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to all

Readers, Contributors and Advertisers

A list of the Contents of this issue will be found on page 48.

The Mitre

The Mitre Board desires to be held responsible for opinions expressed by contributors

Yearly Subscription
Two Dollars
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Published by The Students of Bishop's University

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VOLUME 40, NUMBER 2 LENNOXVILLE, QUE. DECEMBER, 1932

THE EDITOR PRESENTS—

HIS CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

The past year has been one of the most depressing that the world has experienced since the Great War. Many financial institutions have collapsed, industry has been at a standstill, public faith and confidence have perceptibly decreased, and a valiant attempt at furthering propaganda of an optimistic nature has practically failed. Economically speaking, the world has had a severe illness, and the recovery is very slow.

The recent Economic Conference at Ottawa, in spite of the peremptory attentions of Mr. Ferdinand Taschereau in Canada, and of Mr. Lloyd George in England, would seem to justify our faith in British statesmanship. It is quite reasonable to expect that the careful attention that has been given to the exchange of articles within the Empire, and the remedies which have been suggested, will gradually improve conditions in the different parts of our great Commonwealth.

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The attempts which were made are worthy of commendation. The people in that country, and crush outside manufacturers. The result has been given to exports, and a general attempt made to keep imports at the minimum. Great tariff barriers have been raised in order to protect the professors within the country, and crush outside manufacturers. The result has been rebellion, and in consequence the stagnation of trade and industry. If peace is ever to be attained, economic war must be stopped, otherwise it is foolish to talk of disarmament.

In the further discussion of this matter let us take as our example—Russia. The Russian system has been one which we cannot countenance, even though the Bolshevik
party hopes to bring about the ideal state. The principle of dumping goods in the markets in the world at a very low price in order to crush the manufacturers in other countries is wrong. If the Bolshevik party continues its policy, the inevitable thing is war. We cannot have peace when our own people are unemployed as the result of the selfish principles of Russia or any other country. The law of self-preservation is the gentility, and it is necessary to take up arms, as in spite of any disarmament pacts we may have signed, the old instrument of war will be employed until the people of the world are educated to the fact that nations must respect each other and work together, there can be no lasting peace, even though a general world disarmament is brought about. Remove the cause of war and unemployment will be unnecessary, but allow the economic system of the present to continue and war becomes inevitable. In order to avoid the present economic evils or any future disasters which may arise, is the establishment of a court of economic experts, who will examine the natural resources of all countries, the industrial organizations, and the advantages relative to the transportation of manufactured goods, and in an unbiased manner regulate the exports of each country, so that all will have a fair share of world trade and commerce. Countries better adapted to the manufacture of certain articles would have certain preferences, and a general system of equalizing privileges would be brought about. Tariffs would in many cases be removed, while in others they would be maintained.

The national problem which has always plagued a system Is it not rather Utopian in character? Would it be possible for a group of men of different nationalities to work together without injuring the particular country?

Would not the great money powers in the respective countries try to bribe their representatives to work in their own interest? All these things are quite possible, but if our goal is unselfish, it can finally become a success.

There are certain dangers attached to a paper of this kind. First, there is the need of an organization, it is not published by the Mitre Board. With the additional responsibility of the Year Book, it is impossible for you to take on this task. A paper produced by a separate group, independent of the publishers of the Mitre, might in time become a source of annoyance to the publishers once they were subject to the Executive Board of the Mitre, it would be a safeguard.

Another danger is that the interest of the Student Body might become centered on this paper, and the difficulty of obtaining literary contributions for the Mitre be increased. It is a known fact that anything new receives greater interest than something which has been existing for years. In certain issues of the Mitre it is often very difficult to get material, and the Editor has often resorted to the very detailed write-ups as a means of filling up space. In the future this will be impossible as all activities will be presented in summarized form, and if the number of literary articles lessens, then the paper will be very hard to sell.

Nevertheless, the idea is an excellent one and worthy of careful consideration. Anything that can be done to maintain the literary ideals of the founders of the Mitre should be encouraged. The dangers can be overcome if the plan is carefully thought out by the organizers.

CHIEF JUSTICE GREENSHIELDS

With the growth of a University various new needs arise, and in keeping pace with expansion several societies have been formed by the Student Body. There is today a need for the formation of a study group which will deal with matters pertaining to economic, social, and political problems. Early in the New Year the organizers of this new club will approach us on this matter, and it is hoped that the students who are interested in these subjects will avail themselves of this opportunity. The meetings will be quite informal, and while a number of papers will be read throughout the year, it is expected that valuable opportunities will be given for the expression of individual opinions in the discussion periods.

J. F.

THE NEW CHANCELLOR TAKES OFFICE

The retirement of Dr. F. E. Meredith from the Chancellorship of the University took effect at a special Convocation held on October 20th, when Dr. Meredith handed over the robes of office to his successor, the Hon. R. A. F. Green- shields, Chief Justice of the Superior Court of Quebec, whose photograph appears on this page. In his final address to Convocation as Chancellor, Dr. Meredith reviewed the progress which has been made at Bishop's since his appointment six years ago. He said that it had been possible to maintain and add to a professional body of the highest calibre, and also to add to their endowments, though even now he hardly considered that the faculty were adequately paid.

The speaker emphasized that for many years past the endowment fund of the University had consisted of investments of a very secure nature, which had not suffered through the depression. Dr. Meredith pointed out the steady increase in the student body, and added that it was still possible to provide tuition, residence and board at a fee of $490 per annum.

Emphasizing that improvements could not have been made without the generous cooperation of the government of the Province and other friends of the University, Dr. Meredith said that there was still an urgent need for increase in the endowment fund and for funds for the upkeep of University buildings, especially by the provision of a new dining hall and the extension of the library.

The new Chancellor, Dr. J. S. Atkins, was appointed by the Board of Governors, and the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. J. F. Meredith, retired. Dr. Meredith said that it had been a matter of much delight to him that in both spheres substantial progress had been made.
WEST INDIAN SKETCHES

Rev. C. Sauerbrei

"*"

of the fort still stands, a fine courtyard with an arcade, guard-rooms, a bakery, a sinister pitch-black dungeon full of large bats, a great stone reservoir and so on. Standing on the ramparts the seaman up which the car has come seems impossibly steep, yet up those slopes came the materials for the fort, drawn, it may be, by the ancestors of the huge and splendid humped oxen we have seen in the fields below, and the slave ancestors of our polite and intelligent chauffeur may have laboured at the building. Everywhere there are reminders that these idyllic islands have known the hardest realities of life.

Next, Nevis, where Nelson was married, and where there is an absolutely unspoilt bathing beach, coconut palms, white sand, and the warm sea—nothing else. Then Antigua and Montserrat. In the latter island the negroes are said to have the loveliest island in either the Atlantic or the Pacific. Certainly it is marvellously beautiful. It is an island of high fantastic peaks and deep valleys, and much of it is still covered with the tropical forest. Here, under a constant pall of dropping cloud, nature runs riot. There is an infinite variety of form, columnar palms, rope-like creepers, great trees with hard glossy foliage and bizarre, contorted branches, slender hibiscus, tree-frogs. There are numberless insolent epitaphs which attach themselves to the trunk, to the branches, to the outermost twigs of their boats. Beneath the insensate tangle of the larger trees the ground is covered with a strange and suspenseful humidity; there is no room in the jungle, it is crammed with life, flaxing, vivid, rattling, rich in arthritic. It is altogether gorgeously a little terrifying.

But man triumphs even over the jungle, he hews himself out a place and grows some broadfruit and some yams, acquires a donkey and a wife and a roof. You can see them on the mountain roads, coming down to market, black feet in the red mud, bunches of plantains on their head, cutlasses in hand, moving like gods and grinning like children. The white man subdues the jungle on a larger scale, his plantings change the aspect of whole islands. He has introduced many useful trees and plants, and the produce of these be exports: sugar and rum, coffee and cocoa, nutmeg, vanilla, cloves, coconuts, sea island cotton and mahogany, and mangoes, avocado pears, limes, bananas, oranges, a host of pleasant and fragrant things.

At Dominica they have great boats made of dugout logs which have been improved by building up the gunwales with boards and strengthening the whole boat with ribs. They are very efficient and seaworthy craft, and are also interesting because they represent a step in the primitive evolution of boats. At St. Lucia the boats have a curious projecting cutwater, this also seems to be a survival of a primitive feature.

Along the country roads the women walk barefooted, their slenderness and grace contrasts with the huldy cheesiness of the African, their blue-black hair is parted above severe brown faces, they wear nose ornaments of silver and heavy silver anklets. The men may be seen leading the sulky, jumping, water buffaloes that come with them from the Orient to share their labours. Along the road are modest little temples of the many faiths of India.

In Trinidad and in British Guiana a surprise awaits the traveller, he finds himself in the atmosphere of the Far East. For India has spared from its millions some hundreds of thousands to work under indentures and are entitled to free passage back to India when their time is done. Many prefer to stay and some become very prosperous. On the plantations in Trinidad the Indians live in tiny cabins of their own building, often these are of wattle and duff with thatched roof. On the walls you may see theprints of hands in blue and red paint; these are made by the guards when there is a wedding work under indentures and are entitled to free passage back to India when their time is done, but many prefer to stay and sometimes become very prosperous. On the plantations in Trinidad the Indians live in tiny cabins of their own building, often these are of wattle and duff with thatched roof. On the walls you may see the prints of hands in blue and red paint; these are made by the guards when there is a wedding.
WANTED A FLAG AND AN ANTHEM

Bruce Munro

What I am about to say will, I am aware, appear to many to be nothing short of sacrilege; yet so it must. I am supported in my task by the thought that there are many who will agree with me, and by the hope that there are perhaps a few to whose moulded thoughts I may give definite expression.

I ask for a Canadian flag and a Canadian anthem.

How often do I get the exasperating answer that we have a perfectly good Union Jack and an excellent anthem in God Save the King! How much more often am I assailed with black looks and flashing tongues which revile me for my lack of patriotism to the British Empire? Seldom does any one recognize my patriotism towards the land where I was born.

Most of our people come from the British Isles, and it would take generations under normal conditions to instil in them a pan-Atlantic point of view; the unfortunate part is that immigration authorities continually seem to us to have plenty of recruits to keep alive the spirit of the Old Country. These comparative newcomers forget that a large part of the richest regions of Canada be deeded from the British Isles. All this demands from us the utmost respect with black looks and flashing tongues which revile me for my lack of patriotism to the British Empire! Seldom does any one recognize my patriotism towards the land where I was born.

Let us never cease singing God Save the King, but let the more stirring bars of O Canada take due precedence.

Let us maintain the Union Jack, but let us place it in one corner of a flag of red with the coat-of-arms of Canada in another corner. And above all let these both receive a national spirit undeniably Canadian.

We are a nation with a dual personality and a dual duty. First and foremost we are Canadians! I shun it forth. Then we are citizens of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

The new Chanceller... (Continued from page 3)

T.MITRE, December, 1932

HISTORICAL PARALLELS

A. J. R. Richardson

It is a trite but true saying, as Henry Peacham would have put it, that History repeats itself. During the last few years this has been confirmed in a rather striking manner, for the general trend of world events since the Treaty of Versailles has been remarkably similar to the course of affairs after the Napoleonic Wars. There is this difference, however, the same parts are not taken by the same countries. Thus, France now holds the position held by Austria after the Treaty of Vienna; Germany is now the beaten country, humbled in her former victorious role as France then was, with a group of small states controlled in policy by the conquerors; the United States seems to be the modern equivalent of Russia, with Woodrow Wilson cast for the romantic, if slightly erratic, role of the Czar Alexander I, and the League of Nations following the somewhat unfortunate precedent of the Holy Alliance, coming under the influence of France, the modern counterpart of Metternich's Austria. Communist Russia and imperial Japan are, it must be admitted, an entirely new element.

Great Britain alone of the Powers bears the same relation to world affairs now as then; and it is her history which shows the most remarkable repetition of all, for when we come to examine the course of her home politics since the Great War we find a likeness to our country a century ago. In no other country do we find such a close parallel as I shall try to show exists in England.

For a dozen years after the close of the Napoleonic Wars, up to the death of the Earl of Liverpool, that perennial saddle. This was thirteen years after the war, a time exactly corresponding to the break up of the Labour government in 1931.

The Duke of Wellington took office in 1812 and provided the strong government wanted by the country, the "dictatoreship of patriotism" of Darley's vivid imagination which has continued to world affairs now as then; and it is her history which shows the most remarkable repetition of all, for when we come to examine the course of her home politics since the Great War we find a likeness to our country a century ago. In no other country do we find such a close parallel as I shall try to show exists in England.

Eldon, and the "pig-tail" Tories; he was the political idol of the country in place of the Whigs, who were disunited and broken as a party by long years of exclusion from office. Indeed, a large number of Canning's supporters in parliament were Whigs. His advent to power meant, as in parliament were Whigs. His advent to power meant, as in 1832. It was only a few months ago that the Free-Traders in the present British cabinet resigned their positions after being less than a year in office. They had been promised a Tory cabinet. It was the same ministry, for the most part, which had guided her through the latter half of the struggle with Napoleon. Now look at the roughly corresponding eleven years since the Treaty of Versailles—1919 to 1920. If we except the brief interlude of a minority Labour cabinet in 1924, we find a Conservative regime for the greater part of the time; the Coalition cabinet only continued in power after the Great War because of the natural desire, shown throughout history, to keep the men who won the war in the saddle.

After Liverpool's death came the two brief governments of Canning and Goderich, which corresponded to the Labour government of 1920-24. For Canning, though calling himself a Tory premier, was not supported by Wellington's cabinet, the political idol of the people of England and represented the more liberal views of the country in place of the Whigs, who were disunited and broken as a party by long years of exclusion from office. Indeed, a large number of Canning's supporters in parliament were Whigs. His advent to power meant, as in

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From the above it will be seen that I have more firmly substantiated it. Allow me to explain myself further; it is always darkest just before the dawn.
joy in even the mildest visitor. I refer to a simple (but
gaze for one fond moment at that enthralling collection, and
couplets on the glories of nature, you will at least never lack
your spirit has never been moved to compose odes and
in it something at once both restful and fascinating, and if
even if it were desirable, for any ordinary, sensitive human
around one's neck on picnic days. I say it is not possible,
inspiring) glass case which contains perforated specimens
of stuffed animals and reptiles. The latter category includes
massacre fails to awaken even my secondary interest, and a
away into enthusiastic transports (so I am told) merely by
be thrilled ecstatically by an account of some mighty con­
flict in the lives of our valiant forefathers; and the more
freak or accident, you should also chance to recognize some

on a future visit, that

the coat on exhibit belonged, not to Brock at all,
but to his favourite aide-de-camp. I am not, however, pre­

rarely that we find so much virtue in one place, and it is
therefore fitting and proper that an adequate donation
should be made upon what, even when regarded from the
most cynical stand-point, must be regarded as the quintes­
ence of all that is lofty and noble in our existence.
To be ushered into the midst of this second store­house
of heart-balm, one must first pass through a turnstile (which
registers the event automatically) and enter into the domain
of ancient and modern art. It is in the realm of sculpture
that you are most likely to find the uplift that you are
seeking. And what, if anything, can bring any greater
sensation of uplift than to reach the upper threshold of great
classics, without first having to read the inscription on the
brass plate beneath? Surely no other human experience
is equal to this. In your own mind, it culminates a long
cherished opinion that you have, after all, absorbed the ele­
mentary principles of education, and henceforward you are
ready to go out into the world of scholars and ardent
classicists, and to assert your ideas as firmly and with as
much enthusiasm as the best of them. And if, by some
frak or accident, you should also chance to recognize some
of the portraits and landscapes that are on exhibit, and your
inspection, you come away with the unfailing conviction
that you have a career in art ahead of you.

One of the first features to command my notice, on
entering the Archives, was the exhibition of heraldic bear­
ings, presumably belonging to the various lines of nobility
who chose to transfer the source of their destiny from the
Old World to the incipient Dominion of Canada. Those
who know the archives of the Old Country are acquainted
with the rare difficulties which I have in finding anything that I
look for, will not need to be told that I discerned every con­
ceivable device but the one for which I was specifically
searching. As I have expounded elsewhere, with lengthy
elaboration, I have come to regard myself as the victim of a
conspiracy, pledged to remove from sight any particular ob­
ject that is thought I shall be likely to seek next. Bearing
in mind this suspicion, I took particular notice of one of the
designed to ensure that a building
whose cornerstone is laid by a great celebrity, rests more
firmly upon its foundations thereby, or can advance any other
suggestion concerning practical benefits which may accrue
from this time-honoured procedure. I will undertake to
have him decorated with all the badges and medals which
the Archives has in its possession.

There are, of course, many other places of interest to
be visited in Ottawa, and Rideau Hall, Chateau Laurier,
the Exhibition Grounds, and the great, central Experimental
Farm are but a few of them. It is not my intention, however,
to deal with either of these in detail; if I should ever
receive the urge to compile a treatise of really voluminous
portions, I should prefer it to be in the form of a novel
rather than in that of a tourist's guide book.

I do, however, wish to register one great grievance in
connection with my visit to Ottawa. I was never once
privileged to enter either the Mint or the City Gaol. I
have since concluded that I had not enough money to con­
mand serious consideration from the former, and that I had
just enough to preserve me from the tenacious hospitality
of the latter. And it did not occur to me until too late, that
by forcing an entry into the one, I could be assured of a
hearty reception at the other.

The Administration of Ottawa are not yet satisfied with their City is abundantly apparent. If a tran­
sient visitor is any judge, it would appear that hardly a day
passes without some process of demolition, or some policy
of reconstruction going into force. Multitudes of buildings
can be seen in the last stages of removal, and martyrdoms of
new canons are seen springing into birth. My recent host
factiously remarked that citizens of Ottawa dare not absent
themselves from home for any appreciable length of time,
lest, on their return, they should find that their old house
stead has evaporated, and a new one materialized in its
place. Things have come to a pretty pass when a self­
respecting family cannot venture out into the country for
an afternoon's drive.

As I hasten towards my conclusion, I realize that,
throughout the above, there has been no attempt made to
avoid exaggeration. I feel, however, that nothing could be
more fitting than to hyperbolize in registering one's first
impressions of the Capital, since Ottawa is essentially a
city of superlatives.

And if anyone should approach me with a question con­
cerning the quality of entertainment and enjoyment to be
obtained by a visit to Canada's Federal City, I could answer
him with a single word:

"Capital!"

HINT TO CONTRIBUTORS

To Contributors the Mitre should observe the following simple rules:

1. The manuscript should be double-spaced.

2. At least two inches of space should be left above the
   heading at the top of the page, for directions to the
   printer.

3. One side of the paper only should be used.
“HALLELUJAH, I’M A BUM…”
Colin Castell

(Continued on page 41)

Among the multifarious duties which fall to the lot of His Majesty’s Fleet in peace time, is one which is known in official circles as “Showing the Flag.”

This is usually looked forward to by the uninitiated person as being a pleasant change from garnery and torpedo practice, but by the hardened veteran, it is approached in d Billyfied but with past experience.

For reasons known only to the great, it would appear unnecessary for the furtherance of diplomatic relations to show the flag at many of the large seaport towns belonging to foreign powers, which the Navy delights to visit, which are to be used as a footing for the extension of naval activity, the setting usually chosen by the great ones in tropics, and the country to be visited small and insignificant, boiling of a populace which may be black, brown, or yellow, and on occasion these three mixed with a sprinkling of white.

The flag showing scene particular to this narrative opens up on board a first-class cruiser, shining with new paint and freshly bony-stoned decks, her cannon polished bright, gay bunting fluttering alike from stern to foremost, from foremost to mainmast, and from mainmast to quarterdeck, with the white ensign majestically at the mizen staff, while aloft at the mainmasthead, ready to be broken out when the ship is fired, is the multicoloured piece of bunting so dear to the hearts of the Central American state about to be visited, and for which her many-boned inhabitants chop one another to pieces during fortnightly revolutions, or, when funds allow, unite in warfare against their neighbours.

Our cruiser steams out of the Pacific into harbor, and before long, all the men who are not on the watch, are out of the rigging, and boy too—into this inglorious roaring, cagnding “pro

fessor.” I met a railroad snow-shed builder, recently “laid off” in Vancouver, where a minus and hungry family was living for news of him—he had promised them good news from across the mountains, where he would surely find work—so everything was he.

Perched on the back running board of the tank-car, with my feet propped up on the moving linkages, I listened to some disaulitory exchange of confidences between the men who wanted work, and couldn’t get it. There were tales, too, of rail-road horror—they told them with morbid relish, of two men who had been trapped in a branching of train, and on account of the ringing metals below caused me to lose my grip on the running board, and another described how a few hours before his pal had been cut out of the lunch pile by the sunshine its beauty is changing the day long; but consciousness; but not so completely that I didn’t wake to the warning pressure of the dago’s large hand.

After we moved, as fast as the (by now) swaying train would permit.

of white.

of which are escorted back to their boats when it is seen they have had enough, and quite often the other by the officer of the watch, is assisted into his boat and shown off, urging on his crew to greater efforts by the efficient use of his walking stick. The quintessential flag is hauled down, and the show proper can begin.

As this dignitary approaches it becomes more and more used up before the ship obtains pratique. After half an hour below, the local health officer reappears supported on one side by the ship’s doctor, also not a few speeches, and loud cheers on the part of the visitors, as the local General announces his intention of returning the salute which does not appear capable of carrying out the arduous duties which will be required of him during the forthcoming entente. As our cruiser comes to an anchorage, close enough to the shore to make boat communication possible, yet far enough away in case of an off shore breeze, the salute is fired, boats lowered, and accommodation ladder placed. The ship’s surgeon stays to receive the local health officer, who is being rowed off to the ship by his dusky crew. As this dignitary approaches it becomes more and more used up before the ship obtains pratique. After half an hour below, the local health officer reappears supported on one side by the ship’s doctor, also not a few speeches, and loud cheers on the part of the visitors, as the local General announces his intention of returning the salute which does not appear capable of carrying out the arduous duties which will be required of him during the forthcoming entente. As our cruiser comes to an anchorage, close enough to the shore to make boat communication possible, yet far enough away in case of an off shore breeze, the salute is fired, boats lowered, and accommodation ladder placed. The ship’s surgeon stays to receive the local health officer, who is being rowed off to the ship by his dusky crew. As this dignitary approaches it becomes more and more used up before the ship obtains pratique. After half an hour below, the local health officer reappears supported on one side by the ship’s doctor, also not a few speeches, and loud cheers on the part of the visitors, as the local General announces his intention of returning the salute which does not appear capable of carrying out the arduous duties which will be required of him during the forthcoming entente.

The big brown “dago” explained a nasty head wound; "HALLELUJAH, I'M A BUM..."
(Continued on page 41)

In the Officers’ mess the officer in charge of the wine catering may be seen poring over the wine books, and tasting from time to time with his finger tip a greenish looking liquid out of a punch bowl the size of a wash tub. The paymaster’s resistance having at length been broken down, a small barrel of rum is sent for, and added to the contents of the bowl, and the paymaster departs to enter the rum into his books as having been washed overhead in heavy weather, an entry which he knows full well will result in correspondence with the stores department far from pleasant, and running into years, also winding up with the probability of his paying the cost of living, and some rather pointed ones directed at the Lords of Admiralty (whose only contribution to the cost of flag showing is the oil fuel needed to get the ship to the required locality), a suitable concoction is arrived at, satisfactory as to quantity and potency, and the whole camouflaged by some innocent looking cucumber skins, a few sliced lemons and some cherries floating on top. Orders are then given to the Chief steward, to guard against any officer being served with punch by mistake and so rendering him incapable of carrying out the arduous duties which will be required of him during the forthcoming entente. As our cruiser comes to an anchorage, close enough to the shore to make boat communication possible, yet far enough away in case of an off shore breeze, the salute is fired, boats lowered, and accommodation ladder placed. The ship’s surgeon stays to receive the local health officer, who is being rowed off to the ship by his dusky crew. As this dignitary approaches it becomes more and more used up before the ship obtains pratique. After half an hour below, the local health officer reappears supported on one side by the ship’s doctor, also not a few speeches, and loud cheers on the part of the visitors, as the local General announces his intention of returning the salute which does not appear capable of carrying out the arduous duties which will be required of him during the forthcoming entente.

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(Continued on page 41)
THE MITRE, December, 1932

WRITTEN IN KENILWORTH CASTLE
Ralph Chatterton

Stately they stand, these walls of Kenilworth,
Ruined remains that bear the story of time;
Pendulum marked that hour to hour in.
Or yield the grandeur of their humbled proue!
Wide halls held stranger beauty than of yore.
Since arch supports the splendour of the moon.
Where stars send softly to the midnight moon.
Like tapestries of wind and sunlight stars.
I look thrice at susy green and gold.
From casements that still face the friendly sun.
Though stars alone they view the glorious they face.
High massed walls no warrior could pass.
Stood breached by winds, beseged by sugrant pruss.

SHOWING THE FLAG—(Continued from page 1)

A SERIOUS SONNET ON YE OLDE YULE TYDE
Gerald Cameron

Three happy Feast To that I lay my praise.
And though my song may seem devoid of sense
And but a brazen theft from that immense
And ever-mounting store of fulsome lays.
That men have sung to thee in ancient days
Is sung from men that dare the ancient grace.
I would not have the voice of pastoral.
Lamenting turns or afraid, fast, ascendant
To wreak thy bliss. Nor would I have the cry
Of counter-tying shopkeepers, asking when
There peace of mind and wealth had been added.
I must protect thee, though millions murmur why?

THE MITRE, December, 1932

INTER-FACULTY DEBATE IS WON BY ARTS

The first inter-faculty debate for the Skinner Trophy took place in Convocation Hall on Thursday evening, Nov. 24th, with the President, C. Eberts, in the chair. The Arts Faculty was represented by E. Boothroyd, W. Bradley, and J. Ford, who took the affirmative side of the resolution, while the Divinity Faculty was represented by E. Osborne, W. Cranmer, and M. Stephens. Mr. Eberts pointed out that the jury system should be abolished3, that the present jury system should be abolished, and that the jury system should be abolished. The resolution as was usual with debaters, that he had not the power of speech to stir men's blood. However, he proceeded to do his bit for the Alma Mater, and gave his definition for democracy. He endeavoured to show that it had failed in Germany and Italy, and could not stand up against such conditions. The general world population is not on duty and there is a general movement toward the Captain's cabin for the purpose of explaining his wrongs. Officers did not stand up against such conditions.

Mr. Brown opened the debate by modestly declaring that democracy had not stood for liberty and equality during the last ten years, therefore it was not truly democracy. He concluded by stating that democracy had failed in Germany and Italy, and could not cope with the modern conditions.

Mr. McNeil refused to accept his opponent's definition on the ground that democracy could not be measured in terms of enfranchisement. There were many factors in the state which impeded an equality of vote. Democracy could not exist until some satisfactory means of ascertaining the will of the people was devised, as yet such a device was unknown.

Mr. Ford stated that great financial influences had become so strong that they had been destroying freedom for the past ten years. Trade Unions were forcing the independent tradesman out of his niche, just as gangs were forcing the small business man to the wall with their "rackets." Mr. Jones asserted that the form of government was not necessarily at fault if unable to deal with the difficulties at hand. The Britons then pointed out that democracy had never existed. As their opponents had already proved that democracy had not stood for liberty and equality during the last ten years, therefore it was not really a democracy. If democracy did not exist, how could it be a failure? When the last speaker sat down, an air of tense anticipation filled the room. No matter which side received the decision there would be little room for dispute, so close did the arguments appear. But the decision was not long in forthcoming, and Bishop's were the victors. Mr. Eberts thanked the judges, and expressed the hope that the British team would enjoy their stay at Bishop's, and that their tour might be successful.

DEMOCRACY'S DEFEATS BRITISH DEBATING TEAM

In the last issue of The Mitre we introduced the British debating team, but were unable to give details concerning the debate. Since the publication of the last Mitre the debate has been held, and Bishop's declared victors.

The resolution before the house was: "Resolved, that democracy has been proved a failure in the last ten years."

The British team (negative) was composed of C. Eberts (leader) and I. P. Jones, while the Bishop's team (affirmative) were R. Brown (leader) and J. Ford. C. Eberts, President of the Bishop's Debating Society, was chairman.

Mr. Brown opened the debate by modestly declaring that as usual with debaters, that he had not the "power of speech to stir men's blood." However, he proceeded to do his bit for the Alma Mater, and gave his definition for democracy. He endeavoured to show that it had failed in Germany and Italy, and could not stand up against such conditions. The general world population is not on duty and there is a general movement toward the Captain's cabin for the purpose of explaining his wrongs. Officers did not stand up against such conditions.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY programme for the Michaelmas Term consisted of two formal debates, and several informal debates and papers. The formal debates are reported below, but the informal debates have covered too wide a field to allow for any detailed accounts. They embraced subjects on systems of education and governments of the present day. The papers which were extremely interesting, dealt with such topics as the depression, student life in Germany and Witchcraft.

BISHOP'S DEFEATS BRITISH DEBATING TEAM

In the last issue of The Mitre we introduced the British debating team, but were unable to give details concerning the debate. Since the publication of the last Mitre the debate has been held, and Bishop's declared victors.

The resolution before the house was: "Resolved, that democracy has been proved a failure in the last ten years."

The British team (negative) was composed of H. McNeil (leader) and I. P. Jones, while the Bishop's team (affirmative) were R. Brown (leader) and J. Ford. C. Eberts, President of the Bishop's Debating Society, was chairman.

Mr. Brown opened the debate by modestly declaring that as usual with debaters, that he had not the "power of speech to stir men's blood." However, he proceeded to do his bit for the Alma Mater, and gave his definition for democracy. He endeavoured to show that it had failed in Germany and Italy, and could not stand up against such conditions. The general world population is not on duty and there is a general movement toward the Captain's cabin for the purpose of explaining his wrongs. Officers did not stand up against such conditions.

There is a general crowding up to windward in the ball room, and inquisitive officers are warned in no uncertain terms to get down toeward where they belong. Conversation with partners is impossible and if attempted is likely to be misunderstood.

Sitting out is not prevalent on this occasion, thus releasing the vote of the decision there would be little room for dispute, so close did the arguments appear. But the decision was not long in forthcoming, and Bishop's were the victors. Mr. Eberts thanked the judges, and expressed the hope that the British team would enjoy their stay at Bishop's, and that their tour might be successful.

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THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY

The Dramatic Society Executive this year consists of the following:
Hon. President, REV. PROF. H. C. BURT, M.A.; President, S. E. A. SHERRILL; Vice-President, J. L. BROKEN, Sec.-Treas. G. S. WALLACE; Business Manager, J. F. S. FORAY; Stage Manager, W. ELICK; Property Manager, H. PARSONS.

THE THREE ONE ACT PLAYS

On November 17th the Dramatic Society presented three one act plays in St. George's Hall. The main interest of this annual performance is the discovery of new talent. Everyone will agree that the success of this term's plays augurs well for the future of the Society.

The first play, directed by G. J. Cameron, was Batts's gentle satire on the pompous, masculine idea of success: "The Twelve Pound Look." Such drawing room comedies are not, however, particularly well suited to the needs of the amateur stage. Nevertheless the play went off better than might have been expected. G. B. Greene was quite satisfactory in his impersonation of Sir Harry Sims, a man so blinded with self-importance that he fails to see his own shortcomings. Miss Acheson, as the retiring wife, was, unfortunately, so nervous as to be occasionally inaudible. The onerous and difficult part of the first Mrs. Sims was played by Miss Helen Bayne. It is a part which demands more extensive range of voice than most amateurs possess. Miss Bayne played the efficient typist very efficiently, but she sometimes lapsed into too cultivated a voice for the part. E. N. D. Weaver gave his well-known caricature of the stage Englishman which was deservedly enjoyed. D. B. MacKay was a very nice—sometimes too nice—mechanic. J. N. Brough made the most of the very small part of the lifter, by means of an excellent costume and a few well-spoken remarks. The intervals were made considerably less tedious than usual by M. A. Turner's performance at the piano.

NEW EDITOR OF THE MITRE

We are very sorry to announce the resignation of Mr. W. R. Crummer as Editor-in-Chief of The Mitre. Because of the pressure of other work Mr. Crummer, who so ably edited the October issue, finds himself unable to continue. It is with much pleasure, however, that with this issue we introduce to the readers of The Mitre our new Editor-in-Chief, Mr. John S. Ford. Mr. Ford has had considerable experience on the Mitre Board and we feel confident that he will fill the position in a very capable manner.

E. E. ORBONE, President.

DEBATING SOCIETY—(Continued from page 15)

The intervals were made considerably less tedious than usual by M. A. Turner's performance at the piano.

E. E. ORBONE, President.

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E. E. ORBONE, President.

THE REGIA MIRA

(Miraculous palace)

LOD THUNDERS ROAR-
Flames of fire flashing fall,
And with a blast
(The world opens)

A STONE,
Shocked at a soul
Passing pardoners,
Reels round and round
In its knees.
Clouds burst,
Noisy waters d'Oyfrow all.
The world is whole again. I heard a cry.
Once a name—
Now the Regia Mira.
MY DIARY OF SPORT
Cliff Marshall

THE MITRE, December, 1932

The final score indicates the play in every way. It was a close score, but the closeness was more real than apparent. An equal display of kicking, tackling and running back of kicks was presented by each team, but McGill remained very much in the shadow on line plays; almost every gain was purple and white. It was a grim battle with line play predominating. The firm, fast feet of Titcomb, Masson and Munro and Ross hit deep into that Molson granite and hurled off any obstruction McGill could roll into their pathway. These four trusty tanks were over the top for nine first downs in comparison to the Redmen's two.

Who says that Westman of McGill is supreme as a kicker in Intermediate football? I am not persuaded by nature, but I would not hesitate to go as far as footsacks to back our own Oggie Glass. Oggie punted in beautiful style and at no time was Herb Westman his superior. The deadly and snaring accuracy of our outside wings and Curry and Titcomb who appear out of nowhere on every play, blunted the McGill hopes when they downed Westman and Eden after every Bishop's kick.

In the second quarter our stalwarts were somewhat jolted when Bill Bradley received a serious arm injury that will keep him out of the game for at least three weeks—so the doctor says. Can you fool the doctor, Bill? We hope so, for we need you. At this point coach Chad was forced to make an impromtu change in the team. Ken Ross was switched from the backfield to substitute for Bill, while Mac Munro went on to take Ken's place alongside of Bruce Munro. Bruce never fails to thrill us with those spectacular runs for which he is gradually becoming famous—and remember, the word "famous" covers a lot of ability. Gluskicked two rouges in the first-quarter and a third in the final period, while McGill's sole point came in the early moments of the second half.

October 13th—
At practice today, the railbirds, including two members of the faculty, were anxious to know who would replace Bill Bradley at quarter. The problem was solved by coach Chad's recognition of Chick Carson's left brain and smooth handling. Go to it, Chick, all boy, we are waiting to see you in the key position on Saturday when the Sherbrooke Athletics entertain you and your splendid team—Mr. Lloyd and Kennie Simms enthralled and amused, not to say agog.

With their usual smashing style, the purple and white went over for five touchdowns and made five additional points on conversions and rouges. These major tallies were brought home by Ross, Titcomb, Masson and Broadhurst, the latter snaring Cannon's pass on Sherbrooke's 35-yard line and scoring over for five points. Glass did some fine kicking. When he was penalized for apparently little offence, Wrenthall took his place and showed he was capable of assuming the duty by hoisting the shivering pigeon over for a point. Bruce Munro played a sensational game. Although he didn't make a touchdown, Bruce ploughed through for several extensive gains—all for our Alfa Mamma. There again, Ken Ross and Harry Fiban deserve great credit, Ken for his fine running back of kicks, and Harry for his expert tackling. We couldn't forget the insides and middle—out of all to see from the sidelines, but Porteous, McCullough, Titcomb and Wisenthal played like veterans.

Sherbrooke started out well but they lacked condition and technique. Injuries depleted their ranks when Harper, Dunsmore and others had to be taken out of the game. However, despite their disparity with Bishop's, they fought hard and tried their best. Their shining lights were Izzie Echenberg, Cook, Mitchell and Bob Dunsmore.

Bishop's Substitutes—Substitutes:—

October 12th—
Our alma Mamma overcomes McGill 3-1

Jim Dewhurst was up bright and early this morning as the boys had to catch the 7:15 train for Montreal. To prepare them for the long journey, James brought out the same old hard or soft-boiled eggs, the same unpopular bacon, and the usual nut park sausages. Better food makes better football teams, Mr. Dewhurst—get hangy.

In Montreal, Hal Chad led his proteges to Molson stadium (not brewery) where they donned their armours and energetically awaited the opening whistle.

[18]
The football players are not turning out regularly for practices these days. They are either lazy, or else they appreciate the value of energy and hate to waste it. We want the boys to have higher spirits (no, not that kind).

October 21st

B.C.S. vs Bishop's Juniors

Hugh Gall, our energetic assist., football manager, and his Juniors, have been working hard all season. They fought their first battle today at B.C.S. Lack of both experience and general football knowledge lost them the game. Ingalls and Bisson worked well in the backfield, while Cooper, Purdy and Whalley starred in the line. I am said to have played a good game myself, thank you, but I fear that those who said so must have been either my creditors and debtors, or perhaps both!

October 22nd

McGill vs Bishop's 15-6

Are we going to defeat McGill today? Well, we'll see.

College Grounds:

No, we didn't.

The first half of the game was accompanied by a high wind and a brilliant sun which at times was shut out by dark, threatening clouds. Our stalwarts began with their usual push. Although Bishop's made several fumbles in the first half, they managed to run that McGill line with Munro, Masson and Titcomb bullets to make the score 6-5 in our favour at half time.

At this point, however, the threatening clouds enacted their intention and down came the rain! The slippery ball had its effect on our halfbacks, who made only about two or three catches in the second half. Uncertain footing was also a major factor in enabling the Redmen to pounce on fumble after fumble and win by a margin of nine points. No, we didn't.

October 25th

McGill over Loyola on November 12th. This would give us the somewhat precarious position as prospective league champion.

October 29th

The Sherbrooke County Hockey League held its annual meeting tonight in the Chateau Frontenac Hotel. Mr. N. Chartier was re-elected president, with E. S. D. Weaver, of Bishop's, vice-president, and Mr. Couture of Sherbrooke, secretary-treasurer. The meeting afforded opportunity for new clubs to join the league. The present teams are Canadiens, St. Francois, Bishop's and East Sherbrooke.

Among those present were E. S. D. Weaver, A. Porteous and C. B. Marshall of Bishop's, and Mr. Lalonde, Mr. Doyle and Mr. McGuire representing St. Francois, East Sherbrooke and Canadians respectively.

Sherbrooke High Humble Bishop's Juniors

College Grounds:

S.H.S. added another victory to their string of laurels today when they upset our junior collegians off their feet by dealing them a 23-1 defeat. Costly fumbles and again a lack of experience on the part of our youthful athletes brought about the result. Yet they fought hard, and took their beating with heads up—football makes the man, all right!

October 26th

Bishop's Win Easily Over Quebec 26-0

College Grounds:

One supporter was jubilant today, for the team has captured the championship of the Eastern Section of the Intermediate Q.R.F.U. There will probably be a "hot time in the old town tonight"—remember that tune? It's an old timer, and a very peppy one. I wish I could sing it for you, but my cough bothers me.

The teams:

Bishop's

Quebec

Glass F. Wing

Amy

Masson Half Dodsridge

Munro Half

Muir

Ross Half Price

Bradley Quarter Home

Curry Strap Webster

Woodhead Inside Egan

Porteous Inside Taschereau

McCallough Middle Devine

Ticotomb Middle Brewerley

Pibus Outside Quinn

Broadhurst Outside Simons

O'meara Alternates Evans

Rutherford

Hughes

Muir " Power

Brooks " Munroe

Lang " Phillips

Nadeau " Scott

Trakas " Woodward

Nadeau "

SHERBROOKE, QUE.
The purple and white clad warriors certainly rushed the aquatic men from Quebec. Gordie Titcomb starred for Bishop's. He romped over for two touchdowns and almost stunned every Quebec ball-carryer with his terrific tackles. Munro and Masson are also credited with major tallies. Pibus, Long and Broadhurst did some excellent work in receiving Bradley's forward passes, and made many gains.

November 5th—
Bishop's Sit on Sherbrooke 20-8
College Grounds:

This was a fine game to watch. Hal Chard's men again had Eddie Wolfe's pack at their mercy, only not so much as in the game at Sherbrooke on October 15th. Although the field was a sea of mud fumbles were few—Our touchdowns were made by Glass and Titcomb, while Glass' tactful toe accounted for a few points. Armitage hung up the Athletics sole touchdown near the end of the game.

It was announced today that Bishop's will not carry on with the Q.R.F.U. play-offs. This means that either Quebec or Sherbrooke will travel to Montreal to represent the Eastern Townships in this league.

November 7th—

The application of our Junior Hockey team for membership of the Sherbrooke Junior League, was accepted tonight. Bishop's was represented at the meeting by Messrs. C. B. Marshall and A. D. Porteous. Major Sanders was appointed vice-president of the league.

November 9th—

Our newly-formed Soccer Club played its first game today against the Sherbrooke Y.M.C.A. eleven in our new field across the river. Bishop's are not well organized as yet, but they were spirited and energetic, and held their own against the Y.M.C.A. veterans. Greene, Stephens, and Norris starred for the collegians. The score was 4 to 1 in favour of Sherbrooke.

November 12th—

LOYOLA Win By Narrow Margin—3-1

We lost the Intermediate Intercollegiate Championship, but our grief is silent and void of any sullenness because we know that the team did their best, and after all, what is better than a clear conscience, although we did lose? Every man of our purple and white aggregation was right in the game with all his heart and soul and fought with a driving energy right up to the last minute. We are proud of them, and words cannot express our appreciation of their efforts. Gordie Titcomb was again the outstanding player on the field. "Tick" plunged through that Loyola line like nobody's business, and time after time he nailed those maroon
The Complete Ensemble

SUIT—Nicely tailored by Rockdale in an attractive peaked lapel model for young men.

VEST—Black silk, figured or plain.

SHIRT—The DonKirk or the new Owl, by Arrow. Stiff bosom, open back style.


BLACK DRESS BOW TIE—Your choice of single end, pointed end, reef knot or the usual double end style.

SHIRT STUDS AND LINKS—Dark mother of pearl.

BLACK SILK SOCKS—Heavy silk, reinforced at toe and heel.

OUR GUARANTEE

Every article in this ensemble is of a good quality, and in the latest authentic style.

Complete Dinner Jacket Ensemble

only $35.00

ROSENBLOOM'S

THE STORE FOR MEN AND BOYS

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

ball-carriers with his deadly tackles. During my sports-writing career I have seen many a football game, but never a one like this. Throughout the first half, both teams made little progress, as the play had settled down into a gruelling battle in centre field. But in the next period our boys put their shoulders down to the grind and pushed the fighting Irish back ninety yards on successive plays. On the last play in this sensational drive, two downs failed to bring a touchdown, so Oggie Glass was called on to kick for a rouge. The game continued with Bishop's leading by one point until the dying moments of the game, when Loyola booted the ball between the bars for three points.

November 16th—

The road race for the Mrs. McGreer shield was run off today at three o'clock. It was a very colorful gathering which saw sixteen participants at the starting line, and rating to go.

The results—

1.—M. A. Turner, Arts ...............27 mins. 35 sec.
2.—E. S. D. Weaver, Arts ..........27 " 38 
3.—F. Royal, Arts ....................30 " 3 
4.—J. F. S. Ford, Arts .............30 " 46 
5.—E. S. Broadhurst, Arts ..........32 " 40 
6.—B. A. Millur, Arts ...............33 " 40 
7.—K. Norris, Arts ..................33 " 40.5 "
8.—E. Royle, Divinity ..............34 " 15 
9.—T. Keefer, Arts ...................35 " 1 
10.—R. F. Brown, Divinity ..........35 " 32 
11.—A. J. S. Richardson, Arts .....38 " 34 

Also Ran:—P. D. Curry, C. F. Carson, J. I. Benson, J. A. McCallum, J. K. Hume.

November 28th—

To-night was a gala occasion at our Alma Mater, for we had one of the most successful rugby dinners ever noted in the annals of our Athletic Committee. You may be sure that every male student in residence was present, for a chicken dinner in our dining hall is an outstanding event.

John Aikins, the President of the Students' Council, presided, and speeches were made by Dr. McGreer, Dr. Vial, Russell Brown, Don Mason, who is the retiring football captain, and Peter Curry, his successor.

November 29th—

The elements recently became strong contenders for both the Dunn Cup road race and the inter-faculty football games, and I am afraid they have won out. The postponement of these two activities is quite a disappointment to Bishop's students, as they have always been regarded with keen enthusiasm. It was hoped that a thaw would enable the events to be run off at least two weeks before the examination schedule began, but that is now impossible, as the dreaded day is almost here.
HOLOCAUST FROM THE AIR

G. B. Greene, Jr.

On August 13th, 1928 the Air Officer Commanding the Air Defence of Great Britain organized a familiar tactic, known to military circles as a "sham battle". Only, instead of men, aircraft were used. The entire Royal Air Force was equally divided into "Battle Squadrons". Each of the two divisions had their allotment of fighter, bomber, army co-operation, and communication squadrons, so in reality they were two separate forces, acting on their own initiative and independent of Air Ministry orders. Each had its own Wing Commanders, Squadron Leaders and Headquarters, which were stationed at strategic points throughout Great Britain. The Home Squadrons were to act on the defensive, whilst the Attack Squadrons were to come in through the Channel and up the Thames.

At eleven o'clock at night the attacking aircraft, some seventy-five machines, each carrying five hundred pounds of "bombs", invaded England, arriving directly over London from the north-east. They were met by an equal number of defence aircraft, by batteries of anti-aircraft guns, by an extensive balloon system—by every known device for defence against an attack by air. But, within thirty minutes after crossing the coast-line, the defensive machines had been eluded, the attack had centred directly over London; "bombs" had been dropped on predetermined targets; the Air Ministry buildings, power houses, water works—indeed, all government and important buildings were in ruins; and the attacking force was wheeling back to the north-east without a casualty.

Each had its own Wing-Commanders, Squadron Leaders and Headquarters, which were stationed at strategic points throughout Great Britain. The Home Squadrons were to act on the defensive, whilst the Attack Squadrons were to come in through the Channel and up the Thames.

Every specified objective was bombed. Fifty thousand pounds of theoretical explosives were dropped through 20,000 feet, with the deadly accuracy of gun fire. Had it been that these twenty tons of bombs had been filled with diphenyl chloroarsine, half of the population of London would have been wiped out; 3,750,000 men, women and children, according to the rigid rules set down by the judges. Fifty tons of gas would have destroyed every living thing in the London area—an amount, frightful as it is to state, readily negotiable by a force of two hundred aeroplanes.

This whole drama, needless to say, was mimic warfare, but it was carried out with meticulous detail, and the above results were the answers set down by the judges. One can, only too well, imagine without any hard details, what would have been the result had it been a force of some few hundred aircraft—a force which every one of the leading nations could mobilize at a moment's notice.

Perhaps no other country in the world except France could bring, at the call of a wireless message, some four thousand machines into action. She is prepared to drop one hundred and twenty tons of bombs in a single raid. The maximum tonnage dropped in any month of the war, was twelve. Yet five of these antiaérial aeroplanes broke up the entire Turkish Army on its march on Palestine.

Germany, at the present moment, although restricted by the Versailles Treaty, is experimenting with silent aircraft by muffling the exhaust. This experiment will, no doubt, like the majority of others similar, fail. Owing to the tremendous back pressure on the engine it has been found that such experiments do not justify the time spent on them. British aircraft engineers have built a machine called the "Ripon". Beneath the fuselage, slung between the pontoons, it carries a 2,000-lb. torpedo. It can attain a velocity of over two hundred miles per hour in a vertical dive, pull out one hundred feet above the water and drop its missile.

There are at least two varieties of poison gas against which no mask can offer protection. Cacodylate isocyanide is in the possession of all the great nations. Government purchase agents can take their choice of bombs filled with deadly plague bacilli, or with anthrax for the extermination of cows or horses. Eight scourges are chemically available for germ bombs, yellow fever, typhus, plague, cholera, and typhoid fever. Cultures can be prepared readily and in great volume, chemical factories can get into uniform in less time than it takes to write.

War is declared—nay, war is only threatened. Somewhere in Europe a thousand men climb into the cock-pits of a thousand aircraft, and under each is a bomb which the pressure of a finger may release. Each pilot has instructions as to where and at what altitude, that pressure is to be applied. A starting signal, an hour or two of flight, a little veering and dodging as the defence aircraft rise, a casualty or two as the radium atomite of the anti-aircraft guns tries vainly to fill a space fifty miles square and three miles deep, one muﬄed roar after another as the bombs are dropped as planned; and to all intents and purposes, the civilization founded by William the Conqueror, which gave Bacon, Newton and Watt to the world, comes, in something like half an hour, to a close. London, Liverpool, Manchester, Lancaster, Bristol, Birmingham and Leeds—each had its appointed place on the code of instructions, and each is now duly removed from the list of habitable places on the
planet. Not even a cockroach can survive the entire lack of habitability. Every power-nerve has been cut by the explosives; every living thing has ceased to breathe by the gas masks for every man, woman, and child are perhaps worst of all.

There is no possible way out. The technical design of the aeroplane—not the aeroplane of tomorrow, but the aeroplane of today—provides for precisely the results that are being chronicled. This is the ghastly destruction that aeroplanes with bombs, filled with gas or nitrogen, swept beneath them, pilot—or automatic—controlled, are perfectly equipped to do. Nor, as yet, is there any way to stop them. The briefer pictures in the Sunday papers, which are published, it seems, to stir the mind of the glorified schoolboy, together with General So-and-So's account of the war in the air between two great belligerents, result in the complete destruction of both within a few hours.

Those who visualize the holocaust in advance are so few, and of such slight influence—particularly in army and navy departments—that the world will not realize what it now faces until it has faced it in a "fait accompli." Then, and not until then, realization will come—possibly, as the "extras" bring one incredible horror after another, it will come very fast. Perhaps in a few days after the two belligerents have liquidated their accounts, the neutral world will be in a sufficient state of shock to realize that this sort of thing must stop, forever.

The surviving west, together with the east, will then have the machine from war—which was advertised by the Rev. E. H. Brands, in Montreal, on October 1st, 1932.

Scott-Oughtred: The marriage of Jean Alexandra Oughtred, to Robert Bruce Scott, B.A., '27, both of Montreal, was announced by the Rev. E. H. Brands, in Montreal, on October 1st, 1932.

Rider: At Sherbrooke, on September, 1932, a child to Hamilton Rider, B.A., '27, and Mrs. Rider (née Margaret Fuller, B.A., '27).

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MARRIAGES:

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Hugh O'Donnell, M.A., of the firm of Cook & McGee, is President of the Junior Bar Association of Montreal for this year.

John Hune, B.A., is now practising law in Granby, Quebec.

Robert Stevenson, B.A., '27, is studying medicine at Edinburgh.

Douglas Campbell, B.A., '27, is on the teaching staff of the Montreal High School.

A. C. Church, B.A., '32, has returned to Bishop's for a year's preparatory reading before going up to Cambridge, where he will read for his degree in Theology.

Harry Grundy, B.A., '27, after completing a year's study at Paris and Dejon, France, under a Provincial Scholarship, is now practising law with the firm of Roggi, Mignault and Holtham, in Sherbrooke.

Russell Gill, having graduated from McGill in Commerce, is now with the Accounting department of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Montreal.

Ashton Tobin, B.A., '26, is practising law in Sherbrooke.

**DEATH OF A BENEFACTRESS OF THE COLLEGE**

With the death of Miss Anne M. Reid, daughter of the late Rev. C. P. Reid, a former Rector of St. Peter's, Sherbrooke, Bishop's College has lost a warm friend and generous benefactress.

Although a life-long resident of Sherbrooke, Miss Reid spent much of her time in travel, and knew the Mother Country as she did her own. She was rich in knowledge of its history and traditions. Possessed of simple means, she administered her resources wisely and well. Any good cause which appealed to her reason and her heart was generously supported, but she was more deeply interested in religion and religious education than in every-day philanthropy.

During her life she gave freely of her income for scholarships and exhibitions to worthy students of Bishop's College, both in Arts and Divinity; and after their graduation she would follow with deep interest and sympathy the future of those she had aided.

It was therefore no surprise to her friends to discover that she had made rich provision in her will for religious institutions. Not only was St. Peter's, her Sherbrooke, Bishop's College has lost a warm friend and generous benefactress. It was therefore no surprise to her friends to discover that she had made rich provision in her will for religious institutions. Not only was St. Peter's, her Sherbrooke, Bishop's College has lost a warm friend and generous benefactress.

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The Elevator Service. Garage in Connection.

Solid Brick Building—thoroughly modern.

NEW SHERBROOKE

Long Distance Telephone in every room.

CORNER DEPOT AND KING STREETS

165 Rooms—75 with Bath attached.

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20 Commercial Sample Rooms.

WM. WRIGHT, Proprietor

SHERBROOKE'S MOST UP-TO-DATE HOTEL
CORNER DEPOT AND KING STREETS

(Mounted in Centre of City)

Solid Brick Building—thoroughly modern. 165 Rooms—75 with Bath attached.

20 Commercial Sample Rooms.

Long Distance Telephone in every room.

Elevator Service.

Garage in Connection.

New alterations finished in 1931.

HOCKEY STICKS
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TELEPHONE 20 W

M. J. BENNETT
COLLEGE STREET
LENNOXVILLE, QUEBEC

C.O.T.C. HAS RECORD ENROLMENT

It is we are to judge by numbers, the interest in the C.O.T.C. becomes keener each year. We have over eighty members this year, which is the largest enrolment in the history of the Corps. It is to be hoped that the standard of efficiency will prove to be in proportion to the numbers.

Major S. Sanders, in spite of numerous other duties, still remains faithful to the Unit as its Commanding Officer, and one feels that the continued existence of the Corps is very largely due to his keen and able supervision. The officers this year are: Lt. A. V. Oettweil, Adj.; Second Lt. E. Boothroyd, commanding No. 1 Platoon; Second Lt. D. G. Masson, commanding No. 2 Platoon.

This year was started again by a smoker, which proved to be as successful as last year’s. The guests of the evening were—Col. E. B. Worthington, Col. M. W. McA Nulty, and Col. S. Edelberg, each of whom speaks very enthusiastically of the work of the C.O.T.C. The guest soloist was Mr. John Cook of Montreal. His songs were very well chosen and he sang them admirably, and it is safe to say that the success of the smoker was in a large measure due to his delightful contribution.

Another large class is enrolled for the “A” Certificate lectures this year and, in addition there are a number of last year’s successful candidates proposing to write the examination for the “B” Certificate. Col. J. M. Proser, G.S.O.I. M.D. 4, is again giving the lectures, so we shall look forward to another record for successful candidates.

The first dance of the season was held in the gymnasium on Tuesday evening, November 22nd. The Decoration Committee, under the direction of the Platoon Officers and Sergeants achieved most excellent results and their work was the subject of much comment during the evening. The hostesses were Mrs. A. H. McGreer and Mrs. E. E. Boothroyd. The orchestra was under the direction of “Rod” Sterling, a former member of the Corps, who now seeks to entertain us rather than be entertained by us. As always, the dance was very enjoyable and to those who are familiar with the C.O.T.C. dancers, that is all that need be said.

**

THE LATE DR. FRANK CHARTERS

The death-occurred in Muscadel recently of the Rev. Dr. Frank Charters, a former member of the College Corporation, who received an honorary D.C.L. from Bishop’s in 1911. He received his L.T. from the Dominion College in Montreal in 1888, and spent the whole of his ministerial career in and around that city. In 1921 he became Rector of St. Stephen’s, Westdale Park, Westmount, from which incumbency he resigned a few weeks before his death. R.I.P.

Dr. Charters has been succeeded at St. Stephen’s by the Rev. H. S. Lewis, B.A., M.A., ’11.

WOMEN STUDENTS IN SONG AND DANCE

Glee Club Resume Practice

The Ladies’ Glee Club has again been organized under the able direction of Mrs. Boothroyd, and at a recent meeting of the Women Students’ Association, Lyndall Jackson was elected secretary. So far only one meeting has been held: this was at the house of Mrs. Brundage. The women of the University are showing more interest this year, and the membership has greatly increased.

The slums, who were very much in the minority last year, have been augmented to a group almost overpowering the sportsmen. It is hoped that this enthusiasm will continue throughout the year, and that the Glee Club will be bigger and better than ever.

**

Tea Dance

On Saturday, October 22nd, after the McGill-Bishop’s rugby game, the Women Students’ Association gave a tea dance in Convocation Hall. The hall was very attractively decorated in both McGill and Bishop’s colours, and the music was supplied by Rod. Sterling’s Orchestra. The dance was a complete success, and it is to be hoped that a similar entertainment will be forthcoming this year.

**

ALL SAINTS’ DAY, 1932

So fast they fall, the near and golden leaves;
The cold wind seems the messenger of death;
And nature, late so radiant, now gives
Her former splendid errand to the breath.

But, when he has passed, the leaf again
Reaches to the sun and ties its life to the sun.

And that there comes the sense which cannot die
With all that faded leaf would indicate.

Ah me! what memories does age afford
Of dying youth and hope which must abate.

Another realm, an ever glorious spring;
And nature, late so radiant, now grieves
With all that faded leaf would indicate.

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M ITRE, December, 1932

BROWN, MONTGOMERY & McMICHAEL
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THE MITRE, December, 1932

EXCHANGE COLUMN

DEBATES, DANCES AND DRUDGERY

M. A. Stephens

What is the best method of judging debates?
Is a gym. a good place for holding dances?
Is working your way through college desirable?
Should students be their own lecturers?

These are a few of the questions discussed in the student newspapers from other universities which have reached the Exchange Editor during the last few weeks.

These papers illustrate the concern with which those connected with undergraduate publications regard their duty as disseminators of considered student opinion. Nearly every one contains at least one editorial on a matter of consequence to the average undergraduate, and the importance attached to such views is illustrated by the fact that each of the newspapers under discussion prints its editorials across columns double the ordinary width. Many of the ideas have an interest beyond the university which produced them, and for that reason almost the whole of the Exchange space this time will be devoted to introducing the readers of The Mitre to what appear to be the more important of them.

Lack of space forbids the reproduction of them all.

The editorial columns of THE ARGOST WEEKLY, the best newspaper of Mount Allison University, nearly always contain interesting views of the kind under discussion. I shall take as examples two of the four issues I have received at the time of writing.

On October 15th there appeared an editorial of especial interest to our Debating Society, in view of the recent change in the method of voting at the weekly meetings. The Argus disapproves strongly of the system which obtains in inter-faculty debates here—of confining the debate to the teams, and having special judges—and advocates the practice which until recently was usual at the meeting is thrown open for any who desire to speak, and the system adopted by some Mount Allison students as a means of reducing expense and bringing the debates within the reach of the pockets of all students, resolved that in future all undergraduate dances should be held in the university gym, and not in hotels downtown. There were immediate protests in the Dalhousie Gazette, on the grounds that the gym. did not provide the right atmosphere; had no sitting out accommodation; presented catering difficulties; and did not possess the kind of floor to survive frequent dances satisfactorily. The Gazette itself protested that the general body of students had not been consulted. One by one four important undergraduate bodies, the Law, Medical, Commerce and Engineering Societies, met and decided not to abide by the Council's decision, and on Sunday, October 19th, the Council decided to rescind their resolution.

THE BRUNSWICK, the weekly newspaper of the University of New Brunswick, has an articulate "Column Three" for reviews of new novels, and every week has one considered editorial on a matter of great interest to university students. On November 3 the leading article dealt with a recent innovation at U.N.B. whereby the Senior Science students prepare sections of the Physical lectures and deliver them to the rest of the class. The professor acts only as a guide and mentor in the more difficult parts.

This system has advantages in that it gives the student a better understanding of the lecture; forces him to prepare the material first; and delivers the lectures in an interesting manner. The last point is particularly important, since the students have an interest beyond the university which produced them. Lack of space forbids the reproduction of them all.

THE XAVERIAN WEEKLY, of St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, N.S., has difficulties like The Argus, but takes a more positive line. On November 5th the paper comments on a recent innovation at U.N.B. whereby the Senior Science students prepare sections of the Physical lectures and deliver them to the rest of the class. The professor acts only as a guide and mentor in the more difficult parts.

In suggesting that the system has "all the earmarks of a happy future", the commentator points out that knowing how to prepare a lecture covers most of the fundamental points of the better methods of study. He adds that under the new system the student ceases to play the role of a sponge and functions as a thinking individual, he exercises his own judgment, he expresses his own views, he is treated as a mature individual. Further the professor gets the students' ideas, and gauges their understanding of the subject more accurately than by tests.

THE XAVERIAN WEEKLY, of St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, N.S., has difficulties like The
renders an invaluable service to the average estate.

Promptly it provides ready cash to meet taxes and expenses—so that the Executor need not sell securities or real estate—perhaps in unfavorable markets.

To make sure that your insurance will accomplish this, make it payable to us as Trustee under a properly drawn Trust Agreement, thereby placing the management of the Capital in the experienced and responsible hands of this old established Trust Company.

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Mitre’s over getting the general body of students to contribute to the publication. The editor of The Xaverian found it necessary to point out that the paper belongs to the student body, and not to the editorial staff, and proceeded to offer a prize for the best article published in the following four issues. Recent numbers of The Xaverian have featured special descriptive articles, beginning across two columns halfway down the middle of the front page, and continued inside next to the editorial column.

The Prairies evidently have similar problems to the Maritime provinces, as the following announcement that becomes ever so eloquent when put to the “inexperience tax.”

This article may very suitably be closed with an extract from the short editorial in which THE TECH FLASH likens the new academic year at the Nova Scotia Technical College to a ship’s voyage: “After all, we weren’t shanghaied, and this is a capable craft with an agreeable itinerary, so if we share ideas and then see the chosen ones through, the coming days should be satisfying ones. Avast there, you lubbers—no healthy man can’t be content to sag a deck-chair and brood over past misfortunes forever! On your feet and look to the horizon—it’s bright with the possibilities of greater achievements”.

THIS BUSINESS OF PASSING EXAMS.

(Continued from page 3)

THE O.A.C. REVIEW, Dec. 18.—Enter exam. room. Write about a dozen words over the Latin paper. Fill book with notes in very small script. (We recommend the Zilch Biology Pen). Find notes are so sparse and written so finely that they cannot be deciphered. Despair. (Moral is obvious).

Dec. 19.—Last exam, and then freedom! Enter exam. room in very high spirits. Write very fluently. Fill book with notes in very small script. (We recommend the Zilch Biology Pen). Take little book surreptitiously into exam. room. Write anything and everything that occurs to you, whether it has something to do with the question or not. Be sure to work in the story about the travelling salesman.

Jan. 4.—Explain to Dad that the F’s on your report stand for “Fair”.—Last exam. . . .
"Dipping through the tropics by the palm-green shores"

Maxfield

Cruises

to Bermuda
West Indies
Jamaica
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(South America)

Go South this winter to Isles of sunshine and romance, where cold and snow are but travelers’ tales.

Very attractive winter rates by the regular passenger services from Halifax or Boston, on the luxurious, yacht-like "Lady" Starners, specially built for comfortable tropic travel. All first class; all outside cabin-bedrooms de luxe. Cuisine to delight the epicure.

Also 35-day Vagabond Cruises by C.N.S. Colborne and C.N.S. Chomedey, to British Guiana, (South America), including calls at Bermuda, Puerto Rico, Barbados and Trinidad.

Full details from any authorized Travel Agent or Canadian National Steamships Agent.

THE MITRE, December, 1932

WEST INDIAN SKETCHES—
(Continued from page 7)

WINTER TRAVEL IN THE TROPICS

dinner, and the bony puffer, a small and sharp-toothed fish with a row of bones in its backbone, if you swim in certain waters with so much as a cut finger the puffer will smell you out, he will come in his hundreds and eat you up. But these things are not for the tourist who stays three days, he must be content with the front lands which are low and flat. Georges, the capital, is actually four feet below high tide level, and is protected by an elaborate system of barriers and drainage canals. But this alluvial flat with its countless lines of water has a strange charm. For one thing, South America in one of those places where nature still seems to be carrying on experiments in evolution. Consider the Surinam toad which carries his young family in pockets on his back until they can shift for themselves; this ensures a low infant mortality and means that the female need not produce a wasteful abundance of eggs. Or consider Tropidophanes armigerus ("Foureyes") to the vulgar), a little fish who likes to go for a walk ashore. He also likes to swim about half in and half out of the water, and has therefore molded his eyes, the upper part of each is adapted for seeing in air, the lower part of each for seeing in water. The human scene has its charms also. Little cabins in bowls of palm trees and breadfruit, varied humanity trudging along the roads: barly negroes, and Hindu ascetics, some Chineses, a Muslim funeral, a group of bumble bees hanging in a pond against a background of lotuses. There is one drive that leads through miles of sugar cane, at last you come to the efficient refinery, opposite it there is a little feckless tavern surrounded by a lounging crowd of Indian boors and some Chinamen, a Muslim funeral, a group of bronze fishermen, and one drive that leads through miles of sugar cane, at last you come to the efficient refinery, opposite it there is a little feckless tavern surrounded by a lounging crowd of Indian boors and some Chinamen, a Muslim funeral, a group of bronze fishermen, and

A long coast road, just before sunset, one sees the wading birds, long-legged and with snaky necks, standing in the flooded rice fields, as still as Chinese pictures and as exquisite. I remember a snowy tree full of white cranes in the botanical gardens, and two scarlet ibises in a backyard, two incredibly fulgent creatures under the vertical sun, scratching for their dinner in the mud, quite unconscious of their own splendour. Of all the sights of British Guiana, the birds are perhaps the best.

The ship, all freshly painted, moves out of the Demerara River; we have begun the three thousand mile journey home. The islands are familiar now. I hope to see again certain things that pleased me on the way down and I am not disappointed. The vociferous and cheeky diving boys appear at St. Vincent, including the haughty youths who never dived but lipsyed superbly in the stern of a boat, showing themselves off. The boys of St. Lucia once again hung on to the projections of the hull as the ship moved out, and were carried along in the water, a living frieze of Rodinesque bronze. And at Dominica the boys made the same wild race for the ship, bouncing into her side amidst much shouting and gesticulation of the boatmen. At Montserrat there were no diving boys and we saw the two big sharks again. At Antigua the last swim in the Caribbean and once again the little sand-coloured fish with black spots on their long fins came to inspect the bathers.

The last call is made at St. Kitts; we pass its Dutch neighbour St. Eustatius, a tiny island, once so rich that it was called the "Golden Rock"; and Saba which is nothing but a single volcanic cone rising very steeply from the sea. The industry of Saba is boat building; "the boats are built in the highlands and shot into the sea below, when they are ready for launching." As the sun sets a light winks out behind us, in the tiny islet of Saba, population—five. We have said good-bye to the West Indies.

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TO A CANADIAN GIRL

(Strictly without Prejudice)

When the sun is shining brightly and the sky is free of cloud; When the wind is blowing under his chest in treble loud; When my heart itself is buoyant at the coming of the Spring; An ever greater happiness a thought if you will bring—

You vivid, bright, elusive, fascinating thing.

When I waked up in the morning my thoughts took wing and fly To the girl whose radiant gladness lifted my heart towards the sky, Just to think of you is joy enough to make me want to sing. And when I can be with you I'm as happy as a king—

You tawed-haired, hazel-eyed, fascinating thing.

M. A. STEVENS.
Quality...that lives up to a world-wide reputation

Throughout the world, the name Player is a guarantee of highest quality Virginia tobacco...of purity...of excellence in manufacture...of cool, sweet, mellow satisfaction for smokers.

"It's the Tobacco that Counts"

PLAYERS NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

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and there were few who did not sleep long and blissfully on that eight hour trip; for myself, never were waggons-lits so sleep-inducing as that planking, rocking, creaking grain-car. She (the drag, i.e., the train) pulled in at 4 a.m., and I followed my Regina friend into a Chinese Cafe, where I watched him dispose of a meal he hadn't the slightest intention of paying for—nor did he—whereas others of us tipped coffee C.O.D. and shared bannied sandwiches. On our return to the tracks, a "bull" made things unpleasant for us, but recovered sufficiently to join in a little game of hide and seek up and down the rows of stationary cars. So far as I was concerned, he remained "it", for I took to looking "doggo" on a flat-car loaded with some liquid stuff in glass flagons, where generally other bums joined me. A charitable brakeman—and there are few at 5 a.m.—came along and warned us off: "Look here, lads, there's a pitch of bad line ahead, so I advise you to come off that acid before she starts; if there's a spill, you'll all be burnt up." On the other hand, we were blue with cold already, and the box-car roof was only good for sun-bathing; so the order was "stay put."

Between Revelstoke and Golden was a ten mile tunnel I didn't like at all—an eternity, it seemed, of inky blackness and choking fumes—and a time of terror for the boys who sat on that wicked acid which even now spilt out. The heavy drag laboured on through the valley of the Selkirks, crossing and re-crossing the murky Columbia River, which reflected the untimely desolation around; until eventually we got to Golden, B.C., where a gigantic oil-burning locomotive took the train for even heavier hauling ahead. This clean monster provided warm seating for some twenty fortunate bums.

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MEMBER OF CONVOCATION PASSES AWAY

In Montreal, on 20th October, 1932, there passed away a well-known graduate, a loyal son of the University of Bishop's College.

Edward Archibald Robertson, M.A., C.M., M.D., took his arts course at Bishop's College in the late "eighties" of the nineteenth century. Subsequently he graduated in Medicine at McGill, and practised his profession in the City of Montreal for several years. He then spent some time in collaboration with his brother, Dr. Frank Robertson, at Grand Rapids, Michigan, but returned to Canada and practised for a considerable time in his native town of Lennoxville. During this period his elder son, Lennox, an undergraduate of Bishop's, volunteered with a number of his college friends in the Fifth C.M.R. and was subsequently killed, fighting desperately, in one of the fierce battles of the Ypres Salient.

Meanwhile Dr. Robertson had placed his medical experience at the disposal of the Government, and, working for some time overseas, was later given an appointment in the city of Quebec. After the Armistice he was called to the medical department of the Pensions Board, Montreal, and for some time before his death was head of that department.

Dr. Archie Robertson was a man of strong character and of the finest integrity. Sometimes impetuous of speech and action, he was withal generous and high-minded. Indifferent to public opinion, he was what that subtle politician, Mark Antony, claimed to be "a plain, blunt man that love(s) his friend(s)". Courage and loyalty were, to the writer's mind, his distinguishing characteristics, and those who were privileged to be his friends knew that, in colloquial parlance, he would never "let them down."

One of Dr. Archie's loyalties was his Alma Mater. He valued the medical training for which McGill University is so justly famous, but his heart was with the University of Bishop's College. For several years he was President of the Alumni Association, and that society was never keener and more enthusiastic than during his term of office. He also served on the Corporation of the College and was a member of Convocation. The welfare of the University meant much to him. This loyalty to Bishop's College was a family tradition. His grand-uncle, the Rev. Dr. Lucius Doolittle, was one of the founders of the University, and it was due to his far-sightedness and tenacity of purpose that Lennoxville became a University town. His father, Dr. D. T. Robertson, son of a chaplain to His Majesty's Forces in British North America, was associated with the University and with...
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MEMBER OF CONVOCATION PASSES AWAY— (Continued from page 43)

Bishop's College School throughout his long and useful medical career.

Dr. Archie is succeeded by his wife, Edna, daughter of Captain Johnston of the British Army; one son, Thomas, now studying Law at McGill; two daughters, Mrs. Otto Maas, wife of a Professor of Science at McGill, and Miss Florence at home. Two brothers also survive, Dr. Frank Robertson of Grand Rapids, and Charles Robertson, K.C., of Montreal, who won high commendation for the part he took in pleading the cause of Canada in the Behring Sea dispute. Both of these gentlemen are also graduates of Bishop's College.

No one could accuse Dr. Archie of being ecclesiastically minded, but his religion was very real, with the ethical note predominant. He loved and admired genuine goodness, and his own life exemplified it. He was a kind and tender husband, a good father and a keen supporter of all good causes. His many friends will join his family in cherishing his memory. R.I.P.

BISHOP'S STUDENTS ATTEND TOC H. FESTIVAL
E. C. Roye

Two students from Bishop's were among those who attended the sixth annual birthday festival of the Montreal District Toxic, held at the Central YMCA, Montreal, on Nov. 6th-7th. Members of Toxic from Toronto, Ottawa, Hamilton, Guelph, Sherbrooke and Montreal were also present.

The programme opened on Saturday afternoon with a conference, and a report of the past year's activities which included over sixty voluntary blood transfusions for people unable to pay for such service; radios made for the blind, and scout work—the Toxic Rover Group at Toronto, consisting of eight men, being responsible for the scouting activities of over 300 boys.

A sing song started the festival in the evening, the singing being led by "that well-known Professor Spittoffski, D.U.M.B.;" and from popular (judging by the noise) songs turned to more serious thoughts, with the procession of Toxic banners, lamps and rushlights, through the hall to the strains of "O Valiant Hearts," culminating in the ceremony of "Light". A short play was then staged with the object of bringing out the origin and main ideas of Toxic.

Founded by the opening of Talbot House at Poperinge during the war as "Everyman's Club", where general and private played pool, drank tea, and knelt together, it was re-founded after the war by one of the original founders, Rev. P. B. (Tubby) Clayton, with the idea of being a family of all sorts and conditions of men, whose members—whether attached to any Christian denomination or not—endeavour to live the life of practical Christianity by preserving the spirit of fellowship and self-sacrifice found in wartime. The play closed with singing and family prayers.

On Sunday morning over 60 members attended the Anglican corporate communion at St. Columba's Church. At 11 o'clock a far larger number attended the festival service, and after the evening service a lantern lecture was given in St. Columba's parish hall.

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WORSHIP OF THE BALL
(With the kind permission of the Magazine Digest)

World religion of the Twentieth Century in the Judgment of the Hundred and Twentieth Century
By Hans Seiffert
(Condensed from Der Querschnitt, Berlin, June, 1932)

The religious system which dominated American and European culture of that epoch was not Christianity, contrary to the usual belief.

Christianity was steadily losing ground among the educated as well as among the masses, until it was definitely supplanted by a new religious movement, which we will call sport, using the original Anglo-Saxon term subsequently adopted by all peoples of that time.

The essential feature of every new religion is its rising symbol. The cross, which for nineteen centuries had remained the symbol of Christianity, gradually disappeared, and with it disappeared either more or less short-lived symbols, which had come into use in certain countries, such as hammer, sickle, swastika.

Symbol of the new cult was the ball, its spheric shape being interpreted as the emblem of the infinite, enclosed in the finite, and of perfection in form. This new object of cult was at the same time symptomatic of the worldly character of the new religions.

Excavations on the sites of the former European and American cultural centres have yielded balls of all descriptions, of various sizes and materials. From this variety we may deduce that there existed many branches or sects of the sport cult, this hypothesis being further confirmed by the religious texts of the epoch, deciphered with great difficulty, and by the ruins of the sport temples, laid bare by the general enthusiasm, and guided by the divine spirit, in accordance with rigid rules, the strict observation of which enabled the group of uniformly clad priests presiding at the ceremonies to fulfill their responsible task within the sacred precincts.

In conformity with the general character of that period, in which men were divided according to their financial status, capital and income, also the sport sects varied according to their financial power and the resulting social position of their members. Common to all of them was the sacred rite of the ball game and a very rigid religious ceremonial.

The numerically strongest sect, whose members belonged mainly to the poorer classes, were the footballers, handballers and rugby players. Rugby was a variety of the ball cult, characterized by a slight deviation from the spheric shape of its object of cult. These sectarian worshipped the ball with their body and parts of the latter, without using auxiliary instruments. The culmination of the sacred rite consisted in pushing the ball into the sanctuary of the defeated rival. Very ancient memories of a prehistoric cult of nature and of the eternal struggle between summer and winter may have accounted for this habit.

Another variety of the same sect were the waterballers, who worshipped the ball in a similar manner in water. This must have been a reminiscence of the amphibian stage of man.

The majority of the upper middle classes belonged to the sects of tennis and hockey players. They observed the sacred rites of the ball cult with the same ardor and devotion as the football players, but their balls were smaller in size than those of the cults calculated for the satisfaction of the brutal primitive instincts of the masses. The main difference between these sects consisted in the tennis and hockey players worshipping not only with their body, but also with certain accessories, which they called tennis racket and hockey stick.

One of the most interesting phenomena of that time was the evolution and in a certain sense the sublimation of the ball cult, as practised by the exclusive sects of golf and polo players. Their balls were smaller still, and, in addition to numerous and differently shaped accessories, the cult demanded many special arrangements. For golf, big stretches of land had to be specially prepared and kept up, and the greens and holes in them were used as altars. The accessories in the form of differently and curiously shaped sticks were carried in great numbers by ministers, called caddies in the ancient texts, about the so-called golf links, which were their sacred precincts. The most highly developed and most pretentious form of the ball cult was polo, for which the worshipping used animals, natural animals, feeding on oats, as well as those propelled by pedals and gasoline. From the backs of these animals they used to chase the idolized ball with specially shaped sticks.

All sects, the popular as well as the exclusive ones, observed the rule of general priesthood. Every faithful had the right to exercise the cult of the ball, but this principle was frequently abandoned in practice. Only a selected group of uniformly clad priests presided at the ceremonial in accordance with rigid rules, the strict observation of which was supervised by the officiating high priest, whom they called umpire. The masses of the faithful were merely onlookers. They broke into brief choir chants and responses every time the celebrators priests, stimulated by the officiating high priest, whom they called univer, fulfilled their responsible task within the sacred precincts.
WE PRESENT IN THIS ISSUE

The Editor's Christmas Greetings .................................................. 2
The New Chancellor Takes Office ................................................... 5
West Indian Sketches ..................................................................... 6
Rev. C. Sauerbrei .......................................................................... 8
Wanted, A Flag And An Anthem ................................................. 10
Bruce Munn .................................................................................. 9
Historical Parallels ....................................................................... 10
A. J. H. Richardson ....................................................................... 9
At the Capital (concluded) ............................................................ 10
J. R. Hodgkinson .......................................................................... 11
Hallejah, I'm a Bum .................................................................... 12
Colin Cuttell ................................................................................ 12
Showing the Flag ......................................................................... 13
H. J. F. Hibbard ........................................................................... 14
A Serious Sonnet On Ye Olde Yule Tyde ........................................ 14
Gerald Cameron ......................................................................... 14
Written In Kenilworth Castle (a sonnet) ........................................ 14
Ralph Gustafson ......................................................................... 14
At the Debating Society ............................................................... 15
The Dramatic Society .................................................................. 16
Regio Mira .................................................................................. 17
J. L. Michaels .............................................................................. 18
My Diary of Sport ........................................................................ 18
Cliff Marshall ............................................................................. 18
Holocaust From the Air ............................................................... 27
G. B. Greene, Jr. ........................................................................ 27
De Alumnis ................................................................................ 29
This Business of Passing Exams .................................................. 31
M. Ottenberg ............................................................................... 31
Debates, Dances, and Drudgery ................................................... 35
Exchange Columns ...................................................................... 35
To A Canadian Girl ...................................................................... 39
M. A. Stephens ............................................................................. 39
Worship Of The Bell .................................................................... 47
(Reprinted from The Magazine Digest).

Birks and Antwerp...

In Antwerp, as you will know if you remember your geography, the cutting of diamonds is one of the leading industries. London may be the centre of the diamond industry but Antwerp lays claim to first place as the world's leading cutting centre.

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P H I L I P S Q U A R E , M O N T R E A L
This issue of THE MITRE is from the press of the Page-Sangster Printing Co., Limited, Sherbrooke, Que., and is printed on Canadian made papers, the cover being Mayfair Cover, antique finish, grey, and the inside pages Velvatar super-calendared Book, blue-white, both papers being products of the Howard Smith Paper Mills.

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 line 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. Its 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.

LIST OF ADVERTISERS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>LIST OF ADVERTISERS</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ansell's Drug Store</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bank of Montreal</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beck Press, Reg'd</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bennett, M. J.</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Birks, Henry &amp; Sons</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bishop's University</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brown, Montgomery &amp; McMichael</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Canadian National Steamships</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chaddock, C. C.</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. L. Lunch Cabs</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gay's Taxi</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gustafson's Studio</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Imperial Tobacco Company, Ltd</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jackman, F. J., Ltd</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kinkead, A. E. &amp; Co., Limited</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mappin &amp; Webb, Ltd</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McKendry's Drug Store</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meredith, Holden, Herron &amp; Holden</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mitchell, J. S. &amp; Co., Ltd</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Molson's Brewery</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>National Breweresses—Dowens</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>— Dox Ale</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Neison's Chocolates</td>
<td>Back Cover</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Sherbrooke</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nichol, John &amp; Sons, Registered</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Page-Sangster Printing Co., Limited</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rosenboom's Ltd</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rosemary Gift Shop</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Royal Bank of Canada, The</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Royal Candy Kitchen, Ltd</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Star's Studio, The</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sherbrooke Laundry</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sherbrooke Trust Company</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Skinner, A. C., Ltd</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sisson's Ltd</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wilson, H. C. &amp; Sons, Ltd</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wippell, J. &amp; Co., Ltd</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>