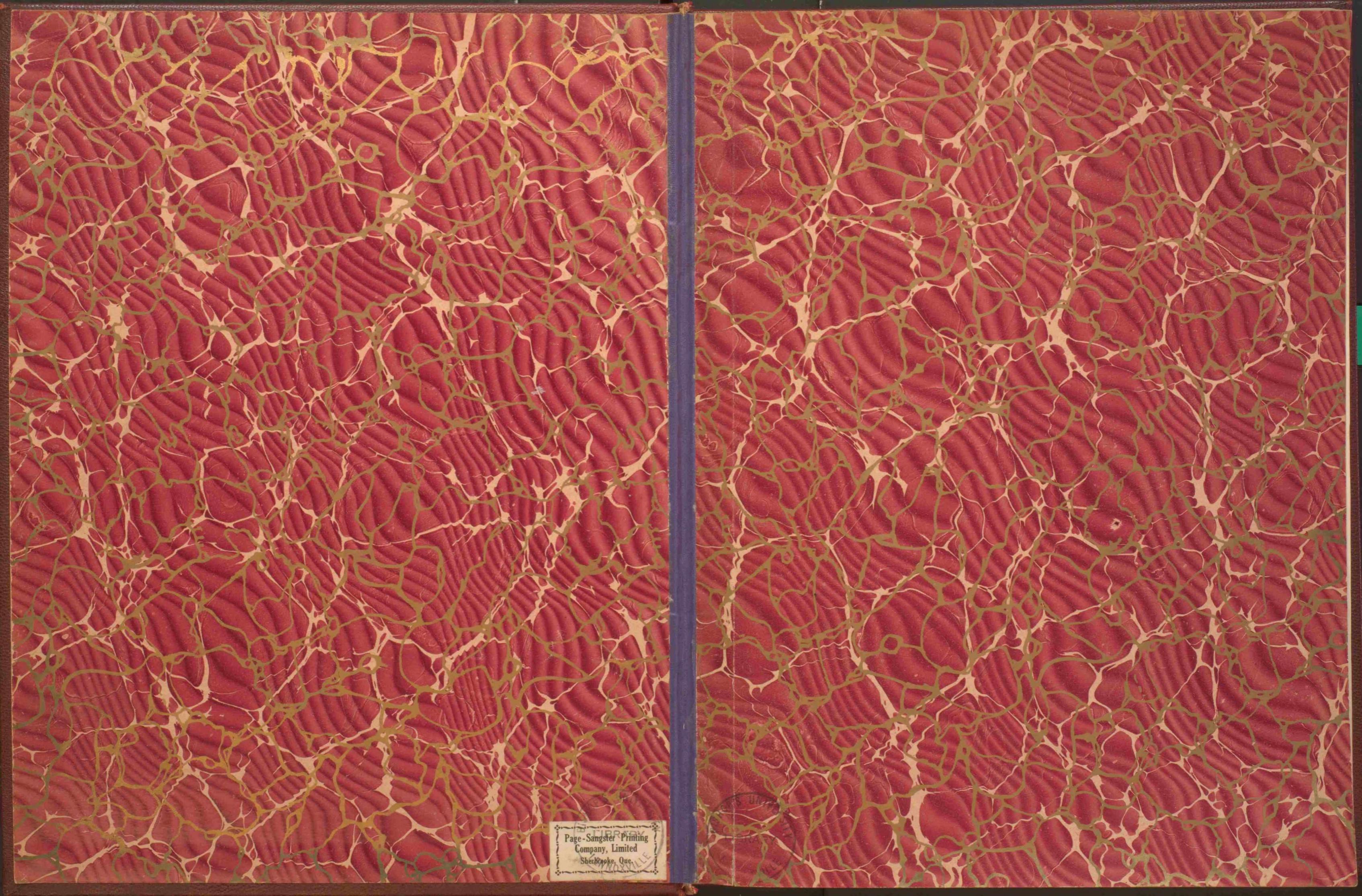
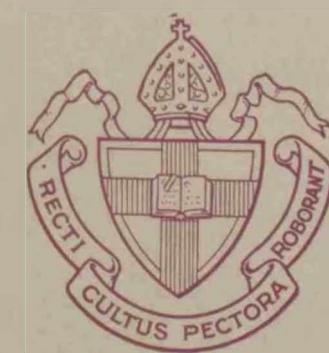


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THE MITRE



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University of Bishop's College

Lennoxville, Que.

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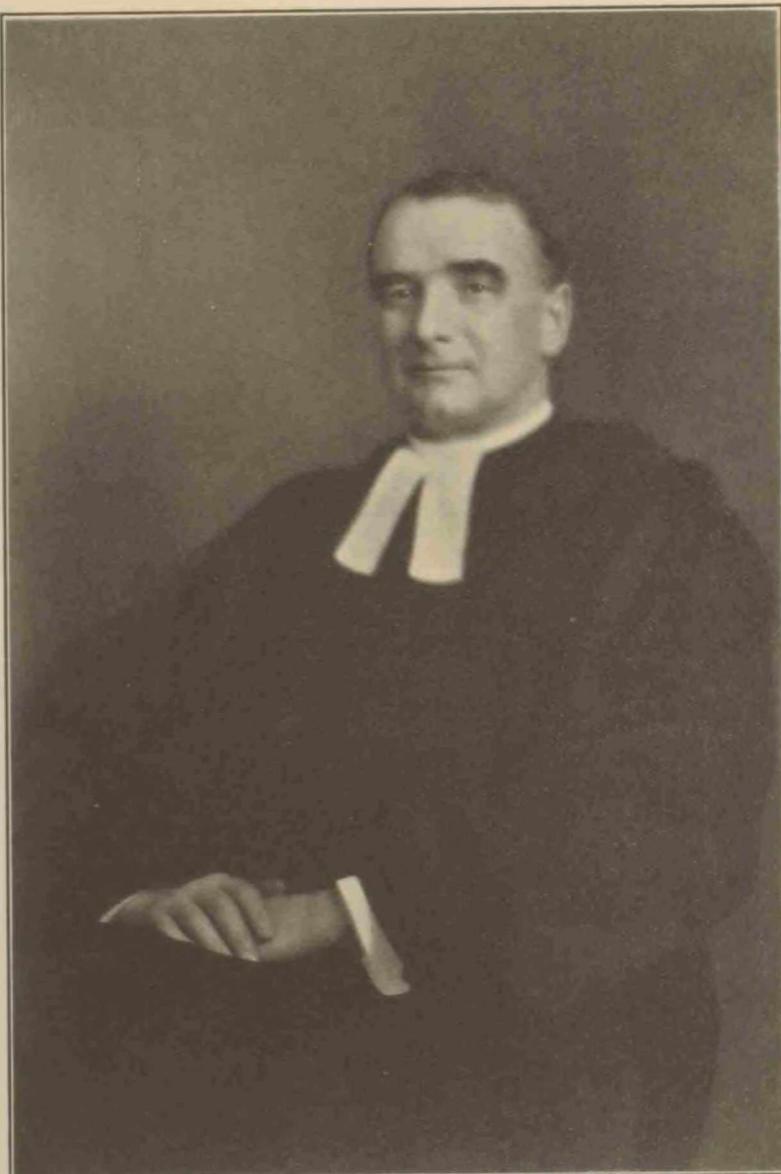
VOLUME 40, NUMBER 1

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

OCTOBER, 1932

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THE PRINCIPAL
REV'D A. H. MCGREER, O.B.E., M.C., M.A., D.D.

THE UNDERGRADUATE MAGAZINE

G. J. Cameron

This article should not be considered as a declaration of the policy of the *MITRE*. It is an attempt to examine a few of the theories regarding the place of the magazine in the university and its relations to the undergraduate. The *MITRE* is not brought into the article except now and again when it is used as an example, horrible or not, of the average undergraduate publication in a small university. The article is not exhaustive. Of necessity it cannot treat of the whole subject of university magazines with sufficient particularity. But it does contain, perhaps, a groat's worth of that common sense which comes from the hard business of magazine publishing—and especially student magazine publishing.

The *MITRE* is forty years old, half as old as the University. During those forty years it has seen many changes and has lived through the many experiences of a man of an equal age. Unfortunately, however, the *MITRE* has not had the opportunities of any human contemporary. First of all, it has never enjoyed a free will; it has never been able to grow and develop without interference. It has always been subject to the attentions of constantly-changing executive committees and editorial boards. It has been trimmed, dressed, doped, emasculated, in ever-varying attempts to make it appeal to students, alumni, faculties. At times it has even been polished and rubbed till it reflected only the minds and moods of its guardians, the Board.

And what is true of the *MITRE* is without a doubt true of magazines in every other university. But here a wide distinction should be made. The *QUEEN'S QUARTERLY*, the *DALHOUSIE REVIEW*, and the *UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO MONTHLY*, to cite a few examples at random, obviously cannot be considered in one and the same class as the *MITRE*. They, too, may have suffered growing pains; every magazine that is worth its salt does. But with the exception of the *UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO MONTHLY*, these are not college magazines; they do not chronicle and criticize undergraduate activities. They do publish learned articles by writers of their own faculties and from elsewhere; they are distinctly literary magazines. The *UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO MONTHLY* is a happy combination of both, a literary magazine and a college magazine.

In a small university the magazine should be a combination of both these types. A university with a registration of a thousand or less cannot hope to meet the demands that come from having to record college activities, having to

enlighten and having to amuse, by producing two or three different magazines. One must suffice.

What must this book be? Unfortunately for the extremely literary student-editor it cannot be a delicacy like the *OXFORD LOOKING-GLASS* in Mr. Compton Mackenzie's *SINISTER STREET*—full of wit, wisdom, and whimsicalities. Nor can it be an effusion like the magazine, name forgotten, in Mr. Beverley Nichols' *PATCHWORK*. The editors cannot have their heads in the clouds because their feet must be on the earth at the same time, and editors are but men.

All these the university magazine can't be. What it must be is another and much more difficult problem.

A university magazine should contain decent articles saying just what the undergraduates think in their saner moments; it should contain articles saying what the members of the faculty think, unofficially and *ex cathedra*; it should contain samples of undergraduate wit, verse, reviews, comments. It must not be tediously serious, nor vapidly funny. It should contain a few ideas, if possible. It could even contain a few condemnations. That is its company side. It must have another side which will interest the alumni and the students.

Here again, on the family side, are problems. Games must be reported, dramatics and dances reviewed, great events memorialized. Those are topics that graduates hunger after; those are topics that are read. Obviously, if the magazine is to appeal to the widest possible range of readers, they must be included. Such topics can be made to do double duty by placing them in departments and the departments among the advertisers; for, after all, it is the advertisers who provide the magazine.

This leads to circulation and exchange. Circulation is usually an embarrassing subject which must be avoided. As for exchange, little, if anything, is done where the greatest effort towards development should be concentrated. To be honest, exchanges are made with high schools and collegiate institutes, in the hope that the college magazines will attract new students. Unfortunately, however, there is little interchange of publications among the Universities. And here lies the biggest opportunity for growth. Without being wildly visionary we can see just what a freshening of views, what a broadening of outlook, what a community of interest, would exist if universities throughout the

(Continued on page 27)

UP ON A MOUNTAIN

About tea time an ordinary tourist at a mountain centre may sometimes see a strangely clad pair of human beings emerge from a hotel. One might be wearing an old shirt, a pair of rough plus fours, thick stockings and heavy nailed boots; another might even have adopted the strange Tyrolean costume of leather shorts held up by a complicated system of vividly coloured braces. On their backs would be rucksacks (containing food and a night's clothing), a pair of climbing irons, a length of thin, strong rope, and perhaps a tin cup. And there would be the usual argument amongst those who sat drinking tea on the terrace why people insist on climbing mountains. Why do people indulge in any sport which combines a spice of danger with a considerable degree of exhaustion? To that question there is no satisfactory answer, except to go and climb a mountain. It is almost impossible to stay long at a place like Chamonie, Zermatt, Luterlaken (and probably Lake Louise) without wanting to get to the top of one of the surrounding, snow-capped peaks.

I am entirely ignorant as to the facilities for mountaineering in the Rockies, but in the Alps they are numerous and very inviting. Paths and sheep tracks are blazed by the Alpine clubs to lead in any direction it is humanly possible to go. And as, in the summer, snow seldom lies below eight thousand feet, it is possible to cover a great deal of country without hiring a guide or buying all the paraphernalia of ice axes, ropes, climbing irons or snow glasses. But once on snow a guide is essential if you value your life. Most of the men are natives of the valleys and know the peaks from ten or twenty years' experience. They have an interesting fund of thrilling or humorous stories; but no good guide allows conversation on the march. Mountaineers are entirely in their hands and they must submit to the guides' orders in everything. Sometimes, indeed, if you are in a part where you do not know the language, extremely embarrassing situations may arise. I remember one occasion in the Tyrol, dithering on the edge of the crevasse, hearing the guide's frantic shouts from the other side, but unable to understand whether he was telling us to shorten the rope or lengthen it.

In the Alps chalets (in Austria huts or gästehöfe, and in Italy alberghi) are built conveniently at the top of every important valley. In these places excellent hot food is provided (the stores being replenished once a week by a mule train); and there are two large dormitories where men and women sleep on straw palliases. In the evening, when several parties are collected, there is almost certain to be some singing in spite of the variety of language. The Tyrolese, in particular, excel in singing, yodelling or playing

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some instrument. Every one of the four or five nationalities present is encouraged to join; a useful international favourite being "Excelsior", on account of the line "Try not the pass, the old man said."

However much the singing, or the drinking, or the conversation is enjoyed, everyone is in bed by nine o'clock. For mountains, if they are to be climbed with safety, must be climbed early. About half past two in the morning, when it is very dark and very cold, the guide wakes you. The party starts along the track in the light of his lantern; there is no sound but the crunching of heavy boots and the clink of an ice axe against the stones; talking is strictly prohibited as mere waste of breath in view of the many hours of slow, steep climbing. Often in the first light of the dawn you have to scramble over rocks, or even climb a chimney. Many of these unpleasant ascents have been made easier by the iron ropes pegged into the rocks by an alpine club. But the extreme discomfort of an early start is repaid with one of the finest sights a man can see: the red dawn breaking over the mountains, the peaks standing out like islands in a sea of mist down in the valleys below.

You may then safely venture on a glacier, cutting steps in the ice to get on to it, and tying "crampons" or iron spikes on to the insteps to gain a foothold on the slippery surface of the ice. Crevasses, which (together with falling stones from overhanging rocks) are the worst dangers, vary much in size: some may be cleared with a running jump, others have to be crossed with the aid of ropes and ice steps. On snowfields there is little danger, except when the snow has fallen recently; then an edge of a ridge which may appear to provide a safe foothold will break under a man's weight; and the search party is fortunate if it can find the body on rocks a thousand feet below.

The top of a mountain, which the party should reach about seven o'clock, is, of course, never so precipitous as appears from below. The Matterhorn, for example, appears five miles away as a slice of cheese placed upright; actually the ridge is some fifty yards wide. But it is unwise to linger long on the top; sometimes a bitter wind prevents you from even eating a hasty breakfast of sandwiches, dried fruit and cognac; sometimes swirling mists obscure the view. If you are lucky the view from one of the great peaks is stupendous; as far as the eye can see the peaks stand rank on rank, their snow-covered tops glistening like gold and silver in the morning sun. But before the sun reaches its zenith the party should be off the snow to avoid the dangerous thaw. The descent is generally the most rapid and pleasant part of the expedition; you



GOVERNOR-GENERAL ATTENDS CONVOCATION

The 1932 Convocation was notable for the visit of the Governor-General of Canada, the Earl of Bessborough, K.G., with Lady Bessborough, for the conferring of the honorary degree of D.C.L. upon His Excellency and four other notable figures in the life of the Dominion, and, as it has since transpired, for being the last occasion on which Chancellor F. E. Meredith graced the proceedings in his official capacity.

The event was favoured by brilliant weather and their Excellencies, who had been spending several days in the neighbourhood, were permitted to see the University and its surroundings at their best.

The chapel was full for the Convocation Service at which the Bishop of Montreal, President of the University, officiated, and Canon A. P. Gower-Rees, Rector of St. George's, Montreal, had the privilege of preaching before Lord and Lady Bessborough.

Their Excellencies lunched at the Lodge and the afternoon proceedings began by the Governor-General's inspection of the C.O.T.C. Guard of Honour, drawn up facing the old Arts Building, under the command of Lt. A. V. Ottiwell.

The scene of activity then shifted to the lawn at the

rear of the new Arts Building, where an awninged platform had been erected to accommodate the distinguished guests and the faculty. The forty-five members of the student body who were to receive degrees were seated in the front rows of the audience, which far exceeded the available seating accommodation.

The Chancellor's address and reports by the Principal and the Dean of Divinity, preceded the conferring of degrees and the presentation of prizes. The degree of D.C.L. (Honoris Causa) was conferred upon the Governor-General; Rt. Hon. R. B. Bennett, K.C., LL.D., Prime Minister of Canada; Hon. L. Athanase David, K.C., Provincial Secretary of Quebec; Mr. Aimé Geoffrion, K.C., B.C.L. and Canon A. P. Gower-Rees, M.A., M.C. Our photograph shows these distinguished graduates of Bishop's as they were photographed on the lawn shortly after the graduation ceremony concluded.

Each of the new D.C.L.'s addressed the audience briefly when the conferring of degrees was over, and another highly appreciated address was the Valedictory delivered by the Rev. F. P. Clark, B.A.

The afternoon came pleasantly to a close with tea served on the lawns in front of the Lodge.

SONG FROM ABROAD

Ralph Gustafson

Brown October,
In Quebec again!
Where beauty turns a vagrant
While mirth and mischief reign;
Where gypsy air is fragrant
With autumn's frosty smells:
Of berries never sober,
Of hemlock rich with rain,
Of smoking stalks and grasses,
Of corn in bins, and masses
Of meaty shells.

Oh there, sun-burnt October
Loads the yellow fields
With pumpkins red with laughter,
With all the wealth, that after
Bustling harvest, summer yields:
Warm stacks of knotted wheat
That scent October days—
A lovely nun, each sheaf,
That through cool evening prays;
Who kneels in golden grief
And lisps wind-rustled prayer,
Who tells the harvest moon
That she, ah grief! so soon
Must lose her lovely waving hair.

Sweet corn now bursts with fatness
Slim husks, whose tassels blow
In winds that lag with lateness,
In lazy winds and slow,
Till kernels lushly mellow,
With threads of silver spun,
Appear with sparkling yellow,
Burnt brown with Indian sun.
And where the orchards are blushing
With apples round with health,
Wet presses the fruit are crushing,
And barrels bulge with wealth.
Or while fresh morning whitens
Lawns with crystal frost,
In gardens where no perfume heightens
Flowers beds have lost,
Where stalks no blossom carry,
Nor birds of winter sing,
Old gardeners carefully bury
Bulbs concealing spring.

Near fields of grass and clover,
Cut short by harvest scythes,
Where by the plough and over,
The long brown sod up-writhes,
Where meadow-colours change,
Their yellow upside-down,
Fresh odours strongly range
Of new-turned soil and furrow,
Of meadow-sweet and yarrow,
And pungent brown.

But autumn-hills are calling,
Calm hills that hold clear lakes.
Ah! now thin leaves are falling
Where strong October makes
Each maple flame with scarlet,
Each elm-tree thick with brown,
And every leaf a varlet,
And every leaf a clown.
Oh, do the colours tumble
With but the touch of rain?
Do wanton winds still capture,
And whirl wild leaves again,
And all their colours tumble
As though insane?
Are hills still like mad rainbows,
Like crushed cathedral windows,
That catch the soul with rapture
And stab with beauty's pain?

How simple to remember
And never to forget,
The beauty of September,
The lingering regret
That but a day was buried
Of beauty never known,
That autumn passed unhurried,
That one October tarried
In Quebec, alone.



EDUCATION ON THE CANADIAN LABRADOR

John S. Ford

The Canadian Labrador forms a part of the north shore of the St. Lawrence River, and consists of a stretch of coast of approximately two hundred and fifty miles in length. The territory is very rugged, possesses many beautiful bays and inlets, and is broken up into innumerable islands. The traveller on the larger steamships sees little of beauty, but those who have had the privilege of travelling in small motor boats, have been captivated by the beauty of the rocky cliffs and the attractiveness of the islands.

The Labrador is a world of itself. There are no roads, no railways. The only means of communication are by motor boats in summer, and by dog teams in winter time. These methods of travel are sometimes very dangerous. Unexpected storms may place the boats on treacherous reefs and shoals, and in winter blizzards may suddenly arise causing a loss of direction.

Inside the bays, on the banks of rivers, or on the islands, little fishing hamlets are to be found. Some of these only contain two houses. In some cases there is a distance of thirty miles between settlements. Living in peace and comparative contentment are the fishing folk, some English speaking, and others French Canadians. At a few points groups of Indians have their tents.

Life on the Labrador is a hard one. The fisherman toils from early dawn to late at night when the fish are plentiful, and in his spare time there are nets to be repaired, fishing stages to be kept up, besides a variety of other duties. In the fall many are kept busy with the catching of seals, and in the winter a large number go inland to hunt and trap.

The subject of this article however, is education. The reason for selecting this subject is because this particular work has been carried on under great difficulties, and in the past many sacrifices have been made by the teachers. In the early days they had little equipment, held school for a few weeks here and there in very poor buildings, and were to a great extent the only outside workers. Later came regular missionaries, nurses and doctors, and contact with these people made life more bearable. The itinerant teacher was the real pioneer, and even today the teacher occupies a large place in the lives of the people.

The teachers of those early days had a variety of other duties besides teaching. They were the possessors of knowledge, and to them the fisher folk came for guidance and advice. If a member of the community died the teacher was expected to read the burial service, if a person took sick he was expected to be in attendance. Sometimes the teacher officiated at marriages as the clergyman was often

only able to visit the coast once in a few years. When he came however, a second ceremony was held, at which the children of the contracting parties were often interested spectators.

During the past twenty-five years great improvements have been made on the coast, and among these education has not been the least. Schools have been built, outside teachers have been brought in, and every attempt at proper organization has been made. Today there are nine fine school-buildings on the coast as well as two or three of a less pretentious nature. Many qualified teachers are engaged yearly, and great progress is noticeable.

For a number of years isolated spots in which there are only a few children have been supplied by summer teachers working under the auspices of the Labrador Voluntary Educational League. A large percentage of these teachers have been students of our University. Their work is a worthwhile one because they are able to teach children who would in many cases grow up in ignorance.

Though summer work, their task is not an easy one as some of these spots are extremely lonely and lack many comforts; one of the greatest enemies they have are the mosquitoes, and in some cases their associated brethren. Some years ago one of our lady teachers was so severely bitten that her face became quite swollen and inflamed, the result of which changed her appearance greatly. An added feature was the usual tan acquired in these regions. One day she went on board the mail steamer and a passenger was heard to enquire as to whether she was an Eskimo. There are always people cruising the coast who are very anxious to confirm their deep rooted idea that there are still some Eskimos to be seen there.

The teacher who spends a winter on the coast finds that, as in the past, there are a large number of duties to be carried out that are foreign to those of the teacher in this part of the country. The school mistress is expected to do a great deal of visiting, to attend the old time dances, to organize the social life of the community, to give advice in matters of mat making or domestic science, to lend an attentive ear to the family problems, and in many cases to solve them, and frequently she finds it necessary to spend a part of her salary in helping the needy. She is expected to be patient, tireless, cheerful, sympathetic and energetic. Her reward is that she is generally looked upon as an angel. The usual expression would be, "Some nice lady."

The village school master occupies a position of dignity
(Continued on page 37)

THE MAD HATTER'S ECONOMICS

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"In that direction," said the Cheshire Cat, waving its right paw round, "lives a Hatter; and in that direction," waving the other paw, "lives a March Hare. Visit either you like; they're both mad."

"But I don't want to go among mad people," Alice remarked.

"Oh, you can't help that," said the Cat. "We're all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad."—From *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*.

"It's this way," said the Hatter, pouring himself a second cup of tea. "Our farmers produce too much wheat, our factories too many manufactured articles, our machinists too many machines. We're so efficient that we're miserable. Surely you understand that?"

"I'm afraid I don't," said Alice. "For if there's plenty of food and other things, everybody should be comfortable."

"Prices have dropped terribly," continued the Hatter, "That's what depresses us so."

"That's no reason to be depressed," said Alice. "I thought people complained when prices were high, so if they're low you should all be happy."

"No," said the Hatter. "We produce so well with machinery that we have less and less need of labor. So the workman can't earn wages and can't buy goods, and the things the factories make can't be sold."

"Then what's the good of making them?" wondered Alice.

"There are economists," said the Hatter, "who have seen what was happening, and warned us. But they are only scholars who lecture and write books. The practical men who run things have no use for the academic mind. But they know the value of the boll weevil."

"What is it good for?"

"It eats up the cotton crop and keeps prices from falling," explained the Hatter. "Were it not for the boll weevil we should have magnificent crops, and then the South would be ruined."

"But what about the poor North, which has too many factories: couldn't your boll weevil eat up some factories, too?"

"No," said the Hatter disdainfully. "Besides, we protect our factories with a tariff."

"Oh, I see!" exclaimed Alice. "Your tariff helps to sell the goods the factories make, doesn't it?"

"Not at all," returned the Hatter severely. "The tariff checks trade by closing markets. We close our markets against other countries; they close their markets against us.

[10]

Each nation, you see, seeks a favorable balance of trade—that is, it tries to sell more than it buys."

"But what one nation sells another must buy," said Alice. She felt very sure of that. "Then how can they all buy less and sell more at the same time?"

"They can't," said the Hatter. "They just destroy one another's trade and add to one another's suffering. Each nation wants to be self-sufficing, to do without the help of the others, because if there were a war the nation that could manage with the least imports would have an advantage."

"I hope there's no danger of war," said Alice.

"We have many treaties to ensure peace—the League of Nations covenant, the Locarno treaties, the Kellogg pact, arbitration treaties without number. But everybody is afraid of war and everybody arms. We are more heavily armed than when the last war started."

"How very strange," said Alice, though she did not want to seem impolite.

"No," said the Hatter. "For nobody has confidence in the treaties. Each knows that he will keep them, but he isn't so sure about his neighbours."

"Then what's the good of making treaties?" asked Alice.

"Tell her the story of reparations," said the Doormouse, waking up and rubbing its eyes. "For that's what has caused the most trouble."

"The Germans were obliged to rebuild what had been destroyed," began the Hatter. "That was because they lost the war—"

"I suppose they sent workmen and materials and repaired the damage," interrupted Alice.

"Don't make foolish remarks," said the Hatter. "They were allowed to do no such thing. For that would have deprived French builders of contracts and French workmen of jobs."

"Then the Germans paid to have it done?"

"That was impossible. They didn't have enough money or gold. The only way they could pay was in goods. But the creditors didn't want German goods and put up tariffs against them."

"Then how did they get paid?" asked Alice.

"They lent Germany money with which to pay. Then she had so much capital that she made her factories more and more efficient and produced more goods and employed less people—just like the rest of us. And now she has borrowed so much money that she's broke."

(Continued on page 39)

THE COST OF WAR

A. R. Eagles

One of the vital questions of the times is the question of disarmament—a disarmament that will produce a state of security, that will fill nations and peoples with a sense of mutual trust and confidence. Is world peace just an ideal to be pursued, to be dreamt of, and never to be attained? Or is it within the realm of practical politics? Are we to go on as we have in the past with a sort of armed neutrality, watching our neighbours, competing with them in the efficiency of armaments, and then when our nerves become jangled, or when some petty infringement of international law occurs, to let loose the furies that will bring on a catastrophe that will far surpass the horror, the devastation, the slaughter of the last conflict? Surely we have seen down through the pages of history the failure of this armed neutrality, and yet we continue to seek peace by this method which can offer us eventually only the destruction of our present civilization. It is well for us to remember that other civilizations have attained great heights of perfection and have gone down to oblivion before the sword. Therefore we must seek a better method, a safer solution of our difficulty.

Let us give for a moment our consideration to the Great War, which I think is conceded by all authorities to have been the most devastating, the most costly to property and human life, to industry and commerce, of any conflict known to history. Let us picture to our minds the fields of France, torn and ravaged, scarred and ruined. Let us consider the human lives that were snuffed out. In a period of scarcely four and a half years over 10,000,000 men were killed, and directly and indirectly through hardships and suffering between 20,000,000 and 25,000,000 lives were lost.

Again, what was the cost of the Great War other than in human lives? It has been estimated from figures carefully compiled for a period of fourteen years previous to the Great War armament expenditures were: for Great Britain \$5,600,000,000; for the U.S.A. \$3,500,000,000; for France \$3,100,000,000; for Italy \$1,300,000,000; for Japan \$838,000,000; for Germany \$3,400,000,000, making a grand total of expenditure upon armaments of about \$18,000,000,000. In the post war period expenditures are much higher, modern science forcing them up. Professor Ernest L. Bogart of the University of Illinois, estimated the direct cost of the Great War to Europe at \$186,333,637,097; the indirect costs, loss of life, property loss, loss of production, war relief, losses to neutral nations, etc., at \$151,612,542,560, making a grand total of approximately \$337,946,179,657. What a colossal cost to pay when the victor suffers almost

as much as the loser! Surely on these grounds alone a thinking person ought to condemn war, not to speak of the industrial, social, and moral upheavals which result from it.

During a war an unnatural state of mind exists, a sort of hysteria, when people do, say and think things that under normal circumstances they would not condone for an instant. It is a sort of crisis, a new atmosphere pervades the world. The great bulk of the population become engaged in fighting and in those occupations which are its inevitable concomitants. Then after the war come the readjustment and sinking back into everyday business which in most cases takes a long period to become normal. Who is it that suffers mostly from a war? The generous, loyal spirits sacrifice all they have, even their lives, from a sense of deep patriotism. Those are the people that suffer, they that see their sacrifice as something divine, something heroic, something that is the highest calling in life. But the sly and the base of the world take the opportunity and capitalize it. They find war an excellent business from which enormous profits are to be gathered. They express keen appreciation of patriotism and loyalty, but "business is business"; materials of war are things to be manufactured and sold at greatly increased profits. This, of course, is something that governments try to deal with but often find themselves unable to control.

Let us examine for a moment some of the present hindrances to international peace. Are not the chief supporters of armaments, imperialistically minded statesmen and peoples, peoples who are continually waving the flag of nationalism, who think from the standpoint of one whose thoughts are limited to the narrow boundaries of the countries to which they belong? Economic conditions in the world today force upon nations a sort of international dependence which has been ably illustrated in the present depression. The prosperity or misfortune of one single nation cannot be localized, other nations must of necessity benefit or suffer. When the nations seek to encourage their citizens to think of themselves as citizens of the world, to forget the petty bonds of race, colour or creed and to work, not with a stunted outlook, but with a broad glorious vision of international peace and happiness, then will the nations disarm and cease to shed blood. We must throw off the fear and hatred of strange things and peoples, the love of and trust in old traditional things, patriotism, race prejudices, suspicions, distrusts, the elements of spite, and utter selfishness that are so strong still in every human

(Continued on page 39)

AT THE CAPITAL

J. R. Hodgkinson

PART I

Granted a few moments of fanciful reflection, even a very casual observer would incline to the opinion that the City of Ottawa, at some very early stage in its career, fell into the hands of factions. It is not without trepidation that I assail the citizenry of our Capital with such a charge. But if I do not hypothesize factions, I am confronted with insuperable difficulties in accounting for several of Ottawa's outstanding characteristics—and the latter must, at all costs, be accounted for. The disgruntled residents will therefore, it is hoped, put back that bottle of potassium cyanide, or whatever other weapon was seized on the instant in anticipation of defending their city, and will allow their critic a few moments to explain.

The factions, it would appear, must have been three in number, and all adherents were alike inspired with the same amount of fire and enthusiasm. Judging by the results which they have left to posterity, rivalry among them must have been fairly keen. Competition, even where less strenuous, can accomplish wondrous things, and today its fruits are plentifully apparent throughout the City of Ottawa.

In the first place, there was the faction which felt that what Ottawa most needed was bigger and better trees, and more of them. Trees, it was decided, should surround all private homes wherever possible, should flank all the quieter streets and thoroughfares, and should abound to an unprecedented extent wherever there was room for a park. With a rare lack of modification, this scheme was put into execution, and the result is probably unique throughout the Dominion of Canada.

To say that a visitor approaches Ottawa by railway is to trifle with the truth of the case; on the contrary, the Federal City springs unexpectedly upon the traveller from behind a dense mass of foliage, and surprises him as from an ambush. Houses and streets appear to leap out at him from where he had judged that neither houses nor streets could possibly be. I am not going to suggest that the Department of Lands and Forests should issue "Travelling Permits" to tourists alighting at Laurier Station, but I do consider that that Department should post up the customary warnings about preventing forest fires and about exercising the proper care with lighted matches and cigarette stubs.

In the second place, there was a faction devoted, heart and soul, to the construction of bridges. But in this case, the factionaries had very concrete difficulties to consider and overcome. Unlike those who, being disposed to plant trees, went about planting trees indiscriminately wherever a few roots could be trusted to take hold, the exponents of bridges had to consider the facilities at their disposal. It

just isn't considered quite the thing to go out and erect a bridge indiscriminately. What I mean to say is, if a body of engineers go out and erect a bridge at random, without taking into consideration whether there happens to be any water about or not, someone is fairly sure to criticize. Human nature is peculiar this way, and feelings can run very high over matters of this kind.

Accordingly, therefore, the leading spirits of the second faction sat down to study their situation carefully. Ottawa is provided with only two rivers: the mighty Ottawa and the lesser Rideau. At first sight, it seemed as if these two could be spanned with a discouragingly small number of bridges. Obviously, some reason had to be found to justify an almost unlimited outlay in this direction, and the man who finally hit upon a solution must have been heralded with much flag-waving and hearty vociferation.

His proposal was really very simple. He pointed out that the two rivers possessed an attribute common to their kind, in that they meandered. He then went on to show that, if a road were laid down in the right direction, so as to encounter the various bends of a river, that road would cross the same river several times instead of only once. And he probably added, very artfully, that if roads were made to swerve and bend themselves from time to time, the number of crossings would be even more greatly increased. A bird's-eye-view of Ottawa is sufficient to indicate that his suggestions were eagerly seized and promptly put into effect.

And so with the third faction, who had sworn a solemn oath, drafted at the midnight hour behind the churchyard and printed in blood, that there should be more chartered banks in Ottawa than in any other city. That these individuals succeeded in their purpose even beyond their wildest dreams, is evidenced by the fact that one main thoroughfare has been christened Bank Street. In days like these, the spectacle of so many banks, ranging on every side as far as the eye can see, is a truly bracing sight, and argues that someone, somewhere, must still possess certain sums of money.

THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS:—If you are a visitor to Ottawa, and someone suddenly asks you what you think about "the buildings", it is a mistake to respond with your opinions about the fine stores and houses which you have seen. What you are expected to criticize are the buildings. Ottawa is justly proud of her Parliament Buildings, and when, as it occasionally chances, they happen to be occupied by a Parliament that betrays the elementary principles of sanity, the pride of the local residents recognizes no bounds.

[12]

En route to this seat of our Federal Government, you pass a number of dignified structures which are said to house the "Civil Servants". Then, upon entering the huge building where the Commons and the Senate House are located, you encounter a police constable, whose gruff voice and frowning mien at once make it quite clear that this is no shelter of civil servants you are about to inspect, and you change your mind about trying to make away with one of the fixtures as a souvenir.

After you have once become bewildered by the maze of corridors in which you presently find yourself, you begin to think you understand why our legislators consume so much time in accomplishing their tasks. It is easy to imagine with what frequency the House must have to organize itself into a search party, in order to go out and look for some hapless member who has strayed off alone and disappeared into the recesses of the building. Incidentally, this party is the only one in the entire House that ever lays out a proposal to proceed in a certain direction and really goes that way.

One could go on, and picture the distressing plight of the unfortunate lone tourist, dragging his weary body about from corridor to corridor, and speculating gloomily whether he will ever again see his wife and children. It would ease the situation somewhat if refreshment stands were installed at periodic intervals, so that exhausted wanderers could stop from time to time to garner new strength and fresh courage to carry on. As matters are at present, there is cause to believe that someone has been guilty of criminal negligence.

If you are fortunate enough to be in the company of someone who is familiar with all these corridors, he will select the appropriate ones, and guide you to the suitable elevators, in order that you may ascend to the great "Peace Tower". Once there, you can step out on to a narrow platform, and gaze down upon that fraction of the City of Ottawa that is able to penetrate through the trees. If you are subject to hallucinations, however, you are advised not to go out on the platform to make this observation. Such a screen of foliage can be very deceptive and misleading.

As you re-descend in the lift, a pause is made to allow you to inspect the famous Tower Bells. It so happened (and, I think, fortunately so) that these colossal chimes had no occasion to boom forth any sonorous message whilst our elevator was beside them. I could imagine that such an experience would seriously imperil one's sense of hearing. I am astonished at the apparent indifference of the authorities.

You would not be a normal citizen, and, besides, it would be a shockingly bad exhibition of patriotism, if you did not proceed without further delay to bestow some attention upon the Commons. If you are fortunate, however, it may chance that on the occasion of your visit Parliament will not be in session. In this case, you are

spared the ordeal of a slow death in the Galleries while the pilots of Canada's ship of state are making an exhaustive study of winds. And if that aforementioned police constable doesn't happen to be hovering about, you may even seat yourself at one of the members' desks, and discuss the latest jazz records with your companion. So long as you do not discuss anything intelligent while you are there, the shades of departed statesmen will not be disturbed. All these remarks apply equally to the Senate House.

Assuming (not without insolence) that you are interested in books, you will next desire to inspect the celebrated library with which these buildings are equipped, and you will instruct your companion (or vice versa) that this is to be the next stop. You have been informed that the floor of this wonderful Library is composed of every known species of wood in the Dominion, and you look forward to the coming inspection with the naive hope that you will "stumble upon" some thorough-bred Canadian specimen that has been omitted from the collection. I am spared the necessity of explaining how anyone could stumble upon a piece of wood that is not there, by the fact that that infernal police constable usually takes matters into his own hands at this stage.

It is necessary, before going any further, to point out that this particular constable is only too clearly an individual whom books—mere books—inspire with nothing but a ferocious resentment. His animosity towards anything that is bound between two covers has obviously been cultivated with jealous care ever since he was a child of three. The mere suggestion of literature is sufficient to instill him with most of the darker passions, and history is something which he holds in the most undisguised contempt. To him, the sight of a row of volumes reposing peacefully upon a shelf, is a matter for nations to go to war about, and it follows that he is not above the suspicion of rearing book-worms on the side, and of smuggling them into all of the larger booking concerns.

That the Government has entrusted to such a monster the power to say whether or not you and I shall have access to the Library, is an item that must be entered up among all the other great and insoluble mysteries of this world. The grim facts remain.

Accordingly, therefore, the moment you mention the word "library" to this tyrannical limb of the law, he answers you with an uncompromising growl, and informs you (with a malicious gleam of triumph in the corner of his eye) that the place is closed to visitors at that particular moment. I have it on fairly reliable hearsay evidence that this Library actually HAS been seen by one or two fortunate individuals, and no doubt there are ways and means of penetrating this sanctum sanctorum for those who know how. I, however, am a mere college student, and must suffer for my ignorance.

(To be continued)

PORTRAIT OF A BOY

Sometimes when a critic of painting decides to condemn a picture he says that it is "photographic". This seems to imply two opinions: first, that photography is a process that makes a perfectly literal transcript of the visible world, and, second, that any such process is not an art.

The present article is an attempt to define the nature of photography, and these opinions, which are false, provide a convenient starting point. For photography is an art, that



is to say, a means by which a man can satisfy the instinct to create, by which he can express to others his vision of the world he sees. The photographer, like the painter, is concerned with interpreting the aspects of things: from the continuum of visible phenomena he selects certain moments, certain combinations, and attempts to catch and fix, in his pictures of them, some meaning, some emotion that they have had, and caused. Unlike the painter, the photographer is, to a very great extent, unable to make pictures of the imaginary; his concern is with the actual, with what everybody else can also see. From the welter of ordinary seeing, an image or an incident is abstracted and thereby achieves an intenser significance, compels a keener emotion. That is why natural beauty in a photograph may strongly affect the casual observer who has passed by the scene itself

The picture which illustrates this article appears with the kind permission of Mr. A. G. Nakash, who is to be congratulated on winning with it the grand prize at a competition held in Boston, by the Association of New England Photographers. The principal merit of this photograph is probably its simplicity. It expresses the odd, grinning charm of boyhood with great success, it suggests a boy's friendliness, liveliness, lack of preoccupation: there is nothing to distract the attention. In design also the picture is simple, the boy's shirt and the background efface themselves and the lighting falls broadly and brightly across the face, illuminating it but calling no attention to itself. Such simplicity always indicates a mastery of technique. Let anyone who thinks otherwise try to make another such picture.

C. S.

SPORT DIARY

Cliff Marshall.

September 15th, 1932.

As usual, the first sport of the season started today. The term "sport" is an unusual expression for first day activities, but as viewed by the eagle-eyed Sports Editor, it really is appropriate. Gerry Cameron and his Dapper Dan magazine salesmen have returned to college like successful hawkers, peddling their books and tattered gowns with such forceful stories of what the depression and housewives did to them, that a sympathetic element pervades, and the freshmen are taken in. Dodging the crowd of buyers and sellers we see bridge players and bookworms (for we do study at Bishop's) running here and there in search of quiet rooms where the "oak" sign will not be necessary. Don Masson has been scouring the quad and corridors for football material, which, according to rumours, should be abundant this year. Wally Hodgins, the popular manager, spends most of his time down in the equipment room, probably looking to see what Don has left in the "liniment" bottles. Wally says its about time the moths had their fill again, so he is busy cleaning up the gridiron equipment and is even giving the rugby balls a glow that will rival any head-waiter's proboscis—attention Mr. Dewhurst.

September 22nd—

The football team is well in the making now. Hal Chard, the new coach, seems to be having little trouble in choosing the Intermediate team; after all he should have no difficulty, for last year's team is intact with the exception of four players. They are John Aikins, whose injured ankle has kept him out of the game, Gordie Glass, Walter Stockwell and Jim Hebert, all popular athletes, whose presence will be missed.

We are very fortunate in obtaining the services of Mr. Chard this year. He is a man who doesn't lay much store by rough tactics and trickery in his simple though perfect strategy. He believes in well-taught and flawless fundamentals. With men like Titcomb, Wisenthal, Evans, Captain Masson, Munro and Ross, coach Chard is producing an offence whose principal weapon is the linebuck. End runs and the forward pass are attempted on occasion but these plays are not featured in the practices as yet. However, we'll see what happens on October 1st, when the purple and white are to entertain the fighting Irish from Loyola College. The Bishop's aggregation is about ready for their attempt to outfight the rugged Loyola team. They have never looked better at the start of a campaign than right now. They are in first class fighting condition, and

given that, their plays and general football ability ought to do the rest.

September 24th—

Meanwhile, the tennis courts, not to be outdone by the popularity of the gridiron, are in use every day. Mr. Lloyd (not Harold of movie fame) takes advantage of every provocation the sun has to offer, and is seen almost every day baffling Bill Bisson, Wyn Dixon, Cliff Marshall and the great Benson with his terrific close-up shots. Either these whizzing cannon balls or Professor Boothroyd's misjudged drives from the golf course have evidently been the cause of the wide open spaces in all the nets, or perhaps Dr. Raymond can give us the information.

October 1st—

BISHOP'S CRUSH LOYOLA—8 to 1

Mud, rain, cold, fight, drive, enthusiasm and the inspiring influence of Captain Masson's sonorous voice featured our first home game of the season. The first half opened with a sparkling display of football on the part of Bruce Munro that fleet half-back, Gordie Titcomb and Don Masson, who hit the Loyola line like a flotsam. Bishop's showed weakness in various lines, making fumbles at times which caused heads to wag and doubt to arise. On the whole, however, there was nothing gloomy about their work. On the offensive, Porteous and McCullough did their work in making holes for our galloping plungers, while Pete Currie gave his usual display of reliability. Chick Carson and Harry Pibus, two newcomers to the Bishop's squad, received the plaudits of the spectators by their spectacular tackling and the way they snared Bill Bradley's passes. Bruce Munro started the ball of excitement rolling in the first quarter when he made a sensational run of sixty yards evading hard-hitting Loyola tacklers. Oggie Glass, (Gordie's brother), a valuable import from B.C.S., exhibited a successful aerial attack along with Bradley's accurate throws. The score at the end of the first half was 3 to 1 in favour of Bishop's. A safety touch and one rouge formed the leading score.

Shoved into a fury by the success of our purple and white players, the maroon-clad Irish became serious contenders in the second half. For a few moments the efforts of "Slug" Segatore and J. Buckley brought a surprise to the Bishop's boys who gave in to Loyola for successive gains. But this strong rally was soon quelled by Coach Chard's always steady, reliable, and spirited team. Two more rouges and a drop kick made the final score 8 to 1.

(Continued on page 17)

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SPORT DIARY—(Continued from page 15)

Bishop's	Position	Loyola
Masson	L. Half	R. Shaughnessy
Munro	C. Half	Buckley
Ross	R. Half	McGinnis
Bradley	Quarter	McTeague
Pibus	Outside	Aubut
Carson	"	Kelly
Titcomb	Middle	Fleury
McCullough	"	Segatore
Evans	Inside	Bucher
Porteous	"	Tansey
Curry	Snap	L. Shaughnessy
Glass	Flying Wing	McDonnell
Brooks	Alternate	Ryan
Olmstead	"	Brabant
Robertson	"	Curran
Muir	"	Estrada
Broadhurst	"	St. Cyr
	"	Haynes
	"	Parker

Referee: W.M. MITCHELL
Umpire: M. BANON

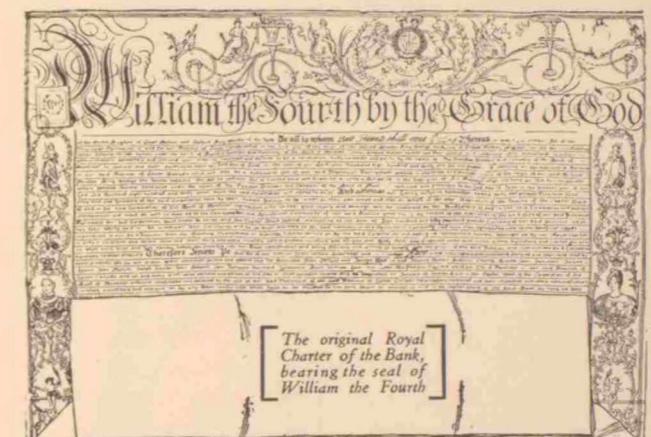
October 3rd—

Well satisfied with the display of his men in their opener against Loyola on Saturday, Hal Chard prescribed little in the way of hard work to his footballers today. A little physical training, formation drill, and about twenty minutes of scrimmage were the orders of the day. We are anxiously awaiting the game in Quebec next Saturday against the Quebec Swimmers. Bishop's make their debut in the Q.R.F.U. this year and will no doubt be pressed to play their tip-top brand of football.

October 8th—

BISHOP'S DOWN QUEBEC — 10 to 5
Well, the suspense is over, and we find that Quebec was "just another football team" as far as the Bishop's boys are concerned. This statement speaks for the score, and the attitude of our stalwarts, but by no means does it indicate the highest calibre of football. The first half saw many costly fumbles and errors for both teams, and was uninteresting to watch with the exception of a few highlights. Bishop's went into an early lead when Masson went over for an unconverted touch. Shortly after this an amusing event took place; because of a similarity in the sweaters of each team, Evans of Quebec was mistaken by Bill Bradley for Bruce Munro and was allowed to amble over our goal line for a touch with few tacklers behind him. Bill's face took on a somewhat pinkish hue until relief came in the form of a rouge executed from Oggie Glass' educated toe. The score at half time was 6 to 5 in favour of the collegians.

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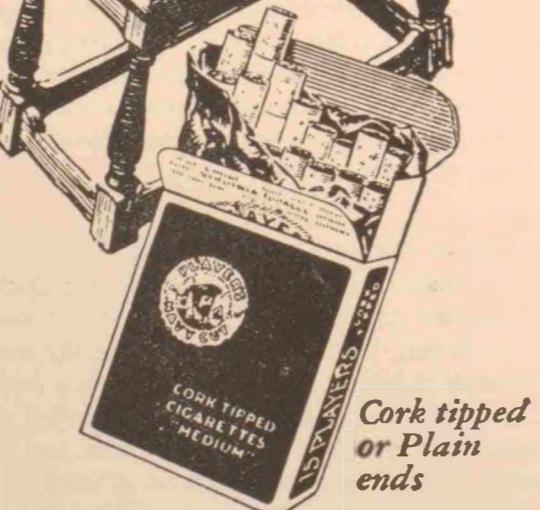


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SPORT DIARY—(Continued from page 17)

Bishop's, like champions, rallied in the second half and steam-rollered to victory with the new-styled forward pass attack. This left the Quebec Swimmers with an appropriate name, for they were certainly at sea. Seven passes out of nine were completed in this powerful offensive and were speared in professional fashion by Carson, Masson and Lang. Every man on the college squad was a real star, and we are proud of their efforts.

Munro put on a brilliant display of defensive work, aided in a capable manner by Pete Curry, who deserves great credit as a snapback and tackler. But the feature of the day was Bradley's rare headwork. Bill played the best game of his career, and every play called was opportune to the moment; keep it up Bill. Ken Ross ran back kicks in his usual flashy style but was unable to gain much ground. Much praise is also due to Captain Masson and Mike Wisenthal. Don lived up to his name of "Terror of the Hills" and bounced through that aquatic Quebec line in a way that only our Don can illustrate. Wisenthal was the surprise of the day. He was sent into the line to relieve Dick Evans for a few minutes, but the presence of his "talk it up" vocabulary and fine clipping kept him in the fray for fifty minutes. That's the way we like to see you play Mike. An old mustang, Titcomb, was right in the game too. "Tick" showed the boys from the capital that small-town collegians can be just as practical as Gus Sonnenberg and his contemporaries.

With such teamwork and spirit, our athletes kept the scorers busy and raised the score to a 10 — 5 victory.

Bishop's	Positions	Quebec
Masson	L. Half	Evans
Munro	C. Half	Price
Ross	R. Half	Nadeau
Bradley	Quarter	Amy
Pibus	Outside	G. Power
Carson	"	D. Power
Titcomb	Middle	Mitchell
McCullough	"	Devine
Evans	Inside	Franklyn
Porteous	"	Frawley
Curry	Snap	Webster
Glass	F. Wing	Muir
Lang	Alternate	Quinn
Wisenthal	"	Simons
Brooks	"	Phillips
Olmstead	"	Woodside
Robertson	"	Trahan
Muir	"	Peacock
Broadhurst	"	

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SHERBROOKE, QUE.

INTRODUCING

particular interests, but is interested in everything in general.

On June 13th, 1915, Lawrence A. Brooks first beheld the fair city of Sherbrooke. He is coming here to take up the Arts Course and then will take up a course in Engineering. He is interested in Rugby and Hockey.

Henry H. Rugg, born May 16th, 1917, is a graduate of the Sherbrooke High School. His chief interest is in Golf. He is listed as a student in Arts.

On the 16th of October 1913, Kenneth D. Ross celebrated his first birthday. Later he attended the Sherbrooke High School. Ken is interested in Rugby and Basketball. Before becoming an Engineer he plans to get his B.A.

From St. Pat's comes another active student in Arts. Howard W. Simms was born on Nov. 7th, 1915 and since that time has been a Golf enthusiast. His chief aim in life is Business.

J. Withall is a graduate of the Sherbrooke High School. He was born in London, England, and has come to Bishop's for an Arts Course. He has enrolled in History and Languages but has not indicated his other interests.

Another graduate of Sherbrooke High School is H. Spencer Howcroft. He is taking a Pre-Science Course here before entering McGill. He hasn't decided on what activities he will enter, but we note that he has signed up for the C.O.T.C.

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

George Christison was born on March 12th, 1915. After studying at the Lennoxville High he decided to enter the demesne of higher studies. His chief interests are Hockey, Rugby, Golf, Tennis and Skiing. Later he plans to go in for Engineering.

Donald W. Henry was born in Lennoxville on June 9th, 1914. Coming from the Lennoxville High he intends to take up a general course in Arts. Don is interested in Rugby and Skiing.

Douglas S. Henry is the real counterpart of his brother and of course was born on the same day. Doug. has a general interest in all the activities. After obtaining his B.A. he will dedicate his services to the Business World.

Kenneth L. Nish selected Lennoxville as his place of abode on May 9th, 1912. He prepared for his Arts Course at the Lennoxville High School. He has a great interest in Biology. His favourite sport is Rugby.

Arthur J. H. Richardson came into the intellectual atmosphere of Bishop's on July 31st, 1916, but before starting his Arts Course spent some time at Bishop's College School. He intends to take History Honours, and then proceed to

A venerable tradition lays upon us the task of introducing to the senior members of the University and to one another the individuals who comprise the Freshman Class of 1932-33, as well as those who have had previous experience of College life and who have come to Bishop's to carry on work begun elsewhere. We wish to call attention to the wide area from which the newcomers are drawn and are, therefore, listing them under the towns and cities from which they come to us.

MONTREAL

Ogden Glass was born in Montreal on July 26th, 1913. He studied at Lower Canada College and later at Bishop's College School. He is undecided about the future, but for the present will study for his B.A. Among other things he is interested in Rugby.

Thomas Keefer, born Jan. 29th, 1914, comes to us from the Westmount High School. He is taking his Pre-Science Course and after that the fates will decide. He has a great interest in Rugby and Skiing.

Sidney M. Medine first saw the light of day on Aug. 29th, 1914. He matriculated at the Montreal High School and is taking the B.A. Course preparatory to Medicine at McGill. The C.O.T.C. and the Literary and Debating Society are his chief interests.

Kenneth Wallace Smith studied at King's School and Westmount High. He is taking the Arts Course and then will go to Scotland for his Course in Medicine. Ken has become a Road Race enthusiast and hopes to contribute to the Hockey Team. He is interested also in Golf and Skiing.

Miles Wisenthal is taking the B.A. Course preparatory to Medicine or "Something", as he states. He studied at Argyle School and Westmount High. He was born on Oct. 29th, 1914. Besides Football and Hockey he is very interested in Scouting.

Lewis Murray comes to us from Montreal where he attended the Lachine High School and the Montreal Diocesan College. He is taking the Course in B.A. in Theology. He is interested in Golf, Scouting and the C.O.T.C.

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Paul Belleville was born on Aug. 2nd, 1910 and was so fascinated with the bright lights of the Electric City that he decided to make his abode there. He studied at St. Pat's and at the St. Charles Seminary. He is undecided as to whether he will be with us more than a year. He is interested in all the activities but has not decided which to enter.

Harry A. Blain, born Sept. 22nd, 1916, pursued his studies at St. Patrick's Academy. After obtaining his B.A. here, he will become an Electrical Engineer. He has no

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LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

Cambridge where he will specialize in Archaeology. He is interested in Rugby, Debating, Dramatics, and the Mitre.

Fred W. Matthews was born at Carbonear, Newfoundland. He is another of those whom Lennoxville High has sent to us this year. He is taking a Pre-Science course and hopes to go to McGill after leaving Bishop's. He likes to Ski, to play Basketball, and is going to put in his Friday afternoons drilling with the C.O.T.C.

AYER'S CLIFF, QUE.

Alton T. Woodard landed at the Cliff on the 28th of February, 1914. He attended the Beebe High School and has come to Bishop's to specialize in some branch of Science. He is interested in Tennis and Hockey.

WATERLOO, QUE.

C. Kendall Norris was born at North Eli, Quebec, in 1914. Coming from the Waterloo High he intends to take the B.A. Course and the High School Diploma. His chief interests lie in Hockey and Tennis, but shortly after his arrival he started training for the coming Road Race.

RICHMOND, QUE.

William J. Belford was born at Gladstone, Manitoba. He received part of his education at the Danville High and the St. Francis College High School, and has come here to complete it by taking a B.A. in Theology. Debating, the C.O.T.C., and Dramatics will occupy his attention.

THETFORD MINES

John Adair McCallum added to the membership of this town on Aug. 8th, 1915. He studied at the Thetford Mines High School, and has decided that he will become a Teacher.

DANVILLE

J. Basil Doak first opened his eyes at Danville on Feb. 27th, 1913. He studied at the Cowansville High, and at Shaw's College, Toronto. He is another candidate for the Teacher's Diploma. His chief interests are Basketball, Golf, and the Mitre.

COATICOOK

On Feb. 8th, 1911, Sydney A. Meade made his home in Coaticook. He studied at the local High School, and is now taking a partial course in Arts. Basketball, Tennis, and the C.O.T.C. are his special interests.

EAST ANGUS

Arnold D. Banfill, born Feb. 16th, 1914, studied at the East Angus High School. He is taking his first year Arts, in preparation for a course in Law. He is interested in Badminton.

FOSTER

K. Lynford Snodgrass, born Oct. 15th, 1914, has come to prepare for the High School Diploma. He is interested in the Mitre and Dramatics, and enjoys the occasional round of Golf.

GRANBY

C. Howard Bradford was born on April 13th, 1914, and attended Granby High School. He is enrolled as a student in Arts but is still undecided about his future work. He is interested in Golf and Badminton.

STE. MALACHIE

Among the new arrivals in the Divinity House is H. J. F. Hibbard, who comes to us after a career in the Royal Canadian Navy. He is taking a special course in Theology, but expects to find time for an imposing list of other interests.

ORMSTOWN

Leslie N. McCaig is a graduate of the Ormstown High School. At Bishop's he is taking an Arts Course and expects to go on to get his High School Diploma. He is interested in Rugby.

HUNTINGVILLE

Norman W. Bowers, born in Calgary, is now a resident of Huntingville. He is a graduate of Lennoxville High and is taking a Pre-Science Course. He expects to go on to Queen's to take Chemical Engineering. He plays Basketball and intends joining the C.O.T.C.

OTTAWA, ONT.

On June 19th, 1914, Glenn G. Bennett realized for the first time that he was in the capital. He received his education at the St. Johnsbury Academy. After completing his B.A. Course he plans to take Medicine at McGill. The activities which are of interest to him are Hockey and Dramatics, and there is some indication that Running might be another.

Godfrey Benning Greene Jr. studied at Ashbury College and St. Alban's School. He is taking the Pre-Science Course and later hopes to become an Aeronautical Engineer. Hockey, Tennis, Riding and Journalism are his chief interests. Benny was born on March 24th, 1912.

Another graduate of St. Alban's, George C. Whalley, has come from Ottawa to take up Arts and Divinity. He is interested in the C.O.T.C., Rugby, Tennis and Dramatics. In his spare time he will specialize in Classics.

HAMILTON

C. F. Carson, born at Welland on January 14th, 1911, attended Ridley College, and has now come to take his B.A. He has not decided yet upon his future profession. His main interests are the Mitre, Hockey and Rugby. We are pleased to congratulate "Chick" on being elected Senior Freshman.

DUNDAS

John E. Main, born on July 19th, 1913, studied at the Dundas High School, and after stopping off here for his B.A. will take a course in Law. He is interested in Rugby and Hockey. Jack should find plenty to do in the Debating Society this year.

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FERGUS

Another student from Ontario is to be found in the person of *D. Mack Muir*. Mack was born on Oct. 4th, 1912. He studied at the High School in Fergus and is taking the L.S.T. Course here. On leaving the University he plans to carry on Social Service Work. He has a wide range of interests, including Rugby, Hockey, Badminton, Lacrosse and Baseball.

ST. CATHARINES

Lawrence A. Maven began life in 1905. He attended the St. Catharines Collegiate and Vocational School. Besides having taken a Commercial Course, he is the possessor of the degree of Phm. B. from the University of Toronto. He is interested in Lawn Bowling, Golf and Photography.

CARP

A. K. Hodgins claims Carp, Ont., as his place of birth, and Jan. 16th, 1912 as the date. Adam received his early training at Carp Continuation School and while at Bishop's hopes to attain a B.A. in Theology. He has joined the C.O.T.C. and hopes to set a few new records in the annual Road Races.

BATH, N.Y.

James E. Purdy was born in Bath, New York, on the 24th Sept., 1913. James studied at the Lansford High School and at LeHigh University. After completing the B.A. Course he plans to enter the Episcopal Theological College at Cambridge, Mass. He is an ardent follower of Babe Ruth, and besides has played Football during three years at the Lansford High.

QUEBEC, QUE.

Thomas LeM. Carter has apparently had an extensive Academic career. He has studied at the Lakefield Preparatory School, Upper Canada College, and High School of Quebec. He is taking his Arts at Bishop's and looks forward to participating in the activities of the Mitre, in Dramatics, Debating and in Music. (We are not sure what he means by this last).

ENGLAND

Edward C. Royle was born in Birkenhead, England. Previous to coming to Bishop's his Canadian abode was Edmonton, Alberta. He is taking the L.S.T. Course, but hopes to find time as well for C.O.T.C., Running, Scouting, Debating, Dramatics, Tennis and Golf.

William T. Gray was born in England in 1904 and came to Canada with the Church Army in 1930. He has come to Bishop's for the L.S.T. Course. He is interested in sports of every description.

Colin Cuttell aspires to a B.A. in Theology. He has attended the Camberwell Arts School, London, England, and has been in Edmonton previous to coming to Bishop's. He is keen on Skiing, Dramatics and Scouts.

PERTH, N.B.

G. Allison Olmstead, after studying at the University of New Brunswick, comes to Bishop's fully determined to acquire a B.A. here. He is interested in Rugby and Hockey.

Another gentleman from Perth is *Alton V. Earle*. He has attended Rothesay Collegiate and Dalhousie and after his course here he expects to go into Medicine. He likes Hockey and Golf, and hopes to participate in Inter-Year Rugby.

WOODSTOCK, N.B.

On Nov. 5th, 1913, *Arthur R. Perkins* was born at Woodstock. He attended the McAdam School, and later the local High School. His chief desire is to obtain a B.A. degree, specializing in Theology. He is interested in Rugby, Basketball, Swimming and Dramatics.

ANDOVER, N.B.

George E. Baird comes from Andover and the Rothesay Collegiate. He has had a glorious record in Basketball, and also played Rugby. He took part in the Track Meets of '30, '31, and '32. He plays Tennis and Badminton. George was born on the 25th of April, 1914, and since that time has dreamed of the glories of a B.A.

PORT-DE-GRAVE, NEWFOUNDLAND

Harold Newell is a Newfoundland. He was born at Port-de-Grave and has done a lot of teaching there. Previous to coming to Bishop's he attended the Memorial University College at St. John's. After graduation he expects to go on with Teaching. He is very interested in Scouting and is very keen on Bishop's.

FRESHETTE NOTES

PORT DANIEL, QUE.

Betty Brewer acknowledges Compton, Que., as her place of birth. After graduating from the Commissioner's High School in Quebec she decided to take up an Arts Course and later the High School diploma. Then, if the gods and the Board of Education permit, she intends to teach. While at Bishop's, Betty will devote her spare time to Basketball and Hockey.

COMPTON, QUE.

Barbara Rose Eardley-Wilmot first gazed on blue skies on June 30th, 1915, at Quebec, Que. After a period at the Hatley Intermediate School and later at King's Hall she decided to enter Bishop's where she hopes to avail herself of the Science courses. Her heart's desire is to enter the Nursing profession. Barbara says that she will find time, during the year, for the Glee Club, Dramatic Readings, Hockey, Basketball, Badminton and Golf.

PERTH, N.B.

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Margaret Earle with great joy. Margaret was born in February, 1915. She received her preparatory education at "Netherwood", Rothesay, N.B., and at Perth High School. After obtaining her B.A. she hopes to enter Social Service Work. Margaret is interested in sports of every kind. She is also interested in the Glee Club and Dramatic Reading Circle.

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Mabel Louise Goforth entered upon her mortal career in March, 1915, in Washington, D.C., where she says she was accustomed to seeing the President of the United States take his daily stroll. Completing her High School work in North Carolina, she has entered Bishop's to take up the Arts Course, after which she plans to enter the Teaching profession. In her spare time she will attend the Glee Club and the Dramatic Reading Circle.

Phyllis Mary McVie first smiled upon life on June 25th, 1915, in Charlottetown, P.E.I. Coming to Bishop's from the Sherbrooke High School she enters with a fine scholastic record. Her main desire is to be a Teacher. Phyllis has not quite decided what activities she will enter but the Basketball team is certain of her support. Ces has been elected Senior Freshette, and she will probably be occupied in making the Freshettes "toe the mark!"

SHAWVILLE, QUE.

Sometime in February, the year the Great War began, *Roberta Hodgins* appeared in Shawville, evidently with the intention of remaining for awhile. Graduating from the Shawville Schools she has entered Bishop's to take her B.A. Roberta wants to devote her energies to commerce, though she has not told us yet which branch of commerce she intends to enter. While here she has promised to enter the Glee Club and the Reading Circle, and also to participate in the various sports.

PIKE RIVER, QUE.

Freda Isabel Howie was ushered into the world on July 25th, 1914, in St. Sebastien, County of Iberville, Que. She received her preparatory education at the Bedford High School, and has entered here to take her B.A. Her chief aim is to become a French Specialist. Freda's activities are few, but we hope to have her in the Dramatic Reading Circle.

MILLEY, QUE.

A fair Freshette comes to us in the person of *Wenda Aileen Orr*. Born in Lennoxville on June 28th, 1915, and after spending a number of happy years at the Lennoxville High, determined to become a Teacher. She has not designated her method of killing spare time, but we trust we will not be long in finding out.

SCOTSTOWN, QUE.

The Scotstown Band thought seriously of giving a free concert in the Town Hall on Oct. 10th, 1914, for on that

day *Clara Parsons* made her entry into the world. Clara has entered Bishop's intending to remain three years and probably four, for her ambition is to become a teacher. While here Clara will give some of her time to Hockey, Basketball and the Glee Club.

WATERVILLE, QUE.

Eleanor Martha Smith was born in the year 1916. After receiving her education in the local school, Eleanor determined to enter Bishop's. After obtaining her B.A. she will decide the next step. Eleanor is a sports enthusiast, and has decided to join the Glee Club and Dramatic Readings.

THETFORD MINES, QUE.

Jane Miller Smith was added to the population of Thetford Mines on Aug. 29th, 1914. After she came of age, she spent some time in the Thetford Mines High School, and Miss Fine's School, Princeton, N.J. At Bishop's Jane hopes to prepare herself for secretarial work. Golf, Tennis, Badminton and Skiing are her favourite sports. Jane also hopes to spend some time at the Glee Club and Dramatic Readings.

WATERLOO, QUE.

Dorothy Ellma Wallace first beheld the light on Oct. 8th, 1914, at Warden Heights, Que. Matriculating from the Waterloo High School with honours last June, Dorothy entered Bishop's the proud possessor of the Robert Bruce Scholarship. After completing her Arts Course she intends to qualify for the Teacher's Diploma. As she is interested in sports, she will join the Basketball and Hockey teams. She would also like to have the opportunity to Debate.

PERTH, N.B.

Although not a first year student, *Mary Bertha Earle* is a newcomer to Bishop's. After attending Mount Allison Ladies' College, and pursuing studies in Toronto and Andover, she has come to Bishop's to take a second year partial course.

**

THE UNDERGRADUATE MAGAZINE— (Continued from page 5)

Empire or the continent or even the Dominion, exchanged, faithfully and regularly. We can also see what an increase in printers' bills there would be. There's the rub.

Such are a few of the thoughts that arise when the university magazine is considered. They are not great thoughts; they are not even bright thoughts. But, in all modesty, they are reflections of many conversations with undergraduates in this and other universities. These thoughts would not produce the ideal university magazine if they were applied. Nothing could do that except ideal undergraduates—and thank heaven! they don't exist.

NOTE—Another article on this topic will be presented by Mr. Cameron in a future issue.—Ed.

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THE MITRE AND ITS CONTEMPORARIES

M. A. Stephens

**

Readers of *The Mitre* will be interested in the difference of opinion which exists between President C. C. Jones, of the University of New Brunswick, and the students' newspaper, *THE BRUNSWICKAN*, on the subject of initiation. In his address on the college opening day President Jones said that he considered that it would be an extremely wise policy to discontinue initiation entirely. The Brunswickan reporting this speech also carries an editorial which reads, in part: "Present day initiation, consisting only of a few temporary restrictions and regulations, is an affair of little importance and offers no grounds for serious objection unless there is a deliberate overstepping of the powers of the initiating class . . . Initiation this year consists of a few rules intended to aid the Freshman in adapting himself to his new environment and to help him realize that he is now a part of a great institution that is much bigger than himself, that existed before he was thought of, and that will exist when he is just a memory".

The Brunswickan was the first of the new term's college periodicals to reach the Exchange Editor, but the list of exchanges received during the summer is unusually heavy, as it includes a number of school and college annuals. Looking over the exchanges with the critical eye of a former professional journalist, the Exchange Editor has been surprised at the high standard, literary and technical, which *The Mitre's* contemporaries reach. There is very little that is not commendable in the literary style and make-up of most of the magazines acknowledged below.

The bulkiest and brightest of the annuals received is that of *WESTMOUNT HIGH SCHOOL*, which contains some 120 pages of slick modern journalism, of which the burlesque newspaper, *The Booma Lac Outrage*, is an outstanding example. The Editorial Board is not, however, content with brightness alone, and offers prizes for literary effort. The tense descriptive writing of the prize-winning story, "Crisis", justifies this policy.

Our neighbours at *STANSTEAD COLLEGE* began their annual with an article on the "Stanstead College Spirit", and evidence that this spirit is real and lasting is offered by over five pages in small print of short paragraphs about alumni. Perhaps too much space is taken up by jokes which have a personal meaning to the students, but are lost on outside readers.

THE BRANKSOME SLOGAN, of Branksome Hall, Toronto, also maintains close touch with the school's alumni, and gives much space to them. The blend of

humour with a sense of art in the selection and use of wood-cuts is a pleasing feature of this dignified and artistic production.

THE DUMBEL, produced by the graduating class of Sherbrooke High School, is written in crisp and careful English, but "journalese jargon" occasionally creeps into the sports reporting. The class of '33 might try a finer screen for their photographic blocks, and introduce more originality and attractiveness into headlines.

VOX LYCEI, the work of the Student's Council of the Ottawa Lisgar Street Collegiate Institute, has an attractive make-up, and contains both full reports of activities and imaginative work. The method of acknowledging exchanges by quoting one joke from each hardly gives an idea of the merits of the magazines reviewed.

Short articles, descriptive and imaginative, on things of intimate interest to the writers, are encouraged by the editors of *THE TORCH* at the Town of Mount Royal High School. An account of the Students' Parliament, which controls fifteen scholars' organizations, a page of mock advertisements, and articles in French are notable in this magazine pleasingly printed on tinted paper.

Another artistic production is the year book of the *COMMISSIONERS' HIGH SCHOOL*, Quebec City, which should be commended for a rare virtue—the provision of an efficient index; and for a clever device for ensuring attention to advertisements.

In *THE ALBANIAN*, from St. Alban's, Brockville, there are eighty lines of serious descriptive verse on "Winter in the Laurentians", containing some gems of thought which might have been even more firmly expressed had not the author saddled what should have been admirable blank verse with rhyme. Last winter's sport is featured to the extent of a third of the space.

With the *LOYOLA COLLEGE REVIEW*, a masterly production with a make-up of which many editors would be proud, we reach a class of publications which stand by themselves. They are produced by Roman Catholic schools and colleges, and all are missionary in their spirit—because their religion means so much to the writers that it seems the natural thing to write about in articles for the students' magazines. This is particularly the case with *ST. MARY'S COLLEGE REVIEW*, from Brockville, a jubilee number commemorating both the bicentenary of the foundation of the Redemptorist Order, and the centenary of the Order's arrival on North American soil.

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The Loyola annual strikes an unusual note by cartooning the graduating class, instead of photographing them. The article on "Religious England" displays an accurate knowledge of spiritual conditions in the Old Country. The dignified French *REVUE DE L'UNIVERSITE D'OTTAWA* has scholarly articles on literature, politics, and religion, and each issue has one article in English. *ALMA MATER* of St. Jerome's College, Kitchener, has a "Judge's Column" of character sketches so kindly, helpful, and appreciative in tone as to suggest that if all our judging were done that way the command "Judge not" would be unnecessary. *NOTRE DAME REVIEW*, of the Marguerite Bourgeoys College, Montreal, has a literary weakness for the eighteenth century, and prints in one issue articles on Pope and Swift, Goldsmith and Burns.

Letters to the editor showing that the boys take a serious interest in the affairs of the school, and careful book reviews are two notable features of the *STONYHURST MAGAZINE*, from Blackburn, England.

The University of King's College, Halifax, this year published a special encaenia number of the *KING'S COLLEGE RECORD*, combining some features of a year book with the ordinary issue. The startling prophecies of "Who Will Be Who of Class '32 in 1952" are a novel addition to the more usual methods of speeding the graduating class.

THE O. A. C. REVIEW, published from Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, is chiefly devoted to articles on agricultural subjects, well illustrated.

Unusual editorial policy marks *ACTA VICTORIANA*, Victoria College, Toronto, which tells the year's activities by photograph; and *THE ROTUNDA*, Emmanuel College, Saskatoon, notable for authoritative articles by distinguished people on important subjects.

The *BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL* midsummer issue was another distinguished production, memorable for an article on school history for the last 95 years; and for the effective use of italic and white in the early pages.

The Upper Canada College magazine, *THE COLLEGE TIMES*, allows itself a measure of criticism of school management, and the firmly written editorial on the Herbert Mason Medals is an example of how strong student opinion can be voiced in a dignified way. This is certainly an efficient magazine, even if the management does avoid the modern craze for brightness.

Varied fare is provided by *THE ARGOSTY OF COMMERCE*. Fresh and amusing rhymes and jingles and witty Form Nuze are combined with essays showing that serious thinking and writing also proceed from the Ottawa High School of Commerce.

Serious literary work—descriptive articles and fiction—takes up more than half of *ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW*, Aurora, which has an amusing system of filling page bottoms with crazy photographs.

BLUE AND WHITE, of Rothesay Collegiate School, N.B., is a neat record of events in a style now not very common.

The magazine of *KING'S HALL, COMPTON*, contains a number of short articles in simple, direct language. The photo pages headed "The School at Play" were a good idea, but the idea needs to be carried out on a larger scale.

The term "snappy" might be applied to *THE NAUTILUS*, from the O. W. Holmes Junior High School, Philadelphia, where students evidently learn to say things tersely. Some descriptive articles and reports are only 100 words in length and none exceed 500 words—and there is no room for wordiness in short stories kept down to a 1,000-word limit.

Samuel Pepys is resurrected in the summer number of *THE GROVE CHRONICLE*, Lakefield, Ont., and among others makes the following trenchant entry in his diary:

"Bathing this morning, in lowering myself by my hands on the sides of the bath, my left hand slipt, and down I went plop, with not only a shrewd pain to my sitting bones, but a great shake-up all over. Anon looking for the cause of my hand's slip, I did find a soapy mess on the bath side, which can only be some of Jones' leavings, so, being come again to our chamber, I did sternly reprove him hereof; but his answer is, he must needs set his feet on the bathside, first one, then the other, when he soaps between his toes, for how else can he do it?"

The Mitre also acknowledges the Algoma Missionary News; the Quebec Diocesan Gazette; and the calendars of the Georgetown University School of Law, Washington, D.C.; St. Joseph's University, St. John, N.B.; St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, N.S.; and King's College, Halifax.



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RESIGNATION OF THE
 CHANCELLOR

We have received word as we go to press of the resignation of F. E. Meredith, Esq., K.C., D.C.L., LL.D., as Chancellor of the University, and of the election of the Honourable R. A. E. Greenshields, Chief Justice of the Superior Court of Quebec, to be his successor. Dr. Meredith's resignation is to take effect on October 20th, on which occasion Chief Justice Greenshields is to be installed in the Chancellor's office.

We shall hope, in reporting the proceedings connected with the closing of Dr. Meredith's regime and the inaugurating of Chief Justice Greenshields' term of office, to express more fully than is possible at present, our appreciation of Dr. Meredith's work for the University.

He has been a great friend to the students of the University. He donated the very handsome silver cup which is competed for annually, and his cousins, Lady Meredith and Mrs. Charles Meredith, have presented cups for Basket-ball and Badminton, respectively. Dr. Meredith also established the Chancellor's prize of \$100.00 per annum, which is offered for competition amongst the students of the graduating class.

We are very pleased to hear that, although he has to resign from the Chancellor's office, Dr. Meredith will continue his active interest in the University and his support of its work as a member of the Corporation.

UP ON A MOUNTAIN—(Continued from page 6)

may "glissade" down a long snow field, leaning on your axe which performs the function of a brake; or you may slither down the steep curving paths below the snow line to a hot lunch at the chalet. If you are not too weary you may continue the walking tour to the next village; or, if you are staying at a climbing centre, return to your hotel full of hair-raising exploits and incredible experiences, ready to climb another peak another day.

There is no better way of spending a holiday than to go on such a walking tour. The climbing part of it is, indeed, expensive, for guides are not to be hired for nothing; but an occasional peak is all that is necessary to conquer in order to satisfy anyone who is not a climbing enthusiast and nothing else. Rock climbing is a very different sport; it appears to offer all the dangers and tribulations of ordinary mountaineering without any of its solid satisfaction. Yet there are those who prefer to enter their bedrooms by way of the drain pipe and window ledge, disdaining the aid of stairs or even fire escapes. Such, however, is the mad enthusiasm mountaineering breeds.

C. C. L.

BRITISH DEBATING TEAM
 VISITS BISHOP'S

This month we welcomed to Bishop's a touring British debating team, sponsored by the National Federation of Canadian University Students. The N.F.C.U.S. sponsor debating tours as their major activity. The year before last they arranged for the visit of another British team, which came to Bishop's, and in an interesting debate on the subject of taxing bachelors, was defeated by the college team. The same year one of our own debaters, Mr. Rennie, formed one of a Canadian team which toured in this country.

The British team this year, is composed of Ivor B. Jones of the University College of Wales, and Hector McNeil, of Glasgow University.

Mr. Jones, a graduate in Geography and English, who has been spending the last year in post-graduate work in Education in preparation for a career in Educational Administration, has in the last three years represented his college in many Inter-Varsity debates and was in 1930-31 President of his College Debates Union. He was President of the Students' Representative Council of his college and a member of the Central Students' Representative Council of Wales and of the Executive of the National Union of Students of England and Wales. He has also represented the Welsh students on bodies concerned with the administration of higher education, such as the Welsh University Court, Extension Board. To round off his many activities Mr. Jones has represented his college in English Rugby and taken a considerable interest in politics, being a Past President of his College Labour Club.

Hector McNeil, the other member of the British team, is a well known political figure in the west of Scotland. He was born in Garlochhead, Argyllshire; studied at the Woodside Secondary School in Glasgow; and went from there to the study of Mental Philosophy at Glasgow University. In student activities Mr. McNeil has distinguished himself as an organizer and speaker. He is at present President of the University Socialist Club and a Vice-President of the League of Nations Union. The Dialectic Society, the oldest society in the University, whose former members schooled by Dialectic debates, have won distinction in Parliament, at the Bar and in the Church; claims him as Vice-President. Last year Mr. McNeil was elected to the Union Board as convenor of debates. Mr. McNeil has represented his Varsity in debating against other Scottish Universities and has debated against Universities in England and Ireland.

After debating here the British team is proceeding across the continent to debate with other Canadian Universities, and we hope that when they return to the British Isles the recollection of their visit to Lennoxville will not be the least happy of their memories. We send with them on the rest of their tour our heartiest good wishes.



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DE ALUMNIS

J. I. Benson

**

The writing of an interesting De Alumnis column is an extremely difficult task. For the composition of a column of this type it is necessary to have facts that are correct as well as interesting to our readers. We find it difficult to publish anything about our graduates and their activities if we have never heard from them. The Mitre would greatly appreciate any suggestions from readers which might help to make this section of our magazine more interesting. We would like to hear of the activities and work of the graduates from the graduates themselves. We feel that a direct method of this type, not founded absolutely on hearsay, would be a great step towards making this column better, and at the same time more interesting to all concerned.

Classmates and friends of RALPH GUSTAFSON, M.A. '30, will be interested to hear that he has had two poems published in the Oxford Year Book for 1931. We are pleased to print one of his poems, entitled "Song from Abroad", in this issue of the Mitre. Mr. Gustafson is at present studying at Keble College, Oxford.

The following is the news of those who received their M.A.'s last June:

JOHN DEAN is teaching in Hamilton, Ontario; HUMPHREY PORRITT at Ashbury College, Ottawa; HERBIE HALL at Westmount High School and WAYNE HALL at Sherbrooke High School.

DOUG. LUNAN, B.A. '26, Teacher's Diploma '32, is teaching at West Hill High School, Notre Dame de Grace, Montreal.

Bishop's is again fairly well represented at McGill. A. C. CHURCH, B.A., A. J. B. HEBERT, B.A., and W. C. STOCKWELL, B.A., are enrolled in the Faculty of Medicine; G. F. J. GLASS, B.A., and H. F. DAVIS, B.A., are in the Faculty of Law; R. H. GRAY is taking Engineering, and J. D. McMORRAN, B.A., and L. M. HART are in First Year Commerce.

L. G. OSGOOD and S. B. DOAK have left Bishop's to carry on their work elsewhere. Mr. Osgood is studying Chemical Engineering at Queen's, while Mr. Doak is taking Engineering at Potsdam, N.Y.

G. O. ROTHNEY, B.A., '32, has sailed for England to take up post-graduate work at the University of London.

MARTIN BANFILL, B.A., '28, has been elected President of the year of '33 in Medicine at McGill.

NORRIS BROOK, B.A., '20, has returned to the University to take his M.A., and Teacher's Diploma. He was formerly a master at St. Patrick's College, Ottawa.

S. G. RUDNER, who was captain of Basketball in 1929-30, has returned to complete his B.A. course.

The members of the Divinity Class of 1932 are working as follows:-

REV. W. H. M. CHURCH, B.A. '29, L.S.T., curate at All Saints, Ottawa.

REV. ROBINS H. THATCHER, L.S.T., in charge of the mission of Combermere, Ont.

REV. A. J. ANDERSON, B.A., curate at St. George's Cathedral, Kingston, Ont.

REV. LINDLEY MACMORINE, L.S.T., curate at Smith's Falls, Ont.

REV. F. P. CLARK, B.A., curate at the Church of the Advent, Westmount, Que.

REV. E. R. NORNABELL, L.S.T., curate at St. Thomas', Toronto.

REV. J. C. A. COLE, B.A., curate at St. Bartholomew's, Toronto.

REV. G. KESTELL-CORNISH, L.S.T., curate at Redcar, Yorkshire, England.

REV. C. H. GIBBS, L.S.T., curate at Upland, Hamilton, Bermuda.

REV. SIDNEY WOOD, incumbent of Lorne, Que.

REV. JOHN COMFORT, L.S.T., incumbent of Kirkdale, Que.

REV. T. J. MATTHEWS, L.S.T., incumbent at Viking, Alberta.

REV. JOHN H. DICKER, L.S.T., is in England.

**

CORRESPONDENCE

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The Editor, THE MITRE,

Dear Sir:

Who has heard of the College Owl? I was asked about him this summer by an old student, who was here before the war. In his days the owl was an important bird. The rumour ran that he was an owl who lurked in the branches of a tall tree standing on the site of the College and that he had to be shot before the college was built.

In his stuffed state the owl was the totem of the tribe of the student body. He was kept carefully by the senior man and brought to all student meetings. There was some ceremony connected with the owl in the initiation of freshmen and they had to pay it due reverence at all times.

In an old picture of the Church Warden Club, which I have seen, the owl is occupying an important place in the foreground. This is probably only one of the few societies he belonged to; but to find him among its members shows what an important owl he was, as the club was a very select one.

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It seems a great pity that the owl should no longer exist in a college like ours which is growing bigger and occupying a more important position all the time. We should have some of the old traditions of the students of pre-war days, and it might be a step in the right direction if we reincarnated the owl.

In the old Egyptian temples they often had sacred animals, and when these died they were of course replaced.

Bands of priests were sent out to traverse the length and breadth of Egypt, seeking for an animal with similar markings to the deceased. These deputations were received everywhere with honour and at the end of their travels, returned to their temple to compare notes and select the most suitable animal. The chief priest then went to fetch the favoured beast and the owners were only too proud to give it to him and the reincarnation of the lost animal returned in pomp to its temple.

In our case deputations of students should be sent to scour the country in search of our long lost owl's reincarnation. Surely the Students' Council would be only too willing to pay their expenses, and the owners of the coveted owl would surely surrender it with pride, so that our dear owl might return and a new spirit of prosperity might attend our various activities.

But joking aside, surely we should beg, borrow or steal an owl, or if driven to extremes buy an owl to restore the old totem of the Student Body to Bishop's.

EDWARD F. H. BOOTHROYD.

EDUCATION ON THE CANADIAN LABRADOR - (Continued from page 9)

much like that occupied by the school master in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village". He is expected to know many things; he is requested to do things that he may never have done before. Besides teaching, he frequently carries on all manner of church work, and sometimes is especially honoured by becoming a godfather. In some places he is obliged to spend much time in looking after the sick, he has a social program to organize, the needy to care for by procuring clothing, letters to write and mail orders to make out, he has manual work connected with his school buildings, and numerous other duties. He is at the service of the people at any hour of the day or night.

Last Winter I had the privilege of opening a school at a place where for many years no form of education had been carried on. The building materials were provided by the Board of Public Instruction of Quebec, and the building built by the fishermen themselves. The foreman was a man who could have become one of the finest of construction engineers if he had had any education. In a few weeks the

building was ready, and immediately classes were organized. The community interest was very great, and soon pupils were enrolled who in point of age ranged from five to twenty-eight years. A night school was organized, and in this school the oldest was forty-five and the youngest about eighteen years of age. Mothers left their children at home and went to school; fathers previously occupied with cards and liquor found time to devote a few hours a week to study. The classes were very interesting, and frequently the teacher smiled to himself as he guided the large, rough hand of a fisherman in his attempt to form the letters of the alphabet. Secretly, he had an inward feeling of pride as he realized that these individuals though advanced in age had within them the desire to acquire a little knowledge of the elements of Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic.

The majority of those who were in the night school spent much time in the First Primer. The byword became: "Are you going to 'I see Sam', tonight?" At a certain stage of study one of my five year old girls in the day school and the oldest night pupil were exactly at the same lesson in the Primer, and the little one was reading better than her rival. There is a great contrast between the privileges accorded to the past generation and those of the rising generation of today.

The work of instructing goes on, and in this great work men of Bishop's have contributed and will still contribute in the future. It is worthwhile work as the people are very intelligent and are anxious to know as much as those who come from outside points. Many look upon them from a distance as closely related to the Eskimos or Indians, but they are, generally speaking, people who originally came from Newfoundland in search of better fishing areas, and are quite on the average with the rest of the British people. Many lack education, most of them have lived under the usual conditions of isolation, but they have nevertheless retained certain characteristics of a nature favourable to the better class of plebeian. In short, although they possess great latent potentialities, they have always lacked the opportunity to exploit them. This is the only fundamental respect in which they could be said to differ from the middle class populace of any other civilized community.



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THE COST OF WAR—(Continued from page 11)

soul. One great military expert, Sir Frederick Maurice, says:—"If you wish for peace, prepare for peace, is the great lesson of the Great War. Armaments are ineffectual against war, because increase of armaments in one nation produces a corresponding increase in other nations and then comes the temptation to make use of these powerful weapons." Some gesture of goodwill must be made by one of the more important powers towards disarmament thereby encouraging confidence and leading the way to a better era.

The present movement for disarmament is essentially an outgrowth of the Great War although the idea of disarmaments or the curtailment of armaments is not new. The Amphycionic Council of Greece was the first attempt to curb the fiery spirit of mankind. It sank before the power of Macedonia. The Hague Conferences of 1889 and 1907 mark modern attempts to deal with this problem. The late President Woodrow Wilson of the U.S.A., had a vision of a type of League of Nations to control armaments. He went to Paris with his famous fourteen points in 1919, but these were only an ideal and revealed his inexperience. He failed to rise above the petty ideas of party politics. Here we see the general unwillingness of the Great Powers to face the prospect of a merger of sovereign powers without which permanent peace projects are absurd. The delegates were not willing to put themselves under any sort of control as regards military and naval affairs. They wanted to be bound and free, to ensure peace forever but to remain armed. A number of conferences have been held of late including the famous Briand-Kellogg Pact. But still there is no spirit of trust without which little hope can be held for success. A spirit of security must be created, laws must be set up and substituted for armaments and wars to settle international justice. In a trial of might it is not always the right that comes up the winner. Let us work for the abolition of armies and armaments and turn the enormous capital tied up into more humane channels, into education, housing and public health. Let us spend this money in building up the youth of the world physically and mentally. Let us substitute physical training for military training, "the moral value of which is indeed grossly exaggerated by the champions of a dying world order". There are finer and better ways to inculcate discipline and other (rightly prized) manly virtues than by a sort of pseudo-militarism that has a subtle influence upon the minds of our youth. "Dead warriors and weeping women belong to the old world of Homeric saga, not to the new age which we are to fashion. The new Age calls for a new kind of courage—no less exacting, no less sacrificial—in the evolution and fostering of life". Let our national heroes be those who fight disease, who give their lives to science, who serve humanity to the utmost of their power, for these things make every bit as high a

claim on courage as the perils of service in the forces. "The friends of peace are the friends of justice, they desire a rational decision by civilized legal procedure—enforced where necessary by armed sanctions—of disputes which are recognized as inevitable. They do not propose to abolish armed force any more than they would demobilize the police. They propose that it should be—like the police force—the instrument of a corporate will to justice".

THE MAD HATTER'S ECONOMICS—
(Continued from page 10)

"If reparations are bad, why don't you abolish them?" asked Alice.

"That can't be done," said the Hatter, "because France won't agree and because the Allies must get reparations from Germany in order to pay their debts to America. These debts, too, must be paid in money from the sale of goods. But America has raised her tariff so as to limit the amount of goods she receives."

"Then how are the debts to be paid?"

"Nobody expects they will be paid," said the Hatter. "Yet we must act as though we thought they would be paid. One difficulty is that the debts change from year to year; so that the debtors must pay, not the amounts they borrowed, but much larger amounts."

"How can that be?" asked Alice.

"The debts are payable in gold, but actually the borrowers received goods, the prices of which were then very high. And what they pay back is not gold, but goods. But the prices of those goods have fallen; so in order to settle their gold debt the borrowers have to pay back about 50 per cent. more than they borrowed."

Alice sighed and wondered whether anything ever would happen in a reasonable way again. "Can nobody do anything?" she asked.

"Well, nobody has done much," answered the Hatter. "But isn't it important to do something?" urged Alice.

"Of course. It is extremely important. Everybody knows that," said the Hatter.

Then Alice remembered what the Cheshire Cat had said.





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The type used is Kennerley Old Style, cast on the monotype casting machine from matrices supplied by the Monotype Company of Canada, (Limited). The reading matter is set in 10 point face, leaded to 12 point spacing. Poetry is set in like size and spacing but italics of the same series. This article is in 10 point Italic solid. Running head lines are also in italics, whilst the titles of the various articles contained herein are generally in 18 point capitals, moderating to 14 point in the case of long and secondary titles.

An intelligent study of Italian models gave us the Kennerley type, so named because it was first used in a volume published by Mitchell Kennerley. Designed by Frederic W. Goudy, it is not in any sense a copy of early Roman letter: it is original. He has restored to the Roman alphabet much of that lost humanistic character which the first Italian printers inherited from the hand drawn letters of the scribes of the old Renaissance.

Kennerley Italic was designed to accompany Kennerley Old Style. The degree of inclination is very slight, a characteristic of the types of Aldus Manutius. His type, known as Aldine, lacked inclined capitals and when required he introduced the Roman form. Aldus' Italic type is said to be modeled on the handwriting of Petrarch, which Francesco de Bologna probably cut and cast for him.

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