for men. Women students admitted to lectures and degrees. Valuable Scholarships and Exhibitions. The College is beautifully situated at the junction of the St.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

For information, terms and calendars, apply to:

THE REV. A. H. MCGREER, D.D., PRINCIPAL, or

THE REGISTRAR, LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

Prof. Yarnell



The Mitre

VOL. 47 NO. 5

JUNE
1940