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Vol. xxxvii, No. 4

February, 1930

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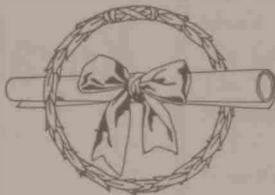
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PUBLISHED BY BECK PRESS, REG'D., LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Editorial - - - - -	5	New Year's Eve - - - - -	23
Life (<i>Verse</i>) - - - - -	6	My Gown (<i>Verse</i>) - - - - -	23
The Faerie Queene - - - - -	7	Man's Inhumanity to Animals - - - - -	25
A Forgotten Chapter in Indian History - - - - -	9	Our Glee Club - - - - -	31
Athletics in a College Career - - - - -	10	The Rugby Banquet - - - - -	33
The Last Raid (<i>Verse</i>) - - - - -	11	Hockey - - - - -	35
Ibn Ben Hassan - - - - -	13	N.F.C.U.S. - - - - -	39
The Duke of Marlborough - - - - -	17	Inter-Faculty Debating - - - - -	39
A Few Remarks from Our Honoured Guest - - - - -	19	Divinity Notes - - - - -	39
Women Students' Association - - - - -	21	Personals - - - - -	41
Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary - - - - -	21	Exchange - - - - -	41

EDITORIAL

The New Opportunity

Once again a new year, and for us at Bishop's a new term, has begun. As we look back over the past we see many lost opportunities and many failures, but why be despondent? With the advent of a new term we are all given a new lease on life and a fresh opportunity to distinguish ourselves or otherwise as the case may be. This is particularly true of the Arts Faculty where all the members will soon be embroiled in the Term Examinations. In connection with this we hand on to our readers the following extract from the McGill Daily, which we think may prove helpful, or if it is too late for that, at least consoling.

"Mental Starvation".

"There is an old story about a man who thought that food was not necessary for a horse and that the horse could dispense with that article if the daily rations of hay and oats were gradually reduced. It is recorded that the horse was eventually brought down to one straw a day but that on the day when he was to be fed his first ration of nice cool fresh air he incontinently caught sick and died—from acute indigestion we suppose—thus ruining the experiment.

Although the S.P.C.A. would not allow an experiment on the above lines on dumb animals there are many

students who seem to take delight in seeing how far they can go in abusing their mental faculties. These students try to get along with as little studying as possible. When they see that they succeed in passing their grades in spite of this they cut down on their amount of study hours and see if they can get along on the minimum amount of work. The ultimate aim seems to be to get along on no work at all.

It is not surprising that these students eventually find themselves in the same position as the horse who was not allowed any food. Just when they think that they are doing swimmingly on no work at all they die—mentally; that is they fail to pass their examinations and depart from college.

The peculiar feature in this is that the students do this voluntarily and in full realization of the danger they are running. The poor horse if it could, would no doubt have preferred in dying in some other manner than starvation. Most failures among the students, however, seem to take a positive delight in losing whatever brain power they do possess by the simple process of curbing their mental faculties."

Here it seems to us is suitable material for a whole term's course of meditations. In these days of new op-

portunities in the fields naval disarmament, politics in Quebec and so on, why not make the best of our opportunities here?

For instance, the response of those in College to the appeals of the Mitre for material are constantly disregarded. There are many students in the College who are quite capable of writing excellent articles, suitable for publication in the Mitre, but who refrain from doing so, either from an exaggerated sense of modesty or else because they are in the same position as the horse referred to above. Some people seem to think that the dining hall is the only place where starvation can overtake a student, but there is also the realm of speech. The Literary and Debating Society holds forth open arms, welcoming students to come and receive free experience in the art of Oratory. How often the appeal falls on unheeding ears! As for the part athletics should play in a student's life we refer you to an article on this subject elsewhere in this issue. We think this is quite enough in this strain, perhaps too much, so we will close with a short quotation from Cowper, which we recommend to the intelligent reader.

"For 't is a truth, well known to most,
That whatsoever thing is lost,
We seek it, ere it comes to light,
In every cranny but the right."

SPORTSMANSHIP

Sportsmanship is one of those words which we always think is very hard to define. Perhaps it would also be unwise to define it too severely so as to exclude certain things that we now consider under the head of sportsmanship whenever we are brought into contact with them.

Sportsmanship is perhaps better understood by illustration than by definition. A clear instance of what we consider to be pure, clean sportsmanship is shown in the 1929 Loyola College Rugby Annual. As few of our readers may have the opportunity of reading this publication we make an extract or two for their benefit.

"After outscoring McGill in two closely contested games, and then suffering a severe relapse at the hands of Bishop's, Loyola, fighting with her back to the wall, held her only hope in snatching victory from the Purple and White of Lennoxville. After sixty minutes of the finest and hardest fought football seen on the Campus, the Maroon had gallantly yielded to a better team. Thus, with hopes and ambitions shattered, the twenty-one athletes who had carried the colours of Loyola for the season of '29, were forced to seek comfort in the realization that in fighting for victory they had achieved defeat."

"One of the greatest satisfactions that we can find in defeat is the realization that we were fairly beaten by a superior team. This year the Bishop's squad which conquered Loyola was one of the finest ever to represent that college,

possessing speed, weight, courage, and what was most outstanding, a true sense of sportsmanship. There is nothing which speaks louder for a College and will do more to bring two institutions closer together than a representation such as the Bishop's Provincial Championship team of '29."

In this it seems to us that Loyola has fulfilled the Concise Oxford Dictionary definition of a Sportsman, i.e. "one who is not afraid of taking the risk of failure".

* * *

Life?

Life?

It's a "desert-wandering"
O'er sun-scorch'd lands accurs'd;
An endless searching for a spring
To quench a fev'rish thirst.

Life?

It's a journeying in the night
Over a wildering way;
A constant longing for the light
That comes with dawning day.

Life?

It's a voyaging o'er a sea
'Mid frenzied billows' foam;
A praying that the ship may be
Safe-brought to its haven-home.

Life?

It's a toilsome travelling
Thro' hours of stressful day;
A yearning for the dusk to bring
Release from Trouble's sway.

Life?

It's a flying thro' a storm
To dream'd-of heights afar;
A trusting that all clouds but form
A curtain for a Star!

—Muriel S. McHarg.

The Faerie Queene

By E. E. Boothroyd

Every right-feeling person has some particularly absurd and impossible thing he would like to do, some impish prank he would like to play, or thinks he would like to play. My private dream is to get hold of a dozen captains of industry, hard-headed business men with no softness or nonsense about them, and shut them up without a single cigar or even a whisky and soda, until they have read as much of the *Faerie Queene* as Spenser managed to get down on paper — some six books and an odd canto or two if my memory serves me aright. I don't want to know what they would think about the poem. I don't care a button for the fact that the experience would serve as a test of their characters, separating the sheep from the goats, demonstrating which of them had the imaginative quality that distinguishes the business genius from the mere man of affairs. Such considerations would make an examination or an intelligence test of the matter, and examinations and intelligence tests are the abomination of desolation. It's just the sight of twelve business men reading the *Faerie Queene* that I want to see — and that I never shall see.

Perhaps this impish desire on my part is due to the way in which the poem reveals the Puckish tricks that genius loves to play with its victims. The poet decides upon a subject, sketches a plan, and then as his pen begins to "body forth the shapes of things unknown" his genius awakens, yawns, stretches, smiles quietly, and leads him away "thorough bush, thorough briar" far from the neat and orderly path he had meant to tread. Milton designed "to justify the ways of God to man", and wrote an epic of which Satan was the hero. Shakespeare thought to tickle the ears of the groundlings with the vociferations of a comic Jew, and created the great tragic figure of Shylock. And Spenser, as he wrote to Raleigh, proposed as "the general end of all books to fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline," proposed, that is, to write a manual of ethics with sections on Holiness, Temperance, Chastity, and the like, and naturally, since he was a poet and writing in Ireland to boot, produced the best history of Elizabethan England.

There are two ways of writing history, the scholastic, which evolves a chronicle of events, explaining in logical fashion what happened and how it all came about, and which bases itself upon documentation — such a work as Froude produced after deep burrowings in the manuscripts at Simancas and prolonged porings over the Cecil papers — and the poetic, which reveals the spirit of the past, the way in which men looked at life in bye-gone times. The one presents the body, the other the soul, of history. Even pro-

fessional historians are coming to appreciate this fact and to recognise that the best history of an age is not a post facto account by a future writer, or even a compilation of statutes and charters, but its literature. In his presidential address to the American Historical Association at Durham last December, Dr. Robinson frankly admitted that he preferred "Chaucer to Stubbs' Select Charters and Shakespeare to Gee and Hardy". The selection of Shakespeare as the historian of the Elizabethan Age was probably due to a delicate consideration for the feelings of his auditors, all of whom would have some knowledge of the plays, while some might not yet have made the acquaintance of the *Elvish Queene*, or perhaps to the fact that Shakespeare's is the name that first comes into the mind when thinking of Elizabethan literature. Deeper reflection would, in all probability, have led the president to sacrifice delicacy to accuracy and substitute the name of Spenser.

All the main features of the age are vividly presented to the reader who wanders through the six books of the *Faerie Queene*. The stories of the Red Crosse Knight and Guyon, of Britomart, Artegall and the Squire of Dames drive home the fact that this was the "Age of Adventure". The spirit in which Spenser's heroes went forth on their quests was that which animated Drake and Frobisher and Chancellor in their ventures over seas, and Hatton and Raleigh and Leicester, the adventurers of the Court. And this was naturally so from the career of the author and the circumstances under which the poem was composed. Spenser had played a part in the great struggle with Spain and the Papacy, and was, at the moment of writing, one of the "Undertakers" engaged in the plantation of Munster. The very poem itself is an adventure. Every canto is a search for new things. Spenser was seeking for a new language, a new verse form, for new methods of description. He was driven out into the wild by the restless longing for novelty of the true adventurer, and like so many of his Elizabethan fellows, like Oxenham and Willoughby and Barker of Bristol, he never came home to port — his poem was left unfinished.

Another aspect of the age of which, when the League of Nations functions at Geneva and Naval Limitation Conferences meet in Washington and London, we need a poet to remind us, is that it was not only an age of strife, but a time when men liked fighting, more, when they actually enjoyed killing their enemies. England being hemmed in on every side by what she regarded as the powers of evil, the duty of an Englishman was to smite, and smite strongly, and the duty was also a pleasure. Spenser had

been with Grey of Wilton at Smerwick when the Spanish and Italian filibusters were cut down almost to a man, and in spite of being "the gentle poet", probably felt that the massacre was a good piece of work well done. No one can turn over half-a-dozen pages of his epic without experiencing the joy of conflict and feeling of satisfaction when one or other of the powers of evil is "done in". This Elizabethan spirit meets us at the outset when the Red Crosse Knight encounters the Saracen Sans Foy. After some excellent and approximately equal hammering the Saracen got home heavily on the Red Crosse Knight,

"Who thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark
Of native vertue gan eftsoones revive;
And at his haughty helmet marking mark,
So hugely stroke, that it the steele did rive,
And cleft his head. He, tumbling downe alive,
With bloody mouth his mother earth did kis.
Greeting his grave; his grudging ghost did strive
With the fraile flesh; at last it flitted is,
Whither the soules doe fly of men that live amis."

Here is no feeling of horror at the sight of blood and wounds and death, but a feeling rather of relish, and of satisfaction that not merely has the scoundrel's body been adequately carved but his soul sent to hell. The Elizabethan was not a humane age. The tearing out and treading under foot of Gloucester's eyes in *King Lear*, which seemed the acme of horror to the Victorian, was probably one of the major attractions for the bulk of the audience at the original presentation of the play; and the ghastly and gory details of an execution for treason delighted the Elizabethan Englishman as the auto-da-fé did his Spanish contemporary or as the bull-fight does a modern Spaniard.

From the accession of Elizabeth to the defeat of the Armada danger was the very atmosphere England breathed. The situation on Elizabeth's accession is portrayed in a despatch of the Spanish ambassador De Feria, who wrote, "The truth is the realm is in such a state that we could best negotiate here sword in hand. They have neither men, money, leaders, nor fortresses, while the country contains in abundance every requisite for the support of an army". And a large Spanish force was cantoned just across the Channel, and remained as a permanent menace until 1588. The feeling of being beset by perils on every side must have been constantly present to the mind of the Elizabethan Englishman, and is as clearly communicated to the reader of the *Faerie Queene* as the spirit of adventure or the love of fighting which acted as a practical antidote to the sense of danger. The Red Crosse Knight is assailed by Error, falls a prey to the schemes of Archimago (the Papacy), fights for his life with Sans Foy (Faithlessness) — and what a menace treachery was is shown by the cares of Cecil and Walsingham — is seduced by the wizard charms of Duessa (Mary of Scots) almost entrapped by the pride and pleasure of life, and falls into bondage to Spain (Orgoglio) until released by Leicester. Spenser intended his poem to be an historical as well as a moral allegory, and

the allegorical handling of the reign makes a deeper impression upon the feelings of the reader than any direct narrative could have done.

Superstition and the belief in witch-craft and magic have vanished from the modern view of life, or at most remain in a jocular throwing of spilled salt over the shoulder and sitting upon a handkerchief when fortune is unfavourable at cards. But the *Faerie Queene* shows, even more clearly than *Macbeth*, how integral a part they were of the Elizabethan outlook. It is not the fact that the whole poem is a fairy-story which forces home this belief in the occult and the consequent dread of super- and extra-human powers so much as the handling of the episodes. Spenser, who had lived in Lancashire the home of witches and was actually living when he wrote the poem on the verge of a fairy-haunted forest, firmly believed in the magical powers of an Archimago or a Duessa and is able to communicate his belief to the reader, and so give him the Elizabethan point of view. This is one of the greatest of Spenser's services to historical understanding, for it is almost impossible for a student in this sceptical and scientific age to appreciate, in any other way, how it could have been that warriors and statesmen in former times frequently based their actions on a belief in the maleficent powers of some miserable hag. Once such a belief has been imaginatively acquired, however, through the operation of the equally magical powers of the poet, understanding and appreciation of the past becomes possible.

The riot of colour and pageantry that runs rife through the six books of the poem reveals another characteristic of sixteenth century England, its susceptibility to the sensuous appeal of colour and love of the glitter and show of life. Wherever Elizabeth went in her frequent progresses through her kingdom she was met by a glowing pageant, and wherever the student turns in the *Faerie Queene* he will be greeted in like maner. Langland's presentation of the Seven Deadly Sins is a series of realistic sketches of human beings; Avarice is a sordid cheating tradesman, Gluttony a tavern-haunting drunkard, who vomits up his debauch on the threshold of the inn, and must be taken home by wife and maid. Spenser, treating the same theme, paints a set of pageant figures riding upon symbolical, almost heraldic, beasts, Sloth on an "Asse", Gluttony on a "filthie swyne", Avarice upon a "camell". The whole epic is a pageant, an allegorical presentation of contemporary history and the spiritual life. In the detail work the love of colour, especially of red, the brightest and warmest of colours, is noticeable. Upon the breast of his first hero was worn a "bloodie crosse", in the midst of the knight's struggle with Error and her offspring the poet must needs pause to paint a glowing sunset "when ruddy Phebus gins to welke in west", and Duessa meets us

"clad in scarlot red,
Purfled with gold and pearle of rich assay:
And like a Persian mitre on her hed
Shee wore, with crowns and owches garnished."

The epic blazes as brightly as Kenilworth on the occasion

A Forgotten Chapter in Indian History

By the Rev. R. A. Malden, '10.

In a dreary and dusty side street of Agra there is a cemetery, passed over by the tripper and the casual wayfarer as of no interest, yet the bones lying there once enshrined gallant spirits who did as much and more to make modern India, as many who are awarded public funerals. The immediate sight striking the eye of the visitor is that while the type of tomb is that of a well-to-do Mussulman, an octagonal building surmounted by a dome, the whole raised on a few steps, yet the spike or crescent at the point of the dome is here replaced by a cross; for this is the "old cemetery" dating back from the time of the great Akbar, containing the remains of adventurers from many European countries who travelled East in search of fame and gold and who fought, intrigued and gambled with death, finally leaving their bones under the eastern sun and their names to oblivion, save when the scanty remains of an inscription are deciphered by the curious.

Here lies Veronio, who may have built the Taj Mahal, and here, under a red dome is Walter Reinhard or Sumroo, who began life as a private soldier and ended it as Governor of Agra and the Maker of princes. Walter may have come from Luxemburg, but is first heard of as a private soldier in the French service in India in 1757.

It was May, and Clive had ousted the French from Chandernagore near Calcutta, allowing a small body of French troops to march off to the Nawab of Bengal. This protector having fallen, the French troops kept together and enlisted in the service of Gregory Khan, an Armenian, who ruled at Patna under the shadowy authority of the Great Moghul at Delhi. Gregory's commander becoming Nawab of Bengal in his turn, entrusted a brigade to Sumroo, as Walter was termed (the Swarthy), and when the inevitable quarrel with the rising English power occurred it was the troops trained by Sumroo who faced the English at Geriah in 1763 and broke the line, capturing two guns and destroying the 84th. regiment. The Nawab slew his English prisoners, the guilt of this was always attached by the English to Sumroo, who as a result, was sought for eagerly by the advancing English army. When the English garrison of Patna mutined the native portion of the army joined Sumroo, a further cause for English hatred, and henceforth any proposed treaty with any native power which seemed to have any thing to do with Sumroo always had a clause in it relating to his surrender.

In 1765 the battle of Buxar placed the English in complete control of all Bengal and sealed the fate of the Nawab as a possible rival power. Sumroo had either to

surrender or to flee as a fugitive, so he showed his skill and judgment by doing neither; with his whole force he escorted the Nawab to the Emperor's camp at Allahabad and offered the Great Moghul his services. Just to show what he could do, he spent a few weeks in collecting by force more revenue from a portion of the province than all the Emperor's peaceful methods could achieve. But Moghuls were never conspicuous for gratitude, and the weak Shah Alam, more afraid of the English than of Sumroo, abandoned him and the Nawab; the latter fled and Sumroo, still followed by his army, boldly marched north to near Delhi, where the local Rajah of Bhurtpore was striving to snatch what he could out of the fast crumbling Moghul empire. With six guns, four battalions of foot and one of horse, he embarked on a career of piracy and free-booting, except that he was always on dry land, but the methods were the same; hiring himself, now to one now to another of the contending Rajahs, he always escaped death and managed to be there on pay day, which as he usually arranged the date and method of payment, was not difficult, till in 1760 Rajah Ranjit Singh made him the Governor of Agra fort.

There he rebuilt the church which had been founded in the time of Akbar, and the inscription telling how he restored the old building is still to be seen, and the building is still in use by the Catholics of Agra.

The Governor of the royal city of Delhi joined in the general scramble for power, and found himself opposed by Sumroo, who having beaten him and secured his treasure, was formally taken into the Imperial service, and became a pensioner of Shah Alam, being granted a fief of Jagir in 1773 which was known as the Principality of Sardhana. Bhurtpore now felt Sumroo's heavy fist, in spite of the fact that they had been allies once, and Agra saw him installed as Governor the second time, where he died on May 4th, 1778. His widow assumed command of the troops and was confirmed in the Jagir and was known as the Begum Sumroo; she was a most remarkable person, and outshone her valiant and blood-thirsty spouse by equal deeds of daring and a greater vindictiveness, finally achieving a place in history as an ally to the English in their conquest of the final remains of the Moghul's empire.

Sumroo had a wife, by some sort of loose method, who bore him a son, Zaffer Yab Khan, but she was insane, and he picked up with a slave girl and married her in Mussulman fashion; this lady, in the light of after events, was found to be of noble birth, much the same as any

CONT. ON PAGE 43

Athletics in a College Career

By E. Parkinson, B.A.

Odd as it may sound, and peculiar as it may seem to the college student, the great majority of people labour under the impression that studies occupy most of a man's life while at a university. Especially does this seem to be the point of view of parents and other elderly relatives, who cannot perceive that there is anything else to occupy a college man's time at one of these seats of learning. Alas that we should have to rob them of this comfortable belief, but the facts are far otherwise. Not more than one-eighth of the time is passed poring over books which "Dad" so ungrudgingly pays for. Lectures, of course, occupy a few more hours each day, and few students can work properly on less than eight hours sleep, but even so there remains between eight and ten hours, at the least estimate, which must be filled somehow, and the manner in which this time is spent decides to a great extent the character of the student.

The pursuits engaged in by the students to occupy this time, range from solitaire and bridge to "bull" sessions and football, and may all, perhaps, be spoken of collectively as college activities. It is with athletics in relation to the other phases of college activities that this article deals. Considering athletics, then, from the viewpoint of those awe-inspiring people, the college officials, everything seems to be in favor of the athlete. It is a well known fact that a group of young people thrown together must find some means of dissipating the excess energy with which their bodies are stored, and if the energy does not find vent in harmless amusements then something has to suffer. That is the reason why there are so many foolish rags and tumults, so much gating and fining around Easter time. The season for the more strenuous athletic games has ended, the June exams are not yet perilously imminent, and there is really nothing else to do except those things which are forbidden. Therefore students do those forbidden things and get into trouble. The condition of the college may be imagined if there were no organized athletic competitions throughout the whole year, when their cessation for the period of six weeks causes so much trouble. From this standpoint alone, athletics are of prime importance, and should meet with the hearty approval and warm support of both faculty and parents.

Keeping the students out of trouble, however, is only one of the minor results of athletic activities; far more important is the effect on the athlete's character. This is a point which is always stressed at the conclusion of a season by after-dinner speakers, but which is never heard from the coach during the training period, because he knows

that if the players follow his precepts, the right kind of character will be formed without any lecture on the ethics of the situation. No matter what "bally-hoo" may be given out after the season, the coach is there to turn out a winning team, if it is humanly possible, and character training is merely incidental. Nevertheless, the results are much better than if he had purposely tried to instil certain qualities into each player's make-up. Before a team can win anything it must act as a team, not as a collection of individuals; and to do this each member must be ready to sacrifice himself for the benefit of the whole. The greatest curse of any team is the "grand-stand player"; the flashy individual who performs (or more often attempts to perform) spectacular plays in order to win applause for himself, regardless of the effect which a misplay on his part will have on the morale of his team, and regardless also of the fact that perhaps a greater advantage could have been secured through co-operation with his team-mates. This type of player is selfish, and his faults must be drilled out of him. Take the quarter-back for instance; he handles the ball in nine plays out of ten. What would be the result if he tried to "hog" the ball whenever possible? How far would a basketball team go if each member wanted to score all the baskets instead of passing to another player more favorably situated?

Next to being unselfish, the participant in athletic sports must be courageous or, as the slang word more aptly puts it, game. This does not mean that a player must be foolhardy, continuing to play after he has been seriously injured, and rushing into the most precarious positions on the slightest provocation. Not only does this behaviour injure the individual, it also weakens the team, since no one can play as well after being injured. But, on the other hand the athlete cannot afford to neglect opportunities merely because he may receive a bad bump. It takes a great deal of courage to tackle a charging 190 lb. football player, or to body-check a heavy, fast-skating winger, especially near the end of a game when that whole body is sore from repeated hard knocks, and every aching muscle cries out for relief. Yet it is at this time that gameness is most essential, and shows up most conspicuously in the team possessing the greatest degree of that virtue. If a player does not possess this attribute, he is useless, and must be drilled until the taking of chances becomes second nature to him. Then also, the athlete must be cheerful, and uncomplaining; and if you would accept the word of one who has had some experience in a very difficult position for keeping the tempo, the line, it requires some effort and a good deal of for-

bearance to be cheerful and grin after some large, uncouth creature has walked over your legs, someone else fallen on your chest, and two or three other people have taken passing kicks at your face. But a morose, grouchy player cannot learn team-work in the way that the man with the better disposition does. A team composed of individuals having these characteristics will play hard, clean sports, and although they may not win every time, yet when the contest is over, both they and their opponents will have the satisfaction of having aided the cause of athletics, and so, indirectly, the good of the whole community.

Now it is my contention that the other organized college activities do not foster and strengthen these virtues to the same degree that athletic sports do. So let us take each one in order, not of merit, as that might lead to jealousy and bitter strife, but safely in alphabetical order. The Chess Club, although it seems to be defunct this year, has in the past numbered a large part of the student body among its supporters, and it must be admitted that this pastime develops patience to a remarkable extent, but in no other way does it improve the character. But if one takes up golf, which some people insist on classifying as an athletic pursuit, the same virtue of patience is needed in almost as high a degree.

Debating runs athletics a close second, so far as character building is concerned; for the debater requires courage—though of an altogether different type from that demanded by sports—patience, quick thinking and consideration for the feelings of others. But all these things and more are demanded of the athlete who would compete with any degree of success. Dramatics and its affiliated society, the Reading Circle, improve character in so far as their activities lead to imitating the character depicted in the plays. But the members may be led to imitate undesirable characters, and so this society may have a degrading effect on the student, and at best, the effect is only passive, in that the result is arrived at by imitation, not by constructive action. Then too, the best character in any play falls far short of perfection, and so the standard aimed at is less than the ideal which is the goal of all athletes who wish to attain pre-eminence in their particular line of endeavour. But besides the players, there are a whole host of officials and workers connected with the Dramatic Society, and though their work certainly does not call for a great amount of tact, patience and resourcefulness, yet it is to be feared that their work may sometimes have an adverse effect on their character. They come back to college from rehearsals worn out, nervous and irritable, ready to snap at any bystander, no matter how unoffending, who comes within their range of vision.

The Glee Club, as it appears to the average layman, does no work whatever in building character, except perhaps among those unfortunates who live near the Common Room where the practices are held; and they certainly must develop a good deal of patience since no move has been made towards influencing the club to change its quarters.

It does, of course, develop a sense of the aesthetic, of the beautiful in music, which must have profound effect on the lives of all in whom it is an important element. Nor does the work of the Mitre develop character, except perhaps a certain amount of diplomacy in explaining why an article has not been accepted, and that virtue which it has in common with all the other activities; a readiness to give up one's own time and enjoyment in order that the work of the society may be well done.

Unwilling as I may be to say anything against the Officers' Training Corps, it must be admitted that the corps does little to develop the inner man. True, it does instil the necessity for obeying as well as giving commands, but that wider patriotism which it should foster, the urge to prepare oneself for the defence of the country, is entirely lacking, and its place is taken by the narrower idea of loyalty to the college. Most members do not join the corps in order to acquire a military training, but simply because it is of financial assistance to the Students' Association.

Besides their obvious inferiority to athletics, where character building is concerned, none of the other activities, except the Officers' Training Corps, give an opportunity for working off the superfluous energy mentioned at the beginning of this article. Some form of athletic activity is necessary for the health of every college student, and all possible aid should be given to the exponents of college sports. The next time that a college team comes here to play, look the players over carefully when they are not in uniform. The expression is not noticed among our own men because we know their faces too well, but it may easily be observed in a group of strangers. The same clear eye and alert look, appear on every countenance, and above all the same expression of determination and will can be perceived by even the most casual observer. It is the mark of an athlete, the man who is prepared, not only for the game today, but also for eventualities in his later life.

THE LAST RAID

This is the end, my Friends, the long night falls,
 And we must forward to the battle line
 Where the gas strangles and strange flare-lights shine.
 Above the noise of life, death's bugle calls
 From fortified heights behind unearthly walls.
 Here, ere the end come, put your hands in mine
 And drink this toast in life's last cup of wine—
 "To iron resolve and love that never falls".
 From this long raid, there is no turning back,
 For drowning dark will hide the world from sight:
 Keen, strong and resolute, we say, "Good bye".
 Some star will guide us with its heavenly light,
 Though we may stumble up the broken track,
 And, as of old, we do not fear to die.
 Sept. 29th, 1929. —Frederick George Scott.

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Upon no two persons does it produce exactly the same effects. For me, I should be utterly lost without it!"

With this explanation, which was at the same time an apology, the mysterious Hindoo made his way slowly and painfully into another apartment, leaving the two Canadians alone.

A mere glance at the face of Ibn Ben Hassan informed one that he was no ordinary man. Beneath the bright-hued turban, in the centre of which gleamed a large and beautiful diamond, was a pair of eyes full of mysterious Power! A heavy black beard and very pointed and up-turned moustache, slightly streaked with grey, added to the general impression of virility and dignity.

Even the sceptical Parker recognized this Mental Force underlying the outward tokens of pain and weakness.

"I take it all back, Fred," he whispered.

"What's that?" asked the Captain, evidently pre-occupied.

"That 'Nigger' stuff, of course. The man is a gentleman!"

"Well, I should say he was!" cried Jessop enthusiastically. "He's just as much a white man as you or I; you can see at a glance that he's of the purest Aryan stock. As far as education is concerned, I can only say that Old Oxford seldom sent out a man better equipped in that line. You may take that straight from me, and I certainly ought to know what I'm talking about, as Hassan was my very best chum at Oriel, roomed next door to me for three years. Great sport, too, but the poor old chap injured his back one day when a mixed party were after the hounds, not through any fault of his own, let me tell you, as he was one of the finest riders I ever saw — even in the Army! Rottenest luck imaginable! It takes an extra good M.F.H. to provide against accidents at that game, and unfortunately a silly girl got hold of far too high-mettled a mount, lost control, and would have forfeited life as well, hadn't our friend here sized up the situation, and, riding like a demon, interposed his beast between hers and the edge of the Cliff overhanging the River. Stopped the runaway, and saved the girl, but could not prevent his own beautiful mare from carrying him over instead. Never saw a more heroic thing, by Jove! Mare's neck broken, and Hassan reduced to the condition in which you have just seen him. Took his medicine like a man, however, never a whimper. Though incapacitated for actual fighting, he is right on the spot here ready to do his bit, and, were it not for his infernal modesty, partly no doubt due to oversensitiveness, the world would be put wise to the mighty big 'bit' he is contributing! Between you and me, Parker, — you may let Farwell in on this — much of my success in solving the puzzles I come up against in my line of work is due to his truly remarkable Powers! I told you about that scoundrelly German Rhodes Scholar, Fuchs, of Wadham College, and his diabolical 'Mirror' at X —, also about the 'Diary' written in the German secret Code, that I found on searching his carcase. I did not feel free at the

time to mention the name of the man whose wonderful patience and, shall I say 'cleverness'? — found the key to the enigma, and thus revealed the true inwardness of the conspiracy that cost Britain the life of her greatest soldier. Prior to that, Hassan put me wise to the secret meeting-place of the 'Grey Deserters' in Old Quebec! The Prince's family has always been noted for its unwavering loyalty to the British Crown, even when the power of the 'Raj' seemed hopelessly undermined, as in that awful nightmare, the Indian Mutiny! The present Rajah, Hassan's father, is worthy of the best traditions of his race. This fine Camp, with its splendidly equipped and mounted men, is commanded by our friend's elder brother, and is armed and paid and fed and kept at the highest pitch of efficiency without the slightest expense to the British tax-payer! Of course, this is by no means a solitary instance: many of the Native Princes are doing this sort of thing."

"Yes, thank the Lord! Another shrewd smack at German theories. 'Canada will not fight!' Oh, no, not at all! 'India will rebel!' Looks awful like it just round here, now don't it?"

The burly Flight-lieutenant had evidently forgotten that he had used the opprobrious term 'niggers' of these good friends and allies of Old England.

Captain Jessop continued:

"In addition to the invaluable assistance he has given me in my work, Hassan is here as a sort of Adviser and Chief of Staff for his brother. Now, old chap, when you think of all —"

Further conversation on that theme was put to a stop by the return of the subject of it.

As the stately figure of the Sikh Prince approached, Parker could not help thinking what a pity it was that so fine a man should be condemned through no fault of his own to a lifetime of weakness and pain.

"Poor beggar", he said to himself, "what a whirlwind he must have been on horse-back!"

"I have pleasures that the World knows nothing of," replied Ben Hassan in response to the Flight-lieutenant's unspoken thought. "And yet, brother, I thank thee for thy sympathy!" This, with a very pleasant smile, and a low bow.

"Eh! —er—er— that is, I beg your pardon!" ejaculated the Bird-man in red-faced confusion. This was more than he bargained for; thought-reading had hitherto not been regarded by him as a serious possibility!

"At your suggestion, Captain," went on Hassan in a matter-of-fact way, as if the above feat were quite unworthy of mention. "I am going to put our good friend here to the pipe-test. Of course, if he is at all averse to —"

"Not at all, Sir," broke in Parker.

"The Prince means that he wishes you to join him in a pipe of hasheesh," explained Jessop. "Do you no harm, I assure you, as I did it myself at his request."

"Of course I'm game," replied the somewhat be-

CONT. ON PAGE 27

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LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

The Duke of Marlborough

By John N. Wood, B.A.

The achievements of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, are too well known to bear detailed repetition. His exploits during the war of the Spanish Succession have been equalled by few and surpassed by none. That he was a very remarkable man none will deny, but few would admit that he was an admirable character. This essay is intended to throw some light on Marlborough's character rather than record his deeds.

To the average reader who has met this great soldier in his readings he is a mean and treacherous individual, albeit a great general. This view is erroneous; true, he was not a Sunday school model, but neither was he so great a scoundrel as he has been pictured by so many writers. People have a habit of labelling others as good or bad, as their fancy or judgment tells them. This is a very handy but totally erroneous method of settling a man's character. No man is as wholly bad or so wholly good that they may be so classed. The vast majority belong somewhere between these two extremes, and so it is with the Great Duke.

The two faults or crimes for which Marlborough has been condemned were patent enough, extreme avarice and treachery. His great passion was to amass wealth and in carrying out this object he was singularly successful. He has been accused of embezzling money intended for the use of his army; whether this was true I cannot say, but it has never been proved. Despite his desire for money, however, he married the beautiful, yet penniless Sarah Jennings in preference to several rich heiresses who would have been glad to marry so promising a soldier.

In politics he attempted to play an impossible game. He hated party politics and intrigue and for many years he hoped it might be possible to belong to no party, and to govern with no party. But it was in those days of party quarrels that party government first took root. It came as the natural result of Parliamentary Government, and was fostered by the spirit of self-interest which the Jacobite struggles introduced, which made men lose sight of their country's good that their party might triumph. This political atmosphere fostered Marlborough's bad qualities. He, like everyone else, was ambitious and sought his own interest. Thus he, in common with many others, became a traitor to James II; then he betrayed William of Orange and he

would have betrayed Anne if it would have served any good purpose. Thus we see him actuated by self-interest, love of power and money.

Now let us look at his good side. His military genius is sufficiently displayed by his amazing career and as a diplomatist he was equally great. He could manage men as well as he could manage armies, and in the same way he could rule himself. In the midst of the bitterest provocation, of the deepest anxiety and the most terrible excitement, he always remained calm and dignified. Nothing could ruffle his serene temper, no one could resist his calm courtesy. In a dissolute age he remained a pure and devoted husband. He was a loving father and a faithful friend as his long years of friendship with Godolphin prove. He was free from the vices of drunkenness and swearing, and tried his best to make his soldiers follow his example. His camp was always clean and well-behaved, and his soldiers always followed him with implicit trust and obedience. He cared for them under all circumstances, his correspondence being full of instances of his desire to lessen the horrors of war. All his affairs were managed with the utmost care, his soldiers were always regularly paid and well-provisioned. He insisted that there was to be no plundering or pillaging by his soldiery.

When these characteristics are weighed against his faults we see that Marlborough was not entirely a villain, and we can but deplore the fact that a man possessed of so many good qualities should be smirched by bad ones.

It is true that much of what he accomplished was done from motives which were not always of the highest; but he was urged on by the consciousness of the danger of Louis XIV which he had learned from William of Orange.

He raised England, abased by the servility of Charles II, to the proud position of champion of European liberty and led her again to play a leading rôle in Continental politics. Marlborough's greatness must be judged by the work he did and the way in which he did it. The greatness of his work is not diminished by the fact that his motives were not entirely worthy.

Regardless of his character as a man there is little doubt that he is the greatest military genius that England has ever produced.

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LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

A Few Remarks from Our Honoured Guest

By Eileen M. Montgomery, B.A.

It is with the greatest pleasure that I take advantage of this opportunity of telling you a little about the society which I am representing at the Congress of Contemporary Thought. As you are all aware, the Society for the Prevention of the Publication of Books was founded by the dean of one of our great universities, who felt that in so doing he was meeting a need long felt. The modern undergraduate, he found, was reading a few books on certain set subjects, accepting every word as fact, and doing absolutely no original thinking. To his horror he saw the mental life of the present generation in that morass of stagnation where its moral outlook, as you will all agree, has long since been engulfed. Had there been no books, the students in our colleges, he felt, would have developed initiative and originality in their thinking, instead of this slavish imitation of what the printed page could give them.

For in the final analysis, of what use are books? Undoubtedly they impart a certain amount of information. But where does this information lead? Even granting that people believe all they read in books, how many would act upon information thus gained? Very few if any, as you well know. Experience always has been and always will be the great teacher. Why then spend time, energy, and money on the publication of books which impart a number of vaguely remembered, half comprehended ideas and sentiments to our minds? — minds which are bound eventually to experience these ideas and sentiments and to attach a definite meaning to them at some time in life.

The reading of books, we are told, induces reflection. But how much of our thinking is real reflection when every thought runs in a groove chiselled out by some writer of books? You will say that the author of the books must benefit. But what is an author, or even a score of authors, when it is the intellectual future of our great country which we consider? The greatest thinkers in the world had no books to guide their thoughts along the proper channels. Plato was never a member of the Book-Of-The-Month Club, nor was Confucius.

But Plato and Confucius, say you, had then no means of knowing the ineffable joy of sinking down to read a good book after a good dinner. You are indeed high-minded! Your book may represent momentary pleasure to you and bread and butter to perhaps ten or a dozen workers. After your good dinner go downtown to a movie. You will be adding your mite to swell the fund which feeds a thousand humans — your fellow-creatures. After your good dinner your book is soothing, no doubt. Why not be thoroughly animal and sleep for a while, then do some

prowling about to benefit the body as well as clear the brain?

Reading books, you may say, is recreation after the strain of your work. But does reading free you from strain? What book have you ever read which did not subject you to strain of some sort? Physical — for you must hold your book, or at least turn the leaves, and often cut them too; mental strain — for your mind must be to some degree alert in order to grasp what the book is about; emotional strain—for situations are presented to you to which you must in some degree react. Have you ever read a book which caused you no strain of any sort? No; because you fell asleep over the first page, or put it away in disgust. Why, then, pick it up in the first place? Why have it there to pick up?

Now our society will do away with these books, where advantages, as I have demonstrated, are distinctly counterbalanced by the facts which I have brought against them. Far too much money is spent on books. Picture, for example, the labourer working overtime perhaps, to earn an arithmetic book for his daughter. She uses the book for a year, passes an examination, and comes home the next day with the wrong change from the corner grocery; for her arithmetic book has taught her to measure the cubic contents of a hexagonal room with five windows, a door, and two radiators, but not how to count the change from two dollars. It is dreadful. This man might well have taken those extra hours to teach his little girl the rudiments of high finance in the bosom of his family. This child too may by now be wearing glasses to correct eye-strain; her unfortunate parent must pay for more books to aggravate this condition, as well as for the actual spectacles.

I have already pointed out the wear and tear on the whole human organization occasioned by the reading of books. Books, as a matter of fact only amplify and dilate upon the stuff whereof our daily newspaper is made. What tabloid has not the story of Othello, stripped of the florid imagery of Shakespeare perhaps, but no less a drama of real life. What newspaper does not give politics, history, theology, comedy, social life, in the most convenient and easily assimilated form? We of the present simply have not the time nor the money for books. Why publish them, to inveigle the unsuspecting public into buying what can do them no good and may do them harm?

Consider too the false impression left by books. No one can read every book ever written on any given subject. Reading a selected few, leaves us biassed and in a worse state than we were before we began to read. We fall more or less under the same impressions as did the European



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SHERBROOKE

who visited America. He had read Sinclair Lewis' works, and was surprised and even aggrieved upon his arrival to find no Main Street stretching from the Statue of Liberty to the Golden Gate, as he had been led by his reading to infer to be the case.

And this is not the worst. Books are appearing in ever-increasing numbers. Someone pounces on one of the many. "This should be in the hand of every thinking person in our great land." His neighbour snarls, "No self-respecting person would have this in his house." The battle is on. The censor steps in where the public fears to tread. Right or wrong, people are bound to try the forbidden fruit. If this continues, we shall live to see the day when literary bootlegging will rage rampant in the land; book bandits will prey upon society. Now why not remove once and for all the cause of the trouble? Why not lay the axe to the root of the tree? Why not force the publication of books to be discontinued?

But how can we do this? People cannot help but see the evil; but they are content to sit and say, "Our fathers did thus and so." What if they did? This modern age demands modern measures. Books! A timeworn and ungainly method of imparting information, a method no longer practical in this day of progress, mass production and broadened outlook. What are books doing for you? What have they done for me? They have made us see life with jaded gaze, with rut-worn mind, with learning-stunted intellect. We are too late to be helped to the fullest degree by this great society—let us not deny the children growing up around us. Remember the debt we owe to the men and women of tomorrow. When youth pores over books, time does not linger at his elbow. Time is marching on and the world's work is not done. In the name of humanity and progress let us take away this great menace to our sons and daughters; take away the companions of our pampered lives, perhaps, for the sake of many tomorrows.

Women Students' Association

On Thursday afternoon, December 5th, a return game of Basketball was played with the Sherbrooke High School girls at Sherbrooke. Speed and good team work characterized the play of both sides, but the final triumph was Bishop's with a score of 24 - 20 in their favour. The game was capably refereed by I. Stockwell.

Linc-up.

<i>Bishop's</i>		<i>S.H.S.</i>
M. Brewer	Right forward	G. Gaffney
O. Jackson	Left forward	E. Barlow
E. Austin	Centre	M. Bradley
L. Salicis	Right guard	I. Rothney
R. Mead	Left guard	N. Dunsmore
D. Bennett	Wing	L. Jackson

B. Subs:- J. Pearton, M. Ross, G. Jackson.

S. Subs:- B. Wilson, A. Gough, D. McLeod.

On Sunday evening, Dec. 15th, at the regular Chapel Service the Women's Glee Club, under the direction of Mrs. Boothroyd, joined with the Men's Glee Club in giving a selection of carols and old Christmas hymns. These were very much appreciated by the congregation.

On Thursday evening, Jan. 16th, the Executive, on behalf of the Women Students' Association, entertained in their Club Rooms for the Faculty of the University. Miss G. Seale as Senior Lady received the guests. Bridge was played at three tables, the first lady's prize being won by Mrs. Raymond, and the second by Mrs. Boothroyd, while Dr. Boothroyd and Dr. McGreer won the two gentlemen's prizes. At the close of the bridge refreshments were served by the members of the Executive.

On Saturday afternoon, Jan. 18th, Mrs. Raymond entertained at tea the Executive of the Women Students' Association. A very pleasant social hour was spent by everyone present. The members wish to thank Mrs. Raymond for her kind hospitality.

Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary

On the 19th. of this month the Dramatic Society is staging their annual production at the His Majesty's Theatre in Sherbrooke. In choosing, 'Mary, Mary', for their vehicle the Society feels that it has a play which will appeal to everyone and ably sustain the excellent reputation it made doing Shaw's comedy, "You Never Can Tell", last year.

The dressing of the female characters in the play is in Mrs. White's charge, who has kindly consented to come down and help us in this capacity again. It is not quite certain at the time of going to press whether or not the society is going to have a professional Cosmetician to make up the cast. It was felt last year that if an expert could be hired for this year's play it would make a more even and more finished production as a whole. It is a difficult matter for amateurs to make themselves up unless they have had a good deal of practical experience.

Mr. Morgan-Powell of the Montreal "Star", is coming to Bishop's to attend the performance and during his stay at the College will be the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Raymond. The Chancellor may also attend the play.

The list of patrons include Their Excellencies the Governor-General and the Viscountess Willingdon, the Prime Minister of Quebec, the Lord Bishop of Montreal, the Lord Bishop of Quebec, the Chancellor of Bishop's University, and the Mayor of Sherbrooke.

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New Year's Eve

There were two reasons why No. 17 had to stop — the mail and myself, and the mail got the preference. By this I mean that the mail car was brought to a standstill exactly opposite the tiny platform, while my own exit was made eight or nine cars back into a snowdrift, in the which I did both stop and stay while No. 17 slowly drew away into the night and left the track clear by way of footpath. There was no moon nor light of any kind, but down the track I could just see the black outline of the station and the twinkling spot of a signal lamp. It took a good five minutes to get there, as the snow, even on the track, was uncomfortably deep. I had thought the place deserted, but as I banged my way into the ten by twelve waiting room I got a surprise. Three men lay stretched on the floor. It may not be polite to shine a flashlight inquisitively into the faces of three legitimately dormant gentlemen, but I did it. They might have been lumberjacks or they might have belonged to that order of travelling society known as 'bums' — probably the latter. At any rate they did not trouble to wake up, and so picking my way with two suitcases over arms, heads, legs, and packages, I found a bench on the opposite side of the room, near a large Quebec heater that was obviously out. Why the sleepers had neglected the bench as at least a lesser evil in the way of accommodation I do not know, but appropriating it to myself I reflected that perhaps long experience on the floors of freight cars was habit-forming — a suggestion that led in turn to memories of Fr. Burt's synaptic pathways. I have always felt that the place of synaptic pathways in the scheme of life offers a fascinating subject for reflection on the part of all who find themselves waiting for the dawn in a northern Ontario railway station at 4.30 a.m. on a winter's night. By some trick of mental telepathy the same idea must have occurred at the moment to No 2 of the sleeping beauties (they weren't beauties strictly, but they were picturesque, and it would be nonsense to talk of sleeping picturesques) who woke up, to the accompaniment of varied grunts and groans. Finally he sat up and stared in my direction. It was very dark and he could just see the outline of my figure. The discovery seemed to interest him. Quite sensibly, from his point of view, it seemed wholly unreasonable (like a cosmic miracle) for anyone to arrive thereabouts at any time, much less in the night. After ten minutes staring and several bronchial clarifications accompanied by due violations of the 'Defense de Cracher' intimation, he got up, came a little closer, stared again with indecent frankness, and then apparently satisfied with my reality, turned his attention to the stove. First he looked at it, hard. Then he opened the door and looked again, inside. Then he shut the door and looked viciously at it for five minutes on end. Apparently unsatisfied he opened both draughts and waited again for something to happen. Nothing did. Suddenly inspired, he kicked it violently. Still nothing happened. After a moment he

made weird and horrible sounds in his throat, and spat loudly upon the side of the stove. There was not the slightest reaction. Once more he regarded it intently. Then for the first time he spoke, "Dat damn stove is out". He said it to no one in particular, certainly not to me. It was the proclamation of a great and undeniable truth, and it was for all the world to know. The stove was out.

T.A.J.

MY GOWN

My Gown a useful garment is.

In colour it is black.

And when I hear the lecture bell

I sling it on my back.

And thus adorned I sally forth

To grapple with the Arts

Which, like my gown, though being one

Appear as many parts.

I use it for a dusting-cloth

Before I take my chair,

I wipe my pen upon it to

Remove a smudging hair.

And when an enemy appears

I tie it in a knot

And him I smite with all my might—

I tell you, boys, it's hot.

It also makes my boots to shine

When nothing else is 'round;

And when I'm through with it each day

I throw it on the ground.

I tear it when I shut the door,

I rip it on the stair;

But these are marks of service which

It means renown to wear.

It cost a dollar second-hand.

Not worth it? Just you hark

(I verily believe this now)

'It's mate was in the Ark.'

Though neither Scotch nor Hebrew born

One day (Now hear this crack)

I'll sell it to a freshman and

'I'll get my money back.'

See then, my friend so true, so black,

That though you're not the flag,

I have a deep affection for

You, 'venerable rag.'

—John H. Dicker.



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Man's Inhumanity to Animals

By James Hodgkinson.

To a great many people, vivisection is just another word that is difficult to spell. To those who have perspired and "burnt the mid-night oil" over various Latin text-books, however, the word has a very vivid meaning (*L., vivo, seco*). It means, literally, "cutting up alive". To that definition, we need only add the phrase "for experimental purposes", and mention the fact that animals are the material used, and we have a reasonable idea as to what the word implies. The unfortunate part about this dissection of living animals is that the operations are frequently performed without the use of an anesthetic. The victims feel every cut and turn of the knife.

A very common, though erroneous idea is that inoculation experiments come under the heading of vivisection. This is not true. For inoculation purposes, the animals are not "cut up alive". So, though the operation is undeniably a painful one, and though the results obtained are questionable, I believe a good deal of unnecessary quarrelling can be ruled out of the dispute on the understanding that serums and vaccines are not the fruits of vivisection.

Now, an unusually close attention to my studies in English Literature leads me to believe that the rise of humanism is associated with the Romantic Revival. My knowledge of history is not sufficiently extensive to enable me to fix an exact date to this period, but I think I may hazard a guess somewhere in the vicinity of the sixteenth century. I believe that that is correct to within a few hundred years.

My object in endeavouring to fix this date definitely is to point out that the birth of humanism is not related to the origination of vivisection, which was practised in the time of the ancient Greek empire. Vivisectionists find particular delight in counting their pursuit among the outgrowths of that noble spirit of humanitarianism. Instead, they must, to my mind, admit of its origin during a period of semi-civilization.

Humanism, instead of being the foster parent of vivisection, is becoming its deadly enemy. In days past, no one even dreamed of interfering in the high and mighty profession of the vivisectionist; to-day, a great many people are frowning severely upon it; in days to come, men will undoubtedly reject it entirely.

Every once in a while, when the public interest in vivisection begins to run low, up steps a clever little vivisectionist who, in a clear and manly voice, declares that the object of experimentation on living animals is to find remedies for human illnesses. I question that object; I doubt it; I contradict it; I deny it. Push a vivisectionist into a corner, and he will tell you that he seeks, not medical cures but

scientific knowledge along medical lines. It makes no difference how useless that knowledge is; it matters not how costly in animal suffering that knowledge is. "He wants knowledge because — he wants knowledge".

To offset some of the discoveries that may be attributed to animal experimentation are the failures and blunders that have arisen from the cruel practice. Perhaps this statement calls for a case in point: About a year ago, a good deal of excitement was caused by the announcement of a budding doctor that he had successfully rejuvenated an old man. The doctor advertised his achievement, and arranged to have the old man exhibited to the public, to show what medical science could do. A great crowd gathered in a specially selected hall, and waited for the curtain to rise. Unfortunately, when the psychological moment arrived, a messenger appeared to report that the poor old man had gone in quite a definite direction west.

Unmerited laurels must not be awarded to vivisection for results obtained through research work on dead animals which are in reality arrived at through careful examination of human corpses, and by a study of human patients.

Other results have been obtained by experimentation on animals that are alive but anaesthetized. This is a reasonable and painless practice of vivisection, to which even the keenest humanitarian can find little objection.

Two classes of vivisectionists in particular call forth protests of indignation from every humanist. One class includes all those who operate for a purpose which, at the outset, is evidently useless. For example, there is no earthly use in stringing up one hundred and forty-seven dogs, about ten feet above the floor, and permitting them to drop upon a grid of iron bars, to prove conclusively that such a fall will be very injurious to the spine. Anyone with even the raggedest shreds of intelligence would not need to have such a self-evident truth proven to him.

And even if we had had to sink shamefacedly into our graves, in gross ignorance of the vital fact that a fall of ten feet onto a grid of iron bars is injurious to the spine, there would have been less harm done than was inflicted upon those hundred and forty-seven chum dogs.

The second group of vivisectionists is composed of those who practise vivisection for instructive purposes. To illustrate this, let us consider the following: In certain medical colleges, a number of calves each year are set apart for laboratory experiments. They are fastened securely in an unmoveable position, and then a section of one side is cut away to demonstrate the action of the heart, lungs, etc.

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This experiment is being performed repeatedly, whereas a number of photographs, taken at the first experiment, would suffice to impart the required knowledge.

The crowning point of modern vivisection was attained during the recent war. Experiments were carried on freely and extensively upon wounded soldiers. Now, I grant you, many useful discoveries were made. The grafting of flesh and bone was developed almost to perfection. But I leave it with the individual to decide whether such experimentation is desirable. Was it not enough that Canada's sons should go over to face rifle and shell-fire? Need they further have been required to pay homage at the awful altar of science?

Among others who have been subjected to experimental operations are the inmates of orphanages, foundling institutes, and poor-houses. At present there is a proposition under consideration to have all murderers handed over to the same tender cares.

What justification have we for these experiments? We hear the thunderous words of Cicero come echoing from the dim past: "Nihil quod crudele utile". No cruelty is useful. How much longer must the spirit of humanity wait before this self-evident truth is universally accepted?

Already the Vivisection of human beings is well under way. May there not come a time when not only the murderer, but also the robber, the sneak-thief, the napkin-snatcher, the swindler, and the all-round scoundrel will be swiftly despatched to the vivisector's torture chambers? If so, we may look forward soon to having an ideal place to live in, and will no longer be required to worry about reckless law-breakers. The only possible drawback will be that, in the process of the extermination of villains, we may ourselves become so hard-hearted that Dan Cupid's darts will fail to penetrate, and we may ourselves stand in imminent danger of becoming extinct. By all means let us avoid such a calamity: abolish vivisection!

IBN BEN HASSAN

CONT. FROM PAGE 15

wildered Bird-man. "I'd trust the Prince with my last dollar!"

Handing the Flight-lieutenant a gold-mounted pipe ready filled, Hassan enquired casually:

"Do you happen, sir, to have in your possession at the present moment something belonging to a friend of yours, such as a pipe, a handkerchief, or anything that he has carried with him for any appreciable length of time?"

"Why, yes," replied Parker, as he lighted his pipe, "Colonel _____"

"Please do not mention names," interrupted Hassan quickly.

"Well then, a friend of mine gave me a wrist-watch which he had no further use for, having received a present of one from his regiment just the other day. Here it is, if you have any use for it."

"Good! That will suit my purpose admirably."

Taking the little time-piece from the lieutenant's hand, the Sikh Prince handed him an 'Iron Cross'.

"This decoration was brought in by one of our sergeants after an exceptionally successful raid on one of the German trenches. It was what our fellows call a 'knife-raid'. One of the killed was a brigadier-general; this Cross belonged to him. Hold it firmly in your left hand, and look intently at it, as you doze off. I shall do the same with this watch of yours."

Half an hour later, both men had succumbed to the power of the subtle drugs. Captain Jessop smoked quietly on, knowing that something interesting was bound to arise out of the experiment. In the somewhat tedious interval of waiting, his thoughts went back to that queer presentiment of evil that had prompted him to urge the Commandant of Quebec Citadel to join him without delay in the search for the hidden Passage, thereby saving the stronghold for Britain. He recalled several other instances when the same instinct — a sort of 'Sixth Sense' — had warned him to do this, or avoid that. A realization of the mystery of Human Personality came home to him!

"The Human Spirit," he said to himself, "is a defiance flung at the tyranny of Natural Law. What fools those fellows are, who ask us to believe that 'a dance of Atoms' produced 'Hamlet', or 'Paradise Lost'! Rot! Balderdash!"

Nearly an hour passed before Hassan awoke from his slumber, in response to the summons of a sweet-toned alarm-clock; the lieutenant, however, remained dead to the world, but a few passes over his recumbent form evoked signs of reviving animation.

"Well, I'll be blown!" was the not very illuminating remark he made on awaking.

"Hello, old chap," said the Captain, "you look like a particularly effective imitation of 'the morning after the night before.' Anything out of the ordinary?"

"Out of the ordinary! Gosh!" was the explosive comment of the astonished Bird-man. "Say," he continued impressively, "What do you know about it! I've had an interview with the Kaiser himself! No, I'm not pulling your leg, Jessop; I'm absolutely on the square, no joshing! Saw the old boy just as plain as though it was a show at the 'Movies'; heard him gas to beat Edison! Hindenburg was there too, by Gravy! Bull-necked old party, no more expression on his face than a Chink Mandarin."

"Wait a bit, old fellow," interrupted the Captain. "Give us your story in orderly fashion. Let us in on the whole thing."

Hassan poured out three glasses of light claret, and in a few minutes the Lieutenant declared himself ready to give his experience.

"Seemed to me I'd been snoozing comfortably for about a thousand years, when suddenly a bright light appeared, turning round and round like a blooming Catherine-wheel. Then pictures passed in quick succession before my



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eyes, as in a kaleidoscope; changed colors half a dozen times as the procession of mental images went on; finally steadied, and I found myself right in the very midst of the most devilish riot I ever saw in my sweet life! German soldiers were pouring into the streets of a big City, murdering men, women and children, as they went along. Nothing came amiss to them that had blood in it to shed. Yes, sir, I even saw a beggar prod a stray dog that happened in his way. Discipline! Lord, those Prussians sure are brute beasts let loose from the jungle! The only ones I saw the least bit decent were a couple of hundred who occupied the great square in front of the Town Hall, acting as body-guard for a fussy, red-faced old curmudgeon, a General of those devils incarnate, the 'Death's Head' Hussars. These were orderly enough, as they 'goose-stepped' into position, but as time went on, you could see at a glance that the fellows were mad as hatters because they could not join in with the 'sport'!

"By and by, a body of about fifty Hussars rode up the street, chivying along some two or three hundred frightened wretches, and, by the General's orders, these unfortunates were lined up in rows, and one out of every five was set aside, leaving the rest to slip away as best they might. There were fifty in this miserable group, all decent-looking civilians, though, of course, breathless, and blood-stained, and unmanned.

"A few curt words in German, snapped out by the Brigadier, in a voice like a rusty steel trap — Lord, how I'd love to pot the pompous old coyote — and these perfectly innocent noncombatants were propped up against the wall of the 'Hotel de Ville', and a couple of volleys settled their little account with Germany! Sick though I was, I was utterly unable to turn my eyes away from the ghastly heap of corpses, and the great stone flags running red with blood!

"Three times was this scene repeated in different parts of the City. The red-faced hound seemed only too delighted to bark out his barbarous order. Another hundred years or so seemed to slip by, the wheels of fire started up again, and this time I found myself in a gorgeous room, evidently a Palace of some description. About seventy-five or a hundred people in brilliant uniforms, and with medals galore, stood around in an attitude of pleased anticipation. All on a sudden — I suppose with a view to greater effect — a huge oak door was swung open, and two men came in whom I recognized at a glance, from their pictures, the Kaiser and the Commander-in-chief of the German Army!

"Following these came three other men in the uniforms of Generals in the Prussian Forces, and finally the Royal Bodyguard. It was a brilliant scene; yep, s'elp me Moses, 'twas a stunning swagger pow-wow, take it kindly from us! One of the three that followed on the heels of the Kaiser was our red-faced demon who had done himself so proud in the slaughter of innocents. I wish to Hades I knew something of German, not that I admire the infernal

jargon, but merely that I'd love to know what was said on that occasion.

"A frightful swell, with all manner of orders and stars scattered promiscuous-like over his ample person, would throw out his chest like a pouter-pigeon, and read off a long document; then the Kaiser would speak up like a little man, and reel off a speech of about ten minutes duration, waxing terribly eloquent at times, though he did not gesticulate very much; finally, another much-bedizened individual produced three 'Iron Crosses', which he handed one by one to the 'All Highest', who fondled them a bit, and talked quite a few more, and then handed them over to the three blushing heroes. I could not help noticing that Mr. Red-face came in for a double supply of taffy; apparently he had done something extra-special in the way of heroism, when he put those poor helpless wretches up against the wall, and potted them! The next thing I knew, I was sitting up on this couch, ready to gratefully absorb Prince Hassan's excellent claret."

Ibn Ben Hassan got up quietly, and, opening a drawer in a small ebony cabinet, produced from thence a photograph which he handed to the big Flight-lieutenant.

"Did you ever meet this gentleman before, my friend?" he asked.

"My Lord!" gasped Parker. "It is the red-faced butcher! Impossible to mistake him; every feature exact. Say, fellows, where am I? What's the matter with me, anyhow?"

The lieutenant's bewilderment was so unfeigned that the Captain took compassion on him.

"You're all right, old chap," he consoled.

"Let me down easier than that," replied his friend. "That's what they told the man when he had the 'willies'!"

"I remember now," continued the Prince, as if nothing had been said in the meantime, "the sergeant who gave me this after the raid, mentioned the fact that the man he knifed was a stout, red-faced officer. Fortunately, his name had been engraved — you can see it there — on the 'Iron Cross', and, by the merest coincidence, I managed to secure the General's photograph from an American tourist who had made a hobby of collecting pictures of notables during a three years' sojourn in Germany before the War. I may say, that I have with me a great many such photos, which I have found invaluable in giving my good friend, Captain Jessop, any little assistance it has been my privilege to render him in his Secret Service Work. I am unable to accompany him in his arduous and perilous excursions behind the enemy's lines, much as I should enjoy doing so. But the Spirit is willing though the Flesh is weak, and by means of this wonderful 'hasheesh' I have often entered, as you yourself have to-night, into places where the ablest of our 'Intelligence Agents' would find it utterly impossible to go!"

"Yes," growled Captain Jessop, "and the rotten part of the business is that Hassan has made me swear by all that is holy not to reveal the source of my exclusive in-

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formation. I have all but gone on my knees to him to free me from my promise, but it's no go! I told you I should show you something, didn't I, Parker?"

The burly Flight-lieutenant looked unutterable things, but all he managed to say was:

"This is sure an eye-opener to yours truly!"

After a pause, he inquired suddenly:

"Say, Prince, what about that wrist-watch of mine?"

"I'm afraid my story is not nearly so interesting as yours," replied Ben Hassan; "at the same time, it has its instructive features. The Colonel you were about to refer to when I so unceremoniously interrupted you was Colonel Peters, of Winnipeg, Manitoba. I do not know whether you are acquainted with his history or not; for my part I can only supply details of his career after he had come into the possession of this watch! He brought it out with him from the Old Country when he emigrated to Canada as a young fellow of twenty-three. It was the gift of his associates in the office of a large plate-glass factory in Nottingham, and has an excellent Swiss movement. Originally, however, it had a hunting-case, not being intended for a wrist-watch."

"Oh, I say, look here!" broke in Parker, rising from his chair in his bewilderment. "Where, on earth, did you meet Peters?"

"I can say with truth, only within the last hour!" was the mysterious Hindoo's calm assurance. "I have made his acquaintance through your kind introduction to-night. Charmed to do so, I assure you. He is a man of moderate height, burly of build, with very bright red hair with an obstinate curl that he vainly attempts to subdue, fierce-looking grey eyes, not lacking in humour, strong chin, with half-healed scar of a recent sword-cut received in a daring night-raid, in which he picked up twenty prisoners and two machine-guns, and won a well-deserved D.S.O."

"Do you mean to tell me that you never saw him?"

"Never! — any more than you have seen the Emperor of Germany and von Hindenburg!"

"But, how in thunder did you know about the watch? He told me exactly what you said in your description of it — its having once had a hunting-case, and his getting it made over into a wrist-watch because of its fine Swiss movement."

"I do not regard *that* as in any way remarkable," replied the Prince smiling. "I would go so far as to guarantee that if I had possession of the watch for a week or two, and really thought it worth my while to acquire the information, I could learn all the chief happenings in Col. Peters' life, while the watch remained in his possession!"

"You don't say so!"

"To make this little point quite clear to you," pursued Ibn Ben Hassan, "let me venture to give you, at the risk of being considered impertinent, a bit of personal advice. Don't fall into the insidious and expensive 'cock-tail' habit!"

"What the devil ———!"

"Or probe too deep into the mysteries of draw-poker!"

"Say, Prince, what *are* you driving at?"

"Did you not have this watch on your wrist when you paid a pleasant little visit to General Pershing's camp last week — Wednesday, I believe it was? And did you not, on that occasion, make the acquaintance of a tall, very dark Captain from Alabama, who, in company with a fair-haired giant from Maine, and a keen-eyed Westerner from Idaho, left you some three pounds ten to the bad at the close of the evening! And was there not a most useful orderly, who had formerly served in the Bar of a famous New York Club, before he donned the khaki? Super-excellent 'cock-tails', were they not, Lieutenant?"

"Gosh! Fan me with a brick, Jessop, I want air!" gasped Flight-lieutenant Parker, M.C.

Another story of Ibn Ben Hassan will appear in an early issue.

Our Glee Club

Last year there were at Bishop's some two dozen gentlemen in our midst whose souls were urged to making music "in solo and in choro".

After the Principal had arranged a delightfully encouraging talk with these ambitious gentlemen. Mr. Havard of Sherbrooke was induced to act as chief controller, director and extractor of music and the new club was fully organized under the name of Bishop's University Glee Club. And so the club began.

And when four and twenty black notes

Appeared upon the list.

Mr. Havard bravely grappled

With the talent in the mist.

To be brief, after a good deal of painstaking effort on the part of each member assisted by the ever ready and cheerful urging of our music director, the Glee Club in conjunction with the Women's Glee Club succeeded in presenting a very excellent programme last spring. Those who attended will doubtless remember how much pleasure they received.

This year we wish to remind our fellow students, and all those who are interested, that the Club is still functioning. The selections which have been chosen this year are of very high order and beauty, humorous as well as serious.

We have not yet got fully under way; but, as time goes on, with the full and eager co-operation of all our members we are prepared to prove to the musical world that Bishop's plays an important part in adding to the enjoyment of life through the maintenance and advancement of one of its finest arts.

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The Rugby Banquet

(From the "Montreal Star").

The 1929 Football Season was brought to a suitable conclusion on November 12th, by the Annual Rugby Banquet.

The occasion was important, not only in connection with rugby, but also as it afforded an opportunity for the presentation of other awards earned during the past year. The dinner was one of exceptional enthusiasm, celebrating as it did the winning of the Intermediate Intercollegiate Provincial Rugby title for the first time in the history of Bishop's.

During the evening a handsome silver cup, the gift of F. E. Meredith, Esq., chancellor of the university, was presented to the Intermediate team by Rev. Dr. A. H. McGreer as a memento of the victory which they had won. The gift was just one further demonstration of the chancellor's keen interest in the 1929 rugby team, as his strong support has been evident all season.

Mr. George Hall, president of the Students' Association, was in the chair, and practically all the members of the Faculty as well as most of the student body were present. Among the guests present were Mr. Justice White, Dr. S. P. Smith, headmaster of B.C.S., and F. E. Hawkins, also of B.C.S.

Praised Team

With the first part of the dinner over, the chairman proposed the toast to the King and the National Anthem was sung. In his remarks, Mr. Hall, on behalf of the Students' Association, thanked the Intermediate team for the splendid showing every member had made during the season. He alluded to the capable way in which the team was coached, to the way the juniors had helped in practices and, last of all, to the work of the managers. In conclusion he stated that the university was proud of what it considered the best team it had ever produced. He thanked the Imperial Tobacco Company for their gift of cigarettes for the evening.

Traced History of U.B.C.

Mr. F. P. Clark, in proposing the toast to the Alma Mater, traced the history of the college back to its foundation over eighty years ago when Lennoxville was hardly known. Continuing, he pointed out that at present Bishop's grads are scattered all over the Empire doing their bit to better civilization. Dr. E. E. Boothroyd, the Vice-Principal, responded to the toast and extended his congratulations with those of the chairman, to the team. In his usual witty and entertaining manner he defined the term Alma Mater, and showed how university life taught all to be humble so that they, being meek, might inherit the earth.

Principal Proposes Toast to Team

The big toast of the evening, to the Intermediate team, was ably proposed by Rev. Dr. McGreer, who opened his remarks by referring to the rapid development of Canadian rugby during the last fifteen years. He congratulated the team on their consistency in training, and hailed them as worthy successors to the teams who had represented Bishop's in former years. He expressed his gratitude for the splendid material which had come to Bishop's from various public schools and especially from B.C.S. He was proud to say that every member of the team had not only filled his position creditably, but also had played the game as it should be played. He paid a special tribute to the excellent way in which Blinco had captained the team, and also to the efficient coaching of Montague.

Blinco Replied

Amidst tremendous applause, Blinco rose to reply to the toast, and in a few words, thanked the team for their steady work throughout the season and all the supporters for their consistent backing, which had been especially in evidence at the game at Loyola. He expressed his hopes for next year's team under the captaincy of Herb Skelton, with the addition of the talent disclosed in inter-building contests, and closed with an expression of appreciation for the work of Myer Medine, assistant manager, who had taken full charge during the absence of D. K. Buik, the manager. Coach Monty, in a short speech, congratulated the team on playing clean, hard football.

W. Mitchell, proposing the toast to the junior team, said that the success of the first team was due in no small measure to the faithful co-operation of the seconds. Ken Crawford, junior captain, regretted the fact that his team had failed to follow the intermediate lead in bringing home a championship, but hoped for better luck next year.

Support given by Faculty

S. W. Williams pointed out the loyal support given the team by the Faculty, and called on the guests to drink to their health. Rev. P. Carrington, Dean of Divinity, in replying, told some of his early impressions of Canadian rugby and felt certain that the success of the team this year had helped to put Bishop's on the map. E. V. Wright proposed the health of the guests and expressed the students' deep appreciation for the interest shown by the friends of Bishop's who are both numerous and widespread. Mr. Justice C. D. White, a loyal friend of the university, said that he had watched the team and congratulated them on having such a splendid, well-balanced unit. Although many fine players will leave this year, he felt that hard train-

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ing on the part of new men would do a lot for next year's line-up.

Rev. Dr. McGreer then presented the McGreer shield to J. C. A. Cole who was winner of the road race this year, his time for the 4.6 mile course being 27 min. 36 secs. Runners-up were G. C. Dyer, 2nd, and G. K. Cornish, 3rd.

The Dunn Cup was presented to the team of Arts '32 by Justice White. This team won the 5.7 mile race and was made up of Dyer, Turner and Ford. Major awards were then presented to this year's rugby team and last year's hockey and basketball teams, after which Rev. Dr. McGreer presented the Chancellor's Trophy to Blinco as captain of the rugby team.

The golf trophy, also donated by the Chancellor, was presented to Mr. Harry Mariasine. On behalf of the teams, Blinco presented Mr. E. X. Montague with a cheque as a token of their appreciation of his work.

The dinner came to a close with the singing of O Canada, God Save the King and by an emphatic rendering of Duo Potamo.

HOCKEY

Blinco is holding down the centre position for Bishop's again this year, and his clever stick handling and deadly shot make him the big threat of the local team. He is supported on the wings by Cann and Johnston, forming a trio which can stage brilliant rushes and combination plays. Denison is captain of the team, and this makes his third year to represent Bishop's on the defensive position. His team-mate, Titcomb, a new addition to the squad, does good work both offensively and defensively, while Glass, another newcomer, is almost sensational in the nets. The team is fortunate in possessing a strong sub-forward line composed of Skelton, Crawford, and Cleveland, while Price is ready to don the pads should Glass be unable to carry on.

Bishop's beat Irish after a hard struggle.

The Irish-Canadians went down to defeat before the Bishop's team last night, Jan. 15th, at the university rink by the narrow margin of one point, the final score being 6 to 5 in their Sherbrooke County Hockey League fixture.

The game started in a rather slow and listless manner, but rapidly developed into a sparkling encounter, with plenty of thrills, as first one side and then the other took the lead. The college team was best on the evening's play, showing some pretty combination in their well-organized rushes, while the Irish were right in after the breaks and did not pass up any of their opportunities to lodge the disc in their opponents' nets.

Blinco, playing at centre for the collegians, was the most outstanding man on the ice, his poke-checking and stick-handling being almost phenomenal. Cann at left wing and

Titcomb on defence were also very effective both on attack and defence. For the Sherbrooke squad, Gains, Towne and Mitton were the most dangerous, and their sharp-shooting was a continual menace to Price in the Bishop's nets. Both goalies were good in spots, though the large score seems to discredit them.

An Exciting Finish

The final stanza was the fastest and most interesting of the whole game, the last ten minutes being especially exciting with the score tied and both teams striving hard for the extra point which would mean victory. In the first half of this period the Irishmen staged a great rally, and after five minutes of fast hockey Towne tallied to put his team just one point behind Bishop's.

Then Gains, five minutes later, tied the score when he tallied on a lone rush from his own blue line, after stick-handling his way through the entire college team. Play became faster with the count tied and both teams made desperate efforts to secure the lead. At last, with four minutes to play, Blinco sailed down the centre, eluded the defence, and scored the winning tally over O'Keefe, who fell in an effort to save. This ended the scoring for the game, although both goalies had to call forth their best efforts in order to keep the rubber out of the net.

Loyola Scored Only Goal In Fast Match

Bishop's University rink was the scene of a hectic struggle on Saturday night, January 18th, when the Loyola Intermediates defeated the college team by the score of one to nothing in a regular Intercollegiate League fixture. With the teams about evenly matched, the hockey played was fast and exciting, and provided plenty of thrills for the numerous spectators. The defence for both sides was almost airtight, but although close-in shots were a rarity, both goaltenders had plenty to do defending their respective citadels. The first two sessions and most of the third were scoreless, but with only five minutes to go, Paul Hayes, who played a wonderful game for the Maroons at centre, broke away after a face-off near the Bishop's nets and drove a fast one past Glass, who had no chance to save.

The local team showed better combination than their opponents, but their shooting was very weak, this part of their attack losing them several certain goals. The Loyola forwards proved themselves regular sharpshooters, but since they were forced to shoot far outside the defence, Glass had ample time to get set for the shots. The play was about evenly divided, Bishop's having the advantage in the first period, Loyola in the second, and the third was about even.

Game Protested

Following the match Bishop's filed a protest with the secretary of the Canadian Intercollegiate Athletic Union. The protest claims that Paul Haynes, brilliant centre and captain of the Loyola team, is not eligible to play and therefore the game should not count.

Haynes has been representing M.A.A.A. Seniors

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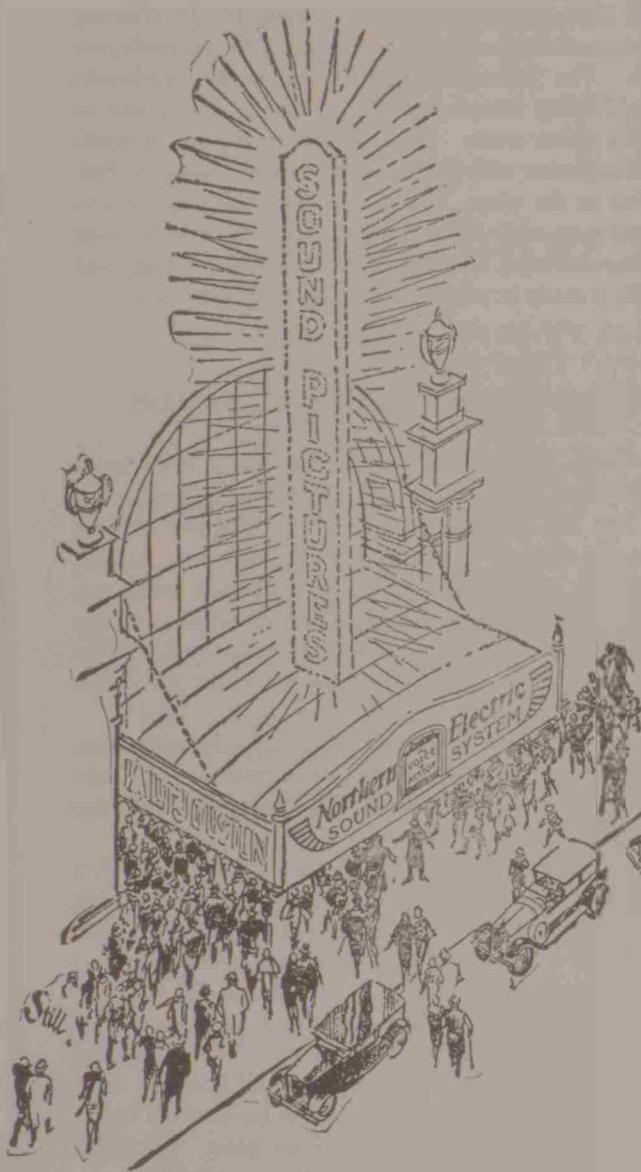
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N. F. C. U. S.

Under the auspices of the National Federation of Canadian University Students, a United States Debating team will visit Bishop's on Friday, February 21st. Up to the present, we have only received information regarding one member of the team, Mr. Milton H. Williams, Wesleyan University, Connecticut. Mr. Williams has made a distinguished record in College debating and oratory. In 1928, Mr. Williams won the oratorical championship of New England, and placed fourth in the national finals in the National Oratorical Contest for College Students held annually on the subject "The Constitution of the United States".

In scholarship, Mr. Williams has achieved highest honours during the last two years. His academic 'major' is philosophy.

The team, which consists of two men, will debate at the following Universities in Canada before coming to Bishop's:-

Dalhousie, Mount Allison, Acadia, St. Francis Xavier, University of New Brunswick. Their final debate will be at the University of Montreal.

We have been asked to draw attention to the comprehensive tour of Europe which is being arranged by the N.F.C.U.S., to start from Montreal in June by the Canadian Pacific liner Minnedosa. The tour covers the British Isles, Holland, France and Belgium. It is under the patronage in Canada of E. W. Beatty, Esq., Sir Robert Falconer, and Sir Arthur Currie.

Bookings are being made already, and it is anticipated that this year's tour will surpass any of those held previously. Any further information may be obtained from the local representative, or direct from A. Gordon Burns, Esq., travel secretary, Hart House, University of Toronto.

We saw in one of the daily papers that Mr. J. G. Rennie, B.A. '29, has commenced his western debating tour with Mr. Boucher of the University of Montreal. We wish him every success in this venture.

Since the writing of the above the following information has reached us re the second member of the United States Debating Team.

William Coventry Erskine of Williams College, Williamstown, Massachusetts, who has a splendid record in college debating and oratory, is President of the Williams College Debating organization (The Adelpic Union), and of the Williamstown chapter of the national honorary debating society, Delta Sigma Rho. He is also in charge of the Student Instructors of the Public Speaking Courses for Freshmen.

Mr. Erskine has been conspicuously active in dramatic work in the Williams Little Theatre and has just recently completed tours with the Williams *Cap and Bells* (the Williams Dramatic Club) in the role of Caesar in Bernard Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion".

Mr. Erskine is majoring in English Literature at Williams in '30 and plans to enter law.

Inter-Faculty Debates

The first debate for the academic year 1929-30, between the Arts and Divinity Faculties, for the Skinner Trophy, was held in Convocation Hall on Friday evening, November 15th, 1929.

The resolution was "Resolved that modern civilization is a success", the Divinity Team upholding the affirmative, and the Arts Team the negative. The debate was won by the Arts Faculty by a majority of 33 points. The teams were as follows:

Divinity — F. P. Clark, E. V. Wright, R. P. Buchanan, B.A.

Arts — J. G. Rennie, B.A., W. G. Bassett, John Forde.

The second debate was held in the same place on Friday evening, January 31st, 1930, the resolution being "Resolved that woman's place is in the home", the Divinity Faculty upholding the affirmative and the Arts Faculty the negative. The debate was won by the Divinity Team by a majority of 13 points. The teams were as follows:

Divinity — The Rev. S. W. Williams, B.A., B.Sc., R. P. Buchanan, B.A., and C. W. Wiley, B.A.

Arts — W. G. Bassett, Frank Gray, and John Forde.

The Executive of the Literary and Debating Society wish to take this opportunity of expressing their sincere thanks to S. P. Smith, Esq., M.A., D.C.L., Principal of Bishop's College School, for acting as Judge at these two debates.

DIVINITY NOTES

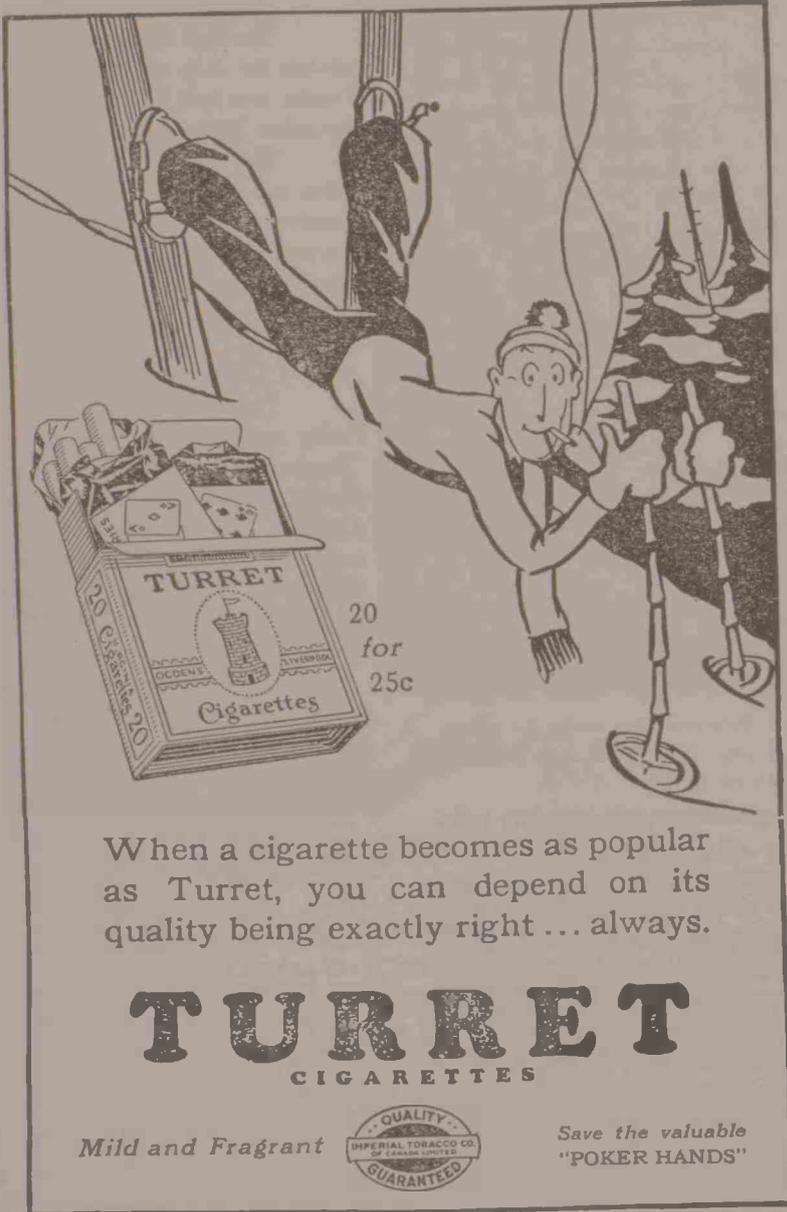
COLLECTED BY ROBINS H. THATCHER

Among the names of students mentioned in the December number of the Mitre as admitted to the Guild of the Venerable Bede we omitted Mr. Macklem Brett, B.A.

The Rev. John Hawkes, L.S.T. '25, was clothed as a novice in the Society of St. John the Evangelist on St. John's Day, 1929. Following his ordination, Father Hawkes worked in the Diocese of Edmonton. In 1927 he became assistant at the Church of St. Columba, Montreal, where he stayed until he entered S.S.J.E. last September.

We are pleased to hear that Mrs. Carrington, who has been in bed for the last two weeks due to a bad sprain is now much better.

A recent visitor to the College was the Rev. W. C. Turney, S.S.J.E. of Bracebridge, Ontario. It will be remembered that Fr. Turney conducted a Retreat here a year or two ago. Fr. Turney is on his way to England, and spent a day or two as the guest of Dr. Vial. On behalf of his many friends at Bishop's we wish him a happy and pleasant trip, and a safe return.



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PERSONALS

Mr. D. A. Barlow has been spending the Christmas vacation with Monsieur le Vicomte de France at Chateau D'Arry on the Somme. Mr. Barlow was awarded a prize for the best essay submitted on Air Disarmament. A copy of his essay has been sent to the British Air Representative at Geneva.

The Rev'd W. B. Irwin, L.S.T., is living at 12 Western Road, Fortis Green, London, N.2.

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

Mrs. D. M. Daintree, B.A. and Miss M. L. Burt are respectively Principal and Vice-Principal of the High School at Ayer's Cliff.

T. A. Johnston, B.A. '27, is Principal of the High School at Bedford.

O. T. Pickford, B.A. '25, is Principal of the High School at Beebe.

H. S. Billings, B.A. '27, and Miss L. B. Waterman, B.A. '25, are members of the teaching staff of the Commissioner's High School of Quebec.

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

G. F. Watts, B.A. '24, is Principal of the High School at Cowansville

S. L. Hodges, B.A. '27, is Principal of the High School at La Tuque. Miss Dorothy Dean, B.A. '28, is a member of the teaching staff of the same school.

Miss H. M. Griffiths, B.A. '25, is Principal of the High School at East Angus.

C. L. Hall, B.A. '21, is assistant to the Principal of the High School at Huntingdon.

Miss J. E. Ryan, B.A. '22, is a member of the teaching staff of the High School at Lachine.

H. M. Doak, B.A. '24, is a teacher in the Commercial High School at Montreal.

R. F. Callan, B.A. '25, is a member of the teaching staff of the High School of Montreal.

Miss M. O. McKindsey, M.A., is a teacher in the High School at St. Lambert.

Miss C. A. Seiveright, B.A. and Miss D. W. Lipsey, B.A. '26, are members of the staff of St. Laurent High School.

H. D. Wells, M.A. '18 and Miss E. M. Parker, B.A. '22, are teaching in Westmount High School.

The Rev'd C. H. and Mrs. Roach, are living at 260 Laurier Ave. W., Ottawa. At their wedding which took place in September last, one of the ushers was Lennox Smith, B.A. '25.

MARRIAGES

KEITH — CLARKE.

In the Cathedral at Fredericton on Thursday, January 9th, 1930, the Rev'd Bliss Thorne Keith, B.A. '26, L.S.T. '28, to Doris Alice Clarke.

ROACH — BUSH.

On September 11th, 1929, in All Saints Church, Ottawa, by the Lord Bishop of Ottawa, assisted by the Rev'd Canon Jefferson and the Rev'd C. Hepburn, M.A., the Reverend C. H. Roach, M.A. '26, to Miss Hilda Bush of Ottawa.

DEATHS

BROWNLEE — Entered into rest at Ottawa on Friday, January 17th, 1930, T. A. Brownlee, father of Gordon T. Brownlee, B.A. '28. R.I.P.

Exchange

"The Dalhousie Gazette",
Halifax, N. S.

A well-edited paper covering every phase of college life and student activity.

"King's College Record",
Halifax, N. S.

And old exchange which is always appreciated.

"B. C. S. Magazine",

Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Que.

An excellent magazine, outstanding in its ingenuity and novelty of literary material. The combined interest of the entire student body results in a genuinely superior production.

"Lower Canada College Magazine",

Montreal, Que.

This is a thoroughly interesting exchange, replete in sport news, humor, cuts and pictures.

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

A typical university weekly, displaying much artistic talent, and contained many humorous sketches.

"The Echo", United Theological College,
Montreal, Que.

A magazine edited in a more serious vein, and presenting splendid literary articles and delightful poetry.

"The Stonyhurst Magazine"

Lancashire, Eng.

An English exchange which we value for its variety and scope of content. The many English views included, also add to our interest as Canadians.

"The Tech Flash", Technical College,
Halifax, N. S.

An ever dependable student production abounding in wit and 'laughs'.

"The Albanian"

Brockville, Ont.

An enjoyable exchange from cover to cover. The 'Poet's Corner' particularly attracts.

'The Mitre' is glad to welcome two new exchanges lately received.

"The Grove Chronicle" Lakesfield Preparatory School,
Lakesfield, Ont.

An exchange complete in its record of school activities.

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FAERIE QUEENE

CONT. FROM PAGE 8

of Elizabeth's famous visit to Leicester.

Perhaps the most important feature in the poem, historically considered, is the part played by the Faerie Queene herself. When Froude embarked on his study of Elizabeth he seems to have conceived of her as the central figure of her time, the character around which he might write his history of the age. But as he examined the documentary evidence of her indecision, her starts and changes, her alternations of bold language and pusillanimous action, her heartlessness and petty cheese-paring, he became bewildered, repelled, almost contemptuous, and looked elsewhere for his central figure to Cecil and then to the Earl of Murray. He was wrong, as Green could have told him, for Elizabeth was the central figure of her age; not Elizabeth herself as the documents reveal her, but Elizabeth as she appeared to her subjects — "the greatest, glorious Queene of Faerie lond". She was the sovereign who sent out her subjects upon almost impossible adventures, to do on their own responsibility the deeds she dare not openly avow, as when Winter sailed to stop the French fleet from reaching Leith. Kipling's Gloriana who despatched "Admiral Boy and Vice-Admiral Babe" to the Gascons' Graveyard is a truer piece of historical portraiture than Froude's Elizabeth, for Kipling is a poet, but truest of all is Spenser's, for he was a contemporary of the Queen and a greater poet than Kipling. The Faerie Queene does nothing herself, she is the cause and the inspiration of the great achievements of her adventurous knights. Saint George, Guyon, Artegall, each is

"Upon a great adventure — bond,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
(That greatest Glorious Queene of Faerie lond)
To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly thinges he most did crave."

A great history not only presents the very form and pressure of an age, but reveals its meaning and import in human story. The Elizabethan Age was the period when modern England was being moulded into form, and the foundations laid for future development. To read the Faerie Queene is to watch this shaping and foundational activity at work. Spenser's linguistic experiments are fitting the English language to be the medium of the greatest of the world's literatures, his inventive genius is creating a matchless stanza for narrative poetry. How much of the glory of English literature is derived from this single poem it is impossible to say, but ever and anon in the work of his successors the influence of Spenser may be recognised even in a detail of description. The Elizabethan poet's Error "Halfe like a serpent horribly displaide, But th'other halfe did woman's shape retaine", reappears as Milton's Sin in *Paradise Lost*, and all the details of Archimago's dwelling are reproduced in Friar Tuck's cell as Scott depicts it in *Ivanhoe*:

"A little, lowly Hermitage it was,
Downe in a dale, hard by a forest's side,
Far from resort of people that did pas
In travaill to and froe: a litle wyde
There was an holy chappell edifyde,
Wherein the Hermite dewly wont to say
His holy thinges each morne and eventyde:
Thereby a christall streame did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountain welled forth alway."

Spenser, then, designed an allegorical poem as a manual of ethics, and created one of the world's greatest histories. But his work is a work of magic and fairy-land where nothing is what it seems. If the reader were to think of the book as a history and try to make it seem a history, he would be lost in the wandering wood, "foul Error's haunt." It is only when read as a poem that its historical lessons can be learned. Go a-venturing with its heroes, fighting for the sheer love of a good fight, and for Gloriana's grace, watching the dying agonies of the conquered and enjoying the sight, dreading the powers of evil and witch-craft, feeling the constant pressure of overwhelming peril, revelling in the glow and glitter and pageantry of nature and life, and you are back in Elizabeth's England, and have learned and felt something of the great historical past.

A FORGOTTEN CHAPTER IN HISTORY

CONT. FROM PAGE 9

successful pretender is, but it is certain that she was a good Persian scholar and devoted to her husband, whom she never left even on the field of battle. Tiny and plump, with a fair skin and great force of character, she ruled her Jagir and led her troops into battle with all the skill of old Walter himself, and like him, built an enormous church on her estates.

As a vassal to the Emperor she soon proved her worth, for in 1787 a palace revolution left the Emperor a prisoner in the hands of Golam Kadir; Joanna (the Begum's name) was soon at the gates of Delhi with her forces; always anxious to oblige a lady, Golam suggested that the royal power might be shared by himself and the fair occupant of the camp whom he really feared more than he cared to admit; but Joanna was too wise a virgin to believe one word of it, and a spirited cannonade compelled the rebel to retreat; nor was this the only time she rescued her Emperor; attacking another rebel, he was in great personal danger, when Begum fought her way to his side and removed him to her own tents, while her able General George Thomas fought the enemy to a standstill, and aided by the imperial troops routed them and took their fortress. The moment Joanna was assured of the safety of the Emperor she returned to the field of action and was present in the midst of the hottest fire, seated in her palanquin.

A lady of this spirit was not to be trifled with, as was proved when two female slaves were accused of firing

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her house; seated at table, she passed sentence on the incendiaries and ordered them to be flogged and buried alive, which was carried out while she entertained her officers to dinner, where she always presided at the head of the table, decently veiled as becomes a woman of the orient.

Her good fortune was only once marred, and then by her imprudence in adventuring the second time into the bonds of matrimony. It may be imagined that a lady of her position, in the east, surrounded by the sweepings of Europe in the form of adventurer-officers, and only holding her position by ruthless punishment and skill in intrigue, was considered a good match by many who were more anxious to obtain her power and wealth than to ensure their married happiness. Mutiny among the troops and dissension among the officers warned her that a male hand was needed at the head of affairs; passing over George Thomas, who felt sure of the prize, she wedded Le Vaisseau, and found that she was now worse off than before. The troops feared that the new ruler would spend on himself the revenues they regarded as their own, and Thomas left her services in disgust to plot with Zaffer who regarded himself as the heir. The happy couple themselves were the first to notice that the wedding was unpopular, and so decided to flee "while the going was good"; arranging to hand over the control of the army to the Emperor's Commander, and to carry off her valuables, she opened communications with the English with the idea of leaving the country, which might have come to something had not the army got wind of it; they rose in rebellion and proclaimed her deposed and invited Zaffer to lead them; escaping with her husband by night, the Begum was captured, and in the ensuing melee learnt that her husband was killed. Guessing her fate, she stabbed herself with a knife, and on hearing this Le Vaisseau, who was not dead, blew out his brains.

Even now her remarkable career was not by any means ended; she recovered from her wound, and was hauled by the mutinous troops, a prisoner, to her palace. For some days she was tied to a gun while her fate was being debated; Zaffer, on arrival, did not please the troops, and some of her European officers saw that if she died it

was more than likely that the Emperor would disband the force and retain the income of the Jagir for himself, a sad ending to a lucrative career for many of them. George Thomas also had a weak spot in his heart for the lady he had hoped to wed, and, advancing with a strong force, rescued her and replaced her on the throne. The gallant Thomas was rewarded with the hand of her chief lady-in-waiting, and never again, after she exchanged the gun and the rope for the throne did she allow her authority to be undermined, neither would she entangle herself in any more marriages.

In 1802 the Mahrattas were at war with the English, and true to her habits, she was present at the famous battle of Assaye when Wellington, as he later became, broke the Indian army to pieces; her tiny force was the only one that quitted the field unbroken, but she saw that the Moghul sun had set for ever. Far-sighted as she was, she waited no longer but formed a treaty of alliance with Wellington, whereby she retained her Jagir and income, throne and possessions. Under Lord Lake she was present at the storming of Bhurtpore, which her husband had both defended and attacked, and received the official thanks of the English for her services. A grand-son of Zaffer was adopted by her as heir, who married in England and died childless.

Being now aged about eighty she lived in great state under the protection of the English and busied herself with her estate and the church on it; this last is an imposing affair with two spires and three domes, all of inlaid marble; in 1836 she died and was buried in her church. There she lies under a huge marble monument, and the curious, who proceed into the jungle from Meerut will be amazed to find, in an Indian village, this un-Indian looking temple: very regally she sits in white marble on her throne, one hand clasping the Emperor's "firman" the title-deeds to the Jagir; on a panel she is advancing to be crowned, seated on an anaemic looking elephant, surrounded by her European officers, who have long since staggered their tempestuous way into the night. Emblematic figures of Courage, Fortitude, Prudence and Affection cause a smile, especially the last, to the first three she was certainly entitled, and for them deserves to be rescued from entire oblivion.



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