

Do You  
Wish to Succeed?



**C**ORRECT Nourishment for the human frame in early adulthood is one of the great contributing causes of success in life.

## Neilson's

JERSEY MILK CHOCOLATE

Don't think of it merely as a piece of delicious Chocolate. It is that, of course, but it also contains in delightful form a concentrated ration for strengthening every department of the body.



*Eat a Bar Every Day*

**"THE BEST MILK CHOCOLATE MADE"**

C5

# THE MITRE



1893 FORTIETH 1933  
ANNIVERSARY

University of  
Bishop's College  
Lennoxville, Que.

Volume 40  
Number 3  
February, 1933

# University of Bishop's College

Lennoxville, Que.

FOUNDED 1843    ♦    ♦    ROYAL CHARTER 1853

THE ONLY COLLEGE IN CANADA FOLLOWING  
THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE PLAN OF THREE  
LONG ACADEMIC YEARS FOR THE B. A. DEGREE



*Complete courses in Arts and Divinity. Post-Graduate courses in Education leading to the High School diploma. Residential College for men. Women students admitted to lectures and degrees. Valuable Scholarships and Exhibitions.*

*The College is situated in one of the most beautiful spots in Eastern Canada. Excellent buildings and equipment.*

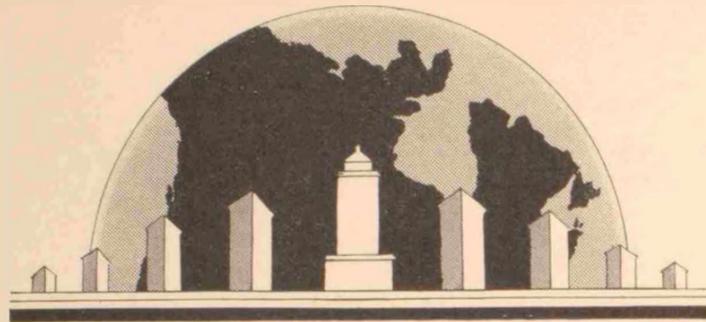
*All forms of recreation including golf. Four railway lines converge in Lennoxville.*

For information, terms and calendars, apply to:

REV'D A. H. MCGREER, D.D., PRINCIPAL

OR TO

THE REGISTRAR, LENNOXVILLE, QUE.



### From Sea to Sea

Wherever a bank is needed in Canada today, there you will find The Royal—in scattered prairie towns—in the new North—from Atlantic and Pacific seaboard to the edge of Hudson Bay. To serve Canadian enterprise in the outposts, as well as in the centres of the nation's effort, is a responsibility which The Royal Bank of Canada has consistently undertaken.

## The Royal Bank of Canada

Lennoxville Branch - - R. G. Ward, Manager

1541

## Birks and Antwerp...

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

As a Canadian, you may be interested to know that Henry Birks & Sons, Limited, is the only jewellery firm in the world

who employ their own cutters in Antwerp, working exclusively for the firm's own houses.

It is because of this fact and that the firm buys the diamonds in the rough, cuts them for their own individual use that makes possible their oft repeated statement that "Quality for quality Birks diamonds, at any price, represent the best value obtainable."

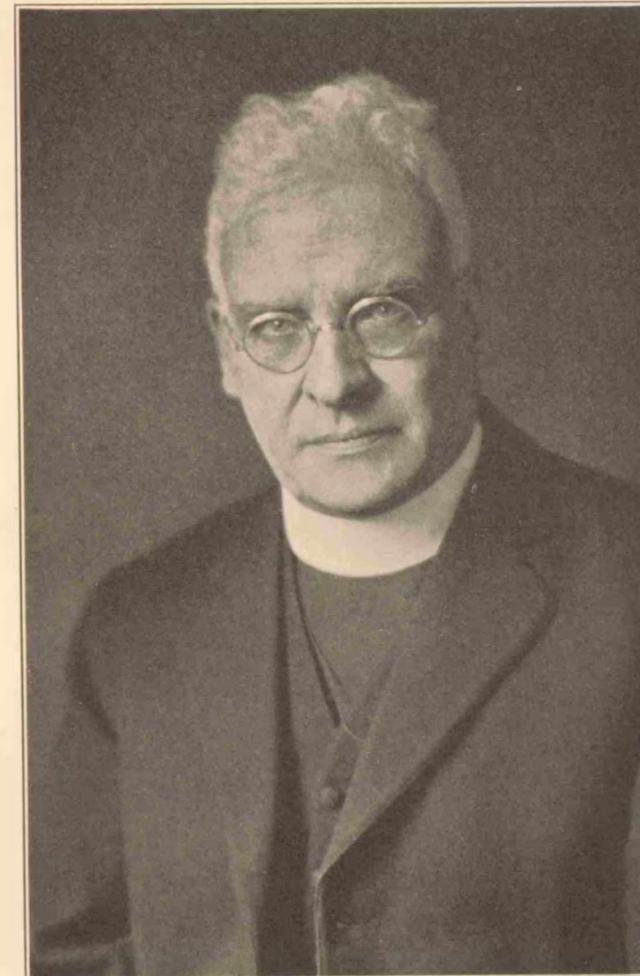
## Henry Birks & Sons, Limited

DIAMOND MERCHANTS

PHILLIPS SQUARE, MONTREAL

TO THE  
REV. PROFESSOR F. G. VIAL, M.A., B.D., D.C.L.

ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF THE MITRE 1893  
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF 1895-97 AND 1918  
HON. PRESIDENT SINCE 1923



THIS FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE  
IS  
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

Yearly Subscription  
Two Dollars  
Single Copies Fifty Cents

# The Mitre

ESTABLISHED 1893

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF BISHOP'S UNIVERSITY

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

PROF. W. O. RAYMOND, Ph.D.  
Hon. Vice-President

REV. DR. F. G. VIAL, M.A., B.D.  
Hon. President

REV. C. SAUERBREI, B.A., L.S.T.  
Hon. Vice-President

R. E. OSBORNE, President

Editor-in-Chief . . . . . M. A. STEPHENS

Advertising Manager . . . . . G. J. CAMERON

Assistant Editor . . . . . T. LE M. CARTER

Circulation . . . . . H. BRUCE MUNRO

Secretary-Treasurer . . . . .

R. J. H. TURLEY

Alumni . . . . . JAMES HODGKINSON

Sports . . . . . GEORGE WHALLEY

Exchange . . . . . KENNETH SMITH

Lady Associates:

MISS G. HUTLEY

MISS H. K. BAYNE MISS K. SAVAGE

MISS J. SMITH

Gentlemen Associates:

W. T. ELKIN G. B. GREENE, JR.

LESLIE McCAIG B. DOAK

L. R. MURRAY

VOLUME 40, NUMBER 3

LENOXVILLE, QUE.

FEBRUARY, 1933

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 omniscient age of eighteen, was unaccountably 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. The fact that he has been invited to make this contribution to the Editorial Column of a special anniversary number of The Mitre argues that, though modern youth may sometimes show a tendency to conceal its true character under an elaborate veneer of sophisticated cynicism, it is at heart, at least as represented by the present staff of The Mitre, incurably optimistic. This would appear to show that after all the young people of to-day are very like those of previous generations, and that, as pessimists have often said, human progress is largely illusory.

Having said this, one is forced to recognize that the acceptance of this invitation pledges one at least to try to make some not wholly unworthy use of the Editorial privilege. Even a deflated Editor must on occasion endeavour to be serious and, if possible, even sensible.

But what shall he say? There are many things which might be said. For instance, one might speak of the wonderful growth of the University during the last forty years—and very possibly that theme will be dealt with in

this issue by some other writer—but the present writer feels that he lacks the definite and exact information necessary for that purpose. Besides, it seems to him almost a work of supererogation. The world today recognizes the University of Bishop's College, as having an honourable and assured position in the ranks of Canadian Educational Institutions. The old proverb, "the good wine needs no bush," seems to him applicable to our University. We all know that the greatest men of Canada, Governors-General, Lieutenant-Governors, Premiers, Statesmen, Jurists, Financiers, Industrialists, as well as Educationalists, are showing their estimate of Bishop's by accepting her honorary degrees and coming in person to her Convocations to receive them.

Surely no Bishop's man needs to be reminded of the greatness of his Alma Mater or of his responsibility to strive to measure up to her standards and traditions and to guard her honour. If there is anything which the present writer can say, which may possibly serve a useful purpose, it would seem to be along other lines.

Perhaps your readers will pardon him if he ventures greatly to speak of the work of a University of to-day and its relation to the common life of humanity.

The true function of a University is certainly not merely to equip men and women for the attainment of social or material or any form of merely selfish success under existing

conditions. It is rather to send out men and women, equipped by the training which they have received, to mould existing conditions till they become the embodiment of the highest social, economic, political and international ideals. It can be truly said of Universities, as Mr. Baldwin said of the Imperial Economic Conference, that their real function is to work for the establishment of the Kingdom of Heaven upon Earth. Nothing less will do. Universities must keep in touch with every phase of human life and progress. They must 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 key-note of University Education.

This surely becomes obvious, when we consider the present condition of the world, and the apparently permanent tendencies of its economic life. What the world evidently most needs to-day is not more, or more efficient, technical training. However great the need of technical training, it is being abundantly supplied. There is, it would seem, no danger whatever of a scarcity of technical experts in the near future. Whatever the mysterious term "Technocracy" may ultimately prove to mean, it is quite plain that we are living in a mechanical age, in which the development of a labour-saving machinery is more and more tending either to displace the human worker, or, at best, to reduce his hours of labour. This does not mean that, except in the case of men and women of exceptional ability, there will be opportunities for those so displaced to enter what are called the learned professions. These professions are already becoming overcrowded. We are faced with the fact that modern tendencies and conditions are bound to increase the average amount of leisure, even when the necessary adjustments have been made to secure a just distribution

of the hours of work. Increased leisure is apparently inevitable, whether it is desirable or not.

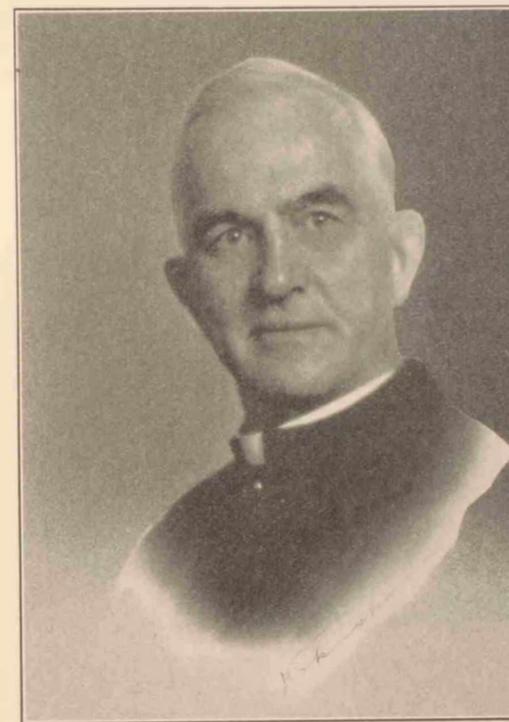
It is going to depend very largely upon our Universities how this increased leisure will be used. If they send out men and women devoted to the highest things of life, and capable of leading others to value these ideals, then the mechanization of industry may prove a blessing to mankind. The alternative scarcely needs to be stated. Mechanized labour and unintellectual and debasing amusements are not the elements out of which a better social and economic order can be expected to emerge.

There is a tendency at the present time to rely upon athletics to safeguard the moral situation, but healthy physical activities, however desirable and normally necessary,

can never take the place of intellectual and cultural pursuits. They are all essential parts of any true system of education. The body is the instrument not merely of the mind, but also of the spiritual part of our nature. Its development by healthy exercise provides training not only for mental but also for spiritual activities. Athletics are a school for the natural virtues, and the natural virtues are the basis of the spiritual. Without physical self-control the natural virtues cannot reach their normal development. The endurance of suffering and the effort to overcome physical disabilities often provide an effective substitute for normal physical exercise, but there is no exception to the rule that physical self-control is the basis of all right living. Religion is needed to raise bodily self-control to its highest level and to make the body the instrument of the soul, but

healthy physical exercise has a permanent and very important place. It needs a worthy motive. The athlete, who, without any taste or aptitude for the higher lines of culture, tries to do his duty, as he understands it, to God and man, will be likely to develop those natural virtues which can be transmuted into something higher by religion, but, without the motive of unselfish service, athleticism inevitably degenerates into a form of self-indulgence and loses all moral

(Continued on page 17)



MR. WATSON

## FORTY YEARS ON

Rev. Arthur H. Moore, M.A., D.D., D.C.L.,  
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 afar  
and asunder  
Parted are those who are sing-  
ing to-day,  
When we look back, and for-  
getfully wonder  
What we were like in our  
work and our play;  
Then it may be there will  
often come o'er you  
Glimpses of notes like the  
catch of a song;  
Visions of boyhood will float  
then before you,  
Echoes of dreamland shall bear  
them along."

Yes, there are visions aplenty as I think of that memorable year, when the Class of 1893 started The Mitre, reorganized the Alumni Association and revived the Valedictory address at Convocation. The present Editor-in-Chief will, however, not expect visions and dreams from the first Business Manager of The Mitre, but he does ask for a few facts.

So far as I know, the first venture of the students of Bishop's into the field of journalism was represented by "The Frying Pan", published in 1861 to advocate certain reforms in domestic economy. It was well received, served its purpose, and passed into dignified silence. The next effort produced "The Students' Monthly", a literary magazine, published in 1866-67, of which some copies remain in the College Library. Its career was brief and with its collapse, which was attended by certain financial difficulties, the idea of a College paper was given up.

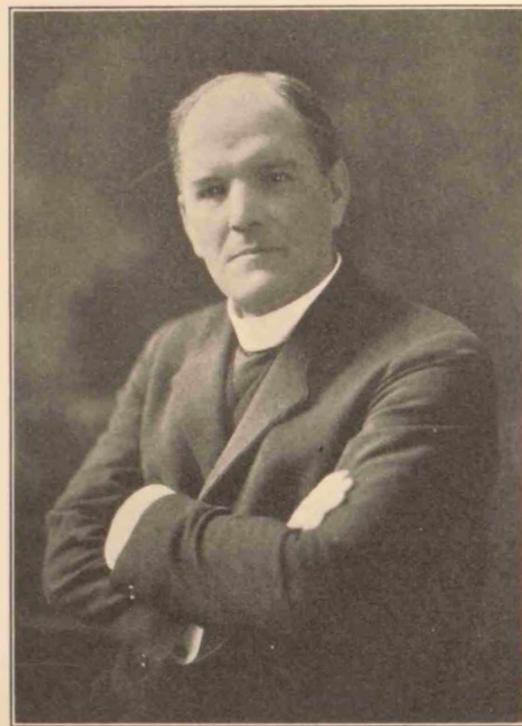
It was not until 1891 that the question of the feasibility of having such a paper was discussed by the Quintilian

Debating Society. On that occasion the question was resolved in the negative by a majority of one vote. In the following year the question was revived by Marcus Carroll, E. Clare Avery, and the writer, and while there was little enthusiasm manifested, opposition to the idea was less strenuous.

Here let me say that at that time we had a flourishing Medical Faculty in Montreal, and when I visited the Medicos to ascertain if any support might be expected from that quarter I was most kindly received and valuable help was given by Mr. Smiley, President, and Mr. George Fiske, Vice-President, of the Medical students. It was also decided to include the School in the proposed publication, and 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 proposed 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 elected. A more harmonious body than that first board would be hard indeed to find. Two or three were willing to work and all the others were most willing to let them work.

And so upon Mr. B. Watson, editor-in-chief, and upon myself, as business manager, devolved the task of launching the magazine. Here at long last let me make a personal



DR. MOORE

confession. I had perhaps been most active in promoting the idea and cherished an aspiration—which of course I have never confessed—to be the first editor. The students thought otherwise and very wisely delegated the editorial duties to Ben Watson, leaving the task of financing the project to me. Watson and I worked very happily together, our only clashes resulting from what seemed to me to be an occasional failure on his part to realize that punctuality is the first article in the code of journalistic ethics. A long subsequent experience in journalism, with regular contributors, moves me to confess now that, comparatively speaking, my impatience was not justified.

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 utter stranger, Mr. J. Mackinnon, 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, barring the initial contributions sent in, 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 *un fait accompli*. 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 to know 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, meritorious 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 misgiving 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 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.

## ILLUSION

I thought of God one winter day  
on the height of a wooded hill.  
Man and his making seemed far away;  
even the wind was still.

The stillness was of a holy place;  
yet I heard the gentle sound  
of small birds dusting the filmy lace  
of snow from their feeding ground.

Then,—a hare limped wearily into sight,  
bleeding, and eager to stay;  
but I was there. It sped in flight.  
I thought of God and walked away.

GERALD CAMERON.

I heard the flutter of busy wings,  
as they foraged in tree and tree;  
I heard them gossip of many things;  
but never a word of me.

I paused and revelled as any child  
in the joy of the forest's peace,  
in the dancing sunlight, undefiled,  
laughing at winter's lease.

## MEN WHO MADE THE MITRE

Reminiscences by Dr. F. G. Vial

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 labour 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 angling 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 landed both these fishes and one of them is, if not a whale, at least a tuna.

*Quae cum ita sint*, what is there for me to do? 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 the editorial chair. At the moment, however, I was merely the representative of the inarticulate masses, that is, of the dozen or so freshmen who were successively disciplined, patronized and tolerated by a very indulgent band of seniors.

From the business manager and from the first editor-in-chief can be secured the history of this plunge into journalism. I scarcely touch the first generation, the pioneers of this great achievement. Therefore I must get help from some one with first-hand knowledge. Ransacking my memory, I seem to recall that Marcus Carroll was in the fore-front of the movement. If the great Arthur provided the driving power, if Benny Watson supplied the verve and freshness of ideas, Marcus brought colour and romance to this student endeavour. Romance may seem a strange word to apply in such a connexion, but it sticks to me as best describing the impression made at that time upon my youthful mind. Marcus was an Irishman in temperament as in race but with an English Public School education. He was a fine classic and a superlative musician. He did not merely have the technique but the Spirit of Music dwelt in him bodily.

Why not write to Marcus Carroll? That was the urge. Difficult, indeed, was it to break ground after so many years but a letter was soon despatched and not knowing the address I forwarded it through the great Arthur, who had kept closer to Carroll than any other. Soon I received a twenty page reply from dear Marcus, written in his characteristically impetuous style.

"This letter," he says, "is altogether too Pauline, with its

constant digressions—starting something—and then shooting off at a tangent without ever finishing—". Yes, Pauline if you like, but just what a personal letter should be, a revelation of the writer.

This is what he tells me about the Mitre. It is not very much, yet it is a great stimulus to my own recollections:—

"Now for the Mitre. Alas! My memory of those days of its inception are pitifully vague and shadowy now. This I remember at least, that it was (*of course* it was) Arthur Moore who was the initial spark, and the fire-under-the-boiler right through until the thing got steam enough to make a start at all. *He's your man—he knows.* His memory is vivid and virile (which mine ain't) and he will be able to tell you what I can't. My own part was confined, if I remember rightly, to just a bit of editorial work on the first issues, and to the choice of a motto, "*Hic est aut nusquam quod quaeimus*"—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 Classical Honours, and the Prince of Wales' Medal, and all that . . . Benny was a great boy and so was t'other Benny (Watkins) . . . Do you remember how the latter's tongue used to shoot out when he lectured, and when he was preaching? Ah! those were the great days. Oh boy . . . You and I must meet again and have a pow-wow".

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 reveries 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 persistence which put the journal on its feet. The Arts student about to graduate in '93 already showed those virile qualities which have made him President of a University saved from ship-wreck 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 on 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 parlous without them. To our journalistic alliance with these bodies, regarded at the time as integral parts of the whole institution, is due the continued existence of The Mitre. Nevertheless, the constitution of the new enterprise was so cleverly contrived that the controlling influence was always with

Arts and Divinity and never with the Medicos, or with the School. When the Medical Faculty was absorbed by the University of McGill, when the School withdrew to publish a magazine of its own (and a very attractive publication it is, exactly suited to its purpose) the Mitre was at last able to stand on its own feet and walk alone.

Clare Avery was a picturesque figure of the early nineties. Though an Englishman by birth, he was rather like a Yale or Harvard student of the more literary type. His style both in speech and in writing was exuberant. We were wont to listen with amused admiration to his sonorous periods, his rich and ready vocabulary. He was an excellent and kindly fellow of rather arresting appearance, tall and slender of figure with a mop of light brown hair upon his well-shaped head. His prestige among the aforementioned inarticulate masses was considerable, and several of us breathed more freely when Benny Watson was elected Editor-in-Chief. To our minds, *vox populi* justified itself in that election. Members of the faculty were always ready to contribute articles, and gave largely to the infant magazine its literary flavour. Dr. Allnatt, *vir pietate gravis ac meritis*, contributed at rare intervals. Among the stu-

dents there was a suspicion that our loved and respected Dean of Divinity was unsympathetic towards The Mitre as a new College activity destined to distract men from their work—which it often did!

Our principal, dear old Tommy Adams, welcomed The Mitre as a medium for expressing his own ideas, prolific and multitudinous, on every subject. His brilliant pen was ready at a moment's notice to enthuse over the mysteries of *x* raised to the *n*th power, to write a sonnet on Immortality, or to describe the famous men he had met during his varied and interesting life. All admirable, but sometimes lengthy! We tried to keep him to poetry and strongly recommended the sonnet form. It took up less room!

In those days it was considered essential that the Editor should write the leaders himself. This Watson did with conspicuous ability and charm. The tradition of editorial responsibility in this regard was on one occasion interrupted by myself. Under pressure of work as I claimed at the time, in a fit of laziness as I am now fain to confess, I substituted the inaugural address of the Dean of the Faculty of Medicine for a screed of my own. This was regarded as

a base betrayal of students' rights. The Business Manager, one would have thought he was *my* manager as well, waxed wrath upon the subject. I never tried it again. Dear little Freddie Burns! What a martinet he was. *De mortuis nihil nisi bonum*: after all, no one could say anything but good of him.

Many members of the first board of The Mitre, Jim Stevens, "Doughboy" Sutherland, R. Lyster, representative of B.C.S., have passed to their reward. There are several other gaps, but lest this should read like an obituary column I pass on to those who still survive and flourish. There is F. W. Frith, to whom, I think rightly, the name of the

magazine is commonly attributed. Frith at the time was a master at the School, but later on became Bursar of the College and School, and Registrar of the University. He joined in the work of organization. He was (and is) a man of few words but fertile of ideas as such men often are. The title, The Mitre, exactly fits, does it not? The first serious article in the journal was from his pen—"Some Thoughts on Education". Mr. Frith is now a business man in Montreal, but continues to display his interest in both College and School.

"And what more shall I say for the time would fail me to tell" of Tom Montgomery of the facile pen whose gift has descended to his elder daughter; of Edmund Burke who flowered out as a great concert soloist, not as a literary man; of George Montgomery who does not figure very largely in Mitre activities, probably because he was in his last year, contending vigorously for highest rank in Classical Honours against his doughty opponent Marcus Carroll.

Of a later journalistic vintage were A. A. Brockington; G. M. Acklom, a precursor of Stephen Leacock in his ebullient humour; Francis Aveling, now Professor of Psychology at King's College, London; and C. T. Munday. Good old Bob Hibbard! How often in despair at the lack of undergraduate material did the occupant of the editorial chair appeal to him for aid. Sometimes Hibbard, after an hour or so, would walk into the sanctum with a humorous sketch; sometimes with a letter to the Editor himself airing a whimsical and amusing, and generally fictitious, grievance.

Oh! I could write of many more things, Mr. Editor, to the exhaustion of your patient public. But the hour waxeth late. "Good night, everybody, goodnight".

## THE DIVINITY

\*.\*

*I peered through spaces of the air  
At mountain peaks and glittering seas,  
But, though his handiwork was there,  
I did not find my God in these.*

*I scoured the caverns of the skies  
Beyond the stars which crown the pole,  
Then gave up searching and my eyes  
Beheld Him centred in my soul.*

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

## LOUISBOURG

A. J. H. Richardson

## I

The driving wrack of clouds again draws near;  
The veil of rain sweeps once more over me.  
Oh for fresh breezes and a blue sky clear!  
'Tis back in happy days now past I'd be.  
Memory guides my longing mind again  
To Louisbourg's peninsula by the sea.

## 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,  
Sounding from beaches miles away  
—Perhaps in some far northern bay  
With cliffs, of glistening white and steep—  
Or catch the music of the deep,  
The lonely ocean's ceaseless moan  
From where the sea-gulls wheel alone,  
Alone their endless vigil keep,  
Or, stretched full-length on this green mound,  
See the blue bay come sweeping round  
With waves that glitter in the sun,  
Breaking to silver as they run  
And dashing into ripples fine  
On four small islets stung in line  
Across the entrance to the bay,  
Bathed in the sunlight of midday.  
Yonder, across the marshes brown,  
The shadow of a dark cloud's frown  
Lies, in a still and heavy band,  
Right athwart the pleasant land;  
But, farther over yet, the sun  
Glances once more, on seas that run  
Into Gabarus' haven wide,  
Where the flashing white-caps ride.  
And, all the while, across the seas  
Blows the invigorating breeze;  
And always, when I lift my eyes,  
I see the waters fall and rise—  
Ah! was there ever such a hue  
As lovely as that Atlantic blue?  
Did ever waves more sweetly play  
Than in the shelter of that bay?  
Or break in whiter spray than flies  
Where that chain of islands lies?

## III

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

## IV

Friend, do you know those moments rare  
When suddenly all Life lies bare?  
When all Creation's mysteries  
And beauty are before your eyes.  
Like waving trees white lightning's lash  
Etches 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-seeing gaze  
Has come to me on summer days  
When, body close to moss and grass,  
I watched the clouds above me pass  
That stretched, while fading e'er more dim,  
Fleecy and white to horizon's rim.  
Hushed in flower-fragrance came new birth;  
I drank the glory of the earth,  
Followed with loving eye each cleft  
Of that grey boulder on my left,  
Saw beauty in each twisting blade  
Of grass that there my cushion made.  
All round in sunlit glory lay  
The field, and blue hills far away;  
I understood how the old Greeks  
Perceived how grandly Nature speaks,  
And mediaeval's child-like love  
Of flower in field, or bird above.  
Oh, and one afternoon again,  
I caught that vision after rain,  
When all the clouds, in steady surge,  
Chased the black pall to heaven's verge.  
The sunlight, breaking through its veil,  
Lights the grey vestments that they trail;  
Row after row of moving mist,  
Converging in the sky, is kissed  
By the bright beams that shade its hue

From silver-grey to purpled blue,  
And far behind, remote and tall  
As Himalaya's mountain-wall,  
Great pearl-white clouds tower up to Heaven,  
Scorning the mists across them driven.  
In awe, I dropped my eyes again—  
And all the grass is dewed with rain.  
On every blade, the storm's fresh dower,  
Quivers 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 grave 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 latening 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  
Glances in freshness on her streets;  
The rising sun in splendour greets  
The neat grey walls of house and fort,  
And, clear and bright, the sunbeams sport  
Hailing, with gently playing light  
The newly-risen bastion's might.  
Impregnable on every side,  
Old France's triumph and her pride,  
The guardian of New France's gates,  
Flaunting the alien world, she waits.  
And, in the walls, what throbbing life—  
Poverty, wealth, and joy, and strife!

As in the streets, from dawn to night,  
Civilians in their costumes bright  
And soldiers in their coats of white  
Walk, in a Canaletto light.  
They saw the waves that still roll here;  
This sighing wind was always near;  
And sometimes, waves and wind would bring  
From France a packet of the King,  
With welcome news from home for all,  
Glimpse of Versailles, of park and hall,  
Of tinkling music and salon—  
That happy life for ever gone.  
The newest peruke wigs they wear;  
The latest writings of Voltaire.  
And news from England, too—they hear  
The sad affair of Jenkins' ear,  
Vernon's success in Panama,  
Handel's in Oratorio;  
Some escapade of "only Fred",  
Or news of Caroline just dead.  
From Germany and Austria  
Accounts of Frederick's first war.

## VII

Alas! the dream has gone—once more,  
Nothing but green mounds by the shore,  
That the low winds forever keep  
Lulled in a quiet, peaceful sleep,  
And, all year round, about these graves,  
The endless breaking of the waves.  
The sun is sinking now; each ray  
Gilds the last ripples in the bay.  
The fleecy clouds are fled—there lies  
But one thin band across the skies,  
All orange, by the setting sun.  
Eastward, the silver stars climb high,  
So bright and cold in the clear sky.  
The sun's last golden glimmers lie  
On waves that in Gabarus run.  
They fade; the night-time has begun.

## WE PUBLISH A PAPER

G. J. Cameron

\*\*

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 handicapped by having to satisfy two apparently irreconcilable demands: the first, that it cronicle 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 hall-mark of the university. Let the magazine be *The Mitre* or any student magazine in any university, the magazine does publicity work which no other agency within or without the university can do. It keeps the university in the minds of that part of the public which is most interested in the university. I know that a championship or a winning team in sports is usually considered to do this office. But the reputation of a team is temporary at best; for no matter how far and wide a team is ballyhooed by sport writers, the season ends and it is forgotten. And even if it is granted that the team is not wholly forgotten but merely replaced in the press by some more topical darling; and that through the press the attention of parents, guardians and friends is drawn to the university, there are some misguided enough to say that the team has given unfavourable advertising to the institution: that people to-day do not want to send sons, wards or friends to a university which concentrates on athletics or sports, because such activities are dreadfully distracting, and higher education is a serious business. Naturally such misguided folk don't deserve an answer.

An interesting comment on this point has been given by Mr. John R. Tunis in an article in *The Atlantic Monthly*

for December, 1932. In this article, "The Slump in Football Common",—a far from tearful examination of the waning interest of the "great National Spectacle", and the decreasing enthusiasm for over-organized and over-commercialized college sport generally,—Mr. Tunis 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 junior executive? Strange as 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 or the ambition of becoming realtors, morticians, or owners of a "lubritorium". Rather do they enter universities to read, to study, to think, to enrich their mental life and benefit in unmaterial 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 greater 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 not seem as absurd and irrational as it does at the present time.

And lest it be felt that Mr. Tunis is partial, prejudiced and entirely lacking in red blood, it is heartening to learn that he is a special correspondent for the *New York 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. Tunis says of American Universities may be applied equally well to Canada and Canadian universities.

## II

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 practically certain death for the magazine if it performs its mission. But the whole question depends on the nature of the thoughts and the problems they can find, and surely there are enough of them; it depends, also, on the way the thoughts are expressed, and surely there are enough to suit every taste. There is no dearth of thinking among undergraduates. Any student who has survived the first term of his freshman year and possesses the feeblest glimmerings of intelligence has ideas and opinions on at least a few subjects: international and national affairs, religion, politics, literature, athletics, let alone the structure of the universe and the more knotty problems of marital

relationships. Some students, in fact, sound like authorities on one or two if not all of these few. If for no other reason than the really useful one of showing such students how little they know of the topics they ride,—by settling them down before a frightfully clear sheet of paper and requiring them to formulate their thoughts for an article,—the magazine should endeavour to express student thought.

But aside from this purely negative function, the magazine should contain the more presentable results of the workings of undergraduate minds. The student in a university in South Africa, or a college in New Zealand or a school in England is not vitally interested in who cut the ices at the annual tea dance, or who rode from where with whom on some great occasion. They are keen, however, to know how Canadian undergraduates spend their summers, how they struggle to keep their independence against iniquitous authorities, how they solve the undergraduates' perpetual problems of finding money and writing exams. They are interested, too, strangely enough, in the first thinking notes of tyro poets, the philosophising of fledgling essayists, the incisive satire of undergraduate humour.

And so, a mighty task devolves upon the editors of the student magazine. They must advertise their university beneficially and becomingly, with offence to none and credit to all; they must instruct the young, encourage the faint, and amuse the old; they must mirror the life around them and reflect the best and censor the worst; they must work and drudge and toil and never murmur over the labour pains; and, finally, they must satisfy the examiners like any ordinary student.

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 those whose interest in collegiate sports lasts after the team is off the field or floor, who are not so concerned with reading a stale account of a game as they are with proposed changes in the game, in styles of play, 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 fired with the ardour of a fanatic over some new author or some new find: a book column should be provided to voice their preaching. There are those who have views on the College Theatre, who grouch and foment over the age-old problems of unsuitable plays and the hide-binding of tradition: some good might come in a miraculous way if their opinions were published in a theatre column. There are others who at times read papers and reviews and magazines, who are seized with the truthfulness of some especially pithy statement or opinion: there should be a section consecrated to the publishing of these quotations

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 letters to the editor should not be included, according to the opinion of some, because it is fostering a habit which may prove a social menace in after-years. It does, however, provide a means for the less polished expression of opinions and criticisms of those who have something to say yet have neither the time nor the training to write an article on the subject. And for the humour column, if a special column is needed, a great deal could be done by combining it, in part, with the exchange department; by having our contemporaries supply the anecdotes and quips, properly acknowledged, of course, much in the manner of the old *College Humour*.

## III

So far no mention has been made of a means to encourage creative writing: essays, fiction, verse. The bald truth is that only in exceptional cases is the undergraduate mind creative. Essays on subjects that require a familiar, imaginative and delicate treatment are not subjects on which a run-of-the-mill student is at ease. Neither is he becomingly comfortable in fiction or in verse. Yet an attempt should be made to stimulate the writing of fiction and verse, especially verse.

How the attempt at stimulation could be made is another problem. A contest is immediately suggested. Yes, but a contest costs money: prizes must be given, judges must be remembered with pipes or books; and, with advertising revenues dwindling and past surpluses already vanished, the average student magazine cannot afford a contest. Of course a prize fund could be started in a modest way and an attempt made to get it endowed, if a benefactor could be found; and when found, persuaded that the encouraging of letters in such a practical way is as commendable and satisfying as the encouraging of science by the erection of lavishly appointed laboratories and could be done with much less effort and sacrifice. If some benefactor could be tracked down who had five hundred or a thousand dollars, a helpful argument to use on him would be a statement made by Mr. Tunis in the article just quoted: a statement which gives whatever justification is needed for the existence and encouragement of university magazines and newspapers:—

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)

## WHAT WE THINK OF "HOLOCAUST..."

The "best seller" days of war fiction are over. Some of it was good, much of it beastly. 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 last issue published for the edification of its readers a two-page survey of aerial warfare under the intriguing title "Holocaust 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 side-walk.

We condemn as non-intelligent, inhuman and unchristian a fairly wide-spread quiescent, laissez-faire attitude towards the whole problem of war; we have no intention of playing the ostrich to facts—some of us knew first-hand the civilian horrors of the last war in a great metropolis—but the passive acceptance of war as inevitable; to assert as did another writer in the same journal that "the law of self-preservation is the greatest", overlooking the Law of Love with which we are concerned as Christians; to discuss the probable effects of "cacodyle isocyanide" and "diphenyl chlorosine" on our own children as though Christ were a myth, is a practical step towards laying another, and this time irredeemable, curse on succeeding generations. Shelving individual responsibility is a fine art with us to-day, but we may not safely take the easy path again. Pacifism is all negative. Away with it! The path to peace is all positive and demands wholly consecrated lives.

The best-trusted figure in British public life, Mr. Stanley Baldwin, on November 10th, addressed the House of Commons in the following terms:

"Disarmament, in my view, will not stop war: IT IS THE WILL TO PEACE! But what about the young? Where will they throw their influence? They will have to fight out this bloody issue of warfare. It is for them to decide. I wonder if the conscience of the young will ever come to feel in regard to this one instrument (i.e. aerial death) that this evil thing should not be done. If they don't feel like that, well, the future is in their hands."

Some months earlier Mr. Lloyd George openly reminded the British Parliament in session that the only solution to the present grave international relations was to be found in the Life and Teaching of Jesus of Nazareth.

"What think ye of Christ?" that is an intensely practical and all-important question; searching out first

causes; striking at the very root of the war cancer. We, who otherwise might justly claim to be intelligent men, must cease to play with war and the idea of war as though it were but one more recreational pursuit; and put away as unclean all talk of the defensive value of anti-aircraft radium atomite; or whether a hundred tons of bombs will satisfactorily reduce five millions of helpless men, women and children to raw, bloody human meat within a given space of time.

What DOES matter—and what will ultimately count—is the WILL to peace. We can see now that the world war of 1914-18 was never won; indeed, it was never over. The human struggle of which we are, willy-nilly, a part, will persist far into the future—in fact, as far as we will let it—and the outcome is largely to be decided by our present answer to the question which heads the previous paragraph. Evil is ever arrayed against Good, Misery against Happiness, Malice against Charity.

There can be no two ways about it; we may not disclaim individual responsibility. Either we are actively WILLING peace or else we are contributing to the fears, lusts, and hates which make for that Hell-offspring lightly and picturesquely labelled war.

Few would deny that the root cause lies in the human heart; first 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 of Him will affect your life, and will day by day be deciding the issues of the next hundred years.

(Signed) W. J. BELFORD	JAMES HODGKINSON
BILL BISSON	CLIFFORD B. MARSHALL
COLIN CUTTELL	L. R. MURRAY
A. E. W. GODWIN	E. C. ROYLE
W. T. GRAY	M. A. STEPHENS

## 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 to-morrow and what London will think next year, the Harvard Crimson of 1925 held views which the average undergraduate holds to-day and which the college authorities will accept in a few years more as their own.

## SOME PORTS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN

Rev. Sidney Wood

It is fairly generally admitted that one of the most attractive forms of holiday is a sea voyage. The ease and comfort of life on a modern liner appeal to almost 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 time-table—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; our minds are taken back to those very early days when the Egyptian and Cretan 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 Marseilles, Piræus (both with histories going back to pre-Christian days), Genoa and Trieste remind us of the progress the world has made since those early days.

There are a number of French and Italian steamship lines whose itineraries include many of the ports, large and small—the former have their headquarters at Marseilles, the latter at Trieste or Genoa. The round trip need not exceed two weeks, 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 far 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 Marseilles. I had never previously travelled under a foreign flag, and it was with some qualms that I set out, but my fears were soon dispelled; the quiet efficiency of the Italian mercantile service impresses itself upon the traveller at once, while the readiness of the personnel to make things easy for the English-speaking traveller is most pronounced.

I was the only Briton in the class—my fellow-passengers were French, Italian, Turkish, Norwegian, Austrian and so on. In fact, almost every European country was represented. The language spoken in the saloon was French—a tribute to the widespread knowledge of that tongue throughout Europe. I shared a cabin with a Turk—who, I remember, impressed me very much by his coloured silk underwear (he wore regular European garb, and was, I fancy, the best-dressed as well as the best educated passenger aboard)—and a Dane, both of whom spoke excellent English and proved to be delightful companions.

An interesting feature aboard any ship is the food; Italian cooking, though not generally regarded as being on the same plane as French, has many attractions. Of course, there is much macaroni, but it appears in such an amazing variety of forms that one does not tire of it in the slightest. Cheese figures largely; it is served in soups, with fish, in desserts and in savouries, but again the varied disguises in which it is presented prevent the palate from becoming at all bored. One day there appeared on the menu "Fried Octopus"! Feeling very venturesome I tried it but found it uninteresting. I learnt afterwards that it is regarded by the Italians as a great delicacy.

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, of course, 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 church of Ste. Maria Maggiore, with its wonderful frescoes, far more beautiful.

Leaving Venice we sail down the Adriatic Sea to Brindisi—a hot, sandy and uninteresting port. Before the war, the English mails to the East were carried overland to Brindisi, and there transferred to fast steamers which used to carry them to Port Said where they were placed on board the P. & O. mail steamers. Now they are taken by the latter from Marseilles, and Brindisi has ceased to be a place of any importance. It still possesses an (alleged) "English Book Shop",—but the only English works available there are plays and novels that have been banned in England as unfit for publication! (Continued on page 33)

## A NEWFOUNDLAND SEALING DISASTER

## THE LOSS OF THE WATER WITCH

H. Newell

The seal-fishery,—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 ice. By the middle of March the young seals are in prime condition and ready for taking, and before that date the sealing steamers are butting their way through the ice in an attempt to reach the seal-herds. To-day 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 deals with 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 a cloud of canvas, and every yard-arm and mast-head displaying its gay bit of bunting. Their departure was an exciting event in the life of these communities, and their safe and prosperous return a great occasion for joy and thankfulness.

About the time mentioned two brigs, the "Water-witch" and the "Rolling Wave", sailed in company from Conception Bay, amid the prayers and good wishes of friends and relatives of the crews, who had high hopes of making a successful trip. They reached the ice-fields, but luck was against them. The weather turned out stormy, the ice was extremely difficult to get through, and seals were scarce. The end of the season began to draw near and still the brigs were far from being loaded. The captains conferred together and one of them thought it advisable to return. The other, however, was in favour of keeping on a little longer. This they did, and directed their course northward towards the coast of Labrador.

On the evening preceding the fateful night they found themselves near the northern entrance to the Straits of Belle Isle, in the vicinity of Cape St. Charles. A storm was threatening. The ice was loose and, driven by wind and

current, was moving rapidly—an extremely dangerous state of affairs. Towards dark the wind freshened and both ships shortened sail for the night, continuing their journey under reefed topsails. The danger from the running ice was great. To strike even a small piece would probably be fatal, and there was always the possibility of losing the rudder which would have rendered the ships helpless. Keen eyes, therefore, peered anxiously into the darkness, and steady hands held the helm, ready to respond promptly to the directions of the look-out. Thus carefully the ships threaded their way among the floes, the "Water-witch" leading and the "Rolling Wave" following—but not exactly in the wake of the former. The necessity of avoiding the ice must have driven them considerably off their proper course.

Some time before midnight the crew of the "Rolling Wave" heard a terrible cry from the sister ship. She had crashed on a hidden rock. At once heavy seas boarded her and she soon began to break up. Succeeding waves lifted and hurled her over the rock into the deeper water beyond where the grinding bergs completed her destruction. She soon disappeared in a welter of foam and wreckage. As she struck the rock, many of her crew leaped or tried to leap onto the floes. Some of them by a miracle managed to reach the "Rolling Wave", but the majority, including the captain, perished. There was no time to do anything. Even if the boats could have been gotten overboard, they would not have lasted long among the floes. The crew of the "Rolling Wave" exerted themselves to the utmost to save their comrades, but little could be done.

She herself narrowly escaped the same fate, for a short while before the wreck occurred, her captain had given orders to follow closely in the wake of the "Water-witch". Twice they attempted to do this and each time the topsails were caught aback by the wind, thus forcing them to follow a somewhat parallel course. This saved them. It was afterwards looked upon as a strange, if not providential coincidence.

The most wonderful thing about this sad affair, however, was the experience of a man named French. He, too, leaped when the ship struck, but by good fortune he leaped onto the rock. There was a part of it not totally submerged, and to this he managed to cling. The seas broke over him. He was all but washed off several times. But each time he crawled back and held on desperately. He was drenched with the spray and his clothes were frozen stiff, like a suit of armour. His body was benumbed by the cold and his

mind dazed by the dreadful thing that had happened. Yet he held on. He had always been a God-fearing man and he now prayed as he had never prayed before. As he prayed he gained confidence and he began to believe that he would be saved. He even sang hymns. On a lonely rock barely above sea-level, in the midst of storm and darkness, he sang "Rock of Ages" and other hymns, accompanied by the howling of the wind and the roaring of the sea. Thus through the long night he continued his struggle for life. He was saved. Undoubtedly his faith saved him. His splendid vitality backed by his invincible belief and will to live enabled him to survive until morning.

By that time the storm had subsided and the ice was again closely packed together, forming a bridge to the mainland not two miles away. He walked about trying to restore circulation and even attempted to reach the land. He was spared the trouble however, for his motions happened to be observed by someone on shore, and a party, scarcely thinking it could be a human being, came off to investigate.

Some time afterwards the "Rolling Wave" made her way home to Conception Bay. Vague rumours of disaster were afloat, and when it was reported that she was entering the harbour with flag at half-mast, a large crowd gathered

## TRUE FUNCTION OF A UNIVERSITY —

*(Continued from page 5)*

and educational value. 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.

It scarcely needs to be said that the forces of religion are going to be the determining factor, but the Universities ought to be the chief hand-maids of religion. Their true function is to send out men and women trained to use in every walk of life the culture of the ages in the service of religion. If the Universities are to discharge this function religion must be the controlling element in their life. Intellectual development without religion is not real education. But, if the Universities are permeated and controlled by religion, they will be the organs by which religion will permeate and govern human life.

The so-called Oxford Group Movement is showing us that, while the Church has been failing to reach many of those who ought to be her greatest helpers in the work of bringing human life into obedience to Christian ideals, yet the need of personal religion as the basis of all true education is unchanged. Without it even the highest intellectual culture leads to moral failure, and when brought into contact with it, men of the highest intellectual and physical culture feel their need of spiritual power. The Universities are the key to the Christianization of our social order. If these send out men and women, whose lives are dominated by Christian ideals and whose wills are in actual

on the beaches and wharves. They were tense and quiet for the most part, but women were silently weeping, fearing the worst for father, son, lover, or husband. Many there had already endured the sorrows that are meted out by the insensate and unrelenting sea. Furling her sails, the ship came to anchor and the crew landed. The sad story was soon told. The names of those who would never return passed quickly in low tones from mouth to mouth, those concerned accepting their burden of sorrow and bearing it as best they might. Nearly all the surrounding communities shared in the loss and a feeling of sorrow and gloom pervaded them for many days after.

Such was the loss of the "Water-witch", one of the most memorable of Newfoundland shipwrecks. Its story has been told and retold wherever sealers and fishermen foregather. These were the days of wooden ships and iron men, and in spite of his terrible experience, French lived to a good old age, dying only recently. He led a very religious life according to his simple faith, and was much respected by the people of his community. Indeed, he himself was regarded as a kind of a hero, and his escape as little short of miraculous. He became famous as "the man who was saved on the rock".

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.

This 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 to its perfection, many undesirous of, and 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 Bishop's. He desires simply to utter his voice humbly, and probably for the last time in these columns, in their support.

May Bishop's grow from age to age. May she be the fruitful mother of sons and daughters who will go out into the world's life, bearing the highest gifts of culture 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, scorning no honest labour, thinking no service too humble, no sacrifice too great as an offering to Him Who said: "I am among you as Him that serveth"; "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, 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 for 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 dogged demands for a new Canadian "patriotism", rejecting, on the one hand, the universally recognized emblems of the British Empire, and yet clinging (so they say) to their right to be counted 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, our views on what constitutes true patriotism are undergoing radical reforms. The spirit of nationalism is gradually giving place to the broader and vaster outlook 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 improper fraction!

"I ask", he writes, in proceeding to the substance of his exposition, "for a Canadian flag and a Canadian anthem". Later on, doubtless under the impression that if you ask for the whole loaf, you may succeed in getting one or two slices, he increases his demands to include "a literature that is Canadian, music that is Canadian, *thought* that is Canadian", and, above all, "a national spirit undeniably Canadian".

It would seem that the general tone of the article in question is strongly nationalistic—nationalistic in the sense that urged Prussia to conclude that their nation was the world's superior in theory, and that therefore it might as well be the world's superior in practice. The outcome of this particular national feeling, we all know.

Patriotism is a very ticklish article, and certainly requires

very delicate handling. The whole question, it would appear, hinges about where patriotism should stop. Everyone will concede that patriotism, like charity, must begin at home. Loyalty to one's own family has become habitualized to the point where it is now legendary. Next to our family, we owe fealty to our local community; then to our own Province; then to our Dominion; then to the British Empire; and finally, according to modern tendencies, to the world at large. Where do you draw the line?

Obviously, strict nationalism will stop at patriotism to Canada. Under such conditions, if you please, *but under no others*, can citizens of this country assert their right to Canadian literature, Canadian music, Canadian thought, a Canadian flag, and a Canadian national anthem. In fact, if we care to subscribe to any state of affairs such as this, one would dare to assert, without fear of contradiction, that we could even have a Canadian national beverage!

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 haul down the Union Jack, and when we shall discard "God Save the King" for an anthem of a different sort. But, when that time does come, let it be an international emblem which we fly from our flag poles, and let it be an international anthem 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 idealism that he imagines 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 indictment of limited vision does not alter that view-point one iota.

## COMMERCIAL AVIATION IN 1933 AND AFTER

G. B. Greene, Jr.

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 1928-29 level, 1932 was certainly disappointing. 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 firmer 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 visible before 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 swifter 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 unfortunate 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 158,000 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 49,500 miles. Latin America routes totaled 38,000 miles. Russia, Japan, Siam and South 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 statistics shown. In writing this article it was not my intention to set before the reader a mass of unintelligible figures which ordinarily would confuse and give the 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, arise in the reader's mind. 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, of what use the aeroplane is to our general welfare to-day, and how man can proceed through its co-operation.

Early commercial aviation interests were bound up either

(Continued on page 39)

# J. S. MITCHELL & COMPANY

LIMITED

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

## Hardware

Importers of Fine China, Crockery, Pottery and Glass

Distributors in the Eastern Townships

for

### SPALDING'S Sporting Goods

Special prices to Schools, Colleges and Clubs

Get our prices on Club Uniforms

TELEPHONE 2300

78-80 WELLINGTON STREET NORTH  
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

#### DIARY OF SPORT

### "... VERSUS BISHOP'S TO-NIGHT!"

George Whalley

January 14th, 1933, College Ring.

LENNOXVILLE 2 — BISHOP'S 2

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 most 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 great deal more pleasant to sleep during the day than the night. There does not seem to be any obvious reason why basketball should be played at night, but on the other hand, why shouldn't it?

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 Intercollegiate 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 such persons duly 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 wrest from the clutches of the destructive moth what little remained of the sweaters and socks and distribute the fragments among the multitude.

This evening, in the first game of the season, the Bishop's Intermediate Hockey team held the Lennoxville aggregation for a tie. The teams were greeted by a mirror-like sheet of ice (to use the standard phrase). The strong barrier presented by the hard back-checking forwards and the solidity of the defence, produced, in the first period and a half, a kind of hockey that was not particularly spectacular. It looked as though a "break" would decide the game, and in consequence every player was trying his hardest to make the best use of every opportunity that presented itself. The shooting of the purple and white men was inclined to be erratic, but Lennoxville's marksmanship was sufficiently accurate to give Williams plenty of difficult shots. Just twenty-eight seconds before the first period ended, while Titcomb and Christison were both serving a penalty, Pergau opened the scoring for Lennoxville with a close-in shot.

In the first five minutes of the second period, Captain McRae made a lone rush from behind his own blue line and passed to Brooks who put in a hard shot at close range. The cheering had scarcely died down when Pergau, taking the puck from his goalie's rebound, 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.

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 a neat shot from Christison's pass. The last five minutes of fast play, however, failed to break the deadlock.

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

*Bishop's*:—Williams (g.), McRae (r.d.), Titcomb (l.d.), Carson (c.), Brooks (r.w.), Glass (l.w.). *Subs*:—Norris, Christison, Gall, Sterling, Hutchison, Evans, Hodgins, Labaree.

# TROPHIES

**STERLING SILVER TROPHY CUPS**

N1001. Sterling Silver, very heavy. Height 3¾". \$16.50

N1002. Sterling Silver Challenge Cup. Height 5". \$27.00

N1003. Sterling Silver Bowl with Silver Holder. Height 2¾". \$21.00

N1004. Sterling Silver Cup. Height 3½". \$15.00

N1005. Sterling Silver Cup. Height 5½". \$22.00

## Mappin & Webb, Limited

ST. CATHERINE STREET

MONTREAL

January 16th, College Rink.

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 an 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 eased 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.), Maurice (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, outwitted 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



## CANADA'S Permanent Character

There is iron and rock in the veins of Canada, as well as gold and silver. The stern and heroic qualities that conquered a wilderness and built a Dominion, united from Ocean to Ocean, still predominate in Canadian character. There is a permanency in this country that grows out of that character.

The Bank of Montreal was the first permanent Bank in Canada and today it faces the future firm in its faith in the permanency of Canada's progress and the character and resourcefulness of the Canadian people.

### BANK OF MONTREAL

Established 1817

TOTAL ASSETS IN EXCESS OF \$750,000,000

Goyette scored off Roy's pass. Further activities were halted by the bell.

*East Sherbrooke*—Desruisseaux (g.), Marcotte (l.d.), Hemsworth (r.d.), Roy (c.), Goyette (r.w.), Cloutier (l.w.). Subs:—P. Thibault, Labbe, M. Thibault.

*Bishop's*—Williams (g.), Titcomb (l.d.), McRae (r.d.), Carson (c.), Glass (l.w.), Brooks (r.w.). Subs:—Gall, Christison, Hodgins, Sterling, Evans, Hutchison, Labaree.

January 18th, Minto Rink, Lennoxville.

RED JACKETS JUNIORS 6 — BISHOP'S JUNIORS 2

Two losses in one evening! Early in the first period 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-washing. While they were thus in a weak defensive position, McMullen rushed through to add yet another point to Red Jackets' score. As the game neared its end, efforts were redoubled and Norris and Rattray scored in quick succession.

*Red Jackets*—Povey (g.), Ross (r.d.), McMullen (l.d.), Nichol (c.), Maurice (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, Olmstead, Wisenthal, Whalley.

January 19th, College Rink.

SHERBROOKE CANADIENS 3 — BISHOP'S 1

The inability of several of the players to stay on the ice proved costly to Bishop's to-night, while Carson's injury left them short-handed. After twelve minutes of play in the first period, Parsons opened the scoring for Canadiens with a tricky close-in shot. McRae and Titcomb, by the judicious use of body-checking, made their opponents shoot from outside the blue line, thus greatly simplifying Williams' task in the nets. However, in the second period, as there was scarcely a time when there was not one of the Bishop's men in the penalty box, it is small wonder that Canadiens scored again. At the end of the period there were only three on the ice to represent Bishop's, while once even the goalkeeper was penalized. Early in the third period, with McRae and Titcomb on the bench, LePage and Gordon broke away to score. Bishop's tried a four-man offensive, but failed to alter the score by the end of the game.

*Canadiens*—Workman (g.), Banks (l.d.), Wolfe (r.d.), Gordon (c.), LePage (l.w.), Mitton (r.w.). Subs:—Clark, Parsons, Gosselin, Kelly.

*Bishop's*—Williams (g.), Titcomb (l.d.), McRae (r.d.), Christison (c.), Glass (l.w.), Brooks (r.w.). Subs:—Hodgins, Gall, Sterling, Hutchison, Labaree.

January 20th, College Rink.

B.C.S. 2 — BISHOP'S JUNIORS 0

Excellent combination and team-work were responsible for the School's victory over the Juniors this evening. Their long forward passes and hard shooting proved to be the undoing of their less experienced opponents. Although the purple and white made some good attacks, their shooting was inaccurate and consequently ineffective. The result of the game was in no small degree due to the School's strong defence, which stopped many an ambitious rush. Cooper played an excellent game in goal and averted a greater disaster for the team.

B.C.S.—Wilson (g.), H. Doheny (r.d.), Kenny (l.d.), MacKinnon (c.), D. Doheny (l.w.), Rankin (r.w.). Subs:—Sheppard, Bassett, Benison, Stovel.

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

January 21st, Mount Royal Arena, Montreal.

UNIVERSITY OF MONTREAL 3 — BISHOP'S 1

Before a crowd of three hundred people, Bishop's were defeated 3-1 in their first Intercollegiate game. The first period showed some fast hockey and after seven minutes of play Auger netted Gouin's pass for the first point. Six minutes later Williams was tricked by the Ricard-Demers combination. The Montrealers had control of most of the play in the first period, but in the second, Bishop's, by quickening the pace, made the game less one-sided. Half-way through the last period Glass scored from McRae's pass, but two minutes later Desevre netted a fast shot for Montreal's third and last goal. Bishop's chances of equalizing the score were lost because the period was cut short on account of the restricted time for ice rental.

*U. of M.*—Bastien (g.), Gouin (l.d.), Provost (r.d.), Pothier (c.), Demers (l.w.), Ricard (r.w.). Subs:—Delaers, Auger, Gagne, Desevre.

*Bishop's*—Williams (g.), Titcomb (l.d.), McRae (r.d.), Gall (c.), Glass (l.w.), Brooks (r.w.). Subs:—Evans, Hodgins, Labaree.

January 25th, Sherbrooke Arena.

MAGOG 5 — BISHOP'S 0

The jinx that has followed both teams so far this season remains unbroken. This evening Magog thoroughly outplayed Bishop's as the final score indicates.

Although Bishop's kept the Magog 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 Magog 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 Titcomb made spectacular rushes, only to be stopped by the Magog goalkeeper.

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

In the last period Williams was replaced by Labaree, but it was not long before Meek scored Magog'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 Labaree's stick.

*Magog*—Milne (g.), Hebert (l.d.), Pibus (r.d.), Gaucher (c.), Carrier (l.w.), Gauvin (r.w.). Subs:—Baird, Meek, Huot, Lanctot, Buzzell.

*Bishop's*—Williams (g.), Titcomb (l.d.), McRae (r.d.), Carson (c.), Glass (l.w.), Brooks (r.w.). Subs:—Sterling, Evans, Hodgins, Gall, Hutchison, Christison, Labaree.

January 28th, B.C.S. Rink.

B.C.S. 2 — BISHOP'S JUNIORS 0

In to-night's game the Bishop's Juniors gave their first exhibition of real hockey. Against the team that had hopelessly outplayed them a week before, they held their own and for the first period, at least, had the better of the play. The game was unusual in that the referee did not have to give one penalty. The B.C.S. combination was working well in the last period and although the Pibus-Norris defence had presented a formidable barrier all evening, Rankin broke through for a score in the last period. The Juniors tightened up after this, but Rankin's deadly shot again found its mark in the net behind Cooper. The usual last-minute rally was successfully broken up by the School team so that B.C.S. have the honour of two "shut-outs" in succession.

We give you:

## Reliable Drug Store Service



THIS IS NECESSARY:

for YOUR HEALTH  
for YOUR POCKET  
for YOUR SATISFACTION

### Ansell's Drug Store

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

### McKindsey's Drug Store

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

PAGE-SANGSTER  
PRINTING Co., Limited

OFFICE STATIONERY AND SUPPLIES  
LOOSE LEAF SYSTEMS - STUDENT'S  
NOTE BOOKS AND FILLERS



TELEPHONES 467-468  
15-19 ALBERT STREET  
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

ON much of our work our  
imprint does not appear but,  
buyers of printing have learned  
to recognize our product by the  
good character and quality we  
put into it . . . .

B.C.S.—Wilson (g.), H. Doheny (l.d.), Kenny (r.d.), MacKinnon (c.), D. Doheny (r.w.), Rankin (l.w.). Subs.—Bassett, Benison, Stovel, Sheppard.

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

\*\*

January 28th, 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 defensive barrier, also proved to be a potential scoring threat.

Labaree 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 goalkeeper, 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 McDommell 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 he still managed to keep the puck out of his nets. At the same time Loyola were pressing to consolidate their position, realizing, no doubt, that it was none too secure. When they found their attack ineffective, they had recourse to a five-man defence, crowding the puck-carrier and shooting the puck far up the ice on every possible occasion. At the final bell the score was unchanged.

Loyola—Keyes (g.), McDommell (l.d.), Buckley (r.d.), Daly (c.), Parker (l.w.), Shaughnessy (r.w.). Subs.—Tracy, Thomas.

Bishop's—Labaree (g.), Titcomb (l.d.), McRae (r.d.), Carson (c.), Glass (l.w.), Brooks (r.w.). Subs.—Christison, Brooks, Williams, Evans, Hutchison.

\*\*

January 30th, College Rink.

RED JACKETS 1—BISHOP'S JUNIORS 1

Still battling for second place in the Lennoxville Section of the Eastern Townships Hockey League, 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 0—BISHOP'S 0

Fast and even play featured to-night'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. Christison 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—Milne (g.), Hebert (d.), Pibus (d.), Gaucher (c.), Carrier (r.w.), Gauvin (l.w.). Subs.—Baird, Huot, Meek, Lanctot, Buzzell, Styan.

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

\*\*

February 1st, Minto 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

RUGG, MIGNAULT,  
HOLTHAM & GRUNDY

ADVOCATES

FREDERICK S. RUGG, K.C.  
CHARLES DE L. MIGNAULT  
B. N. HOLTHAM  
H. E. GRUNDY

70 WELLINGTON STREET NORTH  
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

FASHION-CRAFT

When buying a good watch or an expensive automobile, you look for a reputable make. You should do the same about your clothes.

IF CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN

It is important to know  
Who Makes the Clothes

Good tailoring counts  
as much as woollens . . .

YOU GET BOTH AT THE

SHOP OF  
FASHION-CRAFT

J. A. L. Boulanger, Mgr.

Cor. WELLINGTON & KING STS.

was peppered with shots, he managed to keep the puck out of his net. The condition of the ice made it almost impossible to carry the puck and most of the shots did not leave the ice. Penalties were numerous in the last period, even the Bishop's goalie being put off for slashing. Owing to an attack of poisoning in his hand Pibus was not playing to-night, but his position was amply filled by Wisenthal.

*Red Jackets*:—Povey (g.), Nichol (d.), Byrne (d.), Price (c.), Maurice (l.w.), Ross (r.w.).

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

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 some time. With Peter Curry as captain, and with Sam Rudner, captain in 1928, 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 several first team players 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 time-table is being draughted

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 Rollit, the Reds secured their victory by amassing 28 points in the first half.

Players and individual scores:—

*Y Reds*:—Welsh-17, Foley-16, Reid-6, Maddis-5, Heath-5, MacIntyre, O'Boyle.

*Bishop's Second*:—Wisenthal-8, Ortenberg-7, Medine-2, Royal, Perkins-4, Benson-2, Doak, Purdy-1, Rollit-2, Hogg-2, H. Wright.

The second game, between Y Blues and Bishop's Firsts, showed much closer playing and at half time the teams were deadlocked with 16 points each, but Grime's sensational shooting resulted in a 33-29 victory for Y Blues. Curry and Rudner were the outstanding Bishop's players.

(Continued at foot of 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 Gall, hope to put in a very successful season.

The coeds 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.

COEDS DEFEAT DIVINES

Hockey fans and fanettes were treated to a "real" game of hockey to-night, when the coeds and divines clashed in their annual hockey game. The fair sex were a little too good for their male opponents, and emerged on the long end of a four to one count.

Every member of the coeds' team proved a standout. Helen Acheson, flashy centre-ice player for the coeds, sent her team on the way to victory in the first period, when she scored on a neat pass from "Glad" Christison. (The coeds counted two goals for each goal scored). Betty Brewer cinched the game in the third period, when she beat "Skipper" Hibbard on a shot from close in. The back-checking of Roberta Hodgins and Margaret Earle (they swing mean sticks!) proved too much for the would-be parsons, who only succeeded in beating Miss Wallace in the coeds' nets on one occasion.

"Chev." Austin and Betty Brewer were a tower of strength on the coeds' defence, forcing the divines to shoot long shots from outside the blue-line.

DRAMATIC READINGS

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.

Ross (r.f.), Rudner (l.f.). *Subs*:—Hume, Ortenberg, Purdy, Perkins.

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 nearly as 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 starred for the purple and white on the forward line, while Wisenthal played a good defensive game.

*Bishop's*:—Wisenthal (r.g.), Baird (l.g.), McCullough (c.), Ross (l.f.), Rudner (r.f.). *Subs*:—Hume, Ortenberg, Purdy, Rollitt, Perkins, Medine.

Bishop's co-eds played their first game of the season on Wednesday, February 1st, against Sherbrooke High School. It was evident from the beginning that the teams were evenly matched, and that it would be touch and go as to who would come out the victor. In the first quarter of the game, neither team scored any baskets. Sherbrooke perhaps had the upper hand in this period, Mae Harris in particular making some brilliant plays.

In the second quarter, Margaret Bradley made a free shot putting Bishop's in the lead. However, towards the end of the period, with a spectacular shot, Mae Harris made the score at half-time 2-1 for Sherbrooke.

The third quarter opened with a basket by Mae Harris, making the score now 4-1. Bishop's rallied quickly and Margaret Bradley made a brilliant shot bringing Bishop's score close to that of Sherbrooke. Evelyn Austin tied the score in a successful penalty shot. The period ended soon after Helen Bayne had gained another penalty shot, putting Bishop's in the lead.

The fourth and last quarter was a tense struggle from start to finish. Excitement ran high as the ball bounced first around one basket, and then around the other. Bishop's managed to hold their lead up to the last four minutes of the game, when Freddie Bradley scored another basket for Sherbrooke High. Just before the final whistle Freddie scored another basket, making the score 8-5 for Sherbrooke High.

*Bishop's*:—Forwards: H. Bayne, M. Bradley, H. Acheson, P. McVie, G. Christison, J. Schwartz. Centre: E. Austin. Defence: L. Jackson, B. Brewer, D. Wallace.

*Sherbrooke High*:—Forwards: B. Havard, B. McMillan, M. Harris, P. Ward. Centres: S. Wilson, D. Bambridge. Defence: M. Robins, E. Watson, F. Bradley, T. McPhee.

DIARY OF SPORT—(Continued from page 28)

Players and individual scores:—

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

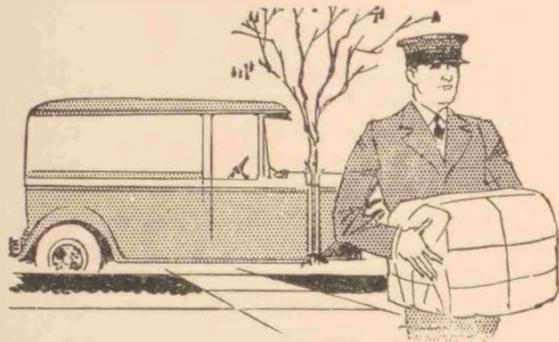
*Bishop's Firsts*:—Rudner-13, Curry-9, Bradley-3, Broadhurst-1, McCullough-3, Masson, Lang, Baird.

January 29th.

SHERBROOKE HIGH SCHOOL 34—BISHOP'S 32

In the first league game of the season, Bishop's rebuilt 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*:—Wisenthal (r.g.), Baird (l.g.), McCullough (c.),



**CONFIDENCE**  
BASED UPON EXPERIENCE

▲

We command the confidence of our patrons through years of experience and regular, dependable service.

▼

WE SELL  
CLEANLINESS—  
A HEALTH REQUISITE

**CROWN LAUNDRY**

LAUNDERERS OF SHERBROOKE DRY CLEANERS

**J. WIPPELL & CO. LTD.**  
Established 18<sup>th</sup> Century  
Clerical Tailors & Robe Makers

RUSSELL CORD STUDENTS'			
CASSOCKS	- - -	\$7.30	to \$14.60
UNDERGRADUATES' GOWNS	\$3.25	\$4.25	\$4.75
GATHERED LINEN SURPLICES	from \$4.10		
LENNOXVILLE COLLEGE—			
L.S.T. Hoods	- -	\$4.00	\$7.30 \$11.60
B.A.	" - -	\$19.45	\$23.10
M.A.	" - -	\$12.55	\$16.10 \$20.45
LOUNGE SUITS (to measure)	- -	from \$20.45	
COLLEGE BLAZERS (with Badge)	-	\$11.50	
FLANNEL TROUSERS	-	\$5.50 to \$9.25	

*All Colleges periodically visited by Representative.*

*Patterns and Illustrated List on application.*

55 and 56, High Street,  
and Cathedral Yard, **EXETER;**  
LONDON & MANCHESTER.



Wippell

**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 organization. The College unit has always functioned as a troop of Scouts and its aim is as heretofore, Training in Scoutmastership.

The Troop receives the enthusiastic support of Headquarters 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:—

- Absolute silence.
- No book to be taken from the room.
- 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. Admittance 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 Boothroyd and Wesley Bradley. Our team at Ottawa, debating the negative, consisted of M. A. Stephens and H. Bruce Munro.

**INTER-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 MICHAELS; Advisors, MR. C. C. LLOYD and J. I. BENSON.

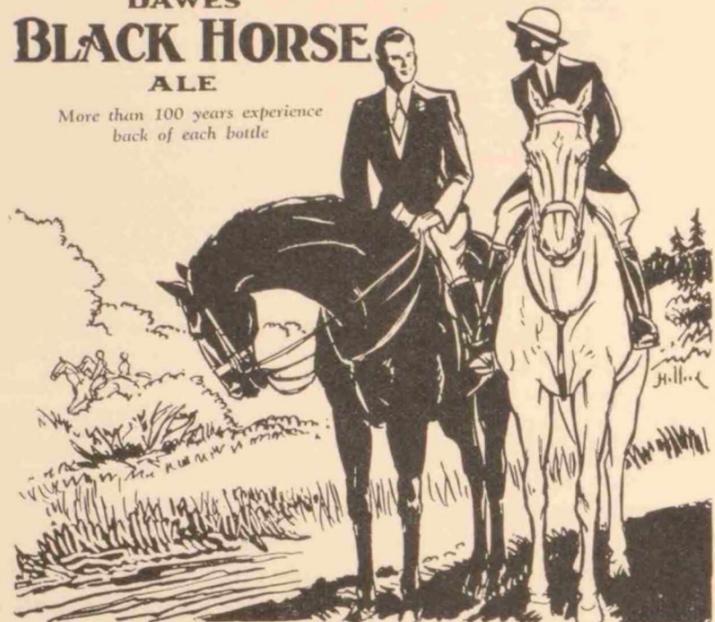
\*\*

**CHAPEL COLLECTIONS**

Collections in the College Chapel during 1932 amounted to \$543.44. Of this \$403.24 was disbursed to a variety of outside objects, and \$126.06 on Chapel expenses. A balance of \$137.34 from 1931 has been increased to \$156.76.

**DAWES  
BLACK HORSE  
ALE**

More than 100 years experience  
back of each bottle



**The NEW SHERBROOKE**

WM. WRIGHT, Proprietor



SHERBROOKE'S MOST UP-TO-DATE HOTEL  
CORNER DEPOT AND KING STREETS  
(Situating in Centre of the City)

Solid Brick Building—thoroughly modern.  
165 Rooms—75 with Bath attached.  
20 Commercial Sample Rooms.  
Long Distance Telephone in every room.  
Elevator Service. Garage in Connection.  
New alterations finished in 1931.

Our 70th Anniversary

1863 **WILSON'S** 1933  
PIANOS RADIOS FRIGIDAIRE

STEINWAY GRANDS,  
HEINTZMAN GRANDS  
AND UPRIGHTS,  
WILSON GRANDS  
AND UPRIGHTS,  
WEBER AND STEVENSON  
APARTMENT PIANOS.



Pianos to Rent.

Victor and Majestic Radios  
All the Latest Sheet Music and Methods.  
Frigidaire Sales and Service.  
Easy Washing Machines.  
Williams Oil-O-Matic Oil Burners.

**H. C. WILSON & SONS, LIMITED**  
37 WELLINGTON STREET NORTH, SHERBROOKE, QUE.

SOME PORTS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN—  
(Continued from page 15)

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 Ægean 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 Piræus, the port for Athens. Piræus 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 merchants 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 centred in Piræus.

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 to-day 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.

Modern Athens, on a site adjacent to the ancient city, possesses many fine buildings, excellent roads and all modern conveniences.

From Athens we thread our way between the many islands of the Ægean Sea, and, in less than a day, enter the Straits of the Dardanelles, a name made sacred to many British homes by the tragic events of 1915. We may have our own opinions about the policy that led up to the Dardanelles operations, but we all admire the wonderful heroism exhibited by the British, Australian and New Zealand troops in that venture, and as one travels through the Straits to-day, it requires no military knowledge to appreciate the difficulties confronting the expeditionary force. Now, the European shore of the Straits is dotted with cemeteries; at one place a tall memorial stands to remind all of the sacrifices made there, and to this day it is saluted by all ships of the allied nations as they wend their way towards Constantinople.

Crossing the Sea of Marmora, we approach the Bosphorus and the great city known to most of us as Constantinople.

The new Turkish administration has re-named it Stanboul, and even go so far as to refuse to accept letters and parcels addressed to Constantinople. Stretching on either side of the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn the first view of the city from the deck of the steamer is most impressive. Its many domes, minarets and picturesque buildings situated on a number of hills well covered with trees give it a most pleasing appearance, but as with most oriental cities—and Stanboul is to all intents and purposes an oriental city although geographically in Europe—on closer inspection the beauty disappears amidst filth and squalor.

Under the present President, Mustapha Kemal, Turkey has made many advances,—many probably only superficial—and the country is greatly indebted to him. One cannot help wondering, however, what will happen when he ceases to be at the helm; in this respect we may compare Turkey with Italy—both have made great progress under virtual dictatorships, but are there competent and worthy successors to Kemal and Mussolini? It is very doubtful.

The modern regime has abolished the harem. The Turk used to have three wives; after a certain date he was only allowed one. It is not tactful to ask what became of the other two!

With the harem has gone the veil. Now the Turkish women parade the streets in Parisian clothes instead of hiding their beauty behind the Islamic yashmak. The majority of them are attractive and good looking, and one wonders that they have been content to hide their charms from the masculine eye for so many centuries.

Stanboul has no sewage system; garbage is dumped in the streets. The city used to be overrun with dogs who performed the duties of scavengers. The new regime regarded the dogs with disfavour and decided to free the city of them. To this end they had three successive campaigns to collect them. It would be cruel to kill the animals, so they were transported to a barren rocky island in the Sea of Marmora where they are left to fend for themselves, and ultimately to die of starvation!

The great mosque of St. Sophia dominates one quarter of Stanboul. Built as a Christian Church by Justinian in the early years of the sixth century, it remains one of the architectural wonders of the world. It is a vast domed hall, square in plan, opening on to semi-circular domed apses. The structure and proportions of the whole building are magnificent. With the capture of the city by the Turks in 1453 it became a Mahomedan mosque. Efforts have been made to destroy every symbol of Christianity; the frescoes have been covered over with colour wash; everything that appeared to suggest a cross has been erased, and yet from time to time the old signs come to light,

(Continued on page 35)

## BROWN, MONTGOMERY & McMICHAEL

*Advocates, Barristers, Etc.*

HON. ALBERT J. BROWN, K.C.	GEORGE H. MONTGOMERY, K.C.
ROBERT C. McMICHAEL, K.C.	WARWICK F. CHIPMAN, K.C.
FRANK B. COMMON, K.C.	ORVILLE S. TYNDALE, K.C.
THOMAS R. KER, K.C.	WILBERT H. HOWARD, K.C.
LINTON H. BALLANTYNE	LIONEL A. FORSYTH, K.C.
COLVILLE SINCLAIR, K.C.	ELDRIDGE CATE
C. RUSSELL McKENZIE	PAUL GAUTHIER
J. LEIGH BISHOP	CLAUDE S. RICHARDSON
J. ANGUS OGILVY	F. CAMPBELL COPE
JOHN G. PORTEOUS	HAZEN HANSARD
G. FEATHERSTON OSLER	JOHN DE M. MARLER

Cable Address "JONHALL"

360 ST. JAMES STREET WEST, MONTREAL

## MEREDITH, HOLDEN, HEWARD & HOLDEN

*Barristers and Solicitors*

215 ST. JAMES STREET WEST, MONTREAL

F. E. MEREDITH, K.C., LL.D.	A. R. HOLDEN, K.C.
C. G. HEWARD, K.C.	R. C. HOLDEN, K.C.
P. P. HUTCHISON	E. H. CLIFF
C. T. BALLANTYNE	W. C. J. MEREDITH
F. T. COLLINS	A. D. P. HEENEY
S. B. MILLEN	G. DAVIDSON

### 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 price—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 Crete 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—Stromboli is a very active volcano. The attraction of a small volcanic island as a residence is not clear to me.

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 Corsica, 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 with so exquisite a gateway.

Centuries before Christ there was a great commercial centre here known as Masillia, but the modern city bears no traces of its predecessor.

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 "Seamen's Church", and is reached by an elevator and many steps. Suspended from the ceiling are models of ships of all sizes, and the walls are covered with memorial

### FORMAL DANCE IS HELD IN SHERBROOKE

The annual dance, on Monday, February 6th, 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 rumpus and derangement resulting from 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. McGreer, Professor and Mrs. Boothroyd, and Professor and Mrs. Kuehner. Dancing started about 9.30, with Rollic Badger and his band providing music. Mr. Badger and his assistants performed very ably throughout the evening, and were most generous with their encores. The main dining room was cleared for dancing, and supper was held in the dining room that leads out of the lobby. The various lounges throughout the hotel made excellent sitting-out rooms.

Before the dance several dinner parties were held at the Magog Hotel, and afterwards the chief venue 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 "Patriotism and Education". The subject of a name for the group was discussed, and this will be decided at the next meeting.

tablets to sailors of Marseilles who have lost their lives at sea. From the entrance a magnificent view of the City can be had.

From Marseilles, London can be reached in 22 hours (by train and channel steamer), or in 7 hours (by air.)

These notes only cover a few of the Mediterranean towns, the ones it has been my good fortune to visit. There are many others of equal interest, and I feel confident that should any readers of these notes embrace an opportunity to visit the great inland sea that was once regarded as the centre of the earth (hence its name) they will enjoy themselves to the full.

## Life Insurance . . . .

*renders an invaluable service to the average estate*

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

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

*Thus you avoid what is frequently the heaviest of all tolls . . . the "inexperience tax."*

### SHERBROOKE TRUST COMPANY

*"The Executor for Your Estate"*

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

## 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 ARGOSY 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 combine 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 ATHENÆUM*, 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 RIDLEIANA*, 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 Horses 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 Maritimes, 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 ATHENÆUM*, 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 unashamed 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 Wycliffe 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.

\* \* \* \*

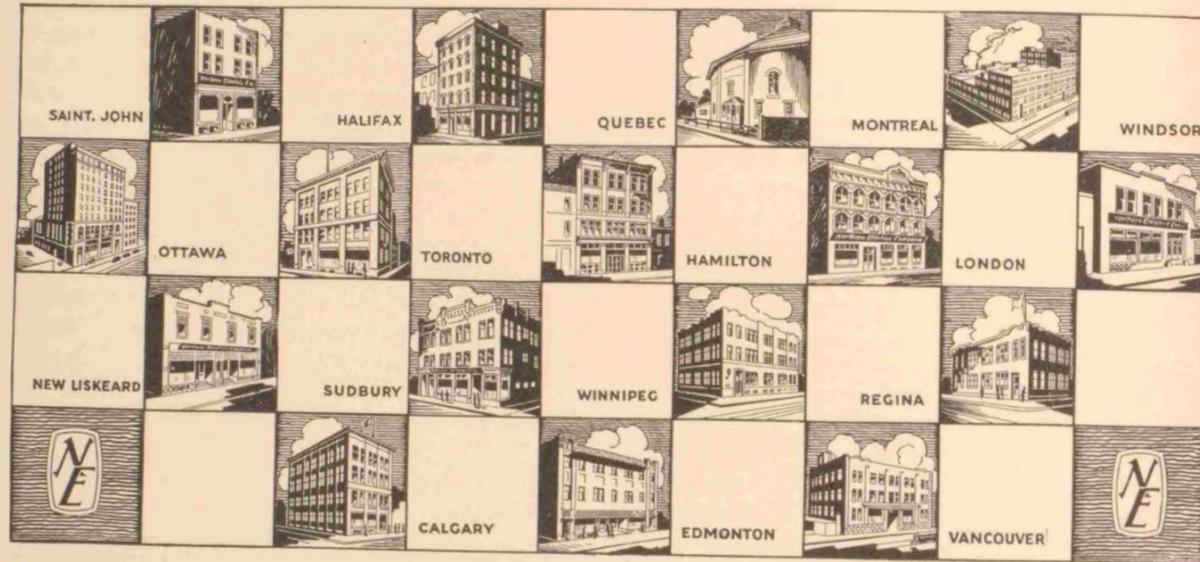
*THE KING'S COLLEGE RECORD* autumn number contains three articles about the late Dr. Robert Norwood, an alumnus of whom they are exceedingly proud. The *O. A. C. REVIEW* for Christmas contains the second of a series of leading articles about O. A. C. graduates who have become college presidents. The 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, whenever 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*. Upper Canada



# A National ELECTRICAL SERVICE



THE Northern Electric Company has located its offices and warehouses at all the important strategic shipping points across the Dominion. This insures the most efficient electrical service to the trade throughout Canada.

*Manufacturers — Distributors*

Manual and Automatic Telephones.  
 Telegraph, Fire Alarm and Police Signal Equipment.  
 Wires and Cables for all purposes.  
 Radio Broadcasting and Receiving Apparatus.  
 Theatre Equipment—Sound Producing Equipment,  
 Disc, Film and Non Synchronous.  
 Medical and Scientific Apparatus and Equipment  
 for the Deaf and Dumb.  
 Overhead and Underground Material for High and  
 Low Tension Lines.

Public Address (Sound Amplifying) Systems.  
 Illumination for Home, Office and Industrial purposes.  
 Power Apparatus — Motors, Transformers, Control  
 Apparatus, etc.  
 Instruments and Meters.  
 Wiring Devices and Fittings.  
 Household Electrical Appliances.  
 Electrical Contractors' Supplies.  
 Street Lighting, Floodlighting,  
 Lamps.

**Northern**  
 COMPANY



**Electric**  
 LIMITED

A NATIONAL ELECTRICAL SERVICE

ST. JOHN N.B. HALIFAX QUEBEC MONTREAL OTTAWA TORONTO HAMILTON LONDON WINDSOR NEW LISKEARD SUDBURY WINNIPEG REGINA CALGARY EDMONTON VANCOUVER

College has recently completed some new residences, and the old buildings have been entirely redecorated. This is dealt with in a supplement to the current edition of their magazine. The Prince of Wales College, in Prince Edward Island, is moving as a result of a fire which completely razed their old buildings last February. This accident has turned out to be very fortunate, for their new buildings are larger and better equipped than those that were destroyed.

\* \* \* \*

We wish to thank the Exchange Editor of *THE JOHNIAN* 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 Winnipeg. Another interesting exchange is *THE EDWARDIAN*, which comes all the way from China. The

COMMERCIAL AVIATION IN 1933—

(Continued from page 19)

in the occasional "taxi" work, photographic and aerial survey, smoke writing, crop dusting or motion picture work. The aircraft industry at that time took a sudden slump in its financial returns owing to the lurid news items in the public press about accidents which did not quite satisfy the people's eagerness to trust their 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 chiefly 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 assured 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; and this was accomplished. It is hoped that the tremendous drawbacks both in nature and in man which confronted our early commercial aviation supporters have been made clear; but, sorry as I am to admit it, even to-day I have heard people remark that they would never trust themselves to such a flimsy bit of fabric, wood and metal. I take this occasion to remind them of the automobile. And now let us turn to modern day commercial aviation.

Passenger-carrying airlines are a logical development providing that a reasonable guarantee can be given the

magazine is very ably written, even if one does not consider the fact that most of the writers are Chinese.

\* \* \* \*

Besides the above-mentioned periodicals, we acknowledge the receipt of the following: *Alma Mater*, *The College Cord*, *The Xaverian Weekly*, *The Dalhousie Gazette*, *The Brunswickan*. *The Fails-Ye Times*, *Diocesan College Review*, *St. Andrew's College Review*, *The Grove Chronicle*, *The Stonyhurst Magazine*, *The Ottawa University Review*, *The Quarryman*, *The Ashburian*, *The Trinity College School Record*, *The Albanian*, *Blue and White*.

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

prospective passengers that they will be carried comfortably, 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 Rumpler Rohrbach 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 catastrophies where the shortage of medical and surgical materials, personnel and food becomes serious. With aircraft such supplies can be rushed in the fastest way possible. In the same manner do florists in

"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 larger cities broaden their field of patronage by the valuable use of the aeroplane.

I have previously attempted to show a commercial vein 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 can be and is covered with smaller personnel, and reports of fires by wireless from the air to a central receiving station expedite the rushing of fighting crews to the scene of the impending catastrophe.

The inspection and supervision of large properties is made more efficient and rapid by the employment of an aeroplane by the manager. Policing and customs operations are aided in their work by the co-operation of aircraft. In the exploration of undeveloped country for following waterways or determining suitable water power developments, aircraft could provide vision and perspective to the pioneers. For rapid rescue work and transport of relief workers after disasters, as in the recent Mississippi River Valley floods, the Florida hurricanes, or in the evacuation of the white inhabitants of Kabul, on the North-West Frontier of India, aircraft have demonstrated their worth without question.

Advertising literature and descriptive maps of cities, resorts, and real estate developments made by the aid of actual photographs would undoubtedly possess enough value to warrant the expenditure necessary to compile them. For laying new railways, aeroplanes would not only be a valuable adjunct in transporting the surveying parties and supplying them with necessities, but would aid in the making of their contour maps. Specimens of mineral ores could be carried in minute quantities out of unexplored country to research laboratories to avoid the expense of making the trip on foot to the railhead which may be many miles away.

So do I bring to a close this treatise with the sincere hope that I have succeeded in my task of making those who read these lines realize the tremendous advances made by aircraft in the developing and the welding together of the great countries of the world. There are still vast improvements to be made, which will be made, I hope, by the generation of to-day, for aviation is still in its infancy, a new-born science. If I have accomplished this I am more than satisfied. "Why do we pay taxes for the support of commercial aviation?" The question has been answered. Need I say more?

Through the radio telephony, the human voice is projected from North America to Australia. Through air-

craft, physical cargoes, living and inert, are destined to be transported at high speeds and in comparative safety to the ends of the earth. Each year has seen the industry through its many branches move a step closer to the realization of this vision of commercial aeronautics' place in the scheme of the world relationship and to this end we strive with the perseverance and fortitude for which we are indebted to our forefathers.

### DE ALUMNIS

J. R. Hodgkinson

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 provoke some fairly heated discussion—if, indeed, it does not occasion the exercise of some extensive graduate vocabularies. In the meantime, therefore, prepare to quarrel.

*Skelton—McCracken.*

The marriage of Daisy May, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McCracken, 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. F. L. SYLVESTRE

We are grieved to note the passing of Dr. F. L. Sylvestre, '93, surgeon of Ste. Jeanne d'Arc Hospital, Montreal, whose death occurred on January 23rd, at the age of sixty-four years. Dr. Sylvestre was a native of Huntingdon 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 1903, 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 45)



THE "DOW"  
GIRL  
—health itself!

**Dow**  
Old Stock  
Ale

STANDARD OF STRENGTH AND QUALITY

GROCERIES  
PAINTS and OILS

GOOD SERVICE  
ALWAYS THE BEST QUALITY

Full measure and  
16 ozs. to the lb.  
at a fair price.

**C. C. CHADDOCK**

TELEPHONES 38 AND 207  
LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

**JOHN NICHOL & SONS**

REGISTERED

Meat Market

FRESH AND CURED MEAT  
HAM, BACON, SAUSAGE AND  
POULTRY OF BEST QUALITY  
ALWAYS ON HAND  
AT REASONABLE PRICES

TELEPHONES 103 AND 303  
LENNOXVILLE, QUEBEC

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, is the central figure of this tale of vanished hopes. Around him are grouped his friends, his virginal and idealistic pupil Julian Conybeare, her father, the village doctor, sceptic atheist and humanitarian, Sir John Suckling, lyricist and soldier, hot from his fruitless encounter with the Scots. A motley throng of roistering squires, bucolic clergy and discontented parishioners complete the rural scene.

The opening chapters find Herrick in his country benefice pining in exile for London, hurling, from pulpit and communion rails, enlivening oaths at his loutish flock, yet catching the last dying cadence of Ausonius' Mosella in his appeal to maidens "to make much of time". "A mighty singular parson" thinks Sir John Sackling. A parson indeed, who might well be the prototype of Parson 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 others' throats. In London the King was raising levies, the Queen coquetting with Papist favourites, "that Jack in office little Mr. Laud" meddling in church and state. In Devonshire the vicar reviled his congregation and the doctor made war on brutish superstition.

All this 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 palsied 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 is discovered to us a type only too common at that epoch, a greasy, canting

(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 "Casuarina 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 mistaken 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 Fu-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.

D. B. M.

We are Local Agents for

### TIP-TOP TAILORS, LIMITED

Made to Measure  
SUITS OR OVERCOATS

ONE PRICE ONLY

**\$22.50**

Purple and White Coat Sweaters  
Pullovers, Hose  
Scott McHale Footwear  
Try our \$5 Oxfords

**McMURRAY & HALL, REG'D**

Men's Outfitters

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

## GUSTAFSON'S STUDIO

TELEPHONE 1466-F

54A WELLINGTON STREET NORTH  
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

### "THEY WERE DEFEATED"—

(Continued from page 43)

hypocrite masking under the specious guise of religion his own most violent sadistic 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 Cambridge 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 Beale, Houldsworth and Cosin are rustling into the chapels that they themselves have beautified. Churchmen of all parties jostle Cromwell in the streets, while Jesuits skulk in St. Edward's Lane, and the burgesses riot 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 Angelicus.

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 no longer the mode, Julian's brother Kit turns Papist, Julian grows too suddenly up, only to meet a tragic end. The lesson learnt in Dean Prior is simply repeated here, the lesson that England would learn in the outcome of civil war.

Those lesser characters in the story, Meg Yarde with her copper head and boyish ways, Giles, her brother, with his contempt for Latin plays and his fear of disputations, are both to be victims of this useless strife, both fall on the field of battle, the flower of youth cut down in its prime. Those lines written upon Strafford, written, as Miss Macaulay ingeniously suggests, by Julian not by Cleveland, are as much an elegy on vanishing Hope as an epitaph on a man broken by circumstance.

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 an important service to Letters. A conspiracy of silence in his own day, a lack of attention in ours, have united 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, *Curiosa felicitas*. "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.

### DE ALUMNIS—(Continued from page 41)

George H. Montgomery, K.C., D.C.L., one of the University trustees, who received his B.A. from Bishop's in 1893, has been appointed Vice-President of Montreal Light Heat, and Power Cons.

Among graduate visitors to the University this term are the Rev. T. A. Jarvis, L.S.T., '27, B.D., '32; the Rev. W. H. M. Church, B.A. '29, L.S.T. '32; the Rev. R. H. Thatcher, L.S.T. '32, and the Rev. D. McQueen, L.S.T., '24.

Miss G. Jackson, B.A. '31, was recently appointed College Librarian.

The Rev. H. Waterman, L.S.T., and the Rev. T. A. Jarvis, L.S.T., '27, were awarded their B.D. degree at the recent meeting of the Board of Examiners.

The following alumni of the divinity faculty were advanced to the priesthood during Advent:

The Rev. John Comfort, L.S.T. '32, and the Rev. Sidney Wood by the Bishop of Quebec at Richmond, Que., on the Third Sunday in Advent.

The Rev. E. R. Nornabell, L.S.T. '32, and the Rev. John McCausland, B.A., '32, by the Bishop of Algona at All Saints' Pro-Cathedral, Sault Ste. Marie, on St. Thomas' Day.

The Rev. W. W. Davis, B.A. '31, by the Bishop (now Archbishop) of Ottawa, at St. Matthew's Church, Ottawa, on St. Thomas' Day.

## G. T. ARMSTRONG & SONS, LIMITED

Wholesale  
Grocers



Purveyors to the University

TELEPHONE 1071

CORNER ALEXANDER AND ABERDEEN

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

COMPLIMENTS

of

MOLSON'S  
BREWERY  
L I M I T E D

Established 1786



Do Not Forget the Details

SCARVES and HATS  
GLOVES and SPATS

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.

SHERBROOKE LAUNDRY  
Dry Cleaners & Dyers - Carpet Cleaners Telephone 169

CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE

EDITORIAL		ADVERTISING	
	Page		Page
Dedication . . . . .	3	Ansell's Drug Store . . . . .	25
The True Function of a University . . . . .	4	Armstrong, G. T. & Sons, Ltd . . . . .	45
<i>Rev. Benjamin Watson, M.A.</i>		Bank of Montreal . . . . .	23
Forty Years On . . . . .	6	Birks, Henry & Sons, Ltd. . . . .	2
<i>Rev. Arthur Moore, D.D.</i>		Bishop's University . . . . .	1
Illusion—A Poem . . . . .	7	Brown, Montgomery & McMichael . . . . .	34
<i>Gerald Cameron.</i>		Chaddock, C. C. . . . .	42
Men Who Made The Mitre . . . . .	8	Crown Laundry . . . . .	30
<i>Dr. F. G. Vial.</i>		Fashion Craft . . . . .	28
The Divinity—A Poem . . . . .	9	Gustafson's Studio . . . . .	44
<i>Frederick George Scott.</i>		Imperial Tobacco Company, Ltd . . . . .	40
Louisbourg—A Poem . . . . .	10	Mappin & Webb, Ltd . . . . .	22
<i>A. J. H. Richardson.</i>		McKindsey's Drug Store . . . . .	25
We Publish A Paper . . . . .	12	McMurray & Hall, Registered . . . . .	44
<i>G. J. Cameron.</i>		Meredith, Holden, Heward & Holden . . . . .	34
What We Think of "Holocaust" . . . . .	14	Mitchell, J. S. & Co., Ltd. . . . .	20
Some Ports of the Mediterranean . . . . .	15	Molson's Brewery, Ltd . . . . .	46
<i>Rev. Sidney Wood.</i>		National Breweries:—Dawes . . . . .	32
The Loss of the "Water-witch" . . . . .	16	"    "    Dow Ale . . . . .	42
<i>H. Newell.</i>		Neilson's Chocolates . . . . .	Back Cover
"Wanted: A Flag and an Anthem" . . . . .	18	New Sherbrooke . . . . .	32
<i>J. R. Hodgkinson.</i>		Nichol, John & Sons, Registered . . . . .	42
Commercial Aviation in 1933 And After . . . . .	19	Northern Electric Company Limited . . . . .	38
<i>G. B. Greene, Jr.</i>		Page-Sangster Printing Co., Limited . . . . .	26
"    Versus Bishop's To-night" . . . . .	21	Royal Bank of Canada, The . . . . .	2
<i>George Whalley.</i>		Rugg, Mignault, Holtham & Grundy . . . . .	28
Women's Basketball and Hockey . . . . .	29	Sherbrooke Laundry . . . . .	46
Exit Rovers—Enter Scouts . . . . .	31	Sherbrooke Trust Company . . . . .	36
Literary and Debating Society . . . . .	31	Wilson, H. C. & Sons, Ltd . . . . .	32
Formal Dance . . . . .	35	Wippell, J. & Co., Ltd . . . . .	30
Looking Over The Exchanges . . . . .	37		
<i>T. Le M. Carter.</i>			
De Alumnis . . . . .	41		
<i>J. R. Hodgkinson.</i>			
From the Library Bookshelf . . . . .	43		

