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The Editorial Staff is not responsible for opinions expressed by contributors.
How much freedom of expression should a university publication enjoy? This, like most great questions, does not seem to allow of a definite answer. In the old days the University stood for absolute freedom: freedom in speech, in thought, in writing, and even a social freedom. This was gradually curtailed until, in many of the old universities of Europe, only the aristocratic element was allowed to pursue a higher education. The modern university has again broadened itself to allow practically all those to attend who are able to pay the cost of their tuition, but even with the advent of this freedom something of the old restriction seems to linger.

Not so very long ago a young man was asked to withdraw himself from his university because of an article he had written in the college paper. His explanation to his father was something like this, "I have been asked to withdraw because I wrote what I thought, but at Oxford, Shelley was formally expelled because he wrote what he thought and later Shelley proved himself a great genius." The conclusion of that argument was left unsaid but we are inclined to wonder how much that university lost when they expelled a man who was not only able to think to a definite conclusion but who was also able to forcefully express those thoughts on the printed page. The problem is still an open one, but somehow we are inclined to remember Shelley and wonder.

Absolute impartiality seems to be impossible in human nature. The personal bias seems always to intrude. How often a statement, aimed in quite the opposite direction, is picked up by one of the 'powers that are' and the writer is consequently reprimanded for an offense of which he was really innocent. Viscount Bryce says that "absolute freedom of truthful speech is the essence of democracy". Now if such a statement be true, and there seems little reason to doubt it, the democratic element seems to be a practical nonentity in the university.

In modern political life the printed word has taken the place of open oratory in the council of the freemen. The ancient Greek city-state found it quite possible to bring all its citizens together into one assembly, just as the students in a modern university gather together to discuss problems of momentary interest and importance. The modern nation-state finds that, by reason of excessive numbers, it is impossible for all members of the state to meet. Accordingly the press discusses the problems and the majority of the people is able to follow them much better than it would have been able, had the speech been oral and delivered in a crowded assembly. This natural evolution does not seem to have taken place in the university. The chemist might say that atmospheric conditions were not favourable. Perhaps there is a fear lest questions may be too well understood if committed to print. This, at least, would be natural to the human being.

This month we are very pleased to be able to present the second article in the series on life on the Canadian Labrador. In the first issue we published an article by A. E. L. Caulfeild, B.A. This month Mr. Vaughan, a co-worker with Mr. Caulfeild last summer, takes up the subject of cod-fishing. We feel sure that the article will be read with much interest coming as it does from a first hand authority. Many of us remember Mr. Sydney Francis when he was here some four years ago. Mr. Francis completed his first year of Arts work here and then proceeded to the University of Toronto, where he has been engaged in studying the Science of Forestry. Mr. Francis deals with one aspect of Forestry in this issue. The Mitre considers itself especially fortunate in securing the dramatic criticism by Mr. Martin Burrell, details of this will be found accompanying the article itself. We are very sorry to have to announce that the article promised by Doctor Raymond has not yet been completed but it is hoped that it will be included in the March number. One other feature this month must be remarked upon, that is Mr. Church's full report on the proceedings of the National Federation of Canadian University Students' annual meeting which was held in the early part of January. The work of the N.F. C.U.S. must be followed with interest by every Canadian student who is really alive to a good thing. It is true that some aspects of the proposed work may not seem practical for every university but in the main it is good and is a very real attempt at student co-operation.
Before entering into the subject of "Labrador Cod Fishing" it seems to be very necessary to say a few words regarding the people on the Coast. So many seem to have the fanciful idea that the so termed 'natives' are a wild uncivilized race of Eskimo who are little better than cannibals. Let me assure you that during my two-month stay on the coast, I lived with and among them and was never bitten or chased by any of them. They are, on the contrary, people like you or I, dressed much the same, carry on business and many live in comfortable houses with many of our modern conveniences. Quite true their morals, education and religion in many cases are of a very low standard but like every where else you find the good and the bad.

On this subject I might write on and on, but Mr. J. Comfort, who is so apt in relating the "Wit and Humour" of the coast, will take up this topic. What I aim to do is to enable the reader to form a correct picture of the people who carry on the industry about which this article concerns. It is difficult for one inland born to visualize the fishing industry unless they have seen something of it in reality. It sounds too much like a fish story. I will write only what I have seen and know to be true, so that you may the better picture 'Cod Fishing' as it is.

The cod-fish move into the coast waters from the Grand Banks as soon as the ice clears in the spring. Their course is varied and indefinite according to the movement of the ice and the kind of season. Heavy winds and storms drive the small fish, their food, out to deep water and naturally the cod-fish follow them. Arctic ice too may deviate the fish in their northern course. Cod-fish live on caplin, lance or small herring. These are to be found in large quantities in the bays, hence we have our best fishing grounds in the many deep bays of the rugged Labrador coast.

Fishing to-day is facilitated greatly by the use of the gasoline engine. Each fisherman has three boats. An open motor boat from twenty-five to forty feet long driven by a four horse-power gasoline engine, one open boat about twenty feet long, commonly called a 'flat' or dory, and a small row-boat. Each of these has its own special use as we shall see later. During the past generation, these hardy fishermen, long before daylight, would row three miles out to sea and there await dawn to start their daily fishing. At night they would row back, often through heavy sea, and with their boat loaded to the water's edge with fish. No wonder now when they look back to such times that they repeat the well-worn maxim "God bless Timothy Eaton and the man that invented the gasoline engine".

The cod-fish are caught in three different ways, trapping, trolling and jigging. It is hard to tell which way is the best means of attack. One year they apparently trap easily, another, they are attracted by bait and at odd times they can be caught only by means of a jigger.

Trapping fish is a more modern method than the other two. The equipment is expensive; a good trap costing from five to seven hundred dollars, and it also requires at least four men to carry on operations. Thus, if necessary, families unite or outsiders are brought in so that the required capital may be obtained. All helpers are known as sharemen since they receive a share of the fish and oil as pay at the end of the season.

Two boats are necessary to "haul" a trap, as well as to bring back the fish. Therefore when traps are used it is absolutely necessary to have two boats as well as some one to man these. Next let us turn to the trap itself. Can you imagine a large box one hundred and twenty feet square with no lid? Imagine it almost submerged in the water, bottom downwards and with the upper edges barely at the surface. A trap is exactly that shape and made of twine woven in three or four inch mesh. One corner is open forming a gate and from this a wall of netting (a leader) runs out generally about one hundred and twenty-five feet. This trap is set in such a place as the fish are likely to 'run'. The leader extends from the trap to the shore where it is securely anchored. The four corners of the trap are buoyed by casks and the top of each wall is supported by corks. This whole rectangular bag of netting must be anchored well so as not to touch the bottom and also to keep it in shape. The fish coming along by the coast are stopped by the leader, turn to the deep water and so swim into the trap. The gate is narrow, allowing but few to find their way out again.

To haul a trap is tedious work. Two boats are placed along one side of the trap next the gate and gradually the twine is hauled up till the boats work right across it and the fish are crowded up to one corner. They are then dipped into boats by means of hand nets or gaffs. The trap, now empty, is loosened from the boat and sinks down to its original position. Very often both boats are loaded with fish.

In theory this seems an ideal way of procuring fish, but to haul a trap in a heavy sea, when the boats are slippery and bobbing up and down like corks is a different matter. The person with no "sea-legs" or rubber clothing is much safer and drier on land, and I might say from experience that he "feels" much better. The dangers to the trap are many. The storms with their huge seas lashing...
break the moorings and either the trap drifts out to sea and is lost, or tears to pieces on the rocks. Drifting ice may take it all away, or a whale or shark get tangled in it and render it good for nothing.

To the less adventurous man, trolling appeals more strongly. A troll is inexpensive and not subject to so many dangers. Besides, a man alone or with a boy can handle a troll perfectly. The troll consists of from seven to nine, three hundred foot lines fastened together, so that a troll is quite often a half mile long. Each end is fastened to a buoy and the lines lie along the bottom some two hundred feet from the surface. About every ten feet along the entire length of the troll are fastened sed-lines. These are merely three-foot pieces of line bearing a single hook. This hook is baited with caplin, a small fish about six inches long, or these being scarce, with lance or pieces of herring.

The cod-fish swimming along the bottom are attracted by the bait and get on the hooks. This troll is hauling about twice a day and in a good season seventy-five per cent of the hooks will return a cod-fish. This is interesting work. Each man's buoy bears his own name or sign, after travelling perhaps three or four miles out you notice a pole sticking up out of the water, bearing a flag or some other identification. This is a troll buoy and starting here you pull up the troll on one side of the boat and let it go down on the other. While the line is passing over, the fish are removed and the hooks are baited with fresh bait. Thus you work from one buoy to the other. Few are the hooks that are bare. What a thrill it is to look down into the clear salty water and see those big fish gradually being borne up by the rising troll. How anxiously you look at that big one down there, just a few hooks away, and wonder if he will stay on till you can reach his hook. It was with no small delight, at least to me a novice, to haul over the gunwale with a hand-gaff a beautiful sixty pound cod-fish. No! they are not all that large but seventy-five pound Bank cod are not uncommon in the latter part of the season.

I have said that every hook bears something. Quite right, but not always a cod-fish. Dog fish, flat fish, rays, star fish, pieces of corals and crabs take up about twenty-five per cent of the hooks. These must be thrown away, although it does seem a pity not to be able to keep the many beautiful star fish, corals and what-not that comes up to the surface.

The hand-line is a modified form of trolling. It consists of a two hundred foot line with three sed-lines attached to it. The bait used is the same as on the troll. No good fisherman will pull up his line for one fish but waits, if possible, till each hook has a fish and thus saves time and energy.

To me the most attractive form of fishing is jigging. Perhaps it was that I was touched with pride at my success, or that it was the only kind of fishing that I could carry on individually. Whatever the reason, I spent many pleasureable hours at this work. A jigger is made of lead and in the exact shape of a six-inch fish. Out of the side of this decoy's mouth are two large hooks which are curved back in the direction of the tail. A thirty-five fathom line is attached to the tail of the jigger and your equipment is complete.

When you arrive at a suitable place you let your jigger down to the bottom, usually in about two hundred feet of water. As soon as the bottom is reached pull up the jigger about three feet so that it will be clear of the corals and rocks. The real fishing now starts. As arms length you jerk the line upwards, then let the weight of the lead pull it down again. You then repeat the movement as soon as the line is out to it's full length again. It does seem monotonous, but on the coast the fish are plentiful and labour well rewarded. You stand there patiently working away, waiting and hoping till Thud! What's that? Your jigger hits something and stops with a quivering motion, your line is being violently jerked. Yes! a fish. The cod seeing the bright object going up and down goes over to investigate. Making a dart to catch it he is struck from underneath by the hook, not necessarily in the head but any place in the body. You immediately start to haul in your line. It stops. Now it's coming freely, again, it stops, and you hold gently against him or give a little line. More slack now and on and on he comes, through that two hundred feet of water. He is coming easier now and away down through the clear water you see a bright streak. Will he stay on till he reaches the top? He still comes and is getting larger and larger. Circling about he reaches the surface of the water. What a dandy! Eagerly you reach for the gaff and pull him over the gunwale into the boat. There is little or no struggle at the surface of the water as the suddenly reduced pressure seems to stun the fish for a while and he lies quietly in the water. It is with great relief that you throw the jigger back into the water and watch the line playing out again. It is seldom that you have to wait more than three or four minutes before you have another one to haul up.

I have helped to get many boat-loads in all three ways. The fisherman likes the trap as the returns are much larger and much time is saved. Naturally so, for their food for the winter and in fact everything depends on the quantity of the catch. But to me jigging fish is the best sport. It is a case of fish versus man and quite often the fish wins.

It is a welcome sight to those on shore to see their boats returning slowly and well down in the water. Each boat-load adds to the comfort during the winter season. Thus as the boats, with engines turned off, drift in and bump against the stagehead, or wharf, the whole family as well as the huskies are lined up to welcome their return and admire the finny treasure.

After a hasty "mug-up", the fish are thrown up on stage where they are to be cleaned. They are never handled with your hands but by forks. From time to time water must be thrown on this pile of fish to keep them wet and cool as a cod-fish dies almost immediately on being taken.
from the water. The hot sun would soften and spoil them in less than an hour. The cleaning is done quickly and systematically. A table three by five feet is placed on the stage well out over the water. At one corner is a box about the same level as the table. By this box stands the “splitter”. This magician, for a good splitter is no less, with one stroke of his knife splits the codfish its entire length and on the return of the knife the major part of the back bone is removed. The fish automatically slips from the table into a tub of water below while the back flies in the opposite direction into the sea. All refuse is thrown into the harbour and what is not salvaged by the huskies is carried out by the tide to feed the many scavangers of the ocean bed. When the splitter’s tub is full the fish are removed by means of a wheel-barrow to the stage proper, or what we would at once call a wharf-house or shed. They are opened out and piled on their backs so that the salt will reach all parts of the fish. Each layer is covered with salt and then another layer is piled on. Such a pile is known as a bulk. Generally speaking it is four feet wide and five feet high, and extending the length of the shed. Piling on the bulk is generally done by the most experienced man of the group, as upon this depends the quality and grading of the fish. A loose, uneven bulk will spoil and blacken.

I was quite surprised to find a bulk of fish fifteen feet long, when I visited a stage on my first introduction to the deep-sea fishing, but before I left the same stage had five such bulks. Outside of this stage stood five barrels of cod livers. These livers are thrown into the large barrels and left out on the rocks. The heat of the sun renders out the oil which resembles, in its colour and thickness, Maple Syrup. This oil is dipped off and strained and then sold in barrels. The remaining blubber is thrown into the sea. It would seem now that the work was almost complete but the most dreaded part is still to come. After the twentieth of August it is considered that the sun is no longer hot enough to “burn” the fish and so the drying process is started. In a large tub of water in the stage each fish has to be taken separately and all the salt scrubbed off with a brush. When enough have been washed they are spread out on the rocks or elevated racks to dry. Light salted fish require nine day’s sun to cure them thus preventing decay. Heavy salted require only six days but at the present time this grade of fish is not in demand. Spreading fish each morning is a task for even the smallest of the families. No one must leave home at such times, for should the sun become too hot, or should a shower of rain suddenly come up, all these fish must be at once carried under cover. Each evening they must all be gathered up as the danger of even a heavy dew is great especially in the first five days of drying.

After the nine days of curing the fish is dry and hard. If all has gone well it is a white colour and an even firmness throughout. Bad piling on the bulk, rain or hot sun during the drying will cause the fish to soften in places and turn yellow. If very bad they will turn a brownish colour. Cured fish must be piled in a dry clean place with plenty of air and kept cool.

Cod-fish are sold by the quintal (112 pounds, green) and an average price might be stated at seven dollars. Trading schooners along the coast take these to St. Johns, Nfld. or Halifax where they are shipped to all parts of the world.

In the latter part of August the fish return to the coast waters, where they remain in diminished numbers till the ice freezes over in December. These are caught by trolls or jiggers and are salted as usual. They are never dried but sold in barrels just as they come from the bulk. They are very fat and demand much better prices. Such undried fish are termed “green” and a quintal contains two hundred and eight pounds. The winter supply of food is saved from this type as it is much better as food than the other fish of the earlier part of the season.

Autumn brings in the largest fish of the season. At the beginning of the season the fish are firm and of a very uniform size, the length being from three to five feet. These are easily dried and are used almost wholly for the production of our ordinary grocery store cod-fish. The much larger and fatter autumn fish range from four to six feet in length, and have to be very carefully salted so that they may be retailoed to the public in their original shape.

Dry light salted fish of the first grade, this year, sold at eight dollars per quintal. Each man aims to have at least fifty quintal and obtaining these he feels confident that he can buy his winter’s supplies. This means, of course, that in a partnership of five the one outfit must turn out two hundred and fifty quintal. In other words a pile of fish four feet wide, five feet high and one hundred and forty feet long. Quite often the season’s return will exceed this but it may be regarded as a safe average from year to year.

Schooner fishing among the fishing fleets, so common on the coast and Grand Banks, is carried out in practically the same way. Each schooner has its fleet of small boats and anchors in some sheltering bay or harbour near the fishing grounds. Each phase of the work is carried out on board except the drying, which is done when the boat reaches its home base.

This industry as I have described it may seem to be a very monotonous one but in reality it has many variations. Nets are constantly in need of mending and often in the busiest season have to be taken up and repaired.

Continued on page 25
The second annual conference of the National Federation of Canadian University Students was held at Queen’s University, Kingston, on December the twenty-sixth, twenty-seventh, twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth. Representatives from seventeen Canadian Universities were present, as well as a representative from the Confederation Internationale des Etudiants and the Student Representative Councils of Scotland. During the meeting greetings were received from the National Students’ Federation of America and the National Union of Students of England and Wales.

The Conference proved to be very interesting and instructive, and resulted in an exchange of ideas concerning systems of student government and the handling of student activities, which cannot be other than decidedly helpful in solving the problems which arise from time to time in the student bodies of the different universities. Many questions were discussed, some of which it is perhaps well to mention here.

In connection with debating, a schedule covering two years was drawn up, and a plan was adopted whereby the debating-schedule of the Federation would be arranged to cover a period of two years in advance, at all times. This is necessary in order to avoid confusion among the universities when arranging their inter-group debating competitions.

In 1928 the N.F.C.U.S. sent a team from the universities of New Brunswick, Acadia and Dalhousie on a debating tour across Canada. They debated at practically all the Canadian Universities between the Atlantic and the Pacific and suffered only one defeat, at the University of Montreal. On the whole, an excellent achievement.

In co-operation with the National Union of Students of England and Wales, the N.F.C.U.S. has sent a team of two men, one from the University of Toronto and one from McGill, on a debating tour through England and Wales. These debaters also spoke in Scotland, where they were the guests of the S.R.C. (Students Representative Council of Scotland).

Early in 1929 an N.F.C.U.S. team composed of debaters from the Universities of British Columbia, Alberta and Saskatchewan, is to travel across Canada to the East Coast. Bishop’s University will have the pleasure of debating against this team on Wednesday, February the twentieth.

An arrangement has been made between the National Students’ Federation of America and the N.F.C.U.S. whereby speakers from the universities of the American federation will debate at Canadian Universities during the coming year. It is also probable that the English and Scottish federations will send a team to Canada in 1929.

During the academic year 1929-1930 a team made up of representatives from Bishop’s University and the University of Montreal will travel to the Pacific Coast.

In 1930-1931 a Mount Allison University—Macdonald College combination will debate at the universities between Montreal and British Columbia, while debaters from the Ontario Agricultural College and Queen’s University will travel through Central and Eastern Canada. St. Francis Xavier College, which has just entered the Federation, will be one of the colleges whose speakers will travel in 1931-1932.

The 10th Annual Congress of the Confederation Internationale des Etudiants was held at Paris in August, 1928. Canada was represented by Mr. C. T. Teakle, graduate of Bishop’s University, as chairman of the delegation, and Mr. Paul Caumartin and Dr. Origene Dufresne, graduates of the University of Montreal. The long and interesting report of the chairman was read, and the delegates expressed their appreciation of the work of the Canadian representatives.

Progress was made at the Conference toward putting into operation the “Exchange of Undergraduates” scheme. Lack of space makes it impossible to describe this project in detail, but a few facts will roughly indicate its general character. The aim and intention of the plan was to effect exchanges of students between universities situated in different sections of Canada, thereby promoting the growth of knowledge and understanding between the widespread parts of the country: in short, to foster a national spirit between the East, the Centre and the West, which, engendered at college, would persist in after-life among college-bred men. A conception which, if idealistic, is none the less sound. A secondary, though perhaps more tangible result of the plan, would be that students desiring to specialize would be enabled to study their subjects from different points of view.

The governing boards of most of the Canadian universities have now signified their approval of the plan and their willingness to co-operate in its introduction. Most of the delegates at the Conference were of the opinion that where their own universities were concerned there was nothing to prevent its ultimate successful operation.

It has long been felt that the time has arrived for the formation of an All-Canadian Inter-Collegiate Athletic Union. The N.F.C.U.S. approached the Maritime Inter-
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collegiate Athletic Union, the Canadian Inter-collegiate Athletic Union (the Central group), and the Western Inter-collegiate Athletic Union with this object in view. As a result, the Unions mentioned have agreed to meet in 1929 to discuss the matter. The C.I.A.U., in spite of its name, does not comprise the whole of Canada, since it does not take into consideration the Eastern and Western groups. It is hoped that some arrangement will be made at this meeting.

A bureau has been established for the purpose of supplying information concerning any question which may arise in connection with the handling of student affairs. The N.F.C.U.S. representative from the University of Montreal has undertaken the secretoryship of this bureau for the coming year.

In response to an invitation from the N.U.S. of England and Wales, the N.F.C.U.S. is sending a party of students on a tour through Great Britain and Continental Europe during the summer of 1929. The lowest of travelling-rates are being secured, and the party will be entertained by the N.U.S. in Britain, and directed by their representatives while in Europe.

The Second Imperial Conference of Students is to be held in Montreal between September the sixth and September the sixteenth, 1929. This meeting, sponsored by the N.F.C.U.S., will be attended by student representatives from all parts of the British Empire, and is looked forward to with pleasure by those who are interested in the union and co-operation of students throughout the British possessions. The decision to hold the Conference in Canada, under the direction of the newly formed N.F.C.U.S., is felt to confer an honour and a privilege on that body.

The University of Montreal has kindly volunteered to accommodate the Imperial delegates, and McGill University, the City of Montreal and various societies and clubs have undertaken to provide for their entertainment.

The election of the officers of the Federation took place at the close of the Conference. The Rev. L. I. Greene was re-elected President; J. G. Goodsoe, B.A., L.L.B., of Dalhousie University, Vice-President; and Percy Davies, B.A., L.L.B., of the University of Alberta, Secretary-Treasurer.

During their previous tenure of office these men have handled the affairs of the Federation in a most creditable manner, and under their guidance the N.F.C.U.S. has grown from a mere shadow to a stable organization. The delegates expressed their appreciation of the work of these officers, and confidence in their ability was ably demonstrated by their re-election to office for the year in which the Imperial Conference is to be held in Canada, a most important epoch in the young life of the National Federation of Canadian University Students.

### Some Recent Publications

**Reviewed by E. M.**

**In the Realm of the Obtuse,** by T. Rutherford Axiom, M. Sc.

A scientific book for the layman. Professor Axiom's original and daring treatment of an important branch of higher mathematics, combined with the immense fascination of his subject itself, goes to complete a book as readable as it is informative. No one can peruse his illuminating chapter on the Orthocentroid Characteristics of the more acute angles without a feeling of amazement that any writer should have the ability to clothe the bare outline of trenchant criticism in such magnificently simple phraseology. Elegantly bound in calf, this little volume would adorn any bookshelf; as a guide to the modern study of science and mathematics it is invaluable.

**NO SANTA CLAUS?** by Ivan Tavtov.

The middle west, that melting pot of nations, forms the background for a novel by the talented Ivan Tavtov. The parents of Gilda Grisky, fleeing from the horrors of the Russian Revolution, seek refuge in a new land; Gilda's childhood is spent within the narrow limits of a ranch. But on the death of her parents, desire for a fuller life drives Gilda to the city. Here she meets and recognizes as her myxomyccephalic affinity Crayton Purvis, a young cowboy fleeing like herself from the deadening routine of the ranch. But their happiness is rudely ended by the lure of environment, which drags Purvis back to his native prairies, while Gilda feels again the urge for self-expression. Leaving their child with a neighbour, she sets out once more. The great climax of her life came when after three years spent in making pancakes in a mining camp, she becomes foreman of a gang and descends a condemned shaft. How the fulfilment of her life's craving comes to Gilda Grisky with crushing force is told in this fragment typically Russian in its poignant appeal. Mr. Tavtov will be remembered as the brilliant author of last year's best seller, "Haggis"; "No Santa Claus?" fulfils the promise of its predecessor. Agleam as it is with the sombre glow of a restrained Slavic passion.

**IF YOU WISH!** by Gustavia Smoot.

A new figure on the stage of contemporary poetry is Miss Gustavia Smoot, whose first volume of collected verse is creating a furore in literary circles. "The Recorder" says of Miss Smoot, "The brittle clarity of her concise and subtle style more than compensates for any banality of thought in her work." Realism is saved from itself by a tinge of romance in many of her lines, for example in "Room Beautiful" —

"Lustily glamourous,
Smokily odorous,
Utterly comfortless;
Your personality
Makes it my ideal — "

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**Recommended Reading**

- **The Mitre**
- **Some Recent Publications**
- **In the Realm of the Obtuse**, by T. Rutherford Axiom, M. Sc.
- **NO SANTA CLAUS?** by Ivan Tavtov
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The Bishop's Players Visit to Ottawa

By Martin Burrell.

Martin Burrell needs little or no introduction to Canadian readers. The following is a brief critique taken from the frontispiece of Mr. Burrell's book, "Betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross."

"Martin Burrell has lived a most active and many-sided life. He was born in England, where, at seventeen, he was translated from school into a bank. Here he remained for seven years, but finance had no lure for him and at the age of twenty-four he sailed for Canada. He has been Mayor of Grand Forks, fruit commissioner and lecturer in England for the British Columbia government, Minister of Agriculture in the Federal government, and, later, Secretary of State and Minister of Mines, and Minister of Mines and Inland Revenue. In 1920 he became Parliamentary Librarian and was once more able to turn with zest to his old love, literature."

The Mitre board considers itself fortunate to have so competent and impartial a critic for the production of the plays in the Little Theatre, Ottawa. Mr. Burrell's criticism follows. The Editor.

The request that I should contribute a few words of appreciation of the recent performance in the Little Theatre at Ottawa of the Bishop's University Players of Lennoxtville creates in me a mild astonishment, for, although I have played many parts during a fairly long life, I have never appeared in the role of dramatic critic. In a sense, therefore, I am a rank outsider.

Yet as the words are penned I recall an old and faded photograph, still in my possession, which shows a fairly tall, and I trust not too forbidding-looking, female brushing a small boy's hair. It represents my only participation in amateur theatricals. That female was myself. A suspicion of haughtiness on the face, quite inappropriate, was unquestionably a phase of stage fright.

The sympathy created fifty-five years ago for all those who face the footlights for the first time has never left me. To retain a desirable naturalness of pose, to speak clearly and without strain, to act the part without over-acting, how easy all this sounds, how difficult to achieve!

So, when I learned that most of the Lennoxtville players were really beginners I was sympathetic, but my sympathy was charged with respect as the performance went on. It seems to me to have been an admirable choice of plays, and quite a relief from those of the cheaper sort which one is occasionally called on to witness in silent suffering.

Lord Dunsany's "A Night at an Inn" was done in a way that provided all the necessary 'creeps'. As I gazed on those three corpses I thought of the late Mr. Walkley's brief criticism of an actress who wanted praise but didn't deserve it. "Miss Blenkinsop" he remarked, "made an excellent corpse. The rest of her performance was not up to this level." But the criticism would not be just in this case, for the lively realism of the priests' attacks was as excellent as the admirable and sustained immobility when lying on the floor as corpses.

Sniggers was excellent and gave a most natural presentation of the thoroughly frightened 'merchant seaman'. As for the "Klesh" himself, only the hardening process of a long political career saved me from being extremely agitated and nervous during his brief appearance on the stage.

It was pleasant to get back into the atmosphere of Cranford in the performance of "Followers". It was capital put on, and if, as I understand, the costumes, and 'effects' were designed and created by the University students themselves, a vast amount of credit must be given them. I am afraid one cannot expect to get such charming, unsophisticated, and obedient maids nowadays as Susan Crowthers. The more's the pity.

Lucinda Baines made a most attractive central figure in a delightful stage setting, and Helen Masters completed a pleasant picture. Hardly 'completed' though, for was there not Colonel Redfern? His costume, too, was admirable, and entirely in keeping with the period. If I found him a trifle lacking in animation, perhaps it was my wretched modern mind at work. Doubtless the lovers of that day were not long on what we call 'punch.'

It was a treat to get a touch of Shakespeare in modern dress, and the experiment should be regarded as successful. Puck was as to the manner born, but his enunciation was not quite equal to his excellent acting. I have known several Dukes and am prepared to say that, though much younger than those I have known, Theseus looked and spoke in a thoroughly approved ducal manner, though even here I noted a little lack of clearness in enunciation, but perhaps I was a little deaf that night. Pyramus gave me immense pleasure, and I found the Wall a most choice Wall.

Indeed this whole play was most enjoyable. I can only hope that the Bishop's University Players didn't feel that their time was wasted in coming to Ottawa, and if this dramatic critic ever gets to Lennoxtville, he will be disappointed if he is not given an opportunity to meet Lucinda Baines, Susan Crowther, Helen Masters, and Titania.
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The players gratefully acknowledge the kindness of all those who helped to make possible their visit to Ottawa.

They wish to thank their distinguished patrons and patronesses, those who offered their financial support, and also those who extended their charming hospitality to the players.

For the assistance with many details connected with the plays themselves they are grateful to the President, Secretary and Members of the Ottawa Drama League. The Old Curiosity Shop generously provided all the furniture for "Followers" and for "Pyramus and Thisbe".

Finally the players do not forget the thoughtfulness of the hostess who rounded off the evening with a delightful supper in the foyer of the Little Theatre.

Bishop's University Dramatic Society

Owing to the fact that the term has been thus far teeming with activities of one sort and another, the Dramatic Society has not been much to the fore. Ideas and suggestions, however, have been gathered together, plans formulated and a number of concrete objectives have been drawn up.

A most interesting and most noteworthy undertaking has just been launched in the inauguration of a Reading Circle. The Dean of Divinity has come to the fore by very kindly consenting to supervise this department. Not a few of the student body have allied themselves with this organization so that there seems to be little fear of failure. The attractiveness and the value of a movement of this kind will doubtless appeal to those who have joined so that the attendance should be of the best. Like any activity, constant and regular attendance is essential and interest must not flag.

All the details in connection with our major production "You Never Can Tell", have been dealt with, so that little remains but to take action. The end of this month should see all our plans taking shape and all arrangements finally completed. Rehearsals have, of course, begun and, although it is much too early to make any statement regarding the comparative excellency of the performances, we can be very safe in saying that there is some very good talent at hand, better perhaps than Bishop's has had for some time, so that the outlook is very encouraging. It is worth mentioning, too, that one of the sets to be used in this play is being constructed and executed in the college.

In ending I would again like to solicit the sincere and whole-hearted support of the college and our friends from outside. A great task has been undertaken, and cooperation and sympathy are essential if the very real amount of work ahead of us is to be carried on in an even tenor and with due success.

President.

Literary and Debating Society

The first meeting of this society since the Christmas vacation took the form of an open debate and was held in the Old Arts Common Room on the evening of January 25th.

The motion read:
"Resolved that the status of the Cinema is improving."

The president, Mr. E. V. Wright, was in the chair and the speakers were Messrs. Davis and Clark for the affirmative and negative respectively. The attendance at this debate was extremely meagre, there being only about 15 people present.

Mr. Davis, in opening the debate, laid stress on the vast improvements that have been made in ventilation and sanitation in the modern theatres and picture-houses with their absolutely fireproof construction and safety projecting machines. He also pointed out the beauty in some of the pictures of today and the synchronizing of music and sound effects, in Movietone and Vitaphone productions, as distinct improvements in the Cinema.

Mr. Clark, the leader of the negative, claimed that the effect of the 'movies' on the character and morals of young people does not make for any decided improvement. Love, as shown on the screen, formed one of his chief arguments in opposing the motion.

In connection with the question of children in Canada being prohibited from attending the Cinema, the President spoke on the custom in England and on the continent of having 'universal' pictures, for adults and children and others for adults only.

Mr. McCausland, for the negative, remarked that most of the "villains" of the screen were portrayed as belonging to some coloured race, which did not promote universal peace.

Mr. Jarvis told us that, in his experience, he had never seen a moving picture which would offend, in any way, any particular nationality. He further spoke at length on love as it is shown us on the screen by film actors.

Mr. Reeve also spoke for the affirmative and Mr. Cornish for the negative.

Neither of the leaders in summing-up attempted to answer the numerous points which had been raised by members of the House during the evening.

The President called for the vote to be taken. This gave the debate to the affirmative.
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During the Summer vacation of my second year's work in Forestry at the University of Toronto, I worked for the Federal Government on a joint survey, with the Spanish River Pulp and Paper Co., of the territory lying between the East shore of Lake Winnipeg and the Ontario boundary. The principal object of this survey was to ascertain the quality of the timber lying in this region and to estimate the quantity available to supply the new mill erected at Pine Falls by the Company; in addition to this the country was to be carefully mapped, indicating drivable streams, heights of land etc.: extensive experimental work was also to be carried on at the same time, to ascertain the rate of growth, reproduction etc., of the various merchantable species of timber.

I was one of a party of eight students who left Toronto immediately the exams were over (May 16th.) and in due course arrived in Winnipeg, where we put up at the Fort Garry Hotel to await further instructions, and were shortly told to report at Pine Falls (a new town, opened up by the Spanish River Co.), about sixty miles North of Winnipeg.

There we were joined by the rest of the crews and divided up into ten parties, each consisting of ten men and four canoes.

The party to which I was attached was headed by Mr. MacNeil of the Dominion Forestry Branch, with Don Parker, a third year Forestry student as second in command and representing the Spanish River Co.: a young Scotsman and myself we were estimators, and the four compassmen were supplied by students from the Manitoba Agricultural College: in addition we had a packer and last but not least, a cook.

On the morning of the 23rd. we, with four other parties, were packed on the little steamer and started north up Lake Winnipeg: that night we slept on deck, in the boats, dining room or any available corner, and were heartily glad when we sighted the mouth of Pigeon River, the starting point for our party, where we and our canoes and dunnage were unloaded.

We pitched camp at the mouth of the river for the night, and early next day launched the canoes and started for the point where the “cruise” was to begin, about fifty miles further north: this we covered in two days, taking longer than usual, as most of the men were inexperienced in a canoe, and we all were soft from our Winter in the City.

It was during these first few days that our compassmen got their first taste of “portaging”, but it was not very long before they could pack their one hundred and fifty pounds of miscellaneous dunnage over a quarter mile of portage with the best of us.

We never stayed in one camp more than two weeks, as we were only “running strip”, (that is surveying strips of woods, parallel like the lines of a football field) half a mile apart, as the merchantable timber there was almost a minus quantity, due to an extensive forest fire which had swept the whole country about thirty years previously: this condition made walking extremely difficult and it was generally a pretty tired bunch of boys who paddled back into camp about five or six o'clock in the evening.

An average days work would be, running a seven mile “strip” through the tangled bush, estimating the timber on each side of it, and generally finishing with a five mile paddle before we could reach our starting point again.

In the latter part of June and during July and August, the “black flies” and mosquitoes were both numerous and aggressive, and most of the compassmen were laid up for varying periods with infected bites: they looked very funny, with the eyes swollen shut and their faces twisted into grotesque shapes due to the excessive swelling, but somehow they failed to appreciate the humour of the situation.

By the middle of August we arrived at the Ontario boundary, after paddling a distance of 250 miles and making sixty portages, then we turned and slowly made our way back, cruising odd bits of timber which had been overlooked, owing to our lack of maps which were not supplied to us until the end of July: we also spent a week or so on investigative work, trying to find out when this extensive “brule” into which we were constantly running, would become of merchantable value.

Coming down the river we only made about twenty portages, shooting the remaining forty with but one upset, in which we lost our sugar and most of our cooking utensils, one of the crew narrowly escaped drowning but managed to hang on to the upturned canoe until hauled out.

The last month of the trip was the most enjoyable time I have ever spent in the bush: the flies were practically gone, the days were warm and sunny with nice cool nights, and we were all hard and in the pink of condition, with the exception of one of the unfortunate compassmen who developed sciatica, a result doubtless of the frequent wettings, and perhaps strain from too heavy a load while portaging.

We were all sorry when we arrived back at Pine Falls, en route to Toronto, four and a half months after leaving, although the pleasure of sleeping in a real spring bed under a roof, the luxury of hot water in a porcelain bath, meals with REAL vegetables, plenty of potatoes, not the dessicated type, and fresh eggs, went far to alleviate our regret at the finish of our Vacation’s work.
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A Dissertation in Black and White Studies

As the reader has probably noticed this discourse is intended to deal with black and white studies. It is not necessary to enlarge on the reason for giving it this title, since the most careless reader can readily see that it is in fact what it is intended to be. It is true that one has to read between the lines to get the white part, but the black (being printed) is quite apparent.

The inspiration for this literary effort came as a result of my perusing the second book of Homer and the Christmas issue of that excellent periodical "The Mitre". I find that reading Greek has a very calming and soothing effect on me, its effects being almost analogous to those of a sleeping draught. Thus one night between the intervals of tossing restlessly on my bed I picked up a volume of Homer with the idea of reading myself to sleep. However I had not read very far before I found myself so impressed with the author's majesty of style, the lofty sublimity of his description and the depth of his passion, that I became seized with the ambition to pen some little thing, in imitation of such a great and monumental piece of literature. This was the underlying basic reason for this outburst of poetical prose, though I fear undidactic prose. The immediate cause was my reading of the Christmas number of "The Mitre". I refer particularly to that portion of the magazine which dealt with studies in black and white. Now to a man like myself whose aesthetic senses have been sharpened by frequent close communion with nature and regular attendance at chapel, the idea of a study in black and white is repellent. What could be more drab and uninteresting than a study in black and white? Such a room would have a funeral aspect, one would feel more inclined to pray for the faithful departed than to study. This dismal atmosphere can of course be partially dispelled by judicious use of that excellent Black & White product put up by James Buchanan and Co.

This remedy however, even ruling out the factor of expense, is rather a difficult one for college students to put into effect, due to the disfavour (officially at least) with which the college authorities look on Buchanan's excellent product. If however it can be obtained this will be found a very efficacious way of livening up, not only a black and white study decorated in black and white. Such a room would have a funeral aspect, one would feel more inclined to pray for the faithful departed than to study. This dismal atmosphere can of course be partially dispelled by judicious use of that excellent Black & White product put up by James Buchanan and Co.

In my consideration of black and white studies I have so far limited myself to one meaning of the word study. It might however be advisable to mention that study is also the diminutive for a stud of horses, and thus means a collection of ponies. It is also used as a term of endearment for a small collar stud. There is no need to enlarge on the respective unpracticability and undesirability of black and white studies when used with these meanings. For the most uninspired intellect could readily grasp the difficulty of obtaining a study composed exclusively of black and white ponies, while not only is a black and white stud no better than any ordinary one, but a smaller stud than ordinary, or study, would be most inconvenient. The ordinary sized stud is difficult enough to find under a dressing table and a diminutive little study would be even more elusive. This reminds one of the remark made by the French valet when returning a lost stud to his English master, "Here eez your stud Sar, but zere eez no blood on it".

It would, I think, be appropriate to conclude this dissertation by giving the derivation of the word study. The word is a composite one being made up of the old English word stud and the French word y — meaning there. Thus a study originally meant a place where studs were kept. As studs grew more numerous a larger container was required and finally a small room was devoted to the purpose. Gradually the room came to be used not only for studs but books as well. By degrees the books took up more and more room and gradually ousted the studs entirely. Thus nowadays a study is a place where books are kept and where one goes to read and study.

I have by now I think achieved my purpose viz: to show that black and white studies are undesirable, and as such should be done away with. Who ever studies any way! G.
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Hardy's last novel is without doubt one of the most appropriately named works of fiction that has ever been produced. Jude, the principal character, is one of the most obscure persons to be found in fiction. Jude and Sue are two of the most interesting problems ever presented to the psychologist. So morbid is the whole tone of the novel that the reader is left with a feeling of the utmost depression for days after he has read it, but the plot is worked out in such a masterly and powerful fashion that even the most casual reader will follow the tragedy to its close. When Shakespeare created Lear he struck the self-same note which Thomas Hardy repeats so consistently throughout Jude the Obscure.

If one knew nothing of the particulars of Hardy's life and character beforehand, to follow the tragic experiences of Jude would convince him that only an extreme pessimist could have been the author. We do know that Hardy was a pessimist in many ways, especially in regard to his own personal existence. The story is told by one who knew Hardy personally, that one day while walking and talking to him Hardy fell into a quiet mood which continued for some minutes, then, suddenly wheeling round on his friend, he exclaimed, "I wish I had never been born!" Such was Hardy and such is the tone of Jude the Obscure.

The two principal characters, Jude and Sue, merit especial attention. In the case of Jude the reader is, at the very outset, aware of a marked purpose in life, but at the same time he seems always uneasy lest he should not attain his cherished ambition. The premonition of unattainment which Jude, in his early years, constantly hints at seems almost supernatural. Probably the greatest defect in his character was that he took life too seriously. Browning has said, "Life's too big to pass for a dream," but in the mind of Jude life was so serious a matter that it wrecked his whole career, and he died a broken-hearted failure. Jude's dreams of Life were always too realistic; never did he allow himself the pleasant and diverting unrealism of the true dream. The normal individual can never hope to attain to a realization of how great was the blow to Jude when he received the letter which, with absolute finality, debarred him from an academic career. Had Dickens portrayed Jude, as he might well have done, he would have retained a note of pathos but the tragic hopelessness would have been swept away with a touch of the pathetic comedy of the situation.

Jude seems always to be swept along by circumstances absolutely unforeseen and unavoidable to him. It is only one chance in a thousand that a simple country boy should meet with a country girl so gross and immoral as Arabella. The person who has never been placed in a like situation may be inclined to think that Jude was too easily led by her base advances to merit excuse, but Jude, never before in his existence having even heard of such a situation, followed only the instincts of the beast, contained in every man, as his guidance. Arabella is consistently the evil genius in Jude's life. Her grossness follows him with the persistence of a nemesis and catches him at moments when he is most off his guard, and then with such dire effects. Jude's final submission to this nemesis is portrayed by Hardy disgustingly like a picture by Hogarth.

It is not that Jude is unconscious of the higher ideals of life that he finally falls into such a degraded state, because, even the last Hogarthian picture wherein Arabella and Jude are staggering through the streets of Christminster late at night, his conversation, although mauldin, reveals his consciousness of what things ought to be.

The last scene in Jude's career seems too terrible to be real. It is more awful than the pictures which Dante drew of the Inferno, because Dante's characters were, after all, only unrealistic souls but Jude is a real person, in many ways no different from you and me. What punishment or torment could be more horrible than to be forced to listen on a deserted death-bed to the echoes of unattained ambitions; to have thus emphasized in the last awesome moments of human existence the consciousness of absolute and unconsoled failure?

Sue, too, is a tragic character, not merely by her associations with Jude but because tragedy is the basis of her nature. Sue is unconventional, but she does not go about with the premeditated idea of upsetting every convention of society for the mere sake of doing it. Sue resists convention only when she finds that conventional conduct demands things which to her are the most loathsome in the world. Sue never tried to make others or herself believe that her relations with Jude were platonic — pretension was not part of her character. Her relationship with Jude, as she herself exclaims, pretended to be neither conventional nor Platonic but rather Shelleyan.

Sue is a woman of strong sentiment and reaction. This is illustrated by her reaction to religion after the death of her children. Sue was more ancient than modern; in fact her belief that the catastrophe which overcame her offspring was a direct intervention of God is almost primitive in its conception. One might imagine that the religious note which Hardy harps on so constantly throughout the book is ironical. To suit the general atmosphere of the novel, and especially the circumstances of Jude's career, it is necessary to conceive of religion as a delusion, but when
"LEARN TO SAVE!"

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the result of religion, as in the case of Sue, is observed, it must be admitted that sometimes it is the source of the highest virtue, and that its influence is sometimes so strong as to turn the individual to an ethical course of action, no matter how distasteful such a course may happen to be.

Sue's peculiar aversion to Philottson in the ordinary role of husband is indeed hard to account for. Hardy does not picture the school-master as being particularly different from most men, or of Sue as a sexless person as Jude in one instance intimates. Hardy does, however, dwell upon this aversion so skillfully that when the reader comes to the scene of Sue's final, self-compulsory submission to the school-master the suggestion seems so sordid as to be unnatural to English literature: and yet there is very little actually expressed.

Taking the novel as a whole it is impossible to say that it is immoral. Someone has said, "morality is best taught through immorality." This may not be altogether true but at least one may view the unhappiness and tragedy which follows in the wake of immorality, even though, as in the case of Jude and Sue, the immorality seems inevitable. This side of life, although perhaps not as extreme as Hardy makes it to be here, is only too evident to the careful observer and it seems doubtful whether a recital of such dire circumstances as those narrated in Jude the Obscure is of any real value to the reader. To the over-reflective the book is terrifying; to the indifferent it is without meaning; and to the uninstructed it may very easily be misinterpreted. In short, to the average reader it is unpleasant.

LABRADOR COD FISHING—Continued from page 10.

Heavy seas may keep the men ashore for days at a time when even the best and largest boats do not venture forth and, even if they did, nothing could be done in the way of fishing. Again a three hour fight with a shark is no uncommon topic for evening gossip. The very fact that each year takes its toll of several lives denotes that the industry has its thrills and dangers.

In conclusion I would like to make it clear that the cod, while it is the principal fish caught, is not the only source of revenue that the sea supplies. In the spring seals are plentiful and in the month of August the coast is visited for a short time by great schools of herring. The skin and oil of the seal are valuable commercially and the meat is salted down as food for the dogs in the winter months. The fresh water streams, rarely fished, practically teem with the most beautiful brook trout and salmon.

While Labrador has many trials and hardships it is a paradise for the angler. There are no hours of anxious waiting and hoping for a bite. The fish are there waiting for you and in such quantities and size that even your most imaginative dreams actually come true.

Divinity Notes

The Divinity correspondent is not responsible for the opinions expressed by any of his correspondents. Those disagreeing with sentiments expressed in this column should see the Divinity Correspondent, who will, for proper reasons, put them in touch with the parties concerned.

With the opening of a new term, there has been the usual unrest consequent to such events, and the Divines are only gradually getting settled down again.

We note with regret the illness of Mrs. Carrington, and hope that she will soon be completely recovered and among us again.

In addition to the daily round of praise and prayer, lectures and teas, timekilling and arguments, several events of importance have occurred since the new term began.

The Divines have turned out well for Hockey and Basketball. We hope to be able to give full accounts of these activities in our next number.

The visit of the Rt. Rev. R. R. Smith, Lord Bishop of Algoma, has been a great pleasure to us. The Algoma students, seven in number, represent quite a large percentage of the Divinity Faculty.

The glorious Act of Worship offered in the Chapel on Sexagesima Sunday will not soon be forgotten. The simple but beautiful celebration of the Holy Eucharist — the presence of the Lord Bishop of Algoma in Cape and Mitre, who gave the Absolution and the Blessing — and his Lordship's definite, though kindly expressed Catholic Apologia, all added to the impressiveness of the service. It was indeed a privilege to be present on such an occasion.

Mr. Robert K. Trowbridge has recently found a new hobby in the form of singing "Latin". We hear him at all times, may we suggest that he sing "misere mei, Domine."

Enthusiasm in sports seems to be the motto of the Divines, and we are glad to see so many new men out for basketball. We have the makings of a very good team, as Wylie, Davis, Matthews and Ward are all showing very good form. The true spirit of the University has been displayed by Mr. H. Green who has given very valuable assistance by his coaching.

The Hockey games played in the Inter-Year series this term have at least proved among the Divines that the
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spirit is willing if perhaps the flesh is weak. Every Divine has turned out with real enthusiasm to play or root for the “No Score Wonders”.

The three hockey games played so far show that there is some real material for a team, in spite of the fact that they have lived up to their name rather too literally. But are we down-hearted? NO! Dowdell and Caulfeild are undoubtedly good men and the stars of the side. Davis has been transplanted from the defence to wing, where at any moment he is expected to burst into bloom. At present Ward has taken that part upon himself by bursting, not into bloom, but into the blooming defence on the opposing team. Parkie and Matthews complete the gang and can always be relied upon to get the puck or the man. So let’s keep at it boys, and work for good old Divinity, and if at first we don’t succeed, well, just try again until we do.

A very pleasant tea was held in the Guest Room of the College on Thursday, Jan. 31st. when Mr. Jarvis and the Divinity Students from Algoma entertained Bishop and Mrs. Rocksborough-Smith. Opportunity was thus afforded the Bishop and his wife to renew old acquaintances and to meet some who were quite strangers.

His Lordship, in his usual happy manner, kept the party in good humor with delightful anecdotes. The Algoma’s present were J. H. Dicker, F. Jewell, J. McCausland, R. Normabell, R. Sturgeon, M. Talbot and R. K. Trowbridge. In addition to these Divinity students Algoma has three men at Trinity, one at Nashotah, and three young Englishmen in training in the Old Country.

TOMBSTONES.

Sounds rather doleful, I suppose you think? I wonder, if ever you have paused while in an old grave-yard, and read some of the inscriptions upon the partly moss covered tomb-stones. If not take the next opportunity of doing so, and you will not find it such a doleful occupation as it may sound to be. Just to give some encouragement, the following are a few inscriptions which have been seen in a dilapidated church-yard.

“Here lies John Auricular”
Who in the ways of the Lord, walked perpendicular.

“Sown in corruption”
Raised in incorruption.

Another grave exposed to north-east winds, bore the following inscription upon it’s tomb-stone.

“Many a cold wind, o’er my body shall roll”
While in Abraham’s bosom I’m feasting my soul.

A Synoptic Problem
Kat Alpha.

U. That cat must have become a confirmed High Churchman.
V. A confirmed High Churchman?
U. Yes, I found it sitting on that Queen of papers, the Church Times the other day.
V. I’ll say you’re right. But ’catholics’ would have to be the first to reach the lower creation wouldn’t they?

Kata Beta.

W. Upon my word the Church Times has been most grossly insulted.
X. Insulted? How?
W. Why I saw the College Cat sitting on it a few days ago.
X. Oh! Is that all? Well, I am glad it has been sat on by something at last if it were only a cat.

Coed Activities

The Women Students’ Club held a bridge for the benefit of their association in the Convocation Hall on Thursday, January 31st. There were 15 tables, which brought in $28.50 clear. This sum was further enlarged by donations by the Principal, the Bursar, and Mr. Preston, raising the amount made to $33.

Dr. McGreer distributed the prizes, which were won by Mr. and Mrs. Shupe, firsts, and by Miss Mary Brewer and Mr. Hobart Greene, seconds.

On January 21st. the term’s first meeting of the Women Students’ Debating Society took place at the club-rooms. As there had been no time to prepare a debate, the meeting took the form of “stump” speeches. As only 14 were present, practically everyone had a chance to speak. After the opening words of the chair woman, M. Clark, in which she set the time limit for each speech as three minutes, A. Acheson spoke on the subject of “Fish Stories”. The other attempts were as follows: J. Halls on “Trying Again”; P. Montgomery on “Going to Church”; P. Strong on “Hairpins”; Mrs Carrington on “The Blues”; E. Montgomery on “The History of My Life”; J. Knowles on “Unnecessary Noises”; P. VanVliet on “Holidays”; E. Swanson on “Our Canadian Winters”; H. Wright on “Indians”.

E. Montgomery’s “History of My Life” was especially amusing and well-delivered. The Society are planning Inter-year Debates for the near future.
I’m Tired

of Telling People

He’s Nicer Than He Looks!

Who? Bill? Don’t kid yourself. Bill’s nobody’s fool, even though he does dress sort of sloppy. Give him a chance and you’ll see he’s got real stuff.

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"What's in a Name?"

In names of the Feminine order
There's a world of meaning confined,
Each suggests a shadowy picture —
A picture within the mind.

It's the custom of foolish mortals
(Ye poets! a wicked shame!)
To apply the name to the girl,
Instead of the girl to the name.

Often a true Salome
Is called at her birth Fanny May.
Outrageous! Here follow some names
With the pictures they convey.

Antoinette is petite and alluring,
While Mary is Full of good sense.
Clarissa is fair (or she should be)
And Maud is inclined to be dense.

Gertrude's a trifle too heavy,
Like Mabel, she's lacking in charm.
Georgina (with Eve) is affected,
While Ella's devoid of all harm.

Marcia is rather a problem,
But deviltry lurks in her eye.
Diana is cold though entrancing,
She's probably learning to fly.

Christine is very old fashioned,
And Matilda, her friend, is a prude.
Rosamond's cheek needs no rouging.
Light-hearted and gay is her mood.

Lively and pert is Miss Betsy,
Opposed to the dignified Ann.
Full of nerve and vivacious is Sonia,
Reminiscent of mischievous Pan.

Sophronia, languorous and dreamy,
With the deepest and darkest of eyes.
Not sad, not gay, but — reflective.
Makes one think of old melodies.

Penelope's sleek and quick-witted,
She's dressed with meticulous care.
Her hair (she's a blonde) is brushed backward.
You'll see her in "Vanity Fair".

Cynthia's full of enchantment,
And witchery lies in her smile.
Demure and adoring she gazes —
Little devil, she's laughing the while.

These names — with a thousand others —
You'll admit make it very clear,
That girls should be merely numbered
Till they've reached their sixteenth year.

Anon.

From Alexander, with kind regards —

The modish pattern of my ties
It's not your place to criticize,
Though you have fears for maiden eyes.

My pensive, unoffending verse —
My dear, you know that yours is worse;
— Ale will all human woes dispense —

When clouds of smoke about you roll,
Think more of your immortal soul,
And all my cigarettes you stole;

I wouldn't teach a girl to smoke;
The best young ladies don't
Besides, I can't betray my art,
And anyway, I won't.

She Loves Bridge

"Cut for Partners? Oh yes, of course! How silly of me. I always forget to cut for partners. Oh, so we're together! But I'm an awful player you know. Mother always says I take it too seriously. — Oh, my deal? Why of course. I never know when its my turn to deal. Its so funny, isn't it? I do love bridge, don't you? — Oh I'm terribly sorry, I must have misdealt. Probably I was thinking or something. I'm always thinking about something. I just love these candies, though of course I shouldn't eat so — Oh, is it my bid? I was forgetting for the moment. Well, I'll pass, I never like to bid first, you know. Its awfully funny. Some people — I? Oh, I beg your pardon, I didn't notice. What did you say? A heart! Well I'll say two spades. Oh no, I just have to say one spade, don't I? What? My partner said a spade! Well I'll pass then, though probably I should say No Trump. Oh, I shouldn't have said that, should I? Yes, I'll pass. There! Isn't that nice! Now I'm Dummy. I love to be Dummy, its so nice not to have to keep one's thoughts concentrated on the game all the time, isn't it?"
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Letters to a Canadian Cleric

The reputation for kindheartedness enjoyed for many years by the rector of All Saints, Ottawa, is responsible for a considerable increase in the duties expected of him as a parish priest. The following letters are only two of many similar ones which he receives in the course of a year.

Reverend Sir Hepburn,
Minister of the Church of England,
Laurier Street, Ottawa, Canada.

Reverend Sir:

If you do remember very well, that I have asked to yourself to get me one Parliament Position by your friends and you answered me that you would your best to place me by some means; after that meeting with you.

I have found an other little job which brought me down to Montreal and almost everywhere into the Province of Quebec.

At the present time I am into one little camp that I have made myself for the winter time, upon one very big mountain.

I have about four acres to get down this mountain to walk up onto the track of the C.P.R. I think to go for my groceries and my mail.

I do want you my dear Rev. Father minister to answer and tell me if you could get one position at the time and if it is still opened for myself when I would desire to get it. This means that I would accept about any kind of situations into the Federal Parliament House of Canada at Ottawa. My best regards to Miss Hepburn your kindly sister.

Very truly yours,
H----------- P---------------.

Dear Rev.

I am writing you these few lines to ask you to do me a kindness and only what I am rightly entitled to you see Rev. I took a trip to the Old Country on the 10th. of Aug. and I found things very bad over their in the line of work so I came back on September and the Emigration held me for inquiries to see if I have been in the country for the last 5 years now I referred them to you but I thought you may have forgotten me. now Rev. this is Thomas K-- who is writing Now it is about 3 or 4 years ago rev. since I worked cleaning around your Church on Laurie Aven. also Fixing the tennis lawn. it is also about the same time since you got me the job at the club on the Aylmer road the time you came over to Hull to see could you help me out. Now Rev. you know my only weakness is Drink. you know that you have trusted me with your grips and suitcase when you have rode on your wheel to the Church, now you see its like this i told them that I have been out here for 37 years Ever since I was 10 years old but they want to know if I have been here for the last 5 years Now your Rev all I want you to do is to call up the Immigration Dept. and explain to him the Inspector just as you know the length of time you have known me and also as to my Honesty you can either call him up or see him. Personally also will you. Kindly call up Governor Mousseet of the Hull Jail and ask him to call up the same and account for how many years he has known me just tell him that I just left his Place about the middle of June Now your Rev this means a lot to me For I have been Held 6 weeks already not that I have done anything wrong of anykind but they want to be sure that I have been in this Country for the last 5 years now you and Governor Mousseet can verify this and I wish you would do it as soon as convenient for yourself without interrupting your Duties I also wish to state your Rev that after what I have seen the short time I have been in the Old Country in regards to the conditions will be the means of me Quitting the Drink.

Hoping you will Oblige Your Rev and forward me a short letter to relieve my Worrys I remain yours respectfully.

T--------------- K---------------
St. John, N. B.

Skeleton Loot.

The sea has coffers, green and old,
Sunk in the sands
And lined with gold,
Stuffed with the coins of foreign lands.

The sea has pirates, stiff and cold,
Stuck in its floor
And dank with mould,
Ooze for the flesh the bones once wore.

The sea has knockings in its hold,
Clanks that are queer.
When waves unfold,
Spilling deep sounds to puzzled ear.

Then bony fingers are, 't is told,
Mad with the lust,
Sharing the gold —
Skeletons' loot, the food of rust. R.G.
HATLEY Runabouts will do more than excite your casual observation. Their distinctive beauty of line and striking design by HACKER, their completeness of detail and beautiful finish will win your lasting approval.

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WE ARE NOW ACCEPTING ORDERS FOR EARLY JUNE DELIVERY
A Treatise on Central African Colloquialisms

While travelling in Central Africa last year, on a hunting expedition, I happened upon the Kraal of my old friend, the King of the Tlufug pigmies — a race well-nigh extinct in those parts of Africa, but more numerous further north, between the rivers Keibono and Tlsomba. He said that he had some good news for me; hunting was good. This was not all, however, M. Pattou was in the district and would be back at the Kraal by evening.

Now M. Pattou is a Frenchman who knows every language on the continent except one and that, by the way, is the M'llpst language which contains no vowels and pronounces all its consonants alike. In fact M. Pattou is a wonderful man. Ever since I have come to Africa I have endeavoured to make a study of languages, but not so much the languages themselves as the colloquial expressions and the oaths. They were my hobby.

And so it was with a light foot and a happy heart that I tripped into M. Pattou’s hut that evening. I wanted to know about the Phlugumph dialect. The colloquialisms had been quite beyond me. For instance the expression "Ho-Ko" had baffled me entirely. I had heard it used from the naked baby of three, to the paunchy ex-warrior king of eighty-three; at meal times, in battle, when telling jokes, when angered, when scraping blood off their spears, when putting prisoners eyes out. Everywhere and anywhere I have heard those words, "Ho-Ko". It was not until I spoke to M. Pattou that I really found out its meaning. This is the story he told me.

A young missionary from Slugushee district went out lion-hunting with him one day. They procured two elephants and four Phlugumph natives, which they divided up among them, and set off in the best of spirits. (I might remark that this missionary was a very pious and sanctimonious man, being as far removed from coarse language as a giraffe’s chin is from his Adam’s Apple.) The chatting of the two natives was in its usual strain. "This is a Ko of a bum elephant!". "You said a mouthful kid; it’s too Ho slow; Ko I’d like to bam him one on the roof."

All at once the topic changed of its own accord. "HO-KO! There’s a lion," said the first, "Ho-Ko!" exclaimed the other, swallowing his gum in the excitement of the moment. "HO-KO!" trumpeted the elephant. Then the other elephant echoed, "Ho-Ko!". Then all together, in a harmonious, if somewhat stentorian chorus "Ho-Kos rent the air. They echoed through the palm leaves they resounded to the depth of the toad-infested oasis; they bubbled through the Cao-tao (cactus) bushes; they reechoed above the herds of peaceful Blamphi, grazing the luscious African herbage. The missionary grew excited. The enthusiasm of the moment entered his soul. "Ho-Ko" he falsettoed, the words reverberating through his tonsular glands. "Ho-Ko! Ho-Ko!". He revelled in the word; he gurgled it in his lower throat; he turned his eyes upward and let it trickle through his closed teeth; he exhaled it through dilated nostrils. "HO-KO! HO-KO!

The prey was dead. All was quiet. The party were sitting round the camp-fire calmly munching toasted lion. All was contentment. In short all was quiet and content. The missionary edged towards Pattou. Nervously, for his conscience bothered him, he whispered in his ear, "What does that funny word HO-KO mean?"

"Well," was the reply after a lengthy silence, "HO might be said to correspond pretty well to the old English word ‘Damn’, while KO is practically equivalent to the old Latin expression — ‘To Pluto’ or in modern language ‘to Hell’.

There was the sound of a thud (or in B’forgo ‘boff’). "Water! the missionary’s fainted", was the cry. Buckets of water were produced and thrown over his face and neck. Anxious eyes were cast down on the flickering eyelashes. Then his lips began to move. There was a tense silence. "HO-KO!" muttered the missionary,"I’m too HO wet."

By E. R.-S.

PERSONALS

Professor F. R. Scott, M.A. Oxon, B.Litt., is associated with a group of editors who will publish a monthly magazine to be called "The Mercury".

Mr. P. J. Usher, B.A. ’25, B.C.L., is a member of the firm of Messrs Alexander & Crepeau, Advocates, Barristers, etc., Bank of Montreal Bldg., 205 St. James St., Montreal. His present home address is 5175 Sherbrooke St. W.

Mr. W. H. Chapman, B.A. ’24, is associated with L. L. Chapman in manufacturing Esquimau Lubricant. His place of business is at 345b Elgin St. Ottawa. We are pleased to hear that he is meeting with good success.
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WOULD HAND HIS WIFE A CHEQUE FOR $20,000 TO INVEST?
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The Rev'd Allen F. Whatley, B.A. '25, was ordained deacon on April 25th, 1928, at St. Luke's Cathedral, Portland, by the Right Reverend Benjamin Brewster, Bishop of Maine. He has a curacy at Trinity Episcopal Cathedral, Newark, N. J. and is reading for his M.A. at New York University.

The Rev'd A. T. Love, M.A., who has been rector of Cowansville for the past eight years has been appointed to the parish of St. Alban's, Montreal (The Bishop Carmichael Memorial Church).

The Rev'd A. V. Grant, L.S.T., who has been rector of Holy Trinity Church, Ste. Agathe, for the past seven years has resigned his parish. He and Mrs. Grant have gone to England.

On Friday evening, November 16th, his parishioners met in the parish hall at Ste. Agathe and presented him and Mrs. Grant with a silver salver on which was a purse containing a large sum of gold. The Mayor of Ste. Agathe, Mr. L. E. Parent, addressed the meeting and gave expression to the regret of all citizens at the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Grant.


In the Forerunner of the General Convention of the American Church for 1928 there was an article by Robert Johnston reviewing the work which Dr. Curran has done for the Diocese of Washington, since he was appointed to develop its missionary work sixteen years ago. The sum of money raised for missionary purposes has been increased manifold; new parishes have been established, and missionaries have been found for districts which were frequently vacant before Dr. Curran's time. The progress which has been made in the church's work in the Diocese of Washington within the past decade is due in a large measure to his ceaseless and unselfish work.

The Rev'd M. B. Johnson, M. A. '13, Mus. B., has been appointed curate of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, Ont.

Professor W. O. Rothney, M.A., Ph.D., has been appointed a member of the Protestant Committee of the Council of Public Instruction.

The Right Reverend, the Lord Bishop of Algoma and Mrs. Rocksborough Smith spent a week at the University at the beginning of February and the Bishop preached in the College Chapel on Sunday morning, February 3rd.

Lieut. J. N. B. McDonald, B.A. '25, who has been officer in charge of Mechanical Transport in M. D. No. 1., at London, Ontario, has been transferred to M.D. No. 6, with Headquarters at Halifax, N. S.

The Rev'd F. G. Sherring has left the diocese of Algoma and accepted an appointment to the parish of Collingwood in the diocese of Toronto.

The Rev'd E. J. Harper, L.S.T. '81, has retired from the work of the active ministry after faithfully serving the church in Canada for nearly half a century. He still takes Sunday duty in St. Barnabas Church, St. Catharines, Ont. His present address is 94½ Queen Street, St. Catharines, Ontario.

Miss D. Lipsey, B.A. '26, has accepted a position on the staff of King's School, Westmount. Her present address is 121 Lewis Ave., Westmount.

**BIRTHS**

SCOTT — On January 11th, 1929, at the Royal Victoria Hospital, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank R. Scott, a son.

COOKE — At Mutton Bay, Labrador, on January 3rd, 1929, to the Rev'd and Mrs. F. B. Cooke, a daughter.

**The Flower -- A Sonnet.**

The flower — a heavenly joy to the heart of man —
Is, by Nature reared, incarnate God.
The slender stem is the body of Him who trod
On earth, where Nature in past times began
To move as guided by the pipes of Pan;
The head — of Him upon the Sacred Rod;
The corolla — the Thorns streaking the white with blood.
Thus is the flower — the centre of the realm of Sylvan.
'Tis the flower that gives us breath, we give it ours.
The fragrant perfume like incense in hermit shrine
Rises towards us, above us, as a symbol of love and prayer.
Tiny insects drink of the pollen whose nectarine powers
Would lead us away to the peaceful sphere Divine,
Where the dead grow as flowers in the garden of Paradise fair.
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"Blue and White" Warren High School, Warren, Penn'a.

The "Blue and White" has accomplished its purpose as a High School production, namely that of presenting a witty and amusing magazine which has also much value from a literary standpoint. The cover is highly suggestive of a proper school spirit. The Warren artists have done their bit to add to the humour of the "Blue and White" by their many clever sketches. The poetry section shows what results can be obtained with effort. The articles entitled "Faculty" and "Hall of Fame" are most interesting and novel. Keep up your splendid work.

"The Pine Hill Messenger" Published by the students of Pine Hill Divinity Hall, Halifax, N. S.

We are pleased to receive "The Pine Hill Messenger" on our exchange list. For a small magazine it contains much news of interest. We wish you all success in future publications.

"Quebec Diocesan Gazette"

The Mitre is glad to acknowledge the "Quebec Diocesan Gazette". An exchange of this kind is always worthwhile.

Trinity College School "Record", Port Hope and Woodstock, Ont.

An altogether admirable magazine from several viewpoints. As a fortnightly production it shows the work of co-operated students. The literary standard is high, and the topics written upon vary widely. The arrangement of the magazine shows good management on the part of the editing staff. The story entitled "The Return of Herlock Sholmes" is cleverly worked out and proves very interesting. The poetry section might be improved with the addition of more poems of a serious nature. The last page entitled "Puzzles" is novel and rare in school magazines. The cover adds 'tone' to the Record and finishes a fine production.

Bishop's College School Magazine,

B. C. S., Lennoxville, Que.

It is not partiality to say that the B. C. S. Magazine is one of the best on our exchange list. From cover to cover it contains interesting, readable material. The many photographs, group pictures, and cuts are a feature of the magazine. The basis upon which this splendidly edited construction seems to rest is the united effort of the whole student body. Very enjoyable and of particular literary value is the story "Aftermath" and the article relating the life of Commander Ryatt Rawson. Good laughable humor is prevalent throughout the magazine, and poetry is not lacking. Good work B. C. S. Keep it up.

"The College Times" Upper Canada College, Toronto, Ont.

We can only criticise your magazine from a favorable stand-point, and commend its virtues to others. We admire the arrangement of your "Table of Contents" for quick and easy reference. Your splendid photographs suggest to us the diverse life of the college. We enjoyed reading "Beelzebub's Dilemma," and the account of the various sports in which the college indulges. The artist has not neglected his work for there is no dearth of humorous sketches. To be brief the "College Times" is a good magazine, and interesting throughout.

R. M. C. Review:- R. M. C., Kingston, Ont.

The editorial staff of the R. M. C. Review have put forth a fine magazine — it is well constructed, full of interesting literature, and contains many photographs and cuts all printed upon a high grade of paper, and finished with an exceptionally fine cover. Most enjoyable to read are the articles "On the Northern Rhodesian Veldt" and "A Piece of Halibut Talks". We miss the joke and poetry sections from your magazine. Otherwise it is a great success.

"The Blue and White", Rothesay Collegiate School, Rothesay, N. B.

In reviewing your magazine we are glad to say that we like it, for it shows the result of effort and we admire the spirit with which the December number is issued. We think, however, that if the type were set up on better paper the cuts would stand out, and this would be a decided improvement to the "Blue and White". We would also like to suggest the addition of names under your group pictures, as an item of interest to outside readers. We enjoy the short stories and articles included and also the poetry, but might we ask for more of this?

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"The Windsonian", King's College School, Windsor, N. S.

The aim of "The Windsonian" as clearly stated is roughly as follows — to encourage and preserve good school literature, to present a record of the school’s athletic, scholastic and social life, and to be a binding tie between the Old Boys and the students of K. C. S. This fine aim has been accomplished by the boys of K. C. S., and we congratulate you upon your success. But may we offer a suggestion; A higher grade of paper would improve the general appearance of the magazine, while a few sketches and skits would offset the more serious literature.

Call again K. C. S.

"Le Beret", Université Laval, Quebec, Que.

We are glad to welcome "Le Beret" as the first French paper from a French college on our exchange list. A paper of this kind is very interesting and instructive to students of French. We will always hear from you with pleasure.

"The Gouvernemental Report on Coal Mining"

We are glad to receive this little booklet which explains so lucidly the conditions in the coal industry.

"St Andrews College Review"

As usual, this publication is of a very high order. Your literary department in particular surpasses other issues of your mag. that we have seen. We like your arrangement and your breezy style of preservation.

Letter to the Editor

To the Editor,
The Mitre.

Dear Sir or Madam,

The following amendment to the section regarding the Dramatic Society in the Constitution of the Student’s Association of the University of Bishop’s College, compiled by the President and Secretary-Treasurer of the Dramatic Society, was submitted to the Student’s Executive Council and promptly rejected on the motion of the Chairman by a majority vote of 8 - 1.

Yours,
Signed by Order In Council
B. H. R. White, (President)
Geo. Hall (Sec.-Treas)

1 The name of this organization shall be the Bishop’s University Dramatic Society.

2 PREAMBLE. The Bishop’s University Dramatic Society exists for the production of mystery and miracle plays, for the promotion of better jokes in vaudeville, for advocating the use of Lux Toilet Soap in all theatre dressing rooms, for an annual dinner and for numerous other reasons not worth mentioning.

3 MEMBERSHIP. The Society shall give Ten Dollars to any person who is crazy enough to join and corporal punishment to any person contemplating affiliation with this body. Corporal punishment in each case to take the form of a cold bath in the proposed new building of the University.

4 OFFICERS. (a) The Officers of the Society shall consist of a President, selected or elected, and a few others chosen at random and by lot anywhere, anytime and anyhow.

(b) The President-Elect shall provide ample testimony to the effect that he is absolutely ignorant of dramatics, business and advertising. In addition to the foregoing qualifications he must have an intimate knowledge of Hebrew as spoken on the American Continent.

(c) The Secretary-Treasurer shall carefully destroy any incriminating correspondence such as letters to the President, invoices etc. Furthermore, he must be an expert forger in case the Society should run short of funds. He must have a ‘poker face’.

(d) As it is customary to have a producer, there shall be appointed a producer. As soon as he starts producing anything he shall be asked to resign, for the Society cannot take the risk of having any plays produced under any circumstance whatsoever.

5 MEETINGS. 1. There shall be no meetings of the Bishop’s University Dramatic Society.

2. Regular and Special meetings shall be called by anyone at any time and without notice, subject to sub-section 1 of this section.

3. The only exception to sub-section 1 shall be those which are held in the local tavern as often as the funds of the Society permit.

4 A fine of One Dollar shall be imposed on any person who is punctual at a rehearsal.
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