

Dieu a fait de l'homme le centre de l'univers : il importe avant tout à un étudiant de se connaître pour pouvoir remplir d'une façon plus appropriée le rôle que la société lui destine ; il lui sied mieux d'apprendre son métier d'homme, avant de l'exercer ; car on est d'abord un homme avant d'être un médecin, un ingénieur ou un avocat. Les études classiques sont faites tout à propos ; elles sont là pour lui donner plus de sens que de science, c'est l'important.

Moins de spécialisation, plus de travail en profondeur ; c'est la raison profonde qui garde au cours classique sa supériorité et sa valeur actuelle ; on ne distingue pas très bien comment il pourrait mériter cet épithète trop libéralement répandu de méthode d'éducation désuète.

ROMEO VEZINA, '45

CRIMINAL OR PATRIOT?

The extra edition of the *Bugle* carried the screaming headline, "Condemned Man Escapes;" below this there was a picture of a dark-haired, middle age man, whose most distinguishing mark was a scar over his left eye. Below this picture were the following words: "Arthur Gregson has escaped from Portsmouth Penitentiary. On January 8, 1945, he was tried for and convicted of the murder of his brother-in-law, Fred Baker, and duly sentenced by Judge Walker to be hanged on February 29, 1945. He is five feet eleven inches tall, has dark hair, ..."

Henry Wiseman came into his shabby room in Mrs. Brant's boarding house in a suburb of Toronto. He settled into his easy chair by the window, took out a cigarette, lit it, and picked up the paper he had just bought from the newsboy at the corner. He glanced casually at it, but soon his interest became more intense as his eyes fell on the headline, "Condemned Man Escapes." He read and reread the article and then, putting the paper down, he muttered to himself, "Oh! If I could only find this man. He would be just the person I need to carry out Paul Heinburg's instructions." Finally he arose and prepared himself for bed. As he lay on his back, before he slipped off to sleep, he smiled and thought to himself how he would be honored in Germany if he could carry out his plan. Yes, he was a German, and Mrs. Brant

and her other boarders would indeed have been surprised had they known that he was, in reality, none other than Heinrich Weisner, ex-Colonel of the Gestapo, and now a special secret agent of the Third Reich.

One evening about three weeks later, Henry Wiseman was in Joe's Tavern just around the corner from Mrs. Brant's Boarding house, toying with a glass of ale. He was indeed in a despairing mood, for as yet he had discovered no one to help him carry out his plan of sabotage. Just then a man spoke beside him.

"Would you mind sharing your table with me?" he asked in a timid voice.

"Certainly not; sit down," Henry answered, without lifting his head.

The other murmured his thanks and sat down. Finally, finding it strange that the newcomer carried the conversation no further, Henry slowly took his eyes from the glass of ale and looked at his companion. A look of mingled shock and pleasure passed over his face as he recognized Arthur Gregson, the escaped murderer. As Gregson saw he was recognized, a look of fear came over his face, but Wiseman hastily reassured him.

"Don't be afraid," he said. "I know who you are, but your secret is safe with me on one condition. This country will hang you if you are caught. I suppose, then, that you have no great love for Canada. Am I right?"

"Yes," murmured Gregson, a look of hope supplanting that of fear on his face.

"Then you will undoubtedly help me," continued Wiseman eagerly. "What I ask of you is not very difficult. In return for your services I will guarantee your safe escape from this country."

"What do you want me to do?" questioned Gregson submissively.

In a low voice Wiseman went on, "About seventy miles from here there is a prison camp where a number of my fellow-countrymen are held. If these men could be freed they would constitute a valuable army of saboteurs to work for me in this country. What I want you to do is to take this note to the camp and slip it through the wires; if it is pick-

ed up by my countrymen all will work out well. If it is picked up by the guards it cannot be traced and we will try again."

"Very well," answered Gregson.

Finishing his glass Wiseman said, "I will meet you here one week from tonight; I will expect your report then; and now I must be getting along."

"I think I will go too," said Gregson, rising.

Wiseman picked up his hat and they strode out together. They walked along the street to the corner, where Wiseman stopped, and said, "Here's where I turn off."

"That is where you are wrong," said Gregson in a quiet but authoritative voice.

At this Wiseman turned in surprise. The surprise was even greater when he saw the automatic in Gregson's hand.

"You will come with me," said Gregson in the same tone.

"Very well," answered Wiseman, seeing he had no choice.

Wiseman stood before the Chief of the Counter-Espionage Bureau, still menaced by Gregson's automatic.

"But this man is a convicted murderer," stammered Wiseman.

A smile played around the corner of the Chief's mouth as he answered, "That is where you are wrong. You see, Heinrich Weisner, we have known for some time that you were a secret German agent, but we were unable to obtain proof enough to place you in custody, until Art, here, thought up this scheme. The headlines of the *Bugle* were entirely fictitious. However, the next edition will carry a more interesting story, that of the capture of Germany's most powerful agent in Canada."

—BRIGHTON MacDOUGALL, '47

TO WHOM MUCH IS GIVEN...

Up to date histories speak in glowing terms of the accomplishments, scientific and otherwise, of our age. Among the contributions listed, modern science has given society three instruments which have a very powerful and far-reaching effect in moulding the popular mind. These instru-