

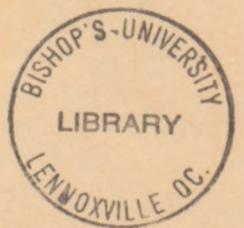
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EDITORIAL

Bernard Shaw and the Universities

In a recent issue of a leading daily newspaper we saw the following item;

"Bernard Shaw delivered an attack against Oxford and Cambridge at the University of Plymouth last night (Oct. 15).

'The thing to do with these unvenerable institutions,' he said, 'is to raze them to the ground and sow the foundation with salt. If it is too much trouble to knock them down, use them as asylums for the mentally defective. You must replace them with local universities.' Shaw said he was convinced that University Education was destroying civilization by damaging the intellect of the student and killing original thought.

He had but one good word for Oxford and Cambridge. They produced good manners.

'There are two classes of men in this country,' said Shaw, "who have good manners — University men and sailors."

While Mr. Shaw's remarks are applied to Oxford and Cambridge alone, undoubtedly there is much room for serious reflection on the part of any university student, and especially for us here at Bishop's, the only University in Canada which follows the Oxford and Cambridge system of education.

It seems to us as if Mr. Shaw is repeating the old cry 'It wasn't so in my day', in a slightly altered form. While in Canada there is not the danger of a University becoming a refuge for the sons of the wealthy and a kind of club for those who cannot use their time otherwise, yet we are exposed to the same danger of becoming mentally stagnant and only imitating other people's ideas. Of course this danger is present everywhere in life, and is a trap into which any young man or woman may fall. It seems to us though, that the youth of to-day is much more likely to slip into a mental rut in the world of business or society. Surely if there is any place where one has the opportunity to depart from the beaten path it is during one's University career. In the University one has the opportunity of meeting other men, exchanging ideas with them, and gradually broadening his own outlook on life. In the University one has all the opportunity for developing the whole man, mentally, physically, and spiritually. What use one makes of the opportunity afforded him is surely the result of his own efforts, and not the outcome of his surroundings. In the University one is offered all the materials for original thought and indeed every encouragement is given him to do so. Admitting what Mr. Shaw says about the English Universities as being true, is it not the privilege and the duty of every student at Bishop's to do his utmost to guarantee that like statements can never be made about our own University?

As for Mr. Shaw's remarks about manners, we refuse to comment, as we are not acquainted with any sailors.

COLLEGE SPIRIT

A great deal is said every year about College Spirit and being loyal to the University and its traditions. This constant repetition has a psychological effect on many minds and probably does accomplish something for the good of our common life here. Unfortunately the idea in so many people's minds, when College Spirit is mentioned, is only on one side of College activities, namely Athletics. We freely acknowledge that Athletics play an important and necessary part in our training, but we would like to draw attention to another side of the question, namely, what we might for convenience sake term "extra-intellectual activities". In this class we would put the Dramatic Society, the Literary and Debating Society, The Maths. and Science Club, and last but not least "The Mitre".

"The Mitre" is the official magazine of the Students' Association of Bishop's. Every Student is a subscriber to it, and hence has or should have an individual interest in its welfare. The Mitre exists to express student opinion in this University and to be a point of contact between present students and graduates. Every student ought therefore to back the Mitre to the fullest extent of his ability.

In order to publish a magazine of the type and size of the Mitre in a University of this size it is necessary that

practically every student contribute to it. We are running a larger and better magazine than any college our size and are anxious to continue the good work that has been done in the past. Therefore it seems to us that we can reasonably expect the co-operation of every student in the University to make this a banner year for the Mitre.

Many students say that they cannot write anything, in many cases this seems to us to be a case of "conventional modesty". Anyone can try. The worst that can happen to your contribution is for it to be rejected!

New students are sometimes backward about displaying their abilities during their first year. This is the time when one should become interested. Next year many of those who have been doing executive work this year will have left the University and new workers are needed to "carry on".

To our graduates we say, Our columns are open to you. To our students we say, there is work to be done, let us do it. Remember we do not come to the University merely to get out of it all we can, but also to give it all we can.

We ask every student to ask himself this question, "What kind of a paper would our Mitre be if every student were just like me?"

The Classics in Modern Education

W. Bisson.

There is no doubt that a classical education has its advantages; the question is, do its advantages outweigh the disadvantages which are attributed to it in the present utilitarian age?

The claims brought forward in defence of the classical education are; firstly, that it gives a knowledge of the literature and the spirit of ancient civilization which serves not only to delight but also to give an appreciation of the literature and spirit of modern times. Secondly that it fortifies the mind as in the case of the "motile" child. Thirdly that the classics are the key to a number of the southern European languages.

On the contrary however, the claim might be made that the average student never learns to appreciate the Latin and Greek literatures. Why not? Because interest is not allowed to develop. He is taught from the professional point of view, with special stress on syntactical and philological points. How does the community benefit as a whole if every person who makes a study of them either is, or intends to become, a professor of the classics? At the time of the Renaissance a knowledge of the classics was essential because the learning of the age came from Greece and Italy, but of what value are Latin and Greek now? Conditions then have changed. Education should not become fixed in form but changes should be made to meet with varying conditions. The people of the U.S.A. have set us the example

by no longer making Latin and Greek compulsory subjects in schools and universities.

The second claim is that the classics fortify the mind. It is said that they teach one how to learn. Is this so? Has the person who is deeply read in ancient literature derived any knowledge that will enable him the more easily to become a scientist? No. Psychologists tell us that a study of Latin grammar is beneficial to the motile child. The child would benefit as much by being taught English grammar or mathematics, and these in my opinion are more practical subjects.

The classics provide the key to certain modern languages. This is quite true, but since the modern languages in question are so much alike, why not learn one thoroughly, say French, and then base a study of the others upon a knowledge of that one? Furthermore French has a commercial value which is possessed by neither Latin or Greek.

Bacon said that studies should serve for delight, ornament, and ability. Whom do the classics delight? Mr. Leacock has given us his opinion of the man who before going to bed used to take whiskey to keep his mind fresh, but insisted on calling it Thucydides. To use the classics for ornament is the whim of the pedant. Finally for what ability or use can they be in an age when all the masterpieces of ancient literature have been translated into our own modern languages?

NOCTURNE

*Cut by C. Sauerbrei
Verse by R. Gustafson*



Grey twilight drifts across the sleeping lake,
Soft colours slowly fade to memory,
Among the reeds the winds no longer make

Small whisperings. One chiselled tree alone
Stands black, with boughs like carven ebony,
Amid the landscape's endless monotone.

The dusk enfolds all nature in its mood:
Deep shadows steal the colours silently,
No breath, no sound invades the solitude.

Only a quiet thought remains to me.

SKETCHES AT RANDOM

The Rev. C. Sauerbrei, B.A.

Amiens I visited riding thither in a lorry. When I had hoisted myself over the tailboard I found some American soldiers who had done the same, we lay on a load of lumber in the dim bumpy interior until the driver pulled up in the city. The first discovery was a swimming bath, constructed simply by building a tank and letting the river flow through it. There was no attendant at the paybox, no one in sight anywhere. We dived and swam without hindrance; then I went off to see the Cathedral; the Americans were still swimming like dolphins in the tank.

There was no one to be seen in the streets, all was locked and shuttered, tufts of grass were springing up between the cobblestones, it was a sunlit silent town, altogether without inhabitant since the Germans had pushed their way almost to Villers Bretonneux, a few miles away.

The famous facade of the Cathedral rises on a high perron; there are three magnificent porches, a great flamboyant rose, a high gable and its two narrow flanking towers, northern Gothic done in creamy stone, frowned and fretted by an extravagant yet orderly fancy. It is unwise perhaps to push logic to extremes when you are not altogether sure of your foundations, but the Middle Ages did it with a fine reckless courage and amazing skill, in buildings and in other things. They are always confronting you with the incredible.

I found an old fellow who let me in; he was a person ecclesiastical in a uniform that didn't fit, a verger by choice and a soldier through necessity. The Church was full of light, brilliant, astounding. They had taken down all the stained glass and I saw the bare traceries of the windows like etched lines; the high columns glowed in the sun, the vaulted roof, proper home of pools of deep shadow, caught up the reflected light into its recesses. The building was a perspective of gradations of brightness, etherealized and strange. "Nave of Amiens", it is the pride of France in its proper dress of subdued light and deep shade, the chances of war had given it for a moment a new and mysterious beauty.

Halifax in the West Riding of Yorkshire, a corner of the sullen pentagon formed by five great industrial towns. It sprawls over three or four hills and a precipice. It is so hilly that the weak-winded die young there and the survivors exult in its steepness; it has no level street.

You get out of the train on a dingy platform, there is fog and a smell of toffee. Below the station is a dim abyss; it is a labyrinthine slum and few respectable citizens have ever been there. Above, through the murk, you discern a light that seems to journey in the heavens. That is

the tramway climbing the hill of Southowram. From this hill you can look down on the town; the tall chimney stacks stand like an army of spears, in the valley bottom runs a river, shamefully and secretly, fouled with the refuse of dye-stuffs. The dull-brown houses, all of the same pattern, cling to the hills. You can make out the church of St. John Baptist by the railway station; it dates from the time of the Normans, perhaps earlier. It is full of old oak; you follow the pattern of the carver with your fingers to help your eyesight in the gloom. Here and there about the town are old houses with huge mullioned windows designed to shed light over the length of the weaver's loom; their fine sculptured doorways bear dates in the seventeenth century. These were once the houses of rich wool graziers who pastured their sheep on the moors and drove them home for the shearing. The wool was dyed, spun and woven at home; the women did the spinning; unmarried women especially, having few household duties, became expert and industrious spinsters. Such names as Weaver and its feminine form Webster, Lister (for lister or dyer), abound in Halifax; they are all relics of the woollen trade. In those days the finished cloth was taken by pack-horse train to the cloth-fairs. Then the Industrial Revolution came, the valleys were canalized and the old scattered and pastoral place became the smoky swarming town of today.

Just two miles from Halifax is a place that might be in another world. The road is little more than a cart-track between green hedges, bluebells grow in the fields on either side. The ascent is painfully steep and leads past some very ancient farmsteads to the crest of the moorland. Here is Norland, a seventeenth century village, dead and entirely forgotten. Once it was the home of prosperous woolmen, their houses are still there, several of them magnificent examples of the architecture of their time, but now they are tenanted by poor people who are letting them fall into decay. The Industrial Revolution swept Halifax up because it lay in the valley and therefore on the path of the canals and, later, of the railways, but Norland on its hill-top it passed by utterly.

Fairford in Gloucestershire owes its fame to the set of painted windows in its church. These windows are of the late fifteenth century; for a long time it was believed that they were made in the Netherlands and captured at sea, and that subsequently the church was built to provide a setting for them. This story is not true. The windows were made in England and given to the church by the munificence of one John Tame of Fairford, a woolman. They

are therefore another part of the heavy debt that English architecture owes to the woolen trade. This Tame also rebuilt the church almost completely leaving little but the tower of the original and much earlier church standing. The new work was in the Perpendicular style with large windows, these display a religious history of the world in painted glass that is not excelled in England. The first event in the series is the sin of our mother Eve, the last is shown in the huge west window. It represents the Last Judgment; there is the Lord in glory, angels and archangels, the souls of the elect and of the damned, the heavenly Jerusalem and the mouth of hell, the one radiating celestial light, the other belching lurid flames. There the elect are escorted into bliss by calm angels while the damned are ingeniously tortured by horrible devils. It is a masterpiece of composition and of colouring carried out in one of the most difficult of artistic mediums.

John Tame also gave to the church the exquisite carved screens of its choir and chapels, into which he caused to be built the oaken tomb in which his body now rests. How all these beautiful things survived the iconoclastic period after the Reformation and the even more destructive centuries of neglect that followed is one of the many unexplained little mysteries of English history.

The face of Liverpool is towards the sea and lions must remember it as their last or their first glimpse of the cities of England. It lies on the north of the broad shallow estuary of the Mersey and often in foggy weather the traveller remembers it only as a looming out of the mist, a booming of sirens innumerable, a shouting, a jostling and then an emerging into light again in a great hall in which seem to be stacked all the steamer trunks in the world. The visitor whose initiation is after this manner may enjoy it if he has a proper taste for the bizarre, but he will not have

seen Liverpool. When the weather is fine, however, there is plenty to see, the whitish-green river, the dredges, the tugs, the big-ships and multitudinous screaming sea-gulls that follow them. Liverpool strikes the newcomer by the number and magnificence of its docks, the rest of it rises vaguely behind. Near the landing stage is the square and important mass of the Royal Liver Building, on the tops of its towers are two great birds of bronze resembling sea-gulls. These you will be told are the proud city's emblems, they are not gulls, they are liver-birds. You will do well to take this scrap of natural history gravely and to pronounce liver-bird with a long "i".

Liverpool's new Cathedral is built of a warm reddish stone that suits the murky air of the place admirably. It is huge, even the unfinished church dwarfs any human creature that strays into it. How the clergy manage to create the illusion that they are using the church, that they are not mere incidental atomies wandering about in it, I don't know. The vault is high and noble and, after a spell of foggy weather, it often becomes filled with floating grey vapours which linger after the outer air has cleared. It is one of the few places where you can see this week's sunshine conspiring with last week's fog to produce an effect that the architect could never have foreseen.

Bruges was once rich and mighty and populous, now it is poor and lean and looks to the tourist for help. To the tourist Bruges is well worth-while for here the past is purged of its harshness and only its beauty survives, mellow and chastened and frail. Bruges has its tree-shadowed canals and its crow-stepped gables, a dozen or so super-eminent pictures and the lovely carillon in its lovely tower. Bruges offers you a few very perfect things in a slightly tarnished frame. An escape from reality, but why not for a week in summer?

Echoes of Silence

O animals! if you could speak at will,
Your words would melt the stony hearts of men;
And could you weep, your copious tears would fill
And swell the wells of pity there and then.

O what a bitter tragedy is here!
They serve most, suffer most, yet speak no word:
Pathetic figures! though in pain or fear,
From them no protest and no cry are heard.

O piteous sight: these beasts with silent tongues,
To whom relief with death alone can come!
Speak, Man! and give redress for these cruel wrongs.
—What can it be humanity is dumb?

—James Hodgkinson.

Byron and the Blue Stockings

by W. G. Bassett.

Despite the fact the high school curricula usually reserve a fairly large space for the poetry of Byron, and that university professors labour at some length to instill into obdurate undergraduate minds some appreciation of Byron's work one poem seems constantly to escape the notice of most readers. This poem is "The Blues". It must be admitted that it can hardly be considered a masterpiece of artistic skill; that it contains few of the rousing passages of "Don Juan" with which we are all familiar, and that it does not reach the sublimities of the "Prisoner of Chillon" but for all that it is one of the cleverest satires to be found in English verse. Byron was a man of intense emotion, and in this poem he breaks forth in spontaneous indignation, but with that touch of humour which softens the bitterness of too pointed satire. It would be unfair to suppose that Byron's insight would permit him to be entirely out of sympathy with one of the finest movements which characterises the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, that of the higher education of women, but it is not unreasonable to suppose that the course this movement was taking in his day would make Byron feel some sense of the ridiculous. Nowhere deprecating the movement in itself, the poet cannot resist the temptation to poke a little fun at the strained and often misguided way in which the Blue Stockings attempted to forward the movement. When some of the little 'blue stocking' anecdotes are related we must be inclined to admit that the satire was justified, and with some previous knowledge of the setting it affords amusing entertainment.

During the early part of the seventeenth century a few individual English women began to feel that their sex was destined for something better than the domestic needle or the kitchen scrub-brush. Indeed Mary Astell proposed in 1694 a college for the higher education of women — "*A genius so sublime, and so complete.*" Some few of the more zealous made bold to force open the portals of higher education and enter a sanctum hitherto reserved for men, but it cannot be said that these isolated ventures assumed the status of an organized movement until Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu began to hold her literary breakfast parties about the year 1750. It was then that the Blue Stocking movement had its beginning.

As to the actual origin of the term 'blue stocking' two theories are advanced, and a third might very well be constructed. The first is that one Benjamin Stillingfleet, botanist, athlete, verse maker and conversationalist defied masculine fashion and donned blue stockings in place of the sombre black worn by his contemporaries, and that the name was subsequently applied to his immediate associates. The other theory affirms that since Mrs. Montagu's 'conversation

parties' were held in the morning and were therefore informal Benjamin Stillingfleet felt at liberty to dress as he chose, and that his admirers procured for themselves informal stockings of a hue similar to those of their idol. It does not very much matter how the name was applied but we do know that Stillingfleet frequently appeared at Mrs. Montagu's and that the ladies of her acquaintance assumed stockings of varying shades of blue. Boswell, the surly biographer of Dr. Johnson, remarks, "His (Stillingfleet's) dress was remarkably grave and in particular it was observed that he wore blue stockings. Such was the excellence of his conversation that his absence was felt at so great a loss, that it used to be said 'We can do nothing without the *blue stockings*', and thus by degrees the title was established".

At first the term was applied both to men and women and was constantly on the lips of polite London society leaders, but gradually it lost its original meaning and became a term of reproach and ridicule and in this latter way it has survived down to the present day. The 'blue stockings' prized as the best of all knowledge.

"the way

How wits may be both learn'd and gay."

To achieve this laudable ambition they attempted to pave a 'Royal Road to Learning' — an experiment which could only be doomed to ultimate failure. Some few women like Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Thrale and Mrs. Vesey, themselves possessors of some education, earnestly believed that learning could be promoted among their sex through "at homes" where intellectual conversation was encouraged to the exclusion of all other amusements. Such arrangements lent themselves to vain pretensions and rapidly became the fad of the day. Ladies or gentlemen of no intellectual accomplishments whatsoever spent afternoons and evenings together and actually beguiled themselves into believing that their conversation was full of the deepest thoughts. It is not hard to imagine uninterested husbands being dragged to 'blue stocking' entertainments by equally uninterested wives who had been caught in the web of the fad and who made no struggle to extricate themselves from it.

Sound masculine minds like those of Horace Walpole, Dr. Johnson, Edmund Burke, David Garrick and Sir Joshua Reynolds found many of these parties both amusing and profitable and were not infrequent visitors at the homes of Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Thrale. Boswell has preserved the conversation of Dr. Johnson at one of these sessions, and from it we can see that, although the old doctor found the 'blue stocking' zeal rather ludicrous, he admired the spirit

CONTINUED ON PAGE 37

The Youth Movement of the Age

G. Kestell Cornish

The Toc H Movement originated at Talbot House in Poperinghe, eight miles behind the "Wipers Salient" in Belgium; a house well known and loved by many thousand Canadians from 1915 to the end of the War. Its initials T.H. became known by army signallers (and later by others) as Toc H. After the War many of those who had known the Old House began to get together, because they felt that the spirit of those days was too fine a thing to lose. One day more than a year after the War, there met in a small room in London a man called "Tubby" (the Rev. P. B. Clayton, M.C.), the original genius of Toc H and about a score of men; ex-rankers, ex-non-commissioned officers and officers were together again. Their conversation differed little from the conversation in a hundred and one other gatherings of ex-service men in those early post-war days. It mainly centered round the two "grouses" so prevalent at the time. In the first place they were lamenting the loss of the spirit that had been so fine during the war and had strangely disappeared with the return to "peace". In the second place they were realizing more keenly than ever before, that the real loss of the war was in the terrific loss of the very best men.

The present world movement is the growth of ten years from that tiny beginning in London. Toc H now has "Marks" (Houses), "Branches", "Groups", "Gropes" and "Wings" in nearly all the British Colonies, (Canada Newfoundland, The British Isles, Australia, New Zealand, The Malay Peninsular, India, Ceylon, Palestine, Egypt, Malta, South Africa, East, West, and Central Africa,) The United States, Belgium and South America. There are promising beginnings in Germany, where there are several keen members. There is a special Parliamentary Group of Toc H in the British House of Commons, also three other special Groups on board H.M.S. Effingham, H.M.S. Emperor of India, and H.M.S. Ramillies in the British Navy. The L.W.H. is an auxiliary society for women sharing the same spirit, pledged to the same objects and organized on very similiar lines. The L.W.H. (League of Women Helpers) has groups in the British Isles, Australia, Canada and South Africa.

In Canada, where progress has not been nearly so rapid or so solid until recent years, as in South Africa and Australia for example, in Canada there are thirty-eight Groups, some in cities, some in small towns and some in villages. There are also five Toc H. Branches and three Toc H "Marks" or Houses; one in Vancouver, one in Winnipeg and one in Toronto. It is interesting to know that two of last year's graduates in Divinity from this Uni-

versity have now linked up with Toc H, one in the Middle West and the other in Ontario.

What may be called the inspiration of Toc H is the spirit of world Brotherhood based on the sacrifices of those who are known in Toc H as the "Elder Brethren". These are mainly those who fell in the Great War, but include any man who has given himself to the uttermost for his fellows. These men are commemorated in the Toc H Lamps of Maintenance. The "parent" Lamp of Maintenance is kept perpetually burning in a great church in the city of London near the Tower of London.

This Lamp of Maintenance is an interesting thing and I feel I cannot do better than quote from Toc H literature. ("Half The Battle" by Barclay Baron). "The Toc H Lamp of Maintenance", he says, "traces its parentage to the first age of Christian History. The little terracotta boat-shaped household lamp of the ancients is found in the catacombs of Rome roughly cast in bronze; a tall stem rises from its handle and blooms at the top into XP, the Greek initial letters of the name Christ. The bronze Lamp of Toc H, adhering to the same simple form, has grown somewhat larger and shapelier, and its handle bears the double cross of Lorraine which occupies the upper part of the field in the arms of the city of Ypres. To an arm of this cross the lid is anchored by a chain, and around the margin of the lamp run the words, "In lumine tuo videbimus lumen" — "In thy light shall we see light". It needs but little thought to find a many sided interpretation of such a symbol. Moreover the bronze Lamp itself is so tangible and distinctive that nothing could be more fitted to form the insignia of a local Branch of Toc H, the very charter and proof positive of its existence. Every body of its members, therefore, desiring to be recognised as a Branch, must first petition the central body for its Lamp. The form of words engrossed on parchment above the signatures of the members, may vary but will probably contain some such phrases as these:- "Desiring that our Branch, founded upon the rock of Remembrance, may always be lit with the light of brotherly love, we, the members in here make our petition for a Lamp of Maintenance, and pledge ourselves, by serving daily old and young, rich and poor, hale and sick, to cheer the way of the lonely with the laughter that is learnt of friends, and so preserve a living memorial of those who, by laying down their lives in the cause of humanity, kindled in the heart of Everyman the embers of the undying fire."

"All that Toc H stands for from the beginning is summed up for the discerning eye in its Lamp. The Lamp lit by sacrifice of faithful lives, the Lamp of service, con-

tinuously tended and passed on, well-trimmed, by failing hands of age to each successive generation of youth, the light of laughter and good fellowship, the flame not hid but shining before men, the clear but small and flickering flame which is a human type of the everlasting Light. The Lamp held by a Branch, wheresoever in the world it be, is no dead chimney-piece ornament but a living instrument for the constant use of the household of faith. No Branch meeting is valid unless the Lamp be lit for a few minutes in its midst; all present stand in the darkened room around this tiny flame and remember during thirty seconds "those that grow not old". Thus is the Old House in Flanders and all for which those who used it stood and fell, perpetuated among us. This therefore is the Lamp of Maintenance, for we are pledged not only to remember but to maintain and to fulfil.

Toc H aims to keep alive that same spirit as was in the Brotherhood of the Trenches. So that Toc H Branches and Groups include every class of man (over the age of 16 years) irrespective of social position, occupation, politics, creed or nationality. It aims to express this spirit further by voluntary personal individual service of very many kinds undertaken by its members. This is the "acid test" of Toc H membership and the cement of the whole structure.

As has just been intimated above, Toc H welcomes to its meetings any man at all; whether he is in a state of abject degradation or a man of high social standing and great responsibility; whether he is a Unitarian, a Jew, a Buddhist, a Mohammedan, an Agnostic, or what not. Toc H is "Everyman's Club" and welcomes all because it is out to help the truth to prevail by listening hospitably and humbly to every man's story. Nevertheless no man is eligible for membership until he has served a period of probation (varying in length according to circumstances), has completed and signed an application form thereby recognizing that Toc H is a definitely Christian fellowship and also pledging himself to real service according to the ideals of the Movement, has been proposed and seconded by members and has been approved by an election committee. Toc H is not "just one more society" added to the many already in existence, if it were it would not be tolerated for a moment and would probably be a thing of the past by now. On the contrary Toc H attempts to supplement and reinforce all good work done for the community. For example during the last seven years in the British Isles alone it has given at least 1,000 Scoutmasters to the Scout Movement to which Movement it is affiliated. Bodies such as the Boy Scouts Association, Rotary, Y. M. C. A., Red Cross, Ex-Servicemen's organizations etc., are found in close co-operation with Toc H all over the world. Moreover this Movement has proved that it can operate and spread its infectious spirit of service in small villages and townships as well as in the great cities; in fact wherever half a dozen or so men will get together and form a Toc H Group.

What is Toc H? It is a difficult task to attempt to answer this question simply because Toc H is more a spirit, more an organism than an organization. It is, as it were, a living memorial to those who fell. An attempt to consecrate for all time the tragedy of the War and to ensure that death on that colossal scale shall become creative of something great in the spirit of man, and not be sheer loss. Hence the idea of the Toc H Lamp of Maintenance. An extract from a poem by Colonel John Macrae, M.D. (it is the cry of a dying soldier) pictures this idea significantly:-

"To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields."

The underlying basis of the Movement is a Christian one of the simplest kind. Toc H has members belonging to all churches as well as many who, for one reason or another, are not attached to organized Christianity in any shape or form, but who try to follow Christ. Toc H believes in asking too much from its members rather than just enough. The merit of Toc H is that it somehow makes most, not quite all, of those who join it discontented if they are merely members. It makes them want really to belong. No one can learn much about Toc H by reading about it or hearing about it. Therefore nobody can know the answer to the question, "What is Toc H?" until he has become part of it.

"To conquer Hate would be to end the strife of all ages—" This is the aim of Toc H. What a mad, impossible ideal! Is it?—Toc H, if mad, is madly in earnest and the Toc H ideal will not be impossible of attainment. On the other hand war is possible, ultra-militarism, commercial greed, ignorance and misunderstanding between man and man, between nation and nation, these things are quite mad and all beget allies to the great enemy of all the world, called HATE. Toc H is out To Conquer Hate.

—
Fear no more the heat of the sun
Nor the furious winter's rages,
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages.
—Shakespeare

—
I was so young, I loved him so, I had
No mother, God forgot me, and I fell.
Edward Berdoe

Random Ravings of Phileas the Philosopher

Chas. W. Wiley, B.A.

Although I entitle this article so depreciatingly, yet I hope that it may afford some profitable thoughts to those who chance to read it either wholly or in part.

What I have to say cannot be termed original, though it may perchance be termed practical plain thinking.

At the outset I venture to say that nothing original, in the sense of being absolutely new, has ever been thought, said or done by man. Man's endeavours of and description all come under the category of an evolutionary process. Endless permutations, combinations and accretions to the little bit of knowledge which God first gave to man only deceive us by an appearance of newness.

Having got thus far I now state my belief (not in the least uncommon) that life taken in its entirety is a sacred problem. Being a man as other men are, I regard life as sacred on account of those numerous, and its some scanty moments when we rise in spirit above the things of earth. I also regard life as a problem on account of the frequent occasions on which our brains battle with banal perplexities, solving some, despairing of others and leaving the rest to dangle irritatingly before us over long periods of time. In the course of ordinary lives I firmly believe that sanctity is their stabilizing network; and the innumerable gaps in the network must be filled with problems solved. Sanctimoniousness arises when we strengthen the network and forget the gaps. Materialism is caused by laying so much stress on filling the gaps that the weakened network snaps, and as a consequence everything "goes by the board".

This brings me to my main proposition, that I for one can think of no would-be-happy life which has not at the back of it some practical philosophy to offset or enhance the religious or even anti-religious views which influence that life. And after all religion and anti-religion are both interested in One Being; the first positively and the other negatively.

Now the philosophical proposition which has interested me for some months past is the proof or disproof of the statement "*There is a Happy Medium in all Things*". The essence of the world's greatest truths has a strong connection with this proposition. Very often truth has been found peacefully reposing between two diametrically opposed ideas. By the term "Happy Medium" I mean a middle way which strikes a balance between two or more extremes in any line of thought or action. As a rule extremes have a leaden bias or a narrowed viewpoint which prevents people from gaining a right perspective on the true rights of any case.

There is a way of looking at life, by analogy, as though it were a machine turned out originally as a perfect

product. No matter how well it is cared for, it is always liable to be damaged by unforeseen accidents. The "human machine" is run best on "Spiritual" gas, "Theoretical" or "Philosophical" oil and "Practical" greases. Should it be under supplied it is liable to groan and grind, slow up and work inefficiently. All this causes deterioration in the "machine" and annoyance to neighbouring human machines. On the other hand, should our machine be over supplied with any of the above mentioned "running" requirements, or should they be of an inferior grade, the consequent spluttering and splashing will cause just as much, if not more, annoyance and inconvenience to the "machines" which happen to be in the vicinity. Finally, it is a well known fact of experience that the "human machine", when it is well-cared for and inspected frequently, is not in the least danger of being ruined either by careless indifference or too-careful indulgence.

Since the world began "man" individually or collectively, has ruined or wrecked his life by the observance or non-observance of the "Happy Medium".

Now as then men's minds make or unmake their lives by the attitude they adopt towards the things which effect their bodily and spiritual well being. Body or soul can be starved or overfed with the things pertaining to either. Everything in practical life is good in itself. It is the use which we make of it that either strengthens or weakens the structure of the "human machine". In fact all knowledge whether practical, intellectual or spiritual tends to promote human welfare provided it is used in the right place, at the right time and with a due sense of proportion.

Here ends the disquisition of Phileas the Philosopher.

For some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

—Charles Lamb.

Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We hae ne'er been broken-hearted.

—Burns



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England's Greatest Queen

by John N. Wood, B.A.

When Elizabeth Tudor ascended the English throne in 1558, the fortunes of England were at their lowest ebb. The country felt sore and angry at the loss of Calais, and was suffering under the troubles and misgovernment of the late reign; while Protestantism, persecuted by fire and exile, had nursed itself into a white heat of fury in its far-off home in Geneva, and had become a force to be reckoned with. Spain and France were secretly hostile, Scotland was an open enemy and Ireland was in revolt. The new queen was poor, the realm exhausted, leaders there were none, army and navy were non-existent, division raged within and there were no friends without. It seemed as though England were doomed; nothing but a miracle could save her.

Queen Elizabeth proved to be that miracle. With a disputed title and the circumstances of her birth preventing her from being a Roman Catholic, she was forced to identify herself with the revolt against the Papacy. Her personal inclinations were all against such a course, but once embarked upon it, she pursued it to the end. She repulsed the friendly advances of Philip of Spain, thus placing the might of the greatest world power against her. She then allied herself with the Calvinists of Scotland, only to fail them when their need was greatest. She then identified herself with Condé and the French Huguenots, but she refused them the necessary aid at the last moment. Her policy in these two instances has been severely criticized, but in reality England could not afford to enter into war upon a large scale. In promising aid she secured the hope of future support, in refusing it she managed to keep alive the hope in France and Spain that she might return to the Roman fold. Further, by partially supporting the Huguenots she prevented French predominance in Europe for a hundred years, for although the Huguenots were not successful, neither were their enemies. In Scotland she did manage to drive the French out, while at the same time she did not allow that country to become a strong and united power.

In like manner she behaved towards her marriageable suitors. She never said no, yet never yes. Spain, France, Austria and Scotland all dangled and intrigued for her favour and, because of the uncertainty, she kept them at bay for years, playing the one against the other, while England gained unity at home.

When Spain could have crushed her she dared not, when she dared she could not, the opportunity was past.

While ostensibly at peace with Spain, Elizabeth's adventurous seamen were building power at sea by buccannering expeditions directed against Spanish America. Elizabeth officially reprimanded them and at the same time

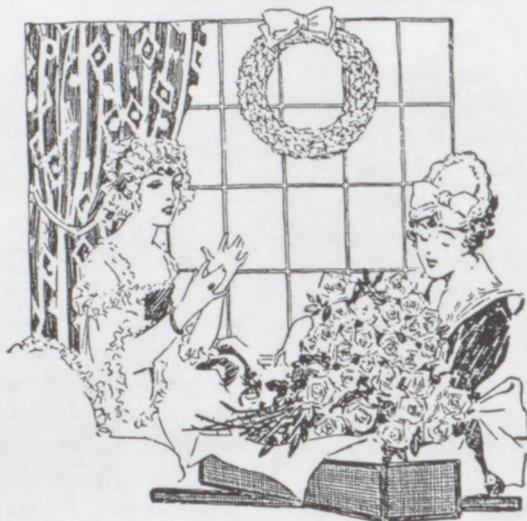
shared the profits. This double dealing finally alienated Philip but not until England was ready to protect herself. Elizabeth lent aid to the Dutch in their rebellion against the misgovernment of Philip's governors, thus enlisting Holland as a future ally.

Her treatment of her bitterest foe, Mary Stuart, demands comment. The Scottish queen, accused of murder, and bereft of friends had thrown herself upon Elizabeth's mercy. Elizabeth did her best to find excuse for Mary but finally the danger of having Mary alive forced her to consent to the execution of her rival. Mary's death made certain a Protestant succession to the crown and relieved England of a pressing danger.

After 1588, with the defeat of the Armada, England was safe, she was a rising power, having nothing to fear from her neighbors; Spain was beaten, France was Spain's rival and dare not break with England, Holland and Scotland were allies. From this time on England waxed powerful and rich, English nationality had been preserved.

These glorious results were achieved by Elizabeth and because her character was what it was. Had she been a Jingoist, an inevitable and premature war would have crushed her, had she been a weakling she would have chosen vassalage to Spain. Instead she was fearless and maintained English independence. She found England bankrupt, her thriftiness left her people the lightest taxed in the world. Although fickle and vacillating in policy she subverted everything to the furtherance of England's good. She was a true statesman; her ideal was clear, to leave England great, her methods practical and her mastery over events certain.

There is no doubt her policy was machievellian and unscrupulous, so much so in fact that the great historian Froude was frankly disgusted with her. His final conclusion was that her policy was so tortuous and indecisive as to prevent her "from being cited as an example of the capacity of female sovereigns." Yet it is better to judge by results. She triumphed brilliantly over her enemies and changed the history of Europe. She left her impress on the country causing men of future days to wish for the prosperity of the times of the great Elizabeth. Many another great person achieved results, and glorious ones, by unscrupulous means, Richelieu, Themistocles and Napoleon, yet no one denies their undoubted greatness. So when all is said and done Froude's judgment must be rejected and Elizabeth considered "as perhaps the greatest sovereign who ever occupied the English throne."



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The Pipe -- Hints for Christmas Time

E. R. Smith.

The pipe, to some people, is a creature, about which the less said the better. They complain of the filth it collects, of the obnoxious fumes it exhales, and yet these are the very qualities which attract the pipe smoker. He surrounds himself with a veritable wall of smoke, and simply revels in the filthiness of his 'briar', which he very reluctantly cleans out once in six months.

It is very amusing to watch a cigarette fiend trying to master a pipe. He attempts to light it, rather gingerly at first, but becomes braver and braver with each match. At last the pipe is partially lit and he puffs frantically at it till it belches forth smoke like a volcano. The taste in his mouth becomes exceedingly irritating, and he spits surreptitiously wherever he can. Final stage — his tongue experiences a sensation akin to that of licking a hot iron, causing him to go about for a few days with that part of his anatomy hanging out, and to deny such delicacies as soup and tea.

The affection that a man has for an old pipe is a strange phenomenon. He carries it wherever he goes, bores everyone with its biography, and, in more advanced cases, calls it by a nickname. Can it be the old primeval urge to chew up bones that makes him grip his pipe with such fierce affection between his molars? I will leave this problem for better heads than mine.

A pipe comes in very useful in connection with Christmas time. What will you give old Brown for Christmas? Ah! He's a smoker. Give him a pipe. But does he smoke a pipe? No; all the better, he won't be able to tell a fifty cent pipe when he sees one; and besides, you are not supposed to know he isn't a pipe smoker.

It is very annoying for the old-time smoker when he is made a present of a pipe, especially by a woman. He opens the box and his heart sinks as he takes out the monstrosity, fantastically hewed out in the weirdest shape imaginable, with a stem which appears to be endeavouring to ravel itself into knots, and a bowl which gives one the impression of an abstruse geometrical figure.

Or else it happens on these lines, — dear uncle George has such a manly face, I am sure he would just adore one of these big pipes. And so, poor old uncle George, whose features happen to be a little prominent, is burdened with a pipe that has the appearance of a beer-barrel on the end of a telephone pole, with the result that his jaws become so weak after a dozen or so smokes, that he walks around for days afterwards with his mouth hanging open, recuperating. Or else Johnson, the retired blacksmith, is inflicted with a pipe of the type that resembles an overgrown cigarette holder with the end turned up. This

he successfully demolishes at the first bite.

The study of the relationship between man and his pipe is a comparatively undeveloped field. Several theories have already been put forward, but most of them discarded at first sight.

It is hoped that in the future many of our younger and more imaginative minds will apply themselves to this very interesting and evasive problem.

LEONARD FRANK JAMES, MA

The Mitre takes great pleasure in welcoming to our midst our new Lecturer in English Literature. Like Dr. Raymond, the head of the English Department, Mr. James comes to us from the University of Michigan. His career, however, can be traced further back than that.

Mr. James was born in London, England, in 1904, and after his primary education at Roan School, he entered Bristol University. While he was there he pursued the English and French courses and graduated with the degree of B.A. in 1926. After crossing to America he started working for his Master's degree in Political Science at the University of Michigan, graduating from there last year. At the same time he was granted a Fellowship to the university.

His favorite sport, we are told, is Lacrosse and he was Captain of the Lacrosse Club at Bristol University. Rumor also has it he is a wizard with the Cricket Bat. We know he plays golf, as it was only due to quick dodging that the author of this article is alive to tell the tale.

In answering the questions of our Special Representative, Mr. James remarked that he was interested in all our college activities and particularly in the Reading Circle. The Mitre also, we hope, will claim some of his attention and the Board is assured of various contributions from him from time to time.

Again we wish every success to Mr. James and a profitable stay with us, and assure him of a very hearty welcome.

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A Fishing Trip Down the North Shore

S. W. Williams, B.A., B.Sc.

For the benefit of the uneducated I had better say at the outset that when a Quebecer speaks of the North Shore, he means the North Shore of the St. Lawrence. If you read the weather reports you will see, "Gulf and North Shore". Quebec is on the North Shore, but the North Shore usually spoken of is the lower part, from the Gulf up to about Murray Bay. The coast from Quebec down for more than two hundred miles is very much more mountainous and the shore more rocky than the South Shore, and the water, when you get lower down, about Tadousac, is very much colder. The river at that point is about twenty miles wide, and the Arctic current which sweeps around the coast of Newfoundland seems to remain on the North side of the river. The water at Cacouna, immediately opposite Tadousac, is very much warmer than at Tadousac. With the cold water and the rocky shore, one would expect the fish to be lively and they live up to ones expectations. If you have ever jumped into salt water at forty degrees, you will have found that you suddenly have ten times the energy that you had before, and you employ this extra energy to get out as soon as you can. The fish in those parts seem to have all this extra energy, but, being fish, they employ it to stay in the water to the best of their ability. But also, being fish, they may, with a little care, be enticed onto a hook, and that is where the fun comes.

We started from Tadousac in the early part of July, a party of four, with two men to run the boat. Our craft was a thirty foot sailing vessel, fitted with a rather uncertain auxiliary engine. The captain and owner was an old "Habitant" of Tadousac named Therrien, a great fisherman and hunter. The crew was a French boy, whose name I have forgotten. He knew nothing about boats and could not swim. Neither did he know anything about fishing. He was very willing however and really made himself quite useful. We nearly lost him one day when he stepped into a canvas canoe and immediately upset. After that little episode he stuck to the more solid wooden "North Shore canoes."

Our destination was a small bay about sixty miles below Tadousac called "Baie des Plongeurs". We set sail at ten in the morning and fortunately had a following wind all the way down, and cast anchor, if that is the term, actually we cast four anchors, at seven that evening. We had entered the bay by a very difficult course, marked out with small spruce trees, and once we had grazed the bottom with our keel. We finally stopped beside a small steep reef, composed almost entirely of white and blue sea-shells. With the side of the yacht against the reef, we were

aground except at high tide. The four anchors were to prevent us toppling over in a wind.

The scenery all the way down had been beautiful, but the North Shore needs to be seen to be appreciated. The rocky shore of varying colours, blue, red and gray, and the evergreen trees coming down nearly to the high tide mark cannot be adequately described. There are scattered villages all down the coast, but it is, on the whole, very thinly populated. Our nearest neighbour was a man named Monsieur Poitrau. I had quite a friendly feeling for him, but unfortunately we did not see him. He lived three miles up the river from us, and the only way of reaching him was by canoe.

Fishing for sea trout is not at all like lake fishing or brook fishing. The sea trout is a very particular fish. He likes a certain type of fly and he likes his meals at regular hours. Unlike us, he counts his time by the moon, that is the tides, and not by the sun. He will eat at the end of the falling tide and at the beginning of the rising tide, but never eats between meals. Perhaps that is why he is always in such good training. This peculiarity made it a little awkward for us. To be in time for breakfast, Mr. Trout's breakfast, we had to rise at two thirty a.m. the first morning. Of course the tide is nearly an hour later each day, and our time of rising consequently advanced an hour also.

We fished each morning for several hours and then again in the afternoon at the second tide. In our three days we caught about seventy or eighty fish and most of them fairly large. The largest would be about three and a half pounds, but very few were under two pounds. With a light rod and line it is quite amazing the fight these fish will give. Several fish took ten or fifteen minutes to land and I timed one that took twenty minutes. That one was a three pounder that one of my companions had hooked by the tail. It took out all his line and he had to paddle his boat after it to prevent the cast from breaking. As the fish became tired he reeled in his line again and eventually took it into the landing net.

The trout there seem to like a bright fly, a light "Montreal" or a "Parmicheenee Belle". Old Therrien had more success than any of us and he used a Montreal with a piece of fish skin about an inch long attached to the hook. He said the trout thought it was a small fish swimming along the top of the water, and that they tried to bite its head and so took the hook. I do not know how he found this all out, or whether it was correct, but it worked anyway.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

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THESE TALKING PICTURES

H. M. Porritt.

Periodically we see in the Press leading articles on the 'Talkies'; for and against, and then large advertisements proclaiming some Stupendous, Magnificent, Gorgeous Production coming to the Consano Theatre next week — Bargain Matinees at eleven o'clock every morning; admission Twenty-five cents. If we turn to the theatre page in the newspaper we shall probably see at least two advance criticisms of the show sent in by the producing company's Press Agent at two cents a line. There is so much publicity of all types devoted to this form of entertainment that it makes it rather difficult to form one's own opinions. If we say that the 'Talkies' are educational we are reminded by some critics that they merely promote a distorted and biased conception of patriotism, and yet, on the other hand, who can say that they are not educational? Again, who has seen a production really worthy of being described by the adjective 'Stupendous' or 'Magnificent' or 'Gorgeous', yet alone deserving all three of them.

The educational value of the 'Talkies' seems to lie in their ability to promote a love of drama and the possibilities they have of bringing to small towns and out of the way places really good plays with the best actors in the cast. Their value is largely cultural. From the old Greek tragedy to the present day 'Talkie' is a far call, but it has been proved that all down the ages there has been an incessant demand for drama. The 'Talkie' is but a new form of dramatic entertainment and, of course, it has the added advantage that when it goes, 'on the road', its travelling expenses are considerably less than the average legitimate company. All such details must be taken into consideration.

Sometimes sound pictures and talking pictures are not always what they should be. The heroine appears to utter the lines of the villain or vice versa. The synchronization is not always perfect, and as a result some rather amusing incidents often occur. But we must remember that the 'Talkie' is a relatively recent innovation. It is still in its infancy, and few of its possibilities have been realized as yet.

The day of the silent picture, however, is over. The Hollywood actor or actress who cannot speak English is in little demand now. A few Great Ones, nevertheless, still continue "silent": Greta Garbo and Emil Jannings, for example; and now I understand that Swedish and German talking pictures are contemplated with a view to overcoming this difficulty. Adolph Menjou has left for Paris to make 'Talkies' in French and so Maurice Chevalier has come to America to make pictures in English. That is competition. Hollywood is nothing if not resourceful. It never seems to be at a loss for anything. Schools for learning diction—hundreds of them—have sprung up like mushrooms within

the last year. The good, old-fashioned Wild West, Buckingham Bronco movie star is now a thing of the past; gone, with the antimacassar obsolete.

The question is often asked, "What sort of talking pictures shall we have when they reach their ultimate development?" The answer is; "The same as on the (legitimate) stage. A varied selection". We see good, bad and indifferent plays and consequently we must expect to see and hear talking pictures of all types. We shall be able to choose between "Broadway Babies" and Shakespeare for our entertainment; between Sea films and Epics of the Air; between operas and Follies. The scope is tremendous.

It is doubtful if the 'Talkies' will ever absolutely take the place of the stage, however perfect they may become. They can never be a substitute for (legitimate) drama. Human interest is captivated more readily by living protoplasm than by celluloid reels! Personality cannot be perfectly reflected on the screen. Again, it is hard to imagine Moving Pictures ever reproducing effectually all the subtleties of the stage. The little fine points of acting must present some difficulty still to both directors and actors in Talking Pictures.

The Theatre Magazine recently pointed out the Talking Pictures have created a demand on the part of the public for a higher class of production. The best 'Talkies' it appears, are those which are adaptations of famous or well-known plays. Let us just briefly consider the number of good plays which have been released as Talking Pictures within the last two years. Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford have just finished the 'Taming of the Shrew' — Shakespeare, unadulterated and, I understand, without any changes or cuts. If the general public's taste can induce a 'hard-boiled' Motion Picture director to consider it profitable to produce one of Shakespeare's plays, then surely the 'Talkies' are justifying their existence.

A great number of recent dramatic successes are also being released as Talking Pictures. George Arliss has recently finished work on 'Disraeli'. Walter Hampden is going to make a 'Talkie' of 'Cyrano de Bergerac' this winter. Matheson Lang has made a version of 'The Wandering Jew' for a company in England. A great number of these Motion Pictures have shown us that some 'Stars' are equally at home whether in the silent film or in the 'Talkies'. Norma Shearer (Montreal's own darling) has gained a tremendous success as Mrs. Chaney adapted from Lonsdale's play; Ronald Colman was praised almost unanimously by the Press for his interpretation of Bulldog Drummond and who, that has seen the play or picture, can forget Algy. Again 'Life' describes "Madame X" as A-1

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— the pick of the 'Talkies'. "Interference", made justly famous by Sir Gerald du Maurier and Herbert Marshall at the St. James' in London, has now been placed within the reach of all, as a 'Talkie' featuring as it does a very clever actor, Clive Brooke. Martin-Harvey is perpetuating himself and taking hostages from posterity by making a farewell appearance in the "Only Way" another 'Talkie' and now that John Barrymore and Lewis Stone have started work in this particular branch of the Motion Picture industry, we may expect many interesting things, from the point of view of acting.

Then there is the other type of picture, just as interesting in its way and often far more diverting. The "Broadway Melody", one of the first 100% All Talking, Mammoth Productions, with seventy (70) Beautiful Broadway Babies, was a gigantic success and one of the best pictures of the year. Various eminently successful Musical Comedies such as 'Hallelujah', 'Show Boat' and the 'Desert Song', have been released in this new and rather novel form of entertainment. No producer has as yet dared to risk the obvious financial failure of making a complete 'Talkie' of any Puccini opera, however. Gilbert and Sullivan would probably be a tremendous success if done by the right company, and Mr. D'Oyle Carte had no objections.

Political speeches are now more intriguing than ever, when we see the lips of the speakers framing the honeyed words. Short 'Turns' by leading variety artists are now recorded in imperishable form, thanks to the 'Talkie'. Imagine comparing a gramophone record of one of Gertrude Lawrence's or Beartice Lilly's songs with a short sketch on a film where you see as well as hear.

Finally it only costs, at the most, a dollar to see practically the same thing as you would see in New York for \$6.60.

"O, Mercenary Man!"

Yes, there is a great deal to be said for the 'Talkie'.

A FISHING TRIP DOWN THE NORTH SHORE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

We started home again after three days, and once again our friend the tide forced our hand. We had to leave at high tide, as that was the only time we were afloat. We set sail at ten o'clock at night and arrived at Tadousac about ten the next morning. We had a fair wind most of the way, but the tide was against us and the current of the river as well. At six in the morning the wind fell and the engine had to be started. After that there was peace for no one, what with back-fires, which seemed to come about every fourth stroke and the smell of gasoline and oil, life in the cabin was unbearable. We got dressed and spent the rest of the time on deck. Perhaps, after all, the engine was kind to us. It was a wonderful morning and the beauty of the mouth of the Saguenay as we sailed in was well worth our early rising.

The Women Students Association

On Monday, October 14th, the Dramatic Readings Society held its first meeting for the year 1929 - 30. Due to the fact that the Women Students' Club Rooms were undergoing various repairs, the gathering met at the home of Miss Geraldine Seale. As no preparation had been made for the reading of a play, the entertainment took the form of short impromptu speeches, the nature of which was revealed as a surprise to both the speaker and the audience.

Mrs. Carrington spoke first on "Buying a Hat". This was one of the most amusing talks of the evening. Among other spectacular performances might be mentioned Miss Eileen Montgomery's exhortation on "Tooth picks". "What could be more delicious than ice-cream topped with a maraschino cherry on a tooth-pick?" asked the speaker. And indeed, who could answer such a question as that?

Much talent was drawn forth and displayed when opinions were aired on such intelligent subjects as: Handkerchiefs, Dress Reform for men, Embarrassing Situations, Catching Street-Cars, the Value of Rugby, Blind Dates, College Gowns, Alarm Clocks, and so forth.

Later in the evening delicious refreshments were served, and a vote of thanks extended to Miss Seale, who had made possible a very pleasant meeting.

On Monday evening, October 21st, the Dramatic Readings Society held its second meeting for the term in the Club Rooms. The play read was J. M. Barrie's "Dear Brutus". This was found to be most enjoyable and thoroughly interesting. It was followed by a short discussion on Barrie's works.

On Sunday afternoon, Nov. 3rd, The Principal and Mrs. McGreer were at home to the Executive of the Women Students' Association. All the members wish to express their thanks for the kind hospitality extended to them.

Falling Leaves

Heigh - ho, the frost and the snow,
The Autumn is here, with the birds on the wing,
And over the meadows the copper leaves blow;
With a heigh - ho, hear the merry bells ring.

Heigh - ho, the frost and the snow
The Autumn is here, for the season is done
And 'tis never the summer I'll see 'fore I go
For I'm old, old, and the winter must come.

So it's heigh - ho, hear the merry bells ring,
Feel the snap of the frost in the morning.
The song that I sing, is for beggar and king,
And 'tis heard when the leaves be a-falling.

—T. Matthews.



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On the Canadian Labrador

by F. P. Clark.

Early in January a notice appeared on the college notice board, asking for volunteers to work on the Canadian Labrador during the summer vacation of 1929. In company with several others I offered myself for this work. In due course I was notified that my application had been accepted and that I was to report in Quebec on June 25th.

When we, two other Bishop's men and myself, arrived in Quebec, we were told what was expected of us. Our work was to be done under the auspices of,

- (a) The Labrador Voluntary Educational League, and
- (b) The Lord Bishop of Quebec.

The work for the former was to consist of teaching, delivering addresses to the adults about Canada and its Resources, and finally, to try and improve generally the people's outlook on life. The work done under the auspices of the Bishop was to hold Mission Services for the people, and to instruct a Confirmation Class in preparation for the Bishop's tri-ennial visit in July.

As the Canadian Labrador seems to be an almost unknown part of Canada, it seems necessary to write a note upon it. To reach the Canadian Labrador one sails from Quebec along the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. At a distance of about five hundred miles from Quebec City one reaches a place called Natashquan. This is the westerly boundary of the Canadian Labrador, which stretches eastward to Labrador proper.

It is hard to realize that Canada has within its bounds such people as inhabit this region. However, contrary to general opinion, one does not meet Eskimos, and only a few Indians of the almost extinct Montagnais tribe. The people are English-speaking, and are largely of Jersey stock. Their chief means of livelihood is cod-fishing, and as the amount of fish varies considerably year by year, most of the people are very poor. In the winter the men travel inland and spend their time trapping the wild animals which abound in the inland regions of this country. This is a better source of profit for them than the cod-fishing. Although the people are very poor they are very kind and generous almost to a fault.

My particular post on the Canadian Labrador was Old Fort Island, which lies about three miles off the mainland of Quebec in the Straits of Belle Isle. The island is inhabited by some twelve or fourteen families, all except one of whom are very poor. The country is quite barren, just a mass of rock rising out of the water, and covered in some places with marshy land to a depth of six or seven inches. There is practically no vegetation on the island; only three or four kinds of wild-flowers, two or three varieties of berry, and no shrub over eighteen inches high.

The school building, where I was to teach, and hold services, was a small frame building, about eighteen by twenty feet in dimensions. One corner of this was boarded up as a bedroom for the teacher. The pupils were very enthusiastic from the beginning, and the difficulty was not in getting the children to school but in trying to make them stay away long enough to enable me to cook my meals. During the summer, seventeen children attended the school, and instruction was given in the work required for Grades I to VI. With one or two notable exceptions the children were very apt pupils. They were very obedient and I never had to resort to any form of punishment to ensure their attention or diligence. At recess time I supervised a few simple games for the children which they enjoyed very much. Baseball, although we were forced to have mixed teams, was especially favoured.

On Sundays, the school benches were piled against the walls, and chairs set in the middle of the room. A small harmonium was borrowed from one of the houses, a Cross was chalked on the blackboard, and the school became the Church. The adults would not attend in the morning, so I had Mattins and Catechism for the children at 10.30 a.m. As in their school work the children were enthusiastic in the Catechism, and I had no difficulty in imparting some of the Faith to them. In the evening I said Evensong at 7.30 p.m. and preached a simple sermon on the Christian Life. The people were quite devout, although as so few of them could read, it was difficult to form a suitable service for them.

The visit of the Bishop was welcomed by the people, when we had eleven candidates confirmed. The next morning there was a celebration of the Holy Communion, when eighteen people received the Blessed Sacrament. Unfortunately this was the only Celebration of the Holy Communion that we had all summer.

Other activities, in addition to the school and mission, were very numerous, but space forbids more than my mentioning them now. To name a few, I tried to conduct, a sailor's rest for the Newfoundland fishermen, a free dispensary for anyone who came, and a night school for the older boys who were interested in Science.

The summer spent on Old Fort Island was a pleasant one, and I hope a profitable one for those to whom I ministered. In this northern country there is an admirable opportunity for men who, desiring nothing for themselves, wish to try to mould good citizens who will aid in the building up of our great Dominion.

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THE RUGBY SEASON

McGill - Bishop's Game

On Wednesday, October 23rd, the team went to Montreal to play their return game with McGill. The teams met at the Molson Stadium and our boys piled up a beautiful score of 24-5 against the Red Intermediates who just couldn't stop the flashy attack of the Purple and White. Hobbs was in the limelight again, and his sensational 85 yard run, through the whole Red team, which ended in a touch down was something worth remembering. Mack Brett showed his ability to take the breaks when he scooped up a fumble when Greenblatt's kick was blocked and carried the ball over the line for a major counter. Herb. Skelton and Jack Fuller chalked up one touch each and the former helped Hobbs account for the four rouges which brought the total up to 24. The Red team succeeded in crossing the line in the second period when Robertson tore around the short end to register 5 points for his team. Apart from that incident, it was our game all the way and the Red team never really had a chance. "Crafty" McMorran was unable to take his position at middle through an injured knee, but Walter Stockwell did yeoman service on the line along with Denison, MacArthur and Parkinson. Johnston and Blinco tackled hard and Bill Mitchell was as consistent as ever.

F. E. Meredith was at the game and he congratulated both Medine and "Monty" on the splendid showing of the team and wished them all success in their quest for the Provincial Title. The win was the third straight for the boys and put them in fine shape for their final tilt with their old rivals at Loyola.

The Junior Rugby Team's Game with McGill, Oct 26th.

The Juniors journeyed to McGill on the 26th, to play a sudden death game with the Red team for the Provincial Junior Championship after the latter had taken the semi-finals from Loyola by such scores as 33-1. The game was played on the McGill Campus at 10.30 a.m. and quite a large crowd gathered to watch the struggle for the Junior Rugby Title. The field was soft and muddy and frequent fumbling on both sides made the game rather ragged. The Bishop's boys put up a real fight, but they were under the disadvantage which always faces a second team; their ranks had been decreased and increased alternately through changes in the Intermediate sub-line, and the squad was nothing like the smooth-running machine it might have been with a little more practice work as a team. Jack Puddington played a steady, intelligent game as full back and kicked the two points which made up the Bishop's end of the score. Ken. Crawford, quarterback and Captain of the Team was

right there all the time, while Price, Simms and Cann put up a good fight. The line failed to show up as well as it did against the Quebec Team, but when we consider that Findlay was absent through injuries, that Brett and Soles were handicapped by bad knees and that Cleveland and MacDonald were both new at their positions, it is easier to appreciate any differences there. Hebert and Davis tried hard, but found the slippery field hindering their tackles. Lyle Pattee played in two positions and distinguished himself in both and Sam Rudner showed that basketball wasn't the only game he could play. The onside pass was tried several times but nearly always resulted in the opposition getting the ball. The McGill boys scored two rouges and a field goal during the first three periods of the game and the count was 5 - 2 with a minute to go. Their major counter came when the quarter faked an onside pass and tore around the short end to make a touchdown. The convert went over as the game ended and the final score was 11 - 2.

It was a hard game to lose, but those who watched the Juniors in their daily scrimmages are waiting for next year, and hoping that the 1930 aggregation will do big things for Bishop's

Bishop's - Loyola Game at Loyola, Sat. Oct. 26th, 1929

This game was one of the most exciting of the year and was played at the Notre Dame de Grace Campus before a record crowd. There must have been fully 125 Bishop's supporters present, for the large number of students who went in by train and motor car was swelled by dozens of Bishop's Grads from Montreal and vicinity, who came to Loyola to watch the Purple and White win their first Provincial Championship. It was the first time a Loyola Intermediate Team met defeat on their own campus and though our boys increased their lead steadily throughout the game, the Maroon team fought every inch of the way and their stubborn resistance made victory all the more splendid when it came. The final score was 8 - 1 for the Bishop's boys, and when the last whistle sounded, the supporters went wild with joy and swarmed out on the field to congratulate a team which had won a Provincial Rugby Title without suffering a single defeat.

Freddie Hobbs was outstanding throughout the encounter and his long high punts were the sensation of the game. The purple line proved a "stonewall defense and the most terrific onslaughts of the Maroon team failed to smash through for any appreciable gain. Stockwell, Denison MacArthur and Parkinson all hit the line with their usual impetuosity and their efforts were largely responsible for that impenetrable line, of which we all felt so proud. John



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Wood played a consistent game at snap and Fred Cann deserves a lot of credit for the way he filled in when John hurt his knee. Bill Mitchell's tackles were a treat to watch while Buchanan and Crandall alternated frequently to give him strong support on the other end. The rest of the boys were right there from the first whistle to the finish; with Herb Skelton as steady as a rock and Jack Fuller here, there and everywhere. Jack Johnston showed up well both on end runs and tackles, and Joe. Blinco was the same incomparable captain he has always been, always sure, always fast, always fighting with that indomitable spirit which carries a team to victory.

Several of the boys on the football team will be leaving Bishop's this year and our finest memories of them will be the way they played throughout that whole game to bring a championship to the old College.

Bishop's tallied their eight points on rouges, several of which crossed the dead line untouched. McAlear looked dangerous once or twice but he represented Loyola's only real threat, and even that one didn't materialize. Their lone tally came on a long punt from Bucher which cut out just behind the touch line giving Skelton no chance to run it out.

The boys set up something of a record in those two games with the Maroon team, since they scored 31 points and only one was marked up against them. It was a big year truly and one that will be remembered in the annals of Bishop's for years to come.

Bishop's lose to R. M. C. at Kingston. Wed. Oct. 30th.

Fresh from their final victory over Loyola and all pepped up over the prospect of entering the Dominion finals, the boys made the long journey to Kingston to meet R.M.C. in a series of home and home games. It was the first Bishop's rugby team to leave the Province and we all hoped for big things. Although the Gazette asserted that the Cadets had the edge all the way, it was an undoubted fact that misfortune dogged the footsteps of the Purple and White, and even at that they made their opponents sit up and take notice on more than one occasion. Davoud and Irvin made up a beautiful backfield team and the former executed a spectacular 85 yard run which accounted for one of the Cadets' tallies. The other came on a Bishop's fumble which seemed to be just too tricky for Freddie Hobbs to fall on.

With ten points piled up against them in this way the boys fought hard, and urged on by the indomitables, Blinco and Mitchell, they pressed forward to register six points to their opponents' four. Hobbs accounted for 3 on rouges and one of Jack Fuller's neat drops brought the other 3. The game was featured by flashy runs and neither side were able to gain much by line plunges. The kick formation failed to stand the charges of the R.M.C. line and in that way Hobbs was hindered from carrying out the aerial attack which was so much a feature in previous victories. John Wood was unable to take his place at snap and his pretty spirals were hard to duplicate. Walter

Stockwell, who had been playing a remarkably fine game at middle, was hurt during the last quarter and Brett took his place till the close of the game. The team failed to cut down the eight point lead and the final score stood 14-6. Everything now depended on the return game which was played on Saturday, November 2nd.

The R.M.C. - Bishop's game at Bishop's - Sat. Nov. 2nd.

Our chances for a try at the Dominion title were brought to an end in this sensational struggle which ended in a second victory for the Cadets by the score of 10 - 7. It is idle to speculate on what might have been, yet we who watched the Purple and White in action in that memorable second period, and saw a weakened team pile up a 6 point lead in a very short space of time, feel that things might easily have been very different had our goddess of misfortune withheld her hand. The Kingston Team was brilliant in many respects and such speed fends as Irvin and Davoud are not found every day. With a husky line which fights with equal stubbornness on defensive or offensive work, an intelligent quarter who also proved his ability at broken field dashes, and such snappy tacklers as Storms they were a hard team to hold in any game. Our boys on the other hand were playing without three of their most reliable men, McMorran, Stockwell and Wood; the game was their fourth in two weeks and they travelled to play the other three, yet they outplayed the Cadets for the first half of the contest and left the field at half time with a slim three points between them and the Dominion finals.

Do you wonder that the hopes of their supporters rose to great heights, that one of the largest crowds ever assembled in the history of the University swelled the applause from the student body, and that the R.M.C. set their faces to check the Purple onslaught which was snatching the Championship away from them in spite of all their efforts. The second half arrived and brought in its wake a series of fumbles and misfortunes which gave the Cadets point after point and finally ended when they forged into the Bishop's stronghold by recovering two of their own kicks and White kicked an onside and Storms fell on the ball for a major tally. With the end of the game in sight our boys put everything into a last furious drive but the odds were too great to make any kind of victory possible and the final score left R.M.C. leading 10 - 7 and gave them the round by the total count of 24 - 13.

The game was the last of the season for the Intermediates and also the last at Bishop's for several of the boys. Every man on the team fought hard all the way and those who go out next June have left us something of a record to look back on in the future. Joe Blinco was undoubtedly outstanding for the Purple and White, combining a brainy succession of field tactics with a lot of brilliant individual work which took the form of short end runs and smart tackles. Jack Johnston was in top form and registered a 60 yard run to put Bishop's in position for one of their rouges; Fuller was consistent and kicked a beautiful field

CONTINUED ON PAGE 33

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REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE

EILEEN MONTGOMERY, B.A.

It is a matter of common knowledge that certain dramatic critics exercise their function without ever having seen the play, and that other critics pass judgment on works of art which they have never seen. Undoubtedly there are literary critics who criticize books they have never read. After all, why not? Some people will read a book praised by a critic simply because they feel it is the thing to do; some will read a book condemned by a critic to find out why they should not read it. The critic is sure to find support somewhere, no matter what he may say about the volumes he reviews.

Writing passable reviews is not really difficult. A man need not waste his glorious youth over them. A few standard forms will suffice to fill practically any demand which may arise. For instance:-

101 Things the Best People Say.

Do you know what should be said when your best friend tells you his great aunt has died of the mumps and left him all her money? Or when the Adonis of the Senior Class calls on you, only to find the Freshman of the hour in possession? Or when the street car conductor observes the small copper you dropped in the slot, and the dame you are 'squiring is very alert and interested? Or when you get your room-mate's telephone call by mistake? These moments come in the life of every one, and often one's whole career depends upon the momentary reaction to the situation. For instance, under which of the given conditions would it be appropriate to use the expression, "It's just too bad" or "Imagine my embarrassment"? Or when would a dignified silence be considered the most suitable course to pursue? These questions, and scores of others like them, are fully answered in a new publication, "101 Things the Best People Say." In form the book is most helpful. The contents are listed under such headings as Births, Marriages and Deaths, Insults, Proposals, Compliments, Embarrassing Situations and the like. When an emergency arises, one needs merely to draw out the book and consult the handy thumb index; in a jiffy the correct comment or retort is found, and with scarcely a pause one may carry on the conversation confident of having said not only what is correct, but also what the very best people would say. The need for a book of this type has long been felt. The present publication is the work of an eminent scholar who for private reasons wishes to remain anonymous. The book is sumptuously bound in natural python, and in size fits one's pocket as it fits one's pocketbook in price.

THE MOON'S LAST QUARTER;

by Jean Eldred Rambleson

It is only a story of Sussex farmer folk, of days spent in wresting a living from the red clay. But Mr. Rambleson has treated his theme with a sympathy which cannot fail to appeal to that circle of readers with whom his earlier "Lichens on the Roman Wall" is a favourite. All must be impressed by the rich fund of description in "The Moon's Last Quarter". The drizzle of autumnal rain on ploughed fields takes on a new and profound significance in keeping with the play of character. Milly stealing away from the pail and milking-stool to her twilight tryst with Joel, whose sole expression is through crops of mangles; old Tom, "a just man, sir, but a hard one"; Aunt Elspeth with her store of gossip past and present; all play their part as threads in the sombre tapestry woven by this subtle artist. The background is dull with the inevitableness of the seasons, but love of humanity is instinct in every lineament of the picture. In this day, when raw, crude outbursts of unbalanced passion drip from the pens of all too many writers, it is indeed a relief to find one man producing a clean, sane book to uphold the old traditions of honest labour and decency which the present generation seems to have forgotten.

STRANGE UNQUIETNESS;

by Lila Merritt.

"When I was a child," murmured Oliver dreamily, his eyes seeking the fire's red depths. "I always fancied that the devil was behind me trying to catch me as I climbed the stairs. So I was afraid. But I never told anyone. Children are so strange"

"Dear heart to have known you —— as a little, little frightened boy on the stairs ——" quivered Zoe brokenly, her hand in his". When one has read these lines, and the magnificent chapter of which they are a part, one realizes that here at last is the modern counterpart of Shakespeare's mighty drama of the passions. No fairer Desdemona could be imagined by the bard of Avon than Zoe who loved, and suffered immeasurably for that love. In Oliver, race and parentage shrouded in mystery never made clear, we meet the ageless Othello of tender affection and white-hot passion commingled. The evil presence of Richard Despard hovers over the story like an ever-watchful vulture. The immensity of life's problem has come close to Miss Merritt. We feel that her pen is held by one who has known the heights and depths of human experience. No other could handle with such superb as-

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surance the powerful climaxes of this mighty novel; few could hope to rival the unerring delicacy of touch so apparent in the scene quoted. By all means, read "Strange Unquietness"; it is Life.

FAIRLY QUIET ON THE WEST SIDE;

by Heinrich Greenblatt.

A message to those who have toiled and saved, and lost their all in buying on margin. Mr. Greenblatt is a man with a mission. His book is only a means to an end. The book published, the accomplishment of that mission out of his hands at last, one can fancy this strange genius, this man of iron and fire, retiring once more to some hermitage in the desolate hills, there to muse on duty done. That the tale is crudely told has been the complaint of many critics. No doubt the style is raw and unpolished to ears accustomed to contact with the facts of life only through the sericeous sheathing of a modern vocabulary of affectation and dishonesty. Ruthlessly the author snatches away the veil of cowardice and conceit, forcing us to see the outrage of modern finance in its naked horror. The stock exchange, when the best man and the worst, the highest and the lowest, the prince and the beggar, meet on common ground of agonized struggle for the ends of some diabolic power mightier than them all, this maelstrom of futile human endeavour, is depicted with the relentless harshness of a man who has seen; yes, and suffered as he saw. Can such a man lie?

Of course "Fairly Quiet—" is propaganda. How valuable it is, none but the unjustly prejudiced will attempt to deny. Who can say what the effect will be? One thing is certain: Mr. Greenblatt by his very sincerity must bring home to us the stark misery, the sordid wretchedness, the filthy welter of ticker-tape into which modern civilization is letting itself be dragged.

It is quite possible that you may be unfamiliar with the works reviewed above. It is equally possible that you will never further your acquaintance with them. But you cannot help but admire the skilful way in which the critic has filled his column without actually claiming to have read the books in question. Has he not praised a book which is bound to be enthusiastically received by that legion of men and women who send for such books C.O.D. plus few cents postage? In doing this, he has merely asserted his position as a competent critic. The review, I might add, could be altered to fit any book on etiquette, week-end house-parties, or the like.

So with the others. Raw red clay comes from Sussex, we are told; bleak hills, desolate downs, illimitable forests could equally well be quoted if the book dealt with corresponding regions. A catalogue of characters is always good; this of course, involves a cursory examination of the book. Note in the third review the deft allusion to the bard of Avon. This turn of phrase is bound to prove attractive, as is the rather daring expedient of comparing a modern novel to a Shakesperean drama. For your critic

should show his erudition occasionally, or else on what grounds does he criticise? Again, a poignant scene from the novel in question proves of great value in opening a paragraph. A suitable scene is fairly easy to locate by the old method of opening the book at random and reading the conversations. The fourth example is the powerful type of review. It is to be used in writing up those books which have arrows pointing to the place where they called a spade a spade. The review abounds in strong descriptive terms; maelstrom, diabolic, sordid, relentless, welter and stark, are never out of place here. By a little manipulation the type can be adapted to form a crushingly adverse criticism for the sake of variety in the column.

My readers may by now have guessed that I have not perused with particular care any of the books reviewed. They are quite correct in their surmise. I have not read them at all. But then, I know perfectly well that neither have my readers done so.

THE RUGBY SEASON.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

goal, and Hobbs and Skelton, though they fumbled the catching towards the close of the game when the pigskin had grown wet and slippery, were responsible for some of the longest gains made by their team and between them accounted for three of the four rouges chalked up. The line held well, though the absence of the regulars was felt very much. Parky had to switch over to middle since both McMorran and Stockwell were out of the game, and when Brett's knee kept him from taking inside, Jack Cleveland was put in there and played a good game in spite of his inexperience. Fred Cann was put in at snap when Wood was unable to play, and did his best to fill the vacancy. Buchanan, Crandall and of course Mitchell all did their share of the tackling, and Denison and McArthur showed up well with the rest of the line men. The efforts of a line are often overlooked in such records as this, but it seems very certain that a lot of credit is due, both to the two who played the game till injuries kept them out and to the three old reliables "Denny" Denison, "Mac" McArthur and "Parky" Parkinson, who held the old line in every game and represented the steady influence which gave the back-field a chance.

The details of the struggle are common knowledge, and may be omitted from a sketch such as this. The Rugby Season is all over once more and again we can look into the future and repeat the old slogan; wait till next year.

Lear: . . . Do not laugh at me;
For as I am a man I think this lady
To be my child, Cordelia.
Cordelia: And so I am, I am.

—Shakespeare

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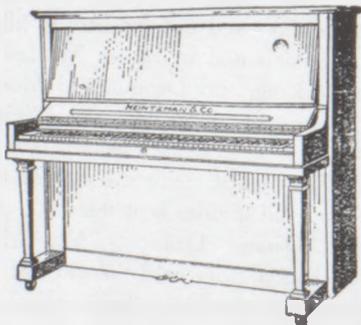
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Recollections of a Bell-boy

J. C. A. Cole.

The clock strikes 6 a.m., and the Bellboy Brotherhood parades through the lobby and takes up its various posts. All duties are carried out in turn in accord with precedence; the permanent bellboys have preference over students and over summer extras.

First you must look over the neatly dressed array of Bellboys. Their ages vary from seventeen to fifty-seven; and among their many nationalities you find a predominance of French-Canadians and Irish. The remainder consist of English, Jewish, European-French, Scotch and an occasional Dutchman.

From 6 a.m. to 9 a.m. business is slow, and during that time, topics of the day receive consideration in proportion to their importance. First, the outcome of tomorrow's prize-fight is decided, then there is a discussion concerning new automobiles. The knotty problems of religion and politics are touched upon without much success, so you listen to the wonderful romances of the previous night, which unfortunately cannot be discussed here. Bellboy vocabulary is easy to understand, and you learn that certain adjectives are more emphatic and descriptive than others; in fact you shudder to hear the terrible things a four-foot Frenchman intends to do to an Ontario visitor who has forgotten something.

A rush of tourists occupies your attention and prevents further conversation. All tourists are grouped into three broad classes in order of their tipping proclivities; good parties, average parties and stiff. This classification is invaluable in a hotel, for there, if anywhere, money speaks in low and dulcet tones and its silver chink can be heard across the lobby.

Your expert bellman, a connoisseur of tips, can size up a given tourist at a glance. The test is partly nationality, partly clothing and the kind of luggage the traveller carries. But it is mainly by the exercise of a certain sixth sense, peculiar to the Brotherhood that the bellman is able to size up a tourist as he registers, and pigeon-hole him for future reference.

Now you must know something of the language of the bellboys and the meaning of their hotel vernacular. Each roomful of people is called a "party", although the room may hold two beds for a fat man and woman and their six children, or a single cot for a thin professor.

A "front" is a call for a bellboy either in the form of an incoming or outgoing tourist or a telephone summons to a room for service.

Imagine the scene: A spacious lobby, a party registering and unbeknown to it, being sized up by the front boy (i.e. the boy who is at the head of the line up,

and is to get this particular party). The front boy whispers to his colleague: "Thirty-five", and the tip he will receive will not be forty cents or a quarter. This is not invariably true, but after a little practice, this sixth sense of the Brotherhood is uncannily developed. If the bellboy does not like the looks of his party, he may turn to the last boy (i.e. the bellman at the foot of the array) and say "Dime" or "Nickle". This indicates that the front boy considers the party is worth no more than ten cents or five, and the last boy if he chooses, may have the job for the named amount.

Incidentally persons who tip with dimes and five cent pieces are rated below actual stiff. For stiff at all events have the courage of their convictions.

Tips! The bane of a bellboy's existence. I have received ten dollars from a drunken millionaire who thought it was ten cents, and ten cents from a sober millionaire, who thought it was ten dollars. The one was Scotch and the other had been drinking it. I have been stiffed by a minister of finance after carrying twenty-one heavy suitcases to his room.

I have learned that Americans from the North, East and West of the United States and a certain type of Englishmen are the best tippers; and that people from Ontario, the majority of Europeans, and those from the Southern States of U.S.A. are the worst.

It is great fun this bellboy business. You hobnob with bold old gentlemen off on a spree, who inquire the price of gin and the place to meet some "good lively girls". Nearly all tourists when they arrive begin by ordering carbonated water and cracked ice. And how they drink! Sex makes no difference to quantity; I have often been offered a drink by lady tourists who are as liberal as the men. Then you return to your post, and tell the other fellows on the shift that you have just drunk with Mr. C. the Prime Minister, Mr. J. the Judge and Mr. L. the automobile magnate.

Often a tourist asks questions of a personal nature which lead to friendship. Three times Americans from New Jersey advised me to give up my job, and to spend the rest of the summer joy-riding through the country with them. It is a simple matter to meet men of all ranks: Prime Ministers, Marquises, Ambassadors, Politicians, Bankers and Judges, and to talk over the problems of the day. Yes, it was interesting to discuss the Roman Catholic view of divorce with a Jewish-American Judge, or to argue with an American Society lady who protests that in New York one always finds society ladies drunk.

One dear old lady, not hearing my loud knock, did not have time to conceal her quart of "Johnny Walker". However, she explained that she did not make a habit of

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drinking, but only did so for her health — an excellent reason I should imagine.

I have heard an amiable lady tell a bellman in one breath, that he was stupid, dull, thickheaded, and foolish, and the next day tell him that she did not know what she would have done without him.

A bellboy's life is a great game of chance, bartering services for unseen but much-to-be-speculated-about tips. Mind you, I make no claim that the tips expected, and sometimes received, were in just proportion to the services we gave. I know we were mercenary. Among ourselves we often quibbled and snarled over the possession of a dime, whose ethical acquisition was in question. Even when we got back to college, it was sometime before we had sufficiently adjusted ourselves, that we didn't expect a tip for mailing a letter for a student who happened to be sick in bed.

We became hardened and effected too much. To carry four suitcases six yards from an elevator is certainly not worth a dollar. It may be worth a dime. But the bellboy business transcends all the reasonable bounds of the law of labor's relation to capital.

BYRON AND THE BLUE STOCKINGS.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

which really prompted that enthusiasm.

Dr. Johnson laughingly stated that whereas the ladies had so suddenly acquired a real taste for things literary and learned they would soon be competent to hold positions of public trust (little did he realize how nearly this jest would be realized a century or two later). He assigned imaginary positions to four of the leading 'blue stockings' of the moment. They were as follows:

Carter — Archbishop of Canterbury because of her interest in ecclesiastical learning and Church History.

Mrs. Montagu — First Lord of the Treasury.

Mrs. Chapone — Preceptor of the Princes.

Hannah More — Poet Laureate.

"And no place for me?" cried Mrs. Thrale.

"No, No," replied Dr. Johnson, "you will get into Parliament by your little silver tongue, and then rise by your merit."

"And what shall I do?" exclaimed Fanny Burney.

"Oh, we will send you for a spy, and perhaps you will be hanged," rejoined the Doctor.

Behind these jests it can be seen that Dr. Johnson felt that there was something of real worth which it was not too far wrong to gently encourage.

Of the earlier 'blue stockings' Hannah More, the poetess, is the only one whose literary work has survived to the present day. Her "Cheap Repository Tracts", aimed at the betterment of English poor conditions and a solace to the needy, were enthusiastically received in blue stocking circles. One episcopal enthusiast, evidently of no literary training, described the tracts as "sublime" and "immortal",

and while we are rather inclined to doubt the justification of applying the term "sublime" to any literary work so prosy as a tract of this sort it certainly was not destined to become immortal, because even widely read moderns have probably never come across more than a passing allusion to Hannah More's "Repository Tracts". Perhaps, however, they were better in the West Indies, whither Bishop Porteous, an ardent admirer of the 'blue stockings', sent "ship-loads" for the edification of the negroes, and it is there we must search if we are to find any surviving copies of this "immortal" and "sublime" work. Deep students of English literature may, however, be familiar with a few of her poems which are somewhat better known than the "Tracts". The following is an example of her poetic work:

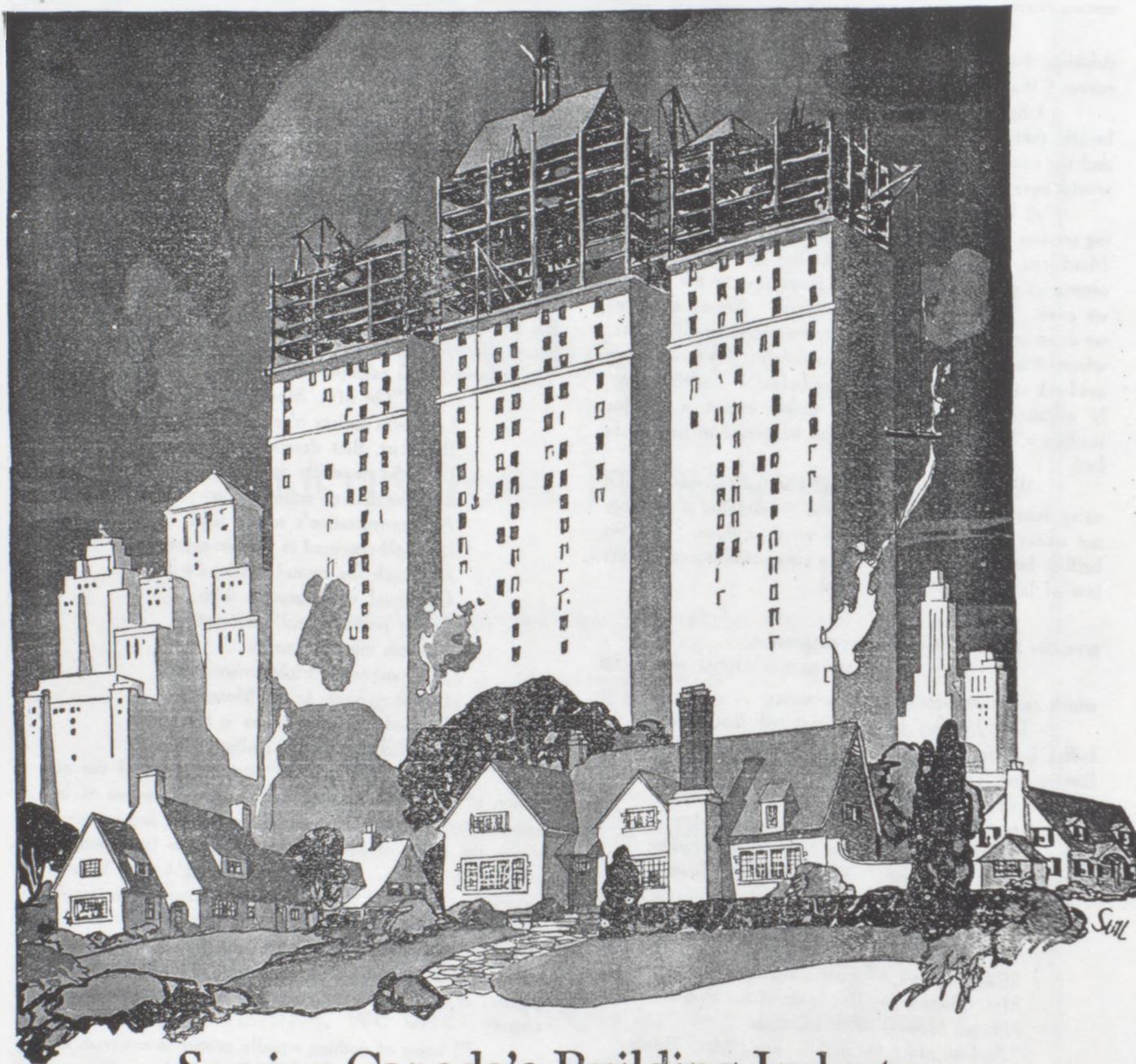
"On Mrs. Montagu."

Long was society o'er-run
By whist, that desolating Hun;
Long did quadrille despotic sit,
That vandal of colloquial wit;
And conversation's setting light
Lay half-obscur'd in Gothic night.
At length the mental shades decline,
Colloquial wit begins to shine;
Genius prevails, and conversation
Emerges into reformation.
The vanquished triple crown to you
Boscawen sage, bright Montagu
Divided fell; your cares in haste
Rescued the ravag'd realms of taste.

Although things literary attracted most of the attention of the 'blue stocking' ladies other branches of intellectual activity were not over-looked. For some strange reason the study of history was thought to be especially adapted to women. Perhaps they thought that because history was a subject of such wide application they would consequently acquire more knowledge in a limited time; or, perhaps they found that a minimum of historical knowledge would provide a maximum of argument for their conversation parties; at any rate Mrs. Chapone, a famous 'blue stocking' writes:

"I know of nothing equally proper to entertain and improve at the same time, or that is so likely to form and strengthen your judgment; more materials for conversation are supplied by this kind of knowledge, than almost any other."

By Byron's time Mrs. Montagu's and Mrs. Thrale's sound intentional parties had given place to the trivial gossip circles which so closely resembled the French 'salon'. It must be remembered that English women secured the beginnings of intellectual emancipation through the 'blue stocking' movement and although Byron saw little more than the ridiculous side of a movement which has in our own day placed women on an equal plane with men in the field of learning, and, even in some cases, ahead of them. Mrs. Montagu could hardly have dreamt that she was starting a movement by her breakfast parties that has not reached



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its apogee even yet, indeed she suggested that her epitaph should record that she had done neither harm or good, and only asked oblivion.

Some account of the blue stocking parties has come down to us in verse of a sort which may be interesting to quote:

Hannah More's pathetic pen
 Painting high th' impassioned scene
 Carter's piety and learning,
 Little Burney's quick discerning;
 Cowley's neatly pointed wit
 Healing those her satires hit:
 Smiling Streatfield's iv'ry neck,
 No'e and motions à la Grecque!
 Let Chapone retain a place,
 And the mother of her Grace,
 Each art of conversation knowing,
 High head, eloquent Boscawen;
 Thrale, in whose expressive eyes
 Sits a soul above disguise.
 Skilled with wit and sense t' impart
 Feelings of a generous heart
 Lucan, Leveson, Greville, Crewe;
 Fertile-minded Montagu.
 Who makes each rising wit her care
 And brings her knowledge from afar!
 Whilst her tuneful tongue defends
 Authors dead and absent friends;
 Bright in genius, pure in fame,
 Herald, haste, and these proclaim!

Although "The Blues" is the only English poem I know takes the 'blue stockings' as its theme, there is a French comedy by Molière which deals with the same topic, "Les Femmes Savantes". Amusing and clever to a degree, the English reader will not find that it contains the same good English indignation which Byron has put into the mouth of old Sir Richard Bluebottle, the husband of a tiresome wife, a 'blue stocking' entertainer. Byron does not content himself with ridiculing the 'blue stocking' ladies but also attacks a favorite butt of poets, the "Edinburgh Review" at the time controlled by the unmerciful critic Jeffery and which only a few days ago ceased publication. Evidently, judging from this and other of his poems, Byron did not have much sympathy with the professional English literary critics. Many of his subtle allusions have lost their significance for the modern reader but undoubtedly Byron and other poets of the same period found the criticisms of these "poetic vultures" extremely annoying and lost no opportunity of making counter attacks upon them. Evidently Byron thought, with some reason perhaps, that the 'blue stocking' parties were the birth place of many of the most bitter criticisms levelled against Byron and his contemporaries. There may be considerable justification for this assumption; certainly we know that Jeffery and many other critics were frequent visitors to the houses of later 'blue stocking' leaders,

but how much of their criticism was picked up at these meetings must remain a matter for conjecture.

There still exists an old print which shows Dr. Johnson seated in one of the polite circles receiving tea from the hand of Mrs. Thrale apparently, from his expression, thoroughly enjoying his afternoon (or is it a breakfast party?) Byron has pictured a disgruntled old gentleman who is the unfortunate husband of one of these entertainers. There must have been a world of difference between the views of the casual visitor such as Dr. Johnson and the perpetual sufferer, a husband of an enterprising 'blue stocking'. At any rate Byron has immortalized one of the most amusing chapters in the history of English literature by his clever little satire "The Blues". It will be a change to drag out a dusty Byron and turn to this poem and escape for once the all too familiar passages in "Childe Harold" and "Don Juan" with which we made an unwilling and laborious acquaintance in our school days.

I do love you so
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot
 If thinking on me then should make you woe.
 —Shakespeare

We notice in the Michaelmas issue of the Calgary Diocesan Gazette that the Bishop of Calgary has appointed the Rev. William Percy Griffiths, L.S.T., to the Parish of Mirror, Alix and Bashaw, in that Diocese. Mr. Griffiths who received his title from Bishop's in 1920 was ordained Deacon in 1920 and Priest in 1921; served overseas and won a commission in the Royal Flying Corps; was Incumbent of the Mission at Oliver in the Diocese of Algoma from 1920-1923; and since 1923 has been Rector of the Parish at Iroquois Falls in the Diocese of Moosonee. We offer our congratulations to Mr. Griffiths and wish him every success in his new work.

Students and Alumni of Bishop's will be glad to learn that one of our Graduates has recently been appointed to one of the largest parishes in the Diocese of New York. We refer to the Rev. A. T. Phillips, M.A. '24., B.D., who is now the Rector of Trinity Church, Mount Vernon, N.Y. This Church has 1200 communicants, with its twenty thriving Church agencies that cater to a vast population. Mr. Phillips is also busy with academic work, reading at Columbia University for the degree of Ph.D. We offer our congratulations to Mr. Phillips on this appointment and wish him every success in his work.

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BALLAD

A student, on a voyage bent,
Approaches at a gallop,
And offers there full many a cent
To hire him now a shallop.

"Now who be ye, would out to row,
So shortly 'fore your tea, sir?"
A Bachelor in Arts, you know,
Am I; a Freshman he, sir.

And fast before the rabble rude,
We two have fled together,
To seek out peace and solitude
To talk about the weather.

The vulgar throng is at our heels;
We crave sweet Nature's quiet;
Hear your own heart; we know it feels
Our hunger, — don't deny it." —

Out spoke the owner of the boat:
"It's yours, my lad, so take it,
The fairest craft that e'er did float —
Take care you do not break it.

For on my soul, should rock or pole
Or sand bank mar her beauty,
To me the full price you shall dole,
For, sir, twill be your duty." —

So they are off; no more we see
The rowers, quiet-seeking;
And it is not till after tea
We note a high wind shrieking.

And later, later grows the night,
The river keeps on flowing;
It seems no one can shed a light
On where the lads were going. —

"Oh haste thee, haste!" a student cries,
Search-parties organizing —
"It's after ten, or my watch lies —
Have they late leave? — Surprising!"

The boat has left the stormy tide
And taken to an island;
The rowers find, ere yet they tried,
Tranquillity on dry land

And so they crouch about a blaze
By lettered linen nourished,
And talk of wrecks of other days
Saved by a beacon flourished.

In sore distress and weariness
The searching parties near them;
They break the wonderous quietness;
Still hid, the waiters hear them.

"Come back! Come back!" they shriek amain,
With objurgations spiteful,
"You'll suffer most atrocious pain,
Bad boys — out after nightfall!"

Nor vainly, for the seekers now
Are growing cold and prudent;
They move the erstwhile stubborn prow,
And join their fellow students.

—M. E. Montgomery.



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An event which will prove of great interest to the musical readers of "The Mitre" is the forthcoming recital of Nicholas Medtner in Sherbrooke on December the fourth. Rarely indeed are we given the opportunity of such a musical treat so close at hand. Medtner is, without doubt, one of the best of Russian musicians. A remarkable virtuoso, he is also a composer of note. A Cincinnati paper gives a paragraph that will be interesting to all music lovers:

"Medtner impresses at once by the dignity of his bearing and the sincerity of his art. As a technician he is supreme. His playing of the most intricate scale passages is marked by marvelous clarity due to perfect digital control. Massive harmonies burst forth under the magic of his touch with overpowering grandeur, and yet there always is apparent the high regard that the intellectual genius must have for gradation of shading. Medtner achieves startling effects without seeming to do so."

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

November 14th, 1929

The Editor,
"The Mitre",
Bishop's University,
Lennoxville, Que.

Dear Sir:

Concerning an article entitled "Rugby" in the 1929 October edition of "The Mitre", there is an account of the Bishop's University Junior Team meeting the Quebec Y.M.C.A. This statement is incorrect. On that date the Junior Team met the 57th Field Battery Rugby Team (Quebec), which is affiliated with Boswell's Limited of Quebec City.

Moreover it is hoped by the 57th Field Battery Rugby Team that they will be privileged to play the Junior Team annually, despite the fact that the game was uninteresting to the reporter.

Very truly yours,

Myer M. Medine.

OBITUARY

Dr. De Moulpied, graduate of Bishop's Medical School, originally of Channel Islands, practised in Hemmiford and Huntingdon near Montreal, died in Montreal recently. R.I.P.

DIVINITY NOTES

COLLECTED BY ROBINS H. THATCHER

There was hardly a stir in the faculty during the first part of the month. Every day a few men went running, and others practised on the rugby field. One result of this athletic training was, that Mr. Cole won the McGreer shield on the short course. His time was 13 seconds less than last year's winner. Other entrants of the Divines were, Messrs Cornish, Wiley and Dicker.

On the long course, the Divines ran well but lost the Dunn Cup to the 1st year Arts by six seconds. In the rugby field the Divines gave a very good exhibition. They played against the students of the Old Arts Building, and met their victors. It was a hard game and they lost in the last of the two overtime periods, by one point.

The Divines have given five men to the college rugby team this year, and all of them played in the inter-university games.

Several men are connected with the Dramatic Society this year, Mr. Comfort is President, Mr. McCausland property manager, Mr. MacMoline stage manager, Mr. Thatcher prompter and Messrs Wright and Matthews are members of the caste of "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary"

The C.O.T.C. has a good representation from the faculty. Every Friday the Divines don the uniform for drill. A few of the men are in the Lewis Gun section, others marching, and we still see a few in the awkward squad.

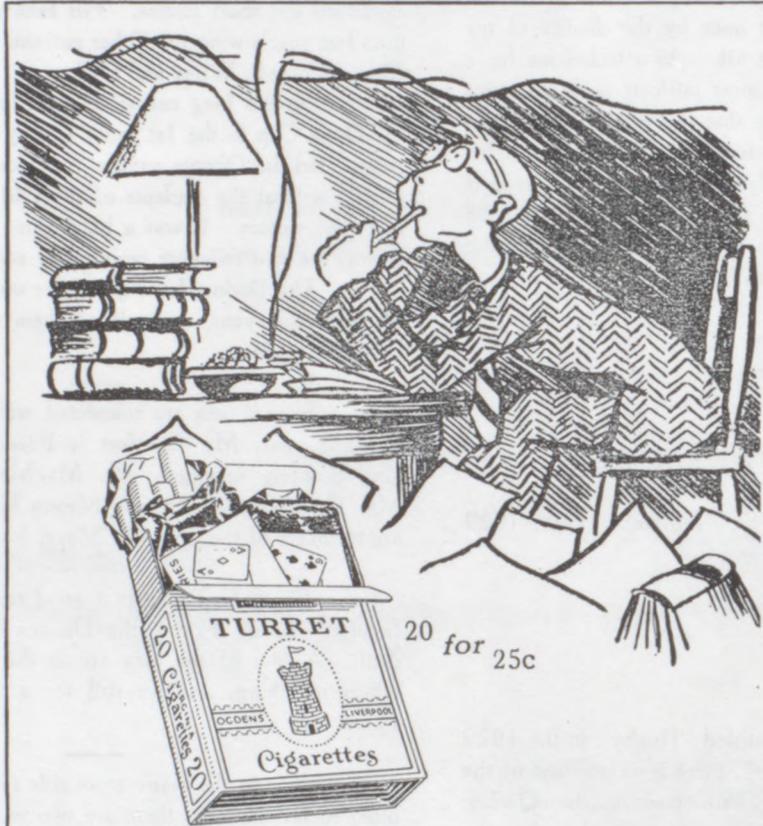
Among the many enjoyable tea sipping parties and other social functions there are two worthy of note. Mrs. Carrington gave a delightful dance at Harrold Lodge on Friday, November 8th. Dancing was enjoyed by all present, and at 10 o'clock supper was served. After supper dancing was resumed and the party broke up at midnight.

The other party is the weekly "At Home" of our Warden. Since his return to college Dr. Vial has resumed his old custom. It is surprising to see the number of men who squeeze into his study. Every one sips tea and enjoys Mrs. Vial's latest creation in the form of a "nightmare" sandwich.

Every topic imaginable is discussed, and when the Chapel bell breaks up the party, one feels the world has been hauled over the coals and duly put in order.

A last minute item has been received by the editor stating that Messrs Wright, Buchanan and Clark have been elected to form a Divinity debating team.

Henry Wright, a graduate of the faculty in the early nineties, visited the college on Thursday October 31st. Following ordination, Mr. Wright worked in the diocese of Quebec, but health failed him, so he left for the Canadian



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middle west. He now has charge of the parish of Wilkie in the diocese of Saskatchewan.

We are sorry to report that "Dewdrop" Sturgeon who trained so strenuously for the road races, fell two days before the first run, spraining his ankle. He has a painful foot but we believe he secretly enjoys going round with a stick.

During the month the editor of this column has heard from the Rev. T. A. Jarvis, Rev. Fraser Weager, and the Rev. J. Barnett. They all report health and happiness.

The October meeting of the Guild of the Venerable Bede met in the Lloyd Library, Dr. Vial presided. After formal business four new members were nominated and the date of their admission agreed upon.

* * *

"Good Morning"

There is no greater bore on earth than the person who insists on wishing you "good morning" just at the moment when you are scraping the whiskers from under your nose. In the first place what reply can be made to such a matinale. The shaver contents himself with grunting, and probably takes a large chunk out of his upper lip as a result, but this is as far as the matter goes. Once upon a time, someone, they tell me, laid down a razor, wiped the lather off his face, and went to the window, and after opening the lattice and looking about on the morning under discussion, remarked, "It is". Somehow this story does not ring true. Few of us are capable of being brilliant at any time, let alone at eight o'clock in the morning.

But the person who greets you with "good morning" is an angel of light compared with the individual who goes into details, and chatters out something about "What a beautiful day. Such a treat after yesterday. Sunshine does make one feel so cheery what? But, it won't last long. Too many clouds. Probably rain before dusk" and all this in short gasps that punctuate little explosions and gargles as he dashes water on his face at the basin.

It is a person like this who sings in the bath. We have always known that it improved the voice of song-birds to place them near running water, but why this should have such a disastrous effect on the human we can't see. The bath-room bass rises from bed to some discreet tune which may be plain-chant if that happens to be his musical love,

or "Lover, come back to me," if his tastes are of the more approved fashion. The effect is the same. The song cheers the singer but dampens the ardour of the listener.

In the bath we have heard people setting words like, "Where is the soap" to tunes like "Here comes the bride", and if there didn't happen to be enough syllables to fit the notation, the musical *lacunae* have been filled in with "dum de dums" etc. which generally curdle the blood of even the most unmusical. Whole days have been absolutely ruined by people of this sort.

At the breakfast table small talk is always in order, but there is always some cheerful idiot who slaps you playfully on the back, wishing you a "top of the morning," and this is not small talk. Then again there is that perfectly odious person who insists on narrating his dream of the night before, and finally the supreme misfit who starts an argument over the porridge refusing to defer it until the day has waned a bit and people are more sympathetic with affairs in general.

A further list of offences against good taste may be made here appropriately.

- (a) There is the person who shouts while preaching and awakes the sleeping.
- (b) The person who sings a part while the congregation sings the air of a tune, particularly when he can't sing anyway.
- (c) The person who wakes you at 8 after promising to do so at 7 when you might as well sleep anyway.
- (d) And lastly the person who borrows your razor surreptitiously and returns it after slicing limburger cheese.

But so it goes. This list could be extended to eternity but space is valuable. Suffice it that

"I often wish that I could be
A really first-class Pharisee
Rejoicing, every now and then,
That I am not as other men" is true of most.

W. H. DAW

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