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

Editorial

Least but not Last.

The following interesting statistics, compiled by Dean Raymond Walters, of Swathmore College, are copied from a Canadian newspaper:

"The largest of the universities is Toronto, which has 5,119 full-time matriculated students and a grand total of 5,765, including part time and summer session students. Montreal and Laval are second and third, with full-time enrolment of 3,051 and 2,736 (1926 figures). McGill ranks fourth in full-time numbers, with 2,555, and third in grand totals with 3,068.

The numerical order of the remaining universities in full-time matriculated enrolment is as follows:

Manitoba, 2,388; British Columbia, 1,719; Queen's 1,508; Saskatchewan, 1,393; Alberta, 1,231; Western Ontario, 866; Dalhousie, 814; Acadia, 512; Ottawa, 485; St. Joseph's 350; McMaster, 342; Mount Alison, 332; New Brunswick,297; St. Francois Xavier, 284; St. Dunstan's, 184; Bishop's 155.

These figures are interesting because they give some idea of what an important place a small university such as Bishop's can fill in Canadian academic life. It seems all the more remarkable that a Bishop's man should hold the Presidency of the International Students Association with its headquarters at Paris; it is remarkable that a university as small as Bishop's should take so prominent a part in such an all-embracing movement as the N.F.C.U.S. Then, too, Bishop's has her representatives among the great army of Canadian Rhodes Scholars Men, of brilliant academic worth, have entered the larger universities of Canada and the United States from Bishop's and have there met outstanding success.

In athletics Bishop's takes no small place. The University is able to put two teams into the Canadian Intercollegiate series in football, a Junior and an Intermediate team. These teams compete quite favorably with those of such universities as McGill and the Université de Montréal - universities *twenty times* the size of Bishop's.

We are almost inclined to wonder what the reason for this remarkable success may be. Perhaps the best explanation is that we *are* small! Here every individual is interested in every branch of activity within the university. Into every undertaking whether scholastic or athletic, the personal interest enters; and not only is this interest to be noticed among the students themselves but it is also evident in the relations between Faculty and student body. We are fortunate in having among us men who have been vitally interested in Bishop's for a good many years; they understand the family feeling which is inevitably created by residential environment and they realize what an important factor it is in the continued success of the University. In larger universities each undertaking is of interest only to those who are immediately connected with it. Each group succeeds as best it may under its own efforts but there is no feeling of unity to draw these groups into one; there is no feeling that the university itself is interested in the work of these groups.

Bishop's is not too small to achieve big things, but it is far too small to allow of petty differences within her walls. As long as the spirit of co-operation and personal interest is maintained Bishop's will continue to hold her own among the larger universities, and it may be sometimes to set the pace but if malicious rivalry, jealousy and *indirect* criticism are allowed to creep in all that has been gained in the past will soon be lost. *Watch yourselves and there will be no need to watch the other fellow!*

Prof. Eden Quainton, of the history department of the University of Washington, while speaking before the fifth session of the British Columbia Teachers' Federation convention in Vancouver on April 4th, made the following remark:

"University education, at least, is becoming a filling station. The student walks in, is oiled, greased and given a full gas tank and is sent away with a B.A."

Prof. Quainton may be speaking of conditions as he knows them in the United States but his remark is too sweeping to pass in Canada without criticism. Standardization in educational practice has no part in the programme of a Canadian University. Leading Canadian and English universities bear very slight resemblance to a filling station and we are proud to be able to say that commercialization of education has not yet made its appearance here, nor is it likely to.

Prof. Quainton goes on to say that if all students get to the university the university is ruined. On this point Canadians will be the first to agree but they would also point out that there is very little danger of this while matriculation and first year requirements are kept at as high a standard as they are at present. The solution is too simple to allow the problem (if such should exist) to give very much concern.

It is our opinion that such sweeping statements, when put before a public only too ready to unjustly criticize

CONTINUED ON PAGE 15

The Trail of the Flicker-Flea

Sir Chumleigh Gough of Goober-gee,
A choodar of renown,
Was off to hunt the Flicker-flea
Beyond the Snackerdown.

He took along a tuning-fork
To strike the note of C,
For discords ending in a "chork!"
Will Fright the Flicker-flea.

He armed himself with Flemish Bills,
An ancient suit of mail,
And seven kegs of Purple Pills
(For People That Are Pale).

He taught his mufgars how to hum
In perfect harmony,
And sprayed their handkerchiefs with rum
To lure the Flicker-flea.

His howdah he had painted red,
Just like a beetle-prune:
"If I've not fooled him there,"
He said, "I'll be a blue baboon!"

Sir Chumleigh rode on Chukar Chee,
Of elephants the best,
And forth to find the Flicker-Flea
He led his party west.

'Twas boring in the howdah high,
(For he was all alone)
And so to make the hours fly
He played his saxophone.

Behind him followed Lady Gough,
Her elephant was Choo;
Quite strong was he, but not enough
To carry Chumleigh too.

For Lady Gough had seven trunks
And thirteen portmanteaux,
She'd smelling salts — ("In case of skunks,
Essential, don't you know!")

She'd curling tongs, a looking-glass,
A Java humidor,
Her Pathan Poodle, Hokar Dass,
At whom her mahout swore.

..She'd earrings made of hammered lead,
Cosmetics in a case,
A parasol, a teak-wood bed,
And fol-de-rols of lace.

She took aboard the noble beast
"Red Rajahs," by Maud Bliffin;
Silver plate for a regal feast,
And china cups for tiffin.

For days they traversed plains of stone
And jungles wondrous mazy,
While Chumleigh played his saxophone
To show he wasn't lazy.

And Lady Gough sat eating sweets
And reading Ethel Dell,
Until a bulge-eyed klickerbleets
Amongst the chocolates fell.

The goodly dame then gave a howl
That quavered through the mangoes,
And set the nervous jungle fowl
A-dancing mad fandangoes.

The mufgars they were filled with fear,
And Chub squealed loud with pain;
The blasé Dass just gave a sneer
And went to sleep again.

Sir Chumleigh bellowed; "Lady Gough,
You must not sing like that!
To sing off C were bad enough,
But gad! You're singing flat!"

Now all the while that they'd progressed
They'd gone much farther on;
Past where the sunrise in the west
Precedes the break of Dawn.

They'd crossed the Plain of Oom Japoom,
Where monkeys fly like bats,
And through the dank and murky gloom
There waddle purple rats.

At length they reached some fearful hills
Which rose from far below;
They struggled up with many spills
To find a peaked plateau.

It was indeed a peaked plateau,
But very strange withal,
For while its crest was girt with snow,
It had no base at all.

Of base the plateau showed no trace,
No matter where they'd seek;
But stranger than its lack of base,
It stood upon its peak.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 17

MAGIC? PERHAPS!

No sorrier pair of fishermen ever presented themselves at the door of a stranger to beg shelter. We had been trolling since the early afternoon on Eagle Lake, a large body of water far removed from civilization, and some seventy miles from any railroad. At about five o'clock a heavy rain began to fall. I suggested that we go ashore and upturn the canoe preferring its shelter to sitting with the water running down the collar of my slicker. Jones, at first, pleaded to keep up the fishing, but with the first growl of thunder gave in, and we paddled hastily towards an island on which we were surprised to see a large and well designed home.

We landed at a small jetty, and after beaching the canoe, proceeded up a neat pathway and finally came to the house. It was larger even than we had imagined it from the lake. Its two stories gave it a greater height than Northern Canada dwellings usually possess, and its large richly curtained windows indicated a certain amount of luxury, and promised that such hospitality as we might receive would be of the right sort.

It was I who knocked at the door. We waited, I remember, for some time and were finally surprised when the door opened and revealed an Indian in one of the best fitting and best designed liveries I have ever seen in Canada. I had just begun to explain our predicament when a tall handsome individual pushed past the Indian, and without a word drew us into the house. After the door had closed behind us, he spoke, "You will want dry clothes. If you will follow Tom he will take you to your rooms. You will find everything laid out after you have had your bath. No don't talk now," he went on hurriedly as he saw me about to thank him, "Wait until you've made yourselves comfortable."

"I hope we wont disturb you too much," Jones managed to blurt.

"Not a bit of it," said our host. Guests are not frequent here, and when they do come, anything we have is at their disposal."

I remember as we climbed the stairs that just at that moment the storm increased a little in severity. Somewhere I heard a window slam, and turning my head I saw the master of the house start walking quickly towards the sound. The stairs we climbed were of black walnut, and I marvelled at the delicate carvings of the balustrade, and the feel of the thick carpeting on the stairs themselves. The upper hall was even more marvellously designed. Its walls appeared to have been hand painted, and were relieved here and there with magnificent pictures. I remember promising myself an hour or so with them later.

Tom led us into a large sitting room, and explained that we would find our bed room adjoining. What we saw astonished us. In the sitting room there was a large fireplace, and along the outer wall ran an enormous gaily cushioned window-seat. I am afraid that for some moments Jones and I could do nothing but gape at the sheer loveliness of the whole place, and the wonder of finding such a home so far from civilization. We were roused from our thoughts by the sound of bath water running, and a moment or so after Tom had bowed himself out, were rejoicing in a tiled shower which made sheer luxury of the bath.

After we had enjoyed the privilege of hot water to the full, we came back to the room to find two dinner coats laid out on the bed. We tried them on and found them in both cases nearly perfect fits. Jones remarked on this at the time, I remember, but I did not catch what he said as a peal of thunder drowned his voice. When we were completely dressed, he spoke.

"You know Clare, I'll have to pinch myself if this keeps up."

"Would you ever have believed it?" I retaliated.

"Why the place is positively magnificent," went on Jones. "Did you ever see such paintings! Ye gods, man, feel that carpet! Why the man must be mad to live in a hole like this!"

"Either that or much saner than we to live elsewhere! What a life it would be to be sure!"

"But how can he stand the loneliness?"

Somewhere a bell rang before I had time to answer his question, and Tom knocked at the door. "Dinner is served in the dining room," he remarked, "if you will follow me I will take you there."

We walked slowly behind him, marvelling as we went to the tastefulness of that northern home, and when finally we were ushered into the dining hall we saw as fine a sight as any two persons ever gazed at in Canada. I don't suppose I had ever realized what could be done by the man of leisure to make meals a joy forever, but I am sure that no epicurean ever beheld any more inviting sight than that magnificent room and heavily loaded table presented to us.

After our places had been indicated and we had seated ourselves our host spoke: "I think you will both enjoy your meal better if we confine ourselves to the business on hand and ask questions later. You must both be tired, and you will find that you will have to give your whole attention to my chef's efforts. He is a very quaint character

CONTINUED ON PAGE 31

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Dramatic Society Notes

"You Never Can Tell".

With a play by George Bernard Shaw, under the direction of A. T. Speid, through the courtesy of Sam'l French Inc., with gowns by Leon's and St. Jean's, furniture by McCaw-Bissell, jewellery by Skinner, Victor Orthophonic used in the fourth act by Wilson's, the Bishop's University Dramatic Society took over the stage of His Majesty's Theatre, Sherbrooke, on April 15th and 16th, and presented their major offering for the year 1928-29.

It is not for ourselves to congratulate ourselves but, notwithstanding, we do congratulate ourselves inasmuch as not one person in the audience was bored as far as we can ascertain. Considering the fact that "You Never Can Tell" takes half an hour longer than the plays we generally produce and that it is dreaded by professionals on account of the difficult exits, entrances, business, lines, staging and so forth, we may be indulged if we do say that we put on a good show. We also congratulate ourselves on the fact that Mr. S. Morgan-Powell considered it worth his while to come down from Montreal to attend the second performance with a view to writing a criticism.

We are not in a position as yet to give a definite statement as to the financial outcome of the production but we have roughly estimated that it is somewhat below that of previous years. It will be remembered that this year the Dramatic Society was not expected to come up to the usual level in this respect because the finances of the Association are in such good shape that we were given some leniency and allowed to devote more than the customary amount of money to the actual presentation of the play. We rejoice on this score and although much could have been done with the stage settings, if we had something in the neighbourhood of five hundred dollars to spend on the scenery, every reasonable person will admit that this is quite out of the question this year and will look forward to the time when the Dramatic Society and the Council will be in such a position to dress the plays.

In ending I would like to pass on to Mr. Speid the majority of the credit in connection with "You Never Can Tell" for his knowledge of matters dramatic was not only manifest in every character of the play and the grouping but also in the construction of certain bits of scenery which had to be done 'at home'. It is also meet that a word should be said about our Honorary-President, Rev'd H. Chadwick Burt, whose advice and suggestions have been an asset for many years; and also a word about the Rev. P. Carrington, whose suggestions and whose proficiency with paint pot and brush have been invaluable. The remainder of these notes is made up of congratulations to the cast, advertising manager, ticket sellers, solicitors, managers, artists, assistants, business men and others.

President.

"Brook Evans"

A Critical Study of Susan Glaspell's novel.

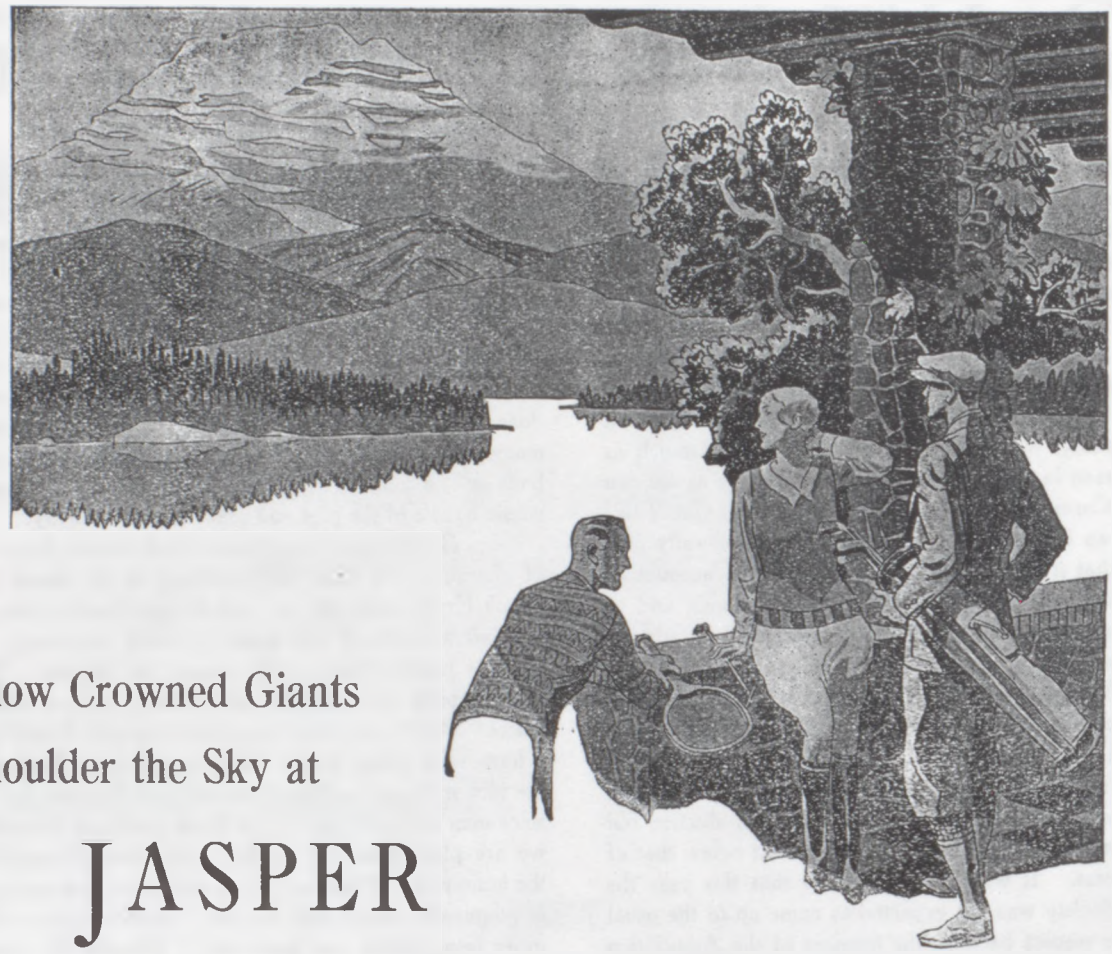
So many of the novels poured out almost daily by English and American publishers are just so many more stories, more or less entertaining but without any lasting value. Susan Glaspell has, however, recently written a novel which is at least not ordinary. Such is not always a recommendation, because so often what might have been a novel of considerable merit is made unpleasantly bizarre in an attempt to create something extraordinary. What Susan Glaspell has done with her novel has been done in musical composition many times before. She has taken an unfamiliar theme and built on it a number of variations which seem to change the whole nature of the plot and make it extraordinary.

Brook Evans is not a novel of action; it is a study of character, the most subtle subject in the whole world. Brook Evans, although the central figure in the book, is not the one with whom the reader is really concerned. It is Brook's mother Naomi who rouses the interest. This is just the point at which the extraordinary part of the novel enters. Action is always expressed through Brook but, as I have said, action is not the prime factor. The basis of the plot is the old, old problem that has troubled the world since man advanced out of the beast stage and formed what we are pleased to call society. A thousand tragedies of the indiscretion of sex have been written in prose and poetry, in languages ancient and modern - countless thousands have never been written and never will. Happily the world has forgotten them.

The modern individual can see the enormity it would be in his own life, but he does not remember that it has happened over and over again to people of every race. Nor will *his* tragedy be the last. Man profits by experience, but the world is taking a long time to profit by this experience!

Any person who can blame Naomi for what she did has almost extinguished the spark of humanity within himself. Her first love was a love which few people attain; itself a virtue it drew upon Naomi tragic results. We are inclined to scoff at passion, to call it a poet's delusion, an exaggeration, or a nonentity. The materialist says,"I have learnt self-control; for me there is no such thing as uncontrollable emotion. I am safe." He is very likely right because in his extreme self-satisfaction emotion would find small room indeed, but fortunately for the world all individuals are not constituted thus.

Susan Glaspell makes no effort to solve any problem. Her novel is a simple story of cause and effect. It has always been a problem to determine just where the beastlines of sex ends, and where the sublimity of love begins. The authoress does not attempt to answer this question by example as has sometimes been attempted. In her novel there is nothing beastly, never does it descend to the



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sordid. Naomi is not pulled down to a sordid level. Her life is a story of pathos, silent, enduring and patient. If you are one of those happy individuals who can transfer your feelings to correspond exactly with those of another your heart must ache with Naomi's as she spends long, monotonous days in an undiverting atmosphere, obsessed with memories at once pleasant and sickeningly painful. The only material realization of those memories is Brook. In Brook Naomi can reconstruct the whole picture; in her Naomi looks back to the poetical magic of stolen nights, filled with the only love she was ever to experience. When Brook finally learns the truth and reacts, as all the world inevitably does, Naomi's picture still exists, but a film has commenced to gather over it, and when Brook goes it has completely faded leaving her nothing more to live for.

Brook is herself an interesting study. In actual life no character is without some defect, and Susan Gaspell has not made Brook Evans perfect. It is hard to pardon Brook for her attitude towards her mother even though it is explainable. As a girl Brook had become accustomed to all the petty indulgences which Naomi had been pleased to heap upon her. They were a part of her life and consequently taken for granted. When, however, she learns her own tragic story she sees in it something which is horrible and unseen. Forgotten then are the multitudinous kindnesses which the mother had shown her, and only the ugliness fills her heart. Consequently her soul revolts from the nauseous thought and, with no counteracting influence at hand to combat her repulsiveness, she drifts away gradually until, by an unfortunate accident, Brook believes her mother is trying to duplicate her tragedy in her daughter.

At this point Brook sees in the missionary the zenith of heroism and idealism but she is completely blinded to the heroism in her own mother's life. She tries to picture her father as an ideal, but try as she will the picture is incomplete and she yields to this outside and, to her, stronger influence.

The third part of the novel, and in many respects the weakest, finds Brook disillusioned. Gone is the idealism of a missionary career. Early a widow, Brook sees in her son what Naomi saw in Brook. Little by little she comes to realize for the first time the heroism of her mother's life. Then, in the person of a Norwegian mathematician, Brook learns of what real passion is made. Like her mother she finds it just as overwhelming, just as irresistible, and, like her mother, she succumbs, not quite in the same way but she succumbs in doing what her better reason advises against. Then for the first time Brook understood her mother and the true meaning of her life. Mrs Glaspell paints her last picture of pathos when she shows us Brook's son, set in a world he did not know and among relatives with whom he had no sympathy, forming his own incomplete picture from the fragmentary details he was able to gather. He, like Brook herself years before, saw in his mother's hasty and rash marriage with the Norwegian only the mistake she was making. His inexperience, like hers, did not allow him to understand the reason of its unreasonableness.

The novel itself is written in pleasant English. The style is modern but its modernity is never obtrusive. Susan Glaspell is a painter of pictures, not of situations, but of characters and emotions, the hardest type of description to master. The New York Times called *Brook Evans* "a little masterpiece", and while in no sense little, it is hardly to be considered a masterpiece. Masterpieces are few in the English language and we should be wary of bestowing that title too lavishly. Its best recommendation is that it is a good sound novel, well worth reading.

—Bassett.

Co-eds Notes

DRAMATIC READINGS

On March 17th. the last meeting of the Dramatic Readings Club was held at the club-room. Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows" was read. Though the attendance was smaller than usual, owing to the attraction of a basketball game, the evening was most successful.

On March 24th. the Dramatic Readings Club held a social evening at the club room. The books which have been read during the year were distributed among the members of the club.

DEBATING SOCIETY

On March 10th. the last meeting of the Debating Society was held in the club room. The debate for the evening was on the resolution "that the influence of the U.S. is beneficial to Canada". L. Salicis, R. Mead and A. Ewing upheld the affirmative for 1st. year against J. Knowles, H. Smith and G. Seale for 2nd. year. Prof. Boothroyd kindly acted as judge and awarded the debate to the negative.

BASKETBALL

On March 23rd. Bishop's played King's Hall at Bishop's. The King's Hall team were handicapped by the absence of two of their best players but put up a splendid fight nevertheless. The final score was 59 to 39 for the home team. The line up was as follows:

Bishop's — Forwards: O Jackson, M. Brewer; Defence: J. Knowles, D. Dean; J. Centre: P. Van Vliet; S. Centre: D. Bennett; Subs: P. Montgomery, L. Salicis.

King's Hall — Forwards: B. Cochrane, L. Lancaster; Defence: H. Henthorne, M. Baillie; J. Centre: L. Mitchell,

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On March 23rd. Bishop's journeyed to Quebec to play the Y.W.C.A. team. The game proved a hard battle for the Bishop's team with a defeat of 41 to 22 at the end. The Quebec team-work was very good and Bishop's individual play more in evidence.

The Bishop's team were rather unsettled, due to the absence of the regular jump centre and the consequent change in positions of the team.

However the basket-ball was on a much higher standard than that of the return game played at Bishop's on April 13th. Another Y.W.C.A. team played in this game. Both sides seemed in very bad form and the game proved an amusing one rather than a demonstration of "Basket-ball as She should be Played." In spite of a very one-sided score for Bishop's at first, the final score was 26 to 24 for the Y.W.C.A.

On April 4th. the Co-ed Club Rooms presented a festive appearance when those members of the Women Students' Association who reside in Lennoxville and the vicinity thereof gave a tea for the Alumnae of the University. Unfortunately, only a few of the graduates were able to be present, but those who attended seemed to enjoy themselves, and praised our rooms with gratifying enthusiasm. About twenty people were present, including twelve co-eds. Mrs. Kuehner poured tea, and the freshettes waited on the guests.

We were very glad to learn that the Alumnae contemplate making quite a substantial contribution to the funds of our Association. We greatly appreciate their interest and assistance.

Hockey Notes

The last issue of our magazine went to press before the final game of the Inter-Year Championship was played. It will be remembered that the Inter-Year League was composed of the First, Second and Third Years of the Arts course, and of the Divinity Faculty. At the last, Second and Third Year were tied for first place and it looked very much as if Second Year was to carry off the honours. In a 'best two out of three game play-off' however, Third Year won the first two games and thereby gained the title of Inter-Year Champions. This is the third time that Third Year has won the Hockey title in the University, having won every year since they first came to Bishop's. In their Freshman year, it was the custom to play first team men but since then the senior hockeyists have been debarred from playing Inter-Year Hockey. For the past two years, therefore, the game has been in the hands of the less proficient ones of the University. The Third Year line-up was as follows:-
Buchanan, Gagnon, C. H. M. Church, J. G. Rennie, Dean, White, - forwards: Wood (Captain), Brett, - defence: Vaughan - goal.

A Tale of Old Time Ballistics in the 20th Century

Once upon a time there fell a wintry rain, for 'twas even snow, which whitened all the land both far and wide. Yea, verily, 'twas piled high upon the housetops also, so that they shone again in the brilliant sunlight.

Then did there ascend, even through the ceiling, on to the roof of that edifice yclept "Ye Stable" a scurvy knave on mischief bent irreconcilably. With his hands he prepared himself missiles wherewith to strike terror into the hearts of the multitude below and in his fury he did cast down his icy thunderbolts upon the sinful pedestrians, so that oft he smote them with a mighty smite below the fifth rib. Or compelled their headdress to fall awry to their temporary discomfort. So that they did hurl back forceful ejaculations and fiery accusations upon him and invoked the aid of the mighty powers of Heaven above to preserve them from his ungodly interference in the regular execution of their ordinary daily routine.

And sometimes the more doughty among them cast back like missiles toward the evil offender hoping thereby to annihilate him and thus prevent his maligant and nefarious attack. But alas, they were powerless to reach him and failed to attain their much longed-for object, for the force of the avenging ammunition was spent 'ere ever it reached the enemy, and that which did he hurled again upon his unhappy adversaries with ribald laughter at their feeble, though very valiant, attempts at reprisal, to their endless regret and continual mortification of spirit.

But Nature often conquers feeble man when his fellow man cannot, and so it was in the end of this matter, for it came to pass that this wicked varlet grew cold and hungry after his strenuous exertion up there above the masses; and when the merry chime proclaimed the hour of banqueting below he was overcome by an empty longing and desire for satisfaction. So he was fain to descend from his lofty perch which he did straightway, and the land had rest for forty years.

Moreover he built for himself a monument, huge and great, wherewith to celebrate his day of evil activity and unnecessary execution and there it remains unto this present day if it be not melted.

J.H.D.

EDITORIAL CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

the universities, may do a very great deal of harm. Such energy would be better spent in attempting to bring to the public a fuller appreciation of what university training means to national life and development.

In connection with Bishop's Dramatic Society and

The New Sherbrooke

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their presentation this year the following interesting editorial appeared in the Theatre Page of the Montreal Daily Star, March 23rd. 1929.

The Montreal Daily Star. March 23rd. 1929
(Reprinted from the Theatre Page)

SETTING A GOOD EXAMPLE

The most accurate index of the trend of matters dramatic is to be obtained nowadays from the Little Theatre and associated movements. That includes, of course, all amateur dramatic organizations who take their work seriously and do not pursue it merely for the fun of the thing, without regard for quality of achievement. From the Canadian west - Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver - comes most encouraging news of the work being done by the various Little Theatre groups. Hart House, at Toronto University, of course, pursues its syndically directed way regardless of what anybody else is doing, and doubtless gives great satisfaction to its supporters. Moyse Hall is starting a similar movement here, from which much is expected by many people who have a reputation for being conservative in their outlook. The Y.M.H.A. dramatic club are waking up to the necessity of presenting worthwhile drama in preference to the old act-proof, hackneyed plays of dubious merit, but easy to present

An admirable example is being set by the Bishop's University Dramatic Society at Lennoxville. This organisation has under rehearsal "You Never Can Tell' by Bernard Shaw. Several of the members attended the performance given by Maurice Colbourne and his company at the Princess Theatre recently, and doubtless learned not a few valuable points in connection with the staging and interpretation of that comedy. I have singled out this instance in particular because in the past the presentations by these amateurs have taken the form of farces or farce-comedies, amusing enough, entertaining enough, no doubt, but with absolutely no dramatic value and of no theatrical significance. Now they are going farther afield. They are not catering to any vast body of popular tastes, but are undertaking a clever play which stands on an entirely different plane from the routine comedy and the production of which ought to teach them a good deal, even as it should serve to develop a taste for better drama among those who attend the performances.

The authorities in charge of the Dramatic Society's activities are to be congratulated upon this development. Bishop's has always enjoyed a reputation for doing things that count, and this is a most praisworthy movement. It should serve as an incentive to other amateur bodies to seek among the wealth of British drama for plays that will not only give the public greater satisfaction than the usual mediocre piece but also enable those who take part in them to learn something about acting and the drama they did not know, or knew but imperfectly, before.

S. MORGAN-POWELL.

Spring Fear

Upon a hill-top propped against a tree
I sat and pondered, basking in the sun
And freshness of the spring, while from my knee
A massive book of history slid down
Its stern appeal unheeded. One by one
Soft clouds slipped overhead, while all the brown,
Dry, withered grass was tinged with sudden green.
Above, a hawk made circles in the blue.
The very air, with breath of spring made keen,
Enamoured all my senses. How could I
Study on a day like this! Yet too few,
I mused, are precious moments left to sigh.
A taunting breeze came whisp'ring in my ear
Cruel thoughts about approaching days of June,
Of what would happen if I failed my year.
When, after weary cramming, I should find
Misfortune granting me her wretched boon,
While honours went unto a worthier mind.
The clouds seemed shaped like spirits calling out,
Spirits of books untouched who wept and wailed.
The very air re-echoed all the doubt
With which my mind was filled. My idle days
Must end at once. If I would not be failed
I must seek Knowledge and her tedious ways.
"Think of the hours you've wasted," laughed a sprite,
As perched, he sat upon my Latin Prose
In mocking glee, "but even now you might
Over your work obtain a mastery."
I started from my dreams, I would not lose
The lesson that the Spring had taught to me.

G.J.

THE TRAIL OF THE FLICKER-FLEA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

And when they hunted high and low,
Said Chumleigh: "Its disgraceful,
That any peaked plateau, you know,
Should be so dashed unbaseful!"

But since we can't go o'er the top
We'll jolly well go round;
For Chumleigh Gough will never stop
Before a doltish mound!"

They journeyed on and on until
They reached that dread morass
Which only those of dauntless will
Can ever hope to pass.

So vast is this rapacious fen
That it could well embrace
The foolishness of mortal men,
Nor leave the faintest trace.

AGRICULTURE
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CANADA'S greatest industry undoubtedly is farming. Man still finds one of his greatest rewards in planting seed and reaping grain. The farmer is now recognized by all classes of Canadians as the most important producer Canada possesses.

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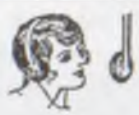
Information . . .

The area of occupied field crops in 1918 was 51,427,190 acres. and in 1928 57,796,226 acres. Dominion Government estimates that there are approximately 2½ times the present acreage still available for agricultural purposes. This includes grazing lands and all lands possible of devotion to similar purposes.

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For days Sir Chumleigh wondered how
They'd cross the Dum-Dum Bog,
Until he said: "I see it now,
We'll ape the Bandar-Log!"

The Bandar-Log they wake and sleep
In Chutney-Chutney Trees;
Across the Bog they lightly leap
When hunting Flicker-fleas.

From limb to bough and bough to branch
They swing themselves along;
We'll shoulder all our koober-kanch
And ape the apish throng!"

And so they anchored Choo and Chee
With blobs of holdum-glue;
And then the party climbed a tree
'Midst banshee woops from Choo.

Sir Chumleigh was the first to start
Upon that awful trip.
'Twas joy to see the portly Bart
From bough to creeper flip.

As Lady Gough swung through the limbs
Said she: "This is the limit!
If I were good at hymning hymns
And knew a hymn, I'd hymn it!"

The mufgars then swung through the fog
That rose with pungent power;
And thus the party crossed the bog
In one sweet-scented hour.

And when they'd started on their way,
Said Chumleigh: "We should see,
The spoor, before another day,
Of Master Flicker-flea."

And so to keep your spirits up
I think that I shall drone:
'I've a most intelligent pup.'
Upon my saxophone."

But as they crossed the farthest peak
Of sombre Snackerdown,
Poor Lady Gough ripped out a shriek
No saxophone could drown.

"Sir Chumleigh Gough, Alas! Alack!
That this should ever be!
You'll have to turn and go right back,
Nor mind the Flicker-flea!

You'll have to turn at once, so there!
And take the homeward path;
I've left our darling son and heir
A-soaking in the bath!"

"C—C."

Old Maids and the Clover

Here's a tale to note with care
Of the clover, bee, and cat
And of Old Maids also in this queer collection;
For this combination rare,
Just to show what we are at,
Has a curious and mutual connection.

Bumble bees as you may know
O'er the clover fields do fly
And the gather nectar whereso'er they wander;
Carry pollen to and fro
Fertilize the crop thereby,
And then make a bee-line homeward over yonder.

Now these bees are pussy's prey,
Strange as that may seem to be,
And she catches them with all her clever cunning;
And then later comes a day
When the clover crop you see
Smaller, scarcer, less in value ever running.

In a certain village where
Cats and parrots oft were seen
It was noticed that Old Maids were quite outstanding;
Honey grew much scarcer there,
Clover soon was less than lean,
Till the villagers had thoughts about disbanding.

Village sages' brains were racked
Till a plan at last was made
All the culprits had to marry amid laughter;
With cat-fur the stores were packed,
Parrot pie increased the trade,
Bees returned, and clover flourished ever after.

Hearken, then, ye maids to this
Your responsibility.
Here it lies if you will look this story over;
Go and marry, live in bliss
Or Old Maids you all will be
And not only that BUT YOU WILL SPOIL
THE CLOVER!

J.H.D.

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The Autobiography of Tiglath Pileser

This autobiography was discovered by two members of the Old Lodge. It was carved on bone, apparently with some sharp pointed instrument, and was in Cuneiform writing. With the aid of a large amount of imagination and a very slight knowledge of Greek a translation has been arrived at. It is doubtful whether the Tiglath referred to was the ancient Assyrian king. Most authorities, to whom we have applied for opinions, say not.

"I was very young when I came here, and very frightened. The college was very odoriferous. There was a dead, dank, horrible smell of stale cabbage on the air, with just a suspicion of cat, which latter, however, promised good hunting.

I shall not dwell on my youth. Sufficient that it was full of interest, as it took me many weeks to accustom myself to the new environment. There were times when I had to bark; times when silence staved off a slap; times when a cat was not to be chased; times when lecture rooms were to be invaded; and times when discretion was the better part of valour. I learned slowly, and there are some of my critics who will say that I have not yet learned, but, be that as it may, I have learned much.

I had wandered out of my home in search of adventure. There was someone with a raucous voice singing on the top flat. I sing a very good obligato to that particular bit of music myself and I was longing to exercise my voice. I am forbidden that privilege at home, as there my musical proclivities are not fully appreciated, (which has always been a scource of great grief to me.) But, as I was saying. I had rushed out gleefully, and was just about to burst into song when I smelt something. Catnip was on the air! I rushed upstairs, two steps at a time, and turned back disconsolately. It was only tea after all. Boiled catnip held no fascination for me.

The outside door being open, I rushed through and tripped up a stout gentleman. What he said I shall not repeat. I was very sorry later to hear that he was studying Divinity. What an outlook for the Church to be sure!

By dint of squeezing through the legs of a stout handsome person who said as I passed, "It's a fine day Mr. Pileser", I found my way into the Old Lodge. Here I smelt coffee. It seems to be the prevading odor. I rushed upstairs. The top flat was quite empty. The lower flat was in almost Stygian darkness and the only sound I could hear was a dismal sort of clank, clank, which repeated itself monotonously, each clank being followed by a dull booming sound. I listened to this for a moment or so, and was so engrossed by it, that I was trodden upon by a bespectacled gentleman with rapidly thinning hair, who said "Hello Tig," and passed on. Once and for all allow me to state that I do not care for nicknames. I yelled after him. "Tiglath-Pileser to you!" With which sage remark I sped on my way downstairs, pausing only to give a satisfied howl or two outside the reading room door to show my independence, and to satisfy myself that I got in the last word, a trick I have learned in feminine company.

At the dining room door I paused. There was a very appetizing meal in the process of being served. I went up to one of my friends and waited. Never have I prayed so hard that I would be fed. My nose was simply tantalized by the delectable odours. I was not to be disappointed, and this in spite of my not rolling over and begging - a marvel to me since the feminine mind seems to prefer this vapid type of entertainment to a sagacious look from my smoky eyes. I simply cannot get a bite to eat now unless I beg!

I have never dined so well. A large heavy white plate descended from the snowy mountain above me so suddenly that I had to dodge to avoid it. It was a soup plate, filled to the brim with pea soup, and simply *clotted* with peas. I ate and ate and ate, never have I eaten anything so filling. I noticed that I was being fed by a very thin gentleman and thought that possibly I ought to refuse his dinner as he looked as if he could hardly spare it. Next I received a piece of meat, but this I could do nothing with. My teeth simply sank into it and returned immediately into my gums. I thought of taking it home with me as a substitute for my rubber ball if it got lost again. But I nearly expired with joy when I was given dessert. When it arrived on the floor (the thin man had gone by this time) I was not so enraptured. The plate was full of something which I took to be cats' eyes which winked at me in a horrid way, and seemed to say, "Eat us at your peril Tiglath-pileser!" I turned away and shuddered. Someone above me said, "Put some cream on it for the poor dog, he'll feel better if its hidden". But even after this was done I was haunted by those cats' eyes staring at me evilly through the cream. By this time I decided home beckoned, and picking up my chewing gum, (another use I had just discovered for the meat) I rushed homeward.

This is all that has been translated at present. There are a few more fragments in the hands of the decipherers but they are apparently earlier work and the letters are very poorly formed. One of them has several references to a

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chapel, apparently the one which the author attended. Another mentions a debate in which it seems Tiglath was one of the principal speakers. There is also a rather curious story of a cat and a Biology Laboratory, but the connection is not quite clear. Possibly at some future date we may be able to conclude this biography.

D. and W.

"You Never Can Tell"

When the curtain rose on "You Never Can Tell" on Tuesday night, more than one satisfied patron was heard to remark "At last! A play!" With this year's offering the Dramatic Society can be well satisfied. The whole performance was very creditable indeed, and the actors who have two or three more years of college life ahead of them, should be of immense value to the society in future productions.

Mr Hambley White as the Dentist gave a sprightly and highly convincing picture of what a young man in love can do in facing difficulties. His acting, while fully in keeping with the play, was made all the more amusing because he was so well suited to the part. In fact he needn't have acted at all. He was Valentine in real life.

Gloria, Miss Eleanor Raymond, played a difficult part with dignity. In the first act she withstood the long wait with quiet patience, and in her dramatic moment with Crampton in act Two excelled. As the play progressed her enunciation improved and when her real feelings were drawn from her by Valentine towards the close of the act, one felt that she was thoroughly in command of her part.

Mr. Porritt, as Mr. Crampton, endured the horrors of the dentist's chair with such stoic calm as to almost convince one that he liked cleaning his teeth with yellow soap, and hardening them on bones and nuts. His wrath was exceptionally well done, and his acting and enunciation of a very high order indeed.

To Mrs. Clandon, Miss Elsa Burt, go the honours of the evening. She succeeded very ably in becoming becomingly aged; her gesture, acting, and enunciation were splendid; and she succeeded in looking interested in every speech and action directed towards her—no mean feat when the structure of the play is considered.

Dolly, Miss Phyllis Montgomery, was vivacious and amusing, and contrived always to interrupt at precisely the right moments. As Columbine she added a touch of colour to the play. Her voice was good and carried well, and she gave the audience a moment or two for laughter — a virtue in her which cannot be too highly commended.

Phil, David Buik, was another favourite. He contrived somehow to present himself as the flippant youngster enjoying England after eighteen years of Madeira. If anything he spoke too quickly. His "knowledge of human nature" proved a useful line, and true to his part he succeeded in convincing one he had enough of it and to spare.

Rupert Buchanan as the waiter was a perfect "balmy waters." How he managed to serve table, show people in and out, remember likes and dislikes, and handle every situation tactfully, will always remain a mystery. That he did so will be undisputed. His was a difficult part (probably the most difficult in the play) and he handled it with consummate ease.

Mr. Bohun, George Hall; succeeded in awing everybody. No one experienced any difficulty whatever in hearing his lines. His tremendous voice dominated the fourth act. He was masterful and forceful and gave a very creditable performance indeed.

McComas, Tim Matthews, presented the soft-spoken family solicitor to perfection. He was conciliatory and eloquent as his part demanded. He had a splendid voice, and at the Tuesday night performance his enunciation was almost faultless.

Miss Harriet Wright, as the parlour maid, played her small part creditably, but her voice was weak. Joe, Marshall Talbot, as the waiter handled his dishes very skilfully indeed and avoided clatter, and the chef, Raymond Nornabelle, added local colour to the luncheon party.

The luncheon itself was the difficult moment in the play. This was handled exceptionally well, and there was no hitch in the proceedings. It required some real genius to make the speeches at the table heard, but that this was done, and that the feast itself was real enough, will be admitted by everyone.

The Director, Mr. Speid, deserves much credit for the whole performance. His grouping of the actors was splendid and his handling of the meaning of speeches and the significant gesture beyond reproach.

The stage work was exceptionally well done when the difficulties facing the managers of this department are considered. There was little or no material to be found at the theatre itself, and what scenery there was, was by no means good. The third and fourth acts were quite cleverly staged. The properties (which were more numerous than usual) were collected with difficulty, and were most appropriate. This department functioned well. Next year the whole question of scenery ought to be considered. There is really no reason why in a university as large as Bishop's, some talent could not be found to manufacture it. If this were done the dress rehearsal would have a more definite value as the actors would have something to work with.

To all those who contributed to the success of the play, the thanks of the whole university is extended. Another year such things as "curtain speeches", and "commercial programmes" might well be abolished. Both of these features tend at times to become inartistic. The curtain speech

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always has the effect of interrupting the action. The programme should either be what it purports to be, or else an advertising medium. This year it was very difficult to tell what it was. There is no doubt that a great deal of work was expended on it, but it is the opinion of the writer of this article that it will be increasingly difficult to persuade people to pay money for this type of advertising, and that such procedure loses more friends than it gains. The actual profit, in any case, does not half repay the amount of work expended.

Basketball

The Bishop's University Basketball Team completed a ten-game schedule in the Sherbrooke City Basketball League this year with seven victories and one draw to their credit. This meant that they repeated the success of the team of 1926 by winning the league championship. And it was a championship well won, for never before has such a balanced team represented the university. It was the accomplishment not of individual stars, but of a trained quintette playing systematic basketball. Sydney (Crafty) McMorran, as captain and coach, schooled his men throughout the season in the methods of five man defense, out of bounds plays and fast breaks from home territory. He has his reward! It is indeed good news that Crafty is coming back to Bishop's next year for his Master's degree, for we may depend upon him to preserve that handsome cup undisturbed in our trophy cabinet for at least another year.

Any criticism for which there is need must be directed against the tendency which is growing under the present strict rules of the game to "get away" with things.

The precise and consistent interpretation of the rules which should characterize basketball refereeing we do not obtain locally, so a large responsibility rests wih the captains of the teams. Bishop's has obtained a considerable reputation for clean sportsmanship in all games, so it will be a great misfortune if any of our representatives do anything but their best to maintain such an enviable name. There is a great temptation to bestow sly thrusts of hip and elbow in basketball, and there is no game which calls for greater control of one's temper.

The first game of the season was played at home, the Y's men being the visitors. Crow McCaw, Bobbie Robertson, and Ham Rider, all members of our champion 1926 squad were playing for the Y. Syd McMorran showed what a defenceman can do, and scored seven points. Sam Rudner also shot well. Bishop's won 20 - 13.

Our boys went to Sherbrooke for the second game, to play Omega-Alpha. It was a considerable disappointment to have to use the Y gym in place of the large floor at the Armoury this year for the "away" games. Jack Fuller was our high score on this occasion. Rod Bouchard returned to the game after a long enforced absence. Bishop's were decidedly not at home in the Sherbrooke gym, so our opponents gained a 34 - 19 advanage.

Jack Fuller celebrated an individual scoring bee in our third game when the Sherbrooke Regiment visited us. He scored half of our forty-four points. It was a heavy game, nineteen personal fouls being awarded. The Regiment appeared inexperienced in the cage game, scoring but twenty-two points.

McMorran and Fuller tied for scoring honours with eight points apiece when the Pirates visited us on Feb. 26th. Bishop's won 33 to 24. It was a poor exhibition of basketball, the ball being less popular than the man in the matter of attention paid to it.

The opposition was made of sterner stuff on the occasion of our fifth game. The Y's men barely turned the tables on us, to win 31 to 29. Sam Rudner hit his stride, playing a great game and chalking up eleven points for the Purple. High scorer for the season, and a most efficient back-checker, Sam was a valuable acquisition for the team this year.

Our forward line did some fine shooting, and we added another victory to the string, when the boys boarded the Pirates on the ninth of March. The score was 32 to 23.

When Omega-Alpha visited Lennoxville it was to take the short end of a 19 - 21 score. Sam Rudner was again our leading scorer. Hobo Greene put up a great game at centre, with two men taller than himself alternating against him. Winning this game assured us of a place in the play-off.

The Sherbrooke Regiment Team were at home to Bishop's on March 16th. At this point in the season the Purple squad was apparently perfectly at ease in the Y gym, for the final score indicated was 35 to 12 in our favour. Syd McMorran was on sick leave, but McCullough and Bouchard barred the door more than securely - witness the the score!

The two play-off games with Omega-Alpha were breath-taking affairs for both players and spectators. They were fast and exciting. The first was played in our own gym, the second at the Y' and Bishop's won by two points on the round. Hammond of the O-A was the star of the game at Lennoxville, as he scored eight of the fourteen points. Sam Rudner did even better when he scored fourteen of our twenty points in the final game. Forty-one personal fouls were called in the play-offs, most of them being the result of the high state of excitement which prevailed.

Now that the season is completed for the First Team, the Seconds have been playing some exhibition games, and a great deal of interest has been shown in the Inter-Year

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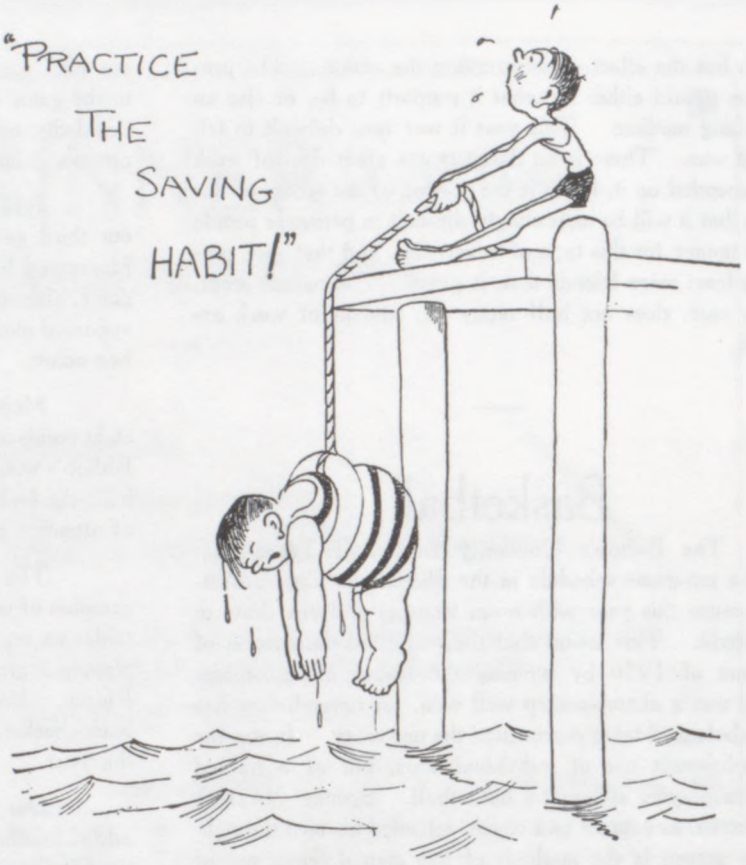
By The Royal Bank



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competition for the Lady Meredith Cup. One result of increased interest in basketball is that many have learned for the first time that it is a more exhausting game than rugby or hockey.

Syd McMorran and his men have done a lot for the game and for the University this year in fighting through to a championship against strong opposition and with little support, as the basketball schedule was played at a time when the competition of other activities was most intense. They have the heartiest congratulations of "The Mitre".

The Two Faces of Apollo

(A Very Short Story)

The curtain rises.....

A sun room with green curtains. A grass mat on the floor. Wicker table, chairs and a divan. June..... (exams are over). A lemon moon. Air like cold cinnamon toast. 8.45 p.m.

Do you see the divan? At the extreme south end is seated the Blonde Bacchante in blue. She lights a cigarette - in a green jade holder seven and one half inches long. This is her fourth cigarette in the space of one hour and forty-five minutes.. She is meditating upon hell.

Apollo's first face is seen at the extreme north end of the divan. He has a pseudo-Roman nose. He is dark and spectacled, wearing flannel trousers. His character-colour, like the Moon's, is lemon. Apollo's second face is as far as possible from the flannel trousers. Marble god, wavy hair, memorable person. He regards the Blue Bacchante, misery in every line of his face. He meditates man-slaughter.

Apollo's first face is speaking. No one else is. He has been speaking for one hour and forty-five minutes. No one else has. No one else has had the opportunity.

"What I mean to say is, I brought the jolly old uke. I thought perhaps a little music now and then - what?"

"Music?" murmured the Blonde Bacchante.

"..... music," mourned Apollo's second face.

Apollo's first face sings. No one else sings. He sings for fifteen minutes. Nine p.m., the Blonde Bacchante lights another cigarette - her fifth. He is now singing a detestable song. He has a weak tenor voice, a voice so high that it can only be compared to a mosquito trying to sing "La Traviata" in a stuffy summer cottage at one a.m.

The Blonde Bacchante is puffing her cigarette. She knocks the ash off, It glows like Mars, seen through a small telescope. She does not return it to her lips. She is extending it at arm's length. She worries it with her ivory fingers.

Ah! A larger red coal falls on the light flanneled thigh of the first Apollo.

The coal dies out. It has left a glowing circle. It grows like a rapidly opening eye - a small nickel, - a dime - two bits - four bits .....

He sings unconsciously,

"When I am with you dearie....."

A bitter smell pervades the atmosphere.....

"You set me all on fire."

A sudden start: he looks down. He drops his uke. He beats quietly but firmly. Silence.

A moment later he rises.

"Oh must you go?" asks the Blonde Bacchante.

"I fear.....I am afraid.....YES!" replied Apollo's first face.

"Well, good-bye."

He passed out of her life forever.

Apollo's second face hitches his chair a little nearer. A moment later he changes chairs. In about ten minutes time they are both sitting at the extreme south of the divan.

"Jolly! You did that neat," begins Apollo's second face.

"Did what neat?" innocently.

"Oh..... nothing."

The moon had lost its lemon. Honey had taken its place.

A.N.T.

EXCHANGE

"Lux Columbiana", Columbiana College Year Book,
New Westminster, B. C.

Your Year Book is thoroughly original and enjoyable from cover to cover. The full-page engravings and comic sketches are drawn by an artist's hand. The diverse subject matter is dealt with in an interesting and masterly fashion. The many photographs add greatly to the pleasure of the onlooker. Altogether your Year Book presents, indeed, a clear and illuminating record of the student, social, and athletic activities of Columbiana College.

The King's College Record,
University of King's College, Halifax, N. S.

A magazine with fine aims and much literature of a high-class standard. The joke section entitled "Shrapnel" contains good, original humour. But why not a few photographs or cuts to liven up the Record?

"The Albanian", St. Alban's School, Brockville, Ont.

Another welcome exchange from a school in which we are interested. We like the account which you give of your varied sports and other events, and we particularly liked the story entitled "The Death Patrol", and the poem entitled "The Pool". The Junior Albanian is also doing good work. But might we suggest a higher grade of paper which would add greatly to the value of your creditable magazine.

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BEAUTIFUL -- A Skit

Scene: Lounge room of a hotel. Time: 8 p.m. of a Saturday night in the rugby season.

Two girls, one blonde and the other brunette, are seated in large Chesterfield chairs facing one another.

Blonde: "I enjoyed the tea-dance and my dinner immensely but I do loathe waiting for people. Those two boys will probably stay upstairs for an hour or two. The whole visiting team and half of ours must be up there talking about nothing."

Brunette: "Yes, and then they say that women do all the talking! Do you want to go to a show or to the dance? I would really like to go to the dance. The captain of the visiting team asked me to go but I said that I was going."

Blonde: "Did he? He asked me too."

Brunette: "Did he?"

Blonde: "I wonder how many others he asked. Did he say that he could dance with you forever and that he wouldn't take "*no*" for an answer?"

Brunette: "Uh-Hmm! He said that he had worked for the team just for this opportunity of dancing with me again. He is rather a good dancer though."

Blonde: "Did he tell you that too?"

Brunette: "Of course he knew that I wasn't the type that would break a date but this *would* be an exception. He asked me to try and work it somehow and meet him here at eight-fifteen."

Blonde: "Oh, really! He told me exactly the same thing. Now I ask you.....!

Brunette: "Just peek around the back of your chair and see if that isn't he coming in now."

Blonde: "Of course it is. Isn't he the heavy hero?" Couldn't we have a rare time with him; lets take him down a peg and pretend that we both took him seriously. He needs a bit of abuse."

Brunette:"There, he's seen me now. He is coming towards me all smiles. He won't see you till he gets around in front of your chair. Now for gosh sakes don't laugh."

He: *(bowing slightly to Brunette)* "Good evening, Beautiful."

Brunette: "Good evening."

He: *(seeing blonde and bowing more slightly)* "Good evening, Beautiful"

Blonde: *(sweetly)* "Good evening."

He: "Well, well!"

Brunette: "I managed to make it all right. Aren't you thrilled?"

He: "Almost overcome. I knew you wouldn't say no to me." (Smiling at blonde) How's tricks!"

Blonde: "Just fine, thank you." I was afraid I wouldn't get here though but I worked it all right."

He: "Oh yes, you got here.....umm,..... sure. (Recovering himself) I knew you couldn't say no to me. (He draws up a third chair and sits to side of girls facing elevator.) "Well, well."

Blonde: "I don't know whether it is so well or not. We discovered while we were waiting here that you had asked us both to meet you here and go to the dance with you. It looks like a good time for somebody!"

He: "You both.....Oh yes, of course, I'll get someone and we'll make up a party."

Blonde: "No thanks, you don't need to. I didn't meet anyone else on your team. We only stayed at the tea-dance for a few dances."

He: (to Brunette) "Our half-back's O.K. I'll get him for you."

Brunette: "Oh, you can't do that. I told him I was going with you tonight. He introduced me to a whole bunch of your players and said that I was going to the dance with you."

He: "Well, well, we'll all go! I guess I can keep you both satisfied."

Blonde: *(disdainfully)* "We'll do nothing of the kind. The best thing is for me to get a taxi and go home."

He: "Oh, no! I can't let you do that, really!"

Brunette: "Well, I *can't* go home alone, it's seventeen miles out of town."

He: "Seventeen miles! How do you get there?"

Brunette: "Oh, by taxi, if you haven't got a car. The man I was at the tea-dance with *has* one, so I never worry. But we *can* get there in a taxi all right."

He: "Oh, yes.....You can get there in a taxi all right."

Blonde: "Well I am going home before a few of the other girls you asked turn up and make a perfect fool of me."

He: "Oh, no, they couldn't! You are now - perfect I mean."

Brunette: "Well we can't sit here all night we must do something about it."

He: (looking the girls over appraisingly) "By gad! I must have made a couple of enemies of the men I took you away from tonight."

Blonde: "Enemies of the *men*. Oh, yes of course. *We're* thrilled to death!"

He: "Well, you know, it's funny, I don't know how it happened. You see I thought -"

Blonde: "No! Is it possible?"

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He: "Well, really you know, I am sorry about this. I guess I *did* make a mistake this time."

Brunette: (philosophically) "Oh, well, as long as each of us thinks you asked us first we'll still be friends."

He: "Asked you first? Oh, yes, of course, both of you. Oh, lord, it's warm here, lets go out and get some air or do something.

(Two men cross the lounge in the direction of the girls, one of them says, "Did you think we were never coming, sorry, let's go.")

....*Blonde*: "Oh no, we didn't notice the time, this young man has been entertaining us while we were waiting."

He: (looking rather amazed) "Say, what the devil, I thought you said -"

Brunette: "It's really quite all right. Thanks for keeping us amused."

He: "But you don't mean that you were kidding all the time."

Brunette: "Well you really didn't think we had taken you at your word, did you? You said that you'd never taken "*no*" for an answer and we each hated to be the first to refuse you, and really you have no idea how funny you were."

Blonde: "I thought I'd laugh right out loud: you looked so queer."

He: (forcing a laugh) "Yes, it was funny. I thought you must be fooling."

Blonde: "Yes, you did not!"

Brunette: "Come on, let's go."

He: (apparently unperturbed) "Good night, Beautiful." (Then to Brunette) "Good night Beautiful." (He crosses lounge quickly towards elevator.)

Blond's Escort: What's the joke girls?

Blonde: "He is mostly."

Brunette's Escort: "His girl's here too. She and her friend came down in the elevator with us. They are going up to the dance. They say he calls her 'Beautiful', and she surely is ".

Blonde: (to Brunette) "Men are like that!"

Brunette: "Beautiful! Good night!"

(CURTAIN)

C.M.M.

MAGIC? . PERHAPS! — CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

but he can cook and that's all that's required to make life interesting here for me.

Jones and I fell in with this. Both of us were more or less retiring, and the thought of explanations and rendering of thanks was distasteful to us, and who can wonder for we hadn't eaten since early morning.

I shall describe that meal, as I have always placed it on my list as one of the best dinners I have ever eaten. First we had a tall fruit cocktail garnished with some of the largest and bluest blueberries I have ever seen. Then the Indian servant brought us a clear soup which I could not place, but its flavour was not unlike chicken and it was seasoned so skilfully that it would have vied with the best *consommés* of the French chef. The *pièce de resistance* however was the beef. It was stuffed with mushrooms, and a jelly which I took for cranberry, and was garnished with bacon strips. We had sweet potatoes as a vegetable. I remember these particularly as I am very partial to them. They were a work of art. They had been fried in honey, browned, and crisped. The dessert was a snow pudding with a thick sauce made of white raspberries, — a rare enough delicacy at any time and place, let alone the house in which we found ourselves.

When we had lighted our cigarettes our host turned an attentive ear to our queries. "The fruit is cooked in the sun. I won't describe the process as it's a long one, but it keeps its flavour and freshness much better than by any other method."

"But how can you do it?"

"It has taken years to work out I must admit, but Indians can be trained to cook, and good cooks they make too if you have patience with them."

"But where on earth did you find two Indians that would stay with you so long?" I questioned.

"Any man will stay where he has a home. Of course they are not servants in the full sense of that word. I have done much for them and they are grateful. They had my trouble, you see, and I guaranteed a cure."

"Were you ill!" Jones asked.

"Yes. I had tuberculosis. It was a long fight for all three of us, but sunlight and an even temperature, a little work, and much sleep has worked the miracle and our lungs are almost completely healed."

"And how did you learn to do it?" This question came from me. I was always interested in medical matters.

"I went into a sanitarium for three months and found out, and then I set out to find the ideal climate."

"And these Indians came to you to be cured?"

"No. I saw their condition. I found Tom first. He was in Montreal at the time. I guessed his trouble, befriended him, and brought him here with me. Later he told me of Peter. He was only a mild case so I brought him up here to cook for me."

"Did you build this house yourself?" asked Jones.

"I planned it. There are plenty of men about to do the work. What we miss most in an establishment of this kind is a woman. Our home has never been blessed by the feminine touch."

"But it must have taken you a long time to build!" Jones tone was almost incredulous, whereat I blushed, but the builder was too keenly interested in his work to notice my friend's doubt. He plunged on.

"The first summer was hard, of course. We built the four bedrooms, the bathroom, the kitchen, the hall, and two smaller downstair rooms you'll see later, before the winter. The second story we did not complete till the Fall

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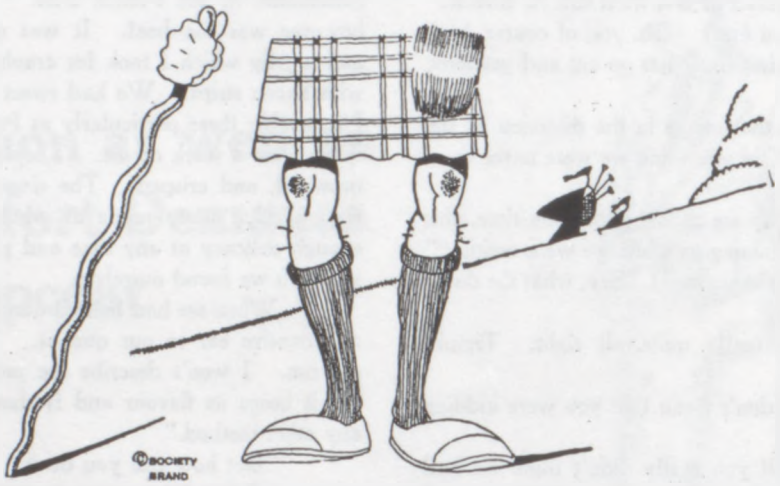

"We Dinna Like Ta Appear Boastful"

Possibly you've heard of the Highland lass who worked for a Scotch family for several years before they discovered that they were all from the same town in Scotland. "Weel, and why didn't ye tell us ye were frae Aberdeen?" they asked her. "I dinna like ta appear boastful," she replied.

And although we do not like to appear boastful, we cannot refrain from telling you a few little things our customers told us the other day.

A prosperous looking gentleman said, "I thought I'd just drop in to show you that special order suit you had made for me about a year ago. It's by far the best I ever had. Why just yesterday a friend of mine asked me where I bought the new suit."

A mother smiled happily as she walked into the boy's department with her son, "Mr. Rosenbloom, I want to see a boy's suit. You sold me this one that Russell is wearing in the Fall of 1927 and it's still good. I've bought lots of clothes from you in the last few years and they have all worn very well. I guess everything you keep here is good. Now the only thing the matter with this suit, after a year and a half, is that the sleeves are too short" We suggest, "Let's have our tailor lengthen them. It's part of our free service, you know."

In amongst the Spring Coats we heard a young man say "I never thought I could find so many good coats in a Sherbrooke store. Why I've been in some of the best known stores in regognised style centres and couldn't find anything I liked as much as your coats here."

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of the next year." The library I built two years after the house. It is a new wing in itself. Reading is a vice with me, and since I have improved so much in health, I can do more of it, I'm glad to say. Then I liked to order things because it meant mail, and mail is the only thing one cares much about here."

"How often do you go for the mail?"

"Weekly. It's a long trip so either one or the other of us goes, and if we find things too heavy for us, we get some men to help bring out the things we need."

"Have you any relations?"

"No. I'm all alone in the world, my father and mother died when I was twenty-one."

"And are you never lonely?"

"Never. Who could be lonely in such a place, I ask you?"

"And your name, sir?"

"My name! How could I have been so stupid, I must beg your pardon. My name is Hamilton, Fred Hamilton."

At this juncture we all rose and introduced each other, and finally Hamilton led us through a long hall into the library. Here we found a cheerful fire burning in the immense rock fireplace, and a huge and very inviting looking chesterfield, whose ample proportions could hardly be described without the use of some adjective like "vasty".

After a few moments Tom came in with coffee in little Japanese cups on a gleaming silver tray. He left a huge pot of it by the fireside after filling our cups for us. Our host went on.

"The books I have bought gradually, so many a month. Both my men read too, and I let them take what they want. I have some fairly rare stuff, — first editions. But I didn't follow that hobby far. My interest waned. Now I am reading all I can find on magic."

"Magic!" I could hardly help expressing some surprise, as this was Jones' delight, but if I had hoped that he would reveal his interest, I was disappointed."

"You would find it difficult to get much on that subject, I fancy, Hamilton," was all he said.

"There's very little written, I must admit, "Hamilton went on, "but I have nearly everything."

"Do you do any tricks?"

"A few. I am really interested in the more elaborate ones. It is difficult however to get the materials for all of them, here. Tom and I spend a good deal of time working them out."

"You actually work them, then?" Jones' tone was a little more interested, I thought.

"Would you like to see some of our work?" The question was addressed to Jones but it was I that answered him. Hamilton got up and went to a bell push, and after a short interval Tom appeared. "This gentleman would like to see some of our tricks, Tom. Would you be good enough to bring what we used the other day."

Tom bowed and went out of the room. We were silent for a moment or so until he reappeared, carrying a large box-like structure which he placed on the floor, clearing a space by moving the table.

"That," said Hamilton, "is what I call a shadow-box."

What appeared before us seemed to be an ordinary square box about five feet square, one side of which was glassed in and curtained. Tom drew the curtains so that the inside of the box could be seen. It was empty.

"Now, if you gentlemen will arrange things so that nothing can enter the box from the floor, I shall contrive to fill it." Jones without a word went out into the hall and brought a heavy rug, and with Tom's help it was soon placed beneath the box.

Hamilton came over and stood near me, facing the fireplace. "Now, Tom if you will turn down the lights, I will see what I can do. You can go after you have done that." Tom did as he was requested and left the room. "We will keep absolutely silent, if you don't mind."

Up to this time I had sat quite quietly watching the preparations with some interest but now I was suddenly startled by a sound of thundering, still far enough away not to be too intense, but near enough to indicate that the storm was returning. The sound did not seem to disturb Hamilton in the slightest. I watched him for a moment. His lips seemed to be moving, but no sound came from them. My eyes then wandered towards the box, and just as Hamilton uttered the one word "Look!" I saw a hand inside the box draw the curtains, and inside the box was a woman.

Jones had not uttered a word, but when he saw the woman, his face changed. At first I thought he was going to hurl himself at the box, but after a moment I saw his features relax. Had I known the effort this relaxation had cost him, I should have wondered the more at his surprise. The woman, or rather the head and shoulders of a woman, (her body appeared to be below the surface of the floor), smiled at us, and a moment later Hamilton clapped his hands and she vanished.

"A good trick," said I, hardly knowing what to make of all these things.

"A very clever trick," said Jones, with a touch of asperity I had never before heard in his voice. "Who is the lady?"

"I have never seen her before in my life," answered Hamilton. I don't do this trick for everybody. It is a bit startling for most people. But you have been interesting, and I felt I had to show my wares."

"Jones himself is a bit of a master hand at this sort of thing," I said, and after I had said it, I regretted speaking, when I saw the look on Jones' face.

"You do magic too?" Hamilton's voice had a note of surprise in it.

"I do tricks." Jones emphasised the word "tricks" rather more than he needed I thought.

"Of course what I have done is only a trick."

"Of course," said I, sensing the tension.

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"Would you mind ringing for Tom." I was again surprised by the tension in my friend's voice. His words were crisp and angry. Hamilton went to the door and pushed the button. A moment or so elapsed before Tom came.

"You rang, sir?"

"Yes, Tom, this gentleman would like something."

"Yes," said Jones, "I would like you to bring a fairly large jug of pure water and place it on the table."

"Shall I take the coffee things, sir?"

"If you please, Tom."

"And leave the cups, Tom," went on Jones, "I shall need them."

Tom busied himself for a minute or so clearing things away. A dead silence ensued which was only interrupted by another burst of thunder nearer and louder.

"I'm afraid we're going to have another storm," I began.

"I'm afraid so," said Jones. Again I noticed that his voice was hard and uncompromising, but if Hamilton noticed anything, he said nothing.

Tom reappeared with the jug and placed it on the table. His coming was noiseless. After he had gone it began to rain. Jones had to speak loudly to make himself heard.

"Are you quite satisfied that there is water in that jug, Hamilton?"

"Quite." Hamilton came and sat beside me, and we watched the table.

"Now watch it closely....."

Jones was interrupted by a veritable tearing asunder of the skies and a sudden ominous grinding roar which ended in one of the most teriffic thunderclaps I have ever heard. We were all silenced for the moment, and then the lightning came and the darkened room was suddenly as bright as day, the water on the table was brown, and a thin vapor was rising from it.

Hamilton stood up suddenly, upsetting his chair. "What have you done?" His voice was tense and frightened.

"A miracle, I'm afraid," Jones' tone sounded almost as frightened as his. "What is it?" he asked.

Hamilton went up to the table and taking his cup from the table tasted the liquid gingerly. "It's coffee!"

"Coffee!" I laughed a bit hysterically.

"Coffee" Hamilton repeated. "Get your cup and have a taste."

"Don't touch that coffee!" Jones' voice was ominous now, and I could see that Hamilton was startled.

"But why not?" I could not help asking the question.

"It is no longer coffee," said Jones,

"I have just tasted it," said Hamilton so there can be no danger.

"Will you drink another glass of it, Hamilton? Jones' eyes were blazing now. Hamilton made a deprecatory gesture. "One cup is sufficient."

"You'll drink another, Hamilton, my friend or I won't answer for what will happen!"

The menace in Jones' voice was apparent now. I turned about to look at him and was startled to see that he held a revolver in his hand. I looked at Hamilton.

"I'll take another cup, I think," he said, and then he poured a cupful and drank it.

I sat down. Events had moved too fast for me. "What is the matter?" I gasped.

"Watch Hamilton," was all Jones said.

What I saw was horrible enough. His face was changing slowly, and his eyes seemed to be starting from his head. His breathing had quickened and his body was jerking convulsively. Suddenly I heard him sigh deeply, and his body relaxed. He lay there motionless.

"He poisoned the coffee, hoping we would taste it," went on Jones.

"Poisoned the coffee!" I could not help repeating him.

"He poisoned it after he had taken the first cup."

"Why?"

"Because I knew too much."

"Knew too much!"

"Yes."

"Why are you so mysterious?"

"Was I? I'm sorry. You see, he talked a good deal about his cook. You remember he said his cook was a man. I happen to know that no man cooked that meal, because it consisted of all my favorite dishes and only one person in the world could have cooked it.

I was incredulous and showed it.

She is one of the few people who knew how to cook sweet potatoes. I may add also that she was the lady of the shadow box."

"The lady of the shadow box! But why didn't you say so—"

"I would have given the show away."

"But how did she get here?"

"She came here a month ago on a trip and disappeared. The other two girls she was with could furnish no explanation. That is why I came here, and that is why I asked you to come with me."

"But why didn't you tell me?"

"You have been more useful to me ignorant. Had you known anything you might have given the game away."

"But how did the water become coffee?"

"That," said Jones, "I can't explain. All I know is that Hamilton died persuaded it was coffee, and you and I, my friend, will have to take his word for it."

"Then it was a miracle," I gasped.

"Hardly," said Jones, "miracles don't happen today. And now if you'll follow me, I think I'll go and find my fiancée. I think that she'll be relieved to find that her stay with this madman has been cut agreeably short.

D.

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Letters to the Editor

April 23rd. 1929.

To the Editor of the Mitre,
Dear Mr. Editor:-

Will you please allow me space in which to record my sincere appreciation of the great kindness which was shown me by the students and all members of the University during my recent illness.

Yours truly,
(Signed) A. H. McGreer,
Principal.

April 23rd. 1929.

To the Editor of the Mitre,
Dear Mr. Editor:-

Travelling from Montreal recently I met an officer from the Head Quarters of Military District Number 4., and during our conversation he said that the annual inspection of the Bishop's Contingent of the C.O.T.C., on March 20th, last, was the best "show" which they had had from a university contingent.

I shall appreciate your publishing this note so that the verdict may have a place in the permanent records of students' activities.

Yours truly,
(Signed) A. H. McGreer,
Principal.

April 23rd. 1929.

To the Editor of the Mitre,
Dear Mr. Editor:-

In the last issue of your paper there appeared a report of the Students' Annual Dance. The reporter referred to it as "the Junior Prom". The term, I understand, emanates from the Republic to the south of us. Whatever it may be, it certainly is not English. Such trifling with language suggests a line of development which may, on a future occasion, lead a wit to refer to the dance as the "Kindergarten Toddle"!

In a magazine, published by University students, we have a right to expect that we shall be allowed to read English and be spared the necessity of enduring expressions drawn from the linguistic rag-bag of American slang.

Yours truly,
(Signed) A. H. McGreer,
Principal.

* * *

PERSONALS

The address of C. H. Barrington Armstrong, M. D., L.R.C.P. & S., who received his degree from Bishop's University in 1894, is 38 East Street, Kingston, Jamaica.

The address of Dr. A. Bercovitch, M.D., (Bishop's) '05, is 404 Medical Arts Building, Montreal.

Dr. W. Burnett, (Bishop's) '92, is living at 4015 Dorchester St., Westmount, Que.

H. D. Caswell, B.A. '16, is living at 33 Winchester Ave., Westmount, Que.

The Rev'd H. S. B. Critchley, B.A. '10, L.S.T. '12, is living at the Vicarage, Clay Hill, Enfield, Middlesex, England.

The address of A. H. Edwards, Esq., D.D.S. '05, is 455 Sherbrooke Street W., Montreal.

Dr. Wm. E. Fairfield, F.A.C.S., is living at Green Bay, Wis., U. S. A.

Dr. C. F. Fluhmann, B.A. '17, is living at 2400 Webster St., San Francisco, Calif., U. S. A.

The Rev'd G. H. Fooks, M.A., '88, has resigned his position as vicar of Holy Trinity Church, Torquay, England, because of ill health.

Dr. E. W. Gillander, B.A. '18, is living at Bury, Que.

The address of Lieutenant-Colonel W. Gillis, V.D., M.Sc., m. '03, is 37 Melgund Ave., Ottawa.

Dr. Max Goltman, (Bishop's) '92, is living at 995 Madison Ave., Memphis, Tenn., U. S. A.

H. A. Harding, Esq., B.A., is living at St. Pacome, Que.

Dr G. L. T. Hayes is living at Graniteville, Vt., U. S. A.

Dr. Herbert Lightstone, D.S.O., M.C., M.D., C.M., (Bishop's) '01, is living at 4 Hyde Park Terrace, London, W.2., England. His business address is c/o The Minister of Pensions, Westminster, London.

N. C. Lyster, Esq., B.A., '95, is living at 11014 123rd. Street, Edmonton, Alta.

R. C. McFadden

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Stanley Marsh, Esq., m. '18, is living at Canaan, Vt., U. S. A. His address during each winter is 2825 West 32nd. Ave., Denver, Colo., U. S. A.

A. R. Merrix, Esq., m. Divinity Class '17, is living at 912 Vancouver St., Vicoria, B. C. Mr. Merrix has taken an active part in raising funds for the building of a new cathedral in Victoria.

F. C. Nichol, Esq., D.D.S. '98, has his office in Room 512 Medical Arts Building, Montreal.

A. E. Norcross, Esq., B.A. '12, is with the Royal Securities Corporation in Ottawa.

M. A. Norcross, Esq., B.A.Sc., m' (Bishop's) '17, is living at 18419 Winslow Rd.,Shaker Hts., Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.

The Rev'd W. E. Patterson, B.A. '97, is living at St. Saviour's Rectory, Bar Harbour, Me., U. S. A.

G. W. Philbrick, Esq., B.A. '17, B.C.L., is living at Ayer's Cliff, Que.

The Rev'd J. A. Phillips, B.A. '14, is incumbent of St. Margaret's Church, Hamilton, Ont. His home address is 18 Emerson St.

The Rev'd A. H. Plummer, L.S.T., is rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Sanford, Me., U. S. A.

A. G. E. Rankin, Esq., B.A. '00, B.C.L., has his office at 205 St. James St., Montreal. His home address is 762 Dorchester St. W.

A. E. Rivard, Esq., B.A. '03, is living at 278 Desaulniers Blvd., St. Lambert, Que.

D. C. Roberson, Esq., K.C., B.A. '80, B.C.L., is living at 1419 St. Mark St., Montreal.

The Rev'd P. G. Rollit, m. '03, is living in St. James Rectory, Ansable Forks, N. Y., U. S. A.

Dr. Nathan Schacher, M.D., C.M. '05, is living at 159 Sherbrooke St. E., Montreal.

The address of the Rev'd N. H. Snow, M.A. '12, L.S.T., is Calvary Church Rectory, 37 Centre St., Santa Cruz, Calif., U. S. A.

F. Sylvestre, Esq., M.D. '92, is living at 4018 Delorimier Ave., Montreal.

The Rev'd J. P. Turner, B.A., is living at the corner of Potrero and 25th. Sts., San Francisco, Calif., U. S. A.

R. A. Walker, Esq., M.D., C.M. '95, is living at 803 Sheridan Rd., Menominee, Mich., U. S. A.

The Rev'd James G. Ward, M.A. '03, is rector of St. Mark's Church, 24 6th. Ave., S.E., Aberdeen, South Dakota, U. S. A.

The Rev'd G. E. Weagant, B.A. '00, L.S.T. '02, M.A. '03, is living at 15 Edgecroft Rd., Berkeley, Calif., U. S. A.

The Rev'd C. B. B. Wright, B.A. '90, D.D., is living at 284 East State St., Milwaukee, Wis., U. S. A.

J. S. H. Wurtele, Esq., B.A. '00, B.Sc., is living at 756 Upper Lansdowne Ave., Montreal.

The Rev'd A. Pickering, L.S.T. '26, who lost his eyesight more than a year ago, has been addressing meetings in the interests of the Institute for the Blind in the city of Montreal. He has also preached in the city churches on several occasions.

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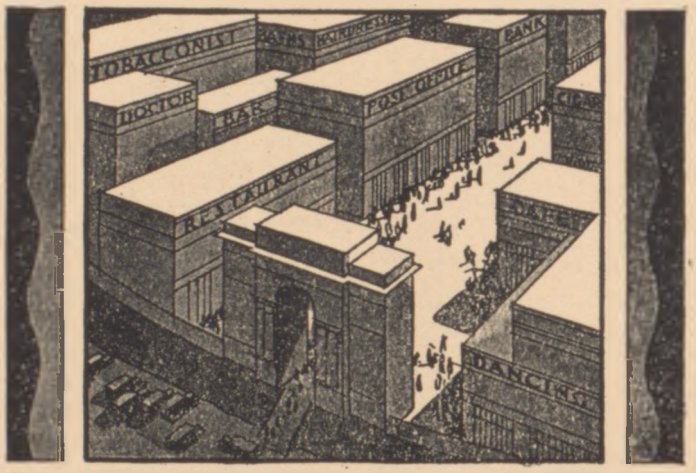

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