

every problem to it's simplest form, the way that your forefathers did (because in their time there was no room for complicated studies of subjects which were extra trouble and a waste of time); you break down your trouble into parts which can be easily solved.

And so it is that each of us has a way of solving difficulties. But if they get beyond your scope of reasoning, what do you do then? Most people pray to God for help and others give up entirely. No one can or should solve your problems for you, but someone or some atmosphere can help you. You can leave your troubles at my little, old, white-washed home, just as invalids leave their crutches at Ste. Anne de Beaupre. At this retreat, in the silence of the world, in a little corner all of your own, you "sift out" your problems in an easy, quiet atmosphere. Finally, success. 'Tis then you affix such a value on "Refugium". To my Refugium—and I hope it will be yours too—

I extend you a welcome!

—ALEX MacINNIS '50

OPERATION

With pocket-knife in hand, I undertook the task of repairing my room-mate's radio.

The model was not a familiar one, but my natural mechanical inclinations prompted me to uncover the trouble.

"How to get this thing apart . . . ?"

Taking in the situation with a glance, I perceived that there were a few wires trailing out the back.

"If I could follow those wires . . . but first, I must remove the rear panel."

I extracted three screws from the back and two from the bottom of the set and found that the thing was very simply disassembled.

With the working parts exposed for purposes of diagnosis, I felt quite convinced that I could find the ailment with little or no difficulty. How wrong I was! Little did I know how delicate and complex the operation was eventually to be.

Splurtch!!!!

"Heh-heh . . . a bit of a shock—perhaps I'd better pull out the plug!"

With the set finally deprived of this potent demon of electricity, I surveyed my task unafraid.

"Great things, these radios . . . I wonder what all these little spindles are? Perhaps that's the source of all that static! They seem to be loose too. I'd better tighten them."

Twenty-one minutes later, the entrails of the radio were ready to be returned to the case. However, just to reassure myself I plugged it into the wall.

"One-two-three-four minutes . . . sure takes a long time to warm up!" Five minutes later, there was a faint hum. But no soothing music. No soap operas. No nothing.

"Ah, well, it must be those tubes or condensers . . . or something," I said aloud to anyone who might have been listening. (I like to use technical terms even if I don't know their exact application.)

"Sometimes", I thought, "If you shake these things, you can hear . . ."

"Splotch!!!"

"Heh-heh . . . another little shock. I'd better be careful where I grasp this apparatus from now on."

Still no music.

At this point, I had a visitor who professed to know quite a bit about radios. It seemed his uncle was a radio salesman of some repute. I felt reasonably assured that with this reliable background, my friend would perhaps discover the little detail that I had probably overlooked.

He began his explanation: "You see this wire here . . ."

Splurtch!!!

I sympathized deeply with my unfortunate helper but encouraged him to continue in his great work.

Finally persuaded to go on, he explained,—with a slightly more timid approach to the whole thing,—the intricacies of the wireless. He took especially great delight in touching the head of a tube with his forefinger which process resulted in a loud buzz in the set.

But still no music.

At last, my willing assistant made a discovery. With his forefinger apparently glued to the top of the tube—(with the

resulting buzz playing havoc with my ear drums)—he found that by touching my forearm with his free hand, he could cause the buzz to become louder. He was quite convinced that he had uncovered something phenomenal.

Perhaps he had.

But today, the radio (if such it can now be called) rests in cold silence.

And still no music!

Even the buzz is gone!

—LORNE MacDONALD '50

PENSEES DE SAISON

Des quatre saisons, l'automne est la plus belle de l'année et la plus propice à faire naître en nous de salutaires pensées.

L'automne est la plus belle saison, parce que sa parure est la plus riche. Les teintes érisées des feuilles, se font les jouets du vent; les fruits qui, de leurs poids font courber les branches; les rayons du soleil qui, par intervalles, percent les épais nuages, et qui se rendent jusqu'à la terre, comme pour dire un dernier adieu aux plantes qu'ils ont fait naître, donnent à cette saison un cachet tout à fait spécial—un ensemble de beautés ravissantes.

Après avoir cueilli joyeusement la frêle fleur printanière, nous avons préféré la rose pourprée de juillet et respiré ses parfums enivrants. Alors, par une douce transition, l'automne nous fait goûter la délicieuse saveurs des fruits mûrs.

Cependant, au milieu de toutes ces beautés, se trouve une certaine mélancolie.—Si l'on entre un peu en soi-même, on y trouve cette loi "toute chose a une fin"—Comme les feuilles qui se détachent des arbres, nous voyons disparaître, une par une, les beautés aimées. Devant cette déchéance le cœur s'ouvre de lui-même et l'âme pleure. Alors, l'homme, non rassasié par le bonheur naturel, qui est inapte à combler parfaitement ses désirs et qui est de peu de durée, comprend qu'il n'est pas fait pour les biens périssables, mais pour un bien suprême, qu'il ne trouve qu'en Dieu.

Heureusement, à ces pensées mélancoliques d'automne viennent s'ajouter celles des neiges blanches de l'hiver, qui font redoubler de courage les âmes bien nées, car celles-ci comprennent qu'après la peine il y a la joie, et qu'après le travail il y a la récompense.