

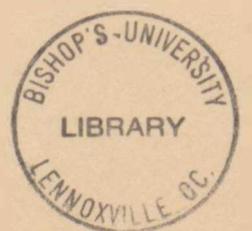
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The Editorial Staff is not responsible for opinions expressed by contributors.

Editorial



Literature and Life

In this age of utilitarian science the chief objection which is made to the study of literature, English or Foreign, modern or ancient, is that it robs the student of time which might be devoted to the study of more practical facts. Over and over it is claimed that student years are too short to be devoted to such an unpractical thing as the study of "les belles lettres." Strange to relate, however, this is not the claim made by the foremost scientists. Pasteur, who has been called "the most perfect man who ever entered the Kingdom of Science"; had the deepest regard for the influence of literature on the individual. In his later years he wrote the following words to a literary friend: "The brain alone is able to deal with the exactions of Science; but the soul and the brain are allied in Literature, which explains the secret of the superiority of Literature in leading the march of civilization".

The scientifically analytical method of study should not be applied to literature for it is only then that it ceases to be of practical use. Pasteur struck the basic note when he said, "the Soul and the brain are allied in Literature," but they will not be allied if the language of the masters of any language is to be regarded as a synthetic body composed of nouns, verbs and adjectives created, only to be torn apart by a dissecting pedagogue. The scientific grammarian is too often found even in the best of universities. It is this type of teacher that kills whatever literary appreciation which may exist in the minds of his students. Under such circumstances the very indifferent student may graduate from his university with a far greater appreciation of literature than the conscientious worker who has absorbed every word from his lecturer. The lecturer should never for an instant imagine himself to be an infallible exponent, capable of bringing several hundred intellects into exact concordance with his own. Instead he should strive to help each individual taste along its own separate course. The classics are not goals of achievement in themselves; instead they are the vehicles of art to carry the student towards the liberal culture of society in general.

If money and purely practical things are considered to be the chief aim of life, then the Anti-Classacists are well founded in their objections, but somehow such an idea, thus baldly put, appeals only to a very small minority. Most people do not know what really is the chief aim of life; they have instinctive feelings which urge them to promptly deny the above-mentioned ideal, but they are at a loss to go beyond that. A few perhaps murmur something concerning "culture". There is hardly a more unintelligible word in the English language although Matthew Arnold gives a definition, upon which no one has yet made an improvement. "Culture", says Arnold, "consists in an acquaintance with the best that has been thought and said in the world and thus with the history of the human spirit." That seems to come a little closer to the ideal of the majority.

"The great charm of classical literature is that one is never tempted to measure its value in dollars and cents." Pecuniary interest invariably enters into scientific study. "How many facts (which may be turned into solid cash) can I acquire in a given length of time," is the question always confronting the scientific student. In one respect it is unfortunate that some such estimate cannot be made of literary study since it is a striking coincidence that so many brilliant classical students have developed into the leaders of the world's practical affairs. Peel and Gladstone are examples well known to every Britisher, and both were brilliant classicists at Oxford in their undergraduate days.

Not only is sympathetic tutorship in literature a necessity, but every opportunity and encouragement should be afforded the student to express his own thoughts in writing. Whether or not he ever attains any success in his own writing he will at least appreciate more keenly the literary products of others. In the final analysis experience is the only teacher. It is for this reason that the college magazine exists. Such a magazine, contributed to by students, edited and financed by students holds their interests in a prime position. For this reason Bishop's students, as well as students of outside universities, will always find the pages of "The Mitre" open to their opinions and efforts.

TWO POEMS

Ah, now the world is quiet,
For sunset's fiery gleams
Have quelled the maddening riot —
It is the hour of dreams.
Ah, happy, happy hours
Of dreams and scent of flowers;
Strangest of all strange powers:
Declining sun's last beams.

The early morning's promise
Of what the day would ask
In joy or sorrow from us,
While working at our task
Has come to its fulfilling,
With sunset now instilling
A subtle charm entrilling —
One moment left to bask.

The morn of life is over;
The noontide is at end —
We cannot but be sober:
We see not round the bend.
We've passed the time of sowing,
We've left off from our growing —
The harvest from the mowing,
Too late now to defend.

I'm half way through my morning —
My work is but begun:
Before the dusk gives warning
That toil must all be done.
Before time's finished streaming —
Accomplishment redeeming —
One fleeting hour of dreaming
Before my course is run.

Now winter's on the wane, I long to see
The spikey pines — their tops that touch the sky —
And hear the waves, and sense the minstrelsy
Of breezes as they fling the waters high
To wash the bow of our frail craft that rides
Their mighty crests. But O, to feel again
The sturdy paddle driving toward the stern,
The white-tipped waters as we skim the shore!
No Northman could have longed as now I yearn
To hear the seagulls' cry, the swell's deep roar!

The lake is passed and all is silent now,
As down the river lazily we creep.
My craft and I are languid. — In the bow
My friend is quite unblushingly asleep.
Though I am drowsy sleep is far away.
Above, the clouds are mottled with the sun;
The shore with ruddy cardinals is gay;
The west's a glory — for the day is done.

Then darkness comes and twilight's mists have fled
And drowsy travellers must make their bed.
The spruce is piled, the water-proof is spread,
The candle long since out. The day is dead,
Forgotten, but not quite, for if the morn
Is cold and bright my longing will be there
And I shall frown upon the frosty air;
I'll curse the white expanse of glistening snow,
And long for happy days I used to know.

Then when the summer breezes scent the air
I know I'll find a way to get me there,
And in my craft I'll push off from the shore.
One month of heaven! No. I'll make it four.

W.H.D.

W.G.B.

The Developement of Niagra Power

By M. Brett.

Countless generations of Indians wove the Thunder of the Waters into their myths and legends, and worshipped the spirits of the troubled Niagara River, but it was not until the seventeenth century that white men came upon the cataract where six million horsepower stampeded in wild waste over a hundred and sixty-five foot precipice — when French missionaries venturing through a wilderness brought back an amazing tale of wild waters leaping down a mountain side. The great explorer La Salle struggled on beyond the Falls and built the first ship that ever sailed the upper lakes. Last October a monument was unveiled opposite Navy Island in Niagara Run commemorating this event.

Men looked at the Falls long and from many points of view before they saw *something* in addition to the majestic spectacle that still inspires wonder and awe. Joncaire, an obscure fur-trader, first saw power as well as beauty in Niagara Falls. Sometime in 1757 he dug a circular ditch just above the American Falls, and with a six foot wall he ran a saw mill which, at the most, may have used twenty horsepower. For nearly one hundred years no essential change was made from Joncaire's primitive methods.

Modern methods in the Niagara Power Industry began in 1852 with the digging of what is known as the Hydraulic Canal. This canal was part of a project to divert water at a point half a mile above the American Falls and bring it across the city of Niagara to the cliff wall of the gorge below the cataract, at which point power could be developed on a far greater scale than had ever before been undertaken.

The fundamental engineering principles of this project were sound and are, in fact, the physical bases of the marvelous hydro-electric development of today. But in 1852 electricity had only recently been applied to telegraphy, and the dream of the Niagara power pioneers never reached beyond water wheels directly connected with machinery. Because of unforeseen structural difficulties several companies were financially ruined, and it was not until 1877 that the Schoellkopf interests took over the debt-encumbered property and made a successful enterprise which developed nine hundred horsepower from the canal water.

Then came electricity and revolutionized the entire Niagara Power Industry. In 1879 Prospect Park was lighted by Niagara Power and railways ran excursions, bringing thousands to witness the marvel. By 1881 water wheels of two thousand horsepower capacity were connected with dynamos by rope drive, and the electrical energy thus developed was sold for commercial purposes.

The trail had been blazed. Capital was slowly obtained for the necessary experimental work, and power

plants were extended on the American and Canadian sides of the river. Then great electro-chemical industries, made possible only by low-cost power, spread about the Falls: cheap power was the magnet that drew them.

Electrical machinery continuously increased in size, efficiency and power until units of 70,000 horsepower were reached. Now a vast web of transmission lines radiate from the Falls to serve a wide area. The transmission lines which the Niagara, Lockport and Ontario Power Co. has in operation at the present time are one thousand three hundred miles in length and represent an investment of over thirty million dollars.

As power interests began to divert and utilize water from Niagara, tourists and those benefitting from the tourist trade became alarmed lest too much water should be diverted, and the cataracts' scenic beauty ruined. So in 1909, in order to preserve this scenic beauty at Niagara, the Boundary Waters Treaty between Great Britain and the United States limited the average daily diversion of water from the Upper Niagara for power purposes at the rate of thirty-six thousand cubic feet per second on the Canadian side, and twenty thousand cubic feet per second on the American — a total average diversion of fifty-six thousand cubic feet per second. Because the primary reason for entering into this treaty was the preservation of the scenic beauty of the Falls, and since the benefits derivable from the use of boundary waters belong equally to both countries, nevertheless, for physical reasons, the greater diversion was regarded as preferable on the Canadian side. This was due to the fact that ninety-five percent of all water passing over Niagara flows over the Canadian Falls. This difference in permissible diversion on the Canadian side was offset by the exportation to United States of electrical energy developed in Canadian power plants.

The demand for electricity rapidly increased, while the available amount of that which could be utilized for the production of more power remained at fifty-six thousand cubic feet per second. Power interests began to clamour for more water diversion, and various theories were advanced as to ways and means of obtaining it, at the same time retaining the scenic beauty. In order to demonstrate the feasibility of these theories, engineers of the Buffalo, Niagara and Eastern Power Corporation built a large scientific model and placed it at the disposal of government commissions of representations of civil engineering institutions. This was done that experiments might be carried on to determine in what manner the problem of increased water diversion from the Falls could best be solved.

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slightly more than five percent of the total discharge from the Niagara River but it represents at least twenty-five percent of the total scenic spectacle, which proves to some extent that the beauty of the cataract is not dependent on mere volume of water. The model demonstrated how the proper distribution of a controlled volume of water could lengthen the life of the Falls, (between the first governmental survey in 1764 and the latest in 1925 the crest of the Canadian Falls has retreated over eight hundred feet in one hundred and sixty-one years — a gradual erosion of approximately five feet per year). At the throat of the Horse Shoe, where the backward march is fastest, the water is about fifteen feet deep, twelve times greater than the depth at the crest of the American Falls, yet the American Falls is almost as majestic and is moreover, free from the bare spots which mar the beauty of the Canadian Falls. So if the throat of the Horse Shoe Falls was one tenth as deep as at present, the backward march would be retarded, and with a more moderate flow of water the grandeur of the Horse Shoe would no longer be concealed behind a thick wall of spray. A special demonstration of the model showed beyond a doubt that only thirty-five percent of the outflow of the river was needed on the Horse Shoe to produce an even greater scenic effect than the present one.

If certain rocks and boulders were removed from the flanks of the Canadian Falls, and submerged weirs or wing dams were constructed in the upper rapids, the water *would appear* to flow undiminished in a more or less uniform sheet over the entire crest. Then less water would flow over the throat of the Horseshoe, and less spray would obscure the view. The scenic beauty would thus be enhanced instead of marred, the present diversion would continue, while still more water would be available for power purposes. Eventually, it is claimed three million horse-power will be developed at Niagara in Hydro-Electric plants.

A hydro-electric generating unit consists essentially of a hydraulic turbine to convert the potential energy of the water to mechanical energy and an electrical generator to convert the mechanical energy to electrical energy.

The mechanical power is produced by passing water under pressure — the *head* (that is the vertical distance the water can be made to fall) — through a turbine. Water is diverted from the river at the highest elevation economically possible. At the Ontario Power House it is diverted one and a quarter miles above the Falls, resulting in an additional fifty-five foot head. Three conduits, twenty-one feet, eighteen feet and thirteen and a half feet in diameter, convey the water from the intake at the forebay to a valve chamber at the plant. At the forebay, debris is separated from the water by screens. At the valve chamber, the water flows through fifteen nine foot valves into an equal number of penstocks — one penstock for each unit.

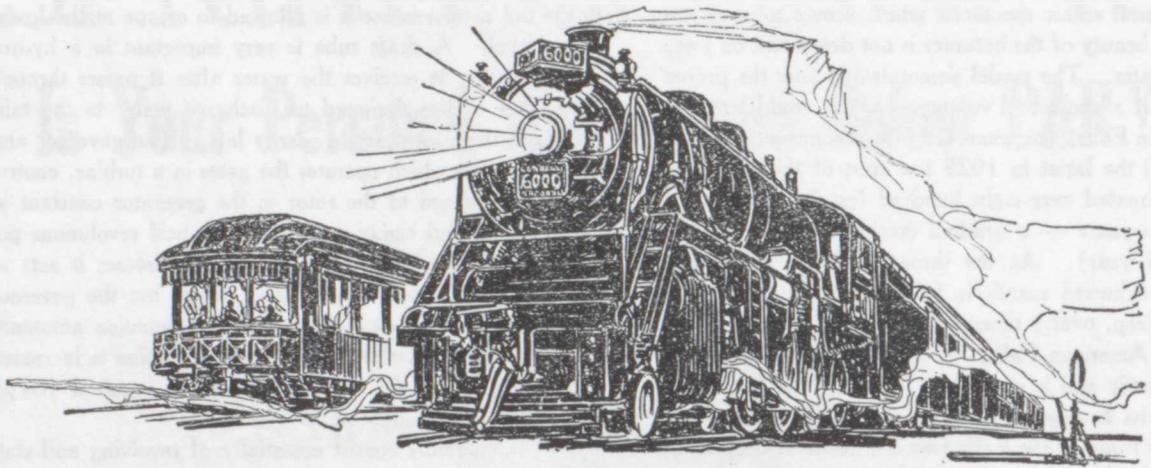
Arriving at the turbine, the water is guided to the runner, that is, the rotating part of the turbine, by a number of passages, the entrance to which can be made larger or smaller by the *gates* which are opened or closed by mechan-

ism operated by a governor. After giving up its energy to the turbine runner, the water passes down a draft tube to the tail race, whence it is allowed to escape at the lower water level. A draft tube is very important in a hydro-electric unit. It receives the water after it passes through the runner and is designed to discharge water to the tail-race with the least possible energy left. The governor and the mechanism which operates the gates in a turbine, control or keep the speed of the rotor in the generator constant at one hundred and eighty-seven and one half revolutions per minute. As the load on the generator increases it acts as a brake on the rotor, which slows down, but the governor and the mechanism controlling the gates function automatically, so that the water pressure on the turbine is increased until the speed of the rotor returns to the required 187½ revolutions per minute.

Generators consist essentially of revolving and stationary parts, and are of two main classes, those supplying direct current and those alternating current. An electric current is produced in a closed electric *circuit* when a portion of that circuit moves in a *magnet field*. The same effect is produced if the magnet field moves with respect to the portion of an electrical circuit. In the alternating current generators of the Niagara plants, the magnet field revolves, the revolving portion of the generator being known as the rotor. The stationary position of the generator, known as the stator contains, in the form of windings, portions of the closed electric circuit in which it is desired to produce current. The rotor is essentially a series of powerful electric magnets arranged in a circle about an axis and these revolving magnets are energized by direct current electricity, generated by a relatively small direct current electric generator known as the field exciter.

The Ontario Power House began in 1902, financed by American capital. In 1917 the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario bought the property for approximately twenty-three million dollars, and added several new units. Since the Hydro Commission acquired its extensive power interests, rates have been lowered until now at Niagara Falls the Commission sells the electricity to the municipality at the rate of 1.2 cents per kilowatt hour. Americans often ask why their electricity is more expensive than that in Ontario. Hydro property is not assessed since it is publicly owned, there are little or no taxes to pay and thus cheaper power is given to municipalities throughout Ontario than would be possible under a private ownership. But taxes are high in municipalities in which hydro property is situated. Thus it is claimed, distant municipalities get cheap power indirectly at the expense of tax-payers situated near the hydro property. It is estimated over one hundred and twelve million dollars is invested in the Niagara systems. One transmission line extends from the Ontario Power House to Windsor, a distance of two hundred and fifty miles.

Tourists sometimes have strange ideas in regard to power production. "Is this, (meaning the Niagara) the St. Lawrence River?" Several people had a firm impres-



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sion that at night "the water is shut off the Falls and turned on again the next morning." One man, after signing the visitor's register at Ontario Power House announced with pride he was all the way from Akron, Ohio. This proud citizen gave as his occupation, Electrical Engineer. However, when he reached the main floor of the generating station, he gazed around and asked where the turbines were, while not more than ten feet from one. In the entrance house this gentleman again repeated with great gusto he "was all the way from Akron, Ohio" When shown in the visitors' register signatures from California, Washington, England and Brazil, he remarked quite casually "it was a nice day" and walked out. One lady announced she was a society leader from Los Angeles. On one occasion a negro visited one of the power plants and after viewing the machinery told the guide he was interested in horses and would like to see the stables where they kept the six million wild horses of Niagara. Evidently he had seen the cover of a pamphlet issued by the Niagara Falls Power Company, entitled "Six Million Wild Horses."

THANKS

On behalf of the decorating committee for the Junior Prom, I wish to extend a vote of thanks to the following who largely contributed to the success of our decorations.

Mr. Giovetti of the T. Eaton Company, Limited, Sherbrooke, for the use of flags and emblems. The Southern Canada Power Co., Lennoxville, for lights and sockets. Mr. Beck of the Beck Press for his invaluable assistance as an adviser.

On behalf of the Committee I again thank these people for their help.

Yours etc.,

(Signed) R. Miller Wallace.

LIFESAVERS - A Sonnet

In rounded packages closed up compactly,
 With label of a radiant, glittering hue,
 Made safe from dusty atmosphere with glue,
 And name upon it clear for all to see,—
 It has made bright the gloom of life for me,
 And added joy to hours all too few
 When I forget the work I have to do
 And gladly turn to triviality.
 There may be some call from the boundless main,
 Where a forefather voyaged long ago
 To distant lands, and then came home again
 With cocoanuts and tea and indigo,
 And dared death boldly on the watery plain;
 That must be why I like Lifesavers so.

GRADUTE'S LETTER

The following extracts from a letter by Douglas Barlow, M.A. were handed to the Editor by Prof. A. V. Richardson. Mr. Barlow, after a distinguished academic career at Bishop's, last year won a Rhodes Scholarship to the University of Oxford.

"The Mitre" is very pleased to hear from Mr. Barlow. Editor.

"You will be interested to hear that I am now doing the Mathematics course, instead of Engineering, as I feel now that it is quite as good preparation, if not better, for Aeronautics

"There is no Aeronautics at Oxford so far as the University is concerned. There is however the University Air Squadron, which is more or less a part of the O.T.C. - or falls into that category, and that is a flourishing healthy thing. I am a member of course, and highly enthusiastic. We fly 1/2 hour per week, and have the very best of instructors. I have now flown a total of about 5 hours and can fly straight, glide, climb, turn, and can even land and take off, though in somewhat amateurish fashion. The O. U. A. S. has four planes and accommodation at an Air Station at Upper Heyford (15 miles north of Oxford). We go out by tender in the afternoon once a week, and then fly. Last week, incidentally, I went out as a substitute in case some should fail to appear (there being 16 flights in the afternoon), and I was so fortunate as to get three half-hour flights in succession, which delighted me tremendously.

"I like England very much. I spent the Christmas vacation in the country. First a week in London — an uninterrupted succession of lunches, teas, tea dances, dinners, and also a concert at the Albert Hall on a Sunday afternoon. All this was arranged by Lady Frances Ryder, who makes it her business to see that Dominion students enjoy themselves here in this country. Naturally the Rhodes men are the largest corporate body of students from overseas, but she also includes within the scope of her beneficence Cambridge and London men as well, and Oxford men who are not Rhodes Scholars. She also arranges with friends in the country to have students visit them for a week at a time. The second week I spent at an officer's mess of the R.A.F. Christmas and New Year were enjoyed with people at Englefield Green, in Surrey. The remainder of the vacation was spent in Sussex and Somerset. The second place I stayed at was, incidentally, the old home of Pitt, Lord Chatham. It overlooks Sedgemoor, the scene of the battle.

"I am having a most enjoyable time here at Oxford. New College is undoubtedly the best now, and its waiting list is more than twice as long as the next one.....

"During the Easter Vacation a South African and I are going to take bicycles to France, and with a minimum of equipment are going to travel — cycling when the country is interesting, and riding on the trains (third class) when we think it uninteresting. We hope to take a train to the Pyrenees and ride down the other side! How's that for a brilliant suggestion?



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EVIL SPIRITS

Dogs! And more dogs! A few days before the beginning of the Michaelmas term in the academic year 1924 - 25 I had my first introduction to life at Bishop's, and incidentally to the all-pervading spirits of the village of Lennoxville. My first night was sleepless. Thunder and lightning, dogs, train whistles, and screeching cats and so passed a week. I was almost exhausted and then I began to resign myself to a condition of life which has continued even until this present time, and now I am about to make my exit very much in love with Bishop's, but absolutely fed up with canines not to speak of cats.

My first day in Lennoxville was simply indescribable. I stumbled over Tomcats, a species of bulldog, scurvy collies, sparkling fox-terriers, wolf-hounds and last, but not least that very bushy animal to which we have given the name airedale.

My readers may gather from the above that I have no use for the dog. On the contrary I have a great respect for the animal. For as the result of a recent discussion involving the vital questions of doctrine, Christian and pagan, the dog was credited with original sin, intuitions and ideals, very nearly approaching to that of the ordinary human being.

And now to relate some experiences, both personal and otherwise, connected with the evil spirits in our midst. In the first place these spirits have completely taken possession of our academic halls, even to the private precincts of our own rooms — not to speak of the Chapel and Convocation Hall.

At a recent Inter-University Debate one spirit gave utterance and was promptly ejected not without some amusement on the part of those who are very loath to expressions of mirth. However, be that as it may. One cannot but be dismayed when he realizes the magnitude of the problem, for it is a problem. The sidewalks are infested with the sullen breed, or perhaps they will jump to conclusions and follow you in families. Some say that charity begins at home, that remains to be seen.

When the C.O.T.C. parades these kindred spirits continue to haunt the rank and file. On one occasion the bass drummer almost came to grief amidst the shrieks and cries of innumerable demons. Now I ask you!

To allude to more delicate matters. When one or other of these evil spirits torments the emotional level of chapel service the faces of many reveal the titanic struggle taking place within their inmost beings. It is no uncommon sight to see at least one spirit leap for joy between the Dean's stall and the horns of the altar. Would that our religion followed along more joyous lines!

The ears of the chapel cherubims are often decorated with a crouching beast (no offense to the Apocalypse) The Hallowe'en sentiment was very well expressed when at a certain nine a.m. meditation (the Dean discoursing upon four-footed beasts) the crescent, not the cross, suddenly loomed from out the misty light of the chapel, and lovingly regarded two very innocent and attentive divines for a time and then changed its tune. Who says that the lower animals have no sense of the divine in creation? They would put many of us to shame.

At one memorable evensong the college organist almost lost, in fact he actually did, his sense of the beautiful. For the pedal organ absolutely refused to function: who was to blame? Certainly not the choir.

Again, when one of my evil friends seek for higher education, notably in the sphere of English literature I think it is about time to say quits. Rather hard on the Freshmen, but still there are times when the conventional note in academic circles simply will not sound.

By way of conclusion let the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals carry on by all means, they are doing a noble work, but I suggest that we initiate a society in dear old Lennoxville for the prevention of further degeneracy among higher animals. Let's go Bishop's! Let no dog bark!

Cathedral Busk

The vesper rays from slender windows flow
And melt within the nave to dusk. Cold ghosts
With clammy breaths now creep from crypts below
And float their airy lengths between the posts
Whose stony heights stretch silent into gloom.
They fade along the aisles' entangled ways,
And sleep like hidden mists in ancient tomb,
Or sculptured saint returning wooden praise.

From far above there swells an organ's tone
That stirs the echoes hid in dusty nooks;
The chiseled angels singing hymns of stone,
The cherubs chanting psalms from stained-glass books,
Are startled by the organ's heaving lungs
That fill with life the thousand rigid tongues.

R.G.

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At Home with Demo

Demo the Great stirred under his goat-hair coverlet. Cautiously he opened one eye. A capricious arrow of sunlight chose that moment to examine his optical anatomy.

"Ugh!" grunted the sleeper and turned over to the wall.

Boom! Bam! "Thunder," remarked Demo's unconscious mind. Yah! Yah! some horrible siren rent the air.

"By Pluto!" said Demo and sat upright.

His sleepy gaze focused on a frowsy individual standing near the door. She held a mixing spoon in her hand. Evidently the thunder had emanated from her belabouring the brightly polished dishpan hanging on the wall. She regarded him with a vicious look in her eye.

"ARE you going to get up?" she inquired. "Just because you're going to be the loud noise in the Assembly this afternoon is no reason why I should do all the work. Come on, now! You look like a he-goat!" With this parting caress she took down the dishpan and turned to go.

"Hey!" shouted the awakened Demo, "Put that back. How can I practise if you take it away? Why can't you leave things alone?"

"Oh, all right" said his spouse, replacing his looking-glass. "I suppose I can wash the dishes in the water trough for the fifth time this week." Muttering she returned to the kitchen, emphasizing her complaints as she went down the hall by whacking the wall with her spoon.

Yawning widely Demo stretched out his hairy arms. He breathed deeply. Then he got out of bed. Carefully he adjusted his chiton which served double purpose as a nightshirt. The great orator examined his face in the shiny dishpan. "Friends!" he shouted, tying his reflection. "Not too bad," he remarked. "The beard needs washing."

"You've burned the ambrosia again," said Demo from the table.

"Don't I know it?" returned his wife who was fixing her hair at the oven.

"How can I fix my hair and feed the hens and attend to breakfast at the same time?" She adjusted the curling iron. "I don't see why we can't have a couple of slaves."

"Everyone who has slaves isn't descended from the gods," replied her husband who was proud of his ancestry.

"Are you referring to my uncle Lesbos? Maybe he isn't of divine descent but he has seventy-two slaves, and what's more he's pentacosimedimni, which you aren't! Ye Gods! I'm sick of this! I wish I were home in Samos!"

Unperturbed Demo detached a few grapes from a large bunch which was hanging from the rafters.

This scene of domesticity was rudely interrupted by a hideous roaring from without. "Oonh! Oonh!"

"By Minerva! What's that?" shouted Demo, jumping to his feet.

His wife was already outside. "Mildred's cut her foot," she exclaimed. "You WILL eat sardines in bed and throw the cans out of the window! She won't be able to work for a month. Oh why must we have only one cow? My uncle Lesbos has four hundred, and what's more he's a pentacosimedimni, which you aren't!"

"Well said," added Demo, "for the three thousandth time this olympaid."

"Don't touch her!" shrieked the infuriated woman. "I'll see to her. Go weed the garlic."

Demo cocked an ear towards the house. A weird buzzing noise rose and fell on the hot morning air. "She's singing," he told himself. "Now's my chance."

Carefully tucking up his chiton he tiptoed to the doorway. "Lesby!" he whispered.

"Call me Lesbia," she answered. Then in a mollified tone, (she had found Demo's purse under the bed) "What do you want, dear?"

"Whew!" muttered Demo wiping his brow. "Come down to the beach and hear my speech for this afternoon?"

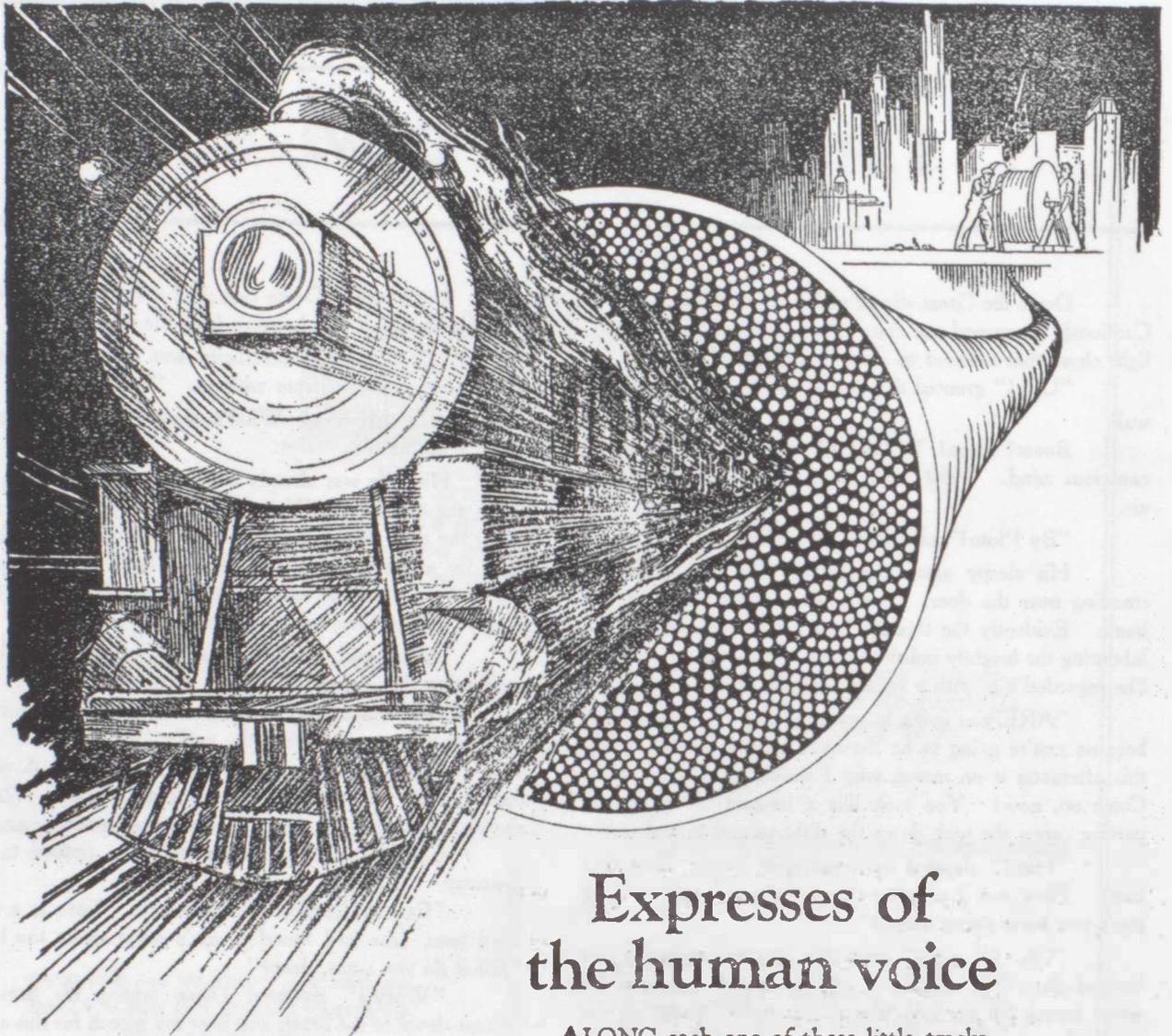
"All right," she said. "I'm being well paid for it" to herself.

The blue waters of the Saronicus gleamed and sparkled under the bright sun. A soft breeze was blowing inland as Demo and his wife picked their way down to the stony shore.

"Don't forget the signals," Demo told her as he placed a large handfull of pebbles in his mouth. "Go along the beach about a half a mile. They called me a rhopoperperethras last week. What I've got for them today will slay 'em," he remarked confidently.

Demo chose for himself a large flat rock near the surf but high and dry. He struck an attitude with his left hand on his breast and his right ready for the gestures. For some minutes he waited until his Lesbia had clambered over rocks and boulders until she was sufficiently far away. Finally she reached her distance and sat down on a stone. She raised the leafy branch she carried and waved it to and fro.

Demo cleared his throat, and squared his shoulders. Hrrmph! He raised his voice. "Ready?" The branch



Expresses of the human voice

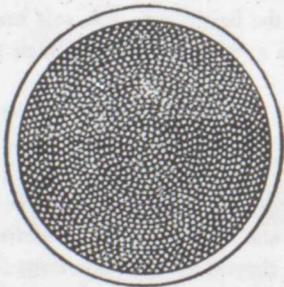
ALONG each one of these little tracks your voice moves approximately with the speed of light. If you could girdle the earth seven times you would notice no appreciable lapse of time between speaking into the receiver and hearing your own voice at your ear.

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moved abruptly. "All right."

"Friends, Athenians and countrymen! A situation most grave lies before you! The temple of Venus needs a coat of paint! Who among you dares stand forth and say that it does not? Even I in my poverty was struck to the heart at the sight of such neglect to the house of our Great Mother, even so—"

Demo stopped short. Down the beach his wife was waving the Greek equivalent to a fiery red petticoat.

"She can't hear me. Hrrmph!"

"FRIENDS, ATHENIANS AND COUNTRYMEN! A SITUATION MOST GRAVE....."

"Well, how'd you like it?" inquired the orator as his wife came up.

"Very nice, but I don't like that 'Friends, Athenians and countrymen,'" she answered truthfully. "It sounds to me too much like 'The Merchant of Venice.'"

"Nonsense," scoffed her husband. Which, being said in the fourth century B.C. closed the matter.

"Lesby," Demo said nervously, "Will you lend me your yellow chiton?" Before she could refuse he went on. "I only want it for this afternoon. Mine's all worn out, and I couldn't appear in a new one as I speak of my poverty. Yours would be just right. I tell you. I'll bring you a new one of real Samos purple. Will you?"

"Call me Lesbia," that lady returned. Then in a sweeter tone, "I guess so, but don't forget! Don't you dare come back without a genuine Samos purple chiton — brand new!" And she patted a purse of money carefully hidden in the depths of her clothing.

—H—

The Catechism

(Revised Edition — with apologies)

What would happen?

- (1.) If "Jim's" decisions were not "God's wish."
- (2.) If "The Czar" should consult the students as to methods of managing the rink.
- (3.) If the Dean of Divinity failed to "present his compliments."
- (4.) If all the telephone calls were "authorized by the Board of Censors."
- (5.) If "Boots" forgot to say, "Now, last day I was just running over —."
- (6.) If no student failed in Old Test.
- (7.) If Dr. Rothney were late for lectures.
- (8.) If mathematics were made compulsory.
- (9.) If Dr. Raymond forgot to call the roll.
- (10.) If Mr. Home lost interest in the coeds.
- (11.) If the "proposed new buildings" should be erected within the next ten years.
- (12.) If Dr. Call were negligent as regards exeat.
- (13.) If the writer should have an inspiration.

My Maid of Long Ago.

A young moon hung above the College spires
And mystic moonbeams make the dark world glow,
And as I strolled with romance in my mind
I met my pretty maid of long ago.

She held a cigarette between her rouged lips,
Her skirt was brief as any mode would show,
Her hair hung down in ringlets, her eyes smiled
A troubled smile — my maid of long ago.

"Tell me", I murmured, full of wonderment
At such conflicting features, "Do you know
That you're a puzzle." But she shook her head
And answered "I'm a maid of long ago."

"I am the spirit of an age long past,
I come again to laugh with folks below,
And find if modern maidens have the fun
That came to us as maids of long ago."

"But I don't like this cigarette a bit
The boys all want to point me out as slow.
My clothing seems immodest. You'd be sad
If you had been a maid of long ago."

"But wait", I said, "What do you think of us?
You, who have seen another age should know
If men and maidens have grown bad or good
Since you yourself were with them long ago."

She smiled and answered, "All their ways have
changed

Their lives are filled with merriment and show
And yet I think their hearts are just the same
And just as true as those of long ago."

She seemed so sweetly frank and so demure,
I could not help but feel I loved her, so
I stooped to kiss; and found it was a dream,
For vanished was my maid of long ago.

And often, when the moon is bright above,
And mystic moonbeams light the world, I go
Down that same path. Perhaps some day I'll find
Her waiting there, my maid of long ago.

W.W.D.

* * *

I'm Tired

of Telling People

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HOCKEY

After numerous abortive efforts to string a few words together on the hockey season in a more or less sane manner to convey a more or less sensible impression, the sports editor wished that another Rugby season were at hand. In Rugby there is far more scope for slang than in hockey and there seems to be a greater variety of words with a punch than of words which convey speed, delicacy, and versatility and if you divorce a sports editor from his slang he ceases to exist.

This is such a terrible state of affairs that I am having a fit of the blues. If I were only allowed to dwell upon the sociability of the hockey players, their academic achievements, their accomplishments, their entertaining conversation, their virtues or even their vices, but I cannot get the knack of talking about their hockey for I cannot get the right words to convey the facts about their general excellence and their particular good points.

This year the senior hockey team played against Loyola, McGill and the University of Montreal in the Intermediate Intercollegiate League, and against the Pacifics the Canadiens and Stanstead in the Eastern Townships League. Although we did not come out on top in either, we made a creditable showing, as we nabbed second place in each series. Two exhibition games were played this year with Cookshire which were won by scores of 5 - 3 and 14 - 4. The second string had a fairer showing this year as games were arranged with Bury. The boys had a hectic time away, but won back their laurels at home.

The interyear hockey was run this year in a systematic manner and has so far proved most successful. There has been a very keen spirit of rivalry at all the games and, as a result, a healthy sense of competition exists. So far, second year has bested the others but third year are on their heels and still hoping. First year has put up some very strenuous opposition and has only lost out by a very small margin, whereas Divinity has not been able to make the grade. Their team has put forth a sporty effort, however, and the more credit to them. There can be no doubt that the brand of hockey has improved immensely at Bishop's and the fact that over forty men are on the ice every week is significant. By all means let this interyear scheme be encouraged in the future. Would that it had existed in the past.

Now from the very beginning there is one thing that I want to emphasize and impress upon everybody. From first to last the boys played the game and played it well. Not once did they come on to the ice without that will to win, which is the basic equipment of any team. I have only to point to the games that were played with Loyola and

the Pacifics to prove my point. Every Bishop's supporter may well be proud of the team and would not be humbling himself to raise his hat to their spirit, their sportsmanship and their proficiency.

Jack Johnston, this year's captain, proved to be worthy of his position as well as an excellent left-winger. What little Jack lacks in stick-handling he more than makes up for in speed. As a shot he is more than usually accurate and this precision is backed by a driving power which is enough to make any goalie keep on his toes. Jack's scoring record this year is exceptionally good, and although there may be some who claim that opportune passes did much to win the day, it is to be remembered that the puck must sink behind the controversial blue line before the tally can be marked.

Next we come to Joe Blinco, Bishop's pivot man in more than one sense. Few teams in the Intermediate or Eastern Townships League can put a man on who can equal Joe, none can surpass him. As pretty a stick-handler as one would wish to see, a clever skater, a reliable shot, Joe never misses an opportunity and is a deadly back-checker. In short, we nominate him for the Hall of Fame.

The forward line this year was completed by Ken Crawford on right wing. I often tried to see if I could catch him napping but on the ice Ken went hard all the time. There can be no doubt that his one and only interest was the puck, and when he had it he at times showed some brilliant flashes of stick work and ingenuity that did much to make the opponents worry about this "small boy".

Denny Denison and Ken Brown did big work on the defence. Those who dared to flaunt the mighty statures of these doughty men (that is a specimen of thirteenth century hockey slang) found that their daring was dearly paid for, because they invariably got the worst of it. And no wonder take a look!

"Hutz" Rattray was undoubtedly this season's yeoman. Don had a position of supreme responsibility and as goaltender this year surpassed the anticipation of the most optimistic. His percentage of saves was in most cases exceptional and no person can advance the claim that he let the team down at any time. I do not want to infer that this netminder is finished for there is room for much improvement; nor do I offer any apologies, for he does not need them. In short, he played a consistent game throughout the season.

The four subs that figured in this year's games, although not up to the level of the other forwards, did their difficult work in a very creditable manner. "Doug" Cooper showed the greatest improvement during the season

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and in our game with Loyola more than excelled himself. Bob Holman displayed streaks of genius, as it were, on more than one occasion and was apparently possessed, for one could not ask for a better exhibition of steadiness and reliability. But too often the countryside appeared to be more interesting than the puck to this Prince Edward Island whiz. "Pudd" Puddington and Herb. Skelton alternated on the subline and showed promise of greater things. Both of them should be very useful in future seasons, and will doubtless be prominent in the years to come.

Intermediate Intercollegiate League

Game results:

Bishop's at Loyola	1 to 2
Loyola at Bishop's	1 to 2
Bishop's at McGill	1 to 0
McGill at Bishop's	4 to 3
U. of M. at Bishop's	4 to 6
Bishop's at U. of M.	(not played)

Standing:

- 1 Loyola
- 2 Bishop's
- 3 McGill
- 4 University of Montreal.

Eastern Townships League

Results:

Bishop's at Stanstead	10 to 4
Stanstead at Bishop's	2 to 7
Pacifics at Bishop's	9 to 3
Bishop's at Pacifics	2 to 7
Bishop's at Canadiens	3 to 3
Canadiens at Bishop's	(not played)

Inter-Year Standing

	Won	Lost	Drawn
Second Year	4	0	1
Third Year	3	1	1
First Year	1	2	3
Divinity	0	5	1

H. W.

* * *

- A. "Showboat's" coming to Montreal in four week's time.
- B. Didn't know the River was open then.

—
The Cercle Français has had a rosy season.
—

BASKETBALL

McMorran — Captain, defence:- Filling the position of coach, captain, and stellar performer is not easy for some people but has been done by 'Crafty' for the past two years without seeming difficult. A naturally outstanding, defensive player, Crafty has considerably improved his shooting this year and has thus made himself invaluable to his team. Good things are gained but to be lost and following that infallible rule Crafty will exist this year. Our loss (dear friends,) is someone else's gain.

Bouchard — Defence.- Another last year man who has justified his three years spent here. Illness has kept Rod out of the game so far this year but we are looking for a rapid recovery to form in the near future. His playing last year could not be criticized in any way. A clean player, excellent checker, fair shot, and a bear for rebounds is the least we can say for Rod.

McCullough — defence:- Charlie graduated from the sub class to fill Rod's shoes this year. His height gives him an advantage over most other players. A very tantalizing player and the cause of many fouls committed by our opponents, he is not the least adept at placing the sphere within the loop.

Greene — centre:- 'Hobo', despite the name, is not a loafer. Having played sub for two seasons, he started as regular this year. His game, while seldom outstanding, is steady, clean and hard. He is an excellent man on the jump and works in well with the team's combination. He cannot be classed as a spectacular shot but can be counted on for a fair share of the points scored.

Fuller — forward:- A freshman player who received his previous experience in the game at Bishop's College School. Jack is a good shot and if he could learn to curtail his generosity to a slightly greater degree his scoring would be much higher. Running with the ball seems to be a habit contracted in early youth which detracts from his efficiency. Otherwise John is good.

Rudner — forward:- Another freshman and this one from Canada's metropolis where he played with Y.M.H.A. Juniors last year. Sam is a real basketballer, plays a wonderful game throughout.

Wallace — sub forward:-Gus is rather diminutive physically and therefore does not hold a regular position. In the games in which he has played, however, he has shown a surprising ability both in team-work and in scoring. His size, unfortunately, seems to draw undeserved abuse.

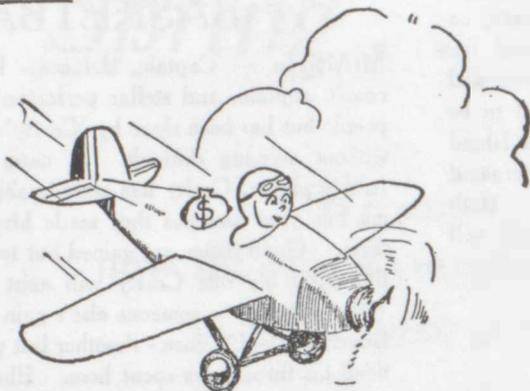
Mariasine — sub forward and defence:- has played several times this year already and has shown that he will be right in the running for a regular berth next year. His playing is hard and clean and his shooting well up to par.

* * *

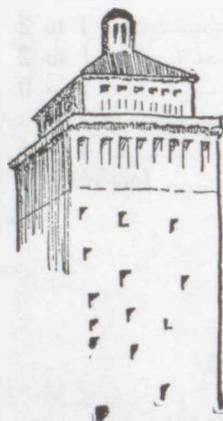
Why do not certain individuals *publish* "The Whole Duty of an Editor": we have heard the oral edition.

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Divinity Notes

Correction — In view of the numerous complaints received by us of a typographical error in last month's issue, we wish to state that in the account of the service in the Chapel on Sexagesima Sunday, the word 'COPE' should be substituted for 'Cape' as printed.

Several people have been heard to enquire "Why a Divinity Column?" One of the students in the Old Lodge has submitted the following justification of our existence.

"The codfish lays a thousand eggs,
The helpful hen lays one;
But the codfish does not cackle
To show what she has done.

And so we shun the codfish coy,
The helpful hen we prize;
Which indicates to thoughtful minds,
'It pays to advertise'.

We are glad to note that during the Lenten Season the Guild of the Venerable Bede is holding meetings in the Old Lodge Common Room each Sunday evening at 7 p.m. At these meetings a paper on a Theological Subject is read and then a discussion takes place.

The first paper was read by Mr. Caulfeild on Feb. 17th, on the subject of "Pain". Mr. Caulfeild treated the subject as being one of the great intellectual difficulties in the minds of many to-day. After hearing Art's eloquent explanation one can have doubts no longer.

On Feb. 20th. Mr. S. W. Williams, read a paper on "Science and Religion". The speaker traced the relation between Science and Religion from the earliest times until now, and showed how the relationship of the two had changed. Bruno died at the stake for his scientific beliefs while Galileo was forced to recant his. To-day Science is an ally of the Church, and Theologians must enlist the aid of the Scientists if they wish to win the Modern World to Christianity.

On March 3rd. Mr. Daw read a paper on "A Religion for Canada". He pressed the claims for a Canadian National Church and pointed out the futility of trying to force a British Museum Use, or even a "Warham" or perhaps Sarum Use, on Canadians and their Church. To illustrate his remarks upon The Necessity for Reform in Church Music, Mr Daw played a few selections on the phonograph. Mr. Daw's paper, while delivered in a lighter vein contained much serious thought, as witness these suggestions for a Practical Religion in Canada.

- 1 An Order of Confirming Bishop's to travel from place to place, thus relieving the heavy duties of the Diocesans and setting a standard in the performance of the services.
- 2 The establishment of a good Choir to visit the smaller places and initiate the people into the mysteries of good Church Music.

- 3 A Band of Preachers, not necessarily a Religious Order, to travel and Preach the Gospel.
- 4 The Development of a distinctively Canadian Church Architecture.

We are very pleased to note the presence of our Acting Chaplain, Fr. Burt, at all these meetings, and we are very grateful to him for the able way in which he conducts the discussions.

On February 27th. in the Oratory of Divinity there was an Admission of Members to the Guild of the Venerable Bede. Compline was said at 9.30 by Mr. Caulfeild, who then presented the Candidates to Fr. Burt, the Acting Chaplain, who admitted Messrs. Clark, Cole, Cornish, Davis, Matthews, McCausland, Sturgeon, Reeve, Talbot, Trowbridge, Wiley and Williams, according to the usual form of the Guild.

The Lenten season is already drawing to a close, and Easter will be upon us very soon. Are we ready? Have we, this Lent, really disposed of some of the rubbish in our lives in readiness for the great festival? We realize only too well how hard it is to observe Lent in college. We have heard much advice given on the question, but unfortunately this advice has not been generally taken. It is hard to meditate to the strains of jazz; it is hard to remember our Lord's forty days in the wilderness when social activities around us are in no way restrained. It is hard when even 'Divines' do not know where to draw the line. But there is still one person left who was man enough to keep Lent — Jesus of Nazareth. He, at least, thought it necessary to undergo forty days of self-discipline; and He was the Son of God. Might not we, then, be humble enough to agree with Him.

Surely we should try to follow the example of the world's greatest Personality. Let us not be afraid to stand up and offer to carry His Cross up the slopes of Calvary this Good Friday. Self-Discipline is the only real preparation for Easter; and more than that, it is the *only* way by which a man can become sufficiently hardy to carry the Cross of Christ, and bring some reality into his own life and indirectly the lives of others.

The "Divines" have turned out a Basketball team which has surprised both themselves and those with whom they played. It is true that they have not won any games as yet, but the season is not over and unless the other teams watch their step, they will have to hand the laurels to the "Divines."

We are glad to see that the "Divines" are still alive in the Hockey Sphere, as was shown in the last game when they held First year to a tie. The only counter for the "Divines" was scored by A. Dowdell who ably wormed his way through the defence, giving the goalie no chance to hinder his fierce onslaught. The prediction that the "Divines" would score no goals this year has proved false, as they now have two to their credit, and a possibility of more, weather permitting.



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Speaking of prunes, have you heard about the amazing discovery which was made at the North Pole the other day? Well, it goes like this. It seems that once upon a time, away back there in the tearing twenties, a letter had been written and had been blown by a cruel wind right up to the pole, adhering to it because just as it was *en passant*, so to speak, one of those exploring Johnnies dropped his gum out of the aeroplane window and pinioned it (the letter) to the Pole. I am sending you a copy of this letter because of its interesting revolutionary character which shows that way back there in 1929, in spite of all Mr. Kellogg's efforts, something was very rotten in the State of Denmark. It reads as follows:-

My Dear Mr. Editor:-

Can you imagine my surprise when, on turning over the leaves of the February Mitre, I found that nobody had answered that delightful letter from our pals, the Hoi Polloi. "Tut, Tut!" says I, "this will never do." So here I am, Mr. Editor, throwing reason to the winds and, only bedecked with that carefree abandon which so marks the poor undergraduate, I'm going to endeavour to answer the masses.

Our ecclesiastical friends would welcome a Daniel. Rather, so would I. Bring on the lions and no doubt we should need a Daniel. Oh yes, very much so! And really, you know, the Hoi Polloi cannot blame the association for falling asleep, especially if they *will* hold those delightful meetings after college meals. It would take a Daniel to keep awake.

Let me quote: "There are to-day certain societies or, at any rate, one society which is governed by a committee. This society, at the present moment, is in a glorious state of perplexity, and its only resolve this year, it seems, is to be as non-committal as possible on its whole policy." Now, Mr. Editor, do you think that is quite fair? It's treason, sir, and I am sure that the author is proud of it too. Oh, I am so bewildered. If only I knew what society he was hinting at. (There I've done it again — the proposition I mean.) I wonder: could it be the Chess Club? How perfectly foolish to be non-committal on a policy. Never do that. O dear no! Go and tell the whole world — every Tom, Dick and Harry (nothing personal) It helps so. It really does! Try it yourself, Mr Editor. My good sir, I feel roused to extreme wrath — one of the Seven Deadly sins too, if I remember rightly — to contradict one of the H. P.'s statements. Tut, they contradict themselves. Oh yes they do. They say, "What it needs (this certain society) is a forceful person behind it." NO, NO,

NEVER! Certainly not! They don't want a forceful person, they want a gibbering ape.

The Hoi continue: "In the boudoir people rave and tear their hair on problems affecting student life. In the meetings these people are silent." Poor fools! Of course here the Hoi Polloi have an advantage—oh, decidedly — for personally (bether my conservatism) I never frequent boudoirs and, in any case, one does NOT encourage the people who *do* visit such places to speak at the Students Association meetings. They could tell too much.

I do hate quoting but I feel the urge once more. Our orators (Hyde Park variety) remark: "of talk there is plenty: of gossip no end. The place seethes with it at times." How dreadfully romantic! Reminds one of Macaulay or was it Sax Rohmer, when he says, "Hush, the Oracle speaks." It has an almost inspiring effect on those who read his books — something like "came the dawn" and other rosy expressions signifying nothing to the movie fan!

My dear Mr. Editor, do not think that I would have thrust this upon you and asked you to print it in your paper unless the Hoi Pollois had "challenged" me, as they put it. Good gracious no. Not a bit of it!

Well toodle-oo, old thing,

"Meaning No Harm."

P.S. My dear sir, I am so sorry but I have only just heard it, you see — the Order in Council that anonymous letters are taboo, so that I have to put the old initials to this bally thing after all but, *Still meaning no harm.*

(Signed) H. M. P.

* * *

The Junior Prom.

Another year is passing quickly by, and with it another memorable event, equally important both to the students and to the history of the college itself; namely the Bishop's College Dance, alias the Junior Prom of 1929, held on the evening of February 11th. in Convocation Hall.

Shortly after nine the guests began to make their appearance and old acquaintances were soon renewed. Shortly afterwards couples were to be seen wending their way through the halls to the Convocation Hall. After having been duly presented to the patronesses and having secured a programme, one soon found himself circling around the Hall to the strains of captivating music.

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On glancing around, one could not help but be impressed with the decorations, the scheme of which was utterly new to any Bishop's dance. Black walls with crests and B's of white along with a ceiling of black and white stripes converging at one end to make a canopy for the orchestra, lent a rather pleasant tone to the hall. In all, the decorations this year were quite up to the standard, and a certain amount of credit for the success of the dance is due to those in charge of them.

As for the corridors and the sitting-out rooms, they were quite up to the expectations, and we feel sure that no one can dispute this statement with the decorators in charge. The music certainly exceeded the wildest hope and again one might say that a large amount of the success of the dance lay in the hands of the Arcadian orchestra, which was imported for the occasion, and we might add that it was only made possible by the kindness of Mr. Val. Bouchard, a graduate of Bishop's.

Supper was served in the main dining-room with the old stand-by James in charge, and we feel quite sure that his efforts were not in vain, since he rather surpassed himself and everybody left the dining-room quite well satisfied.

All too soon the evening came to a close and once again another memorable event was a matter of history — one which we think will always be remembered as one of the most pleasant experiences afforded at our dear old Alma Mater.

R.M.W.

Women Students' Association

Debating and Dramatic Readings

On February 25th a meeting of the Debating Society was held in the club room. A debate had been arranged between Third year and the Graduates, on the resolution "that final examinations should be abolished." The affirmative was upheld by M. Clark, A. Acheson, and J. Colquhoun for Third Year, while K. Martin, D. Dean, and G. Matthews represented the Graduates for the negative. Before the debate, members of the Dramatic Readings Club finished reading Shaw's "Saint Joan", which had been started the previous week. The debate itself was very interesting, and all the speakers acquitted themselves nobly. The speeches of M. Clark, who opened the debate, and of K. Martin, the leader of the negative, proved to be the best of the evening. P. Van Vliet was in the chair. At the close of the debate, Dean Carrington, who had kindly consented to act as judge, gave his decision in favour of the negative. His criticism of the speeches was especially appreciated; we hope that his experiences then did not prove so harrowing as to prevent him from acting as judge at some future debates.

Bernard Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra" was read

by the Club on March 3rd. Some slight confusion arose over the distribution of parts, but the reading was on the whole good. The attendance was quite large. The absence of bucinas and other musical instruments mentioned in the stage directions was scarcely felt, their place being ably and melodiously filled by a member of the canine world, mentioned, I believe, elsewhere in this periodical.

On Feb. 18th, the Dramatic Reading's Club met at the Club Rooms and started the reading of "Saint Joan" by Shaw. The first five scenes were read, and the play was finished after the Debating meeting the following Monday.

Coed Activities

BASKET-BALL

On Feb. 20th. the Sherbrooke High School girls played Bishop's coeds at Sherbrooke. The game proved fast and furious, though disastrous for the Bishop's team. The first half was played according to Canadian Women's Inter-collegiate Rules and was refereed by S. McMoran. In the second half, boy's rules were used and D. Cross refereed. The final score was 40 to 29 for Sherbrooke.

A return game was played at Bishop's on Feb. 27th; in which the tables were turned and the home team won the match; with a score of 30 to 21. Canadian Women's Intercollegiate rules were again used for the first half which A. Caulfeild refereed, and boy's rules for the second, D. Cross replacing Caulfeild.

Many fouls were called in both games.

The line-up was as follows:-

Bishop's		Sherbrooke
M. Brewer	Right Forward	D. Nutbrown
O. Jackson	Left Forward	G. Gaffney
P. Van Vliet	Centre	M. Bradley
D. Dean	Right Guard	N. Dunsmore
J. Knowles	Left Guard	I. Rothney
D. Bennett	Wing	
B. Subs — L. Salicis, P. Montgomery, G. Jackson.		
S. Subs — A. Rocke, B. Wilson, A. Gough.		

On March 2nd., Bishop's coeds played King's Hall at Compton. The teams were very evenly matched and the game was well worth watching. The K. H. C. team-work was excellent while Bishop's individual play was more in evidence. Canadian Women's Intercollegiate Rules were used throughout, Miss Saidlaw, gym-mistress of King's Hall, refereeing the game most competently. There were very few fouls called on either side. The Bishop's line-up was as in the Sherbrooke game with L. Salicis and P. Montgomery as subs. The final score was 49 to 48 for Bishop's, O. Jackson having scored 15 goals.

Miss Mildred Clark entertained the coeds of third year at tea on Wednesday, March 6th.



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Literary and Debating Society

Visit from Western Debating Team

The first of the inter-university debates for Bishop's was held in Convocation Hall on the evening of February 20th. when a picked team from three of the leading Western Universities visited the College.

Dr. Boothroyd was in the chair and introduced the visiting team; Mr. N. T. Chappel from the University of Alberta, Mr. B. R. MacKenzie from the University of Saskatchewan and Mr. H. J. Masterson, the leader, from the University of British Columbia. The Home team consisted of Messrs. J. G. Rennie, A. E. L. Caulfeild and E. McManamy, and the judges for this occasion were Mr. A. W. Reid, Mr. H. G. Hatcher and the Rev. W. S. Lennon. The Chairman then read the motion, which was upheld by the visiting team.

"Resolved that this house is opposed to all forms of censorship."

Before the debate began, however, Mr. C. H. M. Church, president of the Students' Association, explained to the House the *raison d'être* of the N. F. C. U. S., which had sponsored the tour of the Western debaters.

The Chairman then called upon Mr. Masterson to open the debate.

Political Censorship formed Mr. Masterson's main argument. He claimed that censorship was entirely an individual matter and should on no account be under the control of the state. To illustrate this point he took, as an example, the case of two men looking at one picture which might provoke the most intense religious fervour in the one case and appear to be only obscene to the other. But censorship, the speaker claimed, was based upon wrong principles from the very start for there could be no real virtue unless there was free choice. Mr. Masterson said that the official censorship which exists to-day is the outcome of the work of reformers who got onto the wrong track and who, after they had failed to make the majority of people conform to their views, turned to the legislature for help. The speaker then read quotations from some of the leading newspapers showing the bad, and often ludicrous, effect of official censorship in different parts of the world. Fifteen million dollars had been spent to stamp out new ideas and strange thoughts from among the Japanese people. In conclusion, Mr. Masterson maintained that the only really effective censor is Public Opinion.

Mr. Rennie, the leader of the negative, opened for the opposition by saying that the censor establishes a rule of conduct. If the individual is in any way bound to his

society, and it is generally agreed that man is subservient to the dictates of the state, how could the people be protected, he asked, if that individual was granted complete liberty and license. The speaker claimed that this is a poor age to abandon censorship, for it is a century of speed when man acts on his impulses and he advocated an "intelligent censorship of things that have been tried from time immemorial and found wrong and condemned." Mr. Rennie then brought up the subject of religion. Man knows that a day will come when he will be judged by his Maker and if this idea of Divine Judgment was to be taken away from him you would immediately have undue license and humanity would be endangered. This Day of Judgment, the speaker maintained, would also be a Day of Censorship. In conclusion Mr. Rennie pointed out that the whole reasoning power of man is a form of censorship.

Mr. MacKenzie, the second speaker for the affirmative, accused Mr. Rennie of confusing the word 'censorship' with the word 'Restraint' which words, the speaker remarked, were not synonymous. Censorship is at all times subjective and not objective and has to be viewed in that light. Mr. MacKenzie, by way of example pointed out the absurdity of banning a book for obscenity, before it has been allowed to reach the public's eyes for, in that case, you are condemning something before a crime has been committed: banning a book before Public Opinion has had a chance to see whether it is really obscene or not. "Who are the men fit to be censors *anyway*", the speaker asked. The suppression of the subject by the censors could in no way be considered a virtuous action nor did it make for the betterment of the state, for discussion and full knowledge of the subject is of vital importance to-day and, the speaker concluded, "ignorance is not goodness."

Mr. Caulfeild, (Bishop's) considered that Individual Judgements and unofficial Censorship are practically one and the same thing and that a censor need not necessarily be an official. It is absolutely essential, he said, to rule out evil to make room for good. Mr. Caulfeild mentioned a book which had been banned after it had been published, and pointed out to the House the great loss of money which this must have incurred, to say nothing of the work of the author's energy. Thus censorship at the proper time safeguards against any possible financial loss resulting from a ban on any novel or play etc. The speaker also mentioned the fact that all plays have passed through — at some time or other — the hands of the censor from the days of the

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Master of Revels to the present day Examiner, who must read any play before it can be produced on the stage.

Mr. Chappel claimed that to-day Russia has more forms of censorship than any other country in the world. The people of that country, he said, are prohibited from reading the Bible, the Koran, the Talmud, any of the works of Schopenhauer and in fact there are very few books which the people are allowed to buy. The speaker again brought up the question of obscenity in relation to the censor. If a man goes to a Moving Picture and sees any obscenity in it then that man is in no position to tell others what they should see. It is very wrong, Mr. Chappel asserted, to try to apply objective laws to a subjective thing. The care of the child and the protection of that child's body has always been cared for in the home by the mother. Why then, the speaker asked the House, should the state try to take care of that child's mind. The whole idea of censorship is useless, Mr. Chappel pointed out and cited a few cases where censorship has been actually harmful: in Russia where the people are not allowed to read the Bible: How in France Neuton's theory had been kept from the people for a whole century and the censoring of Roman Catholic literature in England during the reign of Elizabeth.

Mr. McManamy, the third speaker for Bishop's, claimed that man is essentially a social animal and that friction would be bound to arise among individuals when friction would be bound to arise among individuals unless there is some form of restriction against 'excessive individualism.' For this reason motor car speed laws had come into being. Again, because a few individuals wished to employ young children, the child labour laws had been passed. Mr. McManamy also dealt with the press. Censorship for the press he considered absolutely necessary in order to correct its abuses. The speaker said that in some cases the press is entirely a business of making money and that the nature of the editorial is often determined by the advertisements, so much do they predominate.

The Chairman then called upon Mr. Rennie to sum up his arguments for the negative.

Mr. Rennie stressed the necessity of censorship for the state, the press and the theatre, and closed for the opposition by a quotation from the scriptures; "— and lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil."

Mr. Masterson, in his rebuttal, asked the House if, after hearing all the negative arguments, there was one form of censorship which was really necessary:

After a short deliberation the judges gave their decision unanimously awarding the debate to the affirmative which was upheld by the visitors. The points allotted were:

Western Debaters 812. Bishop's 676.

On March 1st. two representatives from the University of Ottawa journeyed to Bishop's to debate with a Home team composed of Messrs. J. G. Rennie and A. E. L. Caulfeild. The visitors were Mr. Yates and Mr. McVicker. The motion read:

"Resolved that the interests of the modern newspaper are in the best interests of the public."

The president Mr. E. V. Wright, was in the Chair and the judges for this occasion were Dr. Read, Mr. Mc Dougall and Mr. Smith.

Mr Rennie, in opening the debate, showed that to-day's newspaper is the instrument of modern democracy. The speaker told the House how important disclosures of vice came through the press and from that concluded that even "yellow journalism" is not without its value. Finally Mr. Rennie, pointed out that the press has its interests in all the four phases of life. The speaker also discussed the political value of the modern newspaper,

Mr. Yates, the leader of the visiting team, described the modern newspaper as being a lion in sheep's clothing, and pointed out the moral harm in reading sensational journalism. The Tabloid endeavours to make the criminal appear as the much-wronged hero. The speaker mentioned the political corruption which the modern newspaper tries so hard to "smooth over."

Mr. Caulfeild remarked that if you condemn the press you condemn the public and declared that the real use of the modern newspaper lies in its informatory value as it acts as a mirror of all the multitudinous aspects of public life. He also mentioned the value of the newspaper of to-day as a critic.

Mr. McVicker claimed that the public to-day desires sensationalism: that the press cannot be relied upon, and that the advertisements in the newspapers of to-day are not in the best interests of the public.

Mr. Rennie, in his rebuttal, alluded to patriotism in the press, a point which had been raised earlier in the evening by Mr. Caulfeild.

The judges were then called upon to give their decisions which awarded the debate unanimously to the affirmative.

On the same evening two men from Bishop's — Messrs. G. L. Anderson and E. McManamy upheld the negative side of the motion against Loyola College in Montreal where they were defeated by nine points.

Personals

Grant Hall, Esq., M.A., D.C.L., Vice-President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, is making an extended tour of the countries of Europe.

The address of the Rev'd T. L. T. Adams, M.A. '09, L.S.T., is Weston Vicarage, Crewe, England.

The address of E. J. Addison, Esq., C.M., M.D. (Bishop's '96) is Devonport, Tasmania.

The address of the Rev'd D. R. Bailey, M.A., B.D., is St. Stephen's Rectory, 777 Hicks St., Fall River, Mass., U. S. A. Mr. Bailey received his degree at Bishop's University in 1915.



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The address of the Rev'd E. H. Baker, L.S.T. '16, B.D. '26, is Abbotsford, B. C.

Charles D. Ball, Esq., M.D. (Bishop's '84) is living in Santa Anna, Calif., U. S. A.

The Rev'd W. C. Bernard, B.A. '82, is living at Valois, Que.

The Rev'd C. E. Bishop, M.A., is living at 216 12th. St., New Castle, Indiana, U. S. A.

Vincent Bonelli, Esq., M.D. '01, is living at 2200 Cherry St. Vicksbourg, Miss., U. S. A.

Dr. William Bowen, B.A. '83, has offices in the Holston National Bank Building, Knoxville, Tenn., U.S.A. Dr. Bowen was a classmate of Mr. Grant Hall. He hopes to attend the annual Convocation in June next.

The Rev'd A. A. Brockington, M.A. '96, is living at 87 Canning St., Liverpool, England. Mr. Brockington is lecturer in English Literature to the Cambridge University Board of Extra-Mural Studies. He served during the Great War as a chaplain with the 3rd. British Division.

Lieutenant-Colonel E. R. Brown, C.B.E., B.A. '90 (Bishop's), M.D. '94 (Trinity), is living at 1455 Drummond St., Montreal.

The address of J. F. Crowdy, Esq., M.V.O., B. A. '03, is Colhin Lodge, Rockcliff Park Ottawa, or the Governor General's Office, Rideau Hall, Ottawa.

The Rev'd W. C. Dunn, L.S.T. '18, is in charge of the Mission of Malbay, Gaspé Co., Que.

The address of the Rev'd A. M. Dunstan, B.A. '06, is St. Thomas' Church, Dover, N. H., U. S. A.

The Rev'd A. P. Durrant, B.A. '09, is Vicar of Lanercost Priory, Brampton, Carlisle, England.

The address of the Rev'd A. W. Dutton, B.A. '97 L.S.T., '99, M.A. '02, is 12 Crosby St., Milford, N. H. U. S. A.

The address of John Empson, Esq., M.D., C.M., '97 (Bishop's), is 5 Warrington Crescent, London, W.9., England.

The address of the Rev'd G. W. Findlay, M.A., is St. James' Rectory, Portage Ave. W., Winnipeg, Man.

The Rev'd G. H. Fooks, B.A. '85, MA. '88, is Vicar of Holy Trinity Church, Torquay, England.

The address of the Rev'd A. Gardiner, B.A. '24, M.A. '25, L.Th. '26 (Trinity), B.D., is 152 Third Ave., Ottawa.

The Rev'd W. Gordon, M.A. '02, is living at 13 - 216 Detroit Ave., Lakewood, Ohio, U. S. A.

The address of P. S. Gregory, Esq., B.A. '08, B.Sc. '11 (McGill) is 19 Highland Ave., Montreal.

The address of the Rev'd R. H. Hayden, B.A. '10, M.A. '20, is Camden, Me., U. S. A.

R. J. Hepburn, Esq., B.A. '07, is in the office of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, at the corner of St. Clair and Lansdowne Aves., Toronto, Ont.

The Rev'd W. T. Hooper, B.A. '08, is living at 10 Bainbridge Rd., W. Hartford, Conn., U. S. A.

The Rev'd W. G. Jones, L.S.T. '11, is the rector at Maberly, Ont.

The Rev'd A. H. Judge, B.A. '78, M.A. '81, D.D. (St. Stephen's College, New York), is living at 28 West 84th. St., New York City.

Dr. E. S. Krans, B. A. '02, is living at 920 Park Ave., Plainfield, N. J. U. S. A.

The address of the Rev'd C. F. Lancaster, M.A. '08, D.Paed. (Harvard), is 42 Linden St., Reading, Mass., U. S. A.

A. F. Longeway, Esq., M.D. '86 (Bishop's), is District Surgeon to the Great Northern Railway Co., Surgeon to the Montana Power Co., and Surgeon to the Columbus Hospital in Great Falls, Montana, U. S. A.

Dr. J. B. McConnell, M.D., C.M., D.C.L., is living at 4652 Sherbrooke St. W., Montreal.

K. MacEwan, Esq., B.A. '21, is living at Maxville, Ont.

W. J. McNally, Esq., M.D. '94, is living at Barachois de Malbaie, Gaspé Co., Que.

The Rev'd Canon W. H. Moor, B.A. '98, is living at 324 Hamilton Ave., Trenton, N. J., U. S. A.

The address of H. H. Morris, Esq., B.A. '71, is 1833 Haro St., Vancouver, B. C.

R. W. Cockburn, Esq., B.A. '28, is ill at his home at 35 Glenside Ave., Hamilton, Ont. He has not been able to attend to his duties in the bank since January, because of a disordered condition of the heart following on infection from the tonsils.

DEATHS

MEDINE — S. Medine, Esq., father of M. Medine, Arts '31, on March 4th, 1929, in Westmount, P. Q.

CARROLL — Mrs. A. A. Carroll, nee Frances Oakes, mother of J. Carroll, Arts '29, on February 17th, 1929, in Johnville, Que.

MEREDITH — Sir. Vincent Meredith, Bt., D.C.L., beloved husband of Brenda Meredith, on Sunday, February 24th, 1929, at 526 Pine Avenue West, Montreal.

WHITE — In Montreal, on March 12th, 1929, Col. Basil C. White, O.B.E., father of Hambley White, Arts '29, in his 50th. year.

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Fish Story or What You Will

There are fishermen bold on the Labrador coast
Who meet every night for a smoke with mine host,
And the stories they tell as they peer through the smoke
Are sufficient to make any honest man choke.

Though simple their life on those bare, bleak shores
In a shack midst't the rocks where the grey sea roars;
Yet they've minds which imagine such things as you'd
think
Would certainly make any honest man blink.

Now round they all gather, their supper gone hence,
And take out their pipes and begin to commence —
Legs resting in sea-boots, smoke dimming their faces —
Some tales that (I tell you) Munchausen disgraces.

Arrived at this point the writer wishes to presume upon the patience of those who chance to read this collection of nonsense to make an explanation and an acknowledgment. It is just this, that I am indebted for the tenor of these tales to our mutual friend Mr. John Comfort who, having served in the capacity of a teacher on the Labrador, consented very kindly to recollect them and asked me to put them in readable form for the edification of all and sundry.

Hoping that the doggerel above has given your imagination some idea of the setting in which these tales are told, I proceed to business. After one or two casual remarks about the weather, such as, "Tick a fog out t'bay"—meaning "Thick fog out on the bay", one of the ruddy-complexioned fishermen present has his first brain wave. Encouraged by the teacher he addresses his audience to the following effect.

"My' My' My' he says, "I can remember one day a while back when the fog began to pack up t'ick. At the time it began to pack up I was drifting out on t'bay, sitting in my boat and splicing a rope. The fog still kept getting t'icker and t'icker so, when I had finished splicing I jammed my marlin' spike into a fog bank that was beside me and began to wonder how much thicker it was going to get. Soon after it got so warm and the fog was so thick, that I hung my coat on the end of the marlin' spike and thought it was time to think about getting home. Well I got the engine humming nicely, but the funny thing was that I couldn't make the old boat budge an inch, the fog was that thick. However I waited a bit till it lifted some and then I was able to make a little headway. After that I made for the landing-stage and tied her up. Now what do you think I saw when the fog lifted enough for me to see? I looked at my boat and saw that all the paint had been scraped clean off the sides — t'fog was that t'ick and tight.

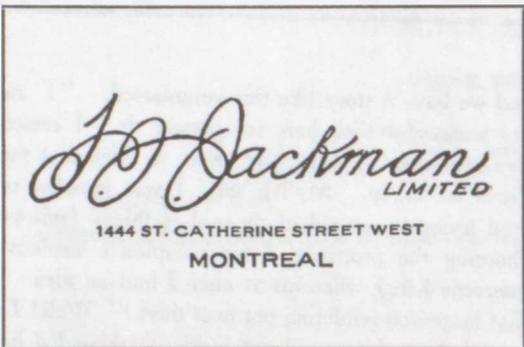
Another day perhaps the teacher or someone else turns the conversation onto the subject of flies or mosquitoes

and we have a story like this volunteered. "T' mosquitoes are wunnerful t'ick here in summer sir. I remember one day in particular, when they were so thick that they nearly drove me crazy. My'My'My' I was jumping round like mad trying to get rid of those d-d things (suit yourself in choosing the proper and most explosive expletives which intervene here) when all at once I had an idea. You see that large iron rendering pot over there? Well! I up-ended one of those things and got inside, thinking I'd have peace for a little while. But I had only been there a few moments when the pesky things began to push their stings through the pot, they were so eager to get at me. Then I had another idea by which I thought I'd have my own back. As their stings kept coming through I clinched them over one by one inside the pot. After I had clinched a few million in this way I began to feel kind of tired, but thought I'd do a few more all the same. By this time I noticed that my shelter was beginning to move a little and I began to wonder who was outside. Then all of a sudden I felt the pot lifted right up in the air. You see I had tied so many mosquitoes to the thing that they were able to lift it right off me, and I was at the mercy of all their brothers and sisters, and in as bad a pickle as ever.

All these Labradorians are very proud of their dogs and will stop at nothing when describing the prowess of their favourites during the course of these story contests. Here is one!

Well sir! I once had a dog that was a perfect marvel for finding his way. He could bring me home through the worst fog or blizzard you ever saw. It was a terrible storm (unprintable ejaculations) and to make it worse I lost my way. However after thinking a short while I decided to trust myself to my lead dog so I left him to it. Off he started straight as a die. Now it happened that between my home and the place where we started from there was a very sharp rock; and this leader was heading home so straight and sure that when he was about to rush by it he couldn't stop himself in time and was split clean in two through the middle. But I acted quickly. I rushed to the head of the team, took up the two parts that were lying on the ground and clapped them together. Then I set him down and turned to jump on the kommatick (sleigh); but just as I did so I noticed a tremendous commotion where I had set him down and I was covered with flying snow. I looked again and there was that leader of mine turning catherine wheels, 16 to the dozen. In the excitement of the moment I had clapped the pieces together with two legs sticking up and two down, and there was the poor dog doing his best to get out of a terrible fix.

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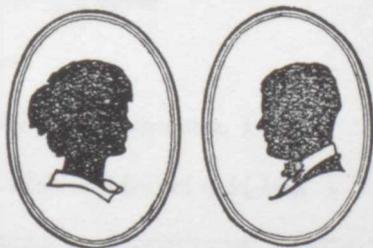
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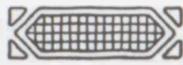
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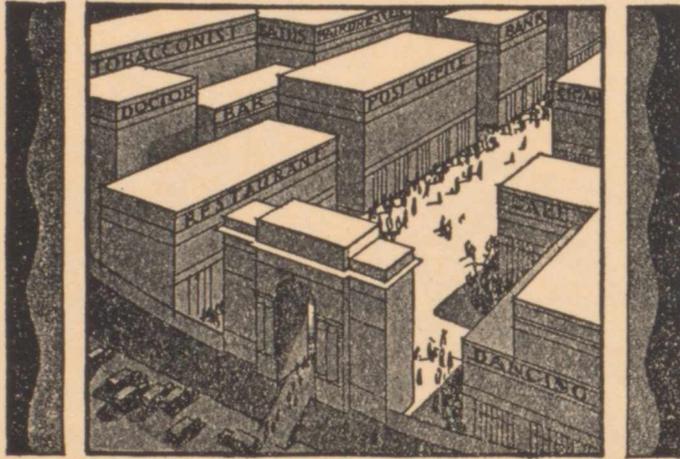
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