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common. In *Make Me No Grave*, Knibbs says,

"Far trails await me; valleys vast and still,
Vistas undreamed-of, canon-guarded streams,
Lowland and range, fair meadow, flower-girt hill,
Forests enchanted, filled with magic dreams."

Every man that makes the whole world his home feels that he has become part of the world. He knows that he has come closer to Nature than his fellowmen who cling to the hearth, and he feels that Nature, out of her friendship, will reveal to him her secrets before he makes his last journey. fect life of the venturesome; and when it does, I feel sure that the world feels the loss. The dogs he petted in the villages, the bridge railings he leaned on as he watched the spawning trout, and the paths he tramped when the dust arose in little puffs at every step or when the mud was ankle deep. Each of these and many more will await the sound of his step. His parting was mourned by T. G. Roberts in *A Vagrant's Epitaph*:

"The wide seas and the mountains called to him
And gray dawn saw his campfires in the rain.

. . . . . .

Change was his mistress, Chance his counselor.
The dark pines knew his whistle up the trail.
Why tarries he to-day? And yesternight
Adventure lit her stars without avail."

Because in his life there has always been something just over the next rise, the vagabond is not dismayed by Death. He knows that there must be a host of unseen things on the other side of that hill too. Masefield puts in words the lonely traveller's thoughts:

"And may we find, when ended is the page,
Death but a tavern on our pilgrimage."

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MEMORANDUM—

are imbued with a desire to make the utmost contribution towards winning the war. Not only does this contribution consist of an unflagging energy to ensure that maximum production is achieved under climatic conditions which, to say the least, can be somewhat hard in winter—it can go down to forty below — but the financial contribution, in the shape of purchases of War Savings Certificates, is substantial.

It has just been said that a recent visit left a medley of impressions. To a layman like the writer with no grasp of "ions", "isms", trihydrates, monohydrates and the rest, there is the memory of huge caldrons containing what can best be described as seething mud, caldrons some twenty-six feet wide by seventy feet deep constantly kept on the boil. Incidentally, it was only afterwards that I discovered caustic soda played a part in these boiling operations, and then only by finding a hole had been burnt in my hat.

There are dryers revolving at a colossal speed, at a temperature high enough to provide a turkish bath for the most fastidious, and finally from this seething mud—which would have provided mud pies, and to spare, for all the children in the city—there evolved a fine white powder-like substancce which, essentially, consists of aluminum chemically combined with oxygen. Of course, the technician would have undoubtedly described this process by the use of such words as "precipitation," "concentrates", "calcination" and the like, but the answer is the same, and the first stage of winning from the bauxite this silvery white metallic element weighing about one-third as much as nickel, copper, zinc, or steel, and less than one-quarter as much as lead, has been completed.

The next stage might be described as the "oven" stage. At least this would seem an appropriate term for there is one baking operation connected with it which can take as long as a month. It is in the oven stage where the fine white powder, resulting from the "turkish bath" operation, is persuaded to split itself up into aluminum and oxygen.

The ovens required for this phase of the operation did not seem very large, possibly ten feet by sixteen feet, but what they lacked in size they made up for in numbers. I believe the technical expression for the place where the ovens are installed is a "potroom", and certainly the number of "pots" presently installed, or in processof installation, is the barometer of present and future production.

It is at this stage of the proceedings where power comes into its own, since each oven is likely to receive a current of some 40,000 amperes, or nearly 200,000 times as much as flows through a twenty-five watt house lamp.

Power, as has already been stated, is Canada's own contribution. Lake St. John with its 200 billion cubic feet of storage capacity arrests the frenzied flows pouring into it from an area of 30,000 square miles, to loose them docile throughout the year for the service of industry in "the Kingdom of the Saguenay," to use the term employed by Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of the St. Lawrence River in 1535.

There on the Saguenay River is the Isle Maligne power house. There, too, on the Shipshaw River, just before the Shipshaw runs into the Saguenay River, is the Chute-à-Caron dam. These two developments alone harness the strength of something like one million horses, yet so great is the demand for power, that a further tapping of the mighty resources would seem to be only a matter of time.

From the majestic Chute-à-Caron power house with its Gothic windows giving an impression of a cathedral; from the Isle Maligne power house, a thing of beauty in its peaceful setting, the maximum amount of presently available horsepower is transferred to Arvida, there to be "transformed," "rectified," "stepped up," or "stepped down" before finally finding its way into the baking ovens. And what an installation is required before this can be done!

In many respects it was perhaps just as well not to have fully grasped this power transformation process. It was mystifying, yet fascinating, for here in one clean, neat, new building, itself a marvel of construction, was a multitude of machines, switches, control boards and the like extending for some 350 yards, and yet everything seemed to be taking care of itself, because, except for a man seated at the telltale control board with its scores of red, green and amber lights, workmen were conspicuous by their absence.

On the other hand it seemed such a pity not to be able to discuss things more intelligently with the highly efficient engineer in charge. He acted so much like a mother with a huge family, keeping all the children spotlessly clean, anxious to relate their many good points, their excellent behaviour—of course, there were one or two who had a tendency to disobedience, they even "backfired," a very rude performance, when visitors were present. However, an intelligent discussion with such a person would have meant talking about ohms, amperes, volts and such things, and what did these things mean to a layman who sees "mud" go in at one end of the machine and "pigs" emerge from the other end. To understand such a transformation requires more knowledge than even the Quiz Kids possess. Yet here they were, beautiful silvery pigs, all ready to be rolled, extruded, drawn, spun, forged, pressed or powdered, and finally to find their way into engines of war. It is a far cry from the Saguenay to the Rhine, yet it is virtually

Clinton with his lack of understanding of what the loyal element want. — Lord George Germain and Sir William Eden in London with their contempt for an overseas provincial. The Loyalists, among whom were numbered so many of the best of the population of the 13 colonies, seem to be progessively crushed between the upper and the nether millstone—hate and greed on the one hand, indifference and blundering on the other.

But what a picture gallery of characters Mr. Roberts has given us — some no doubt fictional, but many more authentic. Celebrities are not presented out of due proportion—Washington, Arnold, Rogers, Franklin all appear but briefly. More prominent in the narrative, naturally, are those in the loyalist camp—Simcoe, later to become Governor of Upper Canada; Benjamin Thomson, "one of those many human treasures that the rebels of America deliberately threw away because they were unable to comprehend the value of unusual genius"; Carleton, "he hated rebels, but never underrated them, and went out of his way to show his appreciation of Loyalists and their assistance"—and many other names, the enumeration of which reads like a roster of the worthies of early New Brunswick—Ward Chipman, Edward Winslow, Capt. Hazen, DeLancey, Jonathan Sewell. Even some of the murkier characters of the underworld of espionage are authentic—Captain Hynson and the amazing Mrs. Jump actually existed—only a few days ago did I happen to be informed that copies of their correspondence exist in the Dominion Archives at Ottawa. Tom Buell I have already mentioned. I do not know if he is an authentic character or not; if not, he ought to be, and so should that great "worthy" Mrs. Belcher Byles of Boston (formerly of Salem) who pervades the scene with her worldly-wise and shrewd philosophy of life, and is a tower of strength, in times of trial, to the weaker brethren.

And so we leave Oliver Wiswell at the beginning of a happier life on the banks of the St. John. "I thought," said he, "when I went along that broad avenue through the trees and came out on the hillslope that was to be Carleton, I had never seen a prospect so beautiful. On one side was the immense Bay of Fundy, on the other side the curving shores of the St. John river, the great lake made by the joining of the St. John and the Kennebecasis—the limestone palisades that border the lower river—the narrow rocky channel which so constricts the 20-foot tides that on the rising tide they make an upstream waterfall, and on the falling tide a downstream waterfall." I, too, looked on that scene for the first time last summer, and can now appreciate what Wiswell must have felt.

Those who are interested in the beginnings of Canada as we know it, in the grit and courage of those who founded it in the face of tremendous difficulties, cannot do better than read this absorbing book. It is a genuine Loyalist saga, and Mr. Roberts has broken new ground, too, for when and where before have we seen a professional historian made the hero of a romantic novel?

Allons! The Road Is Before Us

WILLIAM MOUNSEY, m. '40

Thoughts on the Wandering Man, with definite references to Vagabond Authors

Many people in this present-day world have a desire to travel. But I believe what Marryat said is true. "It is but to be able to say that they have been to such a place, or have seen such a thing, that, more than any real taste for it, induces the majority of the world to incur the trouble and fatigue of travelling." Few people have now, or have ever had, the true wanderlust—a driving impulse for wandering, an overwhelming love of travel for its own sake. A true wanderlust spirit becomes the love, the home, the education, ambition, goal, and the whole life of a person. Such a man will never feel content to settle in one spot; there will always be a yearning for the open road. Grace Crowell has expressed that yearning in her poem, *Wild Geese*.

"I hold to my heart when the geese are flying—
A wavering wedge on the high, bright blue—
I tighten my lips to keep from crying:
Beautiful birds, let me go with you."

In the mind of a wanderer there is a perpetual dream of far-off places. There is the urge to see what is just over the next hill, and when that summit is attained there is another and another, a whole range of mountains, a lifetime of summits to conquer before the hidden sights beyond are discovered. Each sight is to be seen, each place to be visited; everything is to be tasted, but the traveller has not the time to digest fully of what is offered. Though time is not everything to the wanderer—as Thoreau says, "Time is but the stream I go a-fishing in."—he must be ever on the move, if he is to see all the sights available. Walt Whitman once wrote:

"Allons! we must not stop here,
However sweet these laid-up stores, however convenient this dwelling we cannot remain here,
However shelter'd this port and however calm these waters we must not anchor here,
However welcome the hospitality that surrounds us we are permitted to receive it but a little while."

The highways and byways are no place for the weakling. He who travels far must travel alone, except perhaps for his dog. Trowbridge in *The Vagabonds* mentions his dog:

"We are two travellers, Roger and I.
Roger's my dog—come here, you scamp!"

The man who travels alone gains that much more in his life-long excursion, in that he need not share with others less worthy than himself the things which he has attained. Henry Thoreau gives the reason for travelling alone in three lines: "The man who goes alone can start today; but he who travels with another must wait till that other is ready."

Such a life is lonely, but it is not lonesome. For the man who seeks the trail alone has much time for thought, and he seldom tires of himself. Many of our great poets have felt the wanderlust: Housman, Whitman, and Davis were wanderers. Again, Thoreau says, "I have never found the companion that was so companionable as solitude." The man with a wanderlust sets himself apart from his fellowmen, or is set apart by them.

In this age of rapid transportation the true vagabond is rapidly becoming extinct. No one can be a true wanderer in an automobile. The car moves too fast and takes too much attention. The "hiker" is the only one who really enjoys his travellings to the greatest possible extent. "The swiftest traveller is he that goes afoot." This is as true today as the day Thoreau wrote it.

The wanderer is also a dreamer. As he sleeps by his secluded campfire, or saunters along the trail, he dreams of past experiences as well as of anticipated pleasure. Knibbs was thinking of this retrospective dreaming when he wrote, in the *Last of the Cavaliers*:

"Have ye dreamed of the mesa grass,
Starred with the flower of blue;
Morning haze in the mountain-pass,
Sage in the silver dew?"

And in *The Far and Lonely Hill*:

"Sage a-shinin' in the sun that's just a-breakin' cover;
All around the ranges loomin' high and cold and still."

To the true vagabond, his entire life is an incessant, unbroken path wending its way through hill and dale. Each spot, each object has its own aesthetic charm and appeal. The beauty may lie in the splendor of a distant, snow-capped mountain range, or in the simplicity of a new-formed jack-in-the-pulpit beside the muddy path. The adventurer loves the sea, the mountains, the rivers, and the plains. There is beauty in an ocean, or in a single wave, or in a single drop of salt water flung onto the resisting beach. Likewise, mountains have valleys, valleys have glades, and a glade must needs have a blade of grass which is just as beautiful as the mountain, though, possibly much more

WAR OF 1812—

carried away, while the attack on Stewartstown shortly followed. In the Philipsburg area, too, the Townships settlers saw action. In October, 1813, a little fleet of American vessels entered Missisquoi Bay and landed a force of 450 men on its shores. A hundred and fifty riflemen under Colonel Isaac Clark (leader of the expedition) raided Philipsburg, the rest plundered the settlement on "Caldwell's Manor" on the opposite side of the bay. It is true that there seems to have been little resistance at "Caldwell's Manor," but at Philipsburg the Fourth Battalion turned out despite (or because of) Luke's absence; attacked at dawn "from an unexpected quarter" they were soon overpowered and more than a hundred of them captured, but their resistance is proved by their eight wounded and one dead, and by a number of wounded Americans. Three months later the villages retained enough spirit to supply a small volunteer force to drive a patrol of American dragoons from Clough's Farm on the boundary. Led by their Captain Wehr, a Loyalist, they turned out at the request of a reconnaissance party of the Select Militia and, despite lack of arms, killed or wounded three Americans and brought some prisoners home. It was only the raid of March, 1814, that was unopposed, when the Americans came back in greater force than ever under a Brigadier McComb, crossed the ice of Lake Champlain on sleighs, occupied the village and nearly surrounded a guard of British marines at South River.

At least two of the settlers also rendered useful service as spies. The work of the former Townships land-surveyor Joel Ackley in northern New York and Vermont throughout the war, and of Barker at Champlain Town in 1814, was highly praised by their superiors. Barker also claimed to have broken up a gang of counterfeiters at Derby forging Canadian army bills, and to have borne all the expense of the Derby and Stewartstown raids at the end of 1813.

The Townships' contribution had been made in spite of poor equipment. As late as October 1813 Cull complained that the Third Battalion (save its cavalry troop) had neither arms, accoutrements nor ammunition—"the very few rusty neglected fouling pieces that some few men (addicted to hunting) have to snap three or four times probably at a partridge are not worthy to be reckon'd." The Fourth got a hundred stand of arms from headquarters as early as July, 1812, but most of these were captured in the first Philipsburg raid.

It probably was true, too, that frontier farmers could not afford to leave their farms for any extended service. Samuel Willard, long a leading man in the Townships and strenuous in his efforts to arouse the settlers' patriotism, wished that "His Excellency were acquainted with the real situation of people in a New Settlement"; the Governor evidently later came to his way of thinking, when he supported the plea of two captured Townships officers who had broken their parole because they were "dependant on their manual labour for the maintenance of their families."

The American attacks had been slow in coming, and indeed the preparations at Derby and Stewartstown were the only real threats of an invasion of the Townships. The Philipsburg raids were mere flanking movements in the advances down Lake Champlain that ended so disastrously at Chateauguay and Lacolle, and the village was only occupied for a few days each time, though in 1814 the Americans landed guns and began to prepare a position as a feint. Perhaps geography was still a hindrance as it had undoubtedly been in earlier wars; for despite the spread of settlement the hill-country of Vermont and the Townships was no place to wage a blitzkrieg, 1812 style. As late as 1819 a Royal engineer officer believed that the Memphremagog-St. Francis water-route "would never afford an enemy that facility of transport requisite for him to possess in any extensive military operations against Lower Canada" (there were so many falls and rapids that it took three weeks on the average for the farmer to take his goods from Memphremagog to the St. Lawrence), and the roads were even worse. More important was Vermont's own dislike of fighting. Most of New England (except the Democratic minority) had opposed the declaration of war, and as in the Townships so in northern Vermont the pioneers were probably too busy pioneering to want to fight as well. Says one historian: "The governor refused to use the Vermont militia beyond Vermont's borders; and popular enthusiasm for the war was not even lukewarm. Only when Vermont's own peace was threatened by Prevost's advance up Lake Champlain, was there any general disposition to enlist and fight the British." The similarity to the Townships attitude is striking, and it is quite evident that the Townships and New England really formed during the war a neutral bloc that cut across international boundaries. It is thus hardly surprising that at the very close of the struggle, the Three Rivers Police Inspector should still find Americans coming and going across the Forty-Fifth Parallel without hindrance.

One thing that linked the two areas was the cattle trade. Before 1812 the northern States had supplied large quantities of beef and other provisions to the Canadian market; when war came, Lower Canada still needed the cattle and the States still wanted the business of providing it, so the trade went on in cheerful disregard of the principles of total war. There is a well-known letter of August, 1814, in which the British Commander declares that "Two thirds of the army in Canada are at this moment eating beef provided by American contractors, drawn principally from the States of Vermont and New York," and there is abundant evidence that much of this was coming through the Townships. Two months earlier Cull had issued an amusing order against his militiamen's practice of going into Derby "Armed for the purpose of conducting cattle . . . as it might tend to interrupt the intercourse that actually exists of exchanging money for cattle . . . might eventually draw a force of the enemy's regulars nearer the Line . . . (and) only tends to make the Commanding Officer there (Derby) unpopular with the Democratic party and not commended by his own."

The Americans did sometimes try to stop this trade. In April, 1813, the enemy entered Stanstead and took away two tons of tobacco—"and threatens to search for what he calls contrabrand goods in all places that he chooses to suspect!!" (he also came in to rescue the counterfeiters Barker had seized, but abandoned plans to cross the line after a deserter when 150 men of the Townships collected, "determined to give him a good reception"). Perhaps the beef or other goods were really contrabrand or stolen, as the Americans alleged—the traders, of course, always claimed to have bought it, and usually took care to carry out the transaction just north of the line. Perhaps, as the Canadians said, it was the belligerent Democrats who were the violators of the boundary on what turned out to be all too frequent occasions. Probably it was really just a sort of international horse-play indulged in by the American troops on the line wherever they happened to be stronger than their enemy; "our neighbours," said Cull, "are always ready to steal a march upon us," and it is significant that most of the incursions were in Hereford, whose isolation from the rest of the Townships put it "entirely under the fear and control of the enemy." The Americans usually enlivened their expeditions with "insulting, menacing and abusive language," and on one occasion, invited across the line by a sympathizer to dig his potatoes, they "frequently insulted" his neighbour "by throwing potatoes at him which finally obliged him . . . to quit his work."

Most of these Hereford invasions had a rather comic character. In October, 1814, they assumed a more serious aspect, when one of the tiffs resulted in the death of a cattle-trader from Stanstead, David Morrill. Shortly afterwards a party from Stanstead, "influenced principally by the estimation in which the Morrills are regarded" and led by a self-styled "Col. from Quebeck" named Magoon, entered the States, surrounded by night the house of the supposed slayer (Samuel Hugh, customs officer at Canaan) and carried him off to Canada with most of his own cattle. The Americans made protests officially, but unofficially continued the game of animal grab, for one of Hugh's relatives admitted that when he heard the news he rode across the line and took some Canadian cattle "in retalliation"—without apparently bothering much about the fate of Samuel, now lodged in Montreal Gaol. Besides this, Cull charged, "many of the inhabitants who had cattle near the Line ready for the Canadian market took the opportunity of driving them into the Providence, and afterwards bellowed furiously that the cattle were taken from them by force." It was obviously high time to stop even this mild form of warfare. Early in 1815 two Canadian officials met an unofficial group of deputies from Vermont and New Hampshire at Hereford, to arbitrate the matter and prevent "a system of retaliation." The Canadians promised to have orders issued forbidding their citizens to cross the line, and commissioners were appointed to settle compensation for losses on both sides; the question of Hugh's release was left unsettled, but this too seemed near solution, as Congress had decided to name a commission to treat with the Canadian Government. Then, a few weeks later, the news of the treaty at Ghent reached Canada, and the Townships' most serious war was over.

* * *

SOURCES

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Public Archives of Canada:
C Series,
S Series, Internal Correspondence of Lower Canada, Militia Papers,
Pennoyer Papers.

Brome County Historical Society Collections, Knowlton.

Printed:

Hon. and Rev. C. J. Stewart: "A short view of the present state of the Eastern Townships" (London, 1817).

Elmer Cushing: "An Appeal, addressed to a Candid Public" (Stanstead, 1826).

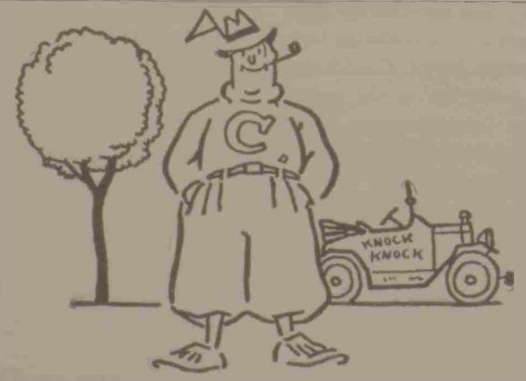
Lewis D. Stilwell: "Migration from Vermont (1776-1860)" (Montpelier, 1937)—Vol. V, No. 2, New Series, Proceedings of the Vermont Historical Society.

Marcus L. Hansen: "The Mingling of the Canadian and American Peoples," Vol. I (New Haven and Toronto, 1940).

At the University of Alberta, the Philharmonic Society played to capacity audiences in three performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Mikado," and was forced to arrange an extra presentation . . . Manitoba's Symphony Orchestra also gave a highly successful concert . . . Their Glee Club is scheduled to present "The Mikado," too . . . And that's the news to this moment.

The following magazines and papers have been received and read with pleasure:

McMaster University Quarterly, Hamilton, Ont.
The Challenger, St. John Vocational School, St. John, N.B.
Alma Mater, St. Jerome's College, Kitchener, Ont.
Acta Ridleiana, Ridley College, St. Catharines, Ont.
The Queen's Review, Kingston, Ont.
Quebec Diocesan Gazette, Quebec, Que.
The B. C. S. Magazine, Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Que.
Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa, Ottawa, Ont.
The College Times, Upper Canada College, Toronto.
The Record, University High School, Parkville, Australia.
The Trinity University Review, Trinity University, Toronto, Ont.
The Record, Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.
Tamesis, University of Reading, England.
The Gryphon, University of Leeds, England.
Red and White, St. Dunstan's University, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
Codrington College Magazine, Barbados, B. W. I.
McGill Daily, Montreal, Que.
Failt-Ye Times, Macdonald College, Montreal.
Queen's Journal, Kingston, Ont.
The Gateway, University of Alberta, Edmonton.
The Manitoban, University of Manitoba, Winnipeg.
The Aquinian, St. Thomas University, Chatham, N. B.
The Acadia Athenaeum, Acadia University, Wolfville, N. S.
Dalhousie Gazette, Dalhousie University, Halifax, N. S.
The College Cord, Waterloo College, Waterloo, Ont.
The Brunswickan, University of New Brunswick, Fredericton, N. B.
The Silhouette, McMaster University, Hamilton, Ont.
The Argosy Weekly, Mount Allison University, Sackville, N.B.
Xaverian Weekly, St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, N. S.
The Bates Student, Bates College, Lewiston, Me.
Loyola News, Loyola College, Montreal.



A MAN OF SUBSTANCE. Save Money at college? Nonsense! And yet some students do manage it, and the habit of saving even small amounts is one well worth acquiring. There is nothing like cash in the bank to give you confidence, and confidence can be one of your greatest assets when you enter the world of business. *Students' accounts are always welcome at any branch of this Bank.*

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

SPORTS—

points.

The college team was outstanding in the foul shot department sinking eight out of a possible ten. For Bishop's, Lane led the scoring with six points, Stevens collected five, Richards four, and Hay and Carpenter, two each.

Bishop's - Lennoxville High

On Monday afternoon, February 3, the Bishop's basketball team enjoyed a field day at the expense of the local high school quintet, winning by a score of 54-19 on the home court.

From the beginning to the end, the Purple and White hoopsters dominated the play giving the school boys little chance for retaliation. Carpenter, Richards and Hay in particular "found their eyes," collecting a total of more than 40 points between them.

Bishop's - Stanstead Town

In the second league contest the preceding day's luck was quite reversed as the college team was soundly trounced by the Stanstead Towners, 39-6.

From the opening whistle, the Stanstead team manifested their superiority over the college quintet. Only twice in the first half and once in the second could the Purple and White squad crack the rigid, stubborn zone-defense of their opponents. The college team was at great odds in the match, battling against a more experienced aggregation whose passing attack and defense were practically flawless. Towards the end of the contest Stanstead persistently broke through a weary first team to score basket after basket.

For the winners, Duggan and Smith exhibited some sharp shooting feats totaling 21 points between them, while Ivor Richards and Bob Carpenter gathered all the college points.

WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

For the past two years the women's basketball team has been somewhat neglected, but this year, however, the women are enjoying an apportunity to display their talent as a league has been arranged, consisting of Lennoxville High, two Y.W.C.A. teams and Sherbrooke High.

Aided by the return of two ace players, Bessie McDougall and Bernice Brennan, the squad is ffast becoming a sharp shooting outfit. The list of newcomers include Kay Witty, Helen Kelly, Myrna Rogers, with Audrey Walker, Gwen Weary and Ruth Taylor completing the line-up.

In their first league start, the college girls proved themselves to be too good for the Lennoxville team as they trounced the High girls 34-8. The Bishop's team showed their opponents a top-scoring combination of McDougall and Brennan.

At present the team are looking ahead, confident that they stand a better than even chance of copping the title.

EDITORIAL—

of peace-time employment.

If the shortages in Canada were as acute as they are in Germany ,the task of making the population "conservation-conscious" would be less difficult. The case would be clear-cut. There is hardly anything an individual can consume in Germany—over and above bare subsistence requirements—which cannot be used to better advantage in Germany's war effort.

Not so in Canada. Partly because Canada has more adequate supplies of certain goods—notably domestic foodstuffs—there is no necessity for a reduction of consumption all along the line to bare subsistence levels. In fact, such a course generally pursued would be harmful. No one has suggested that we should curtail the consumption of domestic foodstuffs. No one has suggested that people should do without necessities in shelter, clothing or fuel. Our working population is not asked to deprive itself in respect to food, fuel, shelter or clothing. On the other hand it is desirable that those who are in receipt of greatly increased earnings should not increase their consumption to an extravagant extent.

There is need to curtail consumption of articles which involve expenditures of a relatively high percentage of foreign exchange. Obviously there can be no drive to persuade people not to buy specified articles in 1941. It is far from the intention, we gather, to cause the drying up of any business. By prohibition of certain imports, by taxation of certain articles, and by appeals and education, the Government is seeking to get people to exercise moderation. Careful and restrained purchasing by every household, economies resting in each household's patriotic judgment, should operate to produce savings to invest in Savings Certificates.

Civilian consumption as a whole is much higher now than it was at the beginning of the war, and unless considerable moderation is exercised, may be forced higher still. In that event, consumption will be rationed by inflation instead of by moderation.

If this form of appeal for moderation of spending seems inadequate it must be recalled that one hundred per cent regimentation, in addition to being undemocratic, is also very wasteful.

Canada is seeking to follow the democratic method—the exercise of individual choice in respect both to the amount of lending and the particular things which people abstain from consuming (together with some regimentation by taxes and import prohibitions). The alternative to this democratic method is general regimentation as practised in Germany—the very thing against which we are fighting.

was inducted as Rector of the Church of St. Barnabas, St. Catharines, Ontario, by the Bishop of Niagara.

The Rev'd Eric Osborne, B.A. '32, of Cobden, Ontario, has been appointed Rector of North Gower in the Diocese of Ottawa.

George Leggett, m '41, is working at the C. I. L. in Brownsburg, Quebec.

Two of our graduates, the Rev'd Fr. Hawkes and the Rev'd Fr. McCausland, are with the Society of St. John the Evangelist at Bracebridge, Ontario.

The Rev'd R. K. Trowbridge, L.S.T. '31, is now Rector of St. Thomas' Church, Bracebridge, Ontario. Fr. and Mrs. Trowbridge have now a young son born on May 28, 1940.

Peter Rabatich, B.Sc. '40, lately visited the university on his last leave before going overseas.

Dr. G. H. Findlay, B.A. '30, and R. D. Barrett, B.Sc., are with the Defense Industries Limited at Nobel, Ontario. Mr. Barrett is employed by the United Kingdom Technical Commission.

Dr. E. E. Massey, B.A. '28, is at present chief instructor in "C" Division (Gas) at Kingston, Ontario.

D. R. Cooper, B.A. '29, is now general superintendent of all C. I. L. plants, at Shawinigan, Quebec.

G. E. Smith, B.Sc. '40, is now taking an engineering course at Queen's University.

Reginald Turpin, B.A. '37, has returned to Bishop's to take a divinity course.

Miss Ruth Hunting, B.A., is teaching at Three Rivers, P. Q., while her sister, Norma, is teaching in the Lake St. John district.

Gren Temple recently suffered a slight injury to his knee when his plane crashed in the U. S. A. By now, we expect he is back on duty with the Air Force.

Lloyd McClay, B.Sc. '40, has accepted a position as chemist at the Abitibi Pulp and Paper Company at Smooth Rock Falls, Ontario.

W. P. B. Gedye, B.A., is now chief chemist at the Miner Rubber Co. at Granby, Quebec.

Francis Crook, M.A. '40, is now teaching at Comeau, Baie, Que.,

Dr. Boothroyd addressed the St. Maurice Valley Teachers' Association at their annual meeting in October.

John Withall and Newton James are teaching at Lachine, Quebec.

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Exchanges

D. D. ROSS

Of the magazines most recently received, the "McMaster University Quarterly" stands out with some extremely readable material. An edifying article concerning Leonardo da Vinci is particularly worthy of commendation, and the facts which it presents cannot but come as a surprise to most readers. Few people know that the famous painter of the "Last Supper" and "Mona Lisa" was also a very great scientist; almost no one realizes how great a scientist he really was. This genius of the Renaissance showed an intellectual curiosity which has been unsurpassed, and which has caused him to be considered the founder (in the modern sense) of the sciences of geology, physiology, anatomy, physics, chemistry, astronomy, botany, medicine, optics, and palentology. As an engineer and inventor he foresaw many of our most modern developments, such as the airplane, tank, shrapnel, poison gas, and canals with locks, and he carried on extensive experiments with them all. In his scientific conclusions Leonardo anticipated Galileo, Copernicus, Newton. With a telescope of his own invention he studied the heavens and cleared up several fallacies regarding the universe. In anatomy and medicine he made startling discoveries, and his comprehensive study of birds is a source of great interest to nature lovers. Considering these accomplishments, plus his perfection in the art of painting, we are not surprised that Leonardo never found time to arrange his "Notebooks" for publication. The author of the article enters into a complete discussion of these "Notebooks", the reasons they are comparatively unknown, and their contributions to modern science.

In the same issue of the "Quarterly" are "You Can't Fix Prices Here!" a lucid explanation of wartime economic problems in the Dominion, and, for the musically-minded, "Reeds and Rhythm," which tells how the Piper's Guild has spread from England to this continent, and of the enjoyment and music that can be obtained from a home-made pipe. Poetry, book reviews, and two short stories complete this concise, twenty-eight page publication.

During the present critical period in England's history, we welcome more than ever before exchanges from her universities. Since the last issue of the *Mitre*, we have received copies of "The Gryphon" and "Tamesis", publications of the University of Leeds and the University of Reading, respectively. Although the latter institution is only about forty miles from London, it appears to have been affected only slightly by the war, for, to quote from an editorial, ". . . the Students' Union of Reading is more fortunate than many Students' Unions in the country because the war has not seriously curtailed and only slightly modified its activities, and because freedom of expression here is still, to a large extent, a fact and not a lost ideal." It is interesting to note that in neither of these universities is training in the U. T. C. (the equivalent of our O.T.C.) a compulsory matter, and this is apparently the case throughout England. Although it contains good articles of a serious nature, "The Gryphon's" forte undoubtedly lies in its short stories. We picked "The Tunnel" as the choice of the November and December issues.

On the home front, the latest development is the decision of several universities to release certain fourth year science students for essential war services. At McGill, Toronto, and Queen's, a few students in chemistry and chemical engineering have already taken their places in industrial plants. They are exempted from lectures and examinations for the remainder of the year, and will receive degrees at the next convocation. Since much of their final year would be given to work of a practical nature anyway, these students are doing double duty by relieving the shortage of trained men in their particular fields, while at the same time acquiring valuable experience.

"Before I Sleep Tonight" and "Passive Warfare" are two entertaining short stories to be found in the "Trinity University Review". The first concerns a bride-to-be on the eve of her wedding day; the second is a realistic and doubtless characteristic incident involving a German soldier in a Nazi-occupied country.

Sadie Hawkins' week apparently left McGill without any serious after affects, although it seems that a couple of enterprising males joined the ranks of the nouveau riche by selling membership badges to the "No I'm Not, But I don't Give a Damn" club for as much as fifty cents. Some students were seen proudly wearing the badge, but with "Ex-member" printed over it. One edition of the "Daily" and the "Argosy Weekly" was entrusted to the coeds of McGill and Mount Allison during their respective Sadie Hawkins' weeks, and, we might add, with commendable results.

"Spitfire Funds" are being sponsored on various campuses, of which New Brunswick and McGill are but two. The University of Manitoba is considering a motion that would turn over to the Red Cross the five dollars caution money deposited by every student at the beginning of the year. While this is a suggestion worthy of consideration, many object on the grounds that five dollars is a large sum to many students, and the donation should be of a voluntary nature.

conditions made the pace slow, and time was lost when a few tricky dips sent some of the contestants plowing on various parts of their anatomies, so that the average time was nearly double that of last year.

The best time of forty-one minutes, fifty seconds was made by Lester Tomlinson, who was followed by Peake, Stairs, R. Tomlinson, Brown, Duval, Perkins, Jamieson, Lindsay, Penfield, Udall and Rexford in the order mentioned.

The next week-end a longer cross-country was staged on an entirely new course. The weather and snow conditions were perfect and the excellent trail made by Jack Peake and Gibby Stairs was in fine shape.

The number of contestants was small but each man skied a fast race so that the competition was extremely keen. When the times were finally determined first place went to Gibby Stairs, who made the run in fifty-two and a half minutes; and R. Tomlinson, who took only twenty-three seconds longer, gained second position with Shaughnessy a close third. Then L. Tomlinson, Mills, Peake, Perkins, and Mackenzie, respectively, followed in quick succession.

Don Chute and Lou Hollinger were the officials.

HILL CREST

On the second of February the Bishop's ski team entered an open meet sponsored by the new Hill Crest club. It consisted of three events: cross country, slalom, and downhill. In all events our team held first place.

CROSS COUNTRY—

The cross country started near the Sherbrooke city limits on the Belvidere Road and finished at the Hill Crest club house at Eustis. It was about a seven-mile run. There were twenty contestants and the Bishop's team of eight men were within the first nine positions.

SLALOM—

The slalom race was held in the afternoon under slow snow conditions. The course was set by L. Tomlinson, hence he was unable to run for the college team. However, Bishop's men captured first, second, third and fifth places in the event.

DOWNHILL—

The downhill was run next on an extremely interesting trail. It was fairly long and had three saliently difficult spots on it. The first, at the foot of the starting schuss, was a bump like the hump of an Arabian camel; the second, a few yards farther on, was a dip like the pit of an asbestos mine; and the third, just across the highway, was a drop off onto a level plot of ground that was obviously, in the summer, a kitchen garden of the adjacent farm house. The unsuccessful contestants always fell at one of these spots. As I waited for my turn it seemed that each man was playing a game of animal, mineral, and vegetable with the gods. If he could guess what each difficult spot symbolized he was able safely to pass it—imaginative skiers were scarce. All the time it snowed aimlessly—as if the gods were indifferent to all but the game — and the flakes blinded the racers. Our team held first, fourth, fifth, and tenth position in this event.

In each event Dicky Tomlinson led the field and he gained a perfect score of 300 in the combined results. Jack Peake was second with an aggregation of 289.4 points; Gibby Stairs was third with 258.1 points; and Norm Brown in fourth position added 252.1 points to give the Bishop's team undisputed first place in the meet. The team was awarded the Codere Trophy.

BASKETBALL

For the first time in some years, Bishop's has a basketball team without a single Thetfordite, since the loss of Bateman and Pharo. But prospects of a winning team are still bright with the addition of Lou Hollinger, Bob Carpenter and George Scott to bolster the veteran line-up. The returning veterans besides Captain Ivor Richards are Edgar Stevens, Tubby Lane, Ian Hay, Thane McGilton, and Morse Robinson. The small but still promising squad is being whipped into shape now by Ralph Hayden who has had a considerable amount of experience with the game.

In the early part of Decemmber, the Eastern Townships league was drawn up to include besides Bishop's, two Stanstead teams, the Sherbrooke Y and later the Sherbrooke Fusiliers were added.

Bishop's - Sherbrooke Y

In their first start of the season, the Bishop's basketball team fell victims to the Sherbrooke Y on the home floor, 31-19. Just after the opening whistle, lanky Bob Carpenter tipped the ball over the rim for the first score of the game and season. Barfield of the Y squad tied the score but elusive Ian Hay once more put Bishop's in the lead with a spectacular sharp-angle shot. Junior Marshall broke a lull when he crashed through the home team's defence for two baskets. Lippin and Lynn gathered six more points for the Y while Tubby Lane took advantge of his opportunity to sink two foul shots. The half-time score was 12-6.

In the second half, Don Barfield persistently hammered at the purple and white basket for a total of 11 points while his teammates, Marshall, Welsh and Lothrop each chalked up one basket. In the final stanza, the college team seriously threatened the Y's lead. Richards breaking clear sank two field goals, followed closely by two foul shots and a basket by Lane. Stevens sunk a long one and added two more foul points. In the closing minutes, the Sherbrooke team launched a scoring drive which netted them six more

(Concluded on page 35)

Alumni Notes

LEON ADAMS

Births

POWELL—At the Ottawa Civic Hospital on November 20, 1940, to Mr and Mrs. W. H. Powell, a son. Mr. Powell graduated in 1936.

MITCHELL—On January 15, 1941, to Mr. and Mrs. W. Mitchell, a daughter. Mr. Mitchell graduated in 1931, and Mrs. Mitchell (formerly Margaret Bradley) in 1934.

WARD—Congratulations to the Rev'd and Mrs. E. C. Ward on the birth of a daughter on December 8. The Rev'd E. C. Ward, L.S.T. '31, is priest-in-charge of Port Daniel Centre, Quebec.

Engagements

STARNES-ROBINSON—Mr. and Mrs. Guy Robinson of Montreal have announced the engagement of their daughter, Helen Gordon, to Lieut. John Kennet Starnes, B.A. '39, of the Black Watch (R.H.R.) of Canada, A.C.A., son of Mr. and Mrs. K. Starnes.

Marriages

BRADLEY-BREEN—The marriage took place recently of Miss Mary Carmel Breen, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. [illegible] Breen of Quebec, to Lieut. William Baker Bradley, B.A. '33, R.R.C., C.A.S.F.

GEGGIE-OLIVER—The marriage took place recently of Miss Ruth Stuart Oliver, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Stuart Oliver of Westmount, to Dr. James Hans Stevenson Geggie, eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. H. J. G. Geggie of Wakefield, Quebec. Dr. J. H. S. Geggie received his B.A. at Bishop's in 1936.

GOURLEY-GIBAUT—On January 18, the Rev'd R. L. Gourley, B.A. '39, was married to Miss Jean Gibaut, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Gibaut of Quebec. The marriage took place in the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity. The Lord Bishop of the Diocese officiated.

Deaths

MURRAY—We regret to record the death of the Rev'd Canon George Henry Andrews Murray who died on December 12, 1940.

Canon Murray, who has been a resident of Lennoxville for the past few years, was a native of Inverness, Quebec, where he received his elementary education before coming to Bishop's. He graduated in 1887 and received his M.A. five years later. After his ordination in 1890, he served the Canadian Church faithfully at Dixville, Hatley, Danville, and Three Rivers. He was a member of the corporation of this University and received the honourary degree of D.C.L. in 1938. He is survived by his wife, two daughters, and two sons, to whom the *Mitre* extends its deepest sympathy.

Bishop Carrington, Lord Bishop of Quebec, conducted the funeral service at Three Rivers, Quebec.

BILKEY—Aircraftsman James Dalton Bilkey, age 24, was instantly killed when his plane crashed near Dunnville, Ontario. To his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul E. Bilkey of Westmount, the *Mitre* extends its deep sympathy.

WITH THE KING'S FORCES

The following men are on active service as Chaplains:

The Rev'd J. Barnett, L.S.T. '29
The Rev'd A. Gardiner, M.A., B.D. '23
The Rev'd C. G. Hepburn, B.A. '08
The Rev'd A. V. Ottiwell, B.A. '34

The Right Rev'd W. H. Moorhead, M.A. '12, D.D. '36, Bishop of Fredericton, has been made a Lieut.-Colonel in the Chaplaincy Service.

The following men are on active service with the C. A.S.F.:

D. A. Bellam, m' 34
F. Cann, 1929-30, paymaster
Lieut. D. T. Lynch, B.A., B.C.L. '36
Lieut. J. S. McHarg, B.A. '33
Lieut. A. A. Mutton, m '38
Lieut. K. L. Nish, B.A. '35, N.P.A.M.
Lieut. J. E. Rattray, B.A. '34

The following men are on active service with the R.A.F.:

J. H. Carson, B.A. '37
A. W. Jones, m '42
D. M. Muir, m '34

The following men are on active service with the R.C.A.:

Lieut. J. H. Flintoft, B.Sc. '40
Lieut. D. K. Dawes, m '39
Lieut. D. F. McOuat, B.A. '39
Lieut. W. J. R. Wilson, B.A. '37
The Rev'd S. W. Williams, B.A., B.Sc., L.S.T.

GENERAL

The Bishop of Ottawa, the Right Rev'd Robert Jefferson, has recently appointed the Rev'd T. H. Iveson, M.A., a Canon of the Diocese of Ottawa.

The Rev'd A. L. Baldwin, B.A. '39, recently of St. Matthew's Church, Montreal, has been appointed Rector of Rouyn, Quebec.

A. G. C. Whalley, B.A. '35, is now with the Royal Canadian Navy as a navigating officer on board the Cutty Sark.

The Rev'd Harry Amey has been appointed deacon-in-charge of Beachburg by the Bishop of Ottawa.

On December 9, 1940, the Rev'd Eric Irwin, L.S.T. '26,

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Sports

B. H. W. KIRWIN

Winter sports are now all in full swing. The hockey schedule of the Eastern Townships Junior League, in which the college is playing this year, has been drawn up and it is going more or less smoothly under the direction of manager, Hugh Mackenzie. The basketball team managed by Bob Mackie, has already played a few games—a description of them is given below by Capt. Ivor Richards. The freshmen added some good material to the ski team and it show possibilities of an exceptionally successful season. Badminton matches will begin within the next few weeks; and Lester Tomlinson promises to reorganize the ping-pong tournament that was interrupted by the holidays.

PINARD - BISHOP'S

The first game of the hockey season was played on home ice against the Pinards, on the 27th of January. This game was the first in the Eastern Townships Junior League.

In the first period the college team was caught off guard a few times by the fast, opposing first line, and in spite of the fine goal work of "Happy" Day, the period ended with the score at 2-0 for the visitors. However, in the next period Atto scored at the two-minute mark on a pass from Giroux, and three minutes later Giroux evened the score by an unassisted shot into the Pinard net. In the third period the play was fast but fruitless. The final score was a tie at 2-all, as the league does not permit overtime play.

The line-up follows:

Bishop's		Pinards
Day	goal	Dupont
Savage	defence	Faucher
Duval	defence	Kirious
Giroux	centre	Rediker
Atto	wing	Kezar
Van Horn	wing	Colton

Pinards subs: Hyot, Simoneau, Allard, Lablow, Charest.

Bishop's subs: Peabody, Tyler, Schoch, Johnston, McKell, Winmill, Lindsay.

FUSILIERS vs. BISHOP'S

The next night a team from the Sherbrooke Fusilier Regiment met the Bishop's squad on the college rink. Part of the army team was made up of Lieuts. Doug. Bradley and Sid Walters, and 2nd Lieut. Dick Grier, who played for the Purple and White last year.

The scoring was opened by Bishop's when Archie McKell flipped a rebound past Walters at the thirteen-minute mark. The Fusiliers counter-attacked and piled up three goals in quick succession before the quarter ended. After the freshmen had cleaned the ice the teams came out fighting hard. The Fusiliers gave no quarter and added another point to their lead at the two-minute mark. Then Bishop's retaliated with a well co-ordinated drive that put Paine in a position to score, and he slipped a neat shot past Walters. However, this gain was soon neutralized by Loiseau's unassisted score for the army, but the advantage was recaptured when Van Horn scored on McKell's pass and it was immediately consolidated by a second score by Atto. However, with seconds to go the Fusilier frontal fire again changed the count and left it at 6-4 in their favour for the start of the last period. The next score was made against the college team, but the loss was compensated by a score by Westgate at half-time and a second by Giroux within the last second to play.

This was an exhibition game and we hope a return encounter can be arranged.

The line-up follows:

Fusiliers		Bishop's
Walters	goal	Lindsay
Hart	defence	Savage
McQuade	defence	Duval
Lamb	centre	Giroux
Veilleux	wing	Westgate
Bradley	wing	Atto

Fusiliers subs: Draker, Brown, Destifano, McCallum, Loiseau, Grier.

Bishop's subs: Tyler, Schoch, Paine, Scott, Van Horn, McKell, Tanner.

INTERYEAR HOCKEY

The first game of the interyear hockey series was played on February 11, between third-year and Divinity. The final score was 7-1 in favour of the latter team. The star of the game was Barc Westgate, who skilfully evaded the third-year defence and scored all seven goals for the "Shed." The single point for third year was made by Ray Tulk.

SKIING

The inaugural race of the ski season was a cross-country event held on the eighteenth of January. It was opened by Dr. McGreer who acted as starter and timekeeper, assisted by Bob Carpenter and Ivor Richards.

The course was a three-mile run mapped out and used last year for the first time. The night before the race a melting rain storm pounded the snow into a wet, sticky mass and made the three miles comparable to about six. However, the next day the contestants, undaunted, turned out in the "quad" at the appointed time and from the edge of a large puddle launched out at minute intervals into the ambient dankness on the start of the hard run. The snow

ican continent during that stirring period of the latter half of the 18th century. Many of those listening are doubtless familiar with some of his novels—"Arundel," "Rabble in Arms," "March to Quebec," and "Northwest Passage," the last of which has been very successfully filmed in technicolor. The struggle for the domination of this continent has many ramifications. One aspect which has been more or less neglected by the novelist tribe is the lot of those hardy souls—the United Empire Loyalists, who carved out for themselves new territories at the close of the Revolutionary War, and did so much in laying the foundations of the Canada of our days.

A large-scale novel on the Loyalist movement and its causes was no doubt overdue, and in "Oliver Wiswell" Mr. Roberts has nobly filled the gap. It is a large book, almost approaching the dimensions of "Anthony Adverse" or of "Gone with the Wind," but all of its more than 800 pages are full of interest. It is written frankly and whole-heartedly from the Loyalist viewpoint, and gives, from the lips of Oliver Wiswell himself, an account of his life between the years 1775 and 1783, from his student days at Yale till the time when he becomes one of the "founding fathers" of those settlements on the St. John River which have today become the Province of New Brunswick.

Wiswell himself (does the name not still survive in the Maritime Provinces?) is a loyalist by tradition and upbringing, and the trials to which he is subjected only serve to strengthen his convictions and his realization that there would be no rest or happiness for those of like mind with himself except in a territory still under the British flag.

The scope of the book embraces the whole field of activity of the Revolutionary period, from the early days of 1775, of Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill, through the mazes of intrigue across the Atlantic, and the campaigns in what are now the Southern States, to the great migration of 1783 to the Bay of Fundy. The titles of the six sections indicate this—they are Boston, New York, Paris, the Wilderness Trail, Ninety-six, Land of Liberty.

When the story opens, young Wiswell is returning from Yale to his home near Boston, summoned there by the grave illness of his father, a prominent lawyer, who seems to typify that prosperous and educated type of citizen to whom the demagoguery of Samuel Adams and the "Sons of Liberty" were abhorrent. When approaching his home he is able to rescue, from the tender mercies of a Boston mob, one of the quaintest and liveliest characters among the dozens with whom the pages of this book are filled—Thomas Buell, of Newport, R. I., "printer, engraver, repairer of military arms, gilder of escutcheons, inventor, and agent for Perkins' metallic tractors" as he describes himself, to which list of accomplishments we fear we must add no small skill as a forger. Buell accompanies Oliver throughout his seven-year odyssey, a North American Sancho Panza, perhaps, though Oliver is by no means such a visionary as was Don Quixote. His rescue of Buell brings almost immediate retribution, and the Wiswell family are forced to quit their home, and take refuge in Boston with other loyalists. While there, besides being spectators of the assault on Bunker Hill, and the failure to follow up the military success there obtained by Gage's troops, we are given a vivid picture of that turbulent summer and autumn of 1775, culminating in the winter evacuation, under General Howe's orders, of shiploads of refugees to Halifax.

Oliver Wiswell's ambition and intention, is to write a true history, in its real perspective, of what was called (in 18th century London) "the recent American convulsion." With this end in view, he embraces every opportunity which comes his way, of investigating conditions in the various theatres of war. From Halifax he is sent by General Howe to Long Island, with the object of getting into touch with the Loyalists in that area. During the summer of 1776 he is in close contact with the refugees hiding in the swamp areas of the island, is a witness of Howe's victory at Brooklyn in August, and the capture of New York in September —victories of which the fruits, first as at Bunker Hill, were thrown away by slowness and stupidity, as the Revolutionary troops were able to make a clean get-away.

As an assistant to the Commissary for prisoners of war, he has chances of seeing the mess of corruption, graft, cruelty and treachery with which the organization of both sides was honeycombed. In despair of being able to do anything effective against such conditions and the prevailing inertia, he accepts Howe's decision to send him across the Atlantic, with the object of obtaining some information concerning the rebel privateer ships which were already being based on French ports. The next four years of his life are thus spent as a secret agent in England and France, in the most of that extraordinary web of spying and counter-spying of which the centres were London and Paris. Here again, all his work culminates in apparent failure—he obtains incontrovertible evidence of the complicity of the French Government, soon to be converted into open aid to the rebellion, but all attempts to convince the "powers that be" in London are without success.

Wiswell returns to America at the end of 1780, with a confidential mission to find out facts about the situation and condition of the "Convention Army," i.e., the troops, surrendered by Burgoyne at Saratoga, who had been interned "somewhere in the South"; the chief theatre of war was now shifting to the Southern Colonies, Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia, with Clinton's expedition against Charleston and Savannah in near prospect.

The fourth and fifth sections of the book, "The Wilderness Trail" and Ninety-six" are devoted to Wiswell's wanderings in the South. He falls in with crowds of refugees on Daniel Boone's Wilderness Road—unfortunates who are seeking to establish new homes in Kentucky, separated by the mountain barrier of the Appalachians from the scenes of conflict to the East. This is the only possible route he can take, after fulfilling his mission, in order to reach the considerable loyalist areas in North and South Carolina. He reaches the loyalist fort at "Ninety-six" in South Carolina just before it is besieged by a rebel force under General Greene, takes his full share of the fighting in its defence, and is rescued, with the remnant of its garrison by a relieving force which makes its way up from the coast at Charleston.

Oliver returns by sea to New York, where Clinton is watching the forces of Washington and Rochambeau north of that city. The final act of the drama is approaching. Clinton fails to prevent a junction of the French with the Revolutionary troops, and they make a dash for the South, where, as everyone knows, they bottle Corwallis up in Yorktown, and Clinton (as usual) sails southward too late for effective aid.

The surrender of Corwallis, and the articles of capitulation then signed — articles which safeguard the regular troops, but which leave the various loyalist units to the mercy of their former foes, are the last straw. There is nothing for it but to make a fresh start in other territory —and Wiswell now takes a prominent part in the preparations for a migration to the lands around the Bay of Fundy, and in the actual journey there, where he and his bride Sally Leighton (with whom, as the daughter of revolutionary sympathizers, he had been able to communicate only at long intervals during seven years) start a new life, under conditions of considerable hardship it is true, but full of faith in the future of the land to which they have come.

"I don't know what Providence is, Sally," (says Oliver in the final paragraph of the book) "but whatever it is, it must be wiser than we. Perhaps Providence has a greater plan than we can understand. Perhaps war, pestilence, storms that send brave men to sudden, heroic, unremembered death—perhaps that's how God slowly sculptures the world to a shape that'll always be concealed from us. Perhaps that's why the impossible happened, Sally—why that rabble that drove us from our homes were incapable of winning, but did win. Perhaps, Sally, something great will come of all that agony and all those deaths, all that intolerance and all that cruelty. Perhaps something great will come even to that rabble one day, as well as to us."

Such is a bare outline of 836 pages of exciting narrative. Mr. Roberts has drawn, on a broad wide canvas, a picture full of many characters, and his drawing is full of bold strokes as well as fine detail. Let us look at it for a moment or two from the aspect of what it aims to achieve, and also from the point of view of the "human interest" involved.

We can say at once that this is a novel with a thesis. The author's ideas are definite, and all his characters are made to bring out these ideas. "The persecution", says Wiswell's father, "that drove Puritans out of England was nothing by comparison with the persecution practised here by those same Puritans. They couldn't endure chastisement with rods in England, yet they scouraged their fellow-refugees in America with scorpions. In their eyes tolerance was despicable and intolerable. There, Oliver, is the sum and substance of the differences between us and the Leightons. The Leightons hate the oppressive measures inflicted by England on these colonies, and so do we; but they also hate England, and we don't. . . . There's something you want to bear in mind, Oliver. All of us know history repeats itself, but mighty few of us recognize the repetition until too late." In the eyes of the loyalists, the struggle was one of a fanatical element, urged on by unscrupulous demagogues, against those whose hope that things could be settled by appeal to reason grew ever and ever more faint. The shortcomings of the meaner elements of the revolutionary party are emphasized again and again—their physical squalor, their bigotry and intolerance, their hatred of everyone with superior gifts and endowments to their own—in short, to quote the biting phrase which Philip Guedalla has recently applied to Adolf Hitler, "All the deadly certainties of the uneducated." The reviewer of the New York *Times* (November 24, 1940) says, "This novel, which is history for all its fictional form, will startle every man, woman and child who has been taught to believe that the American Revolution was fought and won by bands of angels. . . . Certainly there was a tendency for the dispossessed to take up arms and often in spite and jealousy rather than pure patriotism. But this can't be the whole picture. George Washington, Alexander Hamilton and a host of others eminent in the struggle for independence, cannot be explained in this way, and are not explained in this book."

But the author is no apologist for George III's government either. As the story developes we see that Oliver Wiswell is fighting for America and America only. He is driven nearly frantic by the mistakes of Howe and Clinton and others—Howe missing the chance of crushing the rebels while dallying in Boston with the perfumed Mrs. Loring.

(Concluded on page 38)

When the whole band was together on the stand, the results were entirely above reproach, but after a while it seemed that the "Jive Jerkers" were unable to withstand the compelling nature of their swing, and one by one they left the stand and joined in with the dancers. However no one seemed to mind and on the whole it was one of the more successful events of the term. Robin and his boys also played at the sports party, proceeds of which went to the Society of the Venerable Bede, which was held more recently. As hosts, the divinity students organized bridge before the dance while some of the guests skated in the rink or skied. A large crowd attended, including most of the faculty, and all seemed to be enjoying themselves.

Another event which definitely cannot go unmentioned is the sleigh ride, which took place on the sixth of February. Almost thirty couples participated in this outing and, what with the number and the high spirits, many found that running along behind a sleigh after picking oneself out of a snowbank is real exercise. In past years this sleigh ride has been a feature of winter sports in which only those from the New Arts have partaken, but this year both buildings, as well as the Shed, were liberally represented. The party wound up the evening in a private house in Lennoxville, where sandwiches and coffee were found to be exactly what the chilled frames needed for a complete return to normal.

The question of the Georgian, time-honoured landmark in U. B. C. life has definitely been closed. Dr. McGreer, in a discussion with the council a few weeks ago, stated that the Georgian would continue to be strictly out of bounds for reasons unquestionably beyond dispute. The council has stated that despite sentimental leanings in the other direction, they are aware of the circumstances which make this restriction necessary and agree with the Principal. As obituarist, we tearfully remove our hat and, whispering a fond farewell to the good old "G," feel it a sentiment that will be echoed far and wide throughout the world wherever Bishop's men gather for a tankard and a song. Farewell to you, Georgian, with your ring-marked tables and narrow benches and indescribable atmosphere, farewell! Your memory will live on in our hearts.

The blight descended upon the college last month in the form of the German measles. Much anxiety was felt lest there arise an epidemic in the college, and every precaution was taken to isolate the barbarous germ where he could not get at and ravage the student body. Infested students were quarantined in the Old Lodge while regular inhabitants of that building were consigned to rooms in other parts of the college. The scheme seems to have worked, for despite everybody's fears, not a single measle has escaped and all of the victims are back amongst us. Flash! As we go to press, it is learned that the bug is on the loose again. Persistent creature.

Those three little bundles of joy whose mission in life would seem to be the spreading of happiness amongst their fellow students through the medium of harmony, bless their hearts, found their way beset with unexpected hindrances in the form of indisputable authority, the other day. We hoped that this would not hinder them in the work upon which they have embarked. Imagine our relief when, just four days ago, we saw them again, gathered outside a classroom door, regaling those within with excerpts from the classics, in well modulated harmony. . . . Ian Hay also seems to have the good of his fellow man at heart; he has been spending considerable of his spare time composing masterpieces of literature, including innumerable catchy epigrams, some in the form of elegiac couplets, and some—in fact quite a few—that he cannot remember when called upon to recite. One of his better efforts was "It ain't Hay! It ain't Day! It's the Tulk of the town." The funeral will be announced in the near future. . . . We were glad to be able to welcome Shag Shaughnessy back from a week-end in Montreal. He was looking well, but complained of a certain fatigue—(these long rail journeys) . . . And then there are those two birds we saw playing golf the other day, on skis, with tennisballs. Maybe you think we are crazy but we enjoy it . . . What was that strange party we heard about in the New Arts, third floor, early Sunday morning, or was it just a rumour? . . . In our opinion, something must be done to put a stop to what one resident freshman is doing in order to rectify his mistake.

In closing we wish all of you, in academic work, in military endeavour and in all other activities, a very hearty *Bonne Chance.*

The Bishop Looks Down

C. E. THOMPSON

"MEMORY HOLD-THE-DOOR"
BUCHAN, JOHN: 1st baron Tweedsmuir

Lord Tweedsmuir's "Memory Hold-the-Door" is truly a memoir of great distinction. The record of an informed and highly cultivated mind, it is the book of the year in autobiography, and a valuable addition to the few first-rate autobiographies in the English language. Among them it is distinguished first as the simplest and most readable, and then, as the depth of its character grows, as the soundest and sanest, the strongest in its moral fiber.

Although we do learn the major events of the author's life, "Memory Hold-the-Door" is not merely autobiographical in the factual manner. Always a modest man, Mr. Buchan (to use the name under which he has published his popular works) felt that his life was important only because he lived, in a more public way, the lives of many men of his century; and that a record of his life should be written or read not for its idiosyncrasy, but for its coherence, its relevance to the general life of the time. This modesty is strikingly displayed in the preface to this volume: "These chapters," remarks His Excellency, "are so brazenly egalistic that my first intention was to have them privately printed. But I reflected that a diary of a pilgrimage, a record of the effect upon one's mind of the mutations of life, might interest others who travel a like road." This essay in recollection is more than the autobiography of a brilliant and publically important person; it is a study of living and a part of the history of our times, from which there emerges a simple central and serene character that is a tower of strength to the reader.

Needless to say, "Memory Hold-the-Door" has all the charming, the moving quality which one expects from Buchan's gifted pen. Among the most noteworthy passages are the fascinating character sketches of the men of his time. His analysis of the puzzling, pathetic figure of Ramsay MacDonald is very finely shaded; his miniature biography of a good friend, Auheron Thomas Herbert, is an whimsical and tender as anything in the language; while his portraits of Asquite, Belloc, F. E. Smith, Grey, Haldane, Balfour, T. E. Lawrence, George V are extraordinarily good. All appear at their best, free from malice and gossip.

With the same careful and sympathetic eye to detail, Tweedsmuir paints for us true and touching pictures of Scotland, England, South Africa and America.

Besides all this there are a few chapters as a sort of appendix on fishing—worm, wetfly and dryfly; on deerstocking and on mountaineering which have as much charm as his recollections of personalities or places.

Regarding his own work, Lord Tweedsmuir is modest. He thinks of his romances as a relaxation, of his serious novels with more seriousness than most critics would allow, of his historical work with the proper perspective of a historian.

"Memory Hold-the-Door" is the reminiscences of a brilliant and well-loved man, beautifully written, and giving an excellent picture of his many-sided life and his wholesome philosophy. It richly deserves a wide reading audience.

C. E. Thompson.

"OLIVER WISWELL", by Kenneth Roberts.
Prof A. V. Richardson: an address given over Station CHLT, Sherbrooke, on January 20.

Among the various types of fiction, that known as the historical novel occupies a prominent place. Those stirring events which have occurred, either centuries ago or within quite recent times, in widely scattered parts of the earth, have formed the basis for a thrilling tale, sometimes with a slender foundation of fact, and with characters largely fictionalized—in other cases composed at the cost of much labour and research, with the aim of providing a background which is as accurate as the skill of the author can make it.

Kenneth Roberts, author of "Oliver Wiswell" and a resident of Kennebunkport, Maine, has within the last few years produced several books dealing with the North Amer-

been much more frightened, but I think it is the suddenness of it. I realized that it is so quick that you are either dead or alive, and we were all much alive and no one hurt, and we all just sent up a prayer of thankfulness for being so. Well, we went into the cellar for about ten minutes, but no more bombs fell and we were told the cars were outside to take us home. When we came up (in the dark of course) every window of the place was out and a huge fire was raging in . . . on the site of the church. Glass was inches deep all down the steps of the club, and all over . . . street beyond the post office, and to add to it the sirens went off just as we started—however we think that was done to keep the people out of the streets. Three of us came in this direction, so we linked arms and ran from the car. To my delight I found . . . and . . . in complete ignorance of what had happened, though they knew it had gone off somewhere and . . . was feeling pretty rotten. How thankful I was to see them and the house alright. . . .

". . . What a lot we have to be thankful for! I have had a pretty awful two days visiting 'round all my people in that district, taking a homeless one to . . . and hearing all the details of the harrowing stories, but they do appreciate my going and feel that someone remembers them, . . . most of the houses are damaged in some way but one thing we are quite convinced of is—however badly the civilian population gets it—the spirit will never break—it all only makes people harder and more determined.

"Well, that's my little tale, and as I say, it hardly seems worth the telling now, though it was an experience, and one I hope to be spared again, though it might have been so much worse. . . .

". . . thank God you are all being spared the misery going on at present—it is lovely to get letters that are not full of bombs and death, etc. Life is rather depressing just now, though we know it will be alright in the end."

Confession of the Arch-Poet

(Editor's Note—These verses were translated from a medieval Latin poet connected with the University of Paris about the year 1160 A.D. His name is unknown but he appears to have been the head of a Secret Society of Student Poets who wandered from one university to another. The poem was translated by Philip Carrington, and first appeared in the Mitre in 1930. The opinions expressed herein are not, naturally, those of the translator.)

I confess I haunt the tavern which I haunt and eulogise;
I never did despise it, and I never shall despise,
Till the day I see the chorus of the angels drawing near
To sing the vespers of the dead for this poor sinner here.

My mind's made up; a tavern is the fittest place to die,
Where sundry wines and liquors stand conveniently by,
That when the angels come for me, they may rejoice and say,
"Have mercy on him God most High; he's very drunk to-day.

The soul's dark lantern kindles from the brimming of a cup;
The heart that's drenched in nectar bright, soars up and up and up;
More sweet by far the wine I drink a-sitting in this place
Than the drink his grace's butler mixes deftly for his grace.

The noble band of poets may abstain from wine and meat,
Avoid disputes in public and the riots in the street;
But in order to produce a book of verse which cannot die,
They die themselves in labour, overcome by misery.

Dame Nature gives to every man his special gift and function;
And as for me I cannot fast, and write with any unction.
For when I fast, a child at school could versify as well;
And thirst and fasting are the things I hate like death and hell.

Dame Nature gives a special gift to every man; and mine
Is making deathless verses while I drink the best of wine.
The very best of liquor that the vintners can supply
Is not too good to keep my well of words from running dry.

The better stuff I get to drink, the better stuff I write;
Before I've had some nourishment, I can't begin to write;
The stuff I write when fasting isn't a tinker's damn;
I can do as well as Byron when I've had my little dram.

I am uninspired and lifeless, I'm a stranger to the Muse,
Till my belly's saturated with the nobler sort of booze;
And as long as Bacchus lords it in the castle of my brain,
Why, glory be to Phoebus, I write miracles again.

Notes and Comments

W. G. PENFIELD, JR.

This morning we awoke completely exhausted, having completed a twenty-three-mile cross-country ski race in our sleep. Of course we won. (Life is full of these little compensations, even if some of them are directly traceable to morsels of last night's dinner which our weak stomach refuses to digest). Yes, it's skiing this term. In other years there have been other interests dominating college life during Lent term, but this time it's *le ski* (as we French say). Thank heavens we happen to like the sport! All conversation seems to center around it. Much spare time is spent waxing, discussing waxes, and scraping wax off again. No snowfall has a chance to smoothly decorate the surrounding countryside for more than a few hours, before it is crisscrossed in all directions with the tracks of those who have gone out to practise what our instructors are teaching us in connection with the new O. T. C. activities. And there we have it. It is the O. T. C. which is at the bottom of this new craze.

Major Church has gone ahead with the plan which he formulated last term, has outfitted the skiless with skis at an extraordinarily low price, has obtained supplies such as Norwegian type goggles, ski wax, and laquer, has sponsored cross-country races and mass movements and has started up a ski-school for those formerly unversed in the intricacies of skiing, and has himself acquired a very commendable ability in the art. Most of the skiing activities take place over the week-ends, as they are not being allowed to encroach on the prescribed syllabus of the regular infantry, artillery, and stretcher-bearer courses. One result of all this is that free time is becoming as scarce as those elusive hen's teeth. The severest shock that the O.T.C. has received this year is the Common-to-all-arms examination results which were posted not so long ago. Congratulations to those eleven who got through! Results like these, though, call up a prospect which is anything but promising, and not a few feel a little discouraged about it.

The O.T.C. dance, held towards the end of last term, which did not receive attention by this department in the last issue, due to the date of the deadline, was a signal success. It was voted the most successful dance of the term, for which the dance committee and its artistic assistants were largely responsible. It was the first time that most of us had danced in battle dress and most agreed that it was not the ideal outfit for it.

Speaking of dances, the traditional spring formal is definitely not to take place this year. In its stead we have been told that there will be a masquerade dance on the twenty-fourth of this month. The motif for this dance was discussed at some length in the last Association meeting, which discussion was considerably enlivened by suggestions from Leon Adams. The final decision was that the dance was to be a "Farmer's Formal." This curtailment of social activities is in keeping with the general policy of cutting down on all extra-curricular and extra-military interests.

After a careful consideration of this general policy and consultation with the Principal, the Dramatic Society, the Literary and Debating Society, and the Glee Club have gone ahead with their usual schemes for this term with certain moderations. The Dramatic Society has decided on "The Late Christopher Bean," by Sidney Howard, a play which has been very popular in France, England, and the United States for a number of years, for their major production this coming spring. Mr. Dickson-Kenwin has again consented to fill the post of director, although this year he has a very full programme in Toronto, where he is producing his own play. Somewhat less time will be given over to rehearsals this year than has been in the past, but it is expected that this factor will enhance the spontaneity of the production, and will thus be rather an advantage than otherwise. The date for the production has been set for the 21st, 22nd, and 23rd of April. The first major event in the debating Society's calendar was the Inter-University Debate which took place on the twelfth of February. There were two teams from Bishop's, debating on the topic, "Resolved that the considerations, in general, of the Rowell-Sirois Commission are beneficial to Canada." The negative team, consisting of Leon Adams and Al Craig, debated in Montreal, at Loyola University, and the affirmative team including Shag Shaugnessy and Ralph Hayden debated here against Ottawa. Both teams debated extremely well and the College is proud of them. At Loyola our team was victorious, and here, although they put up a strong fight our men lost to Ottawa.

Gibby Stairs is whipping a smaller and better Glee Club into really good form, working toward the goal of giving a fifteen-minute broadcast or two over our well-beloved station CHLT, and from the sounds which emanate from the "ante dining room" after lunch, it ought to be well worth listening to.

From the same chamber, for the last month, have also been coming the strains of Robin Lindsay, his horn, and his "Jerks of Jive." After the first week, when life in the Old Arts was almost beyond endurance, the band began to really take shape and so favourably impressed were we that we took off an hour or so, two weeks ago, to go and hear the initial performance at an A.Y.P.A. dance in Lennoxville.

As Conditions
Change - - -

Review
Your Will - - -

CHANGE IS INEVITABLE . . . Property values rise and fall . . . Business conditions change . . . New tax laws are passed . . . Perhaps, in your case, there have been family changes or in your plans for them. The Executor you named may no longer be living or available. These, or other changes may so effect your Will that it is no longer a true expression of your wishes.

It will require but a short time to review your Will . . . Yet in that brief time you may discover that important changes are necessary to make it conform to present wishes.

And — when you review your Will, we suggest that you give special attention to the choice of an Executor. A Trust Company, experienced in the task of Estate management is a logical choice . . . by naming us you secure efficient, economical and permanent administration for your Estate.

Without obligation on your part we welcome the opportunity of talking this important matter over with you.

SHERBROOKE TRUST COMPANY

Letters from England

Again through the kindness of friends the *Mitre* is able to publish excerpts from letters received in this country from persons living in England.

The following is an extract from a letter written by Sub-Lieut. G. F. Scott, R.C.N.V.R., on December 21, 1940, to his parents:

On duty on board H.M.M.L. 108.

". . . After my two days in Liverpool, I went down to Brighton to see George (Cross), and anyone else whom I might know, and generally to have a good time. Picture my surprise when whom should I see that night but Ed Parker, whom I wanted to get in touch with but didn't know where he was. It certainly was great to see him again, and early the next morning I was able to see Allan Magee before catching the train to London on my way back to our base here. I only regret that I had so little time to spend with them, as I wasn't able to talk over old times, or ask them half the things I wanted to know about, or tell them about some of my experiences here. They were both looking very healthy and seemed to be quite happy and enjoying life, but somehow I couldn't help feeling far more English than they were—partly because I have been here 8 months, but it seemed to go deeper than that. If this war goes on for many more years, it's quite possible that I might lose my desire to get back to Canada. What an awful thought!

"It is very heartening to the people in this country to hear of Roosevelt's enthusiastic and energetic efforts to aid Britain. I myself feel particularly thankful for the ever-increasing signs that the U. S. realizes that they won't go wrong if they back us up to the hilt, because I always get a particularly big kick from any sign or indication of friendly co-operation between the U. S. and Britain. Anything which helps to develop lasting political and economic associations and agreements between the States and Britain is a step towards one of my ideals.

"After reading some of the American papers and magazines which you have sent me, I was struck by one rather significant attitude in nearly all the write-ups of the world situation. All the articles were unanimous in their praise of Britain for her courage in standing up to and successfully defending herself against Germany, but some of them gave a very strong impression that to them there was some doubt as to whether and how long Britain could last, by herself. The doubt was undeniably there, not in so many words, but obvious nevertheless.

"As an outsider in Britain, and yet having been here long enough to roughly size up the British people, I can only say that I am very sorry that this doubt exists in the minds of some Americans. Undeniably we are having our troubles, as any nation at war is bound to, and not the least of these is the submarine warfare off Ireland, but to suggest a doubt as to how long or whether Britain can hold out by herself is a bit fantastic at this stage in the war. The Nazi blitz bombings have not and cannot beat Britain, and in spite of serious shipping losses, Britain is, and will be quite able to carry on the war for a very long time, even if the rate of losses were constantly increasing.

"This isn't mere patriotic tripe, because I wouldn't be patriotic beyond the point of common sense or knowledge. I am saying it partly because of what I know as fact, and in a smaller degree because of what I am convinced absolutely is true.

"I was very touched by Mr. Hunt's kind words in Dad's letter. I have showed his speech to several Englishmen here, and all of them were very strongly impressed by it — to them as to me it was like one of Churchill's finest speeches. I only wish more Americans felt as strongly and saw the issue as clearly as he does. More power to men of his type."

November 19, 1940.

My dear

". . . wants me to write and tell you myself of my rather unpleasant experience on Sunday night, but after working 'round amongst the poor people who have suffered so much from homes being knocked about, etc., it seems quite insignificant. However, here it is!

"I went down to the Services Club (the old Palladium on the Bridge) to work from 6.15 to 9.30 and was enjoying every moment. The lower part is a club room and the Canteen is at the top—two storeys up, and I was working in the kitchen with three others up there and the place was full and we simply worked like niggers—washing up and peeling potatoes, etc. We were cleaning up and doing the dirty jobs of washing saucepans, etc., when without any warning whatsoever there came a most terrific crash. For a split second I thought all the saucepans had dropped but then I heard falling glass and saw everyone making for the stairs and realized that a bomb had fallen somewhere pretty near. Everyone was most calm and cheerful—I never saw a frightened or white face, and I must confess I was rather amazed at how utterly calm I felt. I thought I should have

Italian fleet at Taranto, they will have served a worthwhile purpose.

In all probability the British Navy will maintain its supremacy of the sea. Its task is like that of no other navy, for it must police half the world. Arrayed against the British preponderance of surface craft is the Axis U-boat threat. Joining the submarine in its destruction of shipping around the British Isles is the warplane. In winter-time the U-boat operations must be lessened considerably owing to heavy winter seas; hence we may notice that shipping losses have been much smaller lately. It is to be hoped that against increased German pressure next spring, Britain will feel sufficiently strong in the Mediterranean to withdraw ships to the Atlantic. At any rate Britain will need every ship she can muster to convoy increased American aid to her shores. In conclusion it seems to be evident that the British Navy will not only be able to defend Britain, but will also be the protector of three continents: Africa, and the two Americas.

C. C. CHADDOCK

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LENNOXVILLE QUEBEC

Memorandum

GEORGE HODSON

When the history of World War No. 2 comes to be written, recording as it must eventually, the triumph of right over might, Canada will undoubtedly have played a vital part in securing final victory.

Canada's industrial contribution was important in World War No. 1, but in the changed conditions under which modern warfare is being waged, where the civilian —if anybody can still be classed as such—is just as much in the thick of the struggle as is the soldier, sailor or airman, where the constant, indiscriminate bombing of towns makes ready targets of men, women and children; Canada, by a fortuitous combination of circumstances will have been found to have made at least one industrial contribution which, without exaggeration, justifies the use of the word "vital." This is the supply by Canada of that indispensable metal, aluminum.

The story of aluminum has been told many times. The very word aluminum can be traced back to ancient Rome at the time of Pliny. Next to oxygen and silicon, aluminum itself is the most abundant element in the earth's crust and it is the most abundant metal. It is present, directly or indirectly through absorption from the soil, in nearly all grains, vegetables, fruits and in milk, eggs and drinking water. Aluminum occurs in nature as silicates and two ores, bauxite and cryolite, from which it is made commercially by a comparatively recently discovered electrolytic process. Strange is it may seem, Canada has no bauxite of its own and it is the universal opinion of geologists that none is likely to be discovered within the country. How comes it then that Canada, without possessing any of that valuable commodity, bauxite, as well as certain other raw materials required for the production of aluminum, has become one of the largest aluminum producers in the world and is the aluminum centre of the British Empire? The answer is that Canada has "power." A more real and lasting power than the dictator countries are ever likely to possess. It is power that can and is being controlled; power that can and is being turned to good use, and power — let us qualify it now as "hydro-electric power"—is an essential item in the presently known methods of producing aluminum. In fact, of all electro-metallurgical operations the producing of aluminum consumes the most electricity.

Another link in this fortuitous combination of circumstances is the fact that Canada has access to the bauxite deposits of British Guiana, possibly some of the richest in the world. Within the Empire, therefore, and at the disposal of Canada, there are abundant quantities of the main raw material, bauxite, and huge sources of low cost hydro-electric power.

Of course, it must not be thought that Canada's aluminum industry is a war creation. On the contrary, Canada has been an important aluminum producer for a large number of years. In fact, the beginning of the Canadian aluminum industry goes back to 1899 when construction of the first smelter was started at Shawinigan Falls. Today, there are two large aluminum smelters in the country, the original one at Shawinigan Falls and one at Arvida, in the inal one at Shawinigan Falls and one at Arvida, in the Province of Quebec, the latter having been established in 1926. It is principally with the smelter at Arvida that the present article is concerned.

Somehow one cannot help feeling but that the originators of the Arvida scheme possessed prophetic vision. At least they possessed considerable courage and initiative, because, not only did they plan an aluminum smelter with a production capacity then many times in excess of the domestic consumption, but in addition a town, complete with homes, schools, churches, recreational facilities, and a well-equipped hospital, appeared almost overnight. Since those days of 1926, and in spite of difficult times—for the years 1930-1934 were certainly exceedingly difficult times in the aluminum industry—the march of progress at Arvida has not been halted, so that today, thanks to the farsightedness of the man who has done more for the aluminum industry than any other living person, there exists at Arvida the largest single aluminum producing unit in the world, a unit working night and day producing that metal so indispensable for the prosecution of a modern war. It is perhaps not inappropriate that this thriving city of Arvida, now playing such an important role in making the world safe for democracy, should have acquired its name by taking the first two letters from each of the names of its founder, Arthur Vining Davis.

It is, of course, natural that figures of present Canadian aluminum production cannot be made public. Neither can details be given of the steps which have been, and are being taken to make Arvida a still more important enterprise. Suffice it to say, however, that this enormous undertaking covers more than 500 acres of ground on a high plateau on the south bank of the Saguenay River and that the workers employed are numbered by the thousands with an annual payroll of some $8,000,000.

A recent visit to the Arvida plant left a medley of impressions, but the one thing standing out unmistakably is that all concerned in the enterprise, without exception,

(Concluded on page 41)

today can only show that they are in essence much as other men. They have the usual percentage of rogues in their midst; they have also their men of upright character. The Jew, we might say, is more a man of contemplation than a man of physical action and application. Surely the Jews are one of the most remarkable races that ever lived on this earth! Whether you like them or not, no one can deny the fact that they possess some intrinsic quality or qualities which distinguishes them from most, if not all, of the races with whom they have been brought into contact in the course of their long history.

The very fact of their survival as a separate race, under the adversities and the tribulations through which they have passed, demonstrates their inherent vitality and indomitable spirit. They have been subjected to the ferocity and savagery of men, to enslavement, cruelty, and massacre. But Israel has triumphed over grief! Israel has endured all these experiences for thirty centuries—bondage, torture of body and mind, insult, pillage, wholesale massacres, and still the people are five times as numerous and many times more powerful than they were in the greatest days of their national glory.

They have retained their racial pride; they have clung to their national traditions; they are as devoted to their religious faith as they were when the golden temple of Solomon glittered on Moriah.

John Galsworthy says, "'Ebrews. They work harder; they're more sober; they're honest; and they're everywhere." They are indubitably a peculiar people; they are often an unreasoning people; they are a short-sighted people; they are, in truth, in their lower ranks, a vulgar and alien people, but they remain a people of character, a character of such potency that they survive. They survive and they multiply! That is the answer to Herr Adolf Hitler and his friends. That was the answer to Apion; that was the answer to Trajan; that was the answer to the Inquisition of Spain. And that is the answer to those of us who mock them and depict their comic aspects. We Gentiles mock them, yes, but they stand steadfast, firm in their belief and in their destiny.

There is a little verse which says:

"It's odd
that God
should choose
the Jew,
instead
of me
or you."

Does God think so?

—o—

Little Albert Goes To Bishop's

Young Albert, fresh from Lancashire
To Lennoxville did come.
Other boys liked college life,
So he thought he'd have some.

Bishop's suited him—he thought,
With gowns, an' girls, an' all;
From what he'd heard about the place
It wasn't bad a-t'all!

"All coeds here are glamour girls,
Some pretty, coy, and meek,
And most are very popular
(In Sadie Hawkins week!)

"All rooms," they said, "are clean and warm,
All food delicious, too,
The chapels, labs, and lectures
Are far between and few."

Alas, when Albert learned the truth,
The most that he could say
Was: "Bishop's such a super place?
Ay, *that* will be the day!"

The football coach some men did need,
And little pipsqueak All must yield,
For, as a freshman, he must play
Or stay,—and line the field!

Albert liked beer, like all the lads;
A frothblower was he.
Said Al: "We're doomed to gloom, by gum,
If prin has banned the 'G'!"

First frosty Friday morning
About nine-twenty-two,
He shuffled into History class
And shivered out with flu.

"Christmas comes but once a year";
Albert had heard that rhyme,
It brings exams with much to learn
And very little time.

So Albert learned at Bishop's,
To cut four years to three,
One simply must combine one's fun
With work and O. T. C.

I Record the Naval War

K. BARTLETT

Since the outbreak of war, I have kept a personal record of the war at sea. I have gathered my information chiefly from the communiqués issued by the British Admiralty, and certainly none from the Wilhelmstrasse in Berlin. As we know the naval war has not been generally spectacular, but has been a matter of blockade and counter-blockade; however, there have been incidents and skirmishes and even battles worthy of note. Sea power has not been seriously menaced by the tremendous air power; but on the contrary, has by proper application enhanced the worth of the navy. Of course the airplane has been able to sink ships, but not enough ships to matter. The relative position of world sea powers will not, according to present indications, be decisively affected by the spectre of the bomber in the sky.

The battleship is supposed to be the king of the seas. The rest of the navy is built around the capital ships. At the outbreak of war, Britain had 15 such vessels, Germany had 2, plus 3 pocket battleships, France had 7 capital ships and Italy had about 5 such ships. To-day Britain's battle fleet is an unchallenged mistress of the seas of the world. Germany lost out in the *Graf Spee* incident of December 1939 and also was deprived of from one third to one-half of her navy in the Norwegian campaign of last spring. Italy has experienced the humility of seeing her warships being chased out of "Mare Nostrum". Even her ports have proved unsafe for her craft. Witness what happened at Taranto when Mussolini saw at least three of his proud "men of war" put out of action by the British fleet air arm. Britain's only battleship casualty came in October of 1939 when she lost the *Royal Oak* to the German submarine commander *Priam*, when he penetrated the defences of Scapa Flow. By now the Germans may have one or two of the new Bismarks (battleships) finished. The first indication that Britain's new superdreadnaughts of the 35,000-ton class were completed came last week when the *King George V* arrived in the United States bearing Lord Halifax, the new ambassador, to his post at Washington. With the addition of these battleships of the *King George V* class and another group of the 40,000-ton *Lion* class, now under construction, Britain will be able to cope with any and every contingency.

Next to the battleships, cruisers are the most powerful ships of the navy. They combine part of the fire-power of the dreadnaught with some of the mobility of a destroyer. In the words of Jellicoe, the cruisers "form the backbone of the navy." Britain started the war with more than sixty cruisers—far more than any other world power. To date she has lost only a few ships of this class. Of these only one, the Southampton, was a heavy cruiser. This vessel was one of the few to fall prey to aircraft bombs. Both Germany and Italy have lost a number of cruisers, perhaps a combined total of eight or ten or conceivably more. British cruisers have sustained wounds in this conflict, such as the *Berwick* and *Liverpool*, but they were by no mean mortal. Despite the fact that Britain has more cruisers than any other nation, she still has an insufficient number to adequately carry on the vast task of the navy all over the world. No greater praise can be said of the cruiser than was invoked after the three cruiseds *Achilles, Ajax* and *Exeter* defeated the German pocket battleship *Graf Spee* a year ago last December.

The destroyers do the dirty work of the navy. They have approximately the role in the navy that the cavalry has in the army. Britain started the war with 215 destroyers. Although this may seem like a large number, it is far too few, especially since the spread of the war to the Mediterranean Sea. To date Britain has lost some 33 destroyers of which about a half dozen were lost during the Norwegian campaign and slightly more were accounted for at the evacuation of Dunkerque. Undoubtedly there would have been an acute shortage of these fast little "men of war" had it not been for one thing—the acquisition of 50 old-age American destroyers in the "destroyer for naval base deal" concluded between the United States and Great Britain. These old American ships, although admittedly not good enough for the battle fleet, are splendid for convoy duty and anti-submarine work. Not only that, they substitute for the better vessels, thus generally improving the condition of the whole navy.

The performance of the aircraft carrier has been noteworthy. It is indeed singular that the British have been the only ones to make use of this comparatively new addition to naval strategy. It is quite true that many naval experts expected the aircraft carrier to be the lame duck of this war. At the offset of this conflict it looked as though the prophecies of these skeptics would come true, especially since the aircraft carrier Courageous was sunk 15 days after was was declared. A sister ship, the Glorious was lost in the Norwegian campaign. What has since happened at Taranto has demonstrated the worth of the aircraft carrier beyond the shadow of a doubt. Since this type of vessel offers a broad taget to hostile bombers, it is only natural that it should run a greater chance of being hit than other types of vessels; hence we recently heard that the Illustrious was damaged by German dive bombers in the Mediterranean Sea. If the aircraft carriers accomplish nothing else in this war other than housing the aircraft that destroyed the

"That Wicked British Empire —"

A communication published on February 1 in the New York *Herald-Tribune* under the title of "What An Empire" has come to the attention of the *Mitre*, and it was considered worthy of republication. The communication consists mainly of an article written by Miss Emily Bax, secretary at the American embassy in London for 12 years, which appeared in "The Outpost", an American magazine which is published in London. The article, entitled "That Wicked British Empire," follows:

1. That wicked British Empire insisted on settling the Alabama claims by arbitration.

2. It followed the same policy in 1895 about Venezuela.

3. It gave the defeated Boers so crafty a peace that the poor deluded fools fought to stay inside the empire only a decade later.

4. Its leaders rashly warned the Versailles Peace Conference of the danger of harsh terms to Germany.

5. It cruelly gave southern Ireland "dominion status", shown by this war to mean complete independence.

6. It stupidly presented India with economic independence so that India now excludes British goods by a stiff hostile tariff and by bounties upon Indian production.

7. It had possession of Egypt and Irak and bungled things so badly that both are now free.

8. In the Ottawa agreement, which shut Germany out of some of its markets, it had the presumption to copy our protective tariff wall.

9. It offers India self-government as soon as Hindu and Moslem will come to a working agreement.

10. It treated the Arabs so brutally that the minute the war broke out the Arabs took advantage of a preoccupied Britain to make a truce with the Palestinian Jews.

11. It still has a naive faith in religion, democracy and the right of minorities.

12. It is deluded enough to think right-at-a-distance worth defending.

13. It has not the wit to shoot, or at least imprison, its conscientious objectors. In many cases they are carrying on at their old jobs.

14. It missed its chance to close down Parliament. That windbag insitution is still functioning.

15. It is so simple that it tells the truth about its losses in air battles, as our own observers in Britain testify.

16. It refuses to use naval bases in Eire which has been in its hands for centuries and which would be an enormous help against U-boats and raiders. It allows a vital part of its tiny island to contract out of any struggle for survival, because Eire wishes it. It swears to its own hurt and changes not.

What a country! No wonder Dr. Goebbels gibes at it!

Emily Bax.

New York, January 31, 1941.

—o—

Threnody of the Nations

We have hated and fought;
  We have murdered and fled,
But the peace that we sought
  Is alone with the dead.

We have offered ourselves
  On the altar of greed;
We have poisoned our sons
  With our venomous creed.

We have bombed and destroyed;
  We have raped and diseased,
Till the earth has grown dark
  With our war-obsequies.

We have sung our wild song
  In the ghouls' jubilee,
And, O Christ, once again
  We have crucified Thee.

Leon Adams.

Hear, O Israel

LEON ADAMS

"Who will rid me of this plaguey Jew?" once said the Duke of Wellington. And now those words are re-echoing in Europe once again—and not in Europe only, but also in our own country. "The Jew" is one of our problems today, and I feel he is so because we, regardless of our degree of education, fail to understand him, his background, and his individuality.

Let's take a look at the average life of an orthodox Jew, for by so doing we may be able to further our appreciation of him.

In every household the arrival of a little child is a matter of great interest. In none is it more joyfully awaited than in the Jewish home. Ever since the days of the great prophets, fatherhood and motherhood have been regarded by the Jews as blessed in proportion to the number of children. Birth control finds little favour in orthodox Jewish life. Barrenness is a Jewish woman's greatest curse.

While girls are welcome amongst enlightened Jews, yet their arrival is not hailed with much joy. In eastern communities it is even a matter for the condolence of friends. It's interesting to notice that amongst the thanksgivings appointed to be said by men at morning prayer in the synagogue occurs the prayer, "Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe, who hast not made me a woman." Thus, all her life, this feeling of inferiority persues the Jewish woman. If you want to read a good novel about this aspect of Judaism, try Sholem Asch's "Mother."

The first event of importance in a boy's life is circumcision. This takes place upon the eighth day after birth; even though this day may be a Sabbath the rite must be observed. On the rare occasion, when the eighth day falls on New Year's Day or on the Day of Atonement, the rite takes place in the synagogue. At this ceremony, after the operation has been performed, the boy is given his personal name. But no similar ceremony marks this stage in a girl's life. She may be given a name at any time within the first month of her arrival in the world.

At the age of thirteen, the boy reaches the next important step in his life. This is "Bar Mitzvah". A few years ago I had the privilege of being invited to a Toronto synagogue to witness this ceremony. On the first Sabbath day after reaching the appointed age, the boy is asked to chant a portion of the Hebrew scriptures in the synagogue. Then, after the chanting is completed, all the people in the congregation throw nuts at the candidate, thus finishing the ceremony. The boy is then religiously a man. Up to this period the boy's father has been regarded responsible for his son's life. Now the boy takes upon himself the responsibility and the father is freed. We might almost compare this to our Anglican Confirmation service—except for the nuts!

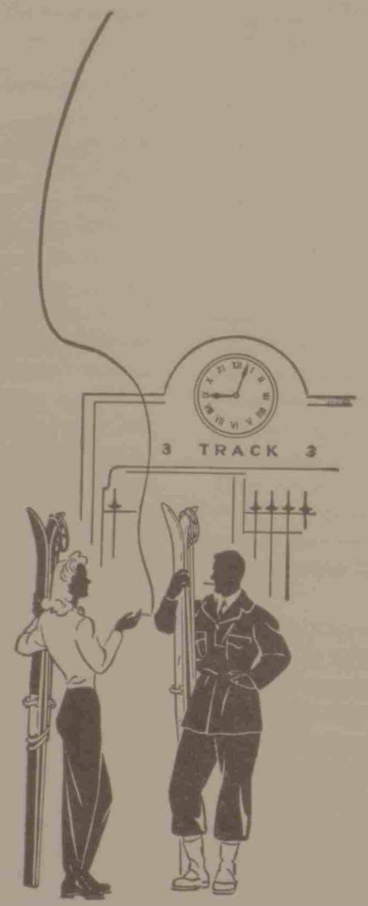
The married state is as ideal to the Jew as it is to most of us Gentiles. It is a disgrace, and indeed a sinful violation for a Jewish man to remain a bachelor, and a widower is expected to marry again, even if he is old. The marriage state is usually entered upon at an early age. Eighteen years is the accepted age for men and twelve and a half to fifteen for women, though for economic reasons marriage is often delayed beyond this age.

When the wedding day arrives with its great joy and festivity, both bride and bridegroom fast until after the ceremony. This usually takes place in the synagogue, though it is permissible at home, and is celebrated under an embroidered canopy. This canopy signifies the future home and is mounted on four poles held by relatives. After placing a ring on the bride's finger, the bridegroom says, "Behold, thou art consecrated to me by means of this ring, according to the laws of Moses and Israel." Then the couple participate in a glass of wine and the Rabbi pronounces the marriage benediction. After this the marriage contract is read and another glass of wine is drunk. The bridegroom then places a wine-glass on the floor and crushes it with his foot. This act, tinged with sadness, symbolizes the crushed state of Jewish national life, the loss of their land, and their homeless condition. The final benediction is then uttered and the marriage ceremony is completed. No wedding may be performed on the Sabbath.

And so on goes his life through hardships, sorrows, and joys, in the business world, in the world of culture, in the home, experiencing all the little fragments of beauty and sordidness that this world offers, until death quietly slips through the door.

The last words that a religious Jew utters before his tongue is sealed for ever are the first he was taught as a little child: "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is One." If through weakness he cannot say them, some pious soul whispers them in his ear. When the spirit leaves the body, the mourners tear their clothes in anguish. The body is then washed with due and proper ceremonial and prepared for burial. After the body has been lowered into the grave, all the people present wash their hands. It is a commendable rule amongst the Jews that, as Death levels all, there should be no expensive display. In some homes after the funeral, it is the custom for the mourners to sit on low stools or on the floor for a week.

Now I have in a very brief way drawn aside the curtain and shown you the life of an average orthodox Jew. A careful investigation of the Jew's position in the world



"But they won't wait for us!"
"They'll wait for our Sweet Caps."

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

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

An Appeal

The American- Hellenic Student Committee for Medical Aid to Greece has been organized by Columbia University (New York) Alumni of Greek origin and the alumni of other colleges and universities. Through the co-operation of professors and students this committee hopes to interest every person connected with an educational institution to make a contribution, however small it may be. These contributions will be used towards the purchase of medical supplies for the students and professors of Greece who have left their studies to help Greece in her struggle to preserve those principles which all democratic peoples hold dear.

By the generosity of patron George P. Skouras, all money collected by this committee shall be used exclusively for the purchase of medical supplies for Greece. Every item of administrative expense has been covered in advance by Mr. Skouras.

As the ancient Greeks fought gallantly for human freedom and saved it from Persian totalitarianism on the field of Marathon and the waters of Salamis, dying so that the democratic principles which we now hold dear, might be established as the structure of civilization, so now are the modern Greeks fighting valiantly with their allies against tremendous odds to save our Christian and democratic heritage from Fascists and Nazi tyrants. Professors and students of Greek colleges and universities, normal schools and gymnasia have been called from their classrooms to take up arms in the defense of liberty. "Liberty or death" is the slogan of every Greek man, woman and child.

It need not be told how heartening to Greek soldiers it would be to know that students in this continent accompany their admiration for the Greek courage with tangible materials.

Will you fail those who are giving all that they have for human liberty?

Ὦ ξεῖν', ἀγγέλλειν Λακεδαιμονίοις, ὅτι τῇδε κείμεθα τοῖς κείνων ῥήμασι πειθόμενοι.

"Stranger, the tidings to the Lacedaemonians tell, That here, obeying their commands, we fell."

Will you let the call of the defenders of democracy be just "a voice crying in the wilderness"?

Don't let it be too late. Make your contribution today, however small it may be. Your response to this appeal will be deeply appreciated by the soldiers at the front. Greek professors and students will never forget that Western Hemisphere students and professors came to their aid in their darkest hour.

We in Canada are perhaps, more than any other section of America, in a position to best realize the magnitude of the struggle which is now taking place in Europe.

As the initial push in the drive for funds at Bishop's University, Dean Jones made a brief address at the masquerade dance on the 24th of this month. While none of the money taken in for the dance will go to the Greeks (the difference between the expenses for the masquerade affair and the traditional "formal" will be sent to England) we sincerely hope that every member of the Bishop's community will do his share by contributing to this worthy effort.

bitter anger. What was she doing here in the barren, desolate countryside, in a cheerless little cottage against the relentless sky? Her only neighbours were more peasant farmers who, like her, could only boast hard, horny hands, silent tongues, and a rough, narrowed existence. Wave after wave of resentment swept her heart. Fate had sprung a cruel trap upon her, to be sure. And here was this sleek, young girl with her big car, her chauffeur, her imported clothes, her shiny hair that glinted expensively in the candlelight, with only the silent clenching and unclenching of her long, smooth fingers to indicate that she had entered a new world of illness.

Nellie rose, and going over to the mirror on the wall she glanced at herself and began organizing her hairpins. "How I wish Jamie and the doctor would come," she thought. "If I have to stay in the quietness of this room much longer, I'll go mad. She drew aside the curtains of the window and peered out, but there was no comfort for her there, for the gathered storm had drawn a snow-screen of empty white. She lit the gas lamp, but as the flame sputtered and shot out, it served only to accentuate the brown, stained patches on the ceiling where occasional raindrops had discovered a permanent home.

A suppressed moan came from the direction of the bed. The girl's face was shiny with agony, and Nellie remembered with a wince the sight of her foot, hopelessly crushed like a new hat in a rainstorm.

A board creaked in the passage outside, and a moment later Dr. Burgess entered — the perfect country doctor, bearing with him an air of brusque efficiency and the inevitable little black bag. As he bent over the bed, Nellie noticed that the wrinkle between his eyes had deepened into an anxious furrow, and for once in her selfish life her pity was extended to a human being other than herself.

It seemed like hours before the doctor straightened himself and faced Nellie. She noticed that his forehead was very damp. "I've done all I can," he whispered very quitely. "Nature will have to take care of the rest. She'll walk again I fancy, but she must never exercise that foot heavily, and she may have to use a crutch for a long, long, time. We can thank God it's not any worse. I'll give her something to make her sleep. The pain will be pretty bad."

There is plenty of suffering in the world that I never see, I guess, Nellie reflected. It's pretty sheltered and peaceful around her, not like those big, bustling cities I used to know with all their bang and clatter. If it hadn't been for Jamie and his sharing all this with me—

The voice from the pillow sounded wildly through Nellie's thoughts. "Let me out of here." There was a note of hysteria in the girl's voice. "Let me out. I can't stay here." Once again the doctor took command of the situation. "We will let you go if you'll sleep for just a little while. As soon as you waken you may go." Very gently he asked, "Who are you? What is your name?"

The candlelight flickered against her closed eyes. "I am Thelma Vorantka, a dancer of the Ballet," she said and a ghost of a smile haunted her face. "I am dancing 'Le Coq d'Or' in Montreal to-morrow night. You have been very good to me, but you see, I must hurry on. You will allow me?" The doctor nodded and she turned her head into a cleft of the pillow and slept.

Nellie turned, and saw Jamie standing quietly in the corner, and the glance that passed between the two at that moment was filled with the light of a perfect understanding.

Tea At Olivier's

We shall have tea
at Olivier's
and eat
patisserie française
served by a waitress
in blue dress,
white apron,
and white cap.

We shall sip hot tea
and chat about
the Battle of Britain,
the latest German move,
our men,
our lovers,
and our hopes.

We shall drink tea,
while bombs tear out the hearts
of twisted men;
we shall eat
patisserie française
while they are tasting
Death.

Leon Adams.

The Art of Richard Wagner

Granted that an artist is an expression of his times, let us first consider how some of the matters of the past would fare if they could be transplanted from their time to ours. The eminent music critic, Deems Taylor, instead of giving us an stereotyped resume of the life and character of this great composer suggests an imaginery description of Richard Wagner as he would fit into our modern world.

Wagner, he says, would always be in trouble. He would emerge first as the conductor of a small travelling Italian opera company. Leaving this, he would spend several years as conductor of the house orchestras in various broadcasting stations. Once in a while he would get a commercial program to conduct, but would always end up quarreling with the sponsor and resigning. Meanwhile, however, he would be composing, and at length his three-act opera, "The Ring of the Niebelungs," would be accepted for production by the Metropolitan. It would be an instantaneous success, and Wagner would be established overnight as a coming man.

About this time, a motion-picture producer, impressed by the gorgeous colour and dramatic intensity of his music, would offer him ten thousand dollars to compose the music for a feature film. Wagner, dissatisfied with the conventions and limitations of grand opera, and seeing the possibilities of this new medium, would accept eagerly. His stay in Hollywood would not be a long one. He would have ideas about the script, the music, and the setting, the direction, and the casting, all of which horrify everyone in the studio. After a few stormy weeks, he would request, and receive, a release from his contract.

But this would not stop him. He would have a vision of the motion picture of the future—of a perfect blending of sound, colour, acting, speech, spectacle, and music—something of which the motion picture to-day is only a hint. He would determine to create such a film, writing the screen play as well as the music, realizing perfectly well that its production, if it ever came about, would necessitate the creation of new techniques in photography and sound-recording, a new school of motion-picture actors and directors, and a new kind of motion-picture house. And somewhere, ridiculed and all forgotten, in a lodge in the Adirondacks, a bungalow in Santa Fe, or a ranch house in Wyoming, he would be busying himself with that epoch-making work today.

Wagner was born in Leipzig, in the year of the Battle of Leipzig. He had to flee Germany as a result of sympathizing too openly with the revolutionary uprisings of 1849. He took an active part in the disturbances of his day, and yet there is very little evidence in his work of the reflection of any profound interest in the world's troubles. "Rienzi" does so, faintly perhaps, in that it deals with a revolutionary phase of history. Otherwise, "The Ring," "Lohengrin," "Tannhauser", and "The Flying Dutchman" are legendary and hardly allegorical. "Parsifal" is religious, and "Die Meistersinger" is a mediaeval love story.

Wagner's life was not an easy one. This has been emphasized again and again for the purpose of heightening the contrast between his magnificent music and the hunted, poverty-stricken, debt-ridden life of the man who wrote it. It seems almost incredible that such worry and unhappiness could have gone hand in hand with this music's blazing vitality and eloquence. The fact that this is so is very reassuring. It proves to us today that while the accidents of destiny may hamper, or even cut short, the career of a minor artist, nothing this side of death itself can keep a true creative genius from accomplishing what he was put here to do.

Though strictly an operatic composer, Wagner manages to survive in concert through his invention of the leading motive. Almost any scene from one of his music dramas may contain six or eight of these motives, all short, and all interwoven with such consummate mastery that he is able to follow the pace and changing moods of a dramatic situation and at the same time convey the illusion of thematic development. The reason why the Wagner phenomenon is not more common is that, in order to use the leading-motive system successfully, a composer must have Wagner's genius for inventing short, unforgettable themes. Up to now, no other composer has had that particular brand of genius. A leading musical critic asserts that the only composer who can stand the strain of providing an entire program is Wagner; and all-Wagner programs are generally popular for the reason that he covers so much territory, expresses so many different moods, conveys so many different atmospheres, writes in such a wide variety of forms, and has such an extraordinary command of orchestral tone colour. Outside of Wagner, any other composer program is likely to be dangerous because there is always the risk that, hearing just a little too much of one man, you begin to be conscious, not only of his genius, but of his mannerisms.

It may even be that one day, those whom we now call the great masters will eventually disappear altogether. But they will never die. It may be that we shall have forgotten the music that comes from the hearts and minds of composers as yet unborn, composers who will say in a new way, a better way perhaps, the things that the old masters said to us —but nevertheless the things that the old masters said first.

every person ought to bear an equal proportion of the burden."

They were willing, they said, to turn out a body of volunteers to serve any where for a term of one year, if that would exempt the rest of the regiment from any regular militia duty; for the country was "new, thinly settled and the inhabitants poor and at this moment menaced by the enemy who are actually on the line consequently they have few men to spare." Yet, when the Governor limited the term of service as they had asked and formed the Townships drafts into a separate corps ("The Frontier Light Infantry") it was still with the greatest difficulty that the quotas could be obtained; six months later ten men of the hundred and twenty from their regiment were still needed. The following year the delays were repeated, while draftees still fled the country or enlisted in the cavalry troops attached to each battalion, which considered themselves volunteers "and not subject like others to do militia duty"; one company commander was finally reduced to hiring a man to complete his quota. Besides this, Barker's volunteer company melted away when the first section brought to camp were commandeered to make up the deficiency in the drafts.

The Frontier Light Infantry was able to function, all the same. Put under the command of a professional soldier, Captain Lewis Ritter, it was attached to DeSalaberry's Canadian Voltigeurs and served with them till the end of the war. It was apparently not in the fight at Chateauguay, but shared the Voltigeurs' outpost duty on the boundary west of the Richelieu, and Ritter was commended for his part in the Battle of Lacolle; in 1814 the command was was given to Lieut-Colonel Heriot, later the founder of Drummondville. Yet despite this service, the regular officers had been left with a poor idea of the loyalty of the Townships militia. None of them, said Ritter, "has from merit of exertions any claim to a commission." Indeed, he charged their "lawless" officers with preventing the appointment of subalterns for him, while the Inspecting Field Officers of Militia declared that "Colonel Luke's conduct borders upon downright disaffection." "There is also," added the latter, "a Mr. Gale who has been excessively busy" and had been the chief instigator of the petitions. The officers were convinced that Gale's claim that the Governor had promised him there would be no more drafts (though the militia should turn out *en masse* to meet any invasion) was false, and that the militia-men's promises in their petitions were "a compleat composition of falsehoods to avoid his Excellency's displeasure." By 1815 the Police Inspector of Three Rivers declared that not one in ten of the people of the Townships were loyal, and half of the disaffected would revolt as soon as the district was attacked.

There is no doubt that some of the militia officers *were* highly unsuitable, if only because they inspired so little confidence amongst their men. Luke's subordinates testified that he was stubborn, arbitrary and abusive—that he had even arrested two of his officers out of jealousy and to his men's request to read them the militia law had replied: "'I am law, G—d d—n you, obey my orders and if I do wrong prosecute me afterwards'." The weight of evidence and our knowledge of his past record support all these charges, but there is less proof of the disloyalty and neglect of duty of which they also complained. The captain in Shipton had long been disliked as an informer in a notorious case of the 1790's; he now sent tearful complaints of the consequent lack of discipline in his cavalry troop, and eventually resigned. His successor was a worse character, who was indicted for freeing American prisoners and was not even trusted with the cavalry accoutrements by his superiors. Yet most of the battalion commanders seem to have worked hard enough at a thankless task made all the more difficult by the poor communications of the district. They could not supply Ritter with subalterns since they had too few themselves; the official correspondence proves how frequent were their attempts to get more, and how often those attempts were balked by the indifference of the Adjutant General of Militia at Quebec.

The same documents show us that defaulting and desertions were no commoner in the Townships than the rest of the province; if anything, they were less so. Of the people's loyalty we have a witness, too, in the Hon. and Rev. Charles James Stewart, "The Apostle of the Townships," who probably knew the people better than the officers who criticized them. His considered opinion at the close of the war was that the settlement of the Townships had "not proved detrimental but beneficial to us" in the struggle. His earlier confidence that "our people would readily act when there was a good and special prospect of their services being useful" is supported by the record of events. Late in 1813, the Americans at last seemed to be preparing for a drive through the district; they erected a barracks at Derby for 1200 men (far more than the normal garrison) and a blockhouse and depôts at Stewartstown, N. H., near Beecher's Falls—villages that lay on the two main routes of entry east of Memphremagog. The British commander-in-chief promptly gave Barker orders to raise an expeditionary force of Townships volunteers and destroy these buildings, and the commission was carried out with complete success; Derby was raided at daybreak on December 17, the barracks, stable and storehouses destroyed and many stores

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For Light Shall Shine

ERNESTINE ROY

It was February. Snow was falling; snow had fallen all day. The sky was a grey, woolly mass, and the little space between it and the earth was filled by a broken veil of drifting flakes as white and hopeless as the fluff of dead dandelions. There was no wind to guide the flakes; some melted; some clung to what they reached, but for the most part they were indifferent and purposeless in their flight. Hallows were filled; the snow clogged streams, blotted out windows, and piled in heaps against doors. An old church clock rasped out the hour, and the rusty sound went over fields that were blank in their whiteness. Otherwise all was silent, save when a distant dog barked its evening greeting. Snow flopped from a branch, and now and again a shaft of light spread slowly across the sky as a car drove through the muffled roads. As the evening wore on, the whole countryside became coated with a thick vestment of snow.

It was still snowing when a man came across the padded ground that led to the highway, walking cautiously as if loath to mar the white perfection, but nevertheless leaving yellow footprints behind him as he went. He crossed to the fence near the roadside and stood leaning against it, gazing through the scattered flury. Red ears stood out over his high collar, and were already beginning to show themselves victims of frost-bite. He looked neither young nor old, but rather like a person who had escaped the iron clutch of Time at an uncertain point in his life. Indeed at that moment time seemed non-existent. It seemed to be standing stock-still as this man was standing now, surveying and blending with the deepness of the solitude. He looked tall, impressive, and solitary, standing there alone, shrouded by the calm.

Somewhere along the road the shrill note of a car horn pierced the air, and from a naked tree-top flew a group of sparrows as if flung out by the sound. The man shook himself free of his thoughts and decided it was high time for him to be going home. Nellie would be waiting with supper for him, and punctuality was first and foremost with Nellie. Her daily activities were as well regulated as the ticking of a clock, and she always resented any interference in her carefully-planned schedule. The man sighed and kicked the snow viciously with his foot and watched it grasp and cling to the knarled wooden fence in brave, scattered patches. Their thirty years of life together had not been a tremendous success, he reflected a little bitterly.

When they were first married he had invested his savings in land out west and together they had waited confidently for the fortune that would soon be theirs. But no such fortune was forthcoming. Together they watched their money and their hopes dwindle into a misty past. With what was left they bought a small farm in the north of Quebec, and settled down to the weary, frugal life of a peasant. He had sensed all these years that Nellie had never quite forgiven his folly. He felt it in the small sigh that now and again escaped her as she spread the red and white checked cloth for their meals; he felt it in her roughened hands with their big finger-joints; in her lank, greying hair; in the quick, impatient way that she dropped lumps of sugar into a cup of tea.

It all happened so quickly that he remembered it afterwards only as a series of quickly flashing events culminating in one tremendous climax. Homer, the sheep dog trotted across the road, probably at the sight of some irresistible wild life scuttling into the underbrush on the other side. At the same time a long, shiny car rounded the curve. The purr of the high-powered vehicle was broken by a thin, shrill scream. The car swerved, rocked dizzily for a moment, jumped a small sharp embankment, shuddered for a moment like a great fallen animal, and then lay still. Now there was no light except the lividness of a sullness evening.

Through the dazed brain of the spectator seeped the realization that this was pretty serious. He floundered to the car. The two occupants lay very still. A man in chauffeur's livery was slouched behind the steering wheel, and there was a great, oozing wound above his left eye. His lids flickered for a moment and he groaned softly. The girl in the back was conscious, but her face was distorted with intense pain. "My foot," she whispered almost inaudibly between tight lips. Apparently she had thought of jumping out when she realized the impending disaster. The car had fallen on the side of the open door, and her foot was caught between the door and the firm, merciless ground. As gently as he could he disentangled her from the wreckage and began to carry her towards the house. Half way there he noticed that she had fainted.

An hour later Nellie sat quite still beside the bed where the girl lay very quietly, her white, bloodless face upturned to the ceiling. The candle burned its little pear-shaped flame on the table by her side. She sat listening vaguely to the hollow swish of the trees in the winter garden outside, and watched the shadow of a moth that dashed madly about the room. She looked drowsily around her. The familiar room was bare and spotlessly clean. It was used in summer time as an extra dining-room for visitors when the kitchen was full. Suddenly deep within her burned a strange and

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The War of 1812 In the Eastern Townships

J. A. H. RICHARDSON

Before that "century of unbroken peace along our borders" of which our public speakers so frequently boast, the Eastern Townships had its wars and rumours of wars. Of these, the War of 1812 seemed the most likely to turn the district into a battlefield. During the French régime, war parties had passed through it from time to time (the last and most famous occasion was Rogers' Raid, known to readers of 'Northwest Passage"); but the commonest route between the frontiers of New France and New England had been by Lake Champlain and Otter Creek in Vermont. There had appeared to be more danger in the Revolution, now that the swift advance of settlement in the Colonies had reached the upper Connecticut, and made more practicable the "back-door" route into Canada along the St. Francis; yet warfare in the Townships had still been limited to the passage of spies and British scouting patrols of which Governor Haldimand's papers provide such a detailed record. But by 1812 the Vermont frontiersmen had reached the boundary, and on the Canadian side there were around ten thousand souls established in the southernmost townships. Some of the settlers (more than is generally conceded nowadays) were Loyalists, but the majority were Americans, the overflow of population from New England, and now that the war clouds threatened again it is no wonder that many people feared the danger from this quarter.

Others were more hopeful. In 1805 a militia had been organized in the area, and at the outbreak of war the Eastern Townships proper supplied four battalions and part of a fifth to one of the regiments of the provincial militia. Their colonel, Sir John Johnson, was the leading Loyalist in the province, and the other chief officers were also Loyalists or of English birth—the Adjutant, Captain Glen of Chambly, and the battalion commanders, Lieut.-Cols. Luke of Philipsburg, Henry Ruiter of Potton, Cull of Hatley and Pennoyer of Compton. When Jefferson's embargo in 1807 had first brought the serious threat of war, these men had worked hard to arouse the people's patriotism; Glen made a tour of the battalions that year with good effect—in Philipsburg "many huzzaed their Adjutant General, as they termed Captain Glen and would follow him wherever he should lead." There was, it is true, a great shortage of arms and uniforms (which made the Stanstead militia jealous of their neighbours across the line, who had "a very handsome uniform, particularly Hatt and Feather"); but after 1807 the militia officers seem to have thought most of their men would turn out to repel the invasion they expected east of Memphremagog. "The inhabitants generally," said Cull the month after war was declared, "have been as obedient to the Laws for eight or ten years past, that I have lived with them, as the like number of subjects in any part of his Majesty's Province," and his battalion hoped to prove to the Governor "what we wish for our motto—'we obey'."

A month or two earlier the battalions had passed the first test of their loyalty, when most of them with little trouble had supplied their quota (twenty men from each to serve for one year) to an emergency corps of "select and embodied" Lower Canada militia, formed for active service. In December came the alarm (later proved false) of an American invasion west of Lake Champlain; it brought out as many as three hundred militia-men from the Third Battalion and a satisfactory number from the others, ready to march to the frontier, "with each a blanket, suitable clothing and eight days provisions, also an axe to every six men." Next month Captain Oliver Barker of Compton (a man who had only emigrated from the States since the Revolution) enlisted a full company of "Independent Volunteers" in the Townships, willing to be attached to any corps and serve "for the defence of this Province" as long as the war lasted.

But the darker side of the picture soon became apparent too. When war broke out, numbers of the settlers began to flee across the border—some because of fear of the ravages of Indians attached to both armies; some because of American sympathies, fear of confiscation of property in the States, or what a Townships notary quaintly called "Wives' fears, wives' partiality to the people of the States . . . and their husbands tame submission to petticoat government"; but others to avoid the ballotting for the draft. The Fourth Battalion (at Philipsburg) could not even find the required twenty fit young men. This was exceptional, but even Cull of the Third felt it necessary to apologize for what he called the "precipitate and inconsiderate conduct of a few boys of no property absenting themselves from the General Rendez-vous," and for the actions of many more who "endeavor'd to screen themselves from being drafted by entering into the Cavalry."

Things were far worse in 1813. The orders called for this year's quota "to serve on the frontiers during pleasure or the American War," and when the battalions met, hardly a single man would serve on these terms, alleging that "should they turn out they should be considered as having permanently enlisted as regular soldiers, and if it should please their superior officers held as such during life." Some of the battalions even drew up petitions that February, protesting this unlimited term of service, "in a cause where

Editorial

The collapse of France last spring and other development of the war, brought about an accelerated tempo in the war effort of Canada which, in figures, was reflected in the budget of June 24, 1940. In that budget, the Minister of Finance foretold a deficit of between $550,000,000 and $600,000,000, assuming expenditures of $850,000,000 to $900,000,000 for the current year.

Canada's war commitments up to about the end of October of last year had reached a total of $941,000,000, and they have undoubtedly increased since then. But postponement of the expected invasion of Britain has meant less wastage of equipment during the last few months than had originally been expected, and undoubtedly expenditures will be incurred for which payment will not come against the treasury before the close of the fiscal year. Perhaps an estimate of $850,000,000 for war expenditures during the fiscal year ending the 31st of next month is the best that can be made at this time. On the revenue side, recent monthly reports indicate that tax collections and other ordinary revenues are yielding more than the budget estimates.

It is impossible to forecast what Canada will spend on the war in the next fiscal year. The cost is bound, as the war intensifies and as we pass from defensive to offensive, to be much greater than now. That is about as far into the future as we can speculate.

It is true that the Dominion began the fiscal year with a large amount of available cash ($187 millions) but it is obvious that to conduct its operations on the enormous scale of the present, large amounts of cash are required at all times. If we assume that cash available at the beginning of the year might be reduced by, let us say $137,000,000, this would leave $383,000,000 of deficit to be financed. To this sum must be added a very large and almost unpredictable amount in financial aid to Great Britain. (Canada has undertaken, in addition to her own war expenditures, to give all the help she can to the United Kingdom by making available to her as many Canadian dollars as possible for Britain to use in her war purchases here. This is done by repatriating Canadian securities. In the June budget a sum of $200,000,000 was assumed, but the actual amount required will probably be much larger.) If we assume $300,000,000 and add it to the $383,000,000 mentioned above, it is seen that, without looking into next year at all, Canada needs to raise by war savings certificates and by war loans, during the present fiscal year, probably not any less than $683,000,000.

To secure the money it needs, and in securing it, to attain social ends of the highest importance, the government has to move forward on a broad front. It must keep going a number of approaches to the public practically simultaneously. Income tax campaigning publicity must not obscure war savings certificates. And, when we come to it, even a war loan should not obscure war savings. They have a special merit of their own in a social sense as well as in war financing.

Generally speaking, that is the situation. By reason of the war orders and the principles adopted in the nation's war financing, Canada has a substantially expanded national income. (The national income of Canada being the aggregate of all individual incomes earned in the production of goods and services—it is the expression in a single figure, of the results of all economic processes.)

During 1941, the national income will be about one billion dollars higher than that of 1939, and people in the higher income groups will benefit least since profits are restricted by excess profits taxes. A great proportion of that billion dollars expansion will be paid out in wages to the men of the lower income groups. A great increase in the gainfully employed; higher earnings of labour moving up from part to full time; in some cases, increased wage scales; these mean large sums in new purchasing power, placed in the hands of the workers and their families.

If people who receive entirely new or largely increased incomes out of the war effort, all started buying extravagantly of non-essentials—things which require labour, materials or foreign exchange that are needed in the war effort —the results would be unfortunate and perhaps serious. A large part of the population would actually be competing against the government for labour and material needed in war work. They would actually hamper the war effort and impede the winning of the war. Also, they would cause price-increases in many articles, thereby reducing the buying-power of every dollar they have or receive.

If, on the other hand, they refrain from extravagance, and invest up to their very limit in War Saving Certificates and the like, then they help directly finance the winning of the war. By "making the old one do" they also help build up a post-war demand for goods and an enhanced buying power to purchase them. This will make easier the economic swing back from war to peace, by increasing the prospects

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