

Professor Crawford—appropriately Professor of Education—is a man of wide and various interests. His love of classics is balanced by a love of boys and a love of sport. His speeches are as frequently adorned with a witticism suggesting the Hibernian strain in his mixed ancestry of Irish, English and Scotch, as with a Latin quotation. He is notable alike for clearheadedness and geniality. He knows not only how to choose his assistants but when he has chosen them gives them support and a free hand in the methods of their work.

From the first the University Schools have made a very good showing in examinations, carrying off numerous scholarships and other honours. They have also "become known as the home of great track, rugby and hockey teams". The Headmaster regards the taint of professionalism as fatal to true sport, but values games played in the proper spirit for the cultivation of "the virtues of courage, endurance, obedience, unselfishness and loyalty . . . the quality of scrupulous fairness, respect for the rights of others, chivalrous approval of the skill of opponents, scorn of mere trickiness". Prof. Crawford specially approves the boy who is both scholar and athlete.

It is worthy of note that of the 411 pupils and former pupils who enlisted for the Great War almost a fourth had won athletic distinctions and "nearly all were active in school sports". Five members of the staff also enlisted. Thirty of the boys from U.T.S. won decorations and fifty-eight, including one master, laid down their lives.

"As a tree by its fruit," says the Headmaster, "so a boys' school is known by its boys—past and present".

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THE BLACK ROBE.

MANY Canadians regret having lost sight of Douglas Argyle Paterson, a Toronto chap who produced and played in so many artistic performances through the East, and particu-

larly in his native city. "Deidre", presented in Massey Hall, Toronto, furnishes but one example of his excellent work.

Douglas Paterson lacks one essential necessary to all stage folk who would have their names writ boldly in electric lights—he cannot "bleat and blare" when it comes to his own exploits. Worse, he does not care to see himself in print, so the humble chronicler must confine herself to facts ungarnished by just comment; and make the following read two much like an extract from *Who's Who*.

From early childhood all the world was, to Paterson, a stage, and his family, somewhat less temperamental, frequently found it difficult to forgive his impetuous beginnings, when grasping the carving knife and leaping from the table, he would stand crouched over an uneasy diner and deliver a page or two of stirring lines. Missing articles or wearing apparel, or kitchen utensils—anything, in fine which would serve as stage properties, were always sure to be found in his room. He was eternally collecting a troupe of children and bringing them home for rehearsal.

He started in life as a Toronto newspaper reporter, but one day, he flung down his pencil and took the train for New York determined to get a theatrical job. He preferred to tramp the boards rather than the pavements.

He both tramped and sat. . . . sat long and docilely on managers' cane-seated chairs, of which none in the world are more uncomfortable. At last, however, he secured an engagement with Mr. Henry Miller who has held out a helping hand to so many youthful aspirants, particularly Canadians.

There followed engagements with Mrs. Fiske, and other familiar player-folk, from which list Belasco must not be omitted.

At "making up" a character, Douglas Paterson is a genius. He prefers old parts and takes delight in assisting Time to do his grim work. That