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# The Mitre

**ESTABLISHED 1893**

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*The Editorial Staff is not responsible for opinions expressed by contributors.*
“Life”, for November 9th, has a very interesting illustration on its cover-page. The picture portrayed is that of a man standing over his young son who is upon the floor playing with his tin soldiers. In the background is a shadowy picture of the Great War. Underneath are the words, “Ten Years After”. That is all, but what a great signification those words and that picture have! We can read in the face of the father mental questioning, uncertainty, and perhaps even despair.

“These are the horrors I underwent ten years ago; here is my son, still of a tender age playing at the gruesome game of war. Is war an inherent quality of mankind? Can there be any peace while man is constituted thus? Will this son of mine in a few short years, be playing that game in deadly earnest?” We can see these and a hundred other questions passing over the face of that man as he stands there watching his son playing at his innocent game of warfare.

The whole of living nature fights for its existence. Man is no exception to this generalization. Despite every peace-pact or league for the promotion of peace that was ever drawn up, or ever will be drawn up, that fact remains the same. The question is, will what is artificial ever be strong enough to overcome that which is natural? Man has fought for thousands of years. Treaties and peace have been made but to no avail; we cannot point to a single permanent one in the history of the ages. That father, who has perhaps just finished reading the account of the latest peace-pact, must feel discouraged of its success when he turns to watch his son there on the floor. A decade of peace has passed by, and the memory of the struggle has become a shadowy picture, like the background of the illustration, in the minds of those who took part in it; but now little boys are beginning once more to play the game of warfare in their own childish way. —— Is peace to be permanent?

We are pleased to notice that, for the convenience of students, the library is being kept open during the entire forenoon instead of the former short period of time each morning. This brings us to the question of books. How very few of us really appreciate the advantage we have in a readily accessible library. Looking back over a few hundred years into the Middle Ages a very distinct contrast is to be found. In those days books were rare; a single volume might cost a lord’s entire demesne. Cheap editions have done much to make learning available to everyone, but at the same time they have cheapened books in the eyes of those who use them. People are not inclined to respect a book which has cost only a few cents in the same way they did when a book represented a fortune. If we become accustomed to misuse cheap books we rapidly forget how to treat more costly volumes.

To everyone it should be a lesson in “book etiquette” to read with what difficulty books were procured in the Oxford of the Middle Ages. We read of Bacon and More complaining that they have wasted a good part of their lives in procuring rare volumes that they might continue their studies. We are accustomed to read through the average book in a few hours and then toss it aside for another; mediaeval scholars spent years in reading and re-reading one or two volumes. That time was not wasted, for on that intensive study our language, our thought, and our scholarship were based. It is impossible to read such accounts without realizing what a privilege we enjoy, even in the comparatively small library which we have at our disposal.

We feel sure that readers of “The Mitre” will find “Two Months on the Canadian Labrador”, by A. E. L. Caulfeild, B.A., of much interest. Words alone cannot express the difficulties with which the student-teachers have to cope in this work. We are very greatly indebted to Mr. Caulfeild for his article on the work undertaken by Bishop’s students during the past summer. Older graduates of the University will read with much interest the account of the installation of the Rev’d G. Abbott-Smith as Principal of the Diocesan Theological College, given in this issue.

The next and last issue of “The Mitre” for this term will take the form of a real Christmas number. At Christmas time it is the custom of most good Christians to try to show a little more good will towards their fellow man than at other seasons of the year. The Editorial Staff of “The Mitre” will try to present to its readers a magazine truly of the cheery, Christmas spirit, despite the fact that the date of publication falls alarmingly close to the opening date of the Michaelmas examinations. The Staff is pleased to announce that Mr. A. W. Preston, M.A. has contributed to the Christmas number. He takes as his subject “The Idea of Necessary Unity in University Life”, and since he has but recently come from one of the older colleges of the oldest university in England we feel that he is most competent to handle such a subject.

At this point the Staff wish to extend a hearty invitation to all our graduates to contribute from time to time to what is after all still their magazine. Letters to the Editor will be very welcome and most appreciated at any time.
This past summer, during the months of July and August, four Bishop’s students, Miss Belford and Messrs A. E. Caulfield, H. C. Vaughan and J. Comfort, and one McGill student, Miss K. Morrison, served as teachers in the Canadian Labrador under the auspices of the Canadian Volunteer Educational League. Equipped with safeguards against all the averred hardships of the territory to which we were proceeding, we set sail from Quebec City on the rainy morning of Wednesday, June 27th, aboard the Clarke Steamer “North Shore”. Owing to a shortage in cabin accommodation the male members of the party slept the first night in the Dining Saloon, but after that all went well. Having enjoyed the trip thoroughly we arrived at our respective destinations on the Monday and Tuesday following the date of sailing.

Miss Amy Belford was the first to leave us. We all went ashore with her at Harrington Harbour, and there were shown through the Grenfell Hospital and given some warm supper by the Rev. Frank Cooke, former Bishop’s student, who is now priest-in-charge of St. Clement’s Canadian Labrador Mission. On Tuesday morning we arrived at Mutton Bay, where Miss K. Morrison was to teach, and where Comfort and I were destined to remain for a few days, until my school building at Old Fort Island was completed and the carpenters had surrendered Comfort’s tent. Vaughan continued on the “North Shore” to Bradore Bay.

Mutton Bay is the headquarters of the Anglican mission, and here there is a very comfortable and homely parsonage, a well equipped one-room schoolhouse, while a new church building is in process of construction. The Grenfell Mission also operates a Nursing Station in this place. It is one of the larger and more prosperous communities of the Coast, and its site, the settlement on the bare rock with two long coves running in to the high cliffs which form the background, is much more beautiful than its name suggests.

The short visit at Mutton Bay was really a great benefit to Comfort and me, for while there we grew used to the Labrador life and to the rapid manner in which the people converse. An even greater privilege was the motor-boat trip along the Coast, and its site, the settlement on the bare rock with two long coves running in to the high cliffs which form the background, is much more beautiful than its name suggests.

The steamer journey back to Quebec was as interesting and pleasant as the down trip in June. We left Blanc Sablon on Tuesday, August 28th, rounded Greenely Island, and arrived at dock in the Ancient Capital on Sunday morning, September 2nd.

The summer did not, however, pass by as unimpressively as the above brief outline indicates. To begin with, one gains an impression of the physical nature of the Labrador while making the trip down the Coast on the “North Shore”. The first revelation was the extensive lumber industry which has been developed at the more westerly points such as Godbout, Shelter Bay and Clarke City. The pulp is brought directly from the bush to the steamer in large flumes, and in this manner the delay and waste of river drives is avoided. From the “jack-ladder” towers at the end of a flume a fourteen hundred cord pulp boat can be loaded in about twenty hours.

Mr. Harrington returned from Shikatika on Saturday evening, so we had a Baptism then of a two-months-old baby, and on Sunday two celebrations of the Holy Eucharist and Evensong. All the services were well attended. We borrowed a small harmonium from somewhere, and found in Miss Kathleen Fequet a most proficient organist. I was very pleased to note that nearly all present knew the services, and that they took their part in the most sincere manner. I had already met most of the people and received from them a shy but genuine welcome.

Bright and early on Monday morning — so early that I scarcely had my breakfast cleared away and my bunk made up — the children came to school. The first thing was to arrange them in grades, to issue school supplies, and to map out a teaching and study time-table. I found that I was to have five girls, aged from five to nine and one boy, aged five in the first primer class, three girls aged thirteen and three boys aged ten, eleven and twelve in the first reader, a girl aged eight in third reader, a boy aged ten in fourth reader, and three girls aged thirteen, sixteen and nineteen in the sixth reader. The curriculum was rather a problem. Equipment restricted the primer class to its primer, simple arithmetic and number work, and such expression work as I could devise. The other grades were to have the three R’s, plus a graded introductory course in English dictation, grammar and composition, with the teaching of as much history and geography as I could impart in story form. Scripture study followed a simple opening service for the first half hour each morning. All the children were eager and enthusiastic, and although their scholarly ability was almost in proportion to their strictly limited opportunities of schooling, I found it from the first a real pleasure to work with them.

Teaching and lay-reading, school and church, the days and weeks passed away rapidly. I grew to like the work more and more, and became very fond of the people with whom I was stationed, so that it was with a feeling of real regret, in spite of the attraction of going home, that I closed the schoolhouse and packed up in readiness for the steamer on August 25th.

The steamer journey back to Quebec was as interesting and pleasant as the down trip in June. We left Blanc Sablon on Tuesday, August 28th, rounded Greenely Island, and arrived at dock in the Ancient Capital on Sunday morning, September 2nd.
The St. Clement’s Mission territory begins at Natashquan. Here is situated the last wharf at which the steamer ties up. From this point onwards passengers and freight are transported to the shore in motor-boats. To the inexperienced observer this appears a most difficult and hazardous performance, but the members of our party, who met the fortnightly steamer throughout the summer, agreed that it is much easier to move about in a Labrador motor-boat than on the decks of the steamer. After passing Natashquan, one also notices the absence of trees and any tall vegetation. But one cannot describe the Coast as barren. The beauty of the Labrador is quite unique. In most parts the red granite rock rises sharp out of the water and meeting it at the high tide mark there is a growth of a multitude of creepers which overlie deep moss. The colour of the Labrador is a beautiful harmony of heather shades. It requires an artist’s sensibilities and speech, and defies his brush, to describe the Labrador.

That the Labrador is beautiful was not my only surprise. I also found the people and their manner of life quite different from what I had expected. The English-speaking people are mostly of Jersey and Yorkshire descent. Speaking for the people with whom I associated, they are hardy and energetic fishermen and fur-trappers. Labrador fur is famous, and its sale forms the principal component of every cargo the “North Shore” bears is gasoline drums. Every family also owns about ten Labrador dogs, those fine animals which can drag a loaded komatik and two men at a greater speed than a man can run. In summer, when the cod are spread out on the stripped rock to dry the dogs are confined in palisade-like pens. The howling of the “Labrador Male Voice Chorus” is the music to which one goes to sleep at night. They are possibly inspired by the Northern Lights which illuminate the heavens both summer and winter, and appear more brilliant and active than they do to observers in more southern parts of the country.

Social life is by no means nonexistent in the Labrador. Dancing of a kind which resembles a mixture of the Irish jigs and reels with the polkas of the last century is popular. It is performed to the music of the accordion and sometimes the violin. I was told that the best dancing is to be seen in the French settlements. The men delight in the game of “Five Hundred”. It is generally played round a large kitchen table — no other could endure the thumping by which they expressed their excitement as each card is played. On the two occasions when Comfort visited me we had a hilarious time playing the game in Uncle Jack Fequet’s kitchen. We also played bridge with the Fequet girls. They said that they had learned the game by radio. We called Mr. Fequet and the other older members of the community “Uncle” or “Aunt”, as the case might be, because one hears no other title of respect in settlements where the families are nearly all related by marriage.

One could ramble on indefinitely on this subject, but indefinite ramblings are usually boring. I trust that what I have already said is not. Some may consider it impertinence on my part to write that which I have written with so brief an experience to back my statements. I have but set down my own experiences and impressions as they have recurred to me. It will doubtless be noted that little is said of the fishing industry. That is because Clayton Vaughan saw more of it than I did, and I am hoping that he will wish to tell of it. In conclusion, it is sufficient to say that I truly enjoyed my summer in the Canadian Labrador. It is my hope that I may some day visit and work there again.

---

**Echo**

You green hills need not throw your empty sense
At me. It does not come from crying heart
But languid slopes; just merely words that dart
From off your grassy flanks in insolence.

As gaudy parrots sport their impudence
In stinging repetition, did you start
My words rebounding to and fro athwart
Your rugged slopes in stolen confidence.

I only cried aloud, in solitude
With clouds, the three strong words of grief that
Within my soul like throbbing brands of flame.
You took contrition with ingratitude,
You hurred them back at me again and flung
Their trebled weight around my soul in blame.

R.B.G.

---

**Friday — before the game at Quebec.**

Buck — Lectures cancelled tomorrow.

Everybody — Why??

Buck — I’ll be away — at Quebec.

---

Joke Editor — “Have you got any jokes in your year.”?

Freshette — “Yes, ten of them.”
ON DINING OUT — MORE DIDACTICS

Note to the Editor:

In a recent edition of "The Mitre" I read a didactic essay on the subject of travel. I have never travelled and consequently never before realized that the preparation for a trip was of great benefit to my mind and body, and also, perhaps, to my vocabulary. On returning from the journey I shall be careful not to brag, but only speak of it in speeches and when I get a chance. I shall certainly keep a diary and inscribe therein the physical features of the people I meet and the kind and number of trees, (if any).

Now I feel, sir, that, as I have benefitted by reading an article on a subject of which I know nothing, it is only fair that I should give some helpful advice on one with which I am exceedingly conversant, if I may employ the term. Accordingly I enclose the following article, which I feel confident will be of no small value to prospective diners-out. I beg that you refrain from thanking me for my trouble.

It is an excellent idea when an invitation to dinner is received to write a long letter to the sender, describing the reasons for your acceptance or refusal, as the case may be. If intending to accept you can say that, although you dislike dining out intensely, the excellent quality of the food at the home of your prospective host is so noted that you feel bound to accept if only for your stomach's sake. If, on the other hand, you wish to refuse, you can state that your abnormal gastronomic complexities make it almost impossible to partake of nourishment. The description of a few symptoms will render the excuse thoroughly convincing. If of too robust a constitution to make the above plausible you will usually be able to arrange the funeral of a great-aunt or even a second cousin, for the occasion.

Supposing that the invitation has been accepted, we shall describe the procedure which it is advisable to follow. Always make a point of arriving half an hour before the time set, if it is in any way possible. This will give the impression that you find it necessary to get the thing over as quickly as possible since you are very busy. If this cannot be arranged, endeavour to arrive between thirty-five to forty-five minutes late. This method does not possess as counter less and less difficulty in coping with your social duties.

While awaiting the announcement that dinner is served it is a very good plan to describe the feeling of voraciousness with which you are possessed. By so doing you indicate that you are quite prepared to enjoy the meal to the fullest extent. If any odours of culinary activity are perceptible it is well to distinguish, if possible, exactly what is being prepared. You can then sniff the air and exclaim with relish — "Ah, Cabbage! I dote on cabbage!" or "Oh! Roast Goose! I adore roast goose." You will thus make it evident that your taste has been cleverly foreseen. When the meal is announced, arise hurriedly and proceed at once to the dining-room, to carry out the idea of eager anticipation.

During the dinner endeavour to maintain a light and sparkling conversation; address remarks to all, that you may not appear to favour anyone in particular, and thus by keeping everybody talking you will greatly assist your hostess. Should anyone remain silent, draw him tactfully into the conversation. This may be done by addressing him banteringly, "Wake up, you old sleepy-head!" "Say, fallen in love or something?" — or some such humorous remark. Tell a few jokes, and remember the spicer they are the better the will be received.

Taking a second helping of everything; to demonstrate how well you are pleased with the food. If by chance you upset your soup or spill a glass of wine, be nonchalant, and laugh loudly at the happening; in order that you may not appear confused and so embarrass your hostess.

When the finger-bowls are placed on the table the hands and wrists may be delicately washed, but on no account wash the face. This is considered very bad form. Dry the hands on the table-napkin, or on the cloth if the former has been mislaid. Never dry the hands by waving them about in the air. Before arising from the table shake yourself several times. This will ably demonstrate the fact that you have not purloined any of your host's silverware.

As you leave the dining room do not state that you have "fed well". This is considered distinctly outre. You may, however, remark that your appetite has been "delightfully satisfied".

It is advisable not to linger after the completion of the meal, but to ask at once for your hat and coat. When these are brought, shake hands all around, being particularly hearty with your host and hostess. Make a few well-chosen remarks to the effect that you hope to come again very soon, and so take your departure.

If these suggestions are followed closely you will encounter less and less difficulty in coping with your social duties.

C. * * C.

Senior — "Comb your hair. You can't go to the dance, even though it is the Freshman dance, looking like that. Haven't you any pride?"
Freshman — "Yes, but I haven't any comb."

Overheard in a local restaurant

Would-be customer — "I would like some coffee without cream".
Waiter — "Sorry, sir, you'll have to take it without milk. we're out of cream."

On the evening of Wednesday, October 3rd, the Rev. Canon G. Abbott-Smith was installed as Principal of the Diocesan Theological College, Montreal, by the Chairman of the Board of Governors of the College, the Lord Bishop of Montreal. A large audience was present at the Installation ceremonies and it included representatives from McGill University, the Federated Theological Colleges, and Bishop's University. The form of service of installation followed very closely the form used at Bishop's University for the installation of the Principal and the Dean of Divinity.

In his inaugural address Dr. Abbott-Smith paid a tribute to his predecessors in office and to those under whom he had worked during his undergraduate days. Of the latter the late Dr. Lobley, Principal of Bishop's University from 1878-1885, was referred to with the warmest appreciation. "He had a greater influence on my life than any other man whom I have met", Dr. Abbott-Smith said. "It was truly said of him that he never allowed anyone else to do what he himself could carry out. He gave himself without reserve to training young men for their life's work and he literally wore himself out in the service of the youth of this country." Dr. Abbott-Smith's address was a very interesting survey of the history of the Diocesan Theological College and contained some admirable observations on the problems which are involved in the training of candidates for the ministry. It was interspersed with touches of humour which made it a most entertaining address.

Dr. Abbott-Smith graduated from the University of Bishop's College in 1884 with first class honours in Mathematics and Classics. He took the degree of M.A. in 1894. Later he took his D.D. by examination and in 1905 he was given the degree of D.C.L. honoris causa by his alma mater. He holds a distinguished place amongst the scholars and teachers of Theology in Canada. His book, A Dictionary of New Testament Greek, promises to be the standard New Testament Dictionary for students for many years to come, embodying as it does in a convenient form the results of a vast amount of study of modern biblical literature. It was on the recommendation of one of the world's leading New Testament scholars that Dr. Abbott-Smith was entrusted with this important work.

For many years he has been a member of the Corporation of Bishop's University. His sound judgment in matters of business as well as in academic questions has been of the greatest service to Bishop's.

We congratulate him most heartily on his appointment as Principal of the Montreal Diocesan College and we wish him every success in the work of this responsible office.

"The Mitre" extends its sincere sympathy to Miss MacKinnon on the death of her mother on November 4th.

REPORT OF THE MEETING OF THE GRADUATES OF BISHOP'S UNIVERSITY HELD IN ST. JOHN, N.B. ON OCTOBER 11TH, 1928

The number of graduates of Bishop's University in the Diocese of Fredericton has been steadily increasing during recent years and on October 11th, they held a luncheon at the Admiral Beatty Hotel at which the following were present: The Rev'd Canon Shewen, rector of Sussex, Rev. Dr. W. R. Hibbard, Headmaster of Rothesay Collegiate School, the Rev'd Canon J. V. Young, priest in charge of the Mission Church, St. John, the Rev'd C. G. Lawrence, M.A., rector of Trinity Church, St. John, the Rev'd F. J. Leroy, rector of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Fairville, the Rev'd J. P. McMann of the mission of Musquash, the Rev'd Bliss Keith, B.A., L.S.T., of the mission of St. Martins, the Rev'd H. G. Goodfellow, assistant priest at the Mission Church, St. John, and the Rev'd Herbert Hoyt of Oromocto. The Rev'd W. Moorehead, B.A., rector of St. Paul's Church, St. John and the Rev'd H. H. Hoyt of Richmond were unable to attend.

The Rev'd Dr. Hibbard presided at the luncheon. The Rev'd F. J. Leroy who had made the plans for the meeting stated that the object of it was to form a Bishop's College Association for the mutual benefit of the members and to further in every possible way the interests of the University. The Rev'd Canon Shewen spoke of the debt of gratitude that all the graduates owed to their Alma Mater and upon his motion it was decided to organize an association. The Rev'd Dr. Hibbard was appointed President and the Rev'd F. J. Leroy secretary.

A telegram was sent to Dr. McGreer, Principal of the University, conveying the greetings of the graduates and an expression of their affection and loyalty to their Alma Mater.

The Rev'd F. J. Leroy read a letter from Dr. McGreer which was received with enthusiasm by all the graduates. The progress which the University has made in recent years leaves no room for doubt in our minds that it has a bright future.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir:

May I ask leave through your columns to correct a false impression that has been made in your notes on the Dramatic Society. Your correspondent states that "with Mr. Spiedl" I "will be responsible for the calibre of acting and representation."

The word "responsible" is a mistake. The only responsibility that I have undertaken is to produce the one-act play of "Pyramus and Thisbe", and for this I am wholly responsible. I have no official position in the Society, and no further responsibility whatever, though of course I wish it every success, and (like everyone else I hope) am prepared to give what assistance I can.

Yours, etc.,

(Signed) Philip Carrington.
MEMBERS OF THE FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION

PHONE 174

138 WELLINGTON STREET NORTH

SHERRBOROKE, QUE.

J. W. NADEAU, President.

A. L. GENEST, Vice-President.

G. NADEAU, Sec.-Treas.

PHONES 71, 72 & 73

Sherbrooke Provision, LIMITED

WHOLESALE FLOUR, GRAINS and GROCERIES

C. P. R. TERRACE

SHERBROOKE, QUE.
LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Mr. Editor:

The existence of examinations has become with us so much of an institution that we no longer consider whether they are a benefit or a detriment. It is my contention, sir, that they constitute not only an evil, but an unnecessary one. Having given the matter due thought, I am prepared to show that their abolition would be in the best interests of Bishop's University.

Let us regard the subject from two aspects: from the point of view of the student, and from that of the professor.

Every student knows that as examination time draws near, the realization dawns upon him that studying is at last imperative. Regardless of whether he is in the mood for such work or not, he must sit down at his desk and begin his long grind. The examinations are coming!

He cannot afford the time to attend the show; he cannot afford the time to indulge in tennis or skiing; he cannot afford the time to read the book his next-door neighbor has just received, even if it be the year's best seller. The examinations are coming!

He begins to wear a worried frown; he is bored, irritable, depressed; anxious, nervous, restless; grim, grave, grouchly. He senses something ominous in the atmosphere. The examinations are coming!

The existence of these pernicious things have wrought other havoc. It appears that there are some students who fail to pass these examinations successfully. A propensity to fail in several subjects has been known to lead to disaster. It is alleged that in more than one case in the history of the university a student has had to leave prematurely, his B.A. degree unattained, his academic career cut short, and all as a direct consequence of these examinations. I know of cases myself where students have been compelled to pass through an interval of four and even five years in order to obtain their degree, as a direct result of their inability to answer certain questions correctly. It is a state of affairs to be deplored — it is obviously unfair. As I see it, Mr. Editor, the sole remedy is the total abolition of these semi-annual examinations.

And now let us view the matter from the standpoint of the professor. It is the common assumption that the average professor takes a great delight in setting a paper, and gloats over the long list of failures. But careful consideration reveals the fact that this cannot be so, and that the professor dislikes examinations fully as much as the student.

In correcting the numerous papers, the professor is compelled to sacrifice much of his time. He invariably finds the proceedings exceedingly uninteresting; for though the "howlers" we read about indicate that he learns much that he did not know before, it is knowledge that will never be of any use to him.

Furthermore, the considerable time that he consumes in scanning the papers, he often feels could be devoted to domestic affairs or to intellectual thought, either of which is to be considered a more profitable way of employing one’s leisure moments.

Finally, I have a strong feeling that the professor fears that in setting a paper for the student to answer, he is giving the impression to those under his tutelage that he suspects on their part a lack of diligent application to study, and wishes therefore to test their knowledge; whereas he does trust them, implicitly, in fact, and is but an unwilling victim of the custom so prevalent in nearly all colleges — the holding of examinations.

Mr. Editor, my criticism may seem on the surface to be entirely destructive. But I maintain that advocating the removal of an institution that is obnoxious and undesirable does not constitute destructive criticism, but rather a valuable suggestion. And if really constructive criticism be required, then allow me to suggest that in lieu of examinations there be held a semi-annual bonfire at which all students and professors should be present; and all should sing songs and dance in glee and throw in the blaze all books and papers that have any connection whatsoever with examinations.

Thus, by uprooting their cause, all the aforementioned evils are circumvented, and college life would assume a more serene aspect, thus conducing in future years to a greater enrolment and a happier sojourn.

Meanwhile, Mr. Editor, may I urge you and your co-editors to exert all the influence at your command to bring about the removal of this diabolical practice known as the holding of examinations before Christmas comes around?

Yours respectfully, M. J. G.

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Now with the M.E.U. and the C.O.D. as guiding stars let us look at our own little flock. We might GOR. Anderson, or even CHAR. Gibbs, but to ROB. Rowcliffe would be an offence. Now with very little salt we could HAM. White, and in our fondness for lighter amusement we could BILL. Davis. To CLAY. Vaughan or to STEVE. Olney would take lots of pep, and to MAR. Talbot or to CESS. Ward we would need a little more than the average strength. We certainly would not JAK. Johnson, even if we do make a JO. of Blinco, and are compelled to listen to the cries of ART. Cawfield.

Mr. ED. don’t take this too seriously, it was done in a weak moment.

Sincerely, E. V. W.
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Sincerely, E. V. W.
Sail for southern seas this winter on the Duchess of Bedford! This regal new ship has a 20,000 gross registered tonnage, high-pressure ventilation, real beds, separate sport decks and a whole deck of public rooms. Rates are as low as $200. for the Christmas holiday voyage and $300. for the longer cruises.


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MEDITERRANEAN
Spain, Egypt, the Riviera, the Adriatic, vivid North Africa, medieval Malta, Constantinople .. all in 72 days. S. S. Empress of Scotland. From New York, Feb. 4. As low as $900.
Dear Mumsie:

Well, I have been in college a week now, and many things have happened. I have signed for the Dramatic Society (I feel I have a talent for the stage, since I had those wonderful notices for my part of Bill Blackeye, the villain in "Murder and Arson" with the Logwood Dramatic Club.) I have also joined the Chess Club, although I don’t know even a pawn from a stale-mate.

The night I arrived, I had a most terrible time. Some rude fellows violated the privacy of my room at 3 a.m. and dumped me out of bed, with my blankets under me and my mattress on top. First I reasoned with them gently, but finally, seeing that they had no mind to desist, I grew quite angry and warned them if this happened again that although I was loath to make trouble, Mother should hear of it. This, apparently had its effect, for after they had finished their low design, they retired, and have only repeated the practice three times since.

I had another horrid experience last Tuesday night. After I had reviewed my day’s lectures I adjourned to the top flat where, in a certain room, four seniors were playing "bridge". It has seldom been my misfortune to see the noble game so basely interpretated. As I pride myself on having quite an experienced knowledge of the game, I took it upon myself to stand behind one of the party, to show him just where he could improve his playing, moved by no other motive than my natural kindness of heart. The strange part of it was that the more I tried to show him, the worse he assaulted the principles of the pastime and my personal character. He at last flung down his cards and asked me to leave. I have seldom heard such violent language from the lips of one so young. I was terribly hurt. But that is not all. After I had retired to the privacy of my room with my accustomed modesty, and had sought repose between my sheets, this unmentionable person, with several of his hardly less uncultured and barbarous friends polluted my sanctuary, and with ruffianly hands, tore me from my bed and bore me struggling to the bathroom, where there was a bath copiously stored with frigid water. Into this they flung me with brutal heartlessness, not once but several times. When I finally succeeded in escaping, I found to my great grief that most of the colour in the purple pyjamas that Aunt Clorinda gave me as a parting gift, had been washed out. Most of the dye, I found on later investigation, had transferred itself to my person. It is not all off yet.

I had a disconcerting experience Friday morning. As I came down to breakfast, I saw a young man standing back of the stairs by the laboratory. Thinking that he looked lonely, and was probably like myself, a freshman, I considered it my duty to go up and introduce myself. Having taken to the resolution, I “buzzed” briskly up to him, and, slapping him roundly on the back, addressed him thus:

"Hello, old crumpet, where do you come from?"

"Oh", he replied, "I am the lecturer in Science" —

I went away from there.

Next morning, too, I had my first History lecture. During the course of the lecture, I inadvertently let drop a book.

"Oh, Mr. Peeps", said the professor, "I am so sorry to have awakened you". Touched by the man’s consideration, I hastened to put his mind at rest on the score, and with the easy certainty, innate in us Peeps from time immemorial, I replied: "Quite all right, sir, I was not really sleeping." He seemed pleased.

I think that I must have a poetic soul. I awoke this morning to find the world ablaze with sunshine, the heavens were as deep and blue as mystery, the waters in the river, deeper. The trees were like fire or music. It was very early. The only thing for me to do when I feel in this frame of mind is to sing and bathe. I therefore adjourned to the bathroom, and while I bathed I sang. I pride myself on my tenor voice, which is rich, sonorous and of fine range and timbre. I chose "Would God I were the Tender Apple Blossom", a ballad I render with much feeling and spirit. While in the midst of the first cadence, something hit me a sharp blow on the left ear. At the same time a rough voice said, "Would God you were." I was rather hurt.

I had a dreadful experience at breakfast. I found an egg, which if left in a warm place a few days would have had need of a mother. With a fine mixture of pity and indignation I called the steward. This fellow simply said that I should feel highly honoured, as it was not generally the custom of the University to allow Freshmen meat for breakfast.

And now, Mother, it is half-past nine and I should be in bed, so with much love to all,

I remain,

Percival Peeps.

P.S.— Something has happened to the night-cap you sent me.

By A.N.T.

THE QUEBEC TEA - DANCE.

Following the rugby game with Quebec Swimming and Athletic Association on Saturday afternoon, October 27th, a tea-dance was held in the gymnasium in honour of the visiting team - and incidentally to celebrate the victory of our last home game of the season.

After the game an interval ensued during which the players retired to make themselves presentable while various conveners rushed back and forth carrying chairs, bridge lamps, the piano and food-supplies — or at any rate supervising the freshmen in these tasks. The necessary length of this intermission only served to heighten the enthusiasm of the guests and to increase the appreciation of the delicious tea which was duly served. Excellent music was furnished for dancing which continued until seven o’clock.
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SAMPLE ROOMS. LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE IN EVERY ROOM. GARAGE IN
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A FRESHETTE'S IMPRESSION

How very superior those seniors felt as they glanced upon a group of chatting freshettes who were reading with great wonder a new notice on the already overcrowded board. Of course a new notice meant a lot in the uneasy life of a freshette, especially when it actually concerned those "youngsters" themselves. And why shouldn't it, for this particular one stated that all freshettes must assemble at the Club rooms of a surety, without fail, by order of seniors and juniors, on the penalty of severe punishment, not later than eight o'clock of Thursday evening the twenty-seventh day of September, nineteen hundred and twenty-eight.

To us, however, most of this long harangue was lost, but the words "Club rooms", sank deep into our minds and filled them with wonder and curiosity, for at last our longing desires to enter this enchanting place, of which we had heard so much, were to be fulfilled. We had noticed for several days that the seniors had abruptly ceased talking when a bit of green, which designated that a freshette was near, protruded itself around a corner; and "club rooms" had been the words most often heard upon their laughing lips. We knew well that we would most certainly arrive for the little party on Thursday night to learn at last the mysteries of being a co-ed.

The evening arrived. With what expectations we approached the building, which, marvelous to behold, looked very much like all other wooden structures called houses. But who knew what the interior might disclose?

Suddenly to our dismay, however, we were blindfolded. This wasn't fair and our spirits promptly sank, till the happy thought struck someone that this was just for fun, and that our dear old seniors were merely planning a surprise for us. Thus we meekly submitted; but alas, all freshettes must be educated and soon to our innocent minds was revealed all the treachery which the menacing threats of our superior sisters had been foretelling for days.

In this fashion, under the control of exceedingly powerful and trustworthy guards, we freshettes made our first entrance to the College Club rooms. We climbed real stairs and stairs that were minus, we walked miles of verandah area, and digested much food as good for the body as for the soul. We were made to see and believe that we were really not ourselves, and we were stamped with the freshette brand forever.

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But until our turn comes to be seniors we will remember with mixed feelings our entrance to the mysterious, wonderful club rooms.

BAMBI, AN IDYLL OF ANIMAL LIFE

"Bambi, a Life in the Woods" by Felix Salten; translated from the German by Whittaker Chambers, with a foreword by John Galsworthy. Simon and Schuster, New York.

Masterpieces are rare phenomena. Animal stories that are masterpieces are indeed rare. "Bambi" has been labeled a masterpiece. It may please a reviewer's vanity and tickle his critical faculties to label a book a masterpiece, there is always something superhuman in the discoverers of masterpieces, yet a book that cannot fail to satisfy an intelligent reader, give him food for thought and delicious pleasure, and possess artistic workmanship — and, in addition, run to seventy-five thousand copies for the first printing — surely has a strong claim to the above distinction.

"Bambi" is such a book. It is an exquisite idyll of animal life. The story deals with the life of Bambi, a male deer, and his existence in the forest amongst his furry and feathered acquaintances. When Salten deals with these or delineates nature in her various moods, there is nothing that does not ring with essential truth. Salten knows nature, with which, in his forest-lodge beside the Danube he has had an opportunity to become intimately acquainted. But what is more, Salten loves nature passionately and sees her through the eyes of a poet.

The greatest snare into which so-called "animal books" may fall, and into which they almost invariably do fall. Felix Salten has successfully overcome. Of this John Galsworthy says in his foreword to "Bambi": "I do not, as a rule, like the method which places human words in the mouths of dumb creatures, and it is the triumph of this book that, behind the conversation, one feels the real sensations of the creatures who speak." Bambi, the deer, has character, his friend the squirrel has character, even the sage owl, who loves to frighten Bambi, has individual distinction.

"Bambi" is such a book over which to rhapsodize is not only easy, but natural. One might single out for special mention the exquisite fragments how Bambi comes into the forest world which held such a wealth of smells, sights, and sounds for an inquisitive bit of life; how he converses coyly with the cricket and the butterfly; learns what danger means; experiences love. But such a partial representation would be to rob the endless pictures of their exquisite settings.

Felix Salten is a poet, and his book of poetic prose is filled with delicacy of perception. Read:

"Look, look, Mother!" Bambi exclaimed. "There's a flower flying."

"That's not a flower," said his mother, "that's a butterfly."

"Bambi stared at the butterfly, entranced. It had darted lightly from a blade of grass and was fluttering about in its giddy way. Then Bambi saw there were many butterflies in the air above the meadow. They seemed to be in a hurry and yet moved slowly, fluttering up and down in a sort of game that delighted him. They really did look like gay flowers that would not stay on their stems but had
Hydro-Electric development in Canada represents a total investment estimated at over $875,000,000, while her water-power development approximates 5,000,000 h.p., which represents only 11% of the total hydro-electric resources of Canada.

The Light and Power Companies of Canada

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Power generated at the falls is of no use to the ultimate consumer until it has been relayed to transforming stations and distributed in such a manner as to be usable by factory or home in any quantity desired; enough to run a loom, or heat a curling iron.

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From Halifax to Vancouver, our Light and Power companies are operating day and night for the benefit of the public.

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This is Number Three of a series of advertisements dealing with Canada's leading industries.
unfastened themselves in order to dance a little.

Safely tucked away in the fairy-gold there is something that strikes a note in our conscience. Galsworthy particularly recommends it to sportsmen. He is right.

One must not forget the excellent translation of Whittaker Chambers which has admirably caught the spirit of the German story; nor the delicate charcoal illustrations of Kurt Wiese.

Poets and nature-lovers will read “Bambi”; every book-lover should read “Bambi”; but sportsmen must read it.

R. B. G.

CARMEN LACRIMOSUM

Bitterly last night I pondered,
Cursing all the tricks of fate,
“Oh Muse”, I cried aloud in anguish,
“Muse of Classics, throned in state
By your Greek and Latin students.
Peace! — Ere I forget my prudence.
Haunt me not — for I abhor
Your tales of Rome, your myths of Greece.
Away, I say! and give me peace!”

Methought a voice spoke — “Nevermore!”
I stared! I gasped! From whence those words?
The Voice of Doom — foreboding, clear.
Twas from the bust of Caesar pictured
In that book I’d come to fear —
My Latin Grammar! With what hate.
And anger I could not abate,
I scooped it from my chamber floor.
And into my blazing fire I hurled it.
“Be gone!” I cried as the flames encurled it.
Quoth its ashes, “Nevermore!”
On my table lies a new one.
In its glory — bright and cruel.
Still I ponder, sad and bitter,
‘Citing each dull Latin rule.
But, afar, a beam of light
Guides me thru this hellish night.
Oh Pillsbury! My spirits soar!
I cry with glee, “Amo, amas!”
For I see a vision of a pass —
And struggling with you — nevermore!

Anon.

At a Psychology Lecture

Buck — “Say, John, would you like to buy a copy of McDougall’s Social Psychology?”
John (to Hambley) “Have we got that one?”
Hambley — “Yes.”
John (explaining) — “You see, he buys the books, and I pay for them.”

On November 8th, the Bishop of Algoma and Mrs. Rocksborough Smith left for New York to attend the Anglo-Catholic Convention, at which the Bishop is to be a speaker. On his way there the Bishop will preach in Cleveland on Armistice Sunday.

OBITUARY NOTICE

We regret to learn of the death of Dr. B. M. Mullin, at North Devon, N.B., where he had practised since his graduation. His death took place on June 10th, 1928, after an illness of seven years, following paralysis. The notice was sent to “The Mitre” by his daughter, Mrs. D. W. Griffith.

OBITUARY NOTICE

After a lingering illness which confined him to his bed for two years the Rev’d Canon James Boydell, M.A., passed away on Saturday, November 3rd, at Sudbury, Ont., in his ninety-first year.

Canon Boydell did faithful work for the Church in the town and district of Sudbury for thirty-one years. In the early days when the only access to his mission stations was by means of the railway line he made his rounds on a bicycle, travelling on the right of way with a mirror fastened to the handle bars so that he might be aware of trains approaching from behind. He served at Brandon, Man., and at Bracebridge, Ont., and was the founder of the Church of the Epiphany in Sudbury.

He was a native of Liverpool, England, and came to Canada with his parents at an early age. After several years spent as a land surveyor he entered Bishop’s University, Lennoxville, from which he received his degree of Master of Arts, and the title of L.S.T. He was appointed Canon of St. Luke’s Cathedral, Sault Ste. Marie, in 1906.

Canon Boydell is survived by his wife and two daughters, Mrs. R. H. Martindale of Sudbury and Mrs. Montgomery of Nanaimo, B.C., to all of whom “The Mitre” offers sincere sympathy.

OBITUARY NOTICE

“The Mitre” regrets to learn of the death of Dr. James Stone, D.D., Rector emeritus of St. James Church, Chicago, on May 8th, 1928.

Dr. Stone was born in England, and on graduation from Oxford came to this continent and studied at the Philadelphia Divinity School. After serving as assistant pastor to the Rev’d Dr. Richard Newton and having charge of the Epiphany Mission, he went to Port Hope, Canada, and subsequently to Montreal, but returned to Philadelphia in 1890. He was rector of Grace Church, Philadelphia, for four years, and went to Chicago in 1894, where he spent the rest of his life. Dr. Stone received his D.D. from Bishop’s University on June 24th, 1886.
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COED ACTIVITIES

We have just begun to realize what a great step was made last year with the beginning of our club rooms. College life, this year, has come to mean much more because of them. Inspired by having a meeting place, we have begun to have meetings there - Debating, Dramatic Readings, even a Cercle Français. They have proved, besides, a great convenience for the Sherbrooke girls, as a place to get their lunch on those days when they have to return in the afternoon for a lab. or basket ball, or something equally important. To those who are boarding in the village, as are the majority, it is a place where they can go in and out at will and entertain their friends; in fact it is a bit of home. All of us have had a share in the furnishing of it, gloating over each new donation and discussing where it might be placed to the best advantage.

With the beginning of the club rooms, all our activities seem to have taken on a greater meaning. We have become more of an organized body, more a part of the College than ever before.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank, on behalf of the coed body, all those who have assisted us in making a success of the club, by donations of funds or of furnishings, or by helpful suggestions. We would be only too proud to show the rooms to anyone who would care to see them.

As the result of an attempt to form a debating society by a number of coeds, Professor Boothroyd kindly consented to give us a talk on the subject. Practically all turned out to learn the ‘Why and Wherefore’ of debating. Professor Boothroyd explained the whole procedure, the framing of the resolution, the preparation of the debate, the many fine points of procedure and delivery. At the close of his talk, while refreshments were served, he kindly answered any questions on the subject. Quite a bit of interest and enthusiasm resulted, and teams were chosen for the first attempt, to take place on November 12th. The resolution will be:

"Resolved that college education is beneficial to women", the affirmative to be supported by Miss Van Vliet and Miss Brock and the negative by Miss Martin and Miss Montgomery.

Mrs. Carrington entertained the freshettes and the members of the Womens’ Executive at a very enjoyable bridge last month. Miss Jackson won the prize.

The third year coeds held a party at the club-rooms recently. There was dancing, and bridge for those who wished.

Basket ball is at last in full swing. Our first game is scheduled for the 24th of November with St. Helen’s School at Dunham. We propose, during the year, to try to arrange games with King’s Hall, as well as with Quebec and Stanstead. Preparations are being made for new gym uniforms, which we hope to have for our first game.

Miss Amy Belford has been elected by acclamation to represent the Dramatic Readings and Debating Societies on the Executive. This was due to an amendment in the constitution, which had formerly called for the Junior Lady as this representative, thereby compelling her to take part in both these societies, in addition to her other duties.

Three meetings of the Dramatic Readings Club have been held since the beginning of the term. The first, which took place at Mrs. Carrington’s, was largely attended, partly out of curiosity, to see what it was all about. Mrs. Carrington read aloud “Androcles and the Lion”, Shaw’s immortal satire. So favorable an impression did it make, and so ably was it read, that everyone eagerly turned out for more at the next meeting. This was held at the Club-rooms, and “The Silver Box” by Galsworthy was read, with different ones, previously chosen by Mrs. Carrington, taking the parts. At the last meeting, also at the Club-rooms, we read Barrie’s “Mary Rose” in the same way. Next time, November 19th, Mrs. Carrington will read “Pygmalion”.

FINIS

Autumn’s auburn prime is past,—
Her golden age is gone—
And dies like stars at dawn.

The marble fountain’s choked with leaves;
The water’s chilly cold,—
And still the idle winds, like thieves.
From frayed trees steal gold.

—— Why weep for Autumn then.
As sorrow’s winds are massing
In winter’s train again
Her hour of life and beauty soon was told,
A life too short, and beauty soon grown cold.

W.H.M.C.

DIVINITY COLUMN

No, Gentle Reader, this is without any reference whatsoever to the Divinity faculty being the “pillars of the Church”. The Editor of “The Mitre” decided there should be a monthly column to tell of the doings of those quiet and sedate people who reside in “The Shed” and in the Old Lodge. People unacquainted with these two residences and the inmates thereof may be under the impression that nothing exciting or joyous occurs among those who are going to dedicate themselves to Holy Church. In this column we
Are You Prepared for Christmas?

For over six months we have been selecting articles which we think will meet with your approval.

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are going to try to collect from time to time some of the innumerable witticisms of our brethren. Being a poor mortal, and possessing only the faculty of being in one place at one time, the writer is entirely dependent on all members of the Faculty for support. Material may be left at any time at Room 5, Old Lodge, and if suitable, may in time see publication as part of this feature.

The congratulations of the Divines are heartily given to those men who tried so valiantly to win the Inter-Faculty race for us. Three cheers for Messrs. Cole, Cornish, Dicker, Dowdell, Gibbs, Matthews, MacMorine, and all others who ran in the race. Long may they be with us and better luck to them next time.

We have to note with great regret the operation and consequent illness of Mr. James Barnett. While in the hospital the esteem in which Jim is held by his fellow-men, was manifested in a small way by a token of flowers. At the time of writing Jim is home again, and well on the way to recovery, to the great satisfaction of all his fellow-students.

Great enthusiasm was shown by the Divines in the "Dud" Rugby Team. As a new and most welcome feature of our sports, it appears to be a most popular one. Although the Divines were eliminated from the series by the Day Students a good hard fight was put up, and fine spirit was shown. Our feeling is best expressed by: "Are we downhearted? No."

PERSONALS

Mr. A. G. M. Little, B.A., who was lecturer in Classics in this University from 1924-25, is now lecturer in the Department of Classics at Yale University.

Miss D. Arkley, B.A. '27, is teaching in Stanstead College.

Mr. S. N. Pergau, B.A. '26, is Principal of the High School at Cookshire.

Mr. B. Titcomb, B.A. '26, is Principal of the High School at Asbestos.

Miss I. Aldrich, B.A. '26, is teaching in the High School at Arvida.

Miss R. Butler, B.A. '26, is teaching in the High School at Richmond.

Miss L. J. Barnett, B.A. '27, is teaching in the Intermediate School at Fort Cowlouge.

Miss C. Hunting, B.A. '27, is assistant to the Principal of the High School at Waterloo.

Mr. G. L. Thompson, B.A. '25, is Principal of the High School at Lachute.

Miss A. M. Griffith, B.A. '26, is Principal of the High School at East Angus.

Miss D. M. Hall, B.A. '26, is teaching in the High School at Sherbrooke.

Miss D. McRitchie, B.A. '26, is a member of the staff of the High School at Thetford.

Miss M. Matthews, B.A. '25, is teaching in the High School at Shawinigan Falls.

DEAR LADIES

There was Adelaide. She always wore blue and read the Geographic every month. She did not care for Rugby, but admired men who made the team. We used to talk about me. But that's all over now. She was a nice girl, but she was too damn sweet.

Jane's hair was like gingerale in shiny bottles. She was good-looking and talked about Free Will and World Problems. Personality plus was her long suit, and I was hers until the night I came in to find her sitting with careful profile, at the piano playing "Song without Words."

Anita entered my life, a petite, dark creature, with no looks but a great sense of humour. As she used to say, she knew her groceries, and her men; we trailed around together for a long time; until the fateful occasion when we spent an entire evening chatting with her maiden aunts.

Kate always appealed to me. She was invariably bored — only I called it ennuye. She was good-natured, but kept the fact well hidden. Her policy was one of consistent crushing, but I submitted joyfully until the day she asked me if I really intended to give the impression of leaving the world a better, finer place than I found it.

Dora could cook. She could dance, too, and play a little. Her favourite author was Harold Bell Wright, but her cake was sublime and her coffee a poet's dream. Not until the day when she lectured me on the evil effects, mental, moral and physical, of strong drink on the young human, did I realize that she was not for me.

Nella used to curl up in the corner of a chair and talk about other people in relation to herself. Then she would drift to the piano and sing. Even her hair, writhing under what they call a "permanent", was lovely to me. But once she read me some of her own verses on Life and Love.

I discovered Maude. As to looks she was quite insignificant. Her voice made one think of cold toast and dusty leather-bound books, and things like that. Entirely absorbed in herself, she intrigued me. Each time I saw her I went home seething with rage but came back for more. But one day I found that she confided everything to a deeply interested friend, and my days of peace, and of Maude, were over.
December 24th

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ALUMNI NOTES

The Principals of the High Schools of the Province have formed an association and have elected as their first president, Mr. C. C. Savage, M.A., a graduate of this University and Principal of the Laurentide School, Grand Mere.

On Thursday, October 11th, the Alumni of Bishop's University in the Diocese of Fredericton met in St. John, N. B., and formed an Alumni Association.

Mr. Hugh E. O'Donnell, M.A., who after completing his law course at McGill University spent a year in Europe, has returned to Canada and is now practising with the firm of Messrs. Cook and Magee, Royal Insurance Bldg., Montreal.

Mr. Eric Almond, B.A. '27, has been attending Moore Theological College, Sydney, Australia, during the past year and in addition to reading for the Diploma of that College he has been coaching members of a matriculation class. He hopes to secure his certificate of Theology at Christmas time. His address is c/o the Bank of New Zealand, George Street, Sydney. Mr. Eric Almond announced in his letter of September 16th, that Mr. Lenox Smith, B.A. '25, was due to arrive in Australia from the Fiji Islands within a few days.

Mr. G. F. Watts, B.A. '25, is Principal of Cowansville High School.

Miss Cora Sims, B.A. '25, is a member of the staff of the Cowansville High School.

Mr. B. Titcomb, B.A. '26, is Principal of the school at Asbestos, Que.

Mr. G. H. V. Naylor, B.A. '24, is Principal of the High School at Shawville.

Mr. Gordon Brownlee, B.A. '28, has a position with the Royal Bank of Canada in Ottawa. Mr. Brownlee's appointment is in part the result of his having submitted an essay in the competition held by the Royal Bank of Canada last year.

Mr. H. S. Hodgins, B.A. '26, is Principal of a public school at Naskatenua, Alta.

Miss Margaret McKindsey, B.A. '28, is a member of the staff of the High School at Outremont. Other of our graduates who are members of the same staff are Miss A. E. Allen, B.A. '26, Miss Julia Bradshaw, B.A. '19, Miss G. Read, B.A. '24.

In September last the marriage took place of Miss Marjorie Hume, B.A. '18, to Brigadier-General G. C. Draper, C.M.G., D.S.O., Commissioner of Police in the City of Toronto.

Mr. C. C. Savage, B.A. '23, who is practising law with the firm of Messrs Ivey, Elliott and Gillander, London, Ont., represented Bishop's University at the inauguration of the President of the University of Western Ontario on October 19th.

The Rev'd W.W. Smith, M.A. and Mrs. Smith (nee Miss Margaret Murray, B.A. '23) are living at the Rectory, East Hatley, Que., to which parish Mr. Smith was recently appointed by the Bishop of Quebec.

Miss McHarg, B.A. '23, is a member of the staff of the Sherbrooke High School.

The Rev'd A. R. Warren, L.S.T. has been appointed to the mission of the Magdalen Islands.

ALUMNAE NOTES

We have had several weddings among our graduates this summer. At Sherbrooke the marriage took place of Dorothy Joachim to Mr. James Waters. They are living in Sherbrooke. Edith B. Barracough was married at La Tuque to Mr. D'Arcy Bennett, formerly of Lennoxville. They are making their home in Montreal. On September 15th, the marriage of Roberta Nichol took place in Lennoxville to Mr. Brodie Stirling of Shawinigan Falls. They will reside in Shawinigan Falls.

Several of our teachers have changed their addresses. Miss Catherine Seiveright is now Assistant Principal at Shawville. Miss Rita Butler is teaching in Richmond. Miss Sylvia Burton is Assistant Principal at Granby and Miss Irene Aldrich is leaving to be Assistant Principal at Arvida, Que.

Miss Margaret Fuller, president of the Alumnae Association, has gone to Egypt for the winter.

The many friends of Miss Dorothy Lipsey will be sorry to hear that she has been very ill with appendicitis.

Another wedding of especial interest to Bishop's graduates is that of Miss Marjorie Hume to General Draper of Toronto.

CERCLE FRANCAIS

Après avoir annoncé que le Cercle Français a commencé son programme annuel avec grand succès, très peu reste à être dit pour le présent. Nous voulons renouveler notre appel aux anciens membres à s'enregistrer avec leurs amis aussi vite que possible. L'enregistrement des nouveaux membres n'a pas été tout à fait satisfaisant — peut-être on devrait les rappeler au fait que l'ouvrage de l'année pro-
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"Mount Allison Record", published by the Mt. Allison Alumni and Alumnae Societies, Sackville, N.B.

An alumni paper is a splendid thing in all respects and we are glad to have your "Record" included on our exchange list. It indeed lives up to its name as a 'Record' and is a fine aid towards the boosting of the University spirit; for it is good to know that such support is forthcoming from old students. We find it an interesting paper, then how much more so must it be to Mt. Allison. However, we would suggest more humour, as this would add greatly to the value of your otherwise admirable paper.

"The Argosy Weekly", Mount Allison University, Sackville, N.B.

We are interested to have another Mt. Allison paper among our exchanges. The Argosy Weekly speaks well for the college in its tone of originality and variety. The insertion of pictures increases the interest, the literature is good throughout, and humour is not lacking. An article of particular interest is the "Argosy Literary Competition". "The Spirit of Mount Allison" is very admirable and clearly expressed in the pages of your paper, with a view to sports, student activities and studies. "The man behind the pen" is doing good work.

"Dalhousie Gazette", Halifax, N.S.

The Gazette is a very welcome and one of the best papers on our exchange list. We admire the style in which it is edited and its well-balanced order. That it embraces many activities and organizations is shown in the interesting accounts of the social events of the University. The literary articles are particularly good, but the addition of poetry would improve the paper greatly. We enjoyed the account of Bliss Carman's visit to your University, and also the section entitled "The Life of a Little College". We are interested to know that the University indulges in sports to a large extent. We would like to keep in touch with you through your paper.

"The Gateway" University of Alberta, Edmonton, Alta.

The Gateway is a fine paper and we are pleased to hear from a University so far away. The University is fortunate in having so much literary talent which leads to the production of an essentially good literary section. The paper is well planned and very interesting to read. Your sports page leads us to believe that yours is a college of which to be proud. Good humour is prevalent throughout and this adds much to the enjoyment of the paper. The poetry included is good, but with the evident writing ability in your university this might be improved. We will always be glad to hear from you.

**LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY**

The first of the Inter-Faculty debates was held in the Convocation Hall on the evening of Friday, Oct. 26th, and was won by the Arts Faculty. The motion read as follows:

"Resolved that the influence of Great Britain on Canada has been greater than the influence of the United States on Canada."

The Arts Faculty had the choice of the subject for debate and their representatives led the affirmative. Their leader was Mr. G. L. Anderson, who was supported by Mr. J. G. Rennie and Mr. C. H. M. Church.

Mr. Davis, the secretary, as chairman, introduced the speakers and opened the debate. From the very beginning the outcome seemed obvious, though the Divinity Faculty delivered their arguments in fine style.

Mr. Anderson, the leader of the Arts team, clearly divided his debate into three distinct parts:

(a) History.
(b) Economics.
(c) Culture.

He laid great stress upon the fact that the motion had

chaine reste avec eux. Une belle soirée, à laquelle il y eut une grande assistance, a inauguré les activités de ce semestre. La première assemblée eut lieu au Club des Étudiantes à Lennoxville. Quoique leurs premises ne sont pas très grandes on réussit à trouver de la place pour tous les assistants, qui ont joué aux cartes et ont chanté des vers Canadiens-Français. Nous voudrions remercier infiniment les Étudiantes de la belle réception qui nous a été offerte, et tous qui ont contribué au grand succès de la soirée. Si l'occasion se présente, une autre assemblée aura lieu avant les vacances de Noël; un débat aussi est sous la considération du Conseil Exécutif, mais ce dernier n'a pas, jusqu'ici, été discuté.

**"The Mitre"**

"The Mitre" acknowledges with pleasure your magazine, "The Shield". From a literary standpoint it is good. Articles of particular interest are the short one-act plays, and the story "Where's Patsy". Originality of topics and style is shown throughout. You are exceptionally fortunate in having among your students such a fine illustrator, and your cuts and sketches add to the interest and value of the magazine. However, we would like to suggest a brighter colour for the cover of "The Shield", which is a high class publication for any school, and one which we will be always glad to receive.

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reference to the past, and had no connections with the present.

As the prime essential in dealing with this subject, he took the historical effects of Great Britain on Canada and compared them with American historical influences. It was Britain, he said, who really captured Canada and it was the home government which decided what form of government should be enforced in Canada. The Quebec Act of 1774 reassured the French of their religious freedom and gave them their own civil laws. The French Canadians therefore supported the British when the American armies tried to capture Quebec: a fruition of the strong British influence.

He declared that the United Empire Loyalists, came to Canada, not because they were compelled to, but because they were so pro-British that they wished to come to a country where they might have British justice and be governed by British laws. This point was warmly challenged by the Negative.

Mr. Anderson then pointed out the failure of American influence in the Mackenzie Rebellion of 1837 and the predominance of British influence in the Act of Union which was passed by the British Parliament.

Finally, Mr. Anderson brought up the old question of Confederation. He maintained that there was no real American influence in this bill, as what America really wanted was that the bill should fail and then Canada might have been threatened with absorption in the United States.

Mr. A. E. Caulfeild, the leader of the opposition and head of the Divinity team, attacked some of the points the leader of the affirmative had brought up. Firstly he said, surely the responsibility for sending the United Empire Loyalists to Canada was entirely American, for it was not Britain who sent them into Canada. The war of 1812 which produced an Anglo-Franco fusion was also due to the influence of the United States. The same thing happened, Mr. Caulfeild told us, in connection with the rebellions in Upper and Lower Canada. The speaker also warmly attacked Confederation, which, he claimed, was moulded along the lines set by the United States, and was following their example of unity.

The topic was then changed to finance and other "non-essentials", and Mr. Caulfeild paid a glowing tribute to Mr. Crane for his fine plumbing, and lauded, in great style, pullman cars, zipper-spats, telephones and underwear, as examples of how great the effect of the United States "has been" on Canada.

The leader of the negative finished by remarking that although on maps a boundary does exist between Canada and the United States, in reality the countries are so near together and their interests so akin to one another that this line has ceased to be practical.

Mr. J. G. Rennie, the second speaker for the affirmative side illustrated the influence Britain has had upon Canada by telling an amusing but applicable story about the Hudson's Bay Company. This Company and Canadian Pacific Railway Company were the two main influences in Canada for opening up and developing the interior, and revealing to the world Canada's wealth and natural resources. The system of Banking, Mr. Rennie concluded, was a British idea, and who can overestimate the value of banks on commercial life in Canada?

The president of the society, Mr. E. V. Wright, was the next speaker for the negative. Mr. Wright claimed that after his study of the subject he felt a regular 100% American. In answering Mr. Rennie's point as regards banking, Mr. Wright was pleased to notice that the American method of counting and reckoning in dollars and cents had been adopted in Canada, and the more complicated form of pounds, shillings and pence, as used in England, had been ignored.

Mr. Wright brought forward many sound points for his side including the influence of American athletics such as, baseball and American football. He felt sure that the Canadian revenue had been greatly swelled by Prohibition in the United States — an American influence to be sure!

Mr. Church, the third speaker of the affirmative, discussed the question of education. Only one American textbook, he said was in use in Quebec schools. The educationists of a few years ago were so influenced by British ideas that they founded public schools along the lines of the English Board Schools, and the private schools, such as St. Albans, Bishop's College School and others, after the style of the great English public schools, Eton, Charterhouse, and Harrow.

In the sphere of Literature, Mr. Church felt that he could say without fear of contradiction that the best of it was written under the criterion of British standards. Culture he remarked, quoting from an American magazine, does not exist in the United States and this is a fundamental element in all civilized countries.

Finally, from the judicial point of view, it was the British criminal and civil code which had been adopted throughout Canada, and, as yet, we have not had much machine-gun warfare in our city streets. Mr. Church cleverly ridiculed the impulsiveness of the American nation as a whole, with their well-meaning concern for the world in general, citing, as an example, Mr Ford and his little Ark of Peace in 1915. In answer to Mr. Wright's point about the "boundary line", the speaker thought that we were too near the States and had seen too much of them to be influenced by their examples.

The last speaker for the negative was Mr. Daw, who considered baseball a more popular game than cricket, the latter bores him to such a degree that he cannot even sleep through it. This speaker could not see why the United Empire Loyalists did not stay in the United States like the French in Canada. Mr. Daw then made some very disparaging remarks about English humour which, he willingly admitted, went over his head. The tourists' Triumphant Entry into Canada every spring he deemed a great American influence. The last point this speaker dwelt upon concerned the stage, the movies, and their ethical influence.
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Great English theatrical companies could not afford to come over to Canada regularly, whereas it is an easy matter for the Ziegfeld Follies or some other popular company to cross the border and these companies certainly have an effect upon Canada, morally.

Mr. Caulfeild, in summing up for the negative emphasized the effect of American commerce on Canadian merchandise and the importance of all Canadian industries being marketed in the United States.

It seemed a great pity that all the negative arguments were either humourous or detrimental, and some of the really vital points which might have been brought up, such as the Monroe Doctrine for example, appeared to have escaped the leaders or to have been ignored by them altogether.

Mr. Anderson, in closing the debate for the affirmative, was of the opinion that most of the negative arguments had been mere trivialities and the whole debate really resolved itself into a contest between Education, Transportation, and Culture vs. Theatricals and Plumbing.

The Rev. E. K. Moffat of B.C.S., who had kindly consented to act as judge, was then called upon to give his decision. He gave the debate to the affirmative with, as he said, “no hesitation”. He congratulated both sides on the able way in which they had presented their arguments and the clearness of their delivery.

A motion was then passed extending a vote of thanks to Rev. Moffat for judging the debate. The points awarded to the winners, the Arts team, were 240, and to the Divinity team 205.

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A meeting of the Society was held in the Common Room on the evening of Nov. 2nd. The motion before the House read as follows:

**Resolved that Capital Punishment should be abolished.**

It will be remembered that this subject was debated last year, and it proved to be so interesting and was so keenly discussed that it was decided to put the same motion before the House this year. The President, Mr. E. V. Wright, was in the chair and a large number of students were present as well as several members of the faculty. The leaders were Mr. A. Rosenstein for the Affirmative and Mr. E. Rocksborough-Smith for the Negative.

Mr. Rosenstein, in opening the debate, considered that Capital Punishment should be abolished for three main reasons, firstly, on religious grounds: a murderer, confined to life imprisonment, a sordid sentiment was nothing more or less than legalized murder. By electricuting of some mentally “kinked” murderers and degenerates; neither are the arrests after coroners’ inquests always just. Mr. Rosenstein maintained. By upholding Capital Punishment two people are killed instead of one, and although the Bible says “An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth”, no one really has the right to demand a man’s life for revenge, for that is what it amounts to in the end.

Mr. Rocksborough-Smith, in an extremely able manner contradicted Mr. Rosenstein’s argument about repentance. A murderer condemned to death was always convicted for a first degree crime of that form. Would a man, convicted of a first degree murder, repent anyway, and, even if he had the inclination, he would be given plenty of opportunity before he passed out into Eternity. The speaker maintained that in a murderer, confined to life imprisonment, a sordid hatred for the Human Race usually succeeded his more noble thoughts and self-reproaches! He considered that it would be better, in the long run, to do away with murderers rather than have them all put into asylums. For the safety of society in general, and the maintenance of law and order, it was far better, he said, that Capital Punishment should be rigidly enforced rather than that it should be completely abolished.

The motion was then thrown open to the House.

Mr. Garmaise, who periodically rose throughout the evening was the first speaker from the floor. In arguing for the Affirmative, he considered that a “kink” in a man’s brain could easily be eradicated by hard labour for a few years.

Mr. Schneiderman thought that the law defeated its own ends in Capital Punishment. Hickman, Sacco and various other reputable citizens, he informed us, might have become great men, if their talents had been properly directed and guided. Hickman and H Duce Sacco no doubt.

Mr. Calder, in reference to repentance, reminded the House that the victim was never given a chance to repent, so why consider, in such detail, the repentance of the murderer?

Mr. Allan Anderson, concluded that Capital Punishment was nothing more or less than legalized murder. By this statement a tax-collector is a legalized thief, Mr. Boothroyd pointed out — Q.E.D.

Professor Boothroyd also said that if Capital Punishment was to be abolished, an effective substitute would have to be proffered to take its place and, until this substitute was found, Capital Punishment would have to be enforced to safeguard citizens and their rights and property.

Mr. Reeve, speaking for the Affirmative, remarked that insanity was to be sympathized with, and innocence to be given the benefit of any doubt arising out of the case.

Dr. Raymond observed that the Chicago bandits seemed quite alert and not at all mentally “kinked”. The interests of Society, it was pointed out, were always to be considered and one must not form one’s opinions from the sentimental reports of any newspaper.

Mr. C. W. Hall thought that the financial status of a
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murderer's family ought to be considered before a death sentence was read.

The President, in speaking for the Negative, remarked that he thought that the value of an individual life was over-estimated. The cost to the State had to be considered. The world, the speaker pointed out, lived according to a code of Honour and it was this same code of honour which supports Capital Punishment.

Mr. C. H. M. Church, who was the final speaker from the floor, considered the whole topic of Capital Punishment an unpleasant one. Nobody, he said, really liked the idea of taking a man's life to atone for any crime. Nobody really cared to think of a fellow creature dying, whatever the circumstances, for it only promotes a feeling of disgust at the best of times.

Mr. Rosenstein, in his rebuttal, supported his original argument — that some murderers needed medical care rather than treatment at the hands of the executioner. He then proceeded to reply to points forwarded by supporters of the Negative side. Mr. Rosenstein presented his arguments in a clear and concise way and concluded by remarking that the sole benefit of an execution was the glass of Scotch which the condemned man received.

The voting was then taken which resulted in a draw. The President, having the deciding vote, gave it to the Negative which resulted in the motion being defeated by 16 votes to 15.

Junior — "Have you ever taken iodine?"
Freshman — "No, who lectures in that?"

Sherbrooke Stationer (assisting a Senior to select greeting cards) — "Here's an attractive sample."
Senior (nervously reading) — "To the only girl I ever loved". He took out his address book and after turning a few pages said, "I'll take nine of that kind."

This summer while one of our fair coeds was travelling a man offered to sell her the U.S. Congressional Library — whereupon she asked him to wrap it up.

Freshman — "Why is it you never see any cats around Lennoxville?"
Sophomore — "They all had to be killed by the order of the Council."
Freshman — "Why?"
Sophomore — "The Massachusetts tourists complained because the local cats ate the cod-fish off their number plates."

THE LOYOLA - BISHOP'S GAME
AT HOME — OCTOBER 20th.

Loyola again won the Intermediate Intercollegiate title of the Eastern Section when they trounced us on our own field by a score of 24 - 5. Apart from any consideration of the rugby viewpoint, there was the amusing side, for there were two miniature lakes on the gridiron which provided some thrills for the onlookers, especially when Johnston was tackled right in the middle of one of them and dragged a couple of Loyola fellows in too. Jack, however, did not exactly appreciate the thrilling side of the incident. It was very pretty though to see the huge splash of water rise ten feet in the air and Dr. Boothroyd must have been mildly amused to see Father Neptune of Greek tradition emerge from the waters, clad in a purple sweater and carrying a rugby ball in lieu of the proverbial trident. However, this is not talking about rugby.

Let me tell you that the Loyola line averaged twenty pounds per man heavier than ours, and although our line plunges sank into them for yards, time and again, and although we were able to hold them for the most part, it was crucifying labour, so that in the last quarter weight talked. Also, with Savard and MacAlear on their half line, they could make a senior squad sit up and take notice any day. For our own men, Blinco played his usual consistent, clever and intelligent game. Johnston, as Flying Wing, did yeoman service and showed a fight that made many a visitor think for a while. Fuller, Skelton and Glass were as companionable as the three musketeers and displayed some very steady playing. Glass had not lost his knack of freezing onto the odd loose ball, and Fuller was as consistent a kicker as anyone would wish to see and was nicely protected by Monty's new secondary defence which was a great improvement over the one used at the beginning of the season. McMorran and Parkinson were doing the accustomed "old horse" stunt and were ploughing into the opponents like champions. Loomis and Denison were hitting hard too, whereas Brown at snap surpassed expectations. Bouchard and Mitchell were under every kick as usual - and that's that. So you may well imagine that the boys were playing
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an organized game and they played hard for the whole sixty minutes. Excuse me, they played hard for fifty minutes and - excusing the slang - did their darndest for the last ten counts. To make a long story short, Loyola's weight accounted for sixteen points in the concluding frame.

The visitors drew first blood when they chalked up a point on Savard's kick for a rouge, which was soon followed by a touch by Savard again in a beautiful run in which he went through a rather loose squad. Bishop's, however, tightened up, plodded down the field in a series of line plunges, gained yards, invaded Loyola territory and — lost the ball on the Maroon touch line. Savard received for a plunge on the first down and - Excitement. Duo Potamo, yells, cheers, a frantic crowd, what not and what have you? Blinco had banged into the Loyola stronghold, snapped up the pigskin and was sitting pretty for a five point tally. Then there was a game. Until half time the play was here, there and everywhere, touch and go, but neither side could score. In the third quarter, Loyola could only manage to get a couple of rouges and it seemed, for a while, as if Bishop's was going to jump right into the fray again and decide the issue to their own satisfaction. But you already know what happened in the critical moment. We may leave it at that. Next year, who knows?

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THE McGILL - BISHOP'S GAME
AT MCGILL - OCTOBER 24th.

Our last intercollegiate game for the 1928 season was played against McGill at the Molson Stadium, and decided the second place in the League in favour of the Montreal aggregation, who downed the boys by a score of seven to one. It was one of the most evenly contested games of the season, result being in doubt until the last, and it was a game which the team enjoyed thoroughly, being more in the nature of a friendly match than a deciding encounter. It was a 'touch and go' affair, though McGill had a slight edge on us and when we consider that practically the same team, after playing Bishop's, rushed the McGill Senior line-up for a 20 - 10 victory in an honest-to-goodness mêlée, we did not do so badly. In fact we did very splendidly.

Up to half time there was absolutely no score for either team. This is significant, and it was not until well on in the third quarter that McGill chalked up a tally. Fuller, receiving "Kritz" Weiser's kick behind the touch line, fumbled for some extraordinary reason and Swabie jumped the ball for a touch. Had it not been for this unfortunate occurrence, Fuller would have been able to run it out or, at most, only a rouge would have been made. McGill soon followed up their lead by a rouge on Weiser's kick and in the last quarter they made one more point. Bishop's chalked up their sole marker in the third frame, when Fuller kicked into the red and white territory and the outsides downed their man on the spot.

The purple team played the same old game, of course, so, in order to avoid unnecessary repetition, we will not go into a detailed account of what each individual accomplished.

So ended the intercollegiate season as far as Bishop's was concerned. We had the best team that the college have ever boasted about, even our opponents admitted that, and the only thing we can say is that McGill and Loyola happened to have better ones this year. Why, I do not know, but they did, and that settles it. No one could say that the boys did not do their best and, considering the circumstances under which we put a team into the field as compared to any of the other three in the League, the results are not altogether disappointing.

Q. S. A. C. - BISHOP'S
AT HOME - OCT. 27th

The football squad of the Quebec Swimming and Athletic Club came all the way from the Queen City of the Province to engage Bishop's in a friendly tilt on the home grounds. A better day for rugby could not be asked for, as there was a cloudless sky. There was also a nip in the air which did much to make everybody feel like playing rugby, especially as the field was in excellent condition. The crowd was disappointing, as far as numbers were concerned, but those who did manage to turn out witnessed a very enjoyable match. The fact that we won by a twelve to one score is beside the point. Considering that the Quebec fellows are working indoors all day and that their practices are rather precarious affairs, they put up a very good showing. The purple team, on the other hand, being out every afternoon and residing in such a health centre as Lennoxville, had an advantage in condition and showed better drilling. The play was in the opponent's territory for the most part and the boys did not have to worry much, except when McOwen was kicking or carrying the ball on end runs, or when Amaron and "Doc" Johnston were line plunging, or when there was a loose ball because Amaron, for some uncanny reason, always seemed to get there first.

Bishop's backfield and line were co-ordinating splendidly, and Blinco's summing up of situations and plays to suit were always above par. McMorran accounted for two touches in line plunges, one of which was converted by Fuller, and Bouchard and Mitchell chalked up the twelfth point.

Rather an amusing incident of this game was that Jack Johnston had an older brother on the Quebec team, Wyatt "Doc" Johnston, whom many will remember for his great work on Bishop's teams for some years. "Doc's" team mate was Cannon, formerly of Loyola — draw your own conclusions!! To crown the situation, the third Johnston brother, Tyrell, commonly known as "Hump", was umpiring. Truly in life there are some queer coincidences.

THE INTERMEDIATE - JUNIOR GAME
OCTOBER 30th.

The Intermediate took on the Juniors to-day on the college campus and beat them by forty-two points. The
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real score was forty-two to forty because the Juniors were given a forty point handicap. The stake was that the losers should treat the winners to milkshakes at Dinty’s. There were no casualties.

LOYOLA - BISHOP’S
JUNIOR INTERCOLLEGIATE
AT LOYOLA. OCTOBER 24th.

The Junior team of the university went into Montreal on October 24th to argue with Loyola as to who should be the Junior Intercollegiate Champions of this Province. The argument was decidedly one sided for our opponents gave the referee twenty-seven excellent reasons why they should win whereas our boys had nothing to say about the matter whatsoever.

INTER-BUILDING GAMES.

We are not quite sure who is to blame for the idea of having rugby games between the Old Arts Building, the New Arts, the Shed and the Day Students, but whoever it was deserves a “Che-Hee” and three cheers. Only those who have not played for a Bishop’s team or who have not turned out to the practices this year, were eligible to take part in the series, and it was surprising to notice how many had a very real knowledge of the game; and also how many had such talent as would be rounded out into something really worth while and probably quite useful and usable for the Junior line up, or even the intermediates, for that matter. As far as the players themselves were concerned, the games were most enjoyable and everybody had a lot of fun. There were no gruelling practices nor was there any rule about tobacco or candy or sundries, so that they had all the joy and none of the pain. Apart from that, it was a splendid idea for it gave to many who would otherwise not have played rugby, a chance to join in the game and to see what it was like, and thereby create an interest which otherwise would not have been so keen.

The only regret that these fellows have is that it is too late in the year to carry on, and that it was not started well back in October. In fact, if this had been the case, there would have been a far larger turn out to the regular practices and “Monty” would have had some fine material to work on both for this year and future seasons. The suggestion has proved to be a success and I hardly think that it is necessary to remind those who are in authority next year that it would do much to develop an interest in rugby here at Bishop’s if these games were started almost coincidentally with the academic year.

THE DUNN CUP
INTER-YEAR RACE. NOV. 1st.

The Third Year of the Faculty of Arts, won the Dunn Cup for Inter-Year competition. For some time the Divinity Faculty, who run as an entity, have held this trophy and they did their best to retain it for another season. Gagnon, Brett and M. H. W. Church, however, were the first three of a team to cross the tape, coming in first, fourth and sixth respectively. The first three on the Divinity team came in second, fifth and seventh, thereby gaining second place. First and second years had no entries.

The results of the six mile race won by the Third Year Arts team were as follows:

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<th>Name</th>
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<tr>
<td>Gagnon</td>
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<td>Cole</td>
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<td>Brett</td>
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<td>Moore</td>
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<td>MacMorine</td>
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<td>Glass</td>
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McGREER SHIELD
ROAD RACE - OCTOBER 29th.

Carl Gagnon, Arts ’29, again won the shield presented by Mrs. McGreer for annual competition in a road race, when he crossed the tape in almost record time — 28 minutes. Carl could probably have bettered his time considerably as he had plenty of reserve at the finish and was running easily. Cole ran a close second all the way round and was ready to take the honours away from Gagnon at almost anytime only failing to do so by thirteen seconds. The third to make home was George Hall, who was soon followed by Cornish, Matthews and Brett. From then on they arrived one by one, until Rattray and Buik hove into sight and came in neck and neck. They took all the time in the world and jogged in at their heart’s content, crossing the tape together.

The course is just under five miles long, as far as can be ascertained, and is quite an up and down hill affair. The individual times are hereunder given as a point of interest.

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<td>Gagnon</td>
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<td>Moore</td>
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<td>Rattray</td>
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<td>Buik</td>
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