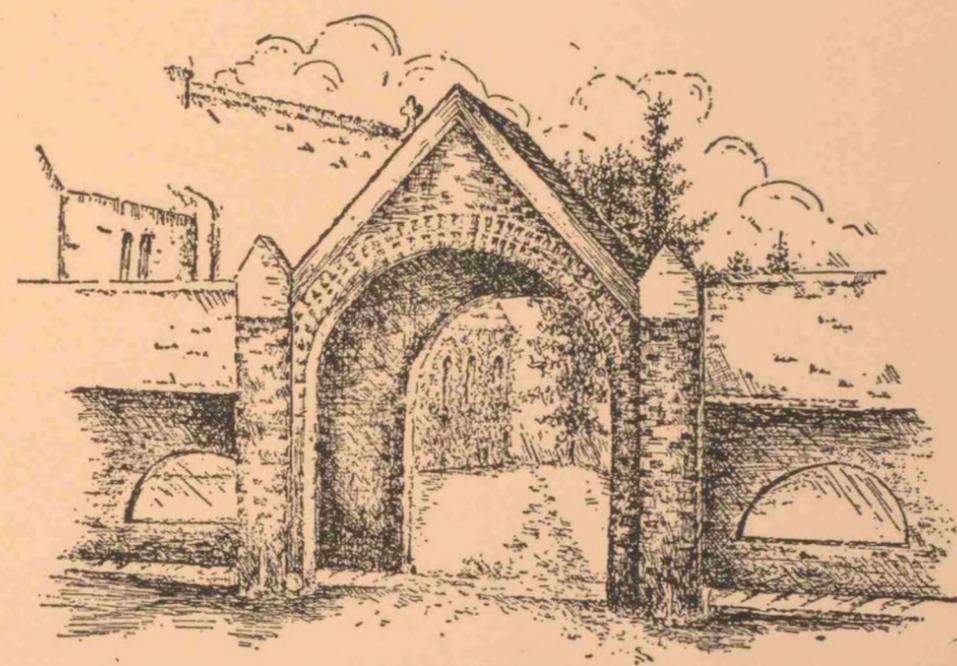


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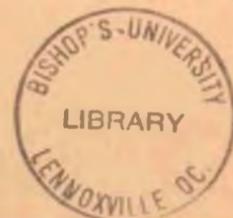
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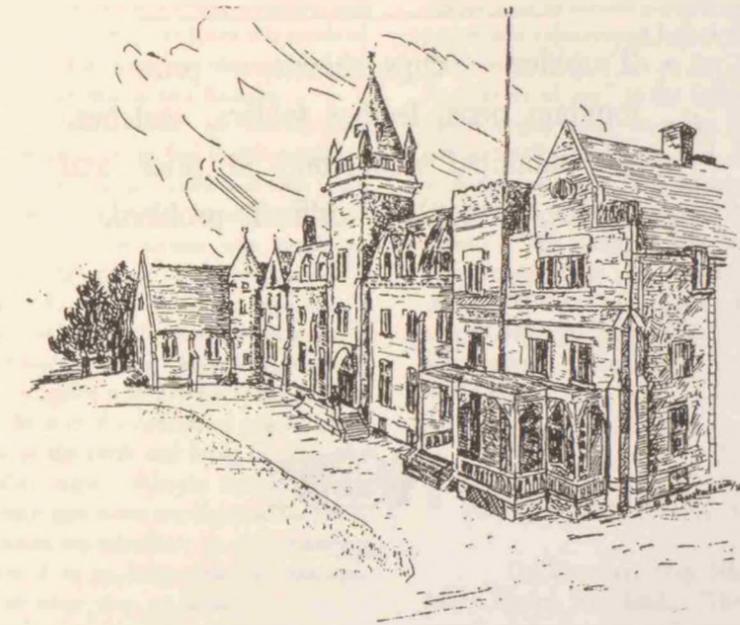


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TROPHIES

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Editorial

NOT so very long ago the quiet occidental atmosphere of this part of the Eastern Townships was penetrated and pleasantly agitated by the impact of a thoroughly oriental personality. Oriental in the extreme, the vivid robe of Sadhu John Christananda could not avoid attracting attention and arousing a curiosity which was perhaps at times too much of the vulgar type. But his native dress was thoroughly consistent and harmonious with his speech and thought.

The words and phrases were in the English tongue; but we certainly were made to feel that he spoke as a true son of India. Mystical idealism combined with blunt and witty criticism of Western civilization should have acted as a thorough mental tonic for everyone who made an effort to sympathize, even though we could not subscribe to all that the Sadhu said. English people have been known to offend the people of many races by a domineering self-assurance. Can we not tolerate being "hoist with our own petard" just a little and recognize with profit that the oriental mind too may possess a little of the conceit of genius which seeks to change the face of the earth and bring Christ home to our hearts from another angle. Always there exists the race distinction; but it only jars when we insist on the clash of colour or creed not when we introduce an understanding attitude, for then we see it as an interesting kaleidoscope. Charity should begin, but never stay, at home.

In the narrow sphere of our own dominion we are all aware of the manner in which East meets West. Often there is misunderstanding between the two; but in colleges like Bishop's many of us who come from the West receive great pleasure and profit, apart from studies, and trust that you also find something good to learn from us. Perhaps you find us too aggressive, too strenuous, perhaps we think you are too conservative; but what of that? The differences are not so great as fools would make them out to be. In spite of the fact that many people claim that there are no such animals as Canadians, it is our duty to foster the peculiar clear-eyed, clean-minded, intensely progressive and common-sense Christian spirit which has already raised our prestige high among the nations of the world.

Hello! East, Good-bye! West. Life is like that. Sometimes we like best to say the one, sometimes the other. Persons, places and things differ; so do our methods, moods and madneses. But in the long run it is the interchange of ideas and ideals between persons that counts most in making life interesting and worth while. Humans are never "poles apart" in any but a spatial sense, unless "distant" looks and exclusive "airs" are brought into play for that special purpose. We, who are leaving, leave in thankfulness that

from Eastern Canada we take away intellectual accretions and social memories, gained from our instructors on the one hand and our "comrades in affliction" on the other, which we shall not soon forget.

As far as the future is concerned it is not our intention here to spread a highly coloured panorama of possible power and achievement before our own or other anxious eyes. Each individual is his or her own "prophet of gloom" or "messenger of joy" to the following and final extent: This life is largely what we make it — under God, the Christian naturally adds — and definite aims and consistent attitudes prevent us from expiring in hysterics at the folly of life or from dying in despair because we cannot reform it pronto. The glory of life is its many-sidedness and, as East meets West and passes on, we accept each other's smiles and share each other's hopes trusting that our aspirations will lead our ambitions and knowing that something of permanent value lies in that which "makes the whole world kin."

* * *

ANNUAL MEETING OF MITRE BOARD.

On Tuesday, May 5th, the Annual Meeting of the Mitre Board was held. The different departments presented their reports and were very favourably received. Mr. R. E. Osborne, in his report on advertising, stated that the amount received from advertising more than paid for the total expense involved in producing five issues. The Exchange Editor reported an increase in the number of exchanges both sent out and received. The Circulation Manager stated that the number of subscriptions was the same as last year which was a great increase over the previous year. The Secretary-Treasurer reported that the Mitre this year was leaving a surplus more than three times as much as had been left by any previous board. Out of this surplus, the Board saw its way clear to give a grant of \$100. to the Students' Council and to provide a banquet for the members of the Mitre Board which was held on Wednesday, May 13th. The surplus to be handed over to next year's Board is more than twice the amount any in-coming Board has received. At the close of the meeting a vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. H. L. Hall, the retiring President, who thanked the members of the Board for their co-operation in making this year's Mitre a success. Before the meeting adjourned Mr. Hall expressed his best wishes to the new President, Mr. J. F. S. Ford, for every success in the coming year.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 37

EVOLUTION AND HISTORY

THESE immortal words of Tennyson may, in the modern horrible fashion, be said to be "more truth than poetry." They contain the very essence of the evolutionary theory. But the poet laureate, whether due to oversight or to some more obscure reason, neglected to add some comment as to *how* such a change is brought about. As a matter of fact, a process of this kind is not easily described. There is a possibility that, in the attempt, one may become so hopelessly tangled up as to shame the Gordian Knot in comparison. The attempt shall, however, be made. To some more obscure reason, neglected to add some comment as to *how* such a change is brought about. As a matter of fact, a process of this kind is not easily described. There is a possibility that, in the attempt, one may become so hopelessly tangled up as to shame the Gordian Knot in comparison. The attempt shall, however, be made.

There still are (and undoubtedly always will be) a goodly number of trustful souls in this hard world, whose wont it is to think of history as divided into various sharply defined epochs. Such people are prone to allude, innocently enough, to "the age of Chaucer," "the period of Spencer," "the time of Shakespeare," "the mid-Victorian era," et alii, and to take it for granted that these have each their clearly marked beginnings and definitely fixed endings. For these hapless individuals a sad disillusionment is in store. To withhold the truth from them any longer would be unfaid. Specifically speaking, therefore, we go on record as saying that it is impossible to state (with any claim to accuracy) that the Reformation began in October of the year 1517 A.D. It is readily granted that this was the date upon which Martin Luther aggressively nailed his ninety-five theses upon a little church door in Germany; and it is willingly conceded that this event rapidly led up to others which set the Reformation in full motion. But suppose we exert our imaginations just a little bit, and speculate upon what might have been the awful consequences, had some valiant Martin Luther nailed up those theses about one hundred years earlier (in the time of John Huss). Most likely the reformer would himself have been nailed up as a frightful example of clerical vengeance upon the heretic at large. At that time the soul had not been born that could dare to question the ecclesiastical dictum and get away with it. But, as it was, when Luther did appear upon the scene, the crying need of repairs upon St. Peter's Church at Rome, a fairly wide-spread habit of reading the Bible, a realization of the complications into which the Church was gradually being led, and a host of other such causes, had carefully prepared the stage for the action which was to take place.

It would not indeed be erroneous to declare that the foundation for the Reformation was laid with the issuing of the very first papal indulgence.

From this much, it should be apparent that history is a thing transitional, which forges ahead by gradual stages, and which cannot be chopped up into certain specified periods. In other words, history, like everything else, is evolutionary.

There was a time not so long ago when the word "evolution" was something from which all devout men turned with a shudder of abhorrence. To-day, on the contrary, it seems impossible to weigh any matter at all without coming into contact with evidences of evolution. If we look into the commercial world, evolution stares us right in the face; if we glance at social conditions, evolution throws itself hopelessly into the foreground; if we investigate the solar system, evolution pushes itself right under our very noses. We just simply cannot get away from the bafflingly complex subject.

In the religious sphere, for example, contemporary thinkers behold a struggle between fundamentalist and modernist. The former, the product of an age which believed in a literal Hell-fire with plenty of sulphur and brimstone, insists that the Bible must be accepted verbatim, and frowns darkly upon any attempt to put an allegorical interpretation upon its contents, giving as his reason the theory that the Book is divinely inspired; his adversary, an outgrowth of the post-war disillusionment, has come to realize that, even in Biblical times, symbolism was highly developed and profusely employed, and scowls upon any word for word translation, giving as his justification the belief that the Book is divinely inspired. Not so long ago, the former element was in the vast majority; at present, the latter party far outnumber their opponents, and are gradually replacing them everywhere. Fundamentalism is now a feature of a bygone age, while "modernism" is accepted as being the superior view in the present day. A time may come when something higher yet may challenge what we are at present pleased to call "modernism." This something will commence in a very small way, perhaps while the embers of fundamentalism are still only just dying out, and will ultimately in its own turn replace modernism. The point of all this expatiation is that we never really see a period of history that is completely devoted to one code or one principle; there is always the "old-fashioned" idea lingering on, and always the element of novelty creeping in.

Just to exhaust this matter (and the reader at the same time), we include reference to a parallel case in the political field. "Free trade" is the cry of a day long past,

and, although it can still be heard (in moderated degree) in such a prominent country as Great Britain, it is swiftly approaching the time when it must fade away beneath the increasing clamour for "protection."

The reader, being by this time (we confidently assume) upon the point of prostration, will leap at the spark of hope kindled by the transpiration that we are just approaching the pith of this whole preamble: our own day sees the clash between two mighty forces in the history of the world. For want of better words to describe them, we will call these two conflicting forces nationalism and internationalism. The former, working upon the narrower, pettier side of man, leads to separatism and discord; the latter, appealing to the broader, higher part of man, makes for universalism and harmony.

Nationalism and its foster-child, patriotism, are, like fundamentalism, features of a passing era. If this is *not* the case, then all one can say is that it is high time that it should be. Why? We will endeavour to show why.

In 1914 a most unthinking Serbian peasant broke into a fit of rashness, and allowed himself to inflict unpardonable injuries upon the person of a sacro-sanct Austrian archduke. Germany and Austria (especially Austria) looked on aghast at this outrage, took a moment to recover their astonished breaths, and then burst into a flame of violent indignation. Russia, feeling a kindred sympathy for the poor misguided peasant, ventured to drop a word of defense on his behalf, and looked reproachfully upon the hasty show of temper from Austria and Germany. France, realizing that there was some reason behind Russia's attitude, and admitting that it is sometimes undesirable to be too quick-tempered, cautiously endorsed Russian sentiment in the matter. Disagreement arose between the two parties. Germany, now growing quite bold, made a gesture of defiance by declaring open tourist season through Belgium. Great Britain, who all this time had been looking on from the side-lines convinced that the affair was none of her business, now gave expression to a gasp of amazement, and publicly declared that she could not quite see why anyone should be so rash. It is one thing to shoot an ambassador or an archduke; but it is quite another thing to inflict tourists upon *any* country. In like manner, one after the other, practically all the other nations of the world voiced their opinion in the matter. For three years, however, America maintained a laudable neutrality. Then somebody indiscriminately sank a number of American merchant vessels. Such a mercantile loss was of course negligible, but the principle involved was unmistakably colossal. America chided Germany for the indiscretion, and finally, from purely unselfish motives, entered into the argument and settled the confounded thing. Now what motivated all these actions throughout a period of over four years? It was patriotism.

In 1913, Belgians, Germans, Russians, Austrians, French, Bulgarians, Britons, and the whole host of other nationalities found themselves side by side in social service, in athletic competitions, and in everything in general. One

year later, an Austrian butcher found himself striving his utmost to cut the head off a Serbian carpenter; a Russian mason found himself exerting all his efforts to pull a stone wall down on to the heads of a group of German iron-mongers; a Bulgarian cheese-specialist found himself sweating, with the aid of poison gases, to smother the life out of a Belgian egg merchant; a Turkish street cleaner found himself trying to make garbage out of an upright English chimney-sweep. In the midst of all this dissension, a house-janitor (of unknown nationality) raised the question of what was responsible for the entire turmoil. Most of the combatants were taken by surprise at this question, and there seemed a little uncertainty about the answer, but someone suggested hopefully that maybe patriotism had something to do with it. This suggestion was welcomed with open arms as the only possible explanation, as indeed it was. There were one or two, however, who, even at this early period, began to inquire whether patriotism with all its high-sounding sentiment could be sufficient to justify such indiscriminate slaughter. To-day, there are grave doubts entertained upon that matter.

Patriotism is a most peculiar thing; it is the one and only thing that can make a man do what he doesn't want to do, and make him like it. Tell a man to-morrow to give up his wife and family, his home, and his possessions, and go out and plant a battle-axe in some part of another man's anatomy, and he will look upon you with scorn, - even with pity. But, whisper in his ear that patriotism demands that he should do so, and add that it has become quite the fashion to go off and slay a few foreign partisans, and he will obey your bidding without further hesitation. He will even boast about it. If patriotism is such a powerful force as this, it were well that it should not be allowed to run rampant.

The League of Nations has perspired and steamed for thirteen long years to reach some semblance of international goodfellowship. Arguments and dollars alike have not been spared in the attempt to reach this goal. Yet, to-day that goal is as far away as it ever was: it is unqualified absurdity to insist otherwise. And, what is most lamentable of all, the League of Nations does not seem to have recognized the nature of the stone wall against which it is bucking. Patriotism blocks its efforts at every step. Of this, the League appears to be serenely unaware. But such is undeniably the case, and if we are to insist that patriotism is the only worthwhile thing in national issues, the League might as well disband to-morrow. As it is, its members are wasting their time and onr money.

After all, though, when we really analyse the whole subject, we find that it is not so much that patriotism, as such, is an altogether execrable quality; it is merely that we have always held a distorted view of patriotism. "Love of country" is quite evidently a virtue — and a virtue of a most praiseworthy kind. But before we are ready to dash off blindly to hasten the demise of any foreign element, we really ought to be sure of what we mean when we talk about

"love of country". It hardly seems sensible to hold the love of one's country as being synonymous with the depopulation of that country or the draining of that country's resources. Yet, when we go to war, that is precisely what happens. If only we would brush a few of the cobwebs out of our mental chambers, we might be able to perceive that a true love of our country would keep it in harmony with other countries, would be broad enough to admit a fault where a fault was found, and generous enough to recognize the worth of other countries and the point of view of other nations. There are three degrees of love for a country: there is the narrow, nationalistic type that exists only for the individual state, and which inevitably leads to warfare; there is the unlimited, international type, which, in conceiving the progress of the whole, may demand the sacrifice of the part; and lastly, there is the international compromise, which seeks to consider the development both of the individual nations and of a world brotherhood, which asks us merely to recognize a foreigner's pride in his country to be as just and as great as our own, and to realize that by getting together reasonably we may all work out a mutual benefit.

The first of these three has obviously prevailed up to the present time and is obviously undesirable. The second, though propounding the doctrine of "the greatest good of the greatest number", is apparently too idealistic to be sound or practicable under the existing conditions. The last is the one with which, for the time being at least, we must be content, and towards which we must direct our progress. If the general *desire* of our contemporaries for a world peace can be taken as any indication whatever, it would appear as if we are taking a step in the right direction, that the new view of patriotism is coming in, and that the other view, that which has obtained for so long, is becoming "old-fashioned".

At least we are ready to deal with the main issue in this article. The way up to this point has been circuitous and complicated, and — alas! — the road that lies before offers no hope of easier travelling. But the way of a transgressor is always hard, and if the reader has reached this far he has obviously transgressed all the laws of natural expectation. This is by the way. Upon this journey which we are about to make, the thought that must be uppermost in our minds is that the Canadian Chamber of Commerce has within recent times issued a radical statement concerning the nature of history text-books in the schools. Such text-books, according to the members of the Chamber of Commerce, should be by Canadian writers; and, in saying this, they have subscribed unconsciously to a flourish of "old-fashioned" patriotism.

Now, it is not denied that the stand taken by the Chamber of Commerce has its excellent points. Anyone who is an ardent (and hopeless) patriot cannot help but endorse such a policy. It would be futility itself to suggest that the members of the Chamber of Commerce were acting upon any but the best and most well-meant intentions. For this much we should give them credit. We give it. But

what we do wish most earnestly to point out is that their attitude places them in the category of men who are clinging to the old-fashioned idea of patriotism. They are so enthusiastically working for Canada's good that they have lost sight of what their endeavours may mean to other countries and to international harmony as a whole.

Far be it from us to suggest that the present Chamber of Commerce has the makings of a second "Big Bill" Thompson. But, once the initial step has been taken, there is a danger that succeeding Chambers of Commerce may develop the principle, and Canada will suffer from patriotic indigestion.

Why should our history text-books be written only by Canadians? What can possibly be at the back of such a suggestion from the Chamber of Commerce? Is it that we have all the best historians right here in Canada? Glorious as it would be to think so, we have some doubt about it. Is there a desire to "patronize home industry and home talent", to speed up the publishing industry and to move our historians to produce epic master-pieces? Even if this were so, it is questionable whether Canadian publishers could not earn an honest living by printing the works of foreign writers, and it is debatable whether home talent, especially when inferior, should be given a preference which would handicap the student of history. Then whatever could be the reasons for insisting upon one hundred per cent Canadian history text-books?

The process of elimination leaves us only one possible explanation: a Canadian historian will produce a book that has a Canadian flavour (this is just as inevitable as it is patriotic). Well, do we sincerely wish our history text-books to be seasoned with Canadian (and *only* Canadian) points of view? To us, there seems a danger that such a course might become a trifle narrow. It seems so much more upright and straightforward to say: we want the facts of history—pure, undiminished, unchanged, and unadorned; if the pioneers of our country did anything that they ought not to have done, and even if (by some mishap) they have left undone some things which they ought to have done, we might just as well know it. But when we begin to speak of "accurate facts of history", we open up (sad to relate) the road to a dissertation on whether it is possible to obtain historical accuracy by *any* ways or means.

We might as well inflict the heaviest possible blow upon the plain-thinking, innocent-minded idealist by stating, at the outset, with inconsiderate bluntness, that absolute historical accuracy is as impossible as complete and general female silence. After the unfortunate idealist has struggled to his feet again, he will doubtlessly emit some spirited expression of protest, and beg to be shown how anything so preposterous can be true. And in order to conciliate him somewhat, we are going to make an attempt to explain.

Suppose, therefore, that Mr. H. G. Wells were going to write two biographical sketches: one about his closest friend and the other about his bitterest enemy. Reasoning upon the postulate that Mr. Wells is a human

SPOOKS IN THE CEMETERY

A True Story of Old Upper Melbourne

By Willard Humphrey

THE long road down the hillside in Upper Melbourne is a splendid slide for bob-sleds in the winter time, when the roadbed is deeply packed with snow and the river at the foot of the hill is thickly frozen. The run is almost two miles long and provides many thrills and adventures.

It was a cold moonlit night in 1885 when a group of boys and girls received a thrill they were not expecting. They were speeding down the hillside, eight of them on the bob-sled, and were just passing the Upper Cemetery when one of the girls shrieked out in terror.

"Oh, oh! Look in there! That Thing!"

The others looked and sure enough, a large white figure seemed to be hovering behind one of the monuments. The effect on the party was not very pleasant; but the run was too fast to stop there, so they went on, finishing at the bottom of the hill in the village.

Needless to say, it was the last run that night. The girls insisted on going home immediately; the boys, while pretending to be skeptical, were none too comfortable. Young Bob McMorrán, a lad of sixteen, seemed rather shaky, for he lived at the farm just above the graveyard, at the summit of the hill. Finally, screwing up their courage, the boys decided to accompany Bob home and on their way search the graveyard for evidence of human presence, for they suspected that someone had been tricking them.

Though they walked all around the cemetery fence, **THERE WERE ABSOLUTELY NO TRACKS TO BE SEEN.** The ground lay sparkling in the moonlight, the snow was deep and feathery. Naturally their discovery, or lack of discovery, did not allay their fears, and it was an awe-stricken group of boys that told the story in the village. Their account was readily accepted, and many an ancient head shook as old yarns were related of haunted graveyards.

Young Bob McMorrán's father was a trustee of the cemetery, and was annoyed at the disrepute that had fallen upon it. He was a very intelligent man and did not take

much stock in the story. So he decided to lay the ghost. His plan was to watch the grave-yard every moonlit night until he saw the spectre, and when he did he would descend upon it and scare it out.

So for some six weeks on every night the moon was out he watched and waited, but to no avail. The ghost refused to stir. Finally he gave it up, deciding that it was all just a trick of the imagination upon those who claimed to have seen the ghost.

However, one evening about a week later, Mr. and Mrs. McMorrán had occasion to go down to the village. It was a clear moonlit night, and just as they were passing the cemetery Mrs. McMorrán clutched her husband's sleeve and whispered, "Heavens, Dick, look in there!"

McMorrán stopped the horses and peered into the graveyard. He could hardly believe his eyes, for there, behind one of the monuments hovered a large white figure, of the traditional spectral shape.

Muttering under his breath, he climbed down out of the sleigh, and, disregarding his wife's pleas not to leave her, he headed into the cemetery, the ghost all the while flickering against the background of dark pine trees.

A prey to eerie feelings, he plodded through the snow until he came up to the spot where he had seen the supernatural thing. There he saw only a white birch tree, with limbs covered with snow, moving back and forth in the wind. The ghost was laid.

Nevertheless, the villagers refused to accept his explanation, asking why the oddity was not seen more often. He pointed out that only when the moon was in a certain place in the heavens would the shadow of the monument partially conceal the tree. But they were not convinced.

So McMorrán decided to lay the ghost once and for all. The next day he made his way to the cemetery and chopped down the white birch. And from that day to this the ghost has not been seen in the Upper Cemetery at Melbourne.



PASTEUR

THE men we find most often written of, are either military men or politicians. As a general rule, we find the scientist given very little space in a history, merely a mention of his discoveries, whereas the commander or statesman, who has done little to benefit mankind, is praised unceasingly. If the space in a history were to be allotted according to what each has contributed to humanity, has handed down to posterity to improve the lot of the world, do you suppose it would be the military strategist or *saucy* politician of whom the most would be written? The answer is obvious. Yet it is of those who give us war and suffering of whom we are taught in school; of the ones who have worked and slaved under atrocious conditions in order that we might benefit, we learn little or nothing. It is because of this that I write of Pasteur, who through his work, probably did more to alleviate the sufferings of the human race than any other man.

Pasteur was born in the small village of Dôle in December, 1822. The social standing of his parents was not very high, his father being but a tanner. Soon after his birth the family moved to Arbois, where Pasteur received his early education. He prepared for his entrance examinations to the Ecole Normale in Paris, at the Royal College in Besançon, a near-by town. He passed these and entered in the year 1842, though his standing was put down discouragingly as "mediocre."

It was whilst studying at the Ecole Normale that he first became interested in tartrate and paratartrate solutions of soda or ammonia. These two substances, though of similar crystalline form, possessing the same nature and number of atoms, their arrangement and distance being the same, yet, the dissolved tartrate rotates a plane of polarized light, whilst the paratartrate remains inactive. The solution to this problem was thought impossible, even by such chemists as Mitscherlich and Biot. Through hard work on the subject and the use of the microscope Pasteur found all the crystals in the tartrate solution to be hemihedral in structure, whereas the crystals of the other solution were mixed; the faces of some turned to the right, those of others to the left. This was the key to the problem, and, was the first of his many discoveries. It was due to this work that he gained the life-long friendship of the chemist Biot, who saw in him a young man with a future, and gained for himself the much sought Cross of the Legion of Honour.

He then began his studies of fermentation. He was asked to do this by a manufacturer of beet-root alcohol, who had met with great disappointments. His researches on this subject showed him that a ferment soured because of the presence of undesirable bacteria in it. From this discovery he evolved the method of ridding the liquid of them through heating, which is called after him "pasteurization." This brought him into opposition to the well founded theory

of spontaneous generation. By a series of lengthy experiments he proved that a putrescible liquor would not ferment if kept out of contact with the air, or, if only in contact with air from which all bacteria had been removed. It was these experiments which led him to believe that disease was but the growth of different sorts of microbes within the body, and that deaths by gangrene and other poisonings were easily preventible.

His experiments along this line were now interrupted, as he was asked by the government to go to southern France to investigate the silk-worm disease which was killing the worms by thousands and causing an annual loss of millions of francs to the country. Though he had never seen a silk-worm prior to this, with the aid of the microscope he very soon found a means by which unhealthy worms could be weeded out, leaving only the healthy ones. By this method the disease was stopped, prosperity returned to that section of the country which had seemed ruined, and he gained the gratitude of the people whom he had saved.

He then again turned his attention to the problem of hunting bacteria, though he was a chemist. At this time the slightest operation might mean death through infection; as a surgeon of the time said, "A pin prick is a door open to Death." Deaths from pyaemia, gangrene, erysipelas, septicaemia, or purulent infection were very common. The deaths resulting from surgical operations were about 60%. These Pasteur brought down to about 5%, by showing to the medical world that poisons did not spring up spontaneously in the system, but were the result of germs entering it, and that this could be prevented by cleanliness, sterilized instruments, and improved bandages. Lord Lister in Scotland was one of the first to apply Pasteur's principles, and his results were phenomenal, showing Pasteur to be right.

An extraordinary opportunity now offered itself to Pasteur for the study of disease; an epidemic, anthrax, had killed from 25 to 30% of the sheep and cattle in France, and he was asked to investigate. He showed this disease to be entirely due to a certain type of bacteria. From these experiments something very important was discovered; that it was possible to take the germ or virus, and so weaken it that the animal could be inoculated with it, have a slight attack, recover, and be thenceforward immune. This, he showed definitely to be true, when in the spring of 1881, at the farm-yard of Pouilly le Fort, he inoculated twenty-five vaccinated and twenty-five unvaccinated sheep with anthrax. All those unvaccinated died, whereas the healthy lived. The heavy mortality among sheep and cattle due to this disease could now be brought to an end. This was indeed a great triumph for him.

Further studies upon chicken cholera, yellow fever, and the swine plague helped to further his theory. Then finally came his work on one of the most dreaded of diseases, practically unknown to-day because of his work, hydro-

phobia. The only treatment of this disease known at this time, was a thorough cauterization of the diseased wound within half an hour of its infliction. He devised a method whereby the poison conveyed by the bite might be neutralized.

Among the things known positively concerning the disease at this time were; first, the rabic germ was contained in the saliva of wild animals; secondly, it was communicated through bites; and thirdly, that the period of incubation might vary from a few days to several months. Perhaps experiment might throw more light on the subject.

Consequently Pasteur performed the following; he gathered some of the mucus from the mouth of a child which had just died of rabies, mixed it with a little water, and inoculated some rabbits with it. These rabbits died in less than thirty-six hours, and their saliva injected into other rabbits caused an almost equally rapid death.

One day, wishing to collect saliva directly from the jaws of a rabid dog, two of his assistants undertook to drag a mad bull-dog foaming at the mouth, from its cage. They seized it by means of a lasso and stretched it upon a table. While these two men held down the struggling beast, whose bite meant death, the scientist drew, by means of a glass tube held between his lips, a few drops of the deadly saliva from its jaws, his face within two inches of them. This is but an example of the heroism and the chances which are taken for the sake of science.

But the same uncertainty followed the inoculation of saliva as the bite from a mad dog; the time of incubation was sometimes so slow that weeks or months elapsed before the result of an experiment was known. This led Pasteur to believe that the disease had its seat in the nervous system. As long as the germ had not reached the nervous centres, the disease would not develop; this would explain the long periods of some incubations. Soon after this he discovered that an animal inoculated with a particle of the brain of an animal which had died of hydrophobia, died itself soon afterwards from hydrophobia. This showed that not only did the saliva contain the deadly germ, but that it was also contained in the brain.

It now occurred to him to inoculate the germ directly on the surface of a dog's brain, but he would not attempt it for fear of causing too much pain to the animal. So, when he was absent from the laboratory one day, his able assistant Roux bored a small hole into the head of a chloroformed dog and injected a small quantity of the germs. The wound was then washed with carbolic and the skin stitched together, the whole operation taking but a few minutes. When Pasteur returned later the dog was shown to him, bounding about as usual, and he was told of what had been done, showing it to be a painless operation. Two weeks later the dog developed hydrophobia and died in a rabid fury. Similiar experiments were repeated, with always the same result. He now wished to pursue his former

methods, to isolate and cultivate the microbe in an artificial medium; but the microbe could not be found.

Pasteur next conceived the idea of taking a piece of the brain of the rabbit which had died of an inoculation and drying it to weaken the germs. The piece of brain was suspended by a thread in a sterilized phial, the air of which was kept dry by pieces of caustic soda in the bottom, and was closed from atmospheric dusts by a cotton plug. As it dried, its virulence decreased, until at the end of fourteen days it had become absolutely extinguished. It was then crushed, mixed with pure water, and injected into dogs. The day following they were inoculated with some which had been drying thirteen days and so on, until they were inoculated with that taken from a rabbit which had died the same day. These dogs were now found to be absolutely immune to rabies.

This gave him the idea of inoculating all the dogs in France and so make them refractory to the disease. But he soon saw the impossibility of such a scheme. The question then arose, would a human being, bitten by a rabid dog, survive, if inoculated as the dogs had been. To solve this problem, he meant to inject some of the poison into himself and then find whether he could save himself or not. This course of action was made unnecessary. A young boy, very badly bitten by a rabid dog was brought to him, and he was asked to do his best for the child. After some deliberation he decided to inoculate as he had the dogs. The experiment was a success and the child was saved. A cure for hydrophobia had been found.

The Institute Pasteur was now built from funds raised by public subscription. It was to be a dispensary for this cure of hydrophobia, besides a hospital, teaching, and research centre, the largest of its kind in the world. Institutions on a like model sprang up all over the world, especially in those countries which suffered most from hydrophobia.

As Pasteur grew older, he was unable to study as much as previously, but, before he died he took part in another momentous discovery. In collaboration with his former pupil Roux he found a cure for diphtheria. The average mortality due to this disease was 51%, but, treatment by serum brought this down to 24% in less than four months.

Pasteur died in September, 1895.

The world's debt to him is enormous. It was due to him, a chemist trained to specialize in crystallography, that all the old theories of medicine were thrown aside and the foundations for modern medicine laid. His work, besides saving the lives of thousands the world over, did much to bring prosperity to France, putting many of her industries on a firmer basis. If all he had done had been to upset the theory of spontaneous generation we would still owe him much, for, until this theory was shown to be false, medicine could never have advanced.

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Singing and Serving

By Rev. C. Ritchie Bell, B.A.,
St. James' Presbyterian Church, Truro N. S.

"And when they had sung a hymn, they went out unto the mount of Olives." (St. Mark 14:26).

OSWALD W. S. McCall writing in a very fascinating manner in an exceedingly helpful volumn entitled, "Music and Religion," asks this pertinent question: "How is it that Christian art has so missed this picture of Jesus singing? Surely if a cross has become the symbol of the extent to which his love would go, nothing better than music could suitably represent that unconquerable and winged inner life and harmony, that soaring faith and spiritual experience, which was his most essential characteristic — The song suggests something in him that is not secondary, no, not even to that which the cross suggests."

Jesus has just concluded his solemn introduction to the disciples of those grim symbols of suffering and sacrifice, the bread and the wine, "this is my body which is broken, this is my blood which is shed." In a little while the same quiet voice will correct the impetuous confidence of Peter, who is about to vow that he will never, never forsake Him. Already something of the awfulness and loneliness of His position settles down upon His mind. He is conscious that His disciples have not yet known Him. He aches for the cool, evening breeze of the garden, Gethsemane — perhaps He will shortly be able to escape for a few moments there. The group is rising to sing — and Jesus lifts His voice with theirs as they stand around the table before they go out to the Garden of Gethsemane — think of it. I wonder what they sang? A psalm, undoubtedly, but which one? The twenty-third? Or the one hundred and third — "Bless the Lord, O my soul"? Or was it the fifty-seventh — "Be merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me"? The psalms comprising the Hallel are usually regarded as those sung at the Last Supper. This is the group known of as "The Psalms of Praise" and always sung at the Passover, they comprise the psalms 113 to 118 inclusively.

A little while ago a meditative American suggested that Jesus must have found some of the sentiment of the Hallel quite appropriate: "The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold of me: I found trouble and sorrow. Then called I upon the name of the Lord; O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul. Gracious is the Lord, and righteous; yea, our God is merciful return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee. For thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling".

Jesus would have had no difficulty with those words, nor with these: "The Lord in on my side; I will not fear; what can man do unto me?" Then with the glow of his own quiet idealism, my American friend asks, but how could Jesus manage these: "All nations compassed me about; but in the name of the Lord will I destroy them". There is something in this quite alien to the singing heart of our Master.

Let us look at Christ singing, attempting to see what this signifies, allowing the words we have used as a text and their message to emerge from our homely study.

There are, I think, at least three lessons to be learned from the singing Christ.

First, Jesus singing just before Gethsemane teaches us to go forward with sustained idealism to the tasks which confront us to-day and the endeavours which will clamour for our attention to-morrow.

I have just finished reading the life of Phillips Brooks. Here was a man who possessed the singing heart of Jesus. A Boston paper once contained this line: "The day was dark and gloomy, but Phillips Brooks walked down through Newspaper Row and all was bright." People crowded Trinity Church not merely because an orator spoke from its pulpit, but because the sunshine of a radiant Christian faith was there, something which gave them encouragement to go on and try again and do better.

Robert Louis Stevenson was a man who had learned the secret of Jesus singing just before Gethsemane. In spite of illness and exile Stevenson could write:

"If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness;
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face;
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not; if morning skies,
Books, and my food and summer rain
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain —
Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take
And stab my spirit broad awake;
O, Lord, if, too obdurate I,
Choose thou, before that spirit die,
A piercing pain, a killing sin,
And to my dead heart run them in."

Not all good people belong to this singing company. Sorrow, tragedy and sin have bowed down their hearts and they no longer lift up their voice in praise and thanksgiving. And this leads me to say,

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Secondly, that Jesus singing just before Gethsemane teaches us that His heart was in tune with the Eternal.

We cannot sing when sin and darkness have settled down over the delicate structure of the soul. Our lives must be in tune with the infinite.

When Sir Walter Raleigh was led to the block of execution, the axe-man asked if his head was lying right. Sir Walter, characteristically replied, "When a man comes to this, it isn't a question of his head lying right, but whether his heart is right."

I would not urge among any of you, my personal religious convictions, but I am urging the necessity of a place for God in your life. Neglect giving God a place in your life and you cut yourself off from all the higher reaches of your soul. Without God all the other accomplishments of life but cry for the lost chord.

When we attempt to live out our lives without taking God into consideration, the grand disillusionment will come when we realize, in the shrewd, quaint words of David Harum, that "shrouds have no pockets." Life is more meat.

"Thou hast made us for thyself," cried Augustine, "and our souls are restless until they find rest in thee." "I paint for eternity," declared a great artist. The men who are artists and not merely workmen, using flesh and blood on the canvas of living can paint for nothing less.

The man who gazes into the future with sustained idealism, and with his life in tune with the life of God has put himself on the side of eternity.

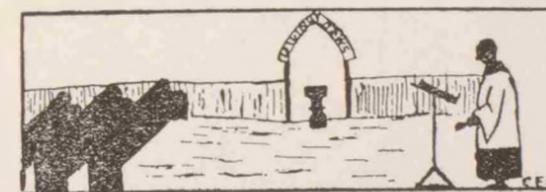
Thirdly, Jesus was singing just before Gethsemane because He had long since lost Himself in unselfish service.

"I must serve" was the motto of the life of Jesus. No one who is not willing to serve the world, whatever his contribution may be, can nor has he any right to live with a singing heart. There is no music in the heart of the parasite.

Albert Wentworth Palmer asks the question, "How does a physician keep so cheerful in the midst of pain and suffering? Going from one sick bed to another, he might be expected to acquire an increasing load of gloom," and he suggests this answer, "He is always thinking of the service he can render, and the helpful ministry of his life fills his soul with cheer."

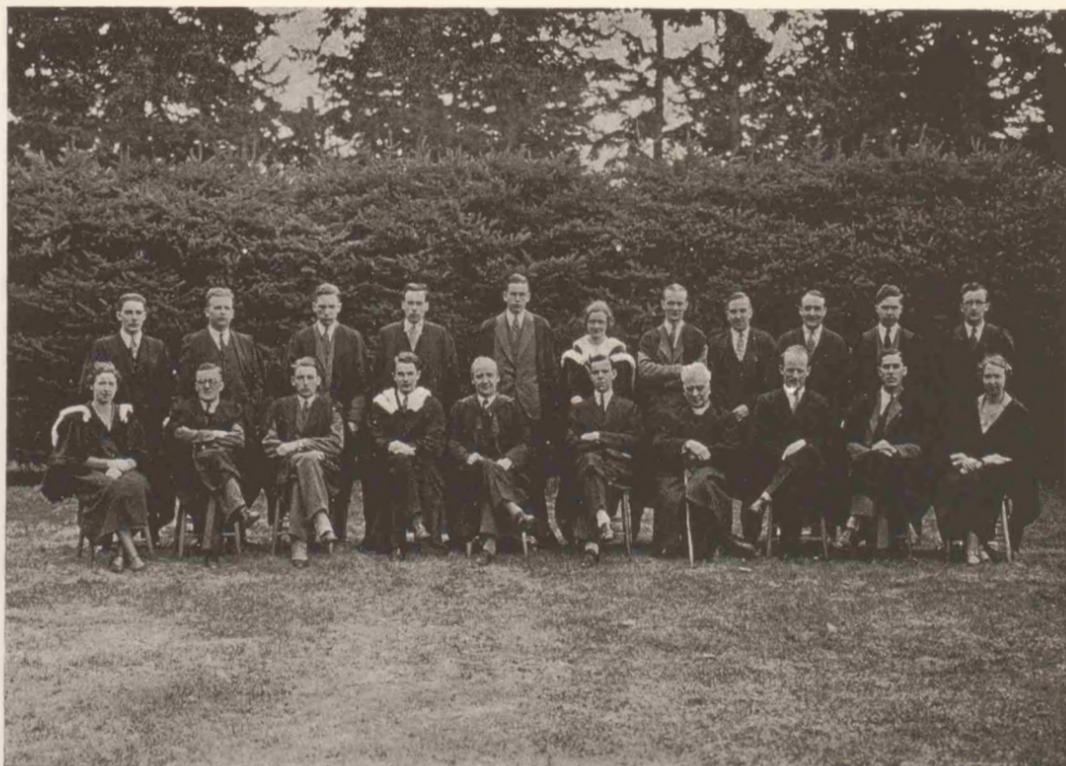
The unhappy people are those who have no real task to which to give themselves.

We go back, then, to the splendid inspiration of our text. We go back to the picture of the Christ standing to sing a hymn. This same Jesus shall be the sustaining power of our idealism. This same Jesus shall be the means whereby we may bring our hearts into tune with God. This same Jesus shall be the splendid vision of our ministry of unselfish service. And by the grace of God we must be like the singing Christ.



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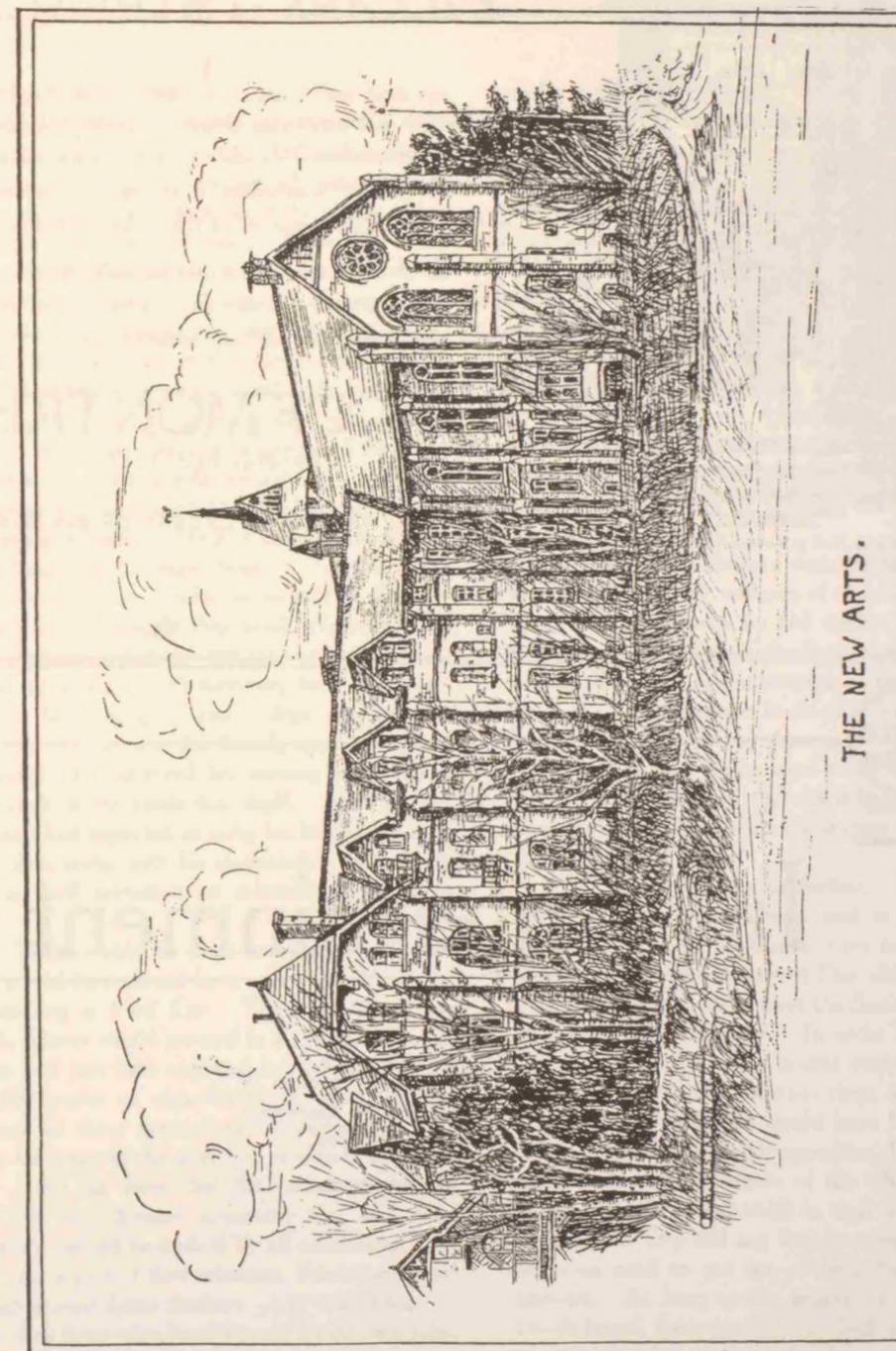
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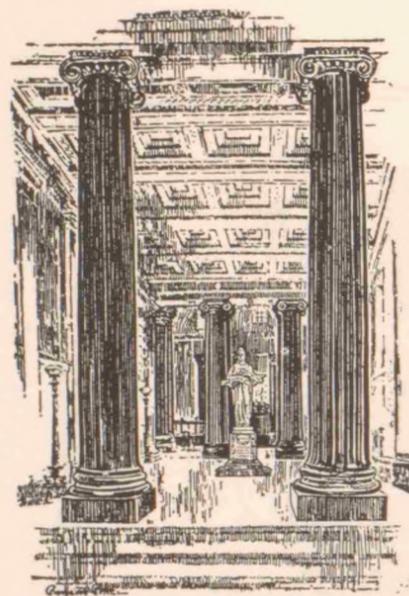
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A Fairy Tale.

APPLAUSE! More applause! Still more applause! Was it possible that these men had some intelligence after all? Pillingshot wasn't sure. Pillingshot's opinion of university officials had been amazingly low throughout the whole of his college career back in the "wild thirties". Now, fifty years later, as chairman of the Quebec Commission for government (see Mosley), he was dictating to the annual meeting of the College Corporation, his commission's new "Rules, Orders, and Regulations for the Conduct and Government of the University". They were being applauded. At least these men, who had once treated him so shamefully, realized that he was a greater man than any one of them. Pillingshot had good reason to be satisfied with himself.

Pillingshot was disappointed! He had not wanted to please his ancient enemies. He had intended to horrify them, to make them beg for easier terms. But they were applauding. He had been careful to include in his new Rules everything he had thought they would disapprove of, and to omit everything he had thought they would approve. He had started by abolishing all university fees. Scholarships would now be clear gain, and college attendance a profitable pastime. There was that beastly applause again!

Pillingshot had followed his opening thrust by a concentrated attack on the curriculum itself. Here he was in his element and had expected to carry his hearers off their feet, or rather their seats, with his eloquence. In a whirlwind manner he had presented his reforms. They were startling.

(1) There would be three compulsory subjects: (a) Divinity would be replaced by a course on *Ways and Means of Handling a Ford Car*. Those qualifying for Honours in this subject would proceed to a course in *Flying*. (An aeroplane had just been acquired in exchange for the required 10,000 packs of cigarette cards, saved by the combined efforts of three generations of students). (b) *Esperanto*, the language of the day, was obviously a necessary subject. (c) In order that the college might still appear liberal, it was deemed important that one dead language, *English*, should be studied by all candidates.

(2) As a part of their initiation, Freshmen would still be required to read *Latin Authors* — in translation.

(3) For those who loved beauty for its own sake, a course in *Futuristic Art* would be offered.

(4) *Rugby and Hockey* would be given the same

credit as the other options. Students playing on championship teams would be given Honour standing.

(5) *Ancient History* would remain on the course. It would not, however, deal with Greek History from the Mycenaean Age to the fall of Corinth, but with Stanley Cup history from the Amateur Age to the fall of Chicago. (Here Pillingshot had become eloquent. "I am a Canadian. I am proud of my country. We do not need to go to Greece, or any other foreign country, for material with which to torment our youth. Every red-blooded Canadian boy must be given a chance to know something about his national sport. So long as I remain in power, every red-blooded Canadian boy *will* be given that chance." Pillingshot was good at this patriotic stuff. It had been an immense help to him in securing his high position in the government.)

(6) The *Science* department would offer the following courses: (a) methods of opening a can with the can-opener that comes with it; (b) methods of lighting a lighter without a match; (c) methods of attending chapel without getting stiff (such as the wearing of pneumatic trousers).

(7) A course in *Mental Telepathy and Necromancy* could be taken by those gifted along such lines.

(8) All books were to be in simplified *Spelling*. By the aid of Jupiter, the old dictionaries would be consumed upon an altar, while the student body solemnly chanted 'Burn, Burn, Burn.'

Pillingshot had gone further. Two lectures a morning were to be a maximum, and in fine weather, if the students so desired, the Profs. were to deliver these on the golf links, à la Socrates. (This clause was included in spite of vigorous protests from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Professors). In order that the co-eds might ever be reminded of their proper station, they were to wait on the tables at meals (Koran: chap. on Heaven). As for examinations Pillingshot would have liked to abolish them, but, as a concession to the opposition, he had contented himself with a radical reform of the whole system. In the future, students could write in their own rooms, if they so wished. If they did not feel in a writing mood, they did not even need to get out of bed, but could dictate their answers. So long as the supply of the above mentioned co-eds lasted, there would be no lack of stenographers. This plan would also eliminate the danger of Mental Telepathy candidates using illegal means of acquiring information from the presiding professor. There would be little danger of a

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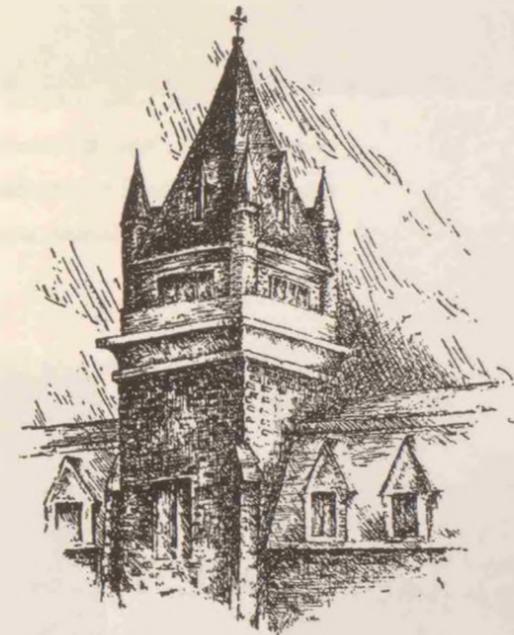
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co-ed supplying any knowledge of a concrete sort. Pillingshot was beginning to be surprised at his own creative genius.

The applause was beginning again. It was tremendous. Windows rattled and tables rocked, such was the vibration it caused. Pillingshot's ears hummed with it. The rafters rang with it. Strange how regular it was getting. Applause, silence, applause, silence, appl — then Pillingshot's eyes were opened. The hour was 12.30 a.m., the month was June. His ears rang with the snoring of his roommate. It was tremendous. Windows rattled and

tables rocked, such was the vibration it caused. His hands held, not his government's "Rules, Orders and Regulations for the Conduct of the University", but a Latin grammar. The next morning, or rather, later that morning, he would have his fourth consecutive shot at his first year sup. in the said Latin Grammar. Who was the sap that said "In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of — June exams" — Blah!

—Gordon O. Rothney.



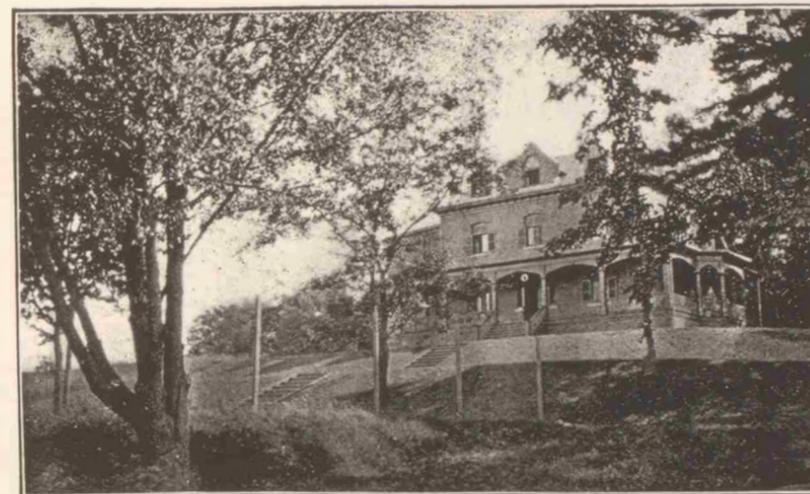
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CONVERSATION

"Language may be considered the chief distinctive mark of humanity." —ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA

HENRY DAVID THOREAU is reported to have said that he would rather walk fifteen miles than write a letter: suggesting that in the letter lurked a thousand possibilities of being misunderstood, or understood *too* well!

Think of the hours spent and the reams of paper used to explain the simplest proposition. Except from a trained hand, one cannot always see on the paper the smile, the

good-fellowship, the brotherly intention . . . the telephone, however, transmits the chuckle, the tone of displeasure, the forgiving voice, the firm intent. At once the reaction on the part of the listener at the other end of the wire can be detected, and the sails of conversation be trimmed, as necessary, to meet an unfavourable, or propitious reply.

The telephone stands today at the head of humanizing agencies.

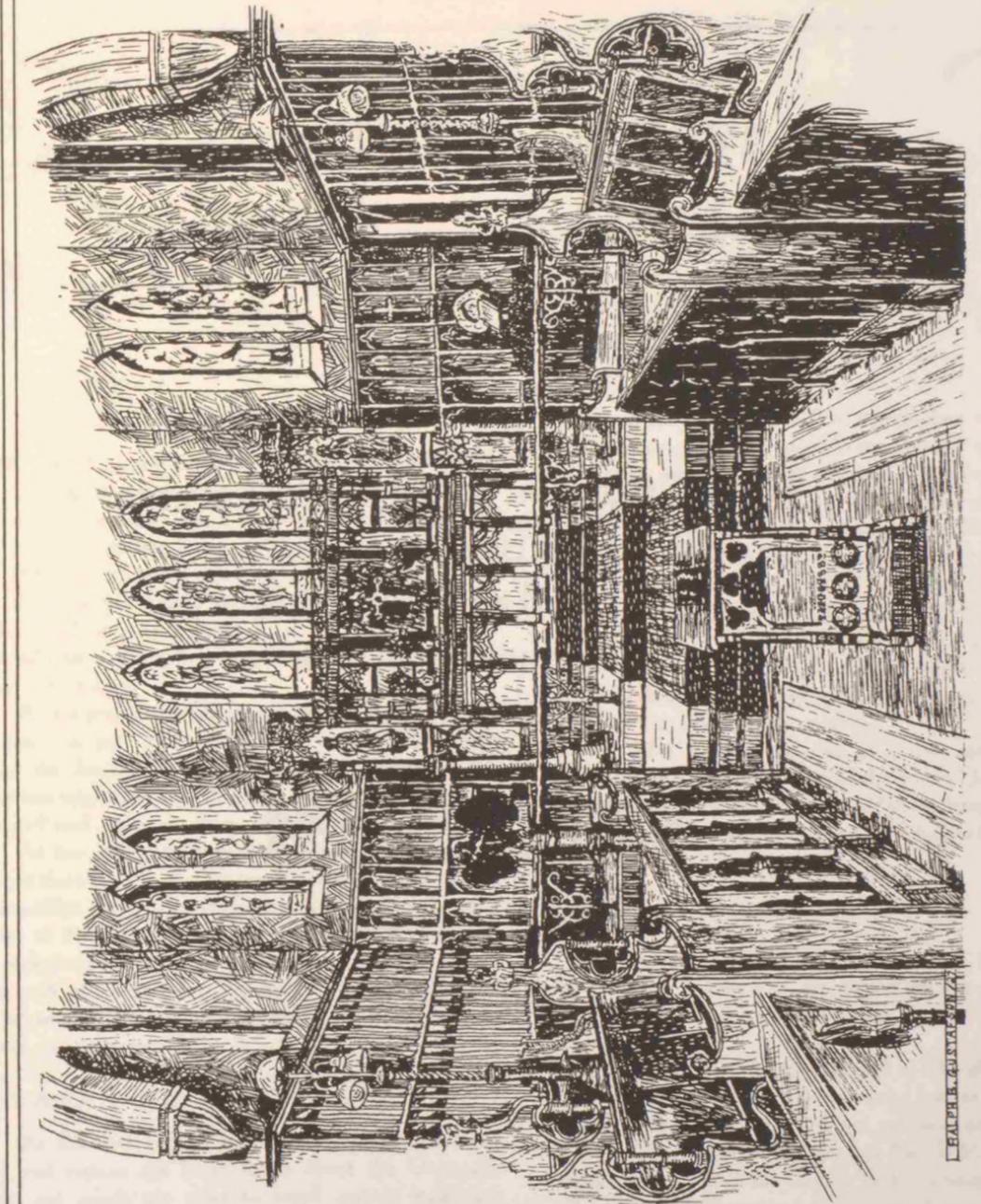
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THE CHAPEL

Greetings !



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prosperity.



LENNOXVILLE, QUE.



Sports Section



TENNIS.

THIS Spring has witnessed the ascent of Tennis as a minor sport at Bishop's to the position of a major sport, so great is its popularity at the present time.

The College tennis courts have been vastly improved during the past five years, yet there is still much to be desired. And, if we can judge by its growing popularity, there should be a still greater improvement in the courts in the very near future.

At the present time there are but two courts in condition and it is quite evident that these accommodations do not meet the demands of the many tennis devotees. We wish, at this opportune time, to suggest that a third court be conditioned and other necessary improvements added.

At this point attention might be called to the fact that as yet there is no trophy for tennis competition. Trophies for competition have been presented for all other sporting activities at Bishop's, except tennis. Why is this sport alone excluded? Surely its growing popularity does not deserve such an oversight. We wish to impress upon all lovers of tennis this uncalled-for neglect, and also to seek a remedy for the same.

WHAT ABOUT THE FOOTBALL STADIUM ?

At this time of year when new buildings are being erected and repairs are being made about the University grounds, our minds are wont to recall certain statements made earlier in the academic year regarding such building plans.

These statements refer to those made at the Rugby

Dinner in the Autumn of 1930 at the close of a successful rugby season. One speaker, in proposing a toast, suggested that an improvement in accommodation be provided for the loyal supporters of Bishop's. Another speaker replied that 'he, himself, would do whatever possible in obtaining better accommodation for spectators in future years'.

Neither of these statements were at all binding; but merely expressed the speakers' sentiments concerning the matter. We feel, however, that now is the time to act. Why not have our 'stadium' built this summer and have all accommodations in readiness for the coming rugby season which is but four months away?

This view is not one of a few members of the Faculty and Students, — but of the whole University body. We now take this opportunity to offer our humble suggestion and opinion along with the others. Why not? Now is the time to build!

GOLF.

As the golfing season comes into its own again those ardent followers of the ancient pastime look forward with pleasure to the coming matches for the University golf Championship.

These matches are expected to take place during the week following the University exams; but, as this issue goes to press, the exact dates have not yet been announced.

The title went last year to Mr. J. P. Fuller who is expected to defend his laurels in the coming tournament. The College golf course has been much improved recently, and with many promising players expecting to take part, the competition should be very keen.

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Badminton

With the coming of Spring and bright sunny days, (not to mention a more vital issue The June Examinations) Badminton like many other popular winter sports was forced to give way to golf, tennis, etc. Having had a rather successful year it was only natural that there should be a fitting climax.

With this in mind a tournament was started for all male members of the club. In the open singles tournament Fred (Smiling) Baldwin emerged victorious after some very thrilling games. Defeating Armstrong in the semi-finals Fred met Charlie Smith, last year's winner, and came out on top in a two out of three game match. Following the open tournament a handicap series was run off, Charlie Smith winning in the finals from Bob McLernon, the latter having put out the two strong contenders, Baldwin and Armstrong.

After the Easter vacation a Tea-Dance was held in conjunction with the Women Students' Association in the Convocation Hall. The tea tables were prettily decorated in a gold and blue arrangement and as usual Dewhurst was the caterer in charge. What with a good orchestra, a host of pretty girls, and very congenial surroundings, the Tea-Dance could not help being a great success. As regards entertainment, we were very fortunate in having Madame Bachand-Dupuis as a guest soloist, and at this time we would like to express our thanks to our very talented guest. Ayton Lennon also contributed several solos which were very well received.

One of the most popular events of the dance were, however, the numbers sung by John McGiffin (the man with the Pepsodent Smile) and Ed. Field. It is rumored around the College that John, overcome with the sentiment of his song, sang the romantic little tit-bits into the ears of his attractive dancing partners, (particularly to a little brunette) this again helping to make the dance a success. On behalf of the Dance Committee I would like to thank Mrs. McGreer, Mrs. Raymond and Mrs. Kuehner, for their kind assistance in acting as patronesses.

At the beginning of the year the Badminton Club was organized and a new system was introduced with reference to the disposal of birds and was very successful in its working out. Beginning the year with a small deficit and without any financial support from the Students' Council, although it is one of the most popular of college activities, the Badminton Club completed its activities and will have a small credit to its account and so may be able to have more events next year and possibly with some support could represent the College in the Provincial or Inter-Club matches.

On behalf of the members of the Club I would like to thank Mrs. Raymond and Ivan Stockwell for their generous assistance in donating trophies for the Open and Handicap tournaments, respectively.

In conclusion I would like to wish the Club the best of success in their future activities and also that some day they may get financial support from the Students' Association and then be able to represent Bishop's in the Provincial and Canadian Tournaments.

(Signed)
R. Miller Wallace,
Pres.

THE ROVER SCOUTS

The Rover Scouts concluded a very good year with an all-day hike on May 17th. There was a very full parade, and a very full programme, including Scouting Games, Map-making, judging Distances and Heights, advanced Knotting and Lashing, and Camp Cookery. It is a strict rule on these occasions that the dinner must be cooked on the spot.

The Crew has run through all the work for Part I of the Wood Badge, the only award given to Scoutmasters. Part II can only be taken at a "Recognised" Training Camp, and Part III is a recognition of successful handling of a group of boys. We have not yet reached the end of the term, and we cannot say how many will have qualified for Part I.

The Rover Leader would like to thank all those who have co-operated to make such a success of the Crew, especially those who have been members of it for two years. Mr. E. V. Wright has been Assistant Rover Leader for two years, and Messrs. H. C. Vaughan and M. Talbot have been appointed during the current year; without their help the task would have been difficult indeed. We shall be losing these men this year, and also the men who held office as Mates during the first two years. Their regularity and unflinching helpfulness has been an inspiration.

It is essential in Scout training that all members should be regular in their attendance, and keenly enthusiastic over all games and practises. The Rover Leader would like to congratulate the Crew as a whole on its very high standard of regularity and enthusiasm. A great deal of reconstruction will be necessary next year, as we are losing so many old hands; and it is good to think that we will still have with us a number of men with experience and keenness. These men are urged to get what practical experience they can during the vacation, by joining up with any local Troop of Scouts, and, if possible, attending a Scout Camp.

To those who are leaving us, we wish good scouting.
'O hear the call. Good hunting, all
Who keep the jungle law.'

Philip Carrington,
Rover Leader.

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O. T. C.

The year's work was brought to a fitting conclusion by a very informal dance which was held in the Sherbrooke Temple on May 6th. About eighty couples were present and our guests included Colonel Echenberg and a number of the officers of the Sherbrooke Regiment. During the course of the evening, Colonel Echenberg presented the Ross-McMurtry Cup to Mr. Dyer who commanded No. 2 Platoon, winners of the Platoon Competition. Messrs. R. A. Carson and G. C. Dyer received their "A" certificates, and the prizes for the shooting competition were presented to Messrs. Kenny, Wiley and Smith. Mr. Kenny deserves especial congratulation on his splendid score of 91 out of a possible 95.

We are grateful to our hostesses for the evening: Mrs. McGreer, Mrs. Sanders and Mrs. McA'Nulty.

* * *

Much speculation with regard to the future of the O.T.C. in Canada has been caused by the reported cut in army estimates. From information received from headquarters we are able to state that all Officer's Training Contingents will be allowed to remain at their full strength, so that there is no reason why the Bishop's Contingent of 1931-'32 should not be just as strong as it has been in the past. On behalf of my successor I would like to make an earnest appeal for the whole hearted support of the student body. With a reasonable amount of co-operation from all, we feel certain that the record of the Bishop's Contingent will continue to be a record of success.

(Signed)

E. V. Wright,
Lieut & Adj.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

My dear Sir:-

Might a non-initiate venture a criticism of the play the Dramatic Society recently presented? I make no pretense at being competent to such a task.

The settings were very fine, particularly the Garden-Scene. Each player was obviously doing his or her best. On the whole, the production was worth seeing.

There were, however, three faults that struck me on consideration of "The Importance of Being Earnest." The first of these was the choice of the play itself. Oscar Wilde was considered daring in the Nineties; but most of his lines and situations are out-worn in 1931. The play was well-knit, but my complaint is that there was little of any value to knit. It was inane, frothy, and hardly worth the time and trouble the players obviously put into it. "A rose by any other name would smell just as sweet." I seriously doubt if "The Importance of Being Earnest" by any other name than that of Wilde would have ever been heard of. Why not give the more serious drama a chance once in a while? I have seen five plays by the Bishop's Players and they have been all of them comedies.

The second complaint I have to present is the lack of restraint shown by some of the players of minor parts. It certainly detracted from the play when minor characters monopolized the centre-stage while the major characters were speaking their lines. I believe that is professionally called "crabbing the act."

The third and by far the most serious fault is that several of the players could not be heard distinctly. His Majesty's Theatre has a large stage and healthy voices are needed if they are to carry to the audience. This is, however, a chronic complaint of amateur presentations, and must be expected and endured.

Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for your valuable space,

I remain,
Yours truly,
Willard Humphrey.

* *

We trust that the above criticism, though slightly stern, will recommend itself. Its constructive suggestions have merit.

Ed.

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MONTREAL

Dramatic Society

"The Importance of Being Earnest" by Oscar Wilde, produced by Dean Carrington at His Majesty's Theatre, Sherbrooke, on April 22nd, 1931.

Fashions in humour change almost as rapidly as fashions in dress: many Elizabethan puns are insupportable to-day, and much of the wit of Restoration comedy is tedious. It might therefore be expected that the wit of Oscar Wilde, so entirely representative of a particular age and society, would 'date' considerably. The performance on April 22nd by the Dramatic Society showed that this is not entirely the case; remarks about the corrupt French drama or the naughtiness of young men about town may sound hollow, but jokes concerning pretty wards and paradoxes on celibacy seem to be as keenly appreciated as ever.

The success of the choice of "The Importance of Being Earnest" as this year's play was proved by the obvious enjoyment of the majority of the audience. Fears which may have been felt about the wisdom of acting a play which is in spirit as remote from Sherbrooke as Mutt and Jeff are from the Albany, were proved groundless by the excellence of Dean Carrington's production. In the second act, for example, where Wilde provides no stage directions, it needs some imagination to hold the attention of the audience by inventing a suitable amount of movement on the stage. It was, moreover, a good idea to act in period costume, the accuracy, beauty and absurdity of which was one of the most enjoyable features of the evening.

The President of the Society, H. M. Porritt, provided the best performance of the evening. He was audible; he did not speak too fast or make his gestures too rapidly; and he showed some real appreciation of the 'precious' part he had to play as the nonchalant Algernon. The more ordinary character of John Worthing was well brought out by R. R. Buchanan who was the most natural person on the stage; it is true that the part did not entirely suit him, but his good stage presence went far to overcome that difficulty. Undoubtedly the most popular figure of the evening was A. C. Church as Archdeacon Chasuble. He developed unexpected affinities to the clerical profession, his tone and bearing (if slightly overbearing) proving positively diaconal. The minor male parts were adequate: J. C. Cole as a butler showed professional knowledge and dignity; R. H. Thatcher discovered a good formula for a bowlegged old manservant, but rather overacted it.

The wisdom of acting in period costume was most clearly proved in the case of Miss Acheson as Gwendoline. Exquisite was the only word for her appearance; her waist might have made the Jersey Lily or any other beauty of the nineties wild with jealousy. Her voice, too, proved to have benefited considerably under the director's care. Her mother, Lady Bracknell, was taken by Mrs. Carrington, whose performance in the first act seemed rather uncertain, though in

the last act she dominated the final "dénouement" in the right manner. Miss Beaulieu acted the ingenuous ward Cecily quite convincingly. The inimitable Miss Prism was played by Miss Frizzell; governesses should be tall, angular and forbidding; Miss Frizzell, without these requirements, gave a good performance.

To produce an artificial comedy of manners is always a courageous performance; in spite of the shortcomings and difficulties common to all amateur acting, the Dramatic Society may be said to have succeeded in giving an admirable entertainment.

C.C.L.

Literary and Debating Society Notes

"All's well that ends well," so goes the saying and so goes the Literary and Debating Society. Not only did it end well but started well.

Mr. Lloyd's paper on Communism started off the 'closing' session of the Debating Society with a punch that never left our meetings till the last Inter-Faculty Debate on April 24th. We are sorry there isn't space here to put in a resumé of Mr. Lloyd's paper, but what we can say is "we're sorry if you missed it."

Everybody must have some fun, so the Society tried Impromptu speeches and a continued story on

The story is not for publication and if one is to judge by the speeches there are going to be a lot of debaters at Bishop's next year.

After Easter on April 24th staunch men of the Arts and Divinity Faculties fought it out for the Skinner Trophy on that old hunting ground Convocation Hall. Arts composed of Messrs. Hall, Gray and Ford as the affirmative, won from the Divinity team of Messrs. Clarke, Buchanan and Brown who upheld the negative on the "resolution "Maidens Like Moths are ever caught by Glare." Mr. Skinner presented the Trophy to the Arts team and we can sum up the debate in his words, "It is the most interesting debate I have heard for this Cup."

With Dr. Boothroyd again as Honorary Pres. it looks like fair sailing for the Society for next year. The stock markets are going down but here is a tip, invest in Literary and Debating and join the crowd next year.

Ed. Field,
Pres.

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ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MITRE BOARD CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

Resumé of the Mitre's Work 1930 - 31.

At the Annual "Pep Rally" held last Autumn the Mitre Board changed its policy in publishing 7 issues and reduced this to 5. This change was brought about for two reasons: (a) Financially, on account of limitations in advertising, it was impossible to continue the policy of 7 issues; (b) By having 5 issues more time would be at the disposal of the board for selecting the best material handed in.

As we draw to the close of another academic year, marking the 38th year of the Mitre, the members of the Board feel that they have carried out successively the policy laid down. We have received letters from different people complimenting us on our literary productions. One of our graduates, in fact, stated that the Mitre this year was the best Mitre he had ever seen. From a financial viewpoint, as summed up in the Annual Meeting, one can see exactly how we stand. Great credit is due Mr. R. E. Osborne and his capable board. Their work added greatly to the success of this year's publications.

From a literary viewpoint the success of the Mitre is due to the unfailing efforts of the Editor, Mr. C. Wiley.

This year we determined from the outset that we would not "pad" the pages of the Mitre with uninteresting material. From the reports we have heard we feel that our hopes have been realized. Numerous cuts pertaining to sports, and also suitable cuts for the end of contributions handed in, were used in all of the issues. The cover has greatly been improved over last year's. We abandoned last year's cover and produced a new one and according to criticisms it seems that this year's cover is the best one that has appeared on the Mitre. We have tried to add light reading material this year. Humorous articles appeared in each issue; whether these appeared humorous to our readers we are not in a position to say, but no reports to the contrary have been forthcoming.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking all those who contributed articles or who helped in any way to make this year's Mitre a success. Finally, to those graduating and to those leaving the College we ask you to remember your College Magazine and send in your subscription for next year's publications.

The Mitre.

EVOLUTION & HISTORY CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

being, it is safe to say that the friend would receive a very favourable writ-up, and that his faults (if any) would be made to appear comparatively few and insignificant beside his virtues. On the other hand, the enemy (poor fellow) would come in for a fair amount of severe criticism, and there would be only a limited restraint of emphasis upon the

vices of the unfortunate man. And there would be nothing unnatural about it all. No man, no matter who he be, could possibly write those biographies otherwise. To do so, one would have to relinquish one's claim to being human. This is the general enunciation of theorem one in connection with the problem we have before us.

Now, then, let us see what happens when a historian of Mr. Wells' achievements sets out to write a history of (say) mediaeval Europe. Every really good historian mentally transports himself to the actual scene and surroundings which he is attempting to describe. He does not criticise the actions of Godfrey de Bouillon from a twentieth century point of view. Such a procedure would be ridiculous. Instead, the historian plunges himself into the atmosphere of his work, catches the spirit of the age with which he is dealing, and really lives for the time being in that age. He is no longer in modern England; he is in mediaeval Europe. Well, having journeyed to this historical spot, the most natural thing for him to do there is, as here, to cultivate friends and enemies. Then, he simply proceeds to describe them in accordance with theorem one as enunciated above, and the same prejudices develop as if Godfrey de Bouillon and Co. were his contemporaries. If de Bouillon has struck the writer favourably, well and good; if not, God help him.

A tedious explanation of this sort should begin to lend slight glimmerings of reason to the statement, that, even under normal and ordinary circumstances, it is almost hopelessly difficult to achieve historical accuracy. And if this is so, why ever should any attempt be made to add to the difficulties just for the sake of a decadent idea of patriotism?

After all, there is only one sensible formula for approaching as nearly as possible to historical truth: if, for example, we wish to get at the facts of the American War for Independence, we must read at least three different accounts of the struggle — one which conveys the American view-point, one which conveys the British view-point, and one which conveys the view-point of some third disinterested onlooker. Having grasped these three points of view, it is possible, in the light of clear judgment, to get a fairly accurate idea of what really took place. When we perceive what a complicated process all this is, how difficult is it to realize what a distorted idea of things will be that of future Canadians, if they are allowed to study history only from the Canadian point of view?

There are a fair number of people who would consider it inconsistent for anyone to ask his neighbours to unite with him in a bond of brotherhood, and then to refuse to exchange thoughts and ideas with a single one of them. But if we invite the goodfellowship of other countries and at the same time shun their history text-books as a contamination or a plague, we are doing that which amounts to the same thing.

What need is there to press this subject further? The weakness of an all-Canadian literature is quite apparent. Any movement that would lead to such a weak-

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ness is certainly unworthy of true patriotic support. True patriotism is more transcendental. Can an action such as that proposed by the Canadian Chamber of Commerce conform to such an idea of patriotism? It cannot.

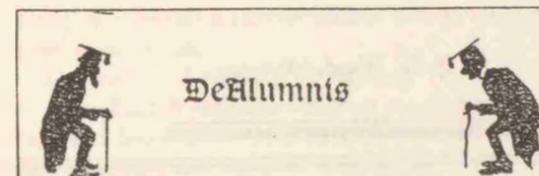
—J. Hodgkinson.

BIRTHS.

ALMOND. On April 26th, 1931, to the Rev'd Eric and Mrs. Almond of 2287 Old Orchard St., Montreal, a son (David Paul McPherson).

KELLEY. On Ascension Day, May 14th, 1931, to the Rev'd Canon A. R. and Mrs. Kelley, a daughter.

* * *



The Chancellor of the University, F. E. Meredith, Esq., and Mr. E. W. Beatty sailed for England on Friday, May 15th. They returned to Canada on the Empress of Britain on her maiden voyage.

According to the Montreal Gazette of May 22nd, Mr. S. D. McMorrin, M.A. has passed in the following subjects of the first year of his Law course at McGill University with class II standing:— Civil Law, Criminal Law and Procedure, Constitutional Law, International Law.

According to the same paper the following graduates have completed their second year of Medicine at McGill University:— G. L. Anderson, B.A.; E. M. Blake, B.A.; G. Loomis, M.A.; and R. E. L. Watson, B.A.

We extend our congratulations to Valmar D. Bouchard, B.A. '27, on completing his course for the degree of Bachelor of Architecture at McGill University and on winning half the Louis Robertson prize in Architectural Drawing.

The Rev'd W. E. Patterson, B.A. '97, called at the College recently. Mr. Patterson is to give a course of lectures at the Summer School at Bowdin in July.

The Rev'd C. F. Lancaster, B.A. '05, Ph.D., of Reading, Mass., called at the College in April.

At a recent meeting of the Young Men's Conservative Association in Western Montreal the chair was taken by the President, G. M. Almond, B.A. '24, and the vote of thanks to the Speaker of the evening was proposed by Peter J. Usher, B.A. '25.

The Rev'd Hollis Corey, M.A. and Mrs. Corey of Hilo, Hawaii, are on furlough. Mr. Corey hopes to attend the Summer School of Theology which will be held at the University from July 7th to July 11th.

Professor E. E. Boothroyd and Mrs. Boothroyd will sail for England on Friday, June 19th. Professor Boothroyd will represent the University at the Empire Universities' Conference in London and Edinburgh.

The Rev'd Professor F. G. Vial will give a course of lectures at the Albany Conference of Clergy during the last week in June. His subject will be "Some Christian Humanists."

Professor A. W. Preston, Mr. Sauerbrei and Mr. Lloyd will sail for England shortly after Convocation.

W. G. Bassett, B.A. '30, is reading for his Ph.D. under the direction of Professor Newton at London University. His researches are concerned with the diplomatic negotiations at the time of the War of the Spanish Succession in the early eighteenth century. When he last wrote he was about to leave for Paris to carry on his work in the Archives there. He hopes to spend part of the summer in Norway and Sweden.

D. B. Ames, M.A., is a candidate for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Yale University. The commencement exercises take place on June 17th.

The Rev'd H. C. Denton, L.S.T., who has been curate at the Cathedral in Quebec for several months has been appointed to the Mission of Leeds by the Bishop of Quebec.

The Right Reverend George Thornclow, B.A. '72, D.D., who was for many years Bishop of Algoma, is much improved in health. He has written to express his regret that he will be unable to attend the Summer School of Theology at Lennoxville. He sends his best wishes for the success of the School.

The Rev'd Frederick C. Taylor, B.A. '98, is Rector of a church in Elko, Nevada. Mr. Taylor is on the Faculty of the Summer School for the district of Nevada in the diocese of Sacramento, which will be held at Lake Tahoe during the latter part of July. Mr. Taylor's son is graduating from the University of Tucson in June.

The Dean of Divinity conducted a Quiet Day for the clergy of the Diocese of Niagara on May 11th previous to the meeting of the Diocesan Synod in Hamilton.

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EXCHANGE



In its final issue The "Mitre" would like to congratulate the various colleges and schools, whose magazines have been sent to Bishop's in exchange throughout the year, for the successful way in which their productions have been edited. Since Easter the following exchanges have been received:-

"The Rotunda" — Emmanuel College, Saskatoon.
A thoroughly enjoyable magazine finished with an interesting and novel cover design.

"Tamesis" — University of Reading.

This is a new English exchange which we are glad to receive. The splendid literature in your magazine is enhanced by fascinating sketches and full-plate illustrations.

"The Chadonian" — St. Chad's College.

A paper of primary interest to literary and debating societies.

"The Echo" — United Theological College,

Montreal.

"The Tech Flash" — N. S. Technical College.

"The College Times" — U. C. C.

One of our best school magazines. The account of your dramatic accomplishments is most vivid.

"In Between Times" — An annual supplement to 'The College Times'. This magazine maintains a very commendable literary standard. The various articles, short stories and poems are most delightful to read, and the illustrations show originality and talent.

"St. Andrew's College Review" — Aurora, Ont.

"The Grove Chronicle" — Lakefield Prep. School.

"Argosy of Commerce" — Ottawa High School
of Commerce.

"The Dumbel" — Sherbrooke High School.

TO MY PEN

With pocket clip and lever,
With band and nib of gold,
Thy black and orange pattern is
A pleasure to behold.

To thee, my close companion,
Do I my praises pour
For through thine aid to heights sublime
Do I, on paper, soar.

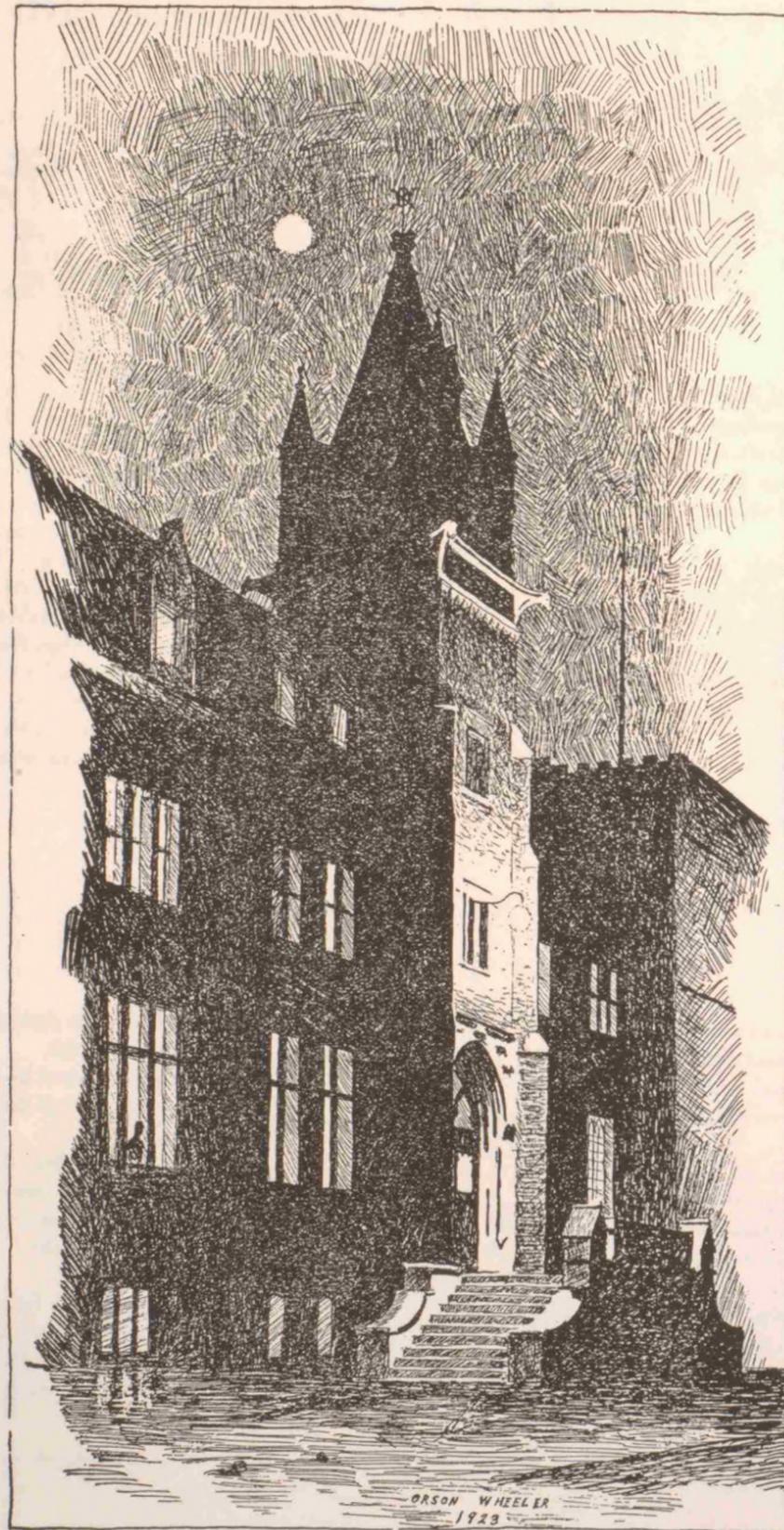
From thee doth flow the medium
Which friend to friend doth bind,
Conveying thought and wish from me
To those left far behind.

Through thee are fruits of learning
Made visible in ink,
And word expressed by thee is but
Of thoughts and act the link.

To-day through thee, their servant,
Men peace or war invoke.
The fate of empires — yea, the world —
Is settled by a stroke.

I fear not then the future
But seek for my reward
Well knowing, friend of mine, thou art
More mighty than the sword.

— John H. Dicker,
15/5/1931.



Graduation

June, with its glorious sunshine kindly given,
Has come and ushered in its wake the close
Of years of memories; earthly, touched by heaven
To render sweet. No years compare with those.

We glimpsed this future moment, and the knowledge
That we must go has tinged each passing joy
With just a touch of sadness: for at college,
As elsewhere, pleasure has some slight alloy

The world is beckoning now with open portals,
We hear more clearly the insistent call.
We must embark to sail like all earth's mortals
Where life's great billows toss and rise and fall.

The campus and the quad, the grounds and buildings
Will hear new voices; but though we are gone,
In fancy we'll be here, and transient gildings
Will fringe the memories that have lingered on.

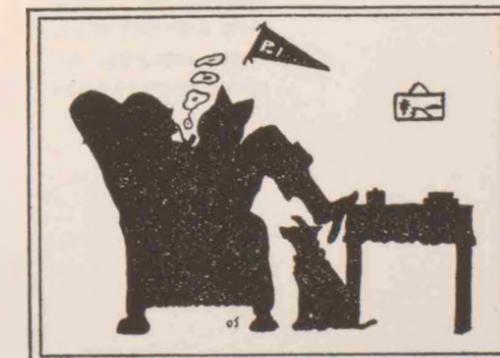
We leave you in the confidence that others
Will grasp the lesson which is yours to teach:
That men must live in fellowship as brothers.
That bright ideal we must strive to reach.

Farewell!, and may the years be filled with gladness
To bless our Alma Mater; may her sons
Strive valiantly to banish sin and sadness,
Till all the world shall witness victories won.
—William W. Davis.

To a Young Lady

Fate squandered all her art on you.
With generous hand she dipped in blue
And made your eyes a bright hue to enthrall.
And then she let her paint brush sink
Into the palest lovely pink—
She knew then, very well I think, I'd fall.
But not enough! She lost her head
And stole a rosebud from its bed
To give you lips of softest red
Well placed.
But oh, what fancy did she know
That ere she sent you down below
She had to go and make you so
Two-faced?

J. N. Crandall,
Hamilton, Ont
March, 1931.



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| Allatt's - - - - - | 14 | Nichol, John & Sons - - - - - | 32 |
| Bishop's University - - - - - | 1 | National Breweries - - - - - | 12, 34 |
| Beck Press, Reg'd - - - - - | 28 | Northern Electric Company Limited - - - - - | 26 |
| Brown, Montgomery & McMichael - - - - - | 44 | Page-Sangster Printing Co., Limited - - - - - | 22 |
| Birks, Henry & Sons, Limited - - - - - | 40 | Poole Book Store - - - - - | 14 |
| Chaddock, C. C. - - - - - | 22 | Quebec Central Railway - - - - - | 16 |
| Howard Smith Paper Mills Limited - - - - - | 36 | Rosenbloom's Limited - - - - - | 30 |
| Imperial Tobacco Company Limited - - - - - | 38 | Royal Bank of Canada - - - - - | 40 |
| Jackman, F. J. - - - - - | 18 | Sherbrooke Trust Company - - - - - | 24 |
| Mitchell, J. S. & Co., Limited - - - - - | 2 | Sherbrooke Laundry - - - - - | 12 |
| Meredith, Holden, Heward & Holden - - - - - | 34 | Tip-Top-Tailors - - - - - | 22 |
| Molson's Brewery - - - - - | 32 | United Theatres - - - - - | 20 |
| Mappin & Webb - - - - - | 4 | Wippell & Co., Limited - - - - - | 36 |
| Montreal, Bank of - - - - - | 20 | | |

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