

Seul la lune par la fenêtre regarde
Pas un bruit pas un souffle de vie
Pourtant l'assassin demeure surses gardes
Faisant attention de laisser traces de lui

Enfin la porte s'entrouve avec grincements
Pour laisser passer le farouche tueur
Qui d'une main tremblante crispe son instrument
Pour frapper sa victime au coeur

Le silence bourdonne dans ses oreilles
Comme un gros tambour dans une parade
Sera-T-il capable de chose pareille
Lorsque l'instant venu il prendra escapade

La lame plonge dans les bras immaculés
Pour y laisser jaillir un sang chaud
Qui bientôt aura vite souillé
L'âme d'un innocent dans son cachot

Enfin son oeuvre est accompli
Sa revanche est chose du passé
Par la porte il s'est enfui
Mais sur le perron il fut arrêté

Sur l'échafaud il montera
Car un crime il a commis
La corde sur le haut l'attendra
Pour lui faire oublier ses ennuis.

—ANDRE DROLET '62

PASSING OF THE OLD GUARD

The heavy late November dusk was setting on the tired city streets and every now and again a light flickered on the cobblestones, then burst into a living flame and cast its oblong shadows on the rows of houses; as night steadily engulfed the city. Way out in the west bands of clouds were approaching and in a short while the rains would begin to fall.

Rounding the corner of Sullivan's Tavern, John P. Fitzgerald dressed in his black tails and top hat, peered at it a moment and then went inside. The place was full of heavy smoke, and loud talk, rolling laughter and the other indistinguishable noises of the beer hall. At the far end a couple of waiters stood, calmy talking beside the bar only half visible in the haze of smoke. Fitzgerald went up to the bar, his red, round face was grave and his mellow grey eyes were sad. He laid his hat on the counter; one of the waiters broke off the conversation and came to where he was sitting.

"'even' John P. What'll it be?"

"Rum"

"Comin' up. You put ol' Gorman away today eh. A long time. I suppose he's better off than the rest off us. God rest his soul."

FitzGerald didn't answer he took his rum and downed it, slapped a shilling on the polished surface of the bar and while it was still ringing he was on his way. As he passed through the door into the street, a few hands waved at him and a number of voices choursed after him "John P.", in the fashion of the St. John's barroom.

Outside it was raining the cold, autumnal rains and a whisp of wind was groaning in the streets. John started his way home, a slow almost deadened pace; the spry step was gone, the years had taken it bit by bit; they had taken a lot of things besides, his wife two of his children and now today his last old mate of the "wild years", as he called them; Peter Patrick Gorman better known as "Peter Pad".

The rain was that sort, as comes in from the far-off Atlantic swells in autumn, a fine, drizzly, impishly cold shower, which comes and goes like the will-of-the-wisp. It came and sat in beaded drops on John P's hat, and as the drops grew larger they fell from the brim, onto the broad shouldered cloak, held in place by a heavy metal clasp.

He wandered onwards in the rain, not towards home as he had intended, but instead directed his steps towards the waterfront to the place where he had grown up, and where the greater part of his life had been spent, for many years as a labour leader, and in these latter years as a business partner to the late "Peter Pad" in the firm of "GORMAN AND FITZGERALD, SHIPPERS AND IMPORTERS". It was here he had surrounded his memory with the smells of his life, the aroma of tar, the smell of rope, the rank odour of kentled fish and that particular stench, which stifled the lungs, resulting from the stevedores burning of tarred-paper, oily wood and bark for the noonday "boil-up".

Tonight the docks were working, making up for the time lost to the funeral in the morning. The old man thought to himself as he walked out under the heavy lights of the wharf how soon a person is forgotten these days, and his image is tucked away in some lost recesses of the brain, there to be forgotten amid the myriad other ghosts of the past. Perhaps it was better that way, but did it have to be so soon?

Nobody noticed him as he truged up the steep, side steps leading to the office where he and the deceased had worked so long together. In the office he sat in his chair, and in the semi-darkness of the little room, amid the whining noise of the winches his mind rambled over the years. Each succeeding memory brought to his

tired face a smile, a grave expression, or just a frown. He sat in this manner for quite a while, oblivious to the noise and the world around him, being completely immersed in the pool of his reverie.

After a time he came back to the world of reality, and rousing himself with effort from his chair, he left the office and proceeded slowly down the stairs and again felt himself surrounded by the vital sounds and pungent odors of the docks. He escaped them and in the swirling mist of the night, made his way home.

As he mounted the stony steps of his home, he turned to look out to sea. A low roll of fog was speedily closing in on the narrow entrance to the harbour and the south-side hills were already plunged under its pall; not too far off he could see the cathedral's massive towers looming up in the darkness like two giant beacons, a little distance further away was city hall, his home for a number of years. Now it was all over. He wanted a rest, God knows he needed it. He felt himself leaning on the hard concrete post of the house and only realized it when it shot its coldness into his back. He quickly retreated and stepped inside the door, took off his cloak, **shook it, placed his hat on the shelf, passed on from the vestibule into the living room.**

That night as he lay in bed he began to think how much things had changed since first he had set foot on those shores, and how all of his old friends had now passed on to their eternal reward, leaving him alone in a world which neither understood nor was willing to understand him; his soul realizing that it was part of an age that was passed, departed that night from this earth to give the body a rest after so many years of toil.

—CYRIL BYRNE '60

ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS

Of all the sundry societies in existence today, perhaps the least known and certainly one of the most useful is Alcoholics Anonymous. This unique association is a spiritual program in which the members, admitting they are powerless over alcohol, and that their lives have become unmanageable, turn their will and their lives over to God. Too many alcoholics have greater faith in science than in God. They will first try medical and psychiatric aid or almost anything, and will turn to God only when every other purely human means has failed.

The true alcoholic is not a wilful but a compulsive drinker—any man or woman who having taken one drink cannot guarantee his or her sobriety. There is no such thing as an ex-alcoholic—once an alcoholic, always an alcoholic. A true alcoholic does not get drunk for any conscious reason as does the drunkard. A man may get drunk often but still not be an alcoholic.