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OUR FIRST EDITOR WRITES ON THE

TRUE FUNCTION OF A UNIVERSITY

Rev. Benjamin Watson, M.A.
Editor-in-chief of The Mitre, 1893-95 and 1897-98.

If anything in these modern days can still draw a smile from the dwellers upon Olympus it will be, no doubt, the spectacle of one, who, at the immanent age of eighteen, was unquestionably elevated to the Editorial Chair of an incipient College Magazine, temporarily restored to that august position after forty years of the rough-and-tumble experience of life. This fact is to have been invited to make this contribution to the Editorial Column of a special anniversary number of The Mitre argues that, though no Bishop’s man needs to be reminded of the greatness of his Alma Mater or of his responsibility to stand for an order of human society in which the highest culture of all ages shall be available for all classes of men and shall permeate every department of human life. Universities must be in the highest and widest sense human. That was the truth behind the old standards of classical learning. There is a very true sense in which “the humanities”, the study of the highest achievements of the human race in all ages, in literature, philosophy and art, must always be the keynote of University Education.

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

THE MITRE, February, 1933
THE MITRE, February, 1933

FORTY YEARS ON

President of the University of King's College, Halifax, N.S.
First Business Manager of The Mitre.

There is something rather startling in the announcement that The Mitre has entered upon its fortieth year of publication. When I realized that fact my mind naturally went back to that group of students who were most active in launching this project. The words of the old Harrow School song crept into my memory:—

"Forty years on, when star and saucer
Purloined are those who are singing today;
Where we look back, and forgetfully wonder
What we were like in our work and our play;
Then it may be there will come o'er you
Glances of notes like the catch of a song;
Visions of boyhood will float
When we look back, and for ever.

"Forty years on, when afar and dreams from the first
Started The Mitre, reorganized and revived the Valedictory
And so upon Mr. B. Watson, editor-in-chief, and upon Mr. F. W. Frith, who was Bursar of the College and School, gave much valuable assistance. Indeed it was he who cut the Gordian knot regarding the name of the prospective publication,—the appropriateness of which in a Bishop's College was never called in question.

The first intimation to the public of our aspirations to enter the field of journalism appeared in the "McGill Fortnightly" for 1893, where the editor announced that he had received a communication from me and pledged any help that he could give to our venture. Early in that year a committee was named to draft a constitution and formulate a plan of action. A very able, but distressingly useless, board of directors was called in question. While the editor was accumulating material for the first number I was occupied in building up a guarantee fund, selling space to advertisers and building up a subscription list. In this connection it is a pleasure to remember that the first pledge of support came to me from one who was then an inter-student, Mr. J. M. Macdonell, manager of the Eastern Townships Bank at Cowansville, whose name is now so highly honoured in the circle of Bishop's and who has all through the years been a most staunch and loyal friend of the University. Chancellor Heneker, Principal Adams, and many others subscribed to the guarantee fund; but, hating the initial years, we never had to call upon our guarantors.

The first number appeared in June 1893, when an issue of 700 copies was brought out and at last, to our intense satisfaction, "The Mitre" became a fact. I have just turned up an old scrap book containing a copy of the original prospectus sent out with this first number. The issue was kindly noticed in the leading Canadian dailies, and the response to its appeal for patronage was very encouraging. The first editor-in-chief and business manager carried on together for two years and at the end of that time, when I left College, I handed over the project to my successor with all accounts paid and a small balance to the good carried forward in our books. It is naturally an occasion for pride that the foundations were so well laid that The Mitre has survived through the subsequent forty years. Personally I have to confess my indebtedness to the experience which I gained in helping to establish this journal and sometimes in assisting the editor. I have only just retired from the field of journalism. Twenty years after the founding of The Mitre I founded another paper in Montreal which, like another well-known institution, is "still going strong".

I believe that a student paper is a valuable and indeed necessary institution in our Colleges. The columns of The Mitre have contained some outstanding pieces of writing, like Principal Adams' papers on "Eminent Cambridge Men"); the late Dean Norman's articles on "The Imaginative Faculty"; and, in more recent years, numerous articles too numerous to mention. Back in 1904, when I was President of the Alumni Association, I stirred up a very interesting controversy by a letter which appeared in The Mitre. Just here let me say that I read with some mingling in a recent number a proposal to found another paper at Bishop's, dealing more extensively with student activities and personal news. Out of a rather long experience I feel disposed to sound a note of warning against multiplying journals. It would seem to me to be wiser far to concentrate upon the one student periodical, to make it as comprehensive as possible, not neglecting the literary side of its contents, and so to have it stand as an incentive to students to express themselves by means of the printed page.

Perhaps I should apologize for trespassing so much upon valuable space with these reminiscences. I will only add that it has been a pleasure to touch again with the hand of memory the treasured past, and I hope The Mitre may continue, as I know it will, to flourish so that those who are now so ably conducting it may be as proud as I am to write of their experiences forty years on.

I thought of God one winter day
On the height of a wooded hill.
And his whirling seemed far away,
even the wind was still;
The stillness was of a holy place
Sat the round chorus
Of small birds dusting the snowy lace
Of snow from their feeling ground.

Then,—a hare limped wearily into sight,
But I was there. It sped in flight.
I thought of God and smiled away.

ILLUSION

I heard the flutter of busy wings,
as they flunged in tree and tree;
I heard them quip of many things;
As they were, as a word of me.
I paused and revelled as any child
In the joy of the forest's peace,
in the dancing sunlight, undefined,
Laughing at winter's chase.

Then,—a hare limped wearily into sight,
But I was there. It sped in flight.
I thought of God and smiled away.
I have become very grateful to the editor of The Mitre for suggesting that I should attempt a little sketch of the beginnings of the College Magazine. It is not that I enjoy an airing of any kind, not even of the quasi-journalistic type. It is rather that his invitation has brought me into touch again with a friend of undergraduate days who had drifted out of my ken, though certainly not out of my remembrance. But of that anon. In a confidential mood the editor told me he was arranging for the Rev. Dr. Moore and the Rev. B. Watson that they might recall the past and tell the present generation how the College Magazine was conceived, born, cradled, and finally put upon its feet. I believe he has leased both these things and one of them, if not a whole, at least a time.

* Raise even its stem, what is there for me to do? To the Great Arthur and Benny Watson were the people who did things. Ninety-two-three was my freshman year. I was then uncommonly proud of being elected to the first board of directors. Later on indeed I attained the giddy eminence of first-hand knowledge. Ransacking my memory, I can remember, if I remember rightly, to just a bit of editorial work on the first issues, and to the choice of a motto, "His est aut quaestum aut quaerere"—no! Maybe Benny Watson ought to be credited with that—can't remember. You know he and I were both full of the classics that year; both working, for instance, in the Honour, and the Prince of Wales Medal, and all that. Benny was a great boy and so was Charlie Benny (Watkins). Do you remember how the latter's tongue sometimes went out when he lectured, and when he was preaching? Ah! those were the great days. Oh hoy. You and I must meet again and have a pore-waw.

For twenty pages of Marcus Carroll I have to thank the editor of The Mitre. Except for that august functionary I should have left Marcus to his reverses and this rambling chronicle would not have been written.

My memory confirms the conclusions of my correspondent. He is certainly right in attributing to A. H. Moore the force, energy, and power, which put the journal on its feet. The Arts student about to graduate in '93 already showed those virile qualities which have made his President of a University saved from shipwreck by his personal efforts, and launched on a new career of usefulness.

It was the great Arthur who realized that a few scattered graduates and a small body of resident students were not strong enough to carry a College magazine. Accordingly he enlisted the active co-operation of B.C.S. and the sympathy and support of the Medical Faculty then situated in Montreal. Our state would have been paralysed without them. To our journalistic alliance with these bodies, regarded at the time as integral parts of the whole institution, a due continued existence of The Mitre. Nevertheless, the constitution of the new enterprise was so cleverly contrived that the controlling influence was always with its power, if Benny Watson supplied the verve and freshness of B.C.S., the Medical Faculty contrived that the controlling influence was always with it.

** MEN WHO MADE THE MITRE **

Reminiscences by Dr. F. G. Vial

** THE DIVINITY **

I passed through spaces of the air

As mountain peaks and glittering stars,

But, though his handiwork was there,

I did not find my God in them

I rounded the corners of the sky

Which only reach to the pole,

Then gave up searching and my eyes

Beheld Him centred in my soul.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.
To Louisbourg's peninsula by the sea.

Oh for fresh breezes and a blue sky clear
The veil of rain sweeps once more over me.
Memory guides my longing mind again
'Tis back — Perhaps
Oh! I could lie the whole day long,
See the blue bay come sweeping round
On four small islets flung in line
Alone their endless vigil keep,
From where the sea-gulls wheel alone.
And watch the waves that wash this shore
That streak the sun's path with lacy, sun-tipped crests.
And as I caught
I lie at Louisbourg this hour.

I
The driving wrath of clouds again draws near;
The veil of rain sweeps once more over me.
Oh for fresh breezes and a blue sky clear!
The last bright beams that shade its hue
The seas around me roll; and break along the stones;
And as I caught
The vision comes to me.

II
Oh! I could lie the whole day long,
Listening to the ocean's song;
And watch the waves that wash this shore
Or hear the distant breakers roar;
And, vision-built before my eyes,
I see her when the early dawn.
I see the proud young town arise
Over the crystallization of past years,
Where weeps all year the remote Atlantic bay
Gracing the mantle of the trust she wears.

III
The dark blue waves with lazy, sun-tipped crests
That shape and melt forever in the sea.
As each successive swelling ripple breaves
Its wave, and falls the moment it is free,
Roll to the shore and break among the stones;
And, lying here, the vision comes to me.

IV
Friend, do you know those moments rare
When suddenly all Life lies here
When all Creation's mysteries
And beauty are before your eyes.
Lily waving trees white lightning's lash
Rocks an instant in its flash,
Or like the glimpse of sunny fields
The parting cloud a minute yields;
While in the mountain mists you stand,
Remote above that smiling land?
Such an inspired, all-seating gate
Has come to me on summer days
When, body close to mass and grass,
I watched the clouds above me pass
That stretched, while fading in more dim,
Fleecy and white to horizon's rim.
Hushed in sun's last golden gilding
I saw beauty
Of flower in field, or bird above.
And, clear and bright, the washings sport
Hailing, with gently playing light
The newly-risen sun's first freshness clad,
When all Creation's mysteries
When, eastward, the silver stars climb high,
All orange,
By the thin band
They fade; the
Glimmers in freshness on her streets;
The raising sun in splendour graces
The next grey walls of house and fort.
And, bright and cold in the
As Himalaya's mountain-wall,
Great pearl-white clouds tower up to Heaven,
Scarring the mass as then driven.
In any, I dropped my eyes again
And all the grace is dowered with rain.
On every blade, the storm's fresh dower,
Queens a bright, prismatic flower.
And as I caught God's grandeur there
I catch the soul of past years, where
I lie at Louisbourg this hour.

V
I seem to see, not crumbling heaps of grey
Kissed by the sun's grace light and the rain's tears
Where weeps all year the remote Atlantic bay
Over the crystallization of past years,
But the old town in her first freshness clad,
Gracing the mantle of the trust she wears.

VI
In the warm light of listening day
The quiet Present falls away.
And, vision-built before my eyes,
I see the proud young town arise
In all the first fine flush of dawn.
I see her when the early morn
Glimmers in freshness on her streets;
The rising sun in splendour graces
The next grey walls of house and fort.
And, clear and bright, the washings sport
Hailing, with gently playing light
The newly-risen sun's first freshness clad,
When all Creation's mysteries
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Queens a bright, prismatic flower.
And as I caught God's grandeur there
I catch the soul of past years, where
I lie at Louisbourg this hour.

VII
Abide the dream has gone — once more,
Nothing but groans mounds by the shore,
That the low winds forever keep
Lulled in a quiet, peaceful sleep.
And, all year round, about these groves,
The endless breaking of the waves
The sun is ebbing now; each ray
Gilds the last ripple in the bay.
The fiery clouds are fled — there lies
But one thin band across the skies.
All orange, by the setting sun.
Extravert, the silver stars climb high.
So bright and cold in the clear sky.
The sun's last golden glimmer lies
On waters that on Gabarus shone.
They fade; the night-time has begun.
A few of the difficulties that beset the publishers of an undergraduate magazine in a small university were mentioned in the Mitre for October, 1932. Among these difficulties was one which the Editor discussed later in the December issue: the necessity of including in the magazine a record of activities and events without letting the accounts of these activities crowd out material which, for want of a better name, is called literary. The Editor emphasized the impracticability at the present time, of publishing a bi-monthly newspaper to relieve The Mitre's pages of material which has a limited interest. He emphasized, also, the need of maintaining and raising the standard of The Mitre even though the magazine is harboured, as by trying to satisfy two apparently irreconcilable demands: the first, that it circulate and record all debates, dances, games and great events, so that no one who has shown the slightest energy might be forgotten by future generations of students; the second, that it publish and encourage undergraduate writing and give some training and experience to students in the disheartening, yet intriguing, business of journalism.

This article will consider only the second demand. Not that the first is unimportant; but I feel that by developing in a literary way The Mitre will render its best service to the University, undergraduates, graduates, and faculty. Aside from the men it turns out and the researches of its faculty, the student magazine is the hallmark of the university. Let the magazine be The Mitre or any student magazine in any university, the magazine does publicize work which no other agency within or without the university can do. It keeps the university in the minds of newsmen, the students, the faculty, the student magazine is the hallmark of the university.

For December, 1932. In this article, "The Stamp in Football Common,"--a far from temperate examiner of the warning interests of the "great National Spectacle," and the decreasing enthusiasm for over-organized and over-commercialized college sport generally, Mr. Tunas says--"Extraordinary, is it not, that in this day and age so many Americans still fail to realize that in decadent Europe men do not go to a university to join a fraternity, to make a football team, or yet to skim through courses on how to become a senior executive? Strange it may seem to us in this land of the high standard of living, men do not go to a university abroad with the intention of the ambitious multi-colum­narians, or owners of a "lubritorium." Rather do they enter universities to read, to study, to think, to enrich their mental life and benefit in unsalutary ways. There have been of late many changes in some of the older American Universities, and a few at any rate are tending to become havens of cultivation much like the great universities of Europe. In fact the time may not be far distant when an institution of learning in this country without a students' athletic association will no longer be absurd and irrational as it does at the present time.

And lest it be felt that Mr. Tunas is partial, prejudiced and "supervolted with red blood," it is heartening to learn that he is a special correspondent for the Evening Post, that he covers important sporting events both in the United States and in Europe, and that he is, perhaps, America's foremost writer on sports. And what Mr. Tunas says of American Universities may be applied equally well to Canada and Canadian universities.

A university, if it is worthy of the name, stimulates thought. The university magazine should express that thought. This is the magazine's main mission. This sounds very serious and practical, for the Pole Star contains the world's intellectual and moral light. Much of the magazine may be submerged in the inane or the inane and the inane and the inane; and in the hope that they may be marked, learned and inwardly digested by other like-thinking souls.

Of the other departments into which the magazine could be arranged, two are important: the letters to the editor and the humour departments. The humour departments, how they struggle to keep their independence against inquisitive authorities, how they solve the undergraduates' perennial problems of finding money and writing exams. They are inarticulate, yet strangely enough, the first and the last thinkings of vivid poets, the philosophizing of fledgling essayists, the incisive satire of undergraduate humour.

And so, a mighty task devolves upon the editors of the student magazine. They must adapt their university beneficially and becomingly, with offence to none and credit to all; they must instruct the young, encourage the fair, and amuse the old; they must reflect the best and censor the worst; they must work and amuse the old; they must mirror the life around them beneficially and becomingly, with offence to none and credit to all.

To make the task of the editors endurable and to make the magazine include every feature it should include, the more signal of the widely diversified of the interests of university life should be selected for treatment in separate departments of the magazine. There are whose interest in collegiate sports last after the team is off the field or floor, who are not so concerned with reading a state account of a game as they are with proposed changes in the game, in conditions affecting the game both at home and elsewhere; the sport column should welcome their views and criticisms. There are those who read books, who are fed with the actions of a famous or not so famous new author or some new find: a book column should be provided to voice their preachment. There are those who have views on the College Theatre, who sympathize with the normal and the normal, the high-minded and the low-minded: some good might come in a miraculous way if those opinions were published in the theatre column. There are others who at times read papers and reviews and magazines, who are sent with the truthfulness of some especially pitying statement or opinion: there should be a section conscripted to the publishing of these quotations in the hope that they may be marked, learned and inwardly digested by other like-thinking souls.

Exactly how much do these college newspapers reflect undergraduate opinion? Sometimes not at all. Often only to a small degree. Frequently they represent the opinion of a tiny but articulate minority and nothing more. The point is, however, that these views, so often considered advanced and radical, have a tremendous

(Continued at foot of page 14)
The best seller" days of war fiction are over. Some of it was good, much of it was not. And now the popular interest, fostered by the press, has been transferred to lurid copy dealing with "the next war," which if not so prolific a source of sensationalism, is likely to prove profitable to American magazine proprietors.

The Mitre in its latest issue published for the elucidation of its readers a two-page survey of aerial warfare under the intriguing title "Halostrax from the Air," and the author made some of us feel that in future it will be much safer to fly about on top of that "space fifty miles square and three miles deep" than to stay with William the Conqueror on the sidewalk.

We condemn as non-intelligent, inhuman and unchristian a faith which sanctions the attitude towards the whole problem of war; we have no intention of playing the ostrich to facts—some of us knew first-hand the criminal horrors of the last war in a great metropolis—but the passive acceptance of war as inevitable, to be endured, as though Christ were "Disarmament, in my view, will not stop war: IT IS THE WILL TO PEACE! But what about the future is in their hands..." (Signed) W. J. A. E. W. CURRY R. M. C. R. A. HODGKINSON M. A. STEPHENS

THE MITRE, February, 1933

WE PUBLISH A PAPER—

(Continued from page 13)

importance and influence on the thinking of those who follow. If Manchester thinks to-day what Paris will think tomorrow and what London will think next year, the Harvard Crimson of 1923 held views which the average undergraduate holds to-day and which the college authorities will accept in a few years more as their own.

What we think of "Halostrax..."

It is fairly generally admitted that one of the most attractive forms of hobby is a trip voyage. The ease and comfort of life on a modern liner appeal to everyone, and when the trip is one that is broken at frequent intervals by calls at ports of different countries, presenting varied types of national life, the joys are greatly increased. To those in possession of sufficient funds the organized cruises are available, but in my opinion much more enjoyment is to be had by travelling by ordinary liners, and certainly it can be had at a lower cost. One is not bound so strictly to a timetable—it is open to the traveller to "stop over" at any port and to proceed by the next boat should he so desire—and considerable amusement can be derived from the constant changes in the passenger list.

One of the most delightful venues for a short cruise is the Mediterranean Sea; there is probably no part of the world that contains so much that is of interest for all types of mankind as the countries surrounding that great inland sea; one needs to be taken back to those very early days when the Egyptian and Oriental civilizations flourished; to the days when St. Paul and the other early Christian missionaries made their historic journeys, to the times when the rich Venetian merchants carried on their extensive trade with our forefathers in the British Isles; and at the same time, the great modern ports such as Marseille, Piraeus (both with histories going back to pre-Christian days), Genoa and Trieste remind us of the progress the world has made since then.

To come to the journey. After leaving Trieste, a large modern port some thirty hours from London, a six hour run brings one to Venice, the city of canals. The picturesque gondola has been displaced by the modern motor-boat, and a great charm of the city has thus been lost. Nevertheless, there is a peculiar attraction in a large city that has canals for its main streets and small boats as its normal means of transport. The glory of Venice is its canals. St. Mark's Cathedral and St. Mark's Place. The former is a magnificent specimen of oriental architecture, but did not appear to me to be in a very good state of preservation, and was, moreover, when I saw it, very dirty. I found the large member, impressed me very much by his coloured silk dressing gown and proved to be delightful companions. As a rule, the best-dressed as well as the best educated passenger aboard—a and a Dane, both of whom spoke excellent English and French (a fact which made for that Hell-offspring lightly and picturesquely labelled band). Few would deny that the root cause lies in the human heart, of individuals; then of classes and nations. We not only believe that to be true, but we believe that all are intimately concerned in the cause of World Peace. Again "What think ye of Christ...? For what you steadily think to-morrow and what London will think next year, are plays and novels that have been banned in England as..."

THE MITRE, February, 1933

SOME PORTS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN

(Continued from page 13)

...and the fares are moderate. Second and even third class accommodation is quite good; on one occasion I met a party of American school teachers travelling home from China—they journeyed from Constantinople to Naples in the steerage and were quite content. I might say that there is for less class distinction on French and Italian ships than there is on British. The notes that follow are based on a voyage I took from Trieste to Constantinople on an Italian ship, the "Tevere" of the Lloyd Triestino line. I returned by another line to Marseille; two routes involved an interesting variety of forms that one does not tire of it in the slightest. To come to the journey. After leaving Trieste, a large modern port some thirty hours from London, a six hour run brings one to Venice, the city of canals. The picturesque gondola has been displaced by the modern motor-boat, and a great charm of the city has thus been lost. Nevertheless, there is a peculiar attraction in a large city that has canals for its main streets and small boats as its normal means of transport. The glory of Venice is its canals. St. Mark's Cathedral and St. Mark's Place. The former is a magnificent specimen of oriental architecture, but did not appear to me to be in a very good state of preservation, and was, moreover, when I saw it, very dirty. I found the large member, impressed me very much by his coloured silk dressing gown and proved to be delightful companions. As a rule, the best-dressed as well as the best educated passenger aboard—a and a Dane, both of whom spoke excellent English and French (a fact which made for that Hell-offspring lightly and picturesquely labelled band). Few would deny that the root cause lies in the human heart, of individuals; then of classes and nations. We not only believe that to be true, but we believe that all are intimately concerned in the cause of World Peace. Again "What think ye of Christ...? For what you steadily think to-morrow and what London will think next year, are plays and novels that have been banned in England as..."

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THE MITRE, February, 1933

SOME PORTS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN

(Continued from page 13)
A NEWFOUNDLAND SEALING DISASTER

THE LOSS OF THE WATER WITCH
H. Newell

The sealing-boat—so-called, although the seal is not a fish—is carried on in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and off the north-east coast of Newfoundland, during the months of March and April. At that time the ice-pack from the north has moved south carrying thousands of seals with it, and during these months they breed and rear their young on the sea. By the middle of March the young seals are in prime condition and ready for taking, and before that date the sealing skimmers are putting their way through the ice and return to look out. Today the industry is prosecuted mainly by steel steamers, specially constructed to withstand the ice and equipped with wireless; but about the middle of the nineteenth century, the brig, a square-rigged two-masted ship, was used. Many risks are taken and much hardship endured in this work, even to-day, conditions were far worse in the days of the sailing vessel. Occasionally some great disaster happens to the sealing fleet. There have been many such in the history of the seal-fishery. The following story concerns one that occurred some sixty years ago. While it is true in the main facts, it does not pretend to be absolutely accurate in details, and some names have been changed.

In those early days a large fleet of brigs used to sail from the different ports in Conception Bay, and it must have been a grand sight to see them put to sea, their lofty spars carrying exciting event in the life of these communities, and their main facts, it does not pretend to be absolutely accurate in their time of departure, and the Rolling Wave," sailed in company from Conception Bay, amid the prayers and good wishes of friends and relatives. Occasionally some great disaster happens to the sealing fleet. There have been many such in the history of the seal-fishery. The following story concerns one that occurred some sixty years ago. While it is true in the main facts, it does not pretend to be absolutely accurate in detail...

The ice was loose, and when it was reported that she was entering the worst for father, son, lover, or husband. Many there had already endured the sorrows that are meted out by the highest culture. This was the loss of the "Water Witch," one of the most notable of Newfoundland ships. It has been told and retold wherever sealers and fishermen formerly went on the long sealing voyages. That is why, as has been said, it rests largely with our Universities what use, or misuse, is to be made of the increased leisure, which seems inevitable, in view of the mechanization of industry.

That is why, as has been said, it rests largely with our Universities what use, or misuse, is to be made of the increased leisure, which seems inevitable, in view of the mechanization of industry. The crew of the "Rolling Wave" exerted themselves to the utmost to save their comrades, but little could be done. The ice was loose and, driven by wind and the roaring of the physical culture feel their need of spiritual power. The Universities are the key to the Christianization of our social order. If these sound out men and women, whose lives are dominated by Christian ideals and whose minds are in actual obedience to Jesus Christ, then we have nothing to fear from the mechanization of industry and the development of scientific knowledge. Mechanical inventions and scientific discoveries will all find their true place in the service of humanity, and increased leisure will lead on toward the highest culture. University is not an exaggerated statement of the potential influence of our Universities. Doubtless there will always be, even when the equalization of intellectual opportunities has been brought about, many incapable of profiting greatly by a University education. But even such persons can be greatly influenced and inspired to higher ideals of living by those who have had a University training, if these educated leaders really stand for Christian ideals in every sphere of life. Your temporary Editor has no thought of suggesting that these ideals are not being sufficiently emphasized in the life at Boy's. He desires simply to utter his voice humbly, and probably for the last time in these columns, in support of those who have already been doing it unto Me. The highest gifts of culture are to be offered on the altar of service to God and man. And may they go out, as many of them are doing at the present time, to be received and cherished by many who are not among you as Him that serveth; "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto Me, ye have done it unto Me."
J. R. Hodgkinson Soliloquises on 'WANTED: A FLAG AND AN ANTHEM'

The reader will (it is assumed) maintain that there is little or no connection between this subject and repeating decimals. He will most likely be inclined to ridicule the writer, suggesting that any such connection could exist. And yet, for all that, the reader will be wrong. (This is technically known as enlisting the sympathy of the reader at the outset of the article.)

As a matter of fact, there is a striking parallel between repeating decimals and this persistent question of a national flag and a national anthem for Canada. The individuals who come along about once or twice every year, with their digged demands for a new Canadian "patronym", rejecting, on the one hand, the universally recognised emblem of the British Empire, and yet clinging (so they say) to their right to be counted as an integral part of that Empire—these are the "decimals". The rest of the analogy is easy; they are constantly repeating their claims.

The writer has already pointed out, in an article which appeared in the June, 1931, issue of The Mitre, that the world is at present engaged in passing through a transitional period. Among other changes, one on which constitutes true patriotism are undergoing radical reforms. The spirit of nationalism is gradually giving place to the spirit of internationalism. The world is suffering from "growing pains".

True to the recurrent tendency referred to in our opening paragraphs, a fellow student, in the preceding number of this magazine, indicated his partiality to the "decimal" system, and published an article under the title which has been borrowed for the present treatise. His conscience obviously troubled him at the moment of composition, for he commenced his symposium with a confession that the decimal might be frowned upon in some quarters as an obvious trouble at the moment of composition, for he commenced his symposium with a confession that the decimal might be frowned upon in some quarters as an "obscenity". He will most likely be inclined to ridicule the writer, suggesting that any such connection could exist. And yet, for all that, the reader will be wrong. (This is technically known as enlisting the sympathy of the reader at the outset of the article.)

But do we wish to draw the line at this point? Are we to consider the fraction (note—decimal) fraction rather than the whole? If the League of Nations and international harmony are to have any significance at all, our patriotism must not stop short even at the bounds of the British Empire. It must assume the broadest possible aspect. We must cultivate the international outlook.

The time may, indeed, come when we shall have all the Union Jack, and when we shall discard "God Save the King" for an anthem of a different sort. But, when that day comes, if it comes, we shall still need the national emblems which we fly from our flag poles, and let it be an international anthem which in which we lift up our voices to acclaim our devotion and our service. If there is to be progress at all in these respects, let it be forward, not backward.

Before dropping the subject, the writer would like to have one final point clearly understood. He is not so blindly wedded to the idea of the above picture, wherein internationalism has asserted itself to the fullest extent, to be a possibility of the immediate, or even of the quite distant future. Such extensive and revolutionary changes are not effected in the twinkling of an eye. Nevertheless, there is good reason to believe that in that direction lies our ultimate goal. And, in the meantime, the writer feels it an obligation to protest gently against any tendencies in the opposite direction. At any cost, we must avoid reverting to the conception of patriotism which prevailed in the early eighteenth century.

The writer, in short, cannot resist the impulse to remark that recurring decimals never have completely found favour in his sight, and any attempt of limited vision does not alter that viewpoint once iota.

With the opening of 1933, man entered his thirtieth year of flight, and the aviation industry left behind it an unusual record of achievement and readjustment.

In common with the experience of much older and, therefore, more firmly founded industries, 1932 was a critical year in aviation. Judged from the viewpoint of air transport development, impressive flights and operation records, 1932 was without doubt a period of marked achievement overshadowing any previous year. Examined through the eyes of those who undertook elaborate promotional projects and those speculators who predicted their activities upon the continuance of business conditions on the 1928-20 level, the result was certainly surprising. Viewed from the position of the industry as a whole, 1932 was a critical period destined to have a corrective and constructive influence upon its development in 1933, because the industry had settled on firm and deeper foundations.

Despite generally depressed conditions in all industries, air transport experienced the greatest year in its history, doubling and trebling the peak traffic figures of 1931 for the number of miles flown, passengers carried, and mail and express transported. The full effect of these factors could hardly be measured in the summer of 1932 when operators were to swing into their new schedules, equipped to handle more traffic. The air transport operators, aware of their responsibilities under the air mail legislation, were making substantial investments in new equipment and improved ground facilities to assure the public of a superior and vastly superior service at rates slightly above those of first class rail travel.

Nations throughout the world during 1932 continued to realize the increasingly important part being played by aviation in the economic and political spheres of their existence. The development of air transport lines, particularly in England, the United States, Latin America, France, Russia, Spain, Poland and the Netherlands, accounted for the greatest measure of world progress in aviation during the year. Other important countries, Canada, Germany and Italy, proceeded with a normal development of their air transport services without any spectacular increases in the total mileage of their routes flown. Particularly unfavourable was the situation which arose in Canada when the expenditures in aviation interests were drastically cut by the Federal Government. The total length of air transport routes regularly flown throughout the world at the close of 1932 reached 196,500 miles, representing an increase of slightly over 22 per cent from 1931. Routes flown regularly under the flags of all the European nations totaled 72,000 miles, while routes flown under the American flag totaled more than 49,930 miles. Latin American countries flew 9,700 miles. Russia, Japan, South and North Africa had routes regularly flown totaling 21,000 miles. Australia had an additional 9,000 miles of air routes and Canada had a little more than 7,000 miles.

In the above statement I have attempted to set before the reader a brief summary of the advancement of aviation during the lapse of one year. Its increasing importance can be readily understood by the simple results obtained from the statistical shown. In writing this article I was not my intention to set before the reader a mass of uninteresting figures which ordinarily would create an impression of a statistician's report; but in order to impress on his mind the advancement of commercial and civil aviation during the lapse of a single year it was necessary to state in figures the proof whereby belief in this industry in the future may be founded on a sound basis.

The most apt definition of a commercial aeroplane was given by W. B. Stout, a pioneer in the design, construction and application of aeroplanes to industrial transport, when he said: "A commercial aeroplane is an air vehicle that can support itself in the air financially as well as physically; and if this definition is to be accepted without reservation, then one writing at this time, early in 1933, must concede that we are just on the point of entering the era of commercial aviation. This statement is made with the full knowledge of the hundreds of thousands of miles that have been covered by aircraft of various types operating over airlines in all parts of the world since the close of the Great War, which has been taken in this treatise as the date of starting modern aeronautical progress.

Perhaps the question: "What can mankind benefit through this great expenditure of men and money?" will, sooner or later, come into our minds. Those of us who live in Canada, or anywhere else for that matter, may even say: "Why do we pay over one million dollars annually in taxes for the support of commercial and military aviation?"

This is a great deal of money, but Canada, a country with a great future, pays less in this respect than any other country in the world. Compared to the $164,000,000 spent by the United States last year on the same work, our position after all is not so precarious. It is on this account that I intend to explain, to the best of my ability, what use the aeroplane is to our general welfare today, and how can proceed through its co-operation.

Early commercial aviation interests were bound up either (Continued on page 50)
DIARY OF SPORT

...VERSUS BISHOP’S TO-NIGHT!

George Whalley

In the last two issues of The Mitre, you were all thrilled with stirring accounts of hard-fought battles on the rugby field. One of the main features of football is that it is rather advisable that it be played in the light (scrimmages in the dark are more depressing) and as daylight is only to be had if sought at the right time, rugby is almost essentially an afternoon sport.

But what of the long winter evenings? As the days shorten and the winter nights become longer and longer, we look about us to find some recreation with which to fill this aching void. The fact that the weather is usually colder at night, in the winter season, immediately presents itself as a possible argument in defence of night hockey. Be that as it may, there is no doubt whatever that it is a rather advisable that it be played in the light (scrimmages in the dark are most depressing) and as daylight is only to be had if sought at the right time, rugby is almost essentially an afternoon sport.

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And so, with the interpretation of the title duly completed, I shall now proceed to outline the activities in both Hockey and Basketball, starting at the beginning of 1933. Therefore, let us turn over a new leaf, and, dismissing from our minds all thoughts of rugby and other similarly irrelevant material, try to concentrate upon the matter in hand.

HOCKEY

Owing to the fact that the Intermediate Team has been entered in two leagues this year, the Intercolligate Intermediate and the Sherbrooke County Hockey Leagues, giving a total of sixteen games for the season, it was necessary for the prospective players to return ten days before term started. Consequently, on January 6th, about twenty-five prospective players arrived at the University to give themselves up to the moulding of a mighty team, under the guidance of our old friend and former coach, Jerry Wiggett. Cliff Marshall and "Mother" Porteous could be seen at almost any time of the day or night, scurrying about with hockey sticks and rolls of tape, somewhat resembling a couple of over-anxious hens with a newly acquired brood of chicks. Between the two of them, they managed (being managers) to weat from the clutches of the destructive moth what little remained of the sweaters and socks and distribute the fragments among the multitude.

January 14th, 1933, College Rink.

LENNOXVILLE 2 — BISHOP’S 2

The shooting had scarcely died down when Pergau, taking the puck from his goalie’s rebound, sent a shot from outside the defence, but the point was not counted because of an off-side. Just before the period ended, Titcomb received a major penalty for disputing the referee’s right to penalise him with a minor.

The third frame opened with Titcomb still off the ice, so Lennoxville redoubled their efforts to add to their score. But McRae and Christison stopped every attack, while Glass and Carson made repeated rushes deep into the enemy territory. As Titcomb came on the ice, the Bishop’s team rallied, and Glass, rising to the occasion, netted with a shot from outside the defence, but the point was not counted because of an off-side. Just before the period ended, Titcomb received a major penalty for disputing the referee’s right to penalise him with a minor.

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Lennoxville — Nichol (g.), A. Lacasse (r.d.), Goff (l.d.), R. Lacasse (c), Harris (r.w.), Pergau (l.w.). Subs: — Maurice, Hallibock, Beck, Fisher.

Bishop’s — Williams (g.), McRae (r.d.), Titcomb (l.d.), Cannon (c), Brooks (r.w.), Glass (l.w.). Subs — Norris, Christie, Gall, Sterling, Hutchinson, Evans, Hodges, Laherre.
January 16th, College Rank

Red Jackets Juniors 2 — Bishop's Juniors 3

In spite of soft ice that slowed the play considerably, the Juniors won their first game. A few seconds after the first whistle, Nichol pushed the puck past Cooper from a scramble in front of the goal, but the play was called back for off-side. Shortly afterwards, Rattray opened the scoring with a fast blue-line shot. The rest of the period was spent in evenly matched play, but with very little shooting. In the second the hockey was slower and little or no use was made of the forward pass by either team. Half way through the period, Price drove in a hard shot to equalize the score. In the last fifteen minutes both teams put their best foot forward and soon Eberts had broken the tie with a tricky close-up shot. To make assurance doubly sure, Rattray added a third score a few minutes later. When Bishop's eared up and played a purely defensive game, Raycraft slipped through to score, just before the final bell rang.

Red Jackets — Povey (g.), Ross (r.d.), Raycraft (l.d.), Nichol (c.), Munsie (l.w.), Byrne (r.w.). Subs — Price, Beaulieu.

Bishop's — Cooper (g.), Pibus (r.d.), Norris (l.d.), Ingalls (c.), Rattray (l.w.), Eberts (r.w.). Subs — Earle, Wisenthal, Olmstead, Whalley.

January 18th, Sherbrooke Arena

East Sherbrooke 4 — Bishop's 2

In a close and fast game, Bishop's were defeated 4-2 by East Sherbrooke this evening. From the very first Williams had some difficult shots to stop, as well as having to watch the puck through the mass of intertwined legs in scrambles in front of the nets. About half way through the period, Thibault scored for Sherbrooke with a fast back-hand shot from the boards. In spite of Bishop's repeated efforts, the score was still 1-0 at the end of the period. After their short rest, the purple and white men rallied, and Titcomb, following one of his individual rushes, out-witted Desruisseaux after one minute of play. Forty seconds later Carson, fed with a pass from Glass, scored our second goal. The pace quickened, and Thibault, picking up the puck at centre ice, evaded the defence and bore in on Williams to tie the score. A few minutes before the end of the period Carson, falling on the skate of one of his team-mates, received a painful throat injury that necessitated his removal to the Sherbrooke Hospital for treatment. The rearrangement that resulted from the withdrawal of the regular centre man rather disorganized the team, and while Bishop's were playing a cautious game at the beginning of the third period, presumably to "get their legs", Thibault broke through again to score. The penalties then became very numerous and it was while McRae was in the box that...
January 18th, Minto Rink, Lennoxville.

RED JACKETS Juniors 6 — BISHOP’S Juniors 2

Two losses in one evening! Early in the first two goals were scored for Red Jackets, although Cooper turned aside some pretty shots. The Bishop’s team became disorganized in the second period and three individual rushes brought Red Jackets as many goals. In the last period, although short-handed part of the time with Rattray on the bench with a major penalty, Bishop’s launched a four-man offensive to prevent an absolute white-wash. While they were thus in a weak defensive position, Rankin’s deadly shot again broke through for a score in the last period. The Juniors thus in a weak defensive position, McMullen held the puck past Williams, a lively attack was started, but two minutes later Desevre netted a fast shot for Bishop’s as the final score indicates. Although Bishop’s kept the Megog men cooped up in their own end for the first few minutes of the game, Gauvin soon broke away and flipped the puck over Williams as he fell to clear. A few minutes later the three Megog forwards got through the defence and scored easily. The back-checking of the forwards was good, especially in the case of Carson who was playing his first game since his injury on the 18th, but they were slow in getting away and the shooting was inaccurate. Both McRae and Tizobomb made spectacular rushes, only to be stopped by the Megog goalkeeper.

In the second period Bishop’s made several individual efforts to score, but after six minutes of play Herbert back-handed the puck past Williams. A lovely attack was pressed forward, but a great many of the near promising plays were broken up by the whistles of the over-conscious referees.

In the last period Williams was replaced by Labrador, but it was not long before Meek scored Megog’s fourth goal. Bishop’s efforts to score were fruitless and five minutes before the final bell, Buzzell picked up the puck from a melee in front of the goal and pushed it past Labrador’s stick.

Megog.—Maire (r.d.), Pibus (l.d.), Gaucher (r.w.), Carrier (l.w.). Subs:—Delers, Auger, Desevre.

Bishop’s.—Cooper (g.), Pibus (r.d.), Norris (l.d.), Ingalls (c.), Rattray (l.w.), Eberts (r.w.). Subs:—Earle, Wisenthal.

MAGOG — BISHOP’S 5

THE JINX THAT HAS FOLLOWED BOTH TEAMS SO FAR THIS SEASON REMAINS UNBROKEN.

The jinx that has followed both teams so far this season remains unbroken. This evening Megog thoroughly outplayed Bishop’s as the final score indicates. Although Bishop’s kept the Megog men cooped up in their own end for the first few minutes of the game, Gauvin soon broke away and flipped the puck over Williams as he fell to clear. A few minutes later the three Megog forwards got through the defence and scored easily. The back-checking of the forwards was good, especially in the case of Carson who was playing his first game since his injury on the 18th, but they were slow in getting away and the shooting was inaccurate. Both McRae and Tizobomb made spectacular rushes, only to be stopped by the Megog goalkeeper.

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Bishop’s.—Cooper (g.), Pibus (r.d.), Norris (l.d.), Ingalls (c.), Rattray (l.w.), Eberts (r.w.). Subs:—Earle, Wisenthal.
B.C.S.—Wilson (g.), H. Dobney (l.d.), Kenny (r.d.), MacKinnon (c.), D. Dobney (r.w.), Rankin (l.w.). Subs.—Bussert, Benson, Stovel, Steepward.

Bishop’s.—Cooper (g.), Pibus (r.d.), Norris (l.d.), Earle (c.), Rattray (l.w.), Eberts (r.w.). Subs—Wisenthal, Whalley.

* * *

January 26th, College Rink.

LOYOLA 2—BISHOP'S 1

In the second game of the Intercollegiate schedule, Bishop’s lost to Loyola in a very close, hard-fought game.

There were comparatively few penalties, although there was plenty of hard body-checking. The back-checking of the forwards was very good, while the McRae-Titcomb defence barrier, also proved to be a potential scoring threat. Loyola played in the nets for Bishop’s and gave a very creditable performance. From the opening whistle the pace was exceedingly fast and several times it seemed as though a goal was inevitable for either side. Keyes, the Loyola right wing, showed his worth from the beginning by stopping McRae single-handed.

As there was no score in the first period, the pace became faster in the second as each team tried to break the deadlock. After five minutes of play, Titcomb back-handed a beautiful shot into the Loyola net, from over the blue line. Bishop’s then proceeded to bottle up their opponents and pepper Keyes with shots, but his phenomenal luck, coupled with exceptionally fine playing, probably saved the game for Loyola in those few minutes. A long shot by McDonnell from outside the blue line fooled Labaree when it slid under his stick. Shortly after, Daly, coming down the right wing, passed forwards and defence and outwitted Labaree for Loyola’s second score.

During the interval, the large crowd (the greater part of which had come in at the back door without any tickets), was entertained by the vocal efforts of a motley assembly of students. From the whistle the pace became faster than either of the former periods as Bishop’s forwards strove to equalize the score. Shots were rained upon Keyes, but his phenomenal luck, coupled with exceptionally fine playing, probably saved the game for Loyola in those few minutes. A long shot by McDonnell from outside the blue line fooled Labaree when it slid under his stick. Shortly after, Daly, coming down the right wing, passed forwards and defence and outwitted Labaree for Loyola’s second score.

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As there was no score in the first period, the pace became faster in the second as each team tried to break the deadlock. After five minutes of play, Titcomb back-handed a beautiful shot into the Loyola net, from over the blue line. Bishop’s then proceeded to bottle up their opponents and pepper Keyes with shots, but his phenomenal luck, coupled with exceptionally fine playing, probably saved the game for Loyola in those few minutes. A long shot by McDonnell from outside the blue line fooled Labaree when it slid under his stick. Shortly after, Daly, coming down the right wing, passed forwards and defence and outwitted Labaree for Loyola’s second score.

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* * *

January 30th, College Rink.

BISHOP’S JUNIORS 1—LAWHA’S JUNIORS 0

In the second game of the Intercollegiate schedule, Bishop’s tied Red Jackets this evening. The improvement in the purple team is clearly indicated by the score, as compared with their last 6-2 defeat. In the first period Rattray scored for Bishop’s and soon after Maurice equalized with a fast shot from the blue line. The rest of the game was fast and exciting with several scrambles in front of the nets but the score remained unchanged.

Red Jackets.—Povey (g.), McMullen (d.), Ross (d.), Nichol (c.), Maurice (l.w.), Byrne (r.w.). Subs—Beaulieu, Price.

Bishop’s.—Whalley (g.), Pibus (d.), Norris (d.), Earle (c.), Rattray (l.w.), Eberts (r.w.). Subs—Wisenthal, Olmstead, Cooper.

* * *

January 31st, College Rink.

MAGOG (B.—BISHOP’S 0

Fast and even play featured tonight’s game as each team held the other in a shut-out deadlock. Whereas both goalies were kept busy, the hard-back-checking of the forwards and the solidity of the defence forced the Magog men to shoot from the vicinity of the blue line. Christian played an excellent game in the defence position of Don McRae, who was incapacitated by an injured leg. Carson’s poke check proved responsible for breaking up many dangerous incursions, while Glass played a hard attacking game with plenty of shooting.

Magog.—Maze (g.), Habert (d.), Pibus (d.), Guicher (c.), Carron (c.w.), Gravelin (l.w.). Subs—Bard, Hunt, Meek, Luciot, Buzzell, Styan.

Bishop’s.—Williams (g.), Titcomb (d.), Christian (d.), Carson (c.), Glass (l.w.), Hutchison (r.w.). Subs—Sterling, Evans, Hodgins, Brooks, Labaree.

* * *

February 1st, Monto Rink, Lennoxville.

RED JACKETS 1—BISHOP’S JUNIORS 0

On ice that had almost melted to slush, the juniors were defeated in a game in which they controlled most of the play. Bishop’s advantage was evident all through, but the only goal they scored was disallowed. The Red Jackets scored in the second period with a high twirling puck that was lobbed from the blue line, and although their goal
BASKETBALL

The prospects for the basketball teams this year were more promising than usual and, on paper, the Intermediate team was probably the best that this University has produced for a number of years.

With Peter Curry as manager and with Sam Rudner, captain in 1932, and several of the 1932 players included in the list of probabilities, it looked like a real championship team. Practices were started, under the direction of Coach "Mac" Turner, as soon as this term began, but before the first schedule game was played, the services of a first team player were lost, necessitating the removal of the second team from the Sherbrooke City League. Now the second team is no more, and it is a first squad with sadly depleted numbers that presents a bold face to its opponents. The two schedule games that were to open the season on January 21st, were changed to exhibition games, while a new timetable is being drafted.

January 21st, Sherbrooke Y.M.C.A.

Two Exhibition Games

In the first game, the Second team was defeated by the Y Reds with a score of 49-29. The game was fast and more closely contested than the score indicates. In spite of the efforts of Wisenthal, Ortenberg and Rollett, the Reds secured their victory by amassing 28 points in the first half.

Players and individual scores—

Y Reds:—Welch 17, Foley 16, Reid 6, Maddin 5, Heath 5, MacIntyre, O'Boyle.

Bishop's:—Wisenthal 8, Ortenberg 7, Medine 2, Rollitt, Perkins 4, Benson 2, Doak, Purdy 1, Rollitt 2, Rudner were the outstanding Bishop's players.

(Continued from next page)

WOMEN'S BASKETBALL AND HOCKEY

HOCKEY

The hockey season is now in full swing. The majority of the co-eds have turned out, and, under the capable coaching of Hugh Gaff, hope to put in a very successful season.

The co-eds played their first hockey game on February 9th against the divinity faculty. The following report of the game has been handed to the editor by a male admirer of coed athletic prowess.

MORE DRAmatic DRamAs

The Dramatic Readings Society expect to hold their first meeting of the year on Monday, February 13th, at the Club Rooms, under the direction of Mrs. Carrington.

The play read will be probably "Milestones" by Arnold Bennett.

DIARY OF SPORTS (Continued from page 28)

Players and individual scores—

Y Blues:—Grime 22, Watson 2, Stocks 4, Terry 3, Stirling 3, A. Stocks 2, Leslie, Chan, McKenna.

Bishop's:—Baird 13, Rollitt 10, C. Keys 9, Bradley 3, Bradhurst 1, McCullough 3, Mason, Lang, Burt.

January 29th.

SHERBROOKE HIGH SCHOOL 34 – Bishop's 32

In the first league game of the season, Bishop's behalf first team was defeated by the High School. At the end of the second half the score was tied 32-32, but in the overtime Sherbrooke gained the slight lead necessary to win.

Bishop's:— Wrenthall (g), Rudner (g), McCullough (c).

Y Blues:—Welch 17, Foley 16, Reid 6, Maddin 5, Heath 5, MacIntyre, O'Boyle.

The play read will be probably "Milestones" by Arnold Bennett.

January 31st

Y Reds 15 – Bishop's 47

This evening's game gave Bishop's their first victory of the season. The competition was not so close as that shown in the High School game and in consequence all the Bishop's subs had an opportunity to play. McCullough and Rudner started for the purple and white on the forward line, while Wrenthall played a good defensive game.

Bishop's:— Wrenthall (g), Rudner (g), McCullough (c).

Y Reds:—Rudner (f.), Shackford (f.), Stocks (f.), Terry (f.).

Subs.—House, Ortenberg, Purdy, Roak, Perkins.

[20]
EXIT ROVERS—ENTER SCOUTS

By way of introduction may we state that the local scout unit is no longer known as "Bishop's Rover Crew" but as "Bishop's Troop Canadian Boy Scouts". It was not because of any dissatisfaction with the shorter name that Headquarters was requested to note the change but simply that the Skipper and Crew felt that, as the College unit confined itself to Scout work, the latter title would be more appropriate. The alteration in name did not involve a change in organisation. The College unit has always functioned as a troop of Scouts and its aim is as before, Training in Scoutmastership.

The Troop receives the enthusiastic support of Head-quarters at Ottawa and is recognized as a unit for the training of Scout Officers. Scoutmaster Carrington is authorized to issue the Official Certificate to all members who make a complete set of notes covering work done by the Troop. The Certificate covers the theoretical side of the training required by Ottawa of all Scoutmasters and is a specially valuable asset to all men who are preparing for work in the Ministry or who expect to take up school-teaching.

Scouting continues to be well supported in college circles and it is now over three years since it became a recognized part of student activities. During that time a considerable number of men have taken part in the training and it is interesting to record that graduates of the College are to-day acting as Scoutmasters in various parts of the Dominion—from the Rockies in the West to the Gaspé Peninsula in the East.

The Troop is open to any student of the University, and it is gratifying to note that the membership is derived from both the Arts and Divinity Faculties.

THE LLOYD LIBRARY

During the Christmas vacation the Lloyd Library in the Divinity House was rearranged, catalogued, and ticketed. It contains some 1,600 books, the bulk of which were a legacy from the late Canon H. F. Lloyd, of Wigan, in England, who died in 1928. While the majority of the books are theological, the Lloyd family were wide readers on a variety of subjects, and there is much general reading, especially in English literature and the classics.

The use of these books is available to all members of the University. The three rules of the Lloyd Library are:

1. Absolute silence.
2. No book to be taken from the room.
3. Each book to be replaced after use. Smoking in the library is permitted.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

While The Mitre was in the Press, Bishop's were taking part in the first of a series of inter-university debates.

On Thursday, February 16th, we sent a team to the University of Ottawa, and also welcomed one from Loyola. On the same night Ottawa debated at Queen's, and Queen's at Loyola, so that each of the four universities in the eastern group were taking part in two debates on that night.

The most successful of the four proceeds to the finals, to be debated on March 2nd with the winner of the western group, consisting of Osgoode Hall, McMaster University, and Ontario Agricultural College. The subject debated on February 16th was—"Resolved that this House approves Japan’s activities in Manchuria". The same subject will be used for the finals. Admission to the finals goes to the University winning the most debates. In the event of a tie the percentage of points scored in each of the four debates is calculated.

At Lennoxville Bishop's took the affirmative and were represented by Edward Bouchier and Wesley Bradley. Our team at Ottawa, debating the negative, consisted of M. A. Stephens and H. Bruce Munro.

INTRA-FACULTY DEBATE

The second of the series of three inter-faculty debates for the Skinner Trophy will take place on March 30th. The Arts Faculty won the first debate, which took place last term.

WEEKLY DEBATES

The programmes of the weekly meetings of the Literary and Debating Society have consisted of a debate on the value of world cruises; a paper by Professor Burt on "The New Philosophy", and a freshman debate on the following subject: "Resolved that the increase in material wealth has augmented human happiness."

DRAMATIC READING CIRCLE

Officials of the Dramatic Reading Circle for this year are:

President, John MacAulay, Secretary-Treasurer, John Michael. Advisors, M. A. C. C. Lloyd and J. J. Bennion.

CHAPEL COLLECTIONS

Collections in the College Chapel during 1932 amounted to $343.44. Of this $43.24 was disbursed to a variety of outside objects, and $365.16 on Chapel expenses. A balance of $107.34 from 1931 has been increased to $156.76.
SOME PORTS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN—
(Continued from page 33)

Soon after leaving Brindisi we enter the Gulf of Corinth and before long the ruins of the old city of Corinth can be seen; little now remains of the great city of St. Paul’s time. For centuries its inhabitants earned their living by transporting merchandise across the narrow Isthmus that separates the Gulf of Corinth from the Ionian Sea, but with construction of the Corinth Canal that means of livelihood has ceased to exist.

Less than forty miles from the canal we reach Piraeus, the port for Athens. Piraeus was a town of great importance in the fourth century B.C. —it was, in fact, the leading port of the Greek world—but after its conquest by the Macedonians about 300 B.C. it declined. Since the war, however, it has started on a new era—before 1914 the bulk of the Balkan trade passed through Constantinople, the majority of the merchandise being Greeks. The new Turkish administration has expelled the Greeks, who have taken their business with them, with the result that this large and important trade is now lost to the old Turkish capital and centered in Piraeus.

A four or five mile drive along an excellent road brings us to Athens, the capital of Greece. There are few cities in the world that have a more wonderful history; the old city is, of course, in ruins, but many of the remains are sufficient to enable one to form an excellent idea of the particular structure. Certainly the visitor today can get a very fair conception of what the city must have appeared to the eyes of the great philosophers and to St. Paul. It gives one a real thrill to stand on Mars Hill and carry one’s mind back to St. Paul’s encounter with the Epicureans and Stoics. It is possible to form a very fair conception of what the city must have appeared to the eyes of the great philosophers and to St. Paul. It gives one a real thrill to stand on Mars Hill and carry one’s mind back to St. Paul’s encounter with the Epicureans and Stoics. It is possible to form a very fair conception of what the city must have appeared to the eyes of the great philosophers and to St. Paul. It gives one a real thrill to stand on Mars Hill and carry one’s mind back to St. Paul’s encounter with the Epicureans and Stoics. It is possible to form a very fair conception of what the city must have appeared to the eyes of the great philosophers and to St. Paul. It gives one a real thrill to stand on Mars Hill and carry one’s mind back to St. Paul’s encounter with the Epicureans and Stoics. It is possible to form a very fair conception of what the city must have appeared to the eyes of the great philosophers and to St. Paul. It gives one a real thrill to stand on Mars Hill and carry one’s mind back to St. Paul’s encounter with the Epicureans and Stoics. It is possible to form a very fair conception of what the city must have appeared to the eyes of the great philosophers and to St. Paul. It gives one a real thril
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SOME PORTS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN—
(Continued from page 33)

suggesting to the Christians of the Orthodox Churches that one day the building will be restored to its proper service.

Leaving the old Capital of Turkey we cross the Eastern half of the Mediterranean and see Port Said, the "Gateway of the East." A town having the worst features of European and Asiatic towns, it has a peculiar attraction for people making their first trip to the East. All ships stop there for a few hours to take on coal or oil, and to wait their turn to enter the Suez Canal, so everybody has an opportunity of going ashore. It has one or two very fine departmental stores and one can always obtain there— at a prize—the things forgotten before leaving home. Its popularity lies in its oriental atmosphere which appeals to those who have not yet sampled the real East.

Setting out once more, this time in a westerly direction, we pass Canet and then the beautiful Straits of Messina, which separate Italy from Sicily. Here a fine view of Etna, the great volcano, is obtained. A few miles north we pass the volcanic island of Stromboli, an almost perfect cone rising some three thousand feet out of the Tuscan Sea. The shore of Stromboli is studded with the houses of people who at frequent intervals have to pack up their homes and flee in order to avoid being caught in streams of lava—flee in order to escape the increasing threats of the volcano. A few miles south we pass Messina, which has no traces of its predecessor.

Our next call is at Naples, a modern port of no particular note. The Bay of Naples, with Vesuvius in the background is a beautiful sight, especially at night. From Naples we travel past Corfu, the island birthplace of Napoleon, and Elba, where he was at one time placed in captivity, to Marseilles, the greatest of all Mediterranean ports.

The approach to Marseilles past the white cliffs of Southern France, up the Gulf of Lyons, past the island "Chateau d'If," made famous by Dumas in "The Count of Monte Cristo" is a series of thrills; there can be few great cities which separate Italy from Sicily. Here a fine view of Etna, the great volcano, is obtained. A few miles north we pass the volcanic island of Stromboli, an almost perfect cone rising some three thousand feet out of the Tuscan Sea. The shore of Stromboli is studded with the houses of people who at frequent intervals have to pack up their homes and flee in order to avoid being caught in streams of lava—Stromboli is a very active volcano. The attraction of a small volcanic island as a residence is not clear to me. The shore of Stromboli is studded with the houses of people who at frequent intervals have to pack up their homes and flee in order to avoid being caught in streams of lava—Stromboli is a very active volcano. The attraction of a small volcanic island as a residence is not clear to me.

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Centuries before Christ there was a great commercial centre here known as Massilia. It was the capital of Laconia, the land of the Spartans. Marseilles is one of many places that are habitually decried by people to whom it is nothing more than a place where they leave the train and embark on the ship or vice versa. In reality it is a city well worth a real visit. It has fine streets and buildings and the surrounding country is charming. Perched on a high rock overlooking the harbour is the Church of Notre Dame de la Garde. It is known as the "Gare de Marseilles." The port is in reality a city, though it has no trace of its predecessor.

The annual dance, on Monday, February 13th, was held this year at the New Sherbrooke Hotel, instead of in the Convocation Hall, where the dance has been held in former years. The change not only made the dance more enjoyable for those who attended, but spared those who did not go the inevitable campus and dormitory result following having a party going on around the university buildings. Another innovation was the elimination of decorations, undertaken for reasons of economy.

The guests were received by the Principal and Mrs. McGree, Professor and Mrs. Boothroyd, and Professor and Mrs. Koerner. Dancing started about 9:30, with Rollie-Budget and his band providing music. Mr. Badger and his assistants performed very ably throughout the evening, and were most generous with their encores. Mr. T. W. Badger and his band provided music. Mr. Badger and his assistants performed very ably throughout the evening, and were most generous with their encores.

Before the dance several dinner parties were held at the Montreal Hotel, and afterwards the chief feast was the Lotus Cafe. Altogether the dance was a decided success, and the committee of the Students' Council that organized it are to be heartily congratulated.

POLITICAL DISCUSSION GROUP

On Tuesday, January 31st, a meeting of the new political discussion group of the University was held in Mr. Lloyd's rooms. A paper was presented by Mr. Lloyd on "The League of Nations." After the paper some discussion of the topic took place. It was decided to hold meetings every three weeks, and at the next meeting J. Hodgkinson will give a paper on "Psychics and Education." The subject of a name for the group was discussed, and this will be decided at the next meeting.
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LOOKING OVER THE EXCHANGES
T. Le M. Carter

On returning after the Christmas holidays, the Exchange Editor found a collection of Christmas numbers waiting for him. The Christmas edition of THE ARGOST WEEKLY, the newspaper of Mount Allison University, was especially attractive. All the printing was in green, and various headlines were done in red; the result was a very cheerful production which editors of other papers might well strive for at Christmas. Though it is hard to achieve technical perfection with brightness, one feels that at that time a gesture ought to be made to the vast majority of the reading public, who prefer the latter.

It was interesting to note among the exchanges two rather poor parodies on Kipling's "If." This poem is one of the most sentimental ever set down on paper, and yet it still seems to retain its popularity. The first imitation is in the ACADIA ATHENAEM, and refers to the difficulties to be met in learning to swim. That in the O.A.C. REVIEW gives advice on how to tend an orchard. Among the school magazines there are the usual number of this form of verse, and with one exception they are all bad. It takes a really clever person to write a good parody, such as the well-known one on Wordsworth's "Thoughts of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland". A far more amusing idea for those who are not very clever is that of writing an account of an occurrence in the styles of various famous poets. This is done effectively in ACTA RIDELIAE, where the writer describes a master coming down to breakfast without a tie in the styles of Matthew Arnold, Robert Service, Tennyson, and Rudyard Kipling.

The same idea is used in the Christmas number of the McGILL DAILY, in which "The King's Heroes and the King's Men" is rewritten as some of the modern and 19th-century poets would have composed it.

For the last five years there has been in existence in Canadian universities a system of Exchange Scholarships, whereby students may spend the third year of a four-year course in a different university in another part of the country. The universities are divided for this purpose into four groups: The Maritime, Quebec and Ontario, the Prairie Provinces and British Columbia. An exchange student must, with certain exceptions, attend a university outside of his own section. The idea is explained in the current number of the ACADIA ATHENAEM, and has received quite extensive publicity in the periodicals of the Maritime universities. Because the Arts course at Bishop's

is only three years long, it would be very difficult to apply this system here, especially as the authorities consider that more work is covered in our long academic year than in that of any other Canadian university.

Naturally there are several comments on the Oxford Group Movement among the pages of our contemporaries. A leading article in the PINEHILL MESSENGER describes the origin and ideals of the movement, and points out that there is nothing new in its teaching. "The new thing about it is the glad experience of its reality, and the unreserved putting of it into practice". In common with other writers on the same subject, the contributor of this article attests to the immense value of the movement to people who have never really experienced religion in their lives. In CAP AND GOWN, from Western College in Toronto, a writer ends an article on the Groups by relating how a man and woman personally gave a cheque for $12,000 to the customs officials at Ottawa in payment of duty on smuggled goods. The effect of the movement on the pair was beneficial to the government, whether it changed their lives to the better or not! This article, too, urges an unbiased study of the Oxford Groups, and meets some of the criticisms.

THE KING'S COLLEGE RECORD autumn number contains three articles about the late Dr. Robert Newwood, an alumnus of whom they are exceedingly proud. The O.A.C. REVIEW for Christmas contains the second of a series of leading articles about O.A.C. graduates who have become college presidents. The editors of these magazines evidently have a desire to praise their distinguished graduates, and also to point them out to the present students as examples. In this connection it is interesting to remark that, wherever an outstanding man dies, the Montreal Gazette publishes an eulogistic editorial in addition to the ordinary account of his life. It is a very good idea to give due praise to the dead, and to the great, dead or living, but such notices should not be allowed to crowd out the records of the thoughts and actions of the present students, for whom the magazine primarily exists. Besides, it is not pleasant to find great black lines in the middle of the magazine, like those used by the KING'S COLLEGE RECORD.

Two magazines report additions to the buildings of their colleges, and it is a coincidence that they both have the same name: THE COLLEGE TIMES.
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We wish to thank the Exchange Editor of THE MITRE, for the complimentary notice of The Mitre in the December issue. This number contains a vivid account of a visit to the retreat of the Trappist Fathers near Montreal. Another interesting exchange is THE EDWARDIAN, which comes all the way from China. The magazine is very slyly written, even if one does not consider the fact that most of the writers are Chinese.


Students are reminded that all these magazines and papers may be seen in the Reading Room shortly after their arrival. Those articles which are excerpted are marked on the covers of the magazines, and on the front page of the papers.

COMMERCIAL AVIATION IN 1933—

(Continued from last issue)

In the occasional "taxi" work, photographic and aerial survey, smoke writing, crop dusting or motion picture work the industry at that time took a sudden slump in its financial returns owing to the hard news items in the public press about accidents which did not quite satisfy the people's eagerness to trust them worthy souls and money in such foolhardy attempts. Like the automobile most of the earlier failures were due to the use of unsuitable equipment. Surplus war machines were largely used, and while they did not call for a large immediate investment they did require expensive upkeep. War machines were built primarily for high performance and little thought was expended by their designers on making them either accessible or durable, or on providing that ease of maintenance that is one of the first requirements of successful industrial transportation vehicles, regardless of the medium on which, or in which, they operate. People engage in business to make money, not as a matter of sentiment, and capital must be insured of an adequate return or it will not be interested. It was necessary to evolve and try out entirely new designs of aircraft for commercial use. The high performance and speed of military aircraft could be sacrificed to some extent for reliability, a large safety factor, and economy of operation; military aircraft could be sold for something less than 20 people. The large Italian Caproni airliners have large capacity, and the development of very large seaplanes and flying boats by the Germans—Junkers, and Rumpel Rohrbuch and Dornier—has already been established.

The second commercial use of aircraft, and next in importance to passenger carrying, is regular mail transportation; fast despatch and financial service. Here the element of personal danger, even though the present percentage is remarkably low, is not as important as it is in passenger carrying.

The third important commercial application of the aeroplane is in general express transportation, in the conveyance of expensive and perishable goods, and for emergency shipments; in fact any class of goods, the ultimate cost of which can bear the extra cost of transportation in exchange for the time saving, can be economically carried by aircraft. We find that motion picture films, newspapers, luxury articles, medical and surgical apparatus, replacements for important damaged machinery such as in the industrial, newspaper or municipal light and water service, exotic blooms and numerous other articles might be transported by air and often are.

Milk is carried daily from dairies which are too far from the cities to warrant transporting it by rail and is deposited, still cold, in refrigeration plants in the cities. Occasions arise in epidemics or catastrophes where the shortage of medical and surgical materials, personnel and food becomes serious. With aircraft such supplies can be rushed in without mishap and on schedule. In England, various airlines are in operation that have machines that will carry from 10 to 60 passengers. The French Farman Company has developed aeroplanes that will carry from 12 to more than 20 people. The large Italian Caproni airliners have large capacity, and the development of very large seaplanes and flying boats by the Germans—Junkers, and Rumpel Rohrbuch and Dornier—has already been established.

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"IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS"

Fine golden Virginia leaf, specially selected for its delightful smoking qualities.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

Cork tipped or Plain ends.

THE MITRE, February, 1933

The larger cities broaden their field of patronage by the valuable use of the aeroplane. I have previously attempted to show a commercial venue in which aircraft may be of some use, and now come the departments of supervision and exploration. While in many of its aspects this work would dovetail with photography, in others it presents new fields. The Federal Government, I speak of Canada in particular, has at its disposal a branch commonly known as the Civil Government Air Operations. These machines patrol the great forest reserves and carry in them expert fire rangers. A greater check on forest fires could be exerted by this means and in that way much natural wealth conserved. More ground reserves and carry in them expert fire rangers. A greater check on forest fires could be exerted by this means and in that way much natural wealth conserved. More ground

DE ALUMNIS

J. R. Hodges

Lack of space, coupled with the usual element of uncertainty which always attends a settling down to a new task, have effectively precluded any attempt on the part of your editor to produce a commentary upon alumni affairs in general. For this issue, therefore, the following brief notes constitute the entire function of this department.

As it happens, however, there is something in the nature of a storm brewing, and we venture to predict that our next column will provide some fairly heated discussion— if, indeed, it does not occasion the exercise of some extensive graduate vocabularies. In the meantime, therefore, prepare to quarrel.

Skeltos—McCooke's

The marriage of Daisy May, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McCooke, of Ottawa, and Herbert H. Skelton, son of Dr. and Mrs. O. D. Skelton, also of Ottawa, took place in Montreal on Friday, February 3rd. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. W. G. McIntyre, pastor of First Presbyterian Church in Ogdensburg, N.Y.

Mrs. Skelton is a recent graduate of the Montreal General Hospital. Mr. Skelton was a member of the Arts '31 class of this University.

The late Dr. P. L. Sylvester

We are grieved to note the passing of Dr. P. L. Sylvester, '03, surgeon of Ste. Jeanne d' Arc Hospital, Montreal, whose death occurred on January 23rd, at the age of sixty-four years. Dr. Sylvester was a native of Huntington County. R.I.P.

We congratulate W. G. Bassett, B.A., '30, on winning the Julian Corbett prize in modern naval history, awarded by the Senate of the University of London. The subject of Mr. Bassett's essay was "British Naval Policy in the West Indies, 1698-1703".

The Rev. A. E. Tulk, B.D., '32, for the last six years missionary at Kingsey, Que., has been appointed Rector of Cookshire. Mr. Tulk is a Newfoundlander. He was ordained in 1909, and took a B.A. at Durham University in 1909. He worked as a priest in Newfoundland before coming to the Diocese of Quebec.

(Continued on page 47)
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FROM THE LIBRARY BOOKSHELF

"THEY WERE DEFEATED"
BY ROSE MACAULAY

All admirers of Miss Rose Macaulay will welcome a new novel from her pen. In a more ambitious field Miss Macaulay has achieved a distinct success. That versatility and inspired common sense, which have always characterized her previous work, are no less apparent here. To her ripe knowledge of the social and political history of the 17th century, to her patient research among the letters, pamphlets, diaries, and the general literature of that period, every page bears eloquent testimony.

Robert Herrick, poet and parson, in the central figure of the tale of vanished hopes. Around him are gathered his friends, his virginal and idealistic pupil Julian Coreynbeer, his father, the village doctor, ascetic atheist and humanitarian, Sir John Suckling, lustiest and wildest, but from his fruitless encounter with the Scots. A motley throng of roistering squires, bucolic clergy and discontented parsonesses complete the rural scene.

The opening chapters find Herrick in his country benefice pining in exile for London, harrying, from pulpit and communion rails, enforcing oaths at his lustful flock, yet catching the last dying cadence of Ausonia’s Moella in his appeal to maidens “to make much of time.” A “martyrly singular person” thinks Sir John Suckling. A person indeed, who might well be the prototype of Penon Woodford, as he reflects while pulling the bell for Matins: “God was merciful and would not chide a man too harshly for obeying nature. The punishment was an ill head and that would pass as the morning wore on, and after the breakfast draught of buttered ale.”

The old life still continued in Dean Prior, but even in the rustic seclusion of Devon the rumblings of the gathering storm could be heard. For gentle and simple alike it was a time of confusion and futility, Arminian bishops, Latitudinarian clergy, Brownists and Puritans, all at each other's throats. In London the King was raising levies, the Queen reviled her congregation and the doctor made war on brutish superstition.

All is made to culminate in the witch hunt, upon her description of which Miss Macaulay must be most warmly congratulated. Thrown into high relief are all the features of that singularly revolting sport, the palmed old crone dragged from her lair, the connivance and encouragement of the local gentry, the crass stupidity of the Constable and Justices. In the witch pricker himself discovered to us a type only too common at that epoch, a greedy, canting, astray creature.

(Continued on page 44)

"THE NARROW CORNER"
BY SOMERSET MAUGHAM

The Malay Peninsula is an excellent background for a story. Mr. Somerset Maugham has discovered this, and has proved it to the satisfaction of his readers on more than one occasion. When the “Cassavina Tree” was published in 1926 it immediately met with the approval of its readers. This group of short stories deals almost entirely with life in the East Indies. Mr. Maugham has returned to the Peninsula and the islands of the South China Sea to write his latest novel “The Narrow Corner.”

His knowledge of the country is quite evident from the details that he has brought into the story. Little is said of the native life, but the white life and the effect on the white life in those almost forgotten islands is shown in no mistake manner.

Again he has chosen the character of an all-wise, impossible-to-be-shocked middle-aged man around whom to build the story. Dr. Saunders, a very clever doctor who has been obliged to leave England, has built up a large practice in the native section of Po-Chou. He is called to one of the smaller islands of the Archipelago to perform an operation on a wealthy Chinaman. After the operation he leaves the island on a sailing vessel with a renegade captain and a young Australian. They visit a small Dutch island, and it is here that the action of the story takes place.

Following his usual procedure Mr. Maugham starts his stories in the middle, goes back to the beginning, and then finishes them. The complete history of the young man accompanying the old captain is not told until the interest of the reader is aroused to a high pitch, and then it is only given in little sections as Dr. Saunders learns it. Mr. Maugham’s books have been called morbid, and perhaps with some justification. “The Narrow Corner” cannot escape this criticism; but nevertheless he has dealt with the characters in the only logical way. Perhaps Mr. Maugham is a moralist. At all events nemesis plays an important part in this story. The subtle humour that pervades this book is perhaps more prevalent in this novel than in any other that he has written. It is of that quiet kind that marked his “Cakes and Ale”.

It is difficult to capture the essence of any of Mr. Maugham’s novels in a short review, and the task is doubly difficult when the novel is as unusual as “The Narrow Corner.” All I can say is that the book is well worth reading, as it shows Mr. Maugham as a master at ease in his craft.
"THEY WERE DEFEATED"—

(Continued from page 43)

hypocrite making under the specious guise of religion his own most violent satanic tendencies. Conviction was not to be escaped and to save the witch from such hands as these, the doctor administers poison. Disgusted with the brutality of his neighbours who feel he has cheated them of their prey, the doctor sets out for Cambridge accompanied by Julian and Herrick, hoping in that wide sphere to find some vestige of light.

Here, if anywhere, a man should look for appreciation of himself and learning for his daughter. The author paints for us a striking picture of 17th century Cambridge in a period of transition. It is the Cambridge of the new poets, Abraham Cowley, Richard Crashaw, Andrew Marvel, it is also the Cambrige of the new Platonists, Ralph Cudworth and Henry More leading their eager pupils to a newer and fresher field of thought, inspired by the master himself and his great disciple Plotinus. Mr. Milton is staying at the Inn arranging to produce his Comus. Great Divines like Bade, Headworth and Cauis are running into the chapels that they themselves have beautified. Churchmen of all parties are an open house in the streets, while Jesuits skulk in St. Edward's Lane, and the burgesses not in St. Mary's Church. A very different place from the Sister University still labouring under the iron yoke of the Aristotelian Syllogism and the scholastic philosophy of the great Doctor Angleicus.

In this gracious atmosphere Julian tastes the sweets of Plato's Republic and the Enneads of Plotinus, content enough with the mystical loves of philosophy until rudely awakened by the more earthly passion of Cleveland. John Cleveland, reader in Rhetoric and elegant Latinist, with his accomplished wit and still more accomplished manners was just the man to rouse this bookish maid. Meanwhile her father continued his book on the credulity of man and Herrick enjoyed his hours of wine and jesting. Yet even here in Cambridge Bliss is short-lived. Herrick finds that he is dispossessed. As he turns his mind back over the summer evening.

In her epilogue Miss Macaulay brings us back to Dean Prior. The Vicar is taking his last evening prayer before he is dispossessed. As he turns his mind back over the past five years, his thoughts are tinged with that touch of sadness which must ever be near to thoughts on a summer evening.

Where shall I go

Or whither run
to shun

This public overthrow.

In giving us this clear and truthful portrait of her illustrious ancestor, Miss Macaulay has rendered two things important service to Letters. A conspiracy of silence in his own day, a lack of attention in ours, have caused us to rob him of his due. Robert Herrick shared two things with his master Horace, lack of recognition in his own day, and, that quality attributed to Horace alone, Carina felix. "They were Defeated" should appeal to a very wide circle and can hardly fail to attract a greater interest in and larger appreciation of a poet whose "numbers" at least have this supreme quality, the only possible word in the only possible place.

A. W. P.
Do Not Forget the Details

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Let us refresh these important details so you will be ready for the holiday season.

Wishing you all the best of luck during the Exams, Holidays and the New Year.