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LIST OF ADVERTISERS

There is No Beauty Any More

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

—R. Smith.

JOHN BROPHY—(Continued from page 10)

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

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

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

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

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

NOTES AND COMMENTS—(Continued from page 29)

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

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

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

Alumni Notes

LEON ADAMS

Births

BOUILLON—At the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, on April 20, to Mr. W. Selwyn Bouillon, B.A. '26, and Mrs. Bouillon, a daughter.

HALL—At the Catherine Booth Maternity Hospital, Montreal, on April 30, a son to Mr. Gordon G. Hall, B.A. '34, and Mrs. Hall.

AYLAN-PARKER—At Whitehall, England, on March 28, to Jean, wife of Captain C. J. Aylan-Parker, B.A. '36, Royal Canadian Regiment, a son.

MOORE—At Missisquoi General Hospital, Sweetsburg, on April 3, to Mr. J. C. Moore and Mrs. Moore (nee Alison Ewing, B.A. '32), a daughter.

Engagements

MCMURRICH-ROY—The Rev'd Canon E. R. Roy, M.A. '99, and Mrs. Roy of Waterville, P. Q., announce the engagement of their daughter Carol to Mr. Arthur Redpath McMurrich of Toronto. Mr. McMurrich was a member of the university in 1936.

Marriages

PIBUS-PATTERSON—The marriage took place in April, at the Church of St. James the Apostle, Montreal, of Miss Phyllis Alice Muriel Patterson, R.N., only daughter of Mr. Herbert Patterson and the late Mrs. Patterson, to Sergeant Observer Henry Hodsmyth Pibus, B.A. '34.

STOCKWELL-EVERETT — The marriage took place recently of Edythe Mae Lyons Everett, B.A. '39, elder daughter of Mrs. William G. Everett of Lennoxville, to Lieut. Lyle Burbank Stockwell, R.C.A., only son of Mrs. H. W. S. Downs of Lennoxville and the late H. E. Stockwell of Danville, P. Q. The marriage was solemnized at St. George's Church, Montreal.

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

Among the ushers were 2nd Lieut. J. E. Martin, B.A. '39, and 2nd Lieut. G. Blake Knox, B.A. '38.

WITH THE KING'S FORCES

Lieut. J. C. Campbell, B.A. '36, is with the Tank Corps.

Terry Giles, B.A. '40, is in England with the Carleton and York Regiment of New Brunswick.

Gren Temple, B.SC. '40, has just received his Pilot Officer Commission in the R.C.A.F.

Ronald Rivett, B.A. '38, is with the R.C.A.F. in Canada.

Allan Magee is overseas with the Canadian Infantry.

Lieut. J. S. Ewing, B.A. '36, is with the C.A.S.C.

W. C. Stockwell, B.A. '32, M.D., is overseas with the C.A.M.C.

The Rev'd Eldon Davis, M.A. '39, formerly of Petawawa, is now on active service as an army chaplain.

Owen Fredericks, B.A. '37, is now in the Dental Corps.

GENERAL

Miss Ruth Echenberg, B.A. '40, is attending the Montreal School of Social Work.

R. B. Lamb, B.A. '36, B.C.L., has recently successfully passed the Bar examinations for the Province of Quebec.

The Lord Bishop of Quebec has announced the appointment of the Rev'd Canon Charles E. S. Bown, M.A. '13, of Comeau Bay, to be Rector of La Tuque, Quebec.

On April 20 John Nicholas, the son of the Rev'd Russell and Mrs. Brown of Sherbrooke, was christened by the Rev'd Elton Scott at St. Peter's Church in Sherbrooke.

Paul Niloff, B.A. '40, is in Medicine at McGill University, Montreal.

The Rev'd William Thomas Gray, L.S.T. '36, of Scotstown, Quebec, has been appointed priest-in-charge of the Mission of St. Paul in Sherbrooke.

Dr. G. H. Tomlinson, B.A. '31, is now director of research for the Howard Smith Paper Company of Cornwall, Ontario.

Recent visitors at the university were the Rev'd Colin Cuttell, B.A., the Rev'd Norman Pilcher, B.A., L.S.T., Jim McNellie, B.A., Charles Miller, B.SC., John Starnes, B.A., Evelyn MacDonald, B.A., Helen Legge, B.A., Peter Greenwood, B.A., Jim Bredin, B.SC., Merritt Pharo, B.SC.

Buds

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

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

Leon Adams.

at the same time, peruse this book, whereby you shall attain your desired condition." Another chapter of his work he dedicates "To Mrs. Anne Danvers, of Chelsea: Madam, Let not your maiden modesty be betrayed to a blush, seeing yourself here left alone, surrounded on all sides with masculine Dedications. It will keep you in countenance, if reflecting your eye either on the first page of this book, or side columns of this page, where you shall find the queen of virgins in the front thereof, whose reign in this book is described; indeed a portion thereof, being designed to your late brother, (now glorious saint) falls of course to you, with his goods and chattels, as his sole executrix. If any Latin letters occur in this section, I doubt not but God will seasonably provide you such a consort who, amongst his many other virtues, will change you to a happy wife, and translate them to your understanding. "Undoubtedly Fuller, like the Roman Martial of the first century, felt that "if a thing has to be done, it may as well be done effectually."

From Fuller's time until 1775 when literary patronage came to an end this system of flattery for pay was shamefully abused. Men of letters who knew the disappointments and humiliations of such begging, still felt compelled to cringe and bow down to the great. And they did it in no mean style. We are told that "royalty lived in a perfect shower-bath of adulation and panegyric." But authors were beginning to rebel against such degradation, and though they flung their adulations to royalty with abandon, it was an abandon of defiance, a sort of compliance with a seemingly necessary evil. We find men like Goldsmith casting sly digs at such servility in letters to a London paper and in his novel, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, and Swift reciting in a poem what might be expected from a servile bard who "lied for hire and flattered for reward."

The man whose rebellious attitude heralded the final downfall of the patronage system was Samuel Johnson. The independent publication of his Dictionary in 1755, in spite of many set-backs and obstacles proved that public support and not private patronage was the author's best and surest reward. In indignation and pride Johnson wrote his famous letter to the Earl of Chesterfield whose promised patronage had not been forthcoming when the struggling scholar had needed it. He wrote, "Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door, during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before . . . Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, would have been kind, but it has been delayed till I am indifferent and cannot employ it; till I am solitary and cannot impart it; till I am known and do not want it . . . Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning I shall not be disappointed though I shall conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation. My lord, your lordship's most humble, most obedient servant, Sam. Johnson."

Although literary patronage went on for another twenty years, and Johnson himself wrote masterly dedications, though usually for others, the gradual rise of a greater reading public brought about the method of publishing books by subscription. Then the booksellers hit upon the expedient of serial publication, which lessened the cost of publishing and increased sales. From now on the rewards of writing lay in the author's own ability and popularity. Dedications became fewer and less flattering, until finally the business of patronage was dead, and only the memory of it remained in our pleasant custom.

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SKI PATROL—(Continued from page 18)

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

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

It was still snowing gently.

Exchanges

D. D. ROSS

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

"The Gateway" (University of Alberta) enriched its last issue by adding a photogravure section, showing scenes of campus life and personalities. The pictures were comprehensive, showing scenes of the infirmary, the dining room, various labs, the printing press, sports pictures, and even a snap of the college "lover's lane".

We turned up an entertaining story in "The College Times" from Upper Canada College. The title is "R7176 Missing", and its interest depends almost entirely on the plot, so we will say no more. "We, The People", an article in the "Trinity University Review", makes the best approach we have yet seen to the subject of lack of contributions to the college magazine.

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

We were pleased to receive the following magazines and papers:

Red and White, St. Dunstan's University, Charlottetown, P.E.I.
Acta Ridleiana, Ridley College, St. Catharines, Ont.
The Queen's Review, Queen's, Kingston, Ont.
The Trinity University Review, Toronto, Ont.
The College Times, Upper Canada College, Toronto.
Alma Mater, St. Jerome's College, Kitchener, Ont.
King's College Record, Halifax, N. S.
The Record, Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.
The Algoma Missionary News, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.
Campus Chronicle, Magee High School, Vancouver, B.C.
The Gateway, University of Alberta, Edmonton, Alta.
Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa, Ottawa, Ont.
The Challenger, Saint John Vocational School, Saint John, N. B.
The Argosy Weekly, Mount Allison University, Sackville, N. B.
The Brunswickan, University of New Brunswick, Fredericton, N. B.
The Bates Student, Bates College, Lewiston, Me.
The Acadia Athenaeum, Acadia University, Wolfville, N. S.
Xaverian Weekly, St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, N. S.
Failt-Ye Times, Macdonald College, Montreal.

—o—

"Lift Up Your Hearts"

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

And, sweeping down the garden paths, the winds stoop down and bring
The scent of far sky-meadows where wild birds on the wing
Like thoughts are flitting here and there in freedom's ecstasy,
Forgetting all the world below and the nest on rock and tree.

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

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

—Archdeacon Frederick George Scott.

stance that P. G. Wodehouse dedicates a novel to his daughter, "without whose kind assistance this book would have been written in half the time," or that John McCormac inscribes his recent book "Canada: America's problem," "To my father—though he will disagree with most of it," or that Ronald Knox offers *Let Dons Delight* "To Daphne—All this waste of time." But whatever the inscription, most authors dedicate their books as their fathers did before them, though not for the same purpose and not in the same literary manner.

If we look back to the days of ancient Rome, when culture was flourishing, when Virgil was writing the lines which were to make him the greatest of the Roman poets and Horace was becoming prominent through his rebellious satires and charming odes, we find two words coming into wide cultural usage, the words *dedication* and *patron*. The two terms stood together for a system by which authors were remunerated for the publishing of their books in the days before royalties and public support offered them some means of independent livelihood. An author prefixed an inscription to his work, addressing it to some particular person hoping to gain his patronage. It became the patron's duty and privilege, sometimes a doubtful privilege to be sure, to protect the author and to support him financially and publicly. The function of the patron was a most important one, so necessary in fact that the system of patronage extended into other fields of civic life, and the relation of the patron to his client became that of an overlord to his freedman. True, the relationship was often based on mutual respect and understanding, but even the finest patron held his clients dependence in his hand, and this servility, always irritating, brought about the eventual downfall of the patronage system in later centuries.

But what a debt we owe to the literary patrons of such poets as Virgil and Horace! These two men were fortunate enough to gain the support of Gaius Maecenas, the most distinguished of all patrons of literature under Augustus. Maecenas was a member of an ancient and noble Etruscan family. We learn that he had been carefully educated, and had developed the most refined literary taste. He had wealth and position, and his attractive and winning personality won him a place near the emperor Augustus. We can imagine the importance to an author in that last quarter of a century B. C. of securing the patronage of a man who was not only a court official, but also a friend and adviser to the king. Maecenas seems to have been a literary enthusiast. He even tried to write himself, but he was severely criticized for these attempts by the censors of his own day. However, his place in the history of literature is assured, for it was he who persuaded the emperor to recompense Virgil for the loss of his property as a result of the Battle of Philippi, a loss by which the author was so impoverished that he could not afford to have his works copied by the scribes, or published, as we would say. After this reinstatement by Augustus, Virgil was drawn into a close relationship with the imperial circle. Augustus and Maecenas smiled upon him, he lived at Rome on an estate near Naples, and here he wrote in honour of his distinguished patron, the Georgics and his national epic poem, the Aeneid.

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

That literary patronage was a necessity, though a most distasteful one even to many of these early Latin authors, we learn from words of the Roman Martial who had to defend himself against accusations of flattering the court of Domitian. Apparently Martial was no better or no worse than the general run of the people among whom he lived, and his excuse for gross and fulsome flattery was that court patronage was a necessity of life to him. So he answered his accusers in these words which cast an indictment on the system of patronage for all time: "Flatter the emperor and his court? of course I do; so does everybody; why my livlihood depends on my doing it. I may admire the republican sentiments and uncompromising spirit of some members of some old families, but I cannot live upon my admiration . . . 'But my flattery is so gross? (you say) Of course it is: How can it be otherwise? It would be of no use if it were not gross. If a thing has to be done, it may as well be done effectually, and the Romans have made such progress in encomiastic phraseology that anything short of highly seasoned flattery is no flattery at all . . . If I am to flatter Domitian at all I must . . . flatter him to the top of his bent. I do not say that I admire him or his courtiers for liking my flatteries, but that is no business of mine . . . I shall continue to flatter the emperor and the court so long as it serves my purpose to do so, and I cannot see who is worse off by my doing so." Thus Martial bows to a literary fashion that was not to be removed till the 18th century when the development of the book trade made independence possible.

In the age of Elizabeth authors were continuing to flatter the court when it served their purposes to do so, and it still remained to their advantage to secure prominent and generous patrons. But under Elizabeth the growth and spread of literary activity became rapid. Authors were drawn from every rank of life, and the methods and motives of patronage varied with their social positions. Patronage became a great and difficult game of preferment, with the reputations of writers as the stakes and the whims of the nobility as the hazards. We read that Spenser's early poems helped him to win the private secretaryship to Lord Grey of Wilton, which made Ireland his home for the rest of his life. And when Spenser wrote his *Faerie Queen*, a great tribute to an English monarch, he dedicated it to Elizabeth "to live with the eternities of her fame." But Elizabeth did not give Spenser the high office that he sought as a reward. He had to rest content with a pension of 50 pounds a year, a sum corresponding to at least 300 pounds now. Thus the author had to take his chances. He might receive in recognition of his flattering eulogy a high office, he might receive a sum of money varying in amount with the generosity of his patron, or he might receive nothing at all, other than the gratitude of the person to whom he addressed his dedication. Richard Robinson, who compiled and translated a number of dull religious works, records that he presented his "Harmony of King David's Harp" to Queen Elizabeth as she was "goying to the Chappell in the morning," and that he received no gratification; in fact the queen characteristically told him that she had quite enough to do in paying and relieving her needy soldiers, and that as she had not set him on the work she did not intend to pay him any wages.

Among the great Elizabethan patrons the name of Sir Philip Sidney holds an honoured place. He was a nephew of the Earl of Leicester, but his influence was not due to his family connections, nor to his wealth, for he was not a rich man. Mr. Nichol Smith terms him "a comrade in letters who gave the great encouragement of example, a man who was by common consent the most accomplished writer of his day." Spenser acknowledged him "the president of noblesse and of chevalres" and "the hope of all learned men." He was held in great affection by his contemporaries, and regarded by many as the perfect patron. His gentility, his bounty, and above all his understanding and encouragement made him an invaluable friend to those who wrote not merely for shameless gain but for the love of the art. After Sidney's untimely death, his sister, the Countess of Pembroke, encouraged struggling poets, partly because she too took great pleasure in authorship, and partly in memory of her brother. Many dedications were addressed to her throughout her life, and she became a celebrity in her own right as well as for the fact that she was Sidney's sister and the Earl of Pembroke's mother.

And what of the man whose patronage gave Shakespeare to the Elizabethan world, and who in his turn was made famous forever for having sponsored so great a poet? Shakespeare had apparently but one patron, the Earl of Southampton, a gentleman whose love of learning and delight in poetry soon drew him into a friendship with Shakespeare which was lasting and profitable to both. "The love I dedicate to your lordship," says the poet in one place, "is without end . . . What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have, devoted yours." And Southampton, if the tradition is true, gave Shakespeare a thousand pounds at one time, a gift which has no equal in the history of patronage.

In Thomas Fuller, the English Divine who lived in the early 17th century, we find an example of the extremes to which book dedications could be carried. Fuller wrote many religious tracts and treatises, dedicated to various and sundry nobility. His *Church History of Britain* which runs into six volumes has not only a lengthy dedication at the beginning of each volume, but at the beginning of every section and chapter also. Heylyn who undertook to criticise the Church History in Fuller's own day ridiculed this multitude of dedications, but as Fuller was apparently one of the first authors to make an income by their pens, we can see some method in this literary madness. The fact too that his dedications escape flattery by their witty ingenuity and unforced humour somewhat mitigates his crime. His contemporaries thought of him as "dear Thomas", and "quaint old Tom Fuller," and his eulogies prove fascinating to us because behind them we can picture the shrewd, kindly man whose sly humour is as infectious as it is enjoyable. In one place he addresses a section of his History "To Master Henry Barnard, Late of London, Merchant: Though lately you have removed your habitation into Shropshire, my pen is resolved to follow after and find you out: seeing the hand of your bounty hath had so long a reach, let the legs of my gratitude take as large a stride: when you shall be disposed to be solitary, and desirous to have society

The Bishop Looks Down

MISS C. E. THOMPSON

A short time ago Mr. Van Wyck Brooks, a noted authority both on American literature and on social evolution in the United States, published the first of a proposed series of volumes on his country's literary history. In this book, entitled the "Flowering of New England," he reviewed American literary activity during the years 1815 to 1865, interpreting the lives and writings of Longfellow, Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Lowell and others of the famous literary lights, as expressions of the social, political and religious life of the time. The result was a highly important and singularly fascinating book, one of the finest, most stimulating criticisms of American writers ever produced. Thorough, intimate, and homely Mr. Brooks' descriptive method of writing is immensely effective, inspired by fine discrimination and controlled with masterly skill. A thousand details are welded together making something substantial and real. Impressionism is sublimated to scholarship; narrative fashioned to the purposes of philosophy. Brooks has taken a symbolic group of ideas, documented by books and memoirs of the New England writers, and expressed them so effectively that they cease to impress us as ideas at all. We read them rather as a narrative of people and events. But these people and events are placed in an entirely new focus. More than any other writer Van Wyck Brooks has made us feel the richness of American literature. "The Flowering of New England" is indeed a rare combination of exact scholarship with great art.

All those who had read this fascinating book awaited its sequel with interest. They were not disappointed. "New England: Indian Summer," the second of the proposed series has in the United States already received almost every literary honour that could be bestowed upon a contemporary work. Here the study of New England's literary history is taken up where the former volume left off, and brought up to the year 1915. Mr. Brooks has found this era a time of fascinating complexity. The period between the close of the American Civil War in 1865 and the economic collapse of 1929 was marked by an accumulation of material wealth unparalleled in the history of other nations. It was also marked by a shifting of centres of influence, a radical change in standards of conduct and thought, all of which reacted upon literary and artistic tastes. Thus, though Mr. Brooks is writing of poets, novelists, historians, he never forgets the degree in which external events affected their development. His story is punctuated by the lives of four men: Henry Adams, Henry James, Francis Parkman and William Dean Howell. But there are also scores of lesser authors half-forgotten men and women lovingly resurrected and painted with his lavish pen. Mr. Brooks does not attempt to impose any artificial unity upon this period. He has no grand theme, just a dozen or more minor themes none of them impressive or even important. Yet from this fragmentation emerges a sufficient pattern for the history of New England, and indeed for all of our intellectual history. "New England: Indian Summer" possessing the same careful scholarship and vivid style which made memorable "The Flowering of New England," ranks among the outstanding non-fiction publications of the year. It is to be hoped that Van Wyck Brooks will soon publish further volumes on this interesting subject.

LITERARY PATRONAGE GRACE JACKSON

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

Sports

B. H. W. KIRWIN

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

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

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

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

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

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

Badminton Crests—Hollinger, Savage, Duval, Tanner, Day, Westgate.

It was mentioned that Dr. Raymond supported the badminton team admirably in several of the matches.

Minor Ski Awards—Peake, D. Tomilson.

Ski Crests—Peake, Tomlinson, Brown, Stairs, Kirwin.

Minor Hockey Awards—Savage, Duval, McKell.

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

Major Basketball Awards—Hay, Carpenter.

Richards, Lane and Stevens requalified for their major awards; and on successful completion of his first year Hollinger will receive a major letter.

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

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

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

The McKinnon Trophy for Interyear Hockey was received by Hugh Smith for the doughty freshman team. The first year had an extremely strong team and won all the games it played during the winter. The ski cup for the championship of the Eastern Townships zone was presented to captain Jack Peake by Lester Tomlinson. The intramural golf championship trophy was presented to Sherm Peabody who won it last fall.

For three months he harbored on the border of life and death. The doctors were at a loss to explain his condition. His housekeeper explained that his health had been failing just before he left, and in the excitement nobody mentioned the day of his departure or arrival; so the discrepancy in time passed unnoticed.

He remained sometimes semi-conscious, sometimes delirious, sometimes they even thought he was on the road to recovery, but never for long. Then one day his condition was unquestionably worse, and the doctors gave him but a few hours to live. Cynthia, waiting patiently outside his room in the hospital, was suddenly distracted by the conversation of two nurses standing nearby.

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

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

A nurse at the door of Wagoner's room beckoned to her.

"You'd better come in now," she whispered, "he seems to have something he wants to say to you."

John, dozing in a nearby chair, was aroused by a tap on the shoulder, and they tip-toed into the room and stood one on each side of the sick man's bed. Faintly he whispered:

"Cynthia, my dear, come nearer to me. I must confess something before I die, so that none else will suffer for my terrible deed. That man . . . the river . . . listen carefully, Cynthia," and in a stumbling, incoherent fashion he told the whole story. Cynthia calmly replaced his hand on his chest as a look of peace crept over the dying man's face. As the realization came to her, she stood pale and silent and breathed up a prayer:

"Thank God he never knew."

—o—

PROVIDENCE—(Continued from page 14)

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

The last of his sentence was lost on Edge. He tore from the room. That sheer pin! Neil was running on a half severed sheer pin. It couldn't possibly last out the whole race, and if it gave out on a turn, God help Neil!

He reached the boathouse completely out of breath. In no time, he had the old launch unfastened and was streaking down the bay towards the course. So that was the reason for the contented smile this morning. He might have known something was up. It explained, too, the unlocked door in the boathouse. Why hadn't he acted on his too short-lived suspicion that all was not well?

As he approached the nearest buoy, he saw Neil, neck and neck with a long red bug, make the turn, clearing the buoy by an unbelievably small margin. He swung in as near to the course as he dared but found that Davidson's old launch was not up to the feat of equalling the high speed of the racing outboards. Then it happened. Neil was in a bad slide outside of the red boat on the next turn when suddenly his motor began to scream. The shear-pin was gone! The motor was running free, its contact with the prop lost. The sudden check in speed threw the driver forward and as the outside of the boat bit into the water, it leaped completely free and sumersaulting twice in the air, landed on top of Neil.

They brought him in, dead. Edge, stricken at the loss of his friend, especially since he had not had an opportunity of explaining the switch, was there, clumsily trying to help raise the body onto the wharf. Now he realized why Neil had behaved so strangely. Smarter than himself, he had recognized that the motor on his boat was not his, but Edge's, and had naturally blamed Edge for it. If only he could have found it out sooner and warned him!

Abruptly Edge turned from the body of his friend and dropped into the Davidson launch. The old boat throbbed and shook under the strain of its engine, and the face of the man at the wheel was terrible to behold, its normal, fair good-looks, distorted beyond recognition by an inhuman rage.

Edge stalked into the sitting room with the couch still by the fireplace. The doctor was bending over the prostrate form of old Bar Davidson. He turned and regarded the boy gravely.

"He's dead—poor man—he was a good man too, in his own way."

Edge stood still for a moment and then wandered blindly from the room. The doctor was not finished for some time, but when he was, he walked over to the window and looked out. There at the mouth of the bay, was the launch, a mere speck on the horizon. As he watched, it turned out of the mouth and headed towards Providence.

Notes and Comments

WILDER G. PENFIELD, JR.

We shudder to think that in the last issue of this magazine we had the presumption to rhapsodize about the beauties of spring. We have now decided that our first impression was false. A more odious season does not exist. Probably the bees and the birds would not agree with this, but at this time the Bishop's student feels even more than ever his kinship with the tillers of the soil for whom awakening of life upon the earth means nothing but that they must start tilling the soil all over again. Even thus, the student realizes that the time has come for him to start ploughing up the fields of learning that have lain fallow all winter. This is not intended as a reminder to lazy students that the examinations are again upon us. Personally we despise the sort of kill-joy who takes delight in such sadism and many is the offender whom we have cheerfully strangled for just that offense. But there is a tradition of long standing that the procreator of this department make a few fitting remarks on the subject at the beginning of his final brain-child. And we are an abject slave to tradition. Now that we have fulfilled our sacred duty, our conscience has given us the go-sign; so, egad, we are off.

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

Not long ago the annual platoon inspection was held, and very keen was the rivalry seen that day — in fact so keen that in the final marks there was a difference of but one point between each of the three platoons. This year the third platoon took the Ross-McMurtry trophy. Congratulations, Rud Everett! Now all was finished, excepting for the inspection, and all did their best to profit by their few mistakes in the competition in order to make this the most successful inspection to date, and to justify Major Church's confidence in his contingent.

The day came. As hoped, it turned out sunny and cloudless, setting a perfect stage for the drama which was to take place. Major General Tremblay, Inspector General of Canada, and Brigadier General E. Panet, Officer Commanding M. D. No. 4, and their staffs officiated, and were very pleased with the show we put on for them. The ceremonial over, there was a demonstration of the work being done in training the men, after which there was an official presentation of the trophy to the winning platoon. The "Brass Hats" were very voluble in their praise of both the men and Major Church who has done such a fine job here this year.

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

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

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

The Spinster's Spree, this spring, was an outstanding success from all reports. It was held at the Mayfair, where Rollie Badger's boys supplied inspiration for terpsichorean activity. The place was as full as it has ever been and a delightful evening was enjoyed by all. This event comes each year as a bit of a shock to many on the Bishop's campus, when they find out that they are not nearly as much in demand as they imagined. In almost every case though, upon being approached on the subject the comeback is that they didn't want to go anyway and wouldn't had they been asked. Well, that must make the girls who didn't ask them feel much better about it we have no doubt.

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

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

(Concluded on page 38)

had run into a more serious vein.

She sighed and looked up at him, her lashes half hiding her eyes. She stirred slightly and then stretched, letting her hand fall between them on the seat. The movement so graceful and so natural, touched something in him that had not been touched for a long time. He knew it was not right but somehow before he let her go he was going to kiss her. The very thought sent the blood rushing up to his head, and his heart beat faster. What did she think of him? He could not guess, but he reasoned that he would gain nothing by not trying, and what had he to lose? He changed gears at a stop light and from the lever allowed his hand to drop half on top of hers. These were tactics that he had used on his first dates, he thought, and looked fixedly to the front. She did not move her hand. His heart was beating now so that he could hardly drive. What was she thinking now? What should he do next? Slowly he grasped her fingers in his. There was no response. He had never had the courage to try even this much back in the days when he and she saw a good deal of each other. Another light. He had to change gears again. This time he raised his hand as carelessly as he could and placed it on the seat behind her. Gradually, he lowered it until it touched her shoulder. There he left it until a sudden excuse to brake gave him the opportunity of drawing her towards him. Without protest she moved over until she was close beside him. The heavy beating of his heart made him feel weak, and he cursed himself for his childish cowardice. This was easy, he thought, I probably could have done it years ago. However her lack of any response whatever was not comforting. He suddenly realized that they were approaching her apartment. He drew quietly up in front of the door and looked down at her. She was looking straight to the front and did not stir. With his left hand he raised her face to his and kissed her. She remained limp in his arms. The passion of his kiss seemed to have no effect upon her, and when at last he raised his head he saw tears in her eyes. He felt baffled terribly embarrassed and a little hurt as he reached down and turned off the lights. Well, that was that. And what had it gotten him? He didn't know. That was the baffling part of it. What did her passive acquiescence to his advances mean anyway? He was desparately puzzling this out as they entered the building and walked down the long corridor oward the elevator. Would she want him to go up with her? Did he want to? What was this all about?

"I'll leave you here," she said, turning to him at the elevator door, "Thank you ever so much for a really wonderful evening. It was like a chapter out of the past—an unfinished chapter, but a closed one." Her voice was getting softer and softer, and a tear trembled on the lower lash of each eye. "And Henry, please give my very best to Jane and—well—good-bye Henry. Yes—Jane and I knew each other fairly well in school. I never had a chance to congratulate you before, but both of you are very lucky. Good-bye, Henry." The elevator door closed quietly between them. So she had known all the time and never said anything. What must she have thought of him! He blushed furiously at the very thought of what he had said, the lies he had told her, the leading remarks. Poor, sensitive Henry was completely unnerved.

It was a very much humbled and dispirited man who returned the rented car to the garage. As he walked away down the street he was struck with a sudden idea. He almost ran to the nearest drugstore. He would phone Jane tonight. She would probably think him crazy, but he had to do it.

Stepping into the telephone booth, Henry Lightheld Livingstone was again perspiring freely.

Sorrows of an Orchestra Leader

Anonymous

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

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

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

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

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

But being a band leader has its disadvantages. I can get no respect. I am sure Dorsey gets respect. I am also sure Miller gets respect. But I can get not even a little respect. I say in an authoritative voice calculated to include kindliness and ability "Right, boys, give 'em 'Whatcha know Joe' and mow 'em down." The drummer clicks his sticks 1-2-3-4 and they're hot into "Stardust". They complain that I said "Stardust" first, and make some remarks about not mattering what part I play because there's no difference. I don't get the remarks. But you see? No respect.

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

It's a hard life we musicians have to put up with. The other trumpet, physically smaller, is a woman hater. He claims that whenever a certain girl passes the bandstand during a trombone solo, there goes the solo. That happened only once. I lost my place in the music. The trumpet sympathized. He also says the girl must pass the stand quite a lot. I don't know how to take that remark.

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

EAST TO THE RIVER—(Continued from page 23)

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

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

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

"W-w-who are you?" Wagoner stammered.

"Why, Mr. Wagoner, I'm John Sutton, your future son-in-law," was the reply.

At this point out rushed Cynthia, her face showing her surprise which changed to alarm when she saw the ashen colour that her father's face assumed. He was staring in consternation at the young man's face, and suddenly pitched forward in a dead faint. With some difficulty the two managed to get him upstairs to bed, and his daughter, in a panic, called the doctor.

The Guild of the Venerable Bede

LEON ADAMS

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

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

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

The missionary work of the Canadian Church is one of the main interests of the Guild members. Each year, generally by means of the Sports Party, a sum of money is raised for missionary work in Canada. This year, the Guild was able to send $20.00 to the Montreal branch of the Fellowship of the West, $25.00 to the M.S.C.C. to help make up the loss of the English missionary grants, and $10 to the Bishop of Quebec for some mission in his diocese.

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

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

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

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

"God send us men whose aim 'twill be
To make the word of love their creed,
And to live out the laws of Christ
In every thought and word and deed.

"God send us men alert and quick
His lofty precepts to translate,
Until the laws of Christ become
The laws and habits of the State."

—(Hymn 643)

St. Bede of Jarrow

(To the tune "Picardy" 229)

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

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

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

—Leon Adams.

Hooky

WILDER G. PENFIELD, JR.

Henry Lightheld Livingstone was perspiring freely as he left the telephone booth. He lighted a cigarette and choked painfully on it. He made his way through the crowded drugstore, still coughing, and subsided on a stool at the counter. The attendant, with the brusque and impersonal efficiency which characterizes his kind, produced a glass of water from nowhere. He drank the water, spilling it down his front, and ordered a cup of coffee.

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

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

"Hi, Di!" He tried to sound as casual as possible and act as much like his old self as he could, but he stumbled on the threshold and almost fell. He caught himself and blushing as it seemed he had never blushed before, tried to recover his dignity. "Always was a bit clumsy. My years of discretion don't seem to have—that is—I guess I still am."

"Remember the time you fell down the stairs at Jimmy MacVean's party?" she asked, and they both laughed. The ice was broken. Soon they were talking of old times reminding each other of half forgotten escapdes and enjoying many a hearty laugh over incidents of the now nearer-seeming past.

Henry had a wonderful time. He always had enjoyed his dates with Diana. They went to a night club and afterwards to a roadhouse well out of town. On the way back though, his nervousness returned. He was driving slowly and pensively. Neither had spoken for some time. He turned his head and looked at her. By the faint light from the dash and from the occasional street lamp, he could see that her head was back against the seat cushion pillowed on the mass of amazing hair, which, in this light, looked almost black, excepting for the occasional glint of the rusty gold. She looked tired, he thought, but the years that had passed since he had seen her seemed not to have aged her a bit. He smiled to himself. What must he look like to her? He knew that although the wasting hand of time had been very kind to him, he was no longer the dashing, handsome man of his younger days. He was a little heavier than he had been and his hair, thought he still had all of it, was turning slightly grey on the sides. Perhaps, he mused, she thought him more a man of the world than before. Certainly their conversation towards the end of the evening

The Mitre

1940 - 41 Board

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East To The River

MISS J. E. SUTHERLAND

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

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

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

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

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

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

Several hours later found Wagoner nervously pacing the floor of his hotel room. He had resolved to wait till evening to go to his sister-in-law's house to pounce upon the unsuspecting pair of lovers. To quiet his nerves he went down to dinner where he sat alone, pondering a plan of action. The orchestra played a melancholy tune, and the room began to fill rapidly with gayly dressed couples. Then, chancing to glance at the dancers, to his surprise Wagoner beheld his daughter, laughing and talking amiably with a tall young man with slightly foreign features. Restraining an impulse to leap up and vent his rage upon the unwelcome suitor, Wagoner sat gazing at him with malevolent hatred. Some fragment of reason left in his now thoroughly disordered mind showed him the folly of attacking the stranger in the crowded dining room. As soon as the music stopped, Wagoner saw the pair pick their way through the crowd to an abscure table where another couple were seated. He was about to move nearer to get a better view when the young man excused himself, walked hastily to the check room and got his hat and coat. Wagoner cautiously followed him through the hotel and, to his amazement, saw him take the arm of a young lady who waited for him in the lobby.

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

(Concluded on page 27)

LIFE AT BISHOP'S

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

"A wicked rogue, an execrable wretch!" Sir Christopher's voice burst in upon my thoughts. He had lost at cards again, and was busy venting his anger upon the victor. By the time I reached the drawing room door, my husband had forsaken the smoking parlour. He was seated at a sidetable, reading Foxe's "Martys" with apparent satisfaction, a flagon of spirits at his elbow. His face, was flushed by anger and drink, his wig, usually faultlessly powdered, hung in disarray, the curls limp and straight about his head. Despite all this, his clothes were the acme of style and perfection. He was clad in blossom-coloured velvet trimmed with gold, a two-point lace cravat, and matching ruffles, white silk stockings, and shoes which sported large square buckles plated with silver. A glass was stiffly applied to his eye. Opposite him, in a wainscoted recess, amongst costly blue and white jars, Lady Emily huddled, a pale, wretched figure in dull green and ermine. Soon the guests, tired of cards and drink would retire. Then, I must approach Sir Christopher about his sister—altogether an unpleasant task, and fruitless as well, which I was soon to discover.

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

Dearest Sarah:

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

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

Affectionately,

Emily Hogart.

This news did much to enrage my already vexed husband. He forbade the entire household, including myself, to make any attempt to communicate with Emily. Indeed, her name was not to be mentioned in his presence. Soon after this unfortunate occurence, our guests departed for Kent in order to attend the cricket matches then in progress there. My lord and I were alone, and, except for an occasional trip to the springs, I was left to my own resource. For now Sir Christopher refused to associate with the gay crowds that daily filled Epsom. During this time I particularly missed Emily and often wondered concerning her fate.

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

After his sister's unorthodox departure, I seldom saw Sir Christopher. However, it was evident that he was spending more and more upon his attire. The fineness of his laces and velvets could hardly have been surpassed even by the most fastidious of young courtiers. And although I had never been accustomed to worry over the state of my husband's finances, I now feared that he was spending more than became even a successful and wealthy baronet. I also knew that he was gambling considerably, for he often returned from St. James Coffee House bringing with him friends, court fops, who never appeared in any alacrity but when raised by wine. These when they had retired to Sir Christopher's study would pass the greater part of the night in drinking, gambling, and heated argument. Indeed, the latter sometimes became so serious that they resulted in duels. I knew for a fact of at least two deaths resulting from quarrels begun in my husband's study. However, although these parties were somewhat annoying they had not worried me considerably until one day when we had finished our dinner, and the servants had been dismissed. Then Sir Christopher with obvious reluctance confided to me that he was sorely in need of money. He had stolen government funds in order to pay some gambling debts. These he had to pay at once, or fight a duel with one of the notorious rogues in the city. The latter neither his constitution nor his reputation could stand, and thus Sir Christopher's self-reliance and fortitude had crumbled. He was completely helpless. There was no one to whom we might turn for assistance. Soon it would be necessary to produce the money. Public disgrace, even, perhaps imprisonment, awaited the once proud baronet. Even to Aunt Maria we could not confide our troubles, for Lord Townshend was also a party member, one of the men my husband had cheated.

Naturally, at this time I was not in a state to make the prospect of a social evening, particularly inviting. But Lady Montagu, with her own peculiar talent for inventing unique pleasure had organized for that evening a jaunt to Vauxhall Gardens. However, Sir Christopher, unable to think of any solution to his problem, had retired to his room, to sulk, curse, and drink. Thus, I determined to set out accompanied with my friends.

That night Vauxhall was particularly festive. The evening was extremely warm and pleasant for late September. The orchestra too was particularly fine. The gay frocks and cloaks of ladies mingled pleasantly with the rich velvets and glimmering sword hilts of the gentlemen's attire. However, even this beauty of sound and sight failed to brighten my spirits.

Suddenly, while I was gazing pensively amongst the crowd, I chanced to distinguish a most handsome woman. She was clad in flowered silk, with a cloak of black velvet, Mary Queen of Scots cap, high-heeled black shoes, and embroidered stockings, all of which gave ample proof of the prosperity of their wearer. With her was a handsome man, a Grenadier, in a gay uniform, faced with scarlet and blue, Mechlin lace cravat, and sugarloaf cap. The handsome features and courtly bearing of the lady reminded me of someone, whom I could not say. Then, suddenly I remembered. Why, it was my Emily! Before I realized what I was doing I was by her side laughing, questioning, crying. Emily needless to say was equally surprised. When we had found a quiet place, she told me of her life. How her husband through the aid of his cousin, had been able to pay off the mortgage; how he had become a partner in his cousin's business and soon became very wealthy; and, finally, how he had joined the Queen's army, and was to leave for the continent very shortly.

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

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

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

ing around Phil saw that no one was in sight. He carried Ernest's body into the nearest house, told the inmates that he had found it lying in the street, and almost ran from the place.

The next day had found him in Three Rivers. He went at once to the H. Q. of the Three Rivers Regiment and was told there that the new force actually existed and where to find its H. Q. Two hours later he was a slightly bewildered but none the less genuine member of the Canadian Army. All the qualifications that one needed to join the force were a fair knowledge of the north country and ability to get around on skis and in a canoe. He had not drawn any ski equipment, preferring to use his own, but had been issued a beautiful white fur uniform and given two days to join the force which happened to be in La Tuque at that time, 110 miles up the St. Maurice from Three Rivers. He had left at once.

The first thing he had done on the train was to buy a paper, and even before he could get comfortably settled he saw it. There it was on the front page; an item telling that Major Ernest Balder was in a hospital suffering from a severe concussion received in a fall on an icy street. Little hope was held for a rcomplete recovery. Phil gazed out the window at the snow covered ground. "So this is what it feels like to be a murderer," he had thought. But it wasn't as bad as that, the paper said that there was a chance that he might recover. The next hour had been the worst Phil had ever experienced, but after he had decided not to give himself up to the police and confess everything he felt better. Nothing he could do now would help Ernest, and if Ernest did recover and told all, that was all right too. All the way to La Tuque the wheels, clicking at every joint in the rails, seemed to be saying, "If he should die, if he should die, if he should die." When he finally arrived at his destination he reported at once to his unit.

The next two months had been anything but dull. Phil's rise through the ranks had been rapid, mainly because of his linguistic ability, his skiing skill, and his knowledge of the north country. His eyesight didn't matter; so he wore his glasses at all times now. The only one who wasn't surprised at his success was Phil himself; even his superiors regarded him a little awefully, but Phil never thought about anything much except Ernest. However he had heard no bad news. With an effort Phil brought himself back to the present. "Damn that wolf," he muttered.

This was Phil's first command and naturally he was anxious that it should be a success. After a little more thought he decided to make a personal reconnaissance of the village ahead. He called his sergeant and told him to go ahead and make preparations to stay the night where they were. It might have been better to try to find billets for the men in the village but he hadn't liked the way the man at the last farm had answered his questions, and he couldn't afford to take chances on this first patrol. Just as he was about to push off down the incline in front of him he heard a hail from the rear. Turning he saw two men skiing up the valley towards the camp. He was able to see that they wore uniforms similar to his own and as they came closer he saw that one was a captain and the other a private—probably a runner. "How are you," the former asked. For a moment Phil thought he must be going mad —the voice was that of Ernest, but unaware of the sensation it had caused the voice went on, "I am Captain Williams. I hope you won't take it too hard but I've been sent from La Tuque to take over your command. As I've just been transferred from the artillery I'll need your help and you're to remain as my second-in-command." Swallowing his disappointment Phil outlined the situation briefly and told Williams what he had been on the point of doing. "Good idea," the captain answered, "my runner and I'll go along with you." Phil wanted to go alone and tried to warn them that the village could quite possibly be the H. Q. of the rebel force which was reported to be gathering in this district. But it was no use.

It took them about fifteen minutes to reach the village. Scarcely had they entered it when a shot rang out and the runner pitched forward on his face. Glancing back Phil saw their retreat was cut off. It would be foolish to go farther into the village, so yelling to the captain to follow him, Phil dashed for a house on the left. Kicking off their skis in a hail of poorly aimed shots the two men leaped up the verandah stairs. On the top step Williams gasped and stumbled. Phil caught him before he fell and with him in his arms crashed through the front door. With his one free hand he managed to slip the bolt into place and then made his way up a narrow flight of stairs to the left of the door. At the top he placed his companion on the floor and began blocking up the stairway with all the furniture he could find. When he had completed a barricade which he thought would hold his pursuers at least for a few minutes, he turned to examine his companion. He had been shot through the back up near the neck, and taking his pulse Phil saw that he was mortally wounded. Phil splashed some water in his face from his water bottle and poured some down his throat, and in a few moment he regained consciousness. Without a trace of fear in them his eyes asked the question, and Phil could only nod in reply. Then in a surprisingly strong voice he said, "Well, if that's the way it is, I might as well get this off my chest. You remember when you came to Quebec about half a year ago to see if Balder couldn't get you into the army as a personal favour? Well, you didn't see

(Concluded on page 36)

Doing Unto Others

MISS C. E. THOMPSON

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

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

Her scarlet cloak, trailing in the mud shone flame against the setting sun. For some reason, I know not why, that carefree rural damsel reminded me of Emily. I must return to her.

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

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

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

"Adieu to the knight
Was dubbed last night."

She appeared most handsome, clothed in a petticoat of black velvet, embroidered with chenille, 'neath a gown of white satin, embroidered also with chenille mixed with gold ornaments. I could hear her shrill voice, as she displayed for all eyes her efficiency in the art of fluttering one's fan. "This rural politeness," my lady's eyebrow arched delicately, "it is so troublesome. Why, a country squire shall make you as many bows in half an hour as would serve a courtier for a week." Had I been one of them, a woman of gentle birth and rearing, I too might have appreciated Lady Montagu's remark. I too might then look down with ill-mannered contempt upon humbler visitors to the waters. However, unlike Sir Christopher's guests of the evening, I was not of the aristocracy. My father had been a humble yeoman of Cambridge, our beloved "corn country." Like that maiden with the scarlet cloak, I had trudged over muddy roads; tended sheep and cattle upon the heath and common; and learned to love the ordered, peaceful countryside, about which the poet writes: that perfection of rural loveliness in contrast with the mountains' magnificence above and around. And had it not been for Aunt Maria I might have remained a humble, ignorant peasant, tending geese or shooting ruffs and bitterns. For to the surprise of the entire family, Maria Collins, a timid, though attractive, young governess won the admiration and love of Sir Timothy Townshend, wealthy Whig minister in Her Majesty's government. Thus, since Maria Collins had through her own endeavours become Lady Townshend, it was considered advisable that I should be sent to her home in London at an early age. Here, this able teacher, who prided herself on her extensive and important social connections, which, she boasted even included colourful Sarah Jennings, the Termagant Duchess of Marlborough, and devoted friend of Queen Anne, might instruct me in those matters pertaining to the education of a young lady of quality, and prepare me for a more advantageous marriage than my humble birth would merit. So it was that under the guiding eye of ambitious Maria Townshend I was in due time presented at Court, and soon afterwards became betrothed to Sir Christopher Hogart, a baronet of ancient descent. My parents, overwhelmed by this singular honour, conferred upon a daughter possessing no extraordinary talents or accomplishments, declared that we were indeed just of a humour. And though I had some doubts as to the truth of their words, they were soon forgotten amid the gaiety which heralded my first winter in London. At any rate, mine was a marriage of prudence and common good-liking without any mixture of the ridiculous passion of romantic love. And whether or not I regretted my renunciation of the grain fields and hunting grounds of Cambridge for the Court of London and the downs of Epsom had not, I must confess, entered my mind until that morning when Emily Hogart, my husband's young and beautiful sister, had appealed to me for aid.

with the money they would inherit from Herbert floated delightfully through his mind. A house on the Boulevard, perhaps, where you could look down on the rest of Montreal. A new car and a trip South every winter. They wouldn't have to envy their more fortunate friends. The taxi turned up Mt. Victoria Avenue and drew up before the Hawthorne Apartments. They were home again.

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

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

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

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

"Wait a minute," interrupted his wife. "Let me do it." She went to the phone and dialed a number. "Air Raid Campaign Headquarters?" — "This is Miss Earnshaw of the "Globe". I would like to ask a few questions about that hundred thousand dollar donation to your fund." — Yes. When was it made?" — "I see. Did he come to your headquarters in person?" — "He did? You're sure?" — "Oh, you know him personally. I see." — "And that was his only statement?" — "Thanks very much."

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

"I didn't, I tell you, I didn't," cried Henry frantically. "I wasn't out of the office all day. It must have been somebody else." Suddenly he turned pale. "The phone call! Remember the phone call! There must be somebody impersonating me!" Fear once more laid its clammy hand over his heart. What human being could there be that resembled him so closely? And even if there was such a person, what motive could he have? It was too fantastic. Unsteadily he sat down on the couch. "Get me a drink, for God's sake," he gasped.

Helen went quickly out into the kitchen. He heard her rummaging around in the cupboard; then there was silence. Suddenly a terrified shriek rent the air. "Henry! Don't!" It was Helen's voice, sounding almost inhuman from fright. A loud report cut short her plea. Henry heard the thud of a body falling to the floor. Ghastly laughter echoed through the apartment. His legs would hardly support him as he staggered across the room. When he reached the door he saw something that appeared to be himself standing over Helen, a smoking revolver in its hand. Then he fainted.

The trial of Henry Travers for the murder of his wife aroused considerable interest in Montreal. It seemed incredible that a man of his generosity—everyone of course knew of his donation to the Air Raid Fund—could be a brutal murderer. The facts, however, were inescapable. He had been found with a gun in his hand. One shot had been fired from it, and experts had established the fact that that shot had killed Mrs. Travers. The apartment had been locked from the inside—no other person could possibly have been present. The strange part of the case was the story which the accused man told. His mind seemed to be wandering. He insisted that some supernatural being had been responsible. Other than that he could offer no defence. Twenty minutes was sufficient for the jury to reach a decision. Found guilty, Henry Travers was sentenced to be hanged.

Every attempt to obtain a reprieve failed, and at nine o'clock on March seventeenth the sentence was carried out. At the same time a strange thing was happening in a vault at the St. Justin cemetery. A man was sitting on the edge of a coffin. As the clock in the nearby church struck nine he faded slowly out of sight. The name on the coffin?—Herbert Southwood.

Ski Patrol

ERROL DUVAL

It was snowing softly. The trail Phil had been following down the center of the valley came to an abrupt end at the top of a sixty-foot embankment. Phil turned swiftly towards his men behind him, barely visible through the falling snow because of their white uniforms, and flung up his ski pole at arm's length in the order to halt. Turning back to his front Phil was able to make out a small village about half a mile away. According to the map its name was St. Tite. It was entirely enclosed by mountains through which Phil had just brought his platoon. Again Phil turned towards his men, raised his poles above his head and then brought them down sharply and planted them beside him. It was the signal for a break-off and the making of a temporary camp, with always the possibility behind it of a permanent one. Knowing that his sergeant would take care of the necessary details, Phil leaned easily on his poles and prepared to take in the scene before him at his leisure. But far behind him, to the left, a wolf howled, and something in the lonely sound struck such a responsive chord in his mind that quite involuntarily Phil's thoughts turned back to a time almost exactly six months before.

June the twenty-ninth had been a lovely day. "Probably the most important day of my life," Phil had thought as he walked up the aisle to receive his degree. Everything seemed almost too good to be true, the look in his mother's eyes as he returned to his seat, the clasp of his father's hand. That night at the Convocation Ball Betty had seemed unbelievably adorable, and Phil's happiness suddenly had seemed more than he could bear and he had kissed her right there on the dance floor in front of everybody, and she had only blushed and looked the more adorable.

And why shouldn't he have been happy? He had a commission promised him and was leaving the next afternoon for Camp Petawawa to join his battery, after the formality of a medical examination. During breakfast at the hotel with his parents, his mother had struck the first blow at his happiness by saying, "Suppose they won't let you into the army because of your eyes Phil, what will you do then?" It was a thought which had come into his head several times during the past few weeks. But Phil had laughed it off with a confidence which he suddenly didn't feel. Two hours later he had stumbled from the examiner's office in a kind of unbelieving daze. He had been turned down flatly—poor eyesight. His parents had tried to console him, but they had all at once seemed very far away.

During the next few days he had thought of everything from enlisting in the Chinese army to committing suicide. Then suddenly it had come to him—Ernest. Ernest was his best friend and, more important, in charge of artillery recruiting for Military District No. 5 with headquarters at Quebec. Surely Ernest could get him into this war somehow even if it was only as a batman. He had taken the next train for Quebec. He was not able to get in touch with Ernest but through his secretary had made an appointment for the next morning.

When his turn finally came to go into Ernest's office he had taken off his glasses so as not to remind Ernest of his old trouble, in the hope that he would get him into some odd army job without bothering to have him examined. Without his glasses Phil could not distinguish a man's features at fifteen yards, but as he entered the office he never for an instant doubted that the man behind the desk was Ernest. He had been rather surprised when the man had not got up to greet him, but had simply motioned him to a chair. "How are you?" Ernest had asked.

"Oh I'm feeling fine."

"Anything in particular you want me to do for you?"

"Well I hate to think of it even now, but my commission fell through and I had hoped that you could get me into the army somehow — I don't care what I do just so long as I'm in uniform."

And then it had come, the very question Phil had been dreading—as to why his commission had fallen through. He had been forced to tell about his eyes. Pleas had proved unless and harsh words had followed. Phil had left in a blind rage and had gone home to try to think of some other scheme. His father was very influential but Phil had long ago made up his mind never to use that influence.

His home was a small town in the St. Maurice Valley. During his high school days Phil had had many friends among the French Canadian element in the town and he had come to speak their patois with a fluency which sometimes amazed him, and now that the was home these old friendships gradually began to be reopened. Although they had done their best to conceal it, Phil had become aware that there was a rising feeling against the English mainly because of the new conscription bills which made overseas service compulsory. There was a steady stream of men northwards to "Les Grand Bois," where they could hide out and defy the combined efforts of police and militia to capture them. Then had come to Phil's ears the rumour that a new kind of force was being raised. With its H.Q. at Three Rivers, it was a special body of men, on skies in winter and in canoes in summer, to hunt down unwilling draftees. While he was still toying with the idea of joining this, Phil had run into Ernest. To Phil's surprise he had stuck out his hand in the friendliest fashion, but all the pent up fury in Phil's mind had come to a head in a solid right to the jaw. In falling Ernest's head had struck a chunk of ice and a nasty cut had been opened up. Quickly glanc-

maybe he was worried about not having seen Nancy. Then the old man's complacent smile recurred to him and seemed to dance before his eyes all the way into the wharf. He couldn't help it; this race worried him more than it should have, and superstitious like all racers, he could not refrain from construing anything untoward as an evil omen.

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

"What do you suppose is wrong with him?"

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

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

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

"Neil—yeah—O.K.—thanks, I'll go right in." In a daze he started his motor and leaning forward unconsciously he gave it full throttle and sped towards the dock.

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

"Oh Edge," the man murmered, "I'm so glad you've come. Doctor Elmyrwon won't tell me so, but I know damned well I've got both pins in the grave now." Edge glanced at the doctor who sadly nodded his corroboration of the statement. Old Bar continued, "Look, Edgar, there's something I want you to know. Don't tell Neil about this,

(Concluded on page 28)

Impossible, But . . .

DAVID SAVAGE

The S. S. Lady Somers was only half a day out of New York. It had been a fine cruise. The weather had been perfect—very little wind and lots of sun. Everyone was cheerfully discussing the highlights of the trip, everyone, that is, except a tired looking man anxiously pacing the deck near the stern. He did not seem at all happy. Every now and then he glanced furtively at the other passengers, as though expecting to find himself under observation. A woman joined him. From his expression he did not find much satisfaction in her conversation. Their trip to Bermuda had obviously not been a success.

The man looked at his watch. It was almost four o'clock, and they were due to dock at eight. "I guess we'd better go below and get our things together," he said. "We may be in a rush when we land. I'd hate to have to hang around on this boat if the police suspect us."

His wife looked up nervously. "You don't think they'll be waiting for us, do you? But how could they be? Surely we'd have heard if anything more had been done about Uncle Herbert. I've looked through all the newspapers and there hasn't been a word about it. He was quite well known, too. An inquest would have been bound to attract some attention."

"It's all very well for you to talk," snapped her husband. "You have nothing to worry about. Think what would happen if I were to be caught. I'd be sure to hang, especially since the old boy was so popular. You may be sure there is no danger, but I won't feel safe until—"

"Until what?"

"That's just it. That's the damnable part about it. I'll never be safe. Never!" His voice started to become hysterical. "Why did we do it? Why? Why?"

"Quiet, Henry. For heaven's sake. Somebody will hear you. Stop worrying. Nothing could have gone wrong. You know yourself that the hypodermic didn't leave the slightest mark. We tried it often enough — my arm was sore for weeks—and it didn't leave a trace. And the air bubble. Remember Dr. Adams was talking about that last year. He said that it made a perfect case of heart failure. He suggested that hundreds of murders could go undetected every year, even unsuspected, if the murderers were careful. There's nothing to be afraid of. Come on. Let's go below and get ready."

Four hours later, as the gangplank was lowered, Henry Travers and his wife were among the first to leave the ship. She had apparently succeeded in reassuring him, for he faced the questions of the customs officials without the least sign of nervousness. At last they were out in the street. There was a train leaving for Montreal within the hour; so they at once took a taxi to the station. They had decided that their best plan was to go home immediately. If they stayed away too long people might begin to wonder. Sooner or later someone would connect their prolonged absence with Herbert Southwood's death—particularly since they would undoubtedly benefit by it. As soon as they arrived at the station Henry telegraphed his lawyer, Bill Morrison, to meet the train next morning. If anything unusual had turned up, Bill would be sure to know about it.

Sharp at nine the next morning the New York Central pulled into Windsor Station. The Traverses looked anxiously up and down the platform. Not a sign of Bill. "I don't see why he isn't here," said Henry irritably. "He's not busy at this time of the morning. It's going to be damned unpleasant if anything has happened and we don't know about it. I'll go in and phone him. Wait for me here by the restaurant, I won't be long."

A few minutes later Henry returned. He looked definitely upset.

"Henry! What is it? Has something happened? For heaven's sake tell me what it is!"

"I don't know what to make of it. He got my wire all right, but he says that just as he was leaving this morning I phoned him and told him not to meet the train. He claims I told him we arrived last night by plane. Swears that it was my voice. Besides, it seems I told him about that affair at Nassau—at least he says I did."

"Didn't he trace the call? That should be easy enough."

"Of course not," said Henry in a strained voice. "He thought it was me, so why should he? When I told him we had just arrived he thought that I was trying to pull his leg. I don't think he believes me even now."

"I wonder," mused Helen. "No. It couldn't be. Did he say anything about Uncle Herbert?"

Henry brightened somewhat. "I couldn't think of a logical question to ask, but fortunately he brought up the subject himself. Said that Herbert was buried a week ago yesterday. He didn't mention that anything out of the ordinary happened."

"See, I told you there was nothing to worry about," said Helen smiling. "We'll just keep the money out of sight for a while and nobody will remember that we were ever connected with Herbert Southwood. Come on. Let's get home and unpack."

In the taxi Henry relaxed somewhat. The mysterious phone call still bothered him, but he tried resolutely to forget about it. Once again thoughts of what they could do

Providence

WILDER G. PENFIELD, JR.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

lations between Shakespeare and his wife are shown in a light which reflects greater credit than is sometimes allowed on the union, and especially on silent and suffering Ann Hathaway; and the notorious provision of the will is at least plausibly interpreted in a way which absolves Shakespeare from the reproach—so out of harmony with what is certainly known of his character—of having wantonly and publicly insulted the old and helpless survivor of the home of his youth.

With Shakespeare's arrival in London in or about the year 1586, the pace of the action quickens and the interest becomes heightened. One of the most striking features of life in the Elizabethan age, and the source at once of its fascination and its perplexity to us, is the series of stark contrasts which it embraces. At one moment the Elizabethans seem very near to us, for all their ruffs and doublets and farthingales; and yet at another moment they present so strange a guise as to raise the question whether there is any real bond of kinship between them and their descendants of today. There is the, to us, amazing incongruity between the refinement of their poems and the cruelty of their amusements, between the sophistication of their manners and the filth of their surroundings; and the contrasts do not merely affect different classes of the people; the citizens who crossed the Thames to see a play of Shakespeare were, as Maurois points out, the same who enjoyed finishing off the afternoon by watching a wretched bear being baited by a pack of dogs, or assisting at the bloody butchering of a traitor.

Mr. Brophy makes the London of Shakespeare live for us again in its splendour and its squalor, in its aristocratic refinement and its brutal callousness. He introduces us to the Court and the nobility, to merchants' houses and the slums of the city, to the old Cathedral and the Bankside, and London Bridge, adorned at its Southwark end with hundreds of impaled heads of felons and traitors and heretics, to all the motley throng of citizens and soldiers, fine gentlemen and Masters of Arts, cut-throats and conny-catchers and trulls. And, above all, he introduces us to the world of the theatre, the proper habitat of his hero in his successive phases of odd-job man, stand-in, patcher up of plays, actor, playwright, and finally, theatre manager of established repute. We see the Elizabethan playhouse, open to the sky, with its tiers of circular galleries, its apron-stage thrust out amongst the groundlings of the pit, we share the clamour and the stench, the roughness and vulgarity, and yet withal the sure dramatic taste, the genuine appreciation of noble language and high action. We meet Robert Greene, the disreputable, embittered scholar-playwright, whose sarcastic reference to Shakespeare's growing success is the first contemporary mention of the poet on record, and we are allowed to be present at the moving scene of his death-bed repentance—one of the best passages in the book. There is Kit Marlowe, too, no less miserable in his taking-off, and Dick Burbage, and the ranting, self-satisfied Ned Alleyn, who, in his own estimation, assures the success of Shakespeare's plays but only when they are cut to his own measurements. We assist at what must surely be the queerest dramatic venture on record. the surreptitious bodily removal of the Globe Playhouse from Shoreditch to the Bankside in a hard night of rost at Christmastide, 1599. Ben Jonson, that unwieldy galleon, with much sack in his hold and much portentious classicism in his figure-head, lectures Shakespeare, amid hiccoughs, on the principles of dramatic art, and must be helped to bed by the poet and Michael Drayton. John Donne, but not yet the reformed and respected Dean of St. Paul's, crosses the poet's path at one of the crises of his career. The rebellion of the Earl of Essex comes in as an essential part of Shakespeare's own experience, and the way in which the consignment of Essex and Southampton to the Tower is the means of releasing him from a dark obsession, amidst the general terror and suspense of the city, is one of the most penetrating attempts to get behind the placid front of the Stratford bust.

In most of all this Mr. Brophy keeps in closest possible contact with his sources, even going to the extent of appending a critical postscript, in which, chapter by chapter, he distinguishes recorded fact from plausible supposition; and his imagination moves easily within the framework determined for him by historical data. If it goes beyond, as a connected story must, it does not contradict, what is certainly known.

But the main value of the book, of course, will have to be looked for, not in the reconstruction of the externals of Shakespeare's life, but in its presentation, within this setting, of his inner experience and growth, the world of thought and passion, of exaltation and melancholy and obsession which was the essential Shakespeare to himself. Here, as the author himself notes, sure guides are few and uncertain, imagination encounters little resistant material, and the relation of the biographer to his subject must largely be that of Shakespeare himself to the characters of his own creation. There is probably as much of Mr. Brophy in the Shakespeare he gives us as there is of Shakespeare in the Hamlet or Prospero which Shakespeare gives us. This indirect transmission of personality seems unavoidable here, and the result will have value in proportion to the sensitiveness and sympathy of the medium through which it reaches us. That is all we have a right to expect.

(Concluded on page 41)

Letter From England

The following paragraphs are taken from a letter received by Prof. A. V. Richardson from Bill Jones, a member of the University until Christmas, 1940. Bill Jones, son of the Ven. Archdeacon Jones of Lennoxville, is attached to the Royal Air Force as a member of the ground radio crew.

April 21, 1941.

Dear Sir:

"Finally we've finished our training and are now settled down in various parts of the British Isles. We spent ten long weeks on perhaps some of the most interesting work I have yet encountered. The course we took lasted just ten weeks but in peace time the identical course took two and a half years, so I shall leave it to your imagination as regards how much they tried to cram into us in that time.

"Two other chaps of the 160 that came over with me are posted to the same station. We are the only three Canadians in this district and as you can imagine we are having the time of our lives. The people down here are exceptionally kind (apart from our landlady) and they will go to no end of trouble for us. I dare say you know England many times better than I do, so I need not go into long detail on the subject of summertime here in the south. The country and the sea together—well, I've just never seen anything like it.

"The work is very easy—we have 36 hours off every four days, and we only work about five hours a day on the days we do work. The afternoon is the best part of the day here and since I only work one afternoon out of every five, I think I have very little to complain about. One watch I didn't used to enjoy particularly was the night watch. Do you think you would feel comfortable, sir, with a gas mask for a pillow, a work bench for a mattress, and anything that happened to be lying around for a blanket. Night watches only turn up once every four or five days, but you soon get hardened to it, and it's really surprising just how much sleep one can get.

"During my week-end leaves and seven-day leave I have spent a great deal of time in London. I don't believe that there is any other city in the world that could keep me so easily entertained as does London. There is no end to the number of places that one can see—one other chap and myself thought we'd cover all there was to see in Regent's Park in one hour. We set out accordingly and started our tour about 11 a.m. When we left the park it was very nearly 5 o'clock, and even then we had only 'scratched the surface'.

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

"Perhaps the bomb damage would interest you now if you were to return to England. Somehow the streets in London remind me of a person who has just come out of the dentist. As you walk through the thoroughfares you see the odd house or apartment building missing—perhaps two or three stores here, and then there mayn't be a scratch on any of the buildings for blocks. I am better acquainted with the ..... End than any other section of the city and of course the damage in the ..... End is not to be compared with what one can see in the ..... End. There are certain sections in the ..... End that seem to have gotten it worse than others. ..... Road, particularly in the business section has been very badly battered. road has been pretty well knocked around too. What the place looks like since the 'blitz' two or three nights ago heaven only knows. Amongst other places I believe that ..... is about as desolate a looking hole as one would care to see. I spent a couple of days in ..... just after a recent 'bliz' and believe me it was a mess. Whole areas were, and are still now I suppose, just so much rubble. Areas comprising ten, fifteen, and twenty blocks literally flat with not a single inhabitable place amongst the lot. It certainly brings you down a few pegs after seeing the suffering and destruction this war is causing. It is really pitiful, there's no other word for it. One of the most pitiful sights I've seen was in the London underground — every night the tubes are packed with sleeping people. Persons of every age and class just mixed up in a heap it seems—each one trying to get a wink of sleep. I saw one old man who must have been up in his eighties sleeping on the underground staircase with nothing but newspapers to keep him warm. When you step out of a tube late in the evening you find yourself doing all the latest dance steps in an attempt to avoid this one's hand and that one's baby. It is something one has to see for one's self . . ."

Best regards,

Bill Jones.

many tasty educational dishes without imbibing their essential contents. There is too much window-dressing in modern education. This superficial glitter obscures the necessity of a thorough and incisive study of those elemental subjects which are the bases of a sound nurture of the intellect.

Once more I quote Newman:

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

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

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

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

Valley Snow

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

—Leon Adams.

Gentleman of Stratford: John Brophy

DEAN G. BASIL JONES

Books on Shakespeare are as the stars of heaven, in number if not always in brilliance, and like the sands that are on the seashore for multitude. The vast majority of these books are concerned with Shakespeare's work, in its innumberable aspects and relationships. Only a few, relatively very few, face up to the enigma of Shakespeare the man, and seek to make him abide their question. Shakespeare the human being, who, after possibly a wild youth and certainly a hasty and ill-advised marriage in Stratford, came to London at one of the great epochs of its history, settled down and prospered, amassed a moderate fortune as actor and playwright, became one of the prominent personalities of the age in Court and literary circles, retired in due course to the town of his birth, and died there as Master Shakespeare, "a gentleman of worship" — having incidentally in the interval enriched the world's literature more than any man who has ever lived. What sort of a person was he, in the details of his daily life, as a man on two legs, if I so put it, and not as a collections of works within the two boards of a book? Not many have had the temerity to attempt to answer this question, and still fewer have achieved any degree of convincingness in their portraiture. The task is hazardous, for the scanty assured data have to be eked out by uncertain inferences from the plays and sonnets, and by the still less reliable imaginative reconstruction, as it is called, guessing would be better, of the particular writer, and the result is seldom other than inconclusive and unsatisfactory. I cannot recall, within the present century, more than four or five attempts to present Shakespeare in dramatic or quasifictional form which have had any degree of success. There is, of course, Bernard Shaw's brilliant but very short play, "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets"; there is a play by Frank Harris on the same theme, and his two studies "The Man Shakespeare" and "The Women of Shakespeare", in which he attempts to reconstruct the poet's personal life and character on the basis of the supposed intimations contained in the Plays; there is Clemence Dane's much better known dramatic effort, "Will Shapespeare"; and there is the novel "The Best of His Family" by Carola Oman. Apart from these I have heard of no others which are generally remembered, or are worth remembering, until we come to the present moment, and the Shakespeare novel which I should like to review briefly.

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

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

But, of course, the professor cannot be ignored. Though the book is fictional in form, it is in fact a study of Shakespeare; and sooner or later the questions cannot be avoided. Is it an adequate study? Is it even a credible one? How has the author used the available materials and woven them into his pattern? And what does he make of such hoary problems as the deer-stealing incident, Mistress Ann Hathaway and the "second-best bed," and the redoubtable lady of the Sonnets who is credited with so much of the splendour and misery of Shakespeare?

A short summary of the story will go some way to answering these questions. The narrative begins with Shakespeare as a lad in the Grammar School of Stratford, an imaginative boy, living in the past of Rome, and already at intervals experiencing the urge to poetry, obscurely but deeply affected by the sights and sounds of the country, and the play of human life. The chance overhearing of a story of a girl drowned in the river Avon makes a strong impression, which many years after is to take shape in the death of Ophelia. Some while later he encounters Ann Hathaway in the riverside mists, and discovers some of the romance of life, and more of its anxieties and responsibilities. This section of the story is told with charm and restraint, and is inherently not less probable than the commoner and more vulgar version of a callow youth entrapped by a designing woman many years his senior. In fact, throughout, the re-

Editorial

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Where Is The Leak?

Prof. W. O. RAYMOND

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

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

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

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

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

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

There is, it seems to me, a real danger in our schools today of ignoring the natural evolution of education stressed by Newman and the sound psychology that lies back of it. This danger might be characterized as a putting of the cart before the horse. Nobody would deny that there is a relative place for the exercise of judgment and the cultivation of enlargement of mind (or to use a modern term, appreciation) in the training of young and immature students. But, as Newman points out, judgment and appreciation to have any worth must be based on a store of accurate and disciplined knowledge. Bricks cannot be built into an edifice without mortar, and there is nothing more pitiful than a callow judgment and a shallow appreciation thrashing about in a vacuum. A cloud-cuckoodom of misty impressions, windy opinions, flim-flam appreciations, is a poor exchange for the garnering of precise and elemental knowledge, and the formation of aptitudes of mental keenness and incisiveness that give a cutting edge to the intellect. The earlier years of life, when memory is quick and retentive, when habits are readily formed, are heaven-sent times for acquiring that substantial knowledge on which the reasoned judgments of a man are based. There is no royal road to learning, and the attempt to substitute a vague and nebulous appreciation for that groundwork of knowledge which leads ultimately to a true enlargement of mind is a get-rich-quick policy that is full of pitfalls.

In keeping with this fallacy, there is a modern trend to avoid disciplinary subjects in order to follow lines of least resistance. The very multiplication of courses in the school curriculum, conjoined with a liberty of election, affords loopholes of escape. Nobody would wish to return to the narrow and ironclad educational system of the three Rs. But in the extreme reaction from this, there is a wide latitude which allows the young pupil to skim the surface of

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CONTENTS

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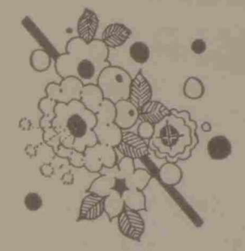

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