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

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Henry Birks & Sons, Limited
Diamond Merchants  Phillips Square, Montreal
"College bred," some punster has said, "is a four year loaf!"

He was not far wrong. The College student has made a science, almost a religion, out of the business of killing time. Whatever the good intentions of the ambitious young freshman may be when he enters the institution of higher learning, he is drawn at once into the dizzy vortex of residential life which whirls him around and around, and finally deposits him on the outside world with his degree and the uselessness of all his acquired interests. Having passed through the above ordeal, the victim has earned the sobriquet "College bred". Yes, many a true word in spoken in jest.

But why is it that the average student does become too obsessed with the residential life to keep his work up? Why is it the college life is mostly a game of follow my leader? Why is it the college life is mostly a game of follow my leader? But although the students are prone to misuse the golden years, yet to call it the lifeblood of industry is not exactly a true definition. It is better compared to the man who invests several thousand dollars in bridging a river and then continues to grow wealthy on the tolls, although the bridge has paid for itself a thousand times over. Capital is parasitic by nature. It has completed its life’s span; and outlived its usefulness. Let it die.

That sixty men control the destinies of over a hundred and twenty-two million people in the United States is food for thought. To say that this mass is working for the sixty is not exactly true. They are working for themselves to a certain extent, inasmuch as their work provides them with buns, food and a certain amount of luxury. But in periods of economic distress do these sixty suffer the pangs of distress and have been in many ways enriched by it. To an outsider, the artist would spend whole mornings in bed staring as if hypnotized at his horrible creation. One would enter his room at eleven a.m. to find him in bed, with the covers up almost to his eyes, gazing at the picture as if hypnotized. Of course, he was something of a simple person, and his amusements bothered no one until he began drawing on other people’s walls.

This is only one example of how students can waste time. There are also the standard pastimes of cards, detective stories, and jigsaw puzzles. Or there is the almost obsolete method of working—when time hangs heavy on the hands. But it is as it is, the most popular way of wasting whole hours, days and weeks is in discussions, commonly called "bull sessions". These may take place at any hour of the day or night, usually the latter, and last for hours. The boys just naturally drift towards one room and, depositing themselves in various attitudes of repose around the room, proceed to unburden themselves of their thoughts, philosophies and ambitions. The discussion covers a wide range, from women to sports, from politics to a philosophy of life. The air is heavy with pointless argument or purposeful discussion. The hours fly by on magic wings. Even in April and May when students are making amended policies for unselfish purposes, and poring over the heavy history book or the well-thumbed Latin crib and night, these "bull sessions" manage to crop up here and there.

But although the students are prone to misuse the golden hours of youth either in vain pursuits or airy preoccupations, they are a fairly regular lecture-going lot—when time hangs heavy on the hands. They just naturally drift towards one room, and, depositing themselves in various attitudes of repose around the room, proceed to unburden themselves of their thoughts, philosophies and ambitions. The discussion covers a wide range, from women to sports, from politics to a philosophy of life. The air is heavy with pointless argument or purposeful discussion. The hours fly by on magic wings. Even in April and May when students are making amended policies for unselfish purposes, and poring over the heavy history book or the well-thumbed Latin crib and night, these "bull sessions" manage to crop up here and there.

Some students have to tax all his ingenuity to find some method of killing time and many queer methods have been noticed. One lad once spent hours drawing a most gruesome picture on one of his walls, a huge unprettily painted trait which was supposed to represent all the characteristics of the villains of Shakespeare embodied in one man. It may have been a masterpiece of modern art. Sometimes the artist would spend whole mornings in bed staring as if fascinated at his horrible creation. One would enter his room at eleven a.m. to find him in bed, with the covers up almost to his eyes, gazing at the picture as if hypnotized. Of course, he was something of a simple person, and his amusements bothered no one until he began drawing on other people’s walls.

This fellow-the leader impulse does more to make work unprofitable than anything else. Five boys may have the intention of sitting down to an evening’s work, yet let a room at eleven a.m. to find him in bed, with the covers up almost to his eyes, gazing at the picture as if hypnotized. Of course, he was something of a simple person, and his amusements bothered no one until he began drawing on other people’s walls.

The whole thing is so obviously wrong, yet the average person closes his eyes to it. The college student should be made to let the University become a smug, conservative institution more concerned in the training of army officers and in the winning of athletic championships than in the welfare of the human race.
WHY I DID NOT JOIN THE C.O.T.C.

T. Le M. Carter

There are two important reasons given for joining the C.O.T.C. The most influential is the financial assistance it gives to the Students' Association, with this I will deal later. But of far more ultimate significance is the contention that the Bishop's C.O.T.C. and others like it, afraid a reserve of officers ready to lead in defending Canada should another nation molest her. It is interesting in this connection to recall the events of the outbreak of the Great War. Russia was the first country to order a general mobilisation, and thus In a sense the aggressor. And yet it was really Germany and Austria who, by their refusal to negotiate, triggered the whole sequence of events, and thus caused the Russian intervention. It was almost impossible to draw a clear distinction between offense and defence, especially just before the actual conflict. So, one could defend one's country effectively. But I believe the C.O.T.C. teaches will be of any use even in fighting, not to speak of providing a defence for Canada. Well, you will say, if I'm not going to enlist, what do I propose to do?

I think that some effective machinery for trying disputes between nations should be set up, and that it should have the same authority that our courts have for trying individuals. This authority is public opinion. You may say that fear of policemen makes you keep the law, but in reality it is the conviction that having that law there and men to enforce it is the best way of making sure of peace and order. When the public of the world is convinced that the best way of ensuring international peace and order is by abolishing the present system and substituting a strong international court, then such a court will be established and it will be effective. At first it will probably need some form of police force to put its rulings into effect, but the real enforcement will be public opinion: just as now people support a judicial decision, so then the rest of the world will back up the winner of the dispute against the loser, or support the arbitration. But public opinion is not yet convinced. The French think that the best way to keep peace is to retain the Treaty of Versailles. Many other people think that the best way to ensure peace is to retain the Treaty of Versailles. Until the vast majority of people come to realize the futility of defensive war and declare for other methods, and if this change were adopted, the C.O.T.C. would have to be ushered in.

But I don't advocate a policy of non-resistance because I think that as a result Canada will be annexed to the United States. I am only pointing out that as the worst possible land of results of the adoption of this policy. If non-resistance sentiment has grown at the same rate in the United States, and both countries decide to abolish armed forces at the same time, it is obvious that there isn't much danger in it for us. And it is to this state of affairs that I would point as an ideal: the abolition of defence forces and the recognition of some tribunal for the settlement of disputes previously decided by war. This ideal is in tune with the times. We are gradually developing a loyalty wider than the nation, and if we are Christians we must think of the people joined together as children of the same Father. Our loyalty to our family goes a certain distance, until it is displaced by the loyalty to the King and Country, and this in turn must, in the most important issues, be replaced by loyalty to the world and to our God.

The first paragraph I added to the C.O.T.C. pays tribute to the funds of the Students' Association. The grant creates a false state of affairs by making the Association dependent financially upon the C.O.T.C. The amount, usually about six hundred dollars, could be covered by a donation of five dollars to the fees of the male students alone. If this change were adopted, the C.O.T.C. would be forced to stand on its own merits in soliciting enrollment.

What then are my reasons for not joining the C.O.T.C.? The C.O.T.C. exists for the purpose of defending Canada by armed resistance, a thing impossible to do. It stands for the principle that self-defence is war, a principle that must be overthrown. The C.O.T.C. is the greatest potential harm that can stem from my individual dissent from this principle is less than the harm almost inevitably caused by my adherence to it. And if, in time goes on, more and more people realize the futility of self-defence and decide that they will not defend their country by force, so gradually will the period of international justice be ushered in.

QUERY

Who cares when winter dies?

Sun, burning after play with spring,

Tree, growing, ripe for bearing Plum, crowning through the snow

Who weeps at winter's death?

Squirrel, anxious at his thinning store,

Cow, brooding by the stable door,

Who cares when winter dies?

Sun, burning after play with spring,

Tree, growing, ripe for bearing Plum, crowning through the snow

Who weeps at winter's death?

Squirrel, anxious at his thinning store,

Cow, brooding by the stable door,

Cuckoo, croaking through the snow

Seeds, waiting April's breath?
The House that Love Built

Colin Castell

"There it was in so concrete as Flaubert abounded the see At Popinjay in the Place."

Then "Peace broke out"—so the cynic put it.

The common struggle of civilian life re-absorbed Toe H, Dick, and Harry, and they did not find it good. Post-war years were years of bitterness for many, and that is one reason why Toe H lived on, presently taking shape in a variety of visible houses the world over; reaching out in group form, too, to meet the needs and harass the aspirations of a growing body of youth.

The raison d'etre of that new movement (and its primary characteristic that it moves) is well expressed in the illustration "TO Conquer Hate". As the eighteen-year-olds turned the scale in 1918, it is the innocent conviction of this family of youth called by a strange name that the victory of Love rests in the hands of the eighteen-year-old; to win or to postpone; and that Love is finding militant expression in unspectacle and service wherever the symbol of a lighted lamp has found a home in many lands.

If you have not so much as heard of a "Toe H job", or of the ways in which its members serve, it matters little; for jobs are quietly done in Another's Name.

Toe H is no separatist unit. It longs and strives to play its part in tackling the problems that confront the Churches. To-day youth's challenge to the Churches is: You are mainly institutions—be families! You are respectable—be joyfully dangerous and set out without endowments on this absurd adventure of the Kingdom of God.

For the majority of students who are not athletes but nevertheless wish a little exercise once in a while it is recommended that they take up either walking or skiing. These sports they may count practically the sole benefits of their athletics fees.
"Just imagine!" he languidly exclaimed, "just imagine!" and relapsed into silence.

Where've you been, 'Toodles'? asked 'Bobo', who was holding his glass to the light in the manner of a connoisseur.

"Syria, chappie", "Toodles" replied, "Syria!"

"Syria!"—in fact, Aleppo.

"But why, in all what's his, 'Syria'?" questioned 'Pogo', who was wallowing his port around his goatee with a particularly disgusting movement.

"Well, 'Pogo'," "Toodles" replied, placing his dead cigar on a tray and lighting a cigarette, "it's a long story, an exceedingly long story."

"Out with it man", bellowed "Peeps".

"So be it," replied "Toodles". "Well, laddies, as you already know, I was sent out to Aleppo by the Chief to scout about and see what I could see. First place, Aleppo. However, as I was saying I was shot, baggage and all from Cairo. I found out all was quiet and peaceful, in fact, too bully quiet for the blinking War Office blisters. As you know, Aleppo has been alternately taken by the Jerries and ourselves. Nobody wants it, but it seems quite the thing to have just now; in fact, we sort of relapsed into silence.

"Now do I," said "Toodles", earnestly endeavouring to look serious but hopelessly failing. "Of course I sallied right up to him and asked what it was all about, and the first thing he said was 'Halla! old horse! Meet the Hauptmann!' Can you tie it, chappies? Here we are at war, the greatest war since Creation and he goes and says, 'Meet the 'Jerrys'! I ask you, was it right?"

"What did you do then?" the question shot from four puzzled larynx.

"Yes!" said "Toodles", "What did I do then?"

"'Beryl'," I exclaimed, "what do you mean by all this?"

"'Beryl'," said "Toodles", "exactly what do you mean by all this?"

"I tried to register uncertainty. I failed. My dear old horse, can't you see? Upon my Sun, this is the gistiest-edged scheme that was ever hatched. We'll get together the 'Jerrys', the 'Pigs', the Jerries, and ourselves, and jolly well become friends and then we will sail over to France and get all the other chappies becoming friends. Why, in a week we'll have them playing jokes together, in a month they will be confiding to each other their family scrapes and in two months it will be all over, see?"

"I saw. I could just see the blisters at the War Office already welcoming 'Beryl' with open arms. I turned to the Hauptmann who was disconcertingly attempting to place a flower in his button-hole.

"'Beryl'," I said, "'Beryl', old sod, what about the War Office? I think you had better come back with me, I am sure I am sure of it."

"Me?" he cried, "ME? I like that! Upon my Sam, that's rich! Why, damme, if there is any justice in the world, if there's a spark of decency in your bally bosom, I think you should let me alone for suggesting the idea. It's a little hard! I supply the brains and you want me to tot up to London as well. My gosh, I didn't expect this. This hurts me, my God! If anybody had told me that an old pal would...

"Ichabod!" I murmured sadly to myself as I passed away between a Tommy and Jerry playing 'Jacks', 'Ichabod!'

"What did you do then, 'Toodles'?" enquired 'Bobo', half in disgust, half in anxiety and eagerness.

"Yes", chimed in the other three like a medley of chucks following the advice of the old Mother hen, "What did you do then?"

"'Toodles', a smile of satisfaction, like that of an old sow which has just finished a particularly pleasant meal, playing about the corners of his lips, exclaimed, "I, 'Ha'."

"You said...?" they all chorused in unison.

"I said, 'Ha', in fact, I said, 'Ha'."

"But why", asked 'Peeps' hoho, "did you say 'Ha'?"

"Well, replied 'Toodles', 'I, 'Ha', because I thought 'Ha' was as good a word as any, perhaps better. In fact, why shouldn't I say, 'Ha'?"

"That settled it. They thought 'Toodles' was off his censorium. More than likely they knew it. 'Toodles' al-
ways had been a troublesome youth, even at the sticky jam age."

"What did you say then?" asked 'Pogo'.

"I, replied 'Toodles', 'But 'Beryl' you silly ass, can't you see what you're doing?"

"Upon my Sun, 'Beryl' cut in, "It's hard. It's pretty hard. I come down here to inaugurate a great enterprise, a stupendous undertaking and I have hardly the time to turn round when you come to make a quibble. It's queuing, I say, positively queuing."

"I give up", I said and left him. I returned to Cairo and reported to my Chief, but rather than go through the greater in his own shoe I decided to go back and see if I could reason with him.

I was welcomed with the most astounding cordiality, and was ushered into his august presence. Upon entering his dugout I was struck with a feeling almost of pity.

My dear old horse, can't you see? Upon my Sun, this is the gistiest-edged scheme that was ever hatched. We'll get together all the Jerries, the 'Pigs', ourselves, and jolly well become friends and then we will sail over to France and get all the other chappies becoming friends. Why, in a week we'll have them playing jokes together, in a month they will be confiding to each other their family scrapes and in two months it will be all over, see?"

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THE MITRE, April, 1933

INN ONS TO TAKE EASE AT

Gerald Comstock

"*

Last summer I realized how much the country needs inns. I had motored one brilliant July day to St. André Avelin. No one in the party—we were four—had ever been to St. André; in fact none of us knew anyone who had ever been there. Not that St. André is a forgotten outpost detached from civilization, it is less than sixty miles from Ottawa and not more than twenty up the Laurentians from Lucerne-in-Quebec. But no one could tell us what it was like. My friend had seen the name, St. André Avelin, on the map and, as a result of some urban idiosyncrasy, he was interested in it.

St. André was old world. It must be with such a name, it was seventeen centuries French Canada, its inhabitants were unable to produce a single potato in its rich land. It is less than sixty miles from St. André; in fact none of us knew anyone who had ever been there. Not that St. André is a forgotten outpost detached from civilization; it is less than sixty miles from Ottawa and not more than twenty up the Laurentians from Lucerne-in-Quebec. But no one could tell us what it was like. My friend had seen the name, St. André Avelin, on the map and, as a result of some urban idiosyncrasy, he was interested in it.

But enough. Inns can make or break a country as they can adorn or mar a countryside. If we have no inns, or worse, poor inns, men’s relations with men are stunted. He does not horse or kiss or motor travel up and down the earth or walk to and fro in it. We must have inns, and good inns. Inns are vital.

AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN—

(Continued from page 1)

"I had an accident," he explained, "Fell off my bicycle and sprained an ankle.

"You’ve got to get a bicycle," I retorted.

"I know. I borrowed one from the Padre.

"The Who?"

"The Padre!"

"And who, may I ask, in the devil is the Padre?"

"I thought you knew," he languidly replied, pulling the sheets over his head. "Why, Colin Clout.

"Colin Clout!" I exclaimed.

"Colin Clout!" Very affably replied. "Surely you remember him? We were at college the same time as he was.

"Yes," replied "Todles," "I think I do. Anyway that is neither here nor there. What I came to say was "Enough", "Colin Clout" in a voice filled with moral fear, "Quite Enough!"

And before I had time to gather my wits together he spoke again.

"You are staying to dinner, of course?"

"Yes, I guess so.

"Very good, Sir," and withdrew.

Quebec can give us good inns, Ontario can’t. Food and drink are the sand and mortar of an inn’s fabric; and food and drink will never set. I know well that Quebec has seen her highways graced with a “Pig and Whistle,” a “Red Lion,” a “Blue Boar,” a “Prince’s Head,” all thoroughly Old English with huge fireplaces, beamed ceilings, flag floors, Simmons beds and running water in every room. But when the charges for the rooms are never less than four dollars a night and the cheapest meal a seventy-five cents, and drinks can only be had in the secret places of the guest’s chamber or behind the tea-hats back through the curtains, the comfort, the ease, the friendliness and true liberty of an inn are wanting.

AN inn cannot be run by butlers, hotel clerks, or any sort of hired managers. It must be run and managed by its host and hostess who are its owners. If they own the place and can be proud and bustling, and full of desire in obliging guests such as that paragon of hostesses, Mistress Quickly of the Boar’s Head Tavern, the inn will prosper.

America has its own type of inn, the hostelry with the crest of the old family, a “Red Lion,” a “Blue Boar,” a “Prince’s Head,” a “Man o’ War,” a “Mitre” a “Miter” a “Mite”. And if ever a perfect, or a nearly perfect, inn can be developed it will be through measures such as these. For after all, what a tourist or a traveler wants of an inn is that it be clean, cheap, comfortable, well-stocked with food and drink, and well tended by a kindly host. Give an inn these, and its atmosphere will create itself. And its fame will result without ending.

Dean.—A resurrecting agent ("lifting" beer is one of the better known methods of raising spirits); paradoxically capable of rendering one dead to the world.

Biology.—Art or act of purchasing.

Ox—it.—Tent-dwellers.

Gale.—A resurrecting agent ("lifting" beer is one of the better known methods of raising spirits); paradoxically capable of rendering one dead to the world.

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Ox—it.—Tent-dwellers.
As the author of "Holocaust from the Air", I think it advisable to explain my motives to the author of "What we think of Holocaust..." and to defend the "non-intelligent, inhuman and underhanded" methods which I used to establish realism.

I deem it necessary to declare that "Holocaust from the Air" was composed solely for the edification of readers of my school periodical and it was immaterial to me whether the Mitre Board accepted it or not. It was only by request of the then Editor that I consented to its publication in the December number.

Before I go further I would have known that I by no means desire hostilities in any shape or form. In writing "Holocaust from the Air" I was thinking of war at its best or its worst. The world is thrown into confusion. Christian morals are scattered to the winds, and only disaster and disillusionment remain; but what I will say is that war, either at the present moment, in a year, or in a thousand years hence, is inevitable. It may be said that if such is the case and similar notices are encouraged and fostered in the minds of the rising generation who will in future take command of our country, only one conclusion will be reached, that of the then Editor that I consented to its publication in the December number.

My reasons for stating this are to stress the impossibility of a World Peace, a pacific ideal by all. Even if our politicians were wise enough to say: "We decree peace," is the other nation going to reply, "We won't declare war; they are unarmed?" At this stage I quote from an address by the Rt Hon. Stanley Baldwin entitled "The Realities of Disarmament," delivered to the House of Commons on November 10th.

Disarmament, in my view, will not stop war. That is a matter of the will to peace. That is absolutely right. As I have often said, there are two natural instincts that make for the preservation of the race—the reproduction of the species, and the preservation of the species by fighting for its safety—and the right hon. gentleman is perfectly right that the fighting instincts are a part of our nature.

It is evident my critics neglected, or shall we say, hesitated, to include the rest of that honourable statesman's address. "The Realities of Disarmament," by this great politician is one of the finest addresses of its type ever made in the House. I wrote "Holocaust from the Air" as an authentic document, in a spirit much more quietly and hitherto without any publicity, We have done it. We have made our investigations, We have gathered our statistics, We have written our article, We have put away as unclean all talk of the defensive value of antiaircraft radar systems, 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.

And so I am very sorry of Mr. Baldwin which he quoted continues:

"The speed of air attack compared with the attack of armed forces of the land and sea, is as the speed of a motor car to that of a four-in-hand, and in the next (I ask you to note the word "next") which was so condemned by my con-
temporaries, in the press, the public eye, such as exactly what it is up against, not, as is supposed, to foster belligerent ideas. Facts were taken from papers from the Geneva Congress, the League of Nations, and a report on Chemical Warfare submitted to the United States House of Representatives; and it is my firm conviction that if the truth were to reach the public eye, such truths as these would be the first to do so. I quote Mr. Baldwin:

"The speed of air attack compared with the attack of armed forces of the land and sea, is as the speed of a motor car to that of a four-in-hand, and in the next (I ask you to note the word "next") which was so condemned by my contemporaries, in the press, the public eye, such truths as these would be the first to do so."

"Belgium. The Prussian is no more horrified by this than a man who has resolved not to use them. I myself happen to know of at least three inventions, deliberately pro-
posed for use in the last war, that were never used—potent to a degree! I wondered at the conscience of the world.

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REVIEWS THE YEAR’S SPORT

W. T. Ellis

It is my task in this short article to present to the readers of The Mitre a resume of sporting activities at Bishop’s during the present academic year, and to offer any criticisms I may have regarding sports at this university.

As Rugby is the chief branch of sport here, I shall first turn my attention to that. Bishop’s again had two teams in competition, the intermediate team in the Intercollegiate Union and the Eastern Townships section of the Q.R.F.U., and the junior team in the junior series of the intercollegiate league. The intermediates signalized their entry into Q.R.F.U. competition by winning the group championship, but did not proceed to the provincial play-offs, preferring instead to centre their efforts on capturing the Intercollegiate title. Their efforts, however, were not quite good enough, for they were forced to bow before Loyola in the final game at Montreal. By a strange turn of fate, the juniors won their league championship without playing a game, both Loyola and McGill defaulting their games to the purple and white team.

Great credit for the fine showing of the intermediates is due to the energetic manager, Wally Hodgins, who was always on the job, and to the popular coach, Hal Chard. In Hal the team had a coach who knew the game and had also mastered the art of handling football players, with the result that harmony and co-operation were in evidence at all times.

The intermediate team this year was composed chiefly of players who had represented Bishop’s in past gridiron struggles. Among these were the two “war horses”, Gordie Titcomb and Captain Don Masson, whose line plunging was largely responsible for the team’s success. Supporting them on the line were Pete Curry, the ever-reliable snap, Dick Evans and Andy Porteous at inside, Charlie McCullough at middle. Many of the yards gained by “Tick” and Don were the result of the ability of Pete and Co. to make holes for them to go through. Calling the signals and throwing most of the forward passes, we had Bill Bradley, whose masterful handling of the team downs.

It is wise to add a few words concerning the manner in which the coaching duties were again looked after by Jerry Wiggett, and the lack of victories cannot be attributed to his system of coaching. Jerry worked hard with the team but Lady Luck failed to smile on his efforts.

The remainder of the squad were members of last year’s team. With Art. Williams in goal, and Gordie Titcomb and Capt. Don McRae on the defence, Bishop’s boasted one of the strongest defences in the league, as is shown by the low score registered against the team. Relieving Williams in the nets we had “Lab” Labaree, and as relief forwards Wally Hodgins, Chris. Eberts, Dick Evans, Ernie Hutchison and Rod Sterling.

Before concluding my remarks about hockey, it might be wise to add a few words concerning the manner in which many of the players failed to take the game seriously. One of the chief requisites of a hockey player is good condition,
the lack of which was quite apparent during the season. Attendance at practices was not what it might have been, and in the opinion of the writer, these two factors were largely responsible for the team's poor showing this year.

Despite the severe set-back received before the commencement of the schedule, the Basketball team "came through" by winning the Sherbrooke City League, but were unfortunate enough to lose the Provincial Semifinals against 57th Battery of Quebec, by 90 to 65 on the series. The team was most fortunate in having "Mac" Turner as coach again, and much of its success can be attributed to "Mac". Of last year's team, only Charlie McCullough was available for duty this year. Charlie has been moved from guard to centre. He, Sam Rudner and Ken. Ross, form one of the fastest and best shooting forward lines seen at Bishop's for some time. The guards this year are Mike Wisenthal and George Baird, both of whom are wizards at preventing the opposing forwards from scoring. The alternates have seen little action, but have turned out regularly for practices, and the success of the team can be attributed in no small measure to their faithful attendance.

Of minor activities I need only mention that "Mac" Turner won the McGreer Shield Road Race, and Alex. Ames the golf tournament. There have been no official tennis or badminton tournaments.

BASKETBALL AND HOCKEY IN BRIEF
George Whalley

BASKETBALL
To say that the Basketball team has had a successful season would be a gross understatement. In spite of the severe set-back caused by the withdrawal of the captain and several valuable players at the beginning of the season, the remainder rallied, and by using the men who were to have made up a junior team, built up a team that made an exceedingly fine showing. With tireless regularity they defeated their Sherbrooke rivals, the Y Blues and Reds and Sherbrooke High School, to win the City Championship. The play was not always one-sided, as those few who saw the games will testify. In fact, the Y Blues gave them a "good run for their money" before the league games were all played off.

McCullough as captain and Rudner as playing manager, made a solid basis for the team, and by the example of their consistency and hard work raised the standard of the whole team. Although last year's team was represented, the freshman class supplied many valuable and fast men, such as Ross at left forward and the mighty Wisenthal at left.

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THE SHERBROOKE CITY LEAGUE

March 18th, Sherbrooke Y.M.C.A.
Quebec, 24 — Bishop’s, 41

The conflict on the Y.M.C.A. floor in Sherbrooke proved lively and, for the Purple and White, victorious. The first half showed very evenly matched play, but during the second half Bishop’s gained the advantage and managed to pile up a lead of 17 points. It was significant that most of Quebec’s points were scored from well outside the foul line, which shows the good work of our guards as well as the accurate shooting of their opponents. Probably the small floor and the low gallery around the corners had something to do with the Quebec team’s playing. I cannot let this opportunity slip of mentioning that, although there were more supporters from the college than usual, there was not by any means as large a crowd as there might have been.

March 25th, Quebec.
Quebec, 56 — Bishop’s, 24

With a seventeen-point lead in hand, Bishop’s travelled to Quebec to play off the game that would decide who would enter the finals. Quebec, playing on a floor to which they were thoroughly accustomed, started from the first whistle to destroy their opponents’ lead and raise their own score to win the round. The play was even faster than the game in Sherbrooke, and Quebec showed themselves to be the better team. At half time Bishop’s had a one-point lead for the round — that is, Quebec were sixteen points ahead. The lead was exactly doubled in the last period, with the final score 56 - 24 and the round score 80 - 65. This was not attained without a good fight, however, for in the last two minutes Bishop’s scored eight points on four successive plays. Bishop’s has the consolation of knowing that they were defeated by a really good team — Quebec went on to beat Y.M.H.A., Montreal, for the championship.

The Season’s Results

The following table gives the season’s results at a glance:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Opponent</th>
<th>Score</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Jan. 26th</td>
<td>Sherbrooke High School</td>
<td>34 - 36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Feb. 4th</td>
<td>Y Reds</td>
<td>won 47 - 15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10th Y Blues</td>
<td>won 31 - 18</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17th Sherbrooke High School</td>
<td>won 36 - 27</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26th Y Reds</td>
<td>won 37 - 21</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The MITRE, April, 1933
INTER-YEAR BASKETBALL

The inter-year basketball was this year played on a "knock-out" system. Third year defeated First year, and Second year beat Divinity 10-7. In the final Second year defeated First year, after a close and interesting game, by 16-10. The games showed a rather higher order of play than is usually seen in these contests.

HOCKEY

The Junior team have left behind them a record of consistency that it was difficult for even the Intermediate team to surpass. Out of nine games played the Juniors won one, drew one and lost the other seven. This bald statement is not, however, indicative of the playing of the team. On occasion they managed to turn out some excellent hockey, but as a rule seemed to lack the necessary amount of "scoring punch", as the long list of "moral victories" will indicate.

There were one or two very closely contested games with the Red Jackets, and the Bishop's team was inconsiderate enough to defeat them once and tie them once. Un fortunately the faster and more experienced B.C.S. team did not wish to throw away their good reputation on a mere Junior Team. Probably the best and most interesting hockey that the Juniors produced was in a series of games with the Lennoxville "Independents", an aggregation of players many of whom we had noticed playing against the Intermediate Team. These games were always closely contested and the laurels were pretty well evenly divided, with, perhaps, a whisker more for the Independents. As a matter of fact, in the last game, it was necessary to play two periods of overtime to break a three-all deadlock.

INTER-CLASS HOCKEY

These amazing feats of endurance and skill (not in playing but in maintaining a position perpendicular to the surface of the ice), coming as they always do, at the end of the season, are regarded as one of the high-lights of the year. This year seems to have been a high-water mark in the history of high-lights.

Although Divinity and First Year both defeated Second and Third Years with quite high scores, this was not effected without closely fought games. As a rule, there was plenty of body checking and that accidental slipping of a stick into the opponent's skate that keeps the penalty time-keeper busy. Feeling ran high in the large crowds that gathered to behold these contests, and there seems to have been more enthusiasm worked up over these games than over at least two of any of the other games.

Divinity and First Year clashed in the last game of the series, and after a hard-fought battle (in more than one sense of the word), Divinity was victorious. It would be invidious to make any distinction between the individual players, so those who feel they played rather well will have to be content with the credit given to their team.

THE MITRE, April, 1933

Mar. 4th Y Blues .................................................. win 34 - 23
16th Quebec—7th Battery .................................... win 41 - 24
25th Quebec—7th Battery .................................... loss 24 - 35

Summary—

Played 3, Won 2, Lost 1. Points for 284, against 222.

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A BISHOP’S DIARY

By Peers
February 25th. Bridge guns swing into Alumnate tournament, suitably refreshed. Others watch hockey team hold U. of M. to close tie.
February 26th. Drama feeling runs high, when Reading Circle and “The Sign of the Cross” battle for favor. As supporter of the legitimate, I attended the former.
February 27th. C.O.T.C. Dance fought to a finish. Some were not finished, and essayed other fields.
March 1st. Was much impressed by chapel talk of the Principal. First of what proves to be an admirable series.
March 3rd. On coming down for noon regalement, noticed important library changes announced. It appears that same will be open to wee sma’ hours, making good place for study.
March 4th. Much entertained by the coeds, at delightful club. Afterwards I went to game; many unglamorous fellows preferred watching basketball victory.
March 5th. Sunday. Week of training starts in divinity faculty.
March 7th. A day of meetings. First, Dramatic Society meeting, then more dramatic Students’ Association meeting.
March 9th. Coeds sleigh drive brings out the ladies’ men. Much snuffling.
March 12th. Lovely day. Might conquer in the Scout hike, and the bootleggers get off.
March 16th. Unlovely day. Freshmen of New Arts are tastefully decorated by sporting seniors.
March 20th. Election. Cast vote on side of Truth and Justice, rather of whom were elected. In the evening, diversion for the spirits of the losers in badminton tournament. Congratulations, Armstrong, on the day’s play.
March 26th. Pulpit has its outing. The white feather boys turn out and nearly hold their own against the dollars. Fine debating. Booping.
March 17th. Artsmen labour to build up the wall at Ice Carnival. Good fun and an addition of $20 to the Anglican Fund.
March 18th. Basketball team again victorious and is started on its travels.
March 19th. We are asked to cut down dispensation for the little box with the big thermometer this week.

ODE TO A COLLEGE SAUSAGE

By Peers
March 24th. Granada enhanced by presence of Leo Tracy, Claudette Colbert, and Frederic March. Latter two combine in fine movie. Thrills and heartbeats.
March 25th. Congratulations to Number Two Platoon.
March 29th. Free day; good old Sol smiles his approval. I combine in fine movie. Thrills and heartbeats.

With most humble apologies to the memory of John Keats, from whose works much of this is shamelessly appropriated.

A good scot lacks? Vergil.

You shall not unhallow Bog of Mystery,
Thou foster-child of villany and crime;
Oursly, historian, who canst best imply
A hideous tale more blissfully than our rhyme?
What felony-begetter false through thy shape,
Of harmless innocents, or of wise, or both,
In shods delf of France’s bubbling arenst?
What men or gods are these? What mortal’s feft?
What uproar mad? What struggle to escape?
What nightmare now usurps within life’s dream.

II
Inhaled effusion can oft be sweet,
But those unsmelled are sweeter far, I trust.
Therefore, consonant soul, with thy patroness met
Begin! Excruciating torture rack me now.
Thou’st served on charger cold—I need not prove
Thou’st art warm—and yet to be endured?
From me all sense of taste is wrong,
No human passions more within me move.
To contemplate thy mystic form’s ensnared
A burning forehead and a parching tongue.

III
Oh fare! May we’re to be my hopeless fate
In some sad moment of amnesia
To swallow one of these and e’en that haste
Mine slender twilight suicide limb.
Ah then! what ghastly threat of wormed anguish
Would thwart my fabled mind o’er saneness’ brook
Into eternal restless depths of sleep.
There never as in weary life I’d languish,
Nor dread thee, Menace of the Morn, I think,
Nor chant in wailful choir for eggs—ne’er weep.

A. G. C. WHALEY

THE MITRE, April, 1933
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Don't talk about depression. The MITRE, April, 1933

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THE MITRE, April, 1933

CHANGES IN THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

During the last month it has been evident that the University Library is undergoing radical changes. Miss Grace Jackson has taken up her duties as Assistant Librarian, and is engaged in cataloguing the books. Bright new small tables and chairs have replaced the old long tables and benches. And besides the cataloguing, the method of withdrawing books is gradually being changed to a modification of the Newmark system. Further, the Library hours have been extended to include the afternoon and much of the evening.

The changes have been made possible by a grant of $4,900 from the Carnegie Corporation of New York. This grant will be paid in three equal instalments. The Corporation has from time to time made numerous grants to colleges and universities throughout the United States and the Dominion of Canada.

Miss Jackson, the new Assistant Librarian, graduated from Bishop's in 1931 and has since taken a degree in Library Science at McGill. She is therefore admirably suited for the position. She has as student assistants C. S. Wright, W. C. Bacon, W. R. Crummer, and A. R. Eagles, who are on duty on certain afternoons and evenings of the week. The new tables and chairs have been provided out of a bequest to the College by the late Miss Annie Reid, of Sherbrook.

With this added accommodation and the increase of hours it is hoped that the students of the University will use the Library more for study. Study in the Library has two advantages over study in one's room: first, quiet and freedom from interruption; and secondly, convenience in the use of reference books.

The cataloguing of the Library is being based upon the Dewey system, which is generally used in University libraries. Under this system all books except fiction are listed under ten headings, such as History, Philosophy, Natural Sciences, and so on. Each subject is further subdivided into ten groups. When a book is catalogued, it is given first the digit of its main heading, then that of its subdivision, and then that of its own place in the subdivision. The whole is compiled into the catalogue number. Any number of books may be included in a subdivision by the use of decimals. This book's number immediately tells its subject. In addition, in the alphabetical index the cards with future contain not only the title and author of the book, but also a summary of its contents, and a cross-reference of the subject. Most of this information is supplied by the cards of the Library of Congress of the United States, which are issued for every book published in the United States since 1898, including many English and Canadian reprints. The Library will secure these cards for all the books covered by them.

The change in the method of borrowing is a great improvement. Henceforth, there will be two cards in the back of each book: one inserted in an envelope, and another pasted on to the leaf. When the book is withdrawn, the name of the borrower and number of the book is written in the first card, which is then withdrawn and placed in a file under the date. The date is stamped on the second card, to remind the borrower of the day the book will be due. Two weeks later, the Librarian comes to the file in which the first card is, and if the book has not been returned a postcard is dispatched asking why.

Absolute-minded borrowers might remember that it is the intention of the authorities to tighten up the regulations about fines.

RECENT ADDITIONS TO THE LIBRARY

The following selection from among the books which have recently arrived in the University Library is printed in the hope that readers of The Mitre will find such lists useful. The selection does not claim to be exhaustive.


UPPON SILVER! PERRY, WILLIAM F., 357 pages, published and presented by the author, 1933.


WHO WERE THE GURERS? by J. L. Myres (Father Classical Lectures at the University of California, 1930), 359 pages, published by the University, 1930.


CANADIAN LANDSCAPE PAINTERS, by Albert H. Robson, Ryerson, Toronto, 1932.

LIBRARY IN THE MODERN STATE, by Harold J. Laski, Faber & Faber, London, 1930.


Fiction


BLACK MINCER, by Evelyn Waugh, 312 pages, Faber, New York, 1932.
THE MITRE, April, 1933

CORRESPONDENCE

AN EPICURE EXAMINES THE “EATS”

To the Editor of THE MITRE

Dear Sir:

Complying with the request made by the Mitre Board that letters be addressed to you, as a means by which we may air our grievances, I should like to take this opportunity of voicing some opinions held in common among the Student Body.

Complaints have been made concerning the meals, but I am sorry to say, have not brought many results. To be brief—Breakfast, with the exception of what we are led to believe is coffee, is undoubtedly the best of the three meals. I may add, however, that since several complaints have been submitted to the bursar, the coffee has changed colour. May I suggest that in the future we be given coffee without the previous addition of “cream” and be allowed to add the cream to suit the taste. We are very much surprised to learn that the gentlemen at the “head table” get cream with their cereal. Oh! to be at the head table!

In no way will the expression “from soup to nuts” hold good in describing dinner, as we only get “soup” once a week and (no offence being meant) the only nuts we have at the table are those that eat. “Use Wrigley’s no longer. Come to Bishop’s and try our Steak, made directly from the cow, gentlemen or lady; we guarantee healthy gums and no after effect. Ask the man who uses it.”

Supper must not be overlooked in this “First Epistle to the Mitreites.” In order to obtain the best results from study, the student must have food which will refresh not only his brain but his body; if this could be kept in mind by the dietician of the University perhaps the student would feel more apt to study. May I suggest, therefore, less starchy foods and more fruit and jellies at night.

One other point, Mr. Editor, before I bring this letter to a close; I should like to suggest that remaining in a college building other than our own residence after ten o’clock, may not be counted as a late leave.

Very respectfully yours,

[Signature]

A PACIFIST ASKS

Dear Sir:

As one who on March 16th was painfully obliged to sing the National Anthem immediately after deciding not to fight for my King and Country, might I ask if any of your readers can supply a satisfactory allegorical interpretation for the words “Send him victorious”?

Yours sincerely,

[Signature]
THE MITRE, April, 1933

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FROM THE LIBRARY BOOKSHELF.

A NEW COMPANION TO THE PRAYER BOOK


This book has been published by the S.P.C.K. for the literature committee of the English Church Union. It is intended to be a companion to rather than a commentary on the Book of Common Prayer. It was planned with the following objects in mind: to give a full account of the Eucharist, in keeping with its importance in the life of the Church to-day; to study Anglican problems against a background of wider knowledge, and, to give special attention to problems which have come to the front in the twentieth century.

The clergy will probably welcome the book for two reasons. First, it sums up the well-known facts of the history of the Prayer Book, as well as knowledge which has been acquired more recently, in a compendious form. It is a large compendium however, over eight hundred and fifty pages. The first section is historical and deals with worship in general, with worship in the synagogue, and in the Old Testament. Then there is a long essay by Dr. Davin in which the origins, the history, the theology of eucharistic rites are all set forth. This is followed by the history of the Prayer Book down to 1662.

The middle section of the book deals with the several parts of the Prayer Book. The essays on the Catechism, on Children’s Worship, Confirmation, Solemnization of Matrimony, and the Visitation and Communion of the Sick will be of value to the numerous clergy who are perplexed by the various problems that arise nowadays in connection with these subjects.

The book closes with a collection of supplementary essays on miscellaneous liturgical subjects.

This sketch will show that, even in a day of "omnibuses", "Liturgy and Worship" is an imposing book. It is a mine of solid fact and information that not even the industrious will be able quickly to exhaust. But the book contains something else; and this, I think, should be a second reason why the clergy should welcome it. It contains the materials for a new and fresher outlook in liturgical practice. The Church of England is to a great extent dominated by history. Many of our practices are only to be explained by setting forth their history; it is impossible to understand them fully without looking to the past. Tradition, however, is notoriously apt to become a dead-weight, and impede to progress. The past has handed down to us, in the sphere of liturgies, a lavish inheritance—this book is indeed a monumental witness to the fact—but recent controversies show that we are at times apt to occupy ourselves too much with our historical inheritance, and that a lively interest in it can blind us to the utility of a corporate life which is so intent on the past that it loses touch with the present. Some of the essays in this book, notably those by Dr. Harris on the Visitation and Communion of the Sick, show clearly that liturgy must be a changing and a moving thing: that liturgical history—like every other kind of history—is an affair with a present as well as a past, and that that present must always exhibit the quality of courageous experimentalism that is the proof of life in an institution. I think it is also fair to say that this point of view can also be read into the rest of the book. The past is elucidated for us so that we can understand the present and plan better for the future. The Church must guard herself against the deadness of a too-strict conservatism; she must conserve in order to keep experiment and innovation within bounds. If she can succeed in keeping the middle way between these two excesses, liturgy will be the worthy expression of the life of a living Church.

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To M. Stephen, R. Brown and C. Royal

Dear Sirs:

You will pardon us for quoting from your recent debate: "In no circumstances will this House fight for its King and Country".

It is indeed to be greatly regretted that in such a country as ours we should find any of the younger generation who are spineless enough as to make such a despicable statement as the above.

In no time have we ever needed to possess a strong, determined younger set of strong hearts as we do now; and when a person reads an article such as I am enclosing, it is enough to make a person doubt the calibre of “Young Canada”. There is one redeeming factor about the whole question, however, and that is that you are decidedly in the minority; and that our Maritime universities at any rate do not share in your cowardly decisions.

Do not think that I speak on a topic which I do not understand. At the outbreak of the Great War I was in London, Eng., and enlisted with an English regiment; when our Canadian troops landed I managed to get a transfer to my own buddies, the fighting 26th Battalion. I was gassed and lost one eye; to say nothing of losing two brothers. Even under present conditions I am proud to be able to say that I am ready at a moment’s call to lay down my life for King and Country, and I’m thanking God that I have two sons that feel the same way as I about it.

I lament the fact that there are any of your kind in our country.

Yours (un)respectfully,
A St. John Citizen.

Readers should notice a quotation from a Maritime University magazine among the Exchange notes on page 39.

PACIFIST DEBATE PROVOKES REPLY

On March 16th, the subject "That under no circumstances will this House fight for its King and Country" was debated for the second of the three inter-faculty debates for the Skinner trophy. The Divinity team, who took the affirmative, were awarded the victory by the judges, although on a show of hands a mixed audience of students and visitors were adjudged to have voted against the resolution.

The letter reproduced below was received a few days later by the Divinity team:—

St. John, N.B.
Canada,
Sunday.

TO M. STEPHEN, R. BROWN AND C. ROYAL

Dear Sirs:

You will pardon us for quoting from your recent debate: "In no circumstances will this House fight for its King and Country".

It is indeed to be greatly regretted that in such a country as ours we should find any of the younger generation who are spineless enough as to make such a despicable statement as the above.

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A St. John Citizen.

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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.

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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.

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Marconi and Automatic Telephones.
Telegraph, Fire Alarm and Police Signal Equipment.
Wire and Cables for all purposes.
Audio Broadcasting and Receiving Apparatus.
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"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.

Wires and Cables for all purposes.
Radio Broadcasting and Receiving Apparatus.
Manual and Automatic Telephones.
Medical and Scientific Apparatus and Equipment.
Instruments and Meters.
Wiring Devices and Fittings.
Lamps.
Electrical Contractors' Supplies.
Household Electrical Appliances.

Looking Over the Exchanges

From the University of Reading comes that delightful and very readable magazine TAMESIS. The variety of its reading matter, the high literary quality of the articles, together with the careful selection of liveliness cuts, make it difficult to offer anything less than a laudatory criticism. Many attempts have been made to maintain a similar standard of literary quality by our own Mitre Board, and this issue of TAMESIS, and a careful reading of the recent article written in our own magazine on the subject of the Inter-Faculty Debate. THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE in the issue of March 14th, contains an editorial on this subject, which we include for the attention of our readers.

Conscience or Common Sense?

When, and if another war comes, will the youth of the nation enlist and fight, will the professional patriots, the bullying militarists, and the white feather propagandists inveigle thousands of young men with brilliant futures before them into murdering the young men of other nations to settle some quarrel in which they have no part? Colleges all over the continent are discovering that the percentage of students who would enlist in the next war is very, very small; each year the feeling is greater against fighting for an ideal existing in the minds of the politicians. The prevalent feeling is to let those who wish to fight, fight; let the people who start the war fight it; don't make cannon fodder out of those who wish to live, and to throw it away on a politician's battlefield. The prevalent feeling is to let the slackers and those who are "hard to find" considerably augmented by students who would enlist in the next war is very, very small; each year the feeling is greater against fighting for an ideal existing in the minds of the politicians. The prevalent feeling is to let those who wish to fight, fight; let the people who start the war fight it; don't make cannon fodder out of those who wish to live, and to throw it away on a politician’s battlefield. The prevalent feeling is to let the slackers and those who are "hard to find" considerably augmented by students who would enlist in the next war.

In each issue of THE XAVERIAN WEEKLY, the paper of St. Francis Xavier University, there is one article of especial interest to all. While the pages of this paper tell of the many and interesting debates and the various games, there special articles deal with some subject of outside interest. There is an outstanding article on "Beards" which says that the students themselves may wonder what it is all about as they are carried away in the mad rush of activities or are enveloped in the incessant preparation for exams. Although some great men have not gone through a University it does not follow that a college education is valueless. If it were, why have so many prominent men contributed greatly to the endowment of these centres? The article concludes by mentioning two things that a college education ought to do for the student. To begin with, it ought to give him a general grasp of things, while the increase of interests ought to broaden his outlook on life. Further, it should help him to think straight.

From Winnipeg comes THE JOHNIAN with an interesting article on the value of an Arts course. It points out that many people today are in doubt as to the value of such a course because they do not realize its true purpose. The chief aim of this course is to fit one to take up a book on any subject at any time in one's life and to dissect it, so to study the main points of the theory it is steppingstone to ground. There are three factors which help to break down the effectiveness of the material in the curriculum. They are the professors use the discussion method too little, the studies in the high school do not give sufficient background; and the present method of examination is at fault.

However, until a better system is discovered, the present method of examination must stand.
"IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS"

article on the function of a college newspaper, it divides these papers into two classes, one which serves as a bulletin board, the other which is a journal of opinion commenting on school activities. A college paper, it contends, cannot serve a University by being only a bulletin board, but should loyally support the school in athletic and academic competitions. editorially, the paper should present the honest opinions of the editors, and that column should be open for the students to express their opinions.

The O.A.C. REVIEW, while being chiefly concerned with articles of agricultural interest, also has many articles dealing with other topics. prominent among these is one entitled "Has Our Institution Outlived Its Usefulness?" The article says that the institution does absolutely nothing to help the freshmen to lay a foundation for the year spirit which is so essential to the fullest enjoyment of college life. While the abolition of freshman discipline would be disastrous, the institution should be designed to serve a constructive purpose by making the frosh plan and work together as a whole right from the beginning. It suggests that the institution should take the form of compulsory sports, stunts and competitions that would cover all fields of activity. While giving everyone a chance to display his ability, it would bring the true leaders to the fore and expose those persons who love to boast of their imagined powers.

The COLLEGE CORD, from Waterloo, Ont., reports the election of a new board. The editor states that, since the paper is a student publication, the stuff will endeavour to satisfy the demands of the students. The following quotation will show that the editor will not follow in any rut: "Little it avails us to seek our destiny in the past. That has become a memory and a memory it must remain. Our destiny lies in the few remaining months of the school term." We wish them every success.

The students of Sussex High School, Sussex, N.B., have begun a publication worthy of encouragement, namely the ROGUE ET NOIR. Not content with the present Ten Commandments, they have written ten of their own. Apparently there is life in the student body for the Fifth Commandment is: "Thou shalt not say anything unprintable."

THE TORCH, from the Town of Mount Royal High School, contains a number of short articles on various topics. While some of the articles deal with everyday facts, others are of the more serious nature. Besides these, there are several short numbers of a lighter vein, among them some rather good poems by the students.

The Mitre wishes to acknowledge, besides the above-mentioned numbers, the receipt of the following publications: The Manitoban; The King's College Record; The Alma Mater; The Cap and Gown; The Liverpool College Magazine; The Meadville Journal; The Algoma Missionary News; The Pothole Messenger.
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