

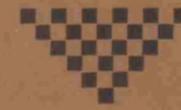
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University of Bishop's College
Lennoxville, » Quebec

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University of Bishop's College

Lennoxville, Que.

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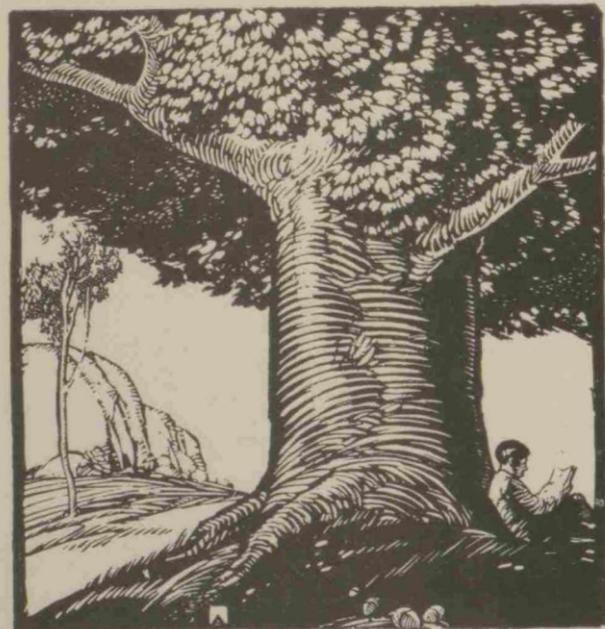
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The Mitre

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THE STUDENTS OF BISHOP'S UNIVERSITY

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JOHN FORD, *President*

G. J. CAMERON, *Editor-in-Chief*

L. R. MURRAY, *Advertising Manager.*

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

COMMENT

We notice that the Editor of THE ARROWS, the Organ of the Union of Students of the University of Sheffield, apologizes for the political flavour of the latest issue, June, 1933, of his magazine. He does, indeed, go on to say that such a flavouring is but a sign of the times; and a welcome one: for it shows that students are "taking an interest in affairs which lies beyond the confines of their own specialized studies."

We notice, too, with regret, that there is not a single article in this issue of THE MITRE which deals with a political or even a social problem. We have articles and essays of some wit and no little sense, to be sure; but they are all either entirely or faintly literary; and all are confined in vision to the horizon of an undergraduate's field of activity.

Perhaps this limited outlook may be due to the smallness and isolation of the University. The University, most certainly, is sadly remote from the hurly-burly of metropolitan activity and the stimulation of thought that a large city provides. But, because of this, there is no necessity for the students to withdraw into cocoons and while a process of transformation goes on within, to keep themselves austerly, if ruinously, uninterested in the life that is pulsating and fomenting all around them.

We could hold forth for pages on this subject; but that is not our office. We merely draw the attention of our fellows to the stupendous changes that are occurring before their blissfully averted eyes. We draw attention to the front pages and the editorial pages of the newspapers that arrive every day; we mention the perhaps surprising fact that the Reading Room contains a good selection of the best critical reviews as well as the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Maclean's*. And we hope, having done this, that we have stimulated a curiosity and an interest in the muddle that is the world we live in.

To our surprise we were told that THE MITRE would not accept articles on pacifism. With all the authority of our newly acquired editorial importance, we answer, Rot! If anyone has any new thoughts on Pacifism and will write them down, we will be in his debt forever.

But need we limit our thoughts to whether or not we will die for our King and Country? There are scores of subjects which are equally pressing. THE MITRE wants and is hungry for articles on the C.C.F., the political unconsciousness of Canadian university students, the value of a university degree in the world today, the degeneration of taste, the americanization of Canada, the early folk lore of French Canada, the failure of Canada to produce literary artists.

The list is not exhaustive. It is not even deliberate. It may, we hope, cause some of our more slothful intellectuals to put on paper some of those ideas that at present merely scent and sweeten the midnight air.

Last year THE MITRE lost a subscriber because the language in one of its stories was considered to be scarcely the sort that should be used by students of such an estimable place as Bishop's. This year we can't stand losing a single subscriber. And since we must occasionally print words which apparently can only be employed under the poetic license of the Laureate, we feel we should introduce a few of our more controversial stories with a word or two.

FOC'S'LE DAYS is the very much bowdlerized account of Mr. Cuttell's voyage in the maw of a cattle boat. Mr. Cuttell is a student in Theology. In A SAD STORY, Mr. Stephens becomes whimsical to show our advertisers that we are doing everything under the sun to draw attention to their co-operation. Mr. Grant Deachman recently judged a school short story competition. In the delirium which resulted he wrote that priceless satire, TOM FEARLESS CARRIES ON, which included all the faults and failings of the amateur imitator of O. Henry, Hemingway, and Callahan.

G. J. C.

FO'C'S'LE DAYS — Colin Cuttall

*Clean green windy billows notching out the sky
Grey clouds tattered into rags, sea winds blowing high,
And the ships of many cargoes beating, thrashing by
And the mewing of the herring gulls.*

Big black and brown steers from the western plains stumble blindly down the tall runway into the long hold of the "S.S. Manchester Princess". The pointed sticks of cattlemen prod them on, down into the semi-darkness of the lower deck, where the growing clatter of hoofs on iron adds to the general tumult. Some become wedged in the alley-way, until the "herring-pond cowboys", with whip and tongue, unfix them.

Down below decks at Montreal, it would be hard to say which is more fearful of the unknown: the green cowboy or the brown cow; twelve students are finding that Mathematics, Philosophy option and Theology are of little practical value when they are faced with the problem of disentangling several hundred pounds of animated prairie beef.

Paddy, foreman cattleman, can be both seen and heard. That fact, and the damp heat, and a million flies, makes me even more apprehensive of the future. I wonder whether the galley-boy on the "Duchess" liner across the dock realizes how lucky he is.

Two fed-up farmers, one a Scot, the other a Tyne-sider, are teaching the college boys a thing or two about unroped cattle; that neither coaxing nor hard swearing will put the beasts in their boxes. Paddy, for all his adroitness, hops over a whitewashed "corral" fence, and grabbing the halter of the nearest cow, has him tied up in a jiffy. Colorado Tuck proves that he, too, has handled cows before, by jumping in after Paddy, and with similar agility and a good bit of pure luck, successfully anchors a second. From where I am, down in the belly of the ship, a noise suggestive of the combined trumpeting of all the fiends in hell sets up an unpleasant vibration in the ears, and an ominous sinking feeling round about the region of the belt. The steam siren is announcing that there is already a great gulf fixed between us and the blessed benefits of dry land; yet for us who agonize over a hundred head of cattle yet remaining to be tied up, it has no particular meaning.

As the "Manchester Princess" passes Trois Rivières on the way down to the open sea — and England, the cattle hands emerge all black and sweating from the hold, grateful for air, and secretly glad that they are only amateurs for one voyage.

In the blue gloom of a warm July evening a sooty, rusty cattle boat stood off the dark rock of Quebec with its crest of a thousand points of light. Across the river the clean, shining, swan lines of the "Empress of Britain" told us plainly that we were home-made and smelly and that we'd better keep our distance; but the pilot, fine fellow (who is no respecter of persons) came aboard of us from his cutter with as much ceremony as though we had been at least the Royal Yacht.

At Father Point we dropped him, the last real link between us and solid human comforts. At a good fourteen knots the Atlantic tramp rolled through the Straits of Belle Isle, butting green seas like an old-timer. Besides the pilot, we dropped (with scant dignity this time) a cow choked on its halter over night. I felt quite sentimental about that dead cow, as the derrick released its bulk, and it sank astern into the steamer's eddying white wake as easily as the rest of a ship's rubbish.

The skivvy had arrived at the fo'c's'le head with dinner for twelve in four old battered, blackened tins: two for vegetable matter and salt pork, and two holding a curious rhubarb mixture provided as much for tonic as for dessert.

Fred examined the first course critically: "Eh Skivvy, are these bloody bits of old boots for *our* dinner or for them old cows?" "Gosh sakes" murmured Colorado Tuck, plate in hand, digging out the more savoury morsels of meat with a fork, "What 'ave you been saying to the Cook? He's retaliating about something." Fred sustained a running commentary on the galley staff as he shovelled his ration through the port-hole. The others, wrestling with their portions, watched and grinned. "Bit hard on the fish, wouldn't you say", suggested the man from Winnipeg.

Fred paused, scowled, and held back the last chunk. "Hell, you're darned well right; we'll take this souvenir to the old man; it's bloody well more than human nature can stand."

Lanky Albert, a cockney lately from Amanaska, Sask., had been disputing with his special aversion, the Glasgow Scot, over the potato scrapings. Having settled the matter by noisy arbitration, he proceeded to draw unfavourable comparisons between the physical welfare of the cows and our own. "Gawd, I wish I was a blinking cow. You know that big feller that broke loose this morning; why,

Lord luv us, arter all the 'ay 'e's eaten, there aint room for 'im no more wiv them other three."

Jock shut Albert up by telling him that if his (Albert's) face told him (Jock) anything, he (Albert) would get along fine on cattle feed. The occasion was ripe for a quarrel, and but for Wally's timely intervention, these two would have been throwing the chipped enamelware around the cabin. As it was, Wally offered to lead a deputation — not to the Old Man, that was too risky — but to the Steward. And he did. The Steward grudgingly admitted certain deficiencies in the service, for he was a decent fellow, and went along to tell the cooks to "watch their step." That evening the "Second" told the skivvy that he'd "poison the whole bloody bunch if they went whining around the pantry again, see if he wouldn't." He also said more, much more.

For the first four nights it had been possible to sleep out, either on the hay over the stern cow-sheds or on the forward hatch; but once out in the open sea the steamer developed a roll that put a few of the boys on their backs, and made an outside berth unsafe. Tommy, an A.B., told the sufferers that "This aint nothing but a slight swell — fact is, I hadn't noticed it. Now, you fellers want to be on this old tub 'round January, when she's hitting the Trades and riding right down on her Plimsoll. Why, I've seen the sea smacking over her bridge deck, an' hatches an' boats an' all going over the side. We lost an A.B. once. Yer can't speak, yer can't sleep, yer can't do nothin'. I'll tell yer, this 'ere ship does everything but loop the bloody loop around January. This, my lads, is a mill-pond."

The swell lasted for two days, just long enough to give us our sea-legs, and then for three more we inwardly and outwardly rebelled against the monotony of a sea-faring existence. We needed a devastating fire or a paralyzing storm to save us from our discontent; and in the small hours of July 21st, some god or other heard us and caught us unawares.

There is no greater cure for 2 a.m. lethargy on the high seas than the nightmare of fire. Even if it was only a day's run into Ireland, nobody wanted to row that far when a little co-operation would put the fire out. So the entire crew, from the skipper in his bright pyjamas down to the apprentice sleeping handily in his dungarees, were falling over lengths of rope and one another in their latent zeal for night-work.

Jones, the cattleman's nightwatchman, in a manner peculiar to all nightwatchmen, had gone to sleep on his job. A growing uneasiness among the cattle as a result of the pungent smoke coming off the burning hay woke him up, and I shall always remember with amusement the excitable little Welshman's incoherent attempts to con-

vince the cattlemen that there really was a fire and that it needed putting out. When persuasion failed, he attacked them in their bunks, stinging the less lively into wakefulness with his boots, and with many references to their parentage and antecedents.

There were some dramatic moments in the fight with that fire; but since it was successfully confined to the afterhold, the damage to fabric was so negligible that the Company probably never heard a word about it. The cattlemen, of course, lamented having to work through until dawn, when the last derrick load of burning hay plopped over the side.

On Friday morning, the Old Man's binoculars picked out the peaks of Donegal along the rugged coast of Northern Ireland. At evening we were thrilled at the sight of the little Scots islands of Mull and Islay lit up in a blaze of reflected glory from the setting sun. All that night I was thinking of how much England would mean to me to-morrow. Just the Irish sea with its short, bumpy passage; then the channel of the Mersey, which does not keep the sailor in long suspense for his home port — and then freedom.

On the quayside at Birkenhead, the cows kicked their heels clear of the ship with evident joy: an unrehearsed rodeo, in which one particularly playful bull, separated from its fellows for a while, seemed disposed to toss a bandy-legged, white-smocked Lancashire dealer, who climbed a fence to safety. One lame cow was slaughtered and passed over the side dripping red, all ready for the meat market.

At midday, the "S. S. Manchester Princess" was through the Eastham Lock into the Ship Canal. A sister ship churned past on her way to Montreal. A number of excattlemen waved and shouted greetings, stirred, no doubt, by the feeling of comradeship in suffering, seeing us come into the haven where we would be.

All along the murky, muddy forty miles of waterway that conferred upon the capital of Lancashire the status and dignity of a Port, Lancastrians promenade and bathe. The children, hundreds of them, healthy looking boys and girls, run along the bank and draw pennies and dimes from the pockets of contented travellers.

How the boys ripped down that gangway at Salford Docks; away from the high black ship, looking so mysterious, mummified and forlorn now, but only yesterday pulsing with machine life, and our home (as it seemed) for an age. Every part of her had been inseparably bound up with our own lives, and now it was so simple and un-sentimental a matter to leave her there in her crypt of warehouse walls, and to go on our ways forgetful of her and of one another.

Six weeks later the same energetic little ship is running at half-steam in a seventy mile gale a few hours off the Labrador.

Three of the old cattle crew are come together again among a dozen others; students going back to their colleges with many a tale to tell of England and the English; of its highways and hedgerows, its castles and cottages; of the romance of Scottish lakes and burns; turning over in their minds the many problems arising from an eager study of Hitlerized Germany and armed, fearful France.

For two days the Atlantic was in grim mood, and during that time the open deck was the last place for audible conversation or safe exercise. The "S.S. Manchester Princess" carried so small a general cargo, that, even with her water tanks full to capacity, she was short of ballast. She sat high on the crest of every salt wave, and nosed down into the trough that followed each green mountain of water. Her propeller raced clear of its proper element, until it seemed that each rib and bolt and plate would crack under the strain; for she was, said the Third Engineer for our comfort, a wartime rush job. We were sharing with the Psalmist from first hand experience, the "soul-melting" sensation of being "carried up to the heaven and down again to the deep". Two ex-cattlemen

who climbed up onto the fo'c's'le deck coincided with a wave of such strength that they nearly took leave of the ship. As it was, they escaped with a ducking.

Labrador mists and calm, weed-strewn water brought to us an indescribable peace. We did not see the coast for many hours, but we were intensely happy to know that it was there. The skipper chanced his arm on the tricky navigation of the narrow straights, and won through at a cautious eight knots to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. A "growler" iceberg passed us innocently to starboard and a whale spouted for us on the port bow.

It is Tuesday afternoon. I am standing on the Plains of Abraham thinking, perhaps, of plucky little Wolfe, of Bishop's College, and of a square meal. A tiny tramp steamer of graceless proportions, her salmon pink smoke-stack trailing a pall of black Lancashire smoke against a rare Canadian blue sky, creeps out from the docks far below to the left, on her leisurely way to Montreal. Then another cargo of Empire beef sets out for patriotic English housewives; and another contingent of happily ignorant cattlemen.

Why, did that iron bath with the lid and red knob really bring me all the way home to Canada?



Linoleum Cut by C. Sauerbrei

TOM FEARLESS CARRIES ON

or LOVE WILL FIND A WAY

Grant Deachman

Tom Fearless sat on his bed. He sat on his bed because it occupied most of the room and afforded the most comfortable place to draw up his long bony legs.

His eyes were fixed on the blank expanse of wall in front of him. Often he sat like this, staring as if at a screen, until his tiny cubicle unfolded into a long white-tiled laboratory. This fiction of his imagination always amused him. He smiled slowly, ironically, bitterly, as he drew his eyes from it and followed down the wall to his little work bench. He smiled again as he saw his own pitiful little apparatus. There was his microscope, painstakingly constructed from old camera parts, pieces of a surveyors transit, brass shackles, compact mirrors, Jam jars half filled with teeming infusions of swamp water diffused an amber glow over the broken test tubes and slide covers that littered the table top.

In the two years since he had graduated from college this small equipment had occupied his restless mind. He realized that his scientific education was inadequate to fit him for a responsible position. Pride kept him here, waiting, studying, hoping for the time when he could find the work he loved, the only work he cared to do. His idleness maddened him. He envied his few friends their steady incomes. He hated their smug acceptance of life, their effortless existence. He drew further into the confines of his narrow room.

In the evenings he would walk to the room of a girl he had met shortly after leaving college. She was a stenographer, older than he, not good looking or attractive; but blessed with such a warm humour and sympathy that he found in her the necessary escape valve for his neurotic mind.

His colossal scientific knowledge amazed her. It almost blasted her beliefs in the church. But beliefs, however erroneous, are to deeply religious people, sacred, and he did not press his argument.

It was this that fascinated her; for in her meagre knowledge she wondered at his easy grasp of things that to her were enveloped in the infinite or hidden in the scriptures.

She loved him as simple women love things they cannot quite understand, with an almost religious devotion. She watched for those ever increasing emotional crises that pitched him into dread despair. It was then that he felt her near him, trusting in him, encouraging him. Then

when he braced himself and drew up his thin meagre frame and smiled again, her eyes would crinkle at the corners, warmly. He would go on now and they would be happy — very happy.

When spring broke through he wandered alone by the edge of marshes and lakes. Here life was reviving and his tired spirit warmed to the new birth. He replenished his drying aquaria and watched them again beneath his lenses.

For the first time in months he felt the terrible shroud of despair lift. He felt the reviving sun in his body and in the small animalcules that swam beneath his gaze. The fear of being absorbed in the business world, of being a clerk, a secretary, a teller, was driven from his mind. He was able to endure the monotonous tread of his widowed mother, going about her household tasks in the adjoining rooms of their small apartment. Quietly he scrubbed the floors, washed his clothes, peeled potatoes. Every week he asked for his dollar allowance, never conveniently placed on his dresser.

By smoking five cigarettes a day instead of the packages he smoked at college, he was able to buy slide covers, medicine droppers and pipettes. As months dragged on he studied infusoria, rotifera and bacteriology; and with the first snows of fall, more gaunt, more bitter, more eager than ever he glued his eye to his microscope.

His mother watched him anxiously, sympathising with that blundering kindness that so often only goads the young. She feared for her son and for herself. She knew that that ungovernable pride of her husbands had arisen again in her son. But she saw their small wealth dwindling and she explained to him that unless it was augmented they would have to abandon even this humble retreat.

He understood her suffering — the loss of her husband, her home her servants. He often thought of this as he sat crosslegged on his bed in his room. He wondered if life and old age would offer as few compensations to him as it had to her. Afterwards, she wondered at his long absences from home and his bitter almost cruel remarks that characterized their few conversations. Then she knew. Hardly knowing what bitter emotions of joy or sorrow tore at her heart, she shut herself in her room and sobbed in the deep choking gasps of those who can no longer control a disciplined will. He left her quietly and

walked through the early snow to that little room, Hunching his thin shoulders against the wind and tightening the muscles of his jaw into little bands across his cheek.

At the door he hesitated. A huge sea of revolt swept over him, nauseated him, stirred his whole frame and sent chills up the nape of his neck and into the roots of his hair. With a supreme effort of will he gripped himself and entered.

She knew there was something wrong. Always she sensed these pitches, knew how to sooth him when the accumulated bitterness of months would break his tired nerves.

"What is it?" She asked.

He slumped into a chair without looking at her. He sat motionless for a long time, the firelight casting weird

shadows on his emaciated visage. He raised his head and smiled slowly.

She felt relieved. Her eyes crinkled at the corners.

"Come dear, tell me."

"I've got a job."

She started visibly. Her brain leaped at a hundred things. Perhaps some scientist had discovered his genius. Perhaps he would be a great man, with rooms full of strange apparatus.

Now he could tell them all those wonderful things he told to her and she hardly understood.

"What is it?" She breathed going to him and searching his eyes almost reverently, touching him worshipfully.

"A parcel wrapper in a grocery store." He replied.

IS RUGBY FOOTBALL A SOCIAL PASTIME?

Charles F. Carson

Is Rugby football a social pastime or is it a skilful, well-organized duel between two highly trained squads? Undoubtedly the players do not consider many social obligations between themselves when on the field; but what about some of the spectators on the sidelines?

I have been wondering for quite some time whether it was the lure of the game or the lure of the crowd that attracts such a huge following to a rugby game. I would not for a minute suggest that the game was not the real incentive; but somehow, it seems to strike a parallel with the weekly church parade. Though, it is true a charge is made at the gate of the stadium, and one is allowed to wear his hat and bring his flask.

The spectator cannot play in the game, however, so he must somehow find some amusement for his money and since there is generally no end of entertainment where a crowd is gathered, and since rugby games attract crowds, it is very easy to be sociable and enjoy eating peanuts with your neighbour, bouncing the shells off the hat just below you, or to take an occasional nip from the community flask, while placing a bet on the weaker team, (the nip is, of course only to keep out the cold), or to gaze about the stand to take in all the sports' creations at a glance and get enough gossip for a week's entertainment. Then find out who won the game — from the score-board — and go home happy and light hearted — or light headed.

On the other hand, one may watch the game closely. It does not take a great deal of intelligence to see

and enjoy every play of the game, and instead of seeing two machines battering each other, watch two teams with twelve important cogs apiece working towards one objective.

Perhaps it might be useful to point out why a beautiful run is made by a bucking half-back. As you know, the signal is given and the play goes down the field; but did you notice the hole that was made by the linemen who made it possible for the play to succeed? Very few people notice how the hole is made. They miss the clipping and tripping, the hitting and pushing done to make this hole. This sounds bloody, doesn't it? Yet the whole world has been amused with duels and jousts for centuries and enjoyed it.

Everyone knows that the snap-back is the first man to set the ball in play. But it takes a great amount of skill to learn to snap a ball and is gained only after long weary practice. And when the ball is snapped, the snap's work has just begun; he has either to take out his man on the line or break through to assist the outside wings in tackling.

An outside wing has more of a spectacular job than the lineman. But he must play his position just as thoroughly. Supposing he lets the half-back carrying the ball get outside him, the result is that he generally misses his tackle and is called to the bench for not playing his position.

Then there are the ground gainers, the half-backs.

They hold the eye of the spectators and receive most of the cheers. They deserve the cheers but they work no harder than the linemen.

Every real rugby player gives his last ounce of energy in support of his team. The spirit of the player is never more noticeable than when his team is behind in points. A fighting team is not beaten until the final whistle is blown.

A rugby enthusiast must be a critic. There is no use watching a play and because it did not result in a score or a ground gain, just to pass it over. To follow the game with interest as well as enthusiasm, one must check up on each individual play and follow it through, noting why it was or was not successful. If this is done the game will not only be enjoyed as a game, but as a very absorbing display of individual technique.

There is another aspect, somewhat apart from my title, but as vital to the welfare of our Canadian game as is the knowledge of the game to the spectator. This, a new development, is the gradual trend of our game towards American rugby levels; for, even though Canadian and American football are closely related, there is a wide span of difference between them. The American game is said to be further developed — in other words away ahead of the Canadian game. If that is so let us hope that our sport, in trying to keep up with the American Joneses, does not turn into an industry.

I think that Canadian football enthusiasts, without becoming radical over their game, can experience as much, if not more, genuine pleasure from it as it is. The spirit of the Canadian game was anything but lacking a few years ago. Before last year we did not find it necessary to tempt football stars to our colleges or senior clubs. What are we doing with a number of professional football teams in Canada? So far at least two pro. football teams have been organized in Eastern Canada around a nucleus of broken-down wrestlers. The forward pass is probably here to stay; but need we copy the American game further?

To-day Canadian football is in danger of becoming commercialized. Do we need professional rugby teams, American ball tossers, and special rugby scholarships in our Universities to bring in and make use of men who can be no further credit to themselves or to their University after their playing days are over? Do we need the greater amount of casualties the American game produces or can we be content with the fine sport that Canadian rugby football now is — played by Canadians and witnessed by spectators who know and thoroughly enjoy the game.

A SAD STORY

M. A. Stevens

The silence of the royal kitchen was broken as the ivory emblem of majesty pounded against the sides of the mixing bowl. Her Majesty was making tarts. The Queen's crown (Birks) was a little awry. The nose that had turned a thousand hearts was tipped with a blob of flour (Chaddock's). The naturally pink cheeks (McKindsey's) were flushed with the heat of the oven, and the royal brow was all puckered with the effort of concentrating on calories, vitamins, and such like. But to the young man who now rounded the royal clothes horse where the ermine (Pelletier) rubbed shoulders with the tea-cloth, Her Majesty was a picture of radiant womanhood, from the top of her marcelled hair (no advertisement) to her dainty shoes (Size 3 at Wiggett's).

"Hallo," said he, lounging in, the *sauve* courtier from the cuffs of his immaculately-pressed white flannels (Sherbrooke Laundry) to his neatly trimmed black hair (Gervais), "Where's His Nibs?"

"Counting his money, of course," snorted Her Majesty, "Can't you hear it chinking?" (Bank of Montreal).

There was a dramatic pause. (All pauses are dramatic in stories like this). From across the courtyard came the steady chink-chink of half-dollars and quarters. (Royal Bank).

"Hm! Seems fond of his dollars, doesn't he?" enquired the Knave.

"You bet he does," sniffed the Queen, rubbing her nose with the back of her hand and making matters worse. "He won't even allow me a cook. It's sick and tired I am of making all these tarts and then sitting opposite him and watching him gobble them up."

The Knave dropped his tennis racket (Mitchell's), and crossed to the table. "Well, why don't you chuck it? Come away with me, and I promise you'll never see a tart again".

"Come away with you? And, indeed if I did, I'd need not only make the tarts, but go and earn the money for the flour, too. When have you ever had enough to support a woman? You just live on what you can wheedle out of His Nibs, — and precious little that is, begorrah!"

"But for you I'd even work, my dear," said the Knave, raising a hand, and beginning to stroke the hair as it tumbled from beneath the crown. "You do love me a little, don't you?"

The stroking hand was persuasive; the Queen's features relaxed; and in a moment the two were locked in a lover's embrace (see monthly magazines).

A shadow crossed the window. The chinking had ceased.

Five seconds later the King flung open the kitchen door. The knave was bent back over the table, his left hand shielding his head from the shrewd blows of the Queen's rolling pin. In his right was a half-eaten tart, and his mouth was full.

"What's this?" roared His Majesty.

"An it please Your Majesty," the Queen said breathlessly, "while I was at the stove this knave slipped in and grabbed one of my tarts. I'm afraid I lost my temper, Sire."

"Stole your tarts, eh?" boomed the King. He stepped to the table and sampled one. At once his eye lost its gleam.

"Well, I admire your taste, my boy. I remember, when I was in Poona in '94 ..."

His Majesty stopped and cleared the royal throat noisily.

"Hrrmph. I can't overlook an offence of such-er-an audacious and preposterous-hmmph-nature. Why, bless my soul, when I was in Simla in '83 ... You're under arrest, sirrah. Kindly -er- convey yourself to the guard-room, and remain there until tiffin.

"Oh-er-and Milly, my dear, it was very wrong of you to lose your temper. Kindly remember to invite this young man to tea the next time we have tarts."

song in time of revelry

dedicated with apologies to don marquis

when drinking glasses have been filled
and all the buildings hushed and stilled
we roaches scramble up the drain
at dawn we scamper down again
because we hate the sterile white
of basins in the morning light

then ho you hearty roaches all
sing archie and mehetibal

at night when taps are merely dripping
we roaches come up gaily tripping
steps that roaches care for much
gay gavottes quadrilles and such
but only older roaches dance
the youngsters revel in the chance
to climb about and slip and slide
around the basin s soapy side

then ho you hearty roaches all
sing archie and mehetibal

we roaches lead a merry life
we re free from internecine strife
our homes are beautiful to see
within the pipe s deep cavity
and though we like to whirl and play
by dead of night at crack of day
we cease the rout and gladly scamper
to depths more safe though dark and damper

then ho you hearty roaches all
sing archie and mehetibal

gerald cameron

YES, I WENT TO THE FAIR — T. LeM. Carter

The dominant feature of the World's Fair (or, more correctly, A Century of Progress) was its Americanism. It was American in its bright colours, in its doubtful architecture, in its originality, in its friendliness; in its suckers and in the way they took themselves seriously. You can't get the full value of those colours without seeing them: green, blue, yellow, red, orange, grey, white, black, silver and gold — in twenty-four shades. At night they were mellowed wonderfully by concealed lighting. And what architecture! The Fair jumps from ornate Victorian style past simple severe modernism to a new ornate style of its own.

Some criticize the fragile cardboard appearance of the buildings. But fairs are meant to be temporary, apart from ordinary life. Long ago country people came to town annually to provision themselves for the coming year. Then was held the fair; and modern annual exhibitions (such as Toronto's) are relics from that day. Now townspeople are in the majority, however, and so the exhibition buildings should not always be with them, but should come for a time and then disappear, as at Chicago.

The most successful exhibits were those that had something moving in them, or something that the visitor could operate himself. A bright exterior to a building or booth, too, was necessary to draw the crowds. Inside Chevrolets, shirts, cigars, and Ipana tooth paste tubes were made. It is noteworthy that one was not told the ingredients of the tooth paste, only shown how the tube is made. If you were so minded you might go for a ride in a new Plymouth, or write a letter home on a Burroughs typewriter. Other companies maintained moving pictures, or descriptive lectures.

Trains on display include the Royal Scot and the special train of the President of Mexico. In the lagoon a submarine lay alongside Admiral Byrd's Antarctic ship, "The City of New York". Also to be seen was the "Bluenose", the crack Atlantic fishing schooner from Nova Scotia. For the romantically minded rather shabby gondolas moved up and down the lagoon; but this was too exposed for them anyhow.

As the A. and P. Company cares for the comfort of Americans at home through its corner grocery stores, so at the Fair is provided a carnival with lots of chairs for the same purpose. There you were entertained and allowed to relax, instead of being edified, as usually was the case. Chairs were placed throughout the fair; this was one of the services kept up by the administration. Other helps were information booths, a special corps of policemen, and most attractive turnstiles where they took fifty cents from

you as you came in.

Passing up and down the Midway you were constantly enjoined to be broadminded. Broadmindedness, along with science (of which more anon) seemed to be the keynote of the Fair. The test of true broadmindedness was to step up and see an array of near-naked women, or, as in one brilliant instance, moving pictures of them. If anyone thinks we have made any fundamental progress in the last one hundred years, even in the last two thousand, let him watch the crowd listen with rapt faces to the barker, then move self-consciously up to the box office for their tickets, or for the pad and pencil which their new status as artists requires. For in the Streets of Paris a "Drawing School" with nude models was conducted.

It was not only in the sex shows that you found people being taken in, however. One most gifted barker was selling a toy upon which one could imitate various musical instruments; it was a simplified kazoo. He was willing to part with this treasure for the small price of twenty-five cents, and he sold lots! It was astounding to see the great turnover of money. A Coca Cola stall would sell about one hundred and fifty cases a day (two dozen bottles in one case); and when you multiply that by one hundred and fifty for the five months that the Fair is open, you realize the extent of the business involved.

"The theme of the Fair is Science". That was the reason why so many people were disappointed. Back in 1893 the new scientific discoveries were thrilling everybody; they had heard vaguely of these marvels, but had never seen them. Now people are familiar with gramophones, telephones, radios, motor cars, airplanes, and there is nothing radically new for them to see. Besides, the world is tired of science to-day, and more interested in unscientific matters.

And was the Fair a success? It is yet too early to speak of financial failure or success, but there was a definite feeling of disappointment among most of the visitors. They expected too much. They expected great new thrills, wonderful new sights, and there were none for them. This was partly due to the emphasis on science; also, what things were new had been widely publicized by the press before, and so lost their novelty. But the day of Great Fairs is going. People know too much, they've seen too much, they've read too much. In future people will go to an exhibition to see the latest technical improvements in their business, the new forms of entertainment, some recent inventions displayed, or to acquire a certain amount of general knowledge. They will not go expecting the thrill of their life.

OXFORD MOVEMENT CENTENARY — E. C. Royle

In writing this article I have not tried to give a report of the Centenary, which is excellently recorded in the "Church Times" of July 14th and 21st, but have endeavoured to set down the points in the programme and speeches that seem to me to be of most general interest, and which were not recorded in the average newspaper.

The celebrations commemorating the Centenary of the Oxford Movement were organised by the Anglo-Catholic Congress, and began on Sunday, July 9th with a general Communion service throughout the world, the intention being for peace and unity. During the following week there were daily sessions at the Royal Albert Hall in London and many motor bus pilgrimages to different places connected with the movement.

The speakers at the sessions did not stop long to survey the achievements of the past; the persistent note was the appeal to the present and the future. Six of the speakers prophesied the certainty of a greater conflict between religious and material principles, especially on the question of marriage.

Dr. Iddings Bell of New York, preaching at Evensong in the Albert Hall, applied the subject of John Keble's sermon on Apostasy to the modern world. "Never did life seem so meaningless; never were men and women so restless; never was art so self-conscious; never was literature so weak and drab; never were men so insecure, so weak, so ignoble in their own sight. The world has turned its back on God, it is sick of itself, it is apostate, and it is dreadfully unhappy. It is for the heirs of Keble's protest, who are Catholics in a pagan world, to serve that world, making effective and constructive protest against its apostasy." Both the Bishop of Colombo and Dr. Williams protested against mis-use of the word "Catholic". Dr. Williams stressed the fact that Catholicism is Christianity itself in its most intense and concentrated form, and not merely the use of certain ceremonies. The Catholic faith alone can stand against "the tempest that is gathering."

To meet this challenge from the world the Christian must equip himself now, and the leaders at the Congress did not hesitate to explain how personal preparation can be made.

It was very significant that the best attended sessions were those on "Penitence" and "Discipline". The Bishop of Colombo stressed the need for corporate penitence for narrowness, party spirit, lack of enterprise, harshness in criticism and bitterness in controversy — an appeal echoed by Father Rosenthal at the close of the Congress. The

Bishop emphasised the duty of all followers of the Oxford Movement to contribute to the life of the whole church.

The fact that the Holy Eucharist is the heart of Christian worship, the greatest assistance in living the Christian life, the offering where the prayers of the whole church are presented, was reaffirmed by several speakers. Fr. Tribe, superior of the S.S.M., appealed for a recovery of discipline in Christian life. "The unbreakable rule of attendance at the Sunday Mass will often save a soul from shipwreck in times of storm and tumult in life". Another speaker expressed the wish that "every priest of the Anglican Communion said Mass daily," a remark that was greeted with an outburst of applause; and then he drove home his point by adding that he wished many more lay people attended the daily Mass, to which there was little applause, most of us feeling the shot had gone home, as so few of us professing Christians have learnt to put prayer first in our lives. Fr. Pinchard claimed the right of every parish church to reserve the sacrament for the benefit of the sick and dying. "It were better, surely, to reserve the Sacrament, without actual use of it, even for years, rather than that one soul for which Christ died should be deprived of this privilege of the faithful."

The Bishop of Llandaff, speaking on "Consecration" gave the most inspiring talk of the whole week. Defining consecration as "the habit of putting God first", a habit which must be thorough and complete, he reminded Christians of their baptismal vows and their position in the world — consecrated personalities in a consecrated fellowship, the Church.

Practical points upon which immediate action could be taken were brought before the Congress, especially by Mr. J. G. Lockhart who emphasised the problems of slum clearance and social order. The Bishop of Bradford pointed to the need for a great increase in the numbers of the religious communities.

The Congress sessions ended on a note of faith and hope. Mentioning again "the forthcoming spiritual Armageddon" Dr. Williams said "We Christians have, indeed, no doubt on which side victory will lie." He visualised the reunion of Christendom, as did Fr. Rosenthal, who held it up as a definite objective, hard to obtain, yet to be passionately desired and sought by prayer. The Oxford Movement, like the Evangelical, aims at personal conversion, its goal being the realization of God's Kingdom on earth.

A visit to the many stalls in the gallery of the Albert Hall was an education in the work of the Church of England in many fields. The religious orders were well

represented by the stalls, as well as by the presence of their members in the audiences. The stalls portrayed the missionary work of the Church in every corner of the globe. Church Art and Scholarship were also well represented.

To my great regret I was unable to attend the Pageant of Youth, but I was present at the concluding service, the High Mass at the White City. The great stadium, usually devoted to dog racing, had become a church. For three quarters of an hour the arena slowly filled as over three thousand choristers, scouts and guides filed in. Then came the sacred ministers including seven Anglican Bishops and an Archbishop of the Eastern Church. The Bishop of St. Alban's began the High Mass and over 50,000 people

joined in the great corporate act of thanksgiving to Almighty God for the blessings of the Oxford Movement. It was the crowning event of a wonderful week, an experience never to be forgotten.

(I have heard that exaggerated reports of protest and interruptions from outside at the White City were printed in Canadian papers, but I have not seen any of them. Apart from an orange kite inscribed with a legend no one in the stadium could read, a splutter in the amplifiers at the beginning of the service, which I am told was due to outside interference, and a few distributors of pamphlets, there were no interruptions).

RONDEAU — THE ROCK

*Sate me with sweets and drug my taste
With sickening surfeits and rich dress;
Bring your whole armament of excess,
Use your full zeal, work you in haste —
The sooner I am all unchaste,
So will my chance of flight grow less.
Sate me with sweets and drug my taste
With sickening surfeits and rich dress.....
But, though I sink, my hope's firm-based;
I have seen once Christ's loveliness,
At His own Board once taken mess.
Ah, strain your all! 'tis worthless waste
Sate me with sweets and drug my taste!*

A. J. H. Richardson.

WE WISH TO PRESENT --

AUSTIN FOSTER COLBY AIKINS. Born at Penticton, B.C. on April 14th, 1917. He attended Shawnigan Lake School, Kingsley School, and Chesterfield School. Is interested in rugby and THE MITRE. Intends to honour in English, with a view to practicing law. Now lives at Naramata, B.C.

ROBERT DENASTON BAKER. Born at Sherbrooke, on June 28th. Attended Bishop's College School, and lives in Lennoxville. Turns out for rugby, and also likes hockey and golf. In a pre-science course for engineering at Queen's.

ROBERT LLOYD BAGLOW. Born on March 7th, 1917, at Waterville, P.Q., and attended high school there. Interested in Badminton and (faintly) debating. With honours in Mathematics and Physics would like to try research.

JOHN WHITE HUGHES BASSETT. Born at Ottawa on August 25th, 1915. Moving to Montreal, was prepared at Bishop's College School. Shows interest in football and debating, and expresses it in hockey. Hopes to specialize in English, and eventually be a journalist.

DARELL ASHTON BELLAM. Born on November 11th, 1911, at Lennoxville, and went to high school there. Likes C.O.T.C., and basketball. Aspires to Latin and French honours, but doesn't know what to do with them.

ROY WARING BERRY. Born at Woolwich, England on March 7th., 1917, and so moved to Waterville (see above). Extensive training at Stanstead College, Gaspé Bay North School, and Waterville High School. Extensive interests in Soccer, C.O.T.C., Rovers, Badminton, and (perhaps) Dramatics. After Latin and French honours will continue to L.S.T. (probably).

ALFRED PIKE BISSONNET. Born on August 14th, 1914 at Stanstead. Moved to Rock Island, but returned to Stanstead College for schooling. Likes rugby, hockey, golf, tennis, skiing, (take a breath) debating and badminton. Preparing for medicine.

DOUGLAS H. CAHOON. Born on December 8th, 1916, at Sherbrooke, where he attended high school. Enjoys sports. After specializing in science here, will take up mechanical engineering.

CHARLES CADOGAN CAMPBELL. Born in February, 1913, at Kingston, Ont. Attended Upper Canada College and Kingston Collegiate Institute. Plays badminton, and says he will help in THE MITRE and dramatics. With a B.A. in Theology will enter the priesthood.

JOHN HENDERSON CARSON. Born on May 27th., 1914,

at Welland, Ont., but now lives at Hamilton. Claimed by Ridley College. Interested in rugby, golf, and badminton. Is here for science before taking engineering.

ELDON STANLEY DAVIS. Born on November 10th, 1913, at Poltimore, P.Q. Moved to Carp and went to Continuation School there. Debates, Scouts, parades with the C.O.T.C. and contributes to THE MITRE (let's hope so). After obtaining a B.A. in Theology will go into the ministry.

GRANT FORDYCE DEACHMAN. Born on May 4th, 1914, at Calgary. Moved to Ottawa, so educated at Lisgar Collegiate Institute and Private Tuition (any school yells?). Expresses concern with THE MITRE. After English and French honours will try writing or journalism.

MALCOLM JAMES DUNSMORE. Born on June 23rd, 1916, at Sherbrooke, and so naturally went to Sherbrooke High School. Likes sports. Wants to be a doctor, and is taking science course here to that effect.

CEDRIC ARLINGTON EDSON. Born on March 12th, 1914, at North Hatley. Attended Stanstead College, and now lives at Coaticook. Is undecided as to spending his spare time at Bishop's (More pep here?). With a science degree will make big money in commercial chemistry.

RANDOLPH DEARBORN FARLEY. Born on August 20th, 1915, at Scotstown, P.Q., but this wasn't good enough, so he subsequently moved to Drummondville. At Waterloo High School got interested in badminton, C.O.T.C., and basketball, and hopes to follow that up at Bishop's. But real interest is Chemical Engineering, and so will specialize in Chemistry.

M. WILSON GALL. Born on December 10th, 1914, at Lachute. From Lachute High School went to McGill, but decided that after all Bishop's has a slight edge. THE MITRE, dramatics, women and higher finances worry him. Taking a pre-medical course.

WILLIAM PETER BARWISE GEDYE. Born on July 9th, 1915, at Ottawa. Was sent to Knowlton High School. While here is playing soccer, tennis, hockey, and at being a soldier. Specializing in science because he wants to be an Aeronautical Engineer in the Civil Service at Ottawa. Now lives at Brome.

JOHN DAVID WASON GWYNNE (of which he prefers Wason). Born on July 19th, 1910, at Hawkesbury. On moving to St. Lambert enrolled in the High School there. Has joined the C.O.T.C. and will play hockey. Thinks History and Philosophy would be a good preliminary to law. Senior Freshman — congratulations!

FRANKLIN D. HEATH. Born on February 4th, 1916, at Stanstead, and went to Stanstead College. Has settled about the C.O.T.C., but not about other activities. If he qualifies for English Honours may take up teaching.

JASON LEE HEATH. Considered Springfield, Mass. a better place than Stanstead, so was born there on July 12th, 1914. Attended Stanstead College. Tastes are refined, viz. THE MITRE, debating and dramatics. Will probably elect History and English, as a help in a newspaper career.

GEORGE KANDALAFI. Born April 25th, 1915, at Victoriaville, P.Q. Varied schooling at Central, Mitchell, and Sherbrooke High Schools have not produced any definite extra-classroom activities. Would like to take Pharmacy after his B.A.

RUSTON BOTHWELL LAMB. Born on April 5th, 1915, at Montreal, where he attended Lower Canada College. On moving to Stanstead went to the College there. Rugby, debating, dramatics and THE MITRE claim his attention. Ambition is to honour in English and then take law.

KEITH RANKIN LANE. Born on July 4th, 1915, at Lennoxville. At Lennoxville High School interest was aroused in the C.O.T.C. and in Chemistry. He intends to follow up the latter and become a Chemical Engineer.

D'ARCY T. LYNCH. Born November 13th, 1915, at Sweetsburg; but now lives at Sherbrooke from where he came to B.C.S., and eventually to the University to take an Arts course before reading law. Proffers allegiance to no club or society; but maintains he is interested in Badminton, tennis, golf.

GEORGE THOMPSON MACKAY. Born on October 3rd, 1909, at Donegal, County Donegal, Ireland. Was schooled at Delta Collegiate Institute, Hamilton, Ont. Whatever time he can spare from soccer, badminton, C.O.T.C., and debating he intends to devote to working for a B.A. in Theology.

VERNON EARLE MAYHEW. Born February 2nd, 1917, at Dixville, P.Q. Now lives in Lennoxville; attended the High School there. Developed an interest in Basketball, and C.O.T.C., as well as curiosity about Science and Maths. Intends to work at all these and be an engineer.

HOWARD BARLOW MILLER. Born December 23, 1914, at Sherbrooke, P.Q. Now comes from Ottawa and the Glebe Collegiate. A good, if adopted, son of the Capital, he likes skiing and debating and the C.O.T.C. Will also work at a B.A. in Theology.

GEORGE MAXWELL MORROW. Born May 12th, 1914, at Hamilton, Ontario; but confesses coming from Dundas. Westdale Collegiate was his school; rugby his hobby;

and Debating his ultimate ambition. He is terrifically vague.

LYNDON ELVERT NICHOL. Born August 8th, 1914, at Lennoxville, where he lives, and went to School. Is taking a pre-science course with intentions of becoming a Mining Engineer. Rugby, hockey, the C.O.T.C. are his interests.

CLIVE JOHN ARTHUR AYLAN PARKER, born May 9, 1915, at Lennoxville. Attended B.C.S. where he developed an interest in Badminton, Golf, debating (somewhat hesitantly) and O.T.C. (definitely). Will take general Arts and become a C.A. (Chartered Accountant).

EDWARD MYERS AYLAN-PARKER. Born November 20th, 1916, at Waterloo, P.Q. Now lives at Lennoxville. Attended B.C.S. where he became fond of golf and army work and where he decided to take Arts and then read Law.

WARD HUGHSON POWELL, born May 9, 1916, at Ottawa. Went to Trinity College School where he became fond of rugby, hockey, and incidentally, of dramatics. Will work for Honours in Latin and French and someday will enter the Diplomatic Corps. He comes from Ottawa.

MERVYN ALLEN ROGERS, born February 16th, 1916, at Bulwer, P.Q. Comes from Stanstead College. The C.O.T.C. is his sole interest, aside from a science course to prepare for work in dentistry.

WILLIAM TOPPING ROSS, born May 14, 1913, at Parham, Ontario. Now lives in Lennoxville and comes from Sherbrooke High. Will study Arts and take an active part in hockey, tennis, and dramatics — all requisites of a good barrister.

JAMES ALAN SCOTT. Born on June 1st, 1915, at Scotstown, P.Q. Lives at Scotstown and attended Scotstown High. Will acquire a B.A. and then a teacher's diploma. Admits hockey and badminton as interesting.

BASIL WEBSTER STEVENS. Born on July 10th, 1916, at Lennoxville. Lives in Sherbrooke and comes from Sherbrooke High. He doesn't know what he's going to take as a course; but if basketball, dramatics, skiing, tennis, debating, badminton and golf, don't take too much time, he intends to get a degree and then study Law.

WILLIAM HENRY TRENHOLME, born at Montreal in 1916. Came to Lennoxville and the High, there. Intends to study Arts and, later, medicine as well as do things in hockey, basketball and badminton.

WALTER ERNEST WALKER. Born January 8th, 1915, at Montreal. Came from Montreal High to read for a B.A. in Theology and then take Orders. His interests are manifold and active: C.O.T.C., tennis, badminton, basketball, and Rovering.

LAURA E. BLAKE, was born at Waterloo, Que., on January 21, 1917, and came to Bishop's after matriculating at

time at the Ascot Consolidated and Lennoxville High Schools. She is fond of basketball and skiing, but may also be found at the Glee Club and is interested in Dramatics. At present she has hopes of obtaining a High School Diploma and eventually intends to become an interior decorator.

GERTRUDE EDNA CHADSEY, came into the world on August 31, 1916, and has since been released from Bedford High School. Gertrude intends to teach, but tennis, badminton, skating, dramatics and the Glee Club now serve as an outlet for her energies.

CATHERINE ELIZABETH GRIFFIN, was born at Quebec City, on the eighth of May, 1917. She attended St. George's School and the Commissioner's High School before coming to Bishop's to take a course in Arts. She likes badminton and intends to spend some time at the Glee Club and Dramatic Readings. Catherine also intends to be a teacher.

GERALDINE B. LANE, is a product of Lennoxville and received the rudiments of learning at Lennoxville High School. She is interested in the Glee Club and dramatics and intends to specialize in French after obtaining her High School Diploma.

KATHERINE BENTON MORRILL, is another of Sherbrooke's fair daughters. She comes to us from Stanstead College and is now taking a Science course. Her activities are many but she is chiefly interested in basketball.

MARJORIE CATHARINE SPEID, was born in Lennoxville on June 27, 1917, and spent the allotted number of years at Lennoxville High. Still Lennoxville could not bear to part with her and sent her over to Bishop's to take the Arts course. Catharine lists tennis, golf, badminton, swimming, skiing, hockey, riding and dramatics among her activities, so it is no wonder that she intends to take Physical Education at McGill.

DOROTHY MAY WEBSTER, born at Ottawa on July 10th, 1915, to provide us with our senior freshette. Broadway Public and Nepean High School prepared Dorothy for the Arts course, in addition to which she hopes to find time for tennis, basketball, and skiing. Then

McGill will have an opportunity to produce another librarian.

VIVIAN WOODLEY, first saw the light of day in Marash, Turkey, but finally decided that she liked the climate of Canada better. After graduating from Westmount High, Vivian spent a year at McGill and is now a member of Arts '35. She expects to join the Glee Club. Her future is as yet undecided.

WHAT IS ROVERING?

H. B. Miller

There is no need to introduce the word "scouting" to this university. For several years an energetic and hard working troop has thrived under the very capable leadership of Dean Carrington. This troop has trained many men to be real leaders so that when they graduate they could go to take their places as Scoutmasters and Cubmasters in the world-wide brotherhood of scouts.

It is the object of this essay to explain something of "Rover Scouting" or "Rovering". Rovering started when young men returning to their homes after the dreadful days of 1914-1918 wished to take again their old places in their scout troop. They were too old for ordinary scouting and it was to make a place for them that the system of rover scouting was developed.

Rover Scouts are usually organized on the Patrol System. Their Patrol Leader is called the Rover Mate. Two or three Patrols form the complete Crew which is governed by the rovers themselves acting on the suggestion of their executive or Court of Honour. The Rover Leader's duty is to supervise, he is always near to prevent the imposition of any indiscrete rule or any divergence from Scout Regulations. The programme of Rover activities can be arranged to suit the needs of each individual Crew. It is customary for each Crew to have a Den, a room where the Rovers may meet together or find their way at any time to talk and discuss their common interests. The rover meeting is not the end of Rovering but is merely the meeting together of men who are joined together in mutual brotherhood, holding before themselves the high ideals of scouting.

Rover Scouts accept the same Law and the same promise as Boy Scouts, but the difference lies in the fact that the Rover Scout interprets them not from the point of view of a boy but from that of a man. The Boy Scout has as his motto "Be Prepared". The Rover motto is "Service". Service means that at all times he will be ready to help his fellow-men in any way possible. A Rover realizes that he must contribute something to society or

be a parasite on it. Once a man has become a Rover he has dedicated his life to the service of God and his fellow-men. It is for this reason that those who are thinking of becoming Rovers are asked to undergo a probationary period. If they feel they cannot carry out these ideals they are not compelled to be invested as a Rover Scout.

The investiture of a Rover Scout is a very sacred thing. Those who know anything of scouting know how solemn a scout investiture is. The Rover Investiture is based upon the ceremony for the making of a knight. Before the invested members of his crew, the candidate makes or reaffirms his Scout Promise. He gives his fellow

Rovers a symbol and sign of his intention to wash away the wrong of the past and to live an honourable life. He dedicates himself to a life of service. Rover Scouting is thus seen to be a helpful aid to good citizenship.

The Scout system leads the boy naturally through Scouting and Cubbing to Rovering. He is gradually trained as he grows in ideals of helpfulness and citizenship which reach a climax in the Rover Scouting with its lofty and high ideals, its call to service both to God and man, and its appreciation of the beauty of nature. Rover Scouting, then, is the highest and noblest form of Scouting.

EXCHANGES — A. J. H. Richardson

we receive, but many selected quotations from them — both in this article and scattered through the magazine.

The Exchange Editor of the *St. Andrew's College Review* says that "it is doubtful whether much attention is paid to any comments, because they are usually too complimentary." We submit that quotations are far more likely to catch the imagination of the reader, and we hope that, by acting as guide to him on what must unfortunately be a sort of "Cook's Conducted Tour" of the exchanges, we may induce the reader to return again and visit those magazines more fully and at greater leisure.

The old problem of pacifism still holds an important place in college magazines: the military side is expressed both in the *U-Eko* and the *Rouge et Noir*; the other point of view in *The King's College Record* and *The Arrows*. The writer in *Rouge et Noir*, referring to the cadet movement, says:

"Other critics disapprove of the cost involved. Approximately three hundred thousand dollars was granted this year for cadets, but what is that if boys can be trained in the right in times when it is so easy to go wrong? One of the most powerful causes of the present large number of crimes is that young men all over the country are idle, and 'idleness is the father of crime'. One might say that the school supplies plenty of training for all this,

but how many schools do? Most of them hustle through the day's work and then the pupils are left to themselves. Gradually more and more of them wander into disreputable places. What is the sum voted alongside of the welfare of thousands of boys?"

The author of the "Letter to the Editor" in *The King's College Record* puts forward what is really the soundest defence of the conscientious objector:

"Jesus did not call his followers to arms when his life was threatened. Nor did He study the science of killing people in case He himself should be in danger. Nor did He teach His followers the rudiments of slaying or of self-defence. His ideals were of Love and Peace, not of wealth, power or position.

"Have we the right to call ourselves Christians if we do not love Christ's teachings?"

In the *Loyola College Review* there is an article entitled "Gangsters of Rome", in which the constant civil disorders in the Roman Republic in the First Century B.C. are compared with modern gang-warfare. It is apparently quite a coincidence that in the *Blue and White* we find "Caesar on the Spot" — parts of Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" translated into modern gangster's slang, (by no means a new idea, but carried out very vigorously). Here is the murder of Caesar:

"BRUT. — Hey, Boss, why can't ya put slugger Publius Cimber back in the racket again?

CAES. — Listen, you mugs, get dis an' get it straight: I kicked him out 'cause he wasn't no good. He was always noseing aroun' an' he never did anything to amount to the sand in my sandals. I gotta admit dat he pulled a sweet job over in Carthage — a couple o' grand — but dat was dat.

CINNA. — But Gee, Boss!

CAES. — Git away wit yourselves an' peddle your papers.

DEC. — O.K. Chief, I guess you're right. Do you know dat I tink youse is the best Boss a gang ever had.

CASC. — O.K. boys, give 'im de woiks. (Two of the boys turn a machine gun on Caes.)

CAES. — By golly, Brutus, if you ain't a dirty double-crossin' little rat! (Dies.)"

In the same magazine is an article which guys very effectively both the military and League of Nations viewpoints. ("Inspection, 1987").

'Platoon drill followed. No. 1, Morris Dancing; No. 2, Skipping; No. 3, Marbles. The D.C.O. was very pleased with Platoon No. 1, for he said, "This feature (of the

inspection) combined intelligence with elephantine agility." (This was a very good thing.)

'Tag was not in the programme, because last year Nobby Palooka pushed the 'Iron Man' into the cactus hedge (which was quite a good thing), but as the Cadet Report for the year says, "Tag" certainly stimulates the animal spirits in a manner that encourages all the evils of superheated individualism to the downfall of the ideal of co-operation and universal peace.'

Acta Ridleiana maintains its high standard of appearance. The "School House Notes" are very cleverly and amusingly written — decidedly novel in conception and with an effective ending.

The Failt-ye Times also introduce a clever idea in "Fascinating Bridge Hands." — a take-off on the series of bridge hands kept up in many magazines.

We may have a very simple mind, but we must admit that the following items from a "High School Dictionary" (*Rouge et Noir*), amused us.

"Pollen — A persecuted country in Eastern Europe.

Osmosis — The discoverer of the Ten Commandments.

Colloidal Mass — An ancient religious ceremony.

Manganese — An Asiatic people.

Neutralization — The process an alien goes through in becoming a citizen.

Carbon — Where street cars stay at night."

Was it the last of these that caused the advertisement at the bottom of the page to turn upside-down?

"Did you ever dream of a university where there are no term examinations, no compulsory attendance at lectures, where you can go in late to a lecture and leave early if you are bored without any fear of the professor later wreaking vengeance, where you stamp your feet with approval if the lecture says something that pleases you and you shuffle equally loud if you disapprove, where the professors are paid according to their popularity with the students, and where co-eds go fifty-fifty on the cost of a date?" These apparently are the conditions in the modern German university, according to a writer in "*The Varsity*". In another issue of the same paper, we discover that under the Hitler régime nearly all the students wear Nazi uniforms, German students are admitted to secret lectures forbidden to foreign undergraduates and, owing to the dismissal of Jewish professors, one university was at least a month late in opening.

The Manitoban has a special freshman number in which accounts of the various activities are given for the benefit of new students, an almost necessary substitute in such a large university for our Pep Rally.

Tamesis and *The Arrows*, two of our best English exchanges, show a complete difference in their outlook. The former concentrates very much on the history and tradition of the university; *The Arrows*, although by no means so well printed as *Tamesis* (our best exchange from this point of view), is exceedingly up-to-date — Gertrude Stein and D. H. Lawrence seem to be the writers in whom they are most interested. A quotation from "A Masque" will be found elsewhere in *The Mitre*.

The Torch is rather spoilt by the inclusion of what seems to be nearly all the literary efforts of the members of Grades I, II, and III. But articles such as "The Agony of

Gym" and the five "Visits to the Dentist" were so realistic that they brought back painful memories to the Editor.

In addition to the above-mentioned exchanges, we acknowledge with thanks the following: *Stanstead College Annual*, *The Brunswickan*, (2 issues), *Lower Canada College Magazine*, *The Haileyburian*, *O.A.C. Review*, *The Challenger*, *Trinity College School Record*, *The Ubysey*, *Grove Chronicle*, *The College Cord*, *Quebec Diocesan Gazette* (2 issues), *The Algoma Missionary News*, *The Stonyhurst Magazine* (3 issues), *Vox Lycei*, *Alma Mater*, *The Argosy of Commerce and Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa*, (2 issues).

Quotations from some of these will be found throughout this number of *The Mitre*, as mentioned above. Students will also notice that we have continued the practice of noting outstanding articles on the covers of the exchanges, in the Reading Room.

NORDFJORD

I filled my paint-box up before I came,
I brought Viridian and Steven's Blue,
And Crimson Lake, Light Blue, Rose Madder too;
But now I find my colours put to shame
For I have seen a glacier glistening white
And tinged with filmy blueness, and to-day
I saw a perfect rainbow in the spray
That bridged a cataract of tumbling light.
Is not creation God's monopoly?
And did He make the changing fjord green
By mixing up Cobalt and Aureoline?
Such beauty is begot in agony
And he is rash who dares to imitate
What costs eternal labour to create.

LEO.
Tamesis



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SPORTS — A. G. C. Whalley

RUGBY

The opening of the rugby season at Bishop's was accepted with equal nonchalance by the students of that renowned and venerable institution as well as the Universe itself. The one knew it to be inevitable and eyed the whole matter with the coldly, fish-like eye of the philosopher, while the other couldn't do anything about it anyway. As relentless as fate is the annual recurrence of the rugby season. With it go all the attendant ear-marks that are unmistakable for their very distinctiveness — the rushings back and forth for various articles of equipment, water and doctors; the mad and unaccountable acrobatics of the cheer leader and the equally amazing behaviour of his acolytes; the endless and somewhat nauseating post mortem discussions; the hair-splitting arguments of unbelievable technical complexity by the light of the midnight oil; and, most of all, the stealthy slinkings into dark corners of the halls for a furtive smoke. The presence of the coach lends a note of martial austerity to the business of converting normal, or semi-normal (or, in many cases, sub-normal) humanity into battering rams of concrete solidity and tensile-steel toughness. As soon as his whistle sounds on the field, immediately a large number of humans, usually of thoroughly disreputable appearance, sally forth and under his guidance try all the devices of the devil yet known to man to break each others necks. There is a great deal of harmless amusement to be derived from watching the freshmen as they turn out for their first practice. There are the few who trot on the field with the complete assurance of the old hand, but most of them, one feels sure, are humming under their breaths (tune - How Dry I Am - Key of G)

Nobody knows
Just who I am.
Nobody cares
Or

Well, you know the rest of it. Perhaps you tried to hum the same yourself once.

This year we are exceedingly fortunate in having at our disposal the services of Harry Griffiths as coach, a man of wide and varied football experience as well as one of no small skill in several other branches of athletics. Having mastered the elements of rugby at Lakefield and reached a high degree of proficiency at Ridley, under the guidance of Dr. Griffith, he proceeded to McGill where he starred for two years at outside wing on the Senior Team. This year

he is taking a Teacher's Diploma and in his spare time coaching rugby.

Last year's team failed through its too large number of stars and insufficient amount of good supporting material. This year, however, we find fewer stars but plenty of solid reliable, hard-working men on both regular and sub. lines. Bruce Munro was elected captain, a man who has made a name for himself as a fast and tricky runner as well as a hard line-plunger. Oggie Glass handles the kicking duties with customary ability, while Mike Wisenthal (trained down to 213 this year) and Andy Porteous make a steady foundation for the line with their efficient consistency.

The Juniors have supplied a few players to the Intermediates this year and if their work so far is any criterion, they should prove a potential factor in the formation of next year's Intermediate Team.

This year the Intermediates have been entered in the C.I.A.U. as usual and also in the Q.R.F.U. As there are two Quebec teams this year, Bishop's is to play each team once, the winner receiving four points instead of the two points of the customary home-and-home schedule. This gives a total of eight games for the season.

GAMES IN BRIEF

Bishop's (5) at Sherbrooke (5)

Sept. 30th.

The first game of the season, played against the Sherbrooke Athletics, could scarcely be called an impressive exhibition of how well rugby football can be played. The line work was quite good but in the backfield it was only some amazingly quick work that averted the frequent threats of heavy loss through repeated fumbles. The game was quite evenly matched throughout. Bishop's held the lead until the last quarter when Sherbrooke tied the score with a rouge after their attempts to push over a buck for a touch were frustrated by the hard work of the line. Although the playing lacked finesse and polish, I do not quite feel that I should be justified in saying, "of all the bad games I have seen, this is quite the worst." The game was unusual for its number of penalties — Bishop's had a man off the field for twenty minutes, while Sherbrooke was penalized fifteen minutes.

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57th Battery, Quebec (1) at Bishop's (8)
October 7th.

In spite of dull and chilly weather and a strong cross wind, Bishop's managed to defeat Quebec after a closely contested game. The work of the whole team showed a vast improvement over the previous game's play. The backfield had mastered the intricacies of their plays to that extent of precision that is essential for a certain degree of success. Quebec's team was heavy and fast and tackled with unerring accuracy. Picking up the ball on Bishop's thirty yard line gave Quebec the break they wanted, but the line stopped their determined efforts to put over a touch and they had to be contented with a single point. A succession of line-plunges and end runs by Bishop's moved the yard sticks several times. Both teams fought hard for the full sixty minutes and the mutual exchanges along the line could scarcely have been called gentle.

Bishop's (28) at McGill (Freshmen) (6)
Oct. 11th.

At the Molson Stadium, the Bishop's Intermediates virtually walked through the McGill Freshmen for a 28 - 6 victory. An even higher score would have been registered in Bishop's favour had not two touchdowns been called back for technical reasons. Although Bishop's only completed one forward pass, there were some very spectacular runs, some off end runs and two or three from intercepted McGill passes. There were four or five runs of over forty yards, and one of sixty-five yards for a touchdown.

The first half ended with Bishop's leading 16 - 0. But McGill, invigorated by their short rest between periods and the blasphemous advice of a fuming coach, made use of a lucky break and picking up the ball on our forty yard line, plunged through for an unconverted touchdown. Although the Bishop's team's plays were working well, some of their tackling was exceedingly weak and occasionally the McGill ball-carrier got around the outside for some quite large gains.

Bishop's (10) at Quebec Granites (5)
Oct. 14th.

A thoroughly unsatisfactory and somewhat disastrous victory over the Quebec Granites on the Q.S.A.C. field in Quebec, left the Intermediate team with an injured pride and ten injured players. One injury will prevent further participation this season, while the others will keep the respective players out of uniform for times varying from a couple of days to a week. At first Bishop's made quite a good showing, plunging through the Quebec line for

Nakash



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yards several times, and preventing the Quebec line plays from coming through. Some of the Quebec end runs were getting a little out of control due to the tricky running of Evans. Bishop's, however, failed to capitalize their advantageous position a couple of times when a touchdown seemed inevitable so that all the scoring had to be done with kicks. When three of the Bishop's regulars were on the bench with injuries, a Quebec on-side kick resulted in a 30-yard run for a touchdown. Several long and spectacular forward passes were completed with considerable gain in yards. The cause of the high percentage of serious injuries is attributed to the roughness of the field.

Students are reminded that by the nominal outlay of two dollars, a Students' Association Ticket can be bought which will permit entrance to any of the home games in either rugby, hockey or basketball. No matter how small the individual student's mathematical attainments he will realise that there is a distinct saving to be effected by the use of this facility.

SOCCER

Under the guidance of the diminutive but no less energetic David Godwin, a soccer club has been formed to give those not playing rugby a chance for some exercise during the autumn term. As we heard at the Pep Rally, there are distinct advantages to this game that the less gentlemanly and more barbarous game of rugby football can not even hope to offer. There is no doubt that, in mastering the technique necessary for good playing and reaching the degree of training without which the game is an impossibility, a great deal of benefit and fun may be derived from soccer. It is hoped that the enthusiasm that has greeted its introduction at Bishop's this year will be carried on in the future, so that it may eventually be entered as a major activity complete with constitution (and amendments).

Although difficulties in practice have been encountered due to the fact that there are only enough men for one team, an eleven has entered the E.T.S.A. and to date have made a very creditable showing in both games against the Lennoxville Bluebirds. Although they lost 2 - 1 in both cases, the closeness of the score is a very fair indication of the trend of the play. Contact is being made with Magog and Drummondville, through the excellent Canadian Postal Service, and it is hoped that four more games can be arranged. Any support from the members of the University would no doubt be a great asset to the team, so gentlemen of the University will please to take notice

whenever one of Mr. Godwin's beautiful pictorial notices appears.

TENNIS

In spite of a few days of cold weather, quite a number have been playing tennis assiduously and for some time drew away most of the crowd that had come to watch the rugby practices. A tournament is to be arranged in the Spring to stimulate enthusiasm and to introduce new members and give those who have never played a chance to make fools of themselves with a moderately reasonable excuse.

BADMINTON

The floor of the gymnasium has been freshly marked out for badminton as well as basketball and a few have already made use of their spare time in taking advantage of the facilities offered for this game. Newcomers and those who have not previously played will find this game an excellent way of filling up "the long winter evenings" while the training will be decidedly beneficial. Incidentally, there is a trophy offered for competition each year, the winner being drawn from the results of a tournament held in the Spring.

HOCKEY

As was shown in a most disastrous way last winter, having a team entered in two leagues made too heavy a schedule. Therefore, it has been decided to drop out of the Q.H.A. this year. The University of Montreal, however, may not enter the I.I.H.L. this year, in which case a team will be entered in the Q.H.A. with the proviso that we play each team once only, instead of the customary home-and-home series. With the promising new material in view and with Oggie Glass as captain, it is quite possible, in fact almost probable, that better results than last year will be forthcoming.

A Student's Disgrace

A young student of Montreal was recently sent to jail for five days for stealing a twenty-five cent cane. He pleaded to be permitted to pay a fine as the affair was only a student's freak; but there was no alternative but to go to jail.

*N.B. Reporter and F'ton Advertiser,
Feb. 29th, 1888.*

(The Brunswickan, Oct. 5th, 1933.)

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GRADUATES' SECTION

M. A. Stephens

The Former Students' column of a university magazine should serve a purpose which even a Graduates' Society cannot serve. A Graduates' Society enables former students living within a certain area to keep in touch with one another, but is of little value to those who have become scattered over the face of the earth. But a graduates' magazine, or their column in the university magazine, is the one means by which the class of any one year can maintain contact with their classmates whether they be in Russia, Japan, Australia or Brazil. A graduate of '93 wanting information about the fellow who roomed across from him should be able to get his news through a note in the magazine, and until the Graduates' Section of The Mitre has reached that efficiency the present writer will not be satisfied. But a Graduates' Section can only be what the former students make it. If the graduates of Bishop's support The Mitre, both by subscribing and by sending in their news, the editor of this section will be encouraged to make a full effort to be useful to them.

The old title, "De Alumnis", has been abandoned. This is partly because the editor of this department has a prejudice in favour of English words when they are available. The other reason is that he did not know what "alumnus" meant until he was appointed "Alumni Editor" and thought he ought to find out. He then asked the first six students he met if they knew what "alumnus" meant, and none of them did.

The word means "nourished", "brought up". Now it is doubtless appropriate to talk of an Alma Mater nourishing her future alumni, provided that the allusion is understood. But the happy thought is entirely lost in a generation which does not know sufficient Latin to connect the two. For that reason the writer — with the sanction of the Editor-in-Chief — prefers a word whose meaning is known. A small number of non-graduates will figure in this column from time to time; if they prefer the term "alumni" will they let us know?

What contribution a co-ed makes to the life of a university, is a question which is occasionally solemnly debated by students. There are three Bishop's graduates who "crash" this column on this occasion because they have recently given a practical demonstration of their belief that Co-eds make good wives for men students.

The first of the lucky three to lead his bride from the altar was the Rev. J. H. Macklem Brett, B.A. '29, L.S.T. '31, who was married at St. Peter's, Cookshire, on June 28th, to Nancy Ramsden Wood, B.A. '30, H.S.D.

'31. There was a considerable Bishop's element in this wedding, as the Rev. Edwin Parkinson, B.A. '28, L.S.T. '30, and J. N. Wood, B.A. '29, M.A. '30, were among the guests. Mack is now Rector of Jarvis & Nanticoke in the diocese of Niagara.

The Rev. W. W. Davis, B.A. '31, was married on July 20th at St. Matthew's, Ottawa, where he is assistant priest, to Aubrey Acheson, B.A. '29. Bill and Aubrey have been to see us this term, and seem to be very happy.

In the Far West, at St. Faith's Mission Chapel, Edmonton, on July 27th, the Rev. T. J. Matthews, L.S.T. '32, was married by the Bishop of Edmonton to Mary Eileen Montgomery, M.A. '30.

Several other graduates have forsaken bachelorhood during the summer. The Rev. John Comfort, L.S.T. '32, and Lillian Doris Smith, of Sherbrooke, were married by Canon Figg in St. Peter's, Sherbrooke, on June 27th. John and his bride decided to spend their honeymoon getting acquainted with their new parish, Malbaie, on the Gaspé coast. The writer met them at Percé three weeks after the wedding, and learnt that they had arrived at their new rectory four days ahead of the furniture!

George A. McArthur, M.A. '31, was married to Audrey Jean MacKay, of Campbellton, New Brunswick, on August 19th. They are living in Westmount, where Mr. McArthur is teaching at the High School.

The Rev. Alfred F. Dowdell, B.A. '27, L.S.T. '29, did us the honour of visiting us while on his honeymoon. He and his wife, formerly Miss Saunders, were in chapel on Sunday, Sept. 24th. They were married at St. George's Cathedral, Kingston, on Sept. 20th.

Ashton Richard Tobin, B.A. '25, had the honour of the presence of the Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King at his wedding to Miss Francoise Surveyer at St. Viateur Church, Outremont, on Sept. 16th. Mr. and Mrs. Tobin are living on Moore St., Sherbrooke.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Aikman at Kenogami on Sept. 18th. Mrs. Aikman was formerly Gwen Read, B.A., and is the daughter of Dr. J. Ellery Read, of Sherbrooke.

The Calgary Diocesan Gazette for Michaelmas contains a number of reports about the courageous continuance of Church work in an area badly hit by hard times and crop failures. Among them is the following note about the Rev. C. W. Wiley, M.A., L.S.T. '31:- "Mr. Wiley is at present in charge of both Hanna and the wide-flung Epiphany Mission. There are four organised parishes

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and numerous outlying points. Work in such a charge under present conditions must be anything but encouraging, but Mr. Wiley reports a spirit of cheerfulness and quiet determination in his congregations."

A number of Bishop's graduates in divinity have been affected by changes in the diocese of Quebec during the summer. Some of these changes were caused by the retirement of the Rev. E. K. Wilson, B.A. '91, of Danville, and the Rev. I. N. Kerr, B.A. '93, M.A. '98, of Drummondville. The later is now living in Lennoxville. The Rev. Sidney Wood, Div. '32, has added the cares of the parish of Danville to those of the mission of Lorne, and now looks after five churches. He has been doing a forty mile circuit on Sundays. Mr. Kerr is succeeded at Drummondville by the Rev. Philip Callis, B.A. '98, M.A. '04, who leaves his parish at New Carlisle to the Rev. A. S. Le Moignan, L.S.T. '28, from Mutton Bay, Labrador. The Rev. J. Barnett, L.S.T. '29, succeeds to the charge of the Labrador Mission, and will be assisted by the Rev. R. G. Rowcliffe, B.A. '31, from Inverness. The Rev. H. C. Denton, L.S.T. '26, of Leeds, has taken over the mission of Inverness, in addition to that of Leeds, and now looks after six churches.

A triangular change has taken place near the college. The Rev. G. P. Pye, B.A. '95, goes from Fitch Bay to Waterville; the Rev. Oscar Berry, Div. '30, from Waterville to Windsor Mills; and the Rev. Benjamin Watson, B.A. '94, M.A. '98, to Fitch Bay from Windsor Mills.

The Rev. W. C. Dunn, L.S.T. '18, came up from the Gaspé coast in July to succeed the Rev. A. E. Tulk, B.D. '32, now Rector and Rural Dean of Cookshire, at Kingsey. The Rev. John Comfort, L.S.T. '32, succeeded Mr. Dunn at Malbaie.

The Rev. Sydney W. Williams, B.A. '28, L.S.T. '30, B.Sc., formerly assistant priest at the Cathedral in Quebec City, is now in charge at Shawinigan Falls.

From the diocese of Ottawa there is news of two well-known Bishop's graduates. The Ven. Archdeacon D'Arcy Clayton, M.A. '13, of Smith's Falls, Ont., has retired to live at Perth, Ont. The Rev. Harold Waterman, B.A. '14, L.S.T. '20, B.D. '33, has taken over the parish of Smith's Falls.

Other divinity graduates of whom we have heard are — the Rev. Jack Creegan, B.A., L.S.T. '27, who has been appointed Rector of North Augusta, diocese of Ontario; the Rev. Basil Irwin, L.S.T. '28, now temporarily assistant priest at St. James', Vancouver; the Rev. R. J. Shires, B.A. '12, L.S.T. '13, who has been appointed Rector of St. Jude's, Toronto; and the Rev. John McCausland, B.A. '32, who is assistant priest at St. Bartholomew's, Toronto.

Several of last year's graduates are seeking further education in other halls of learning. J. S. Aikins is at

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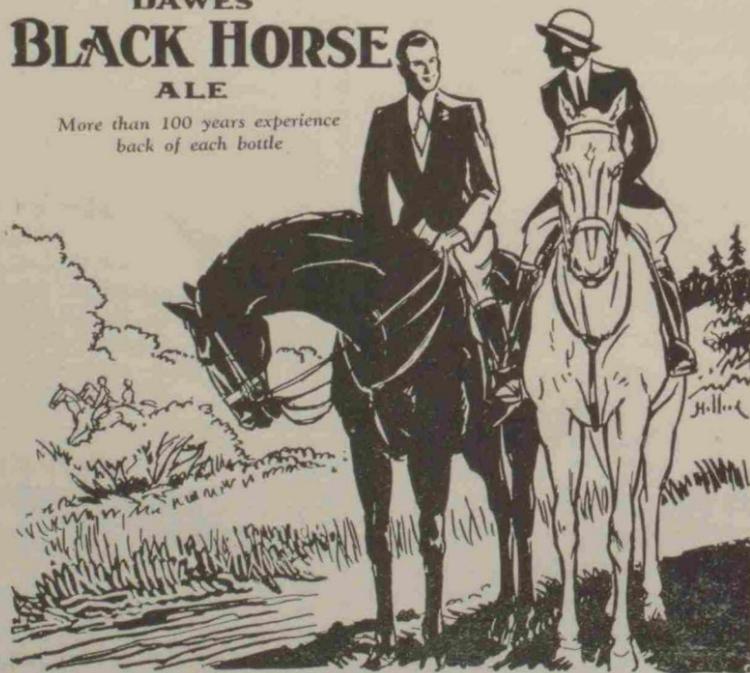
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Lincoln College, Oxford, studying law. W. B. Bradley is at McGill, and M. E. Armstrong at Osgoode Hall for the same purpose. Wally Hodgins is taking dentistry at McGill. S. E. A. Sherrell is seeking further honours at the College of Education of the University of Toronto, as is Douglas H. Argue, B.A. '29. M. Ortenberg and S. G. Rudner are at home studying for M.A.'s extramurally. Eight of last year's B.A.'s are back here for the teachers' course — D. M. Campbell, I. K. Hume, J. S. and R. T. McHarg, G. A. McMurray, B. A. Millar, M. A. Turner, and F. A. Williams. E. Wiggett, B.A. '32, is also reading for the Teachers' Diploma. J. F. S. Ford has entered the divinity class.

The majority of last year's High School Diploma class have found work. Miss Iola Beaulieu is teaching at Sherbrooke High; W. C. Bisson at Knowlton; D. W. Buchanan at East Greenfield; C. W. Dickson at Noranda; E. E. Eades at Gatineau; F. N. Fleming at Richmond; J. Hodgkinson at La Tuque; D. N. McCrae at Scotstown; R. W. Rowse at Huntingdon; L. F. Somerville at Brookbury; G. J. Titcomb at Three Rivers; Norris Brough at Drummondville. Norris is seen around the college at weekends, doing work for his M.A.

Of the 1933 divinity graduates, Russel Brown is curate at the Cathedral in Montreal, and is heard on the air when the Cathedral Services are broadcast; R. J. Turley has had charge of the mission of Madawaska, and is now curate at St. George's, Ottawa; Eric Osborne spent the summer supplying in the dioceses of Ottawa and Ontario, and is now in charge of the parish of Aultsville, diocese of Ottawa; W. R. Crummer, after a summer in charge of the mission of Petawawa, Ont., with the acting chaplaincy of the military camp thrown in, passed through Lennoxville recently on his way to New York for further study at the General Theological Seminary.

Three of last year's freshman class have sought pastures new: T. C. Keefer is at R.M.C.; G. B. Greene, and P. S. Broadhurst, at Queen's. Phyllis McVie is at Macdonald College, taking the teachers' course.

D. B. MacKay, of the class of '34, is spending a year as a lay-minister for the Presbyterian Church in Western Ontario before he returns to complete his course. S. A. Meade, who was taking a partial course in first year Arts last year, is teaching and lay-reading on the Labrador.

John J. Dinan, of the class of '28, is President of the McGill Medical Students' Association. Martin Banfill, B.A. '28, who was President of the Class of 1933 in Medicine at McGill, received his degree at the Convocation last spring, and is now an interne at the Montreal General Hospital. Bob Stevenson, B.A. '27, has completed his Medical course at Edinburgh University, and is also doing hospital work in Montreal.



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Bishop's men who were in England last summer included the Rev. T. A. Jarvis, L.S.T. '27, B.D. '33; the Rev. W. H. M. Church, B.A. '29, L.S.T. '32; J. I. Benson, B.A. '33; and H. M. Porritt, M.A. '32. Gordon O. Rothney, B.A. '32, who is at London University, spent the summer in Scotland.

Dr. F. E. Meredith, Chancellor of the University from 1926 to 1932, had the honour of being invited to the Royal Garden Party at Buckingham Palace on July 20th.

Ralph Gustafson, B.A. '29, M.A. '30, B.A. Oxon., has finished his studies in England. He was at home in Sherbrooke for a few weeks late in the summer before going to teach at St. Alban's School, Brockville, Ont.

The Rev. E. F. L. Thompson, L.S.T. '25, incumbent of Montreal South, who seriously injured his back in a motor accident in July, is making slow progress.

W. B. Scott, B.A. '08, M.A. '30, spent some time in Lennoxville during the summer. C. V. Smith, Jr., who left us in 1931 to go to McGill, was another former student seen around the campus.

The Mitre wishes to express sympathy with Thyra MacAuley, B.A. '29, whose father died at Gould on Oct. 11th; and with John Dean, B.A. '29, and Dorothy Dean, B.A. '28, whose aunt, Mrs. R. I. Dean, died in Sherbrooke on Oct. 9th.



GRADUATES ATTENTION!

Plans are being considered for the formation of an association of the Alumni of Bishop's University. For several years there was an Alumni Association in the City of Montreal, and the graduates of the University and former students who were members of it, did valuable work in providing a scholarship for a student at the University. W. G. Bassett, B.A., who is now reading for his Ph.D. at the University of London, was the holder of it throughout his course.

The scholarship was continued for three years. It was then dropped, and the Alumni Association ceased to function. In the plans for reorganization, provision will be made for constitution and by-laws, and an effort will be made to draw all graduates into the membership.

When the meeting for reorganization is called, it is hoped that as many of the graduates and former students of the University as possible will attend it.



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THE FORUM

IS SPEECH FREE?

To The Editor of the Forum,

To hear that our college publication was making an effort to direct the lines of thought of the student body comes as a distinct shock to those who hold their freedom of speech and thought very dear.

Somewhere in the minds of the "Gods that be" seems to linger the idea that not only is THE MITRE to impress the outside world with the serene conservatism of our institution, but it must also take into consideration that certain members of the Faculty might be offended by what a student thinks.

"Ye Gods that be", sweep the musty cobwebs of antiquity from your grey cerebral matter, remember that THE MITRE is Bishop's MITRE, the students' MITRE, not the Faculty's nor the outside world's.

It is not difficult to visualize the apathy and decay into which the students' minds will degenerate. To try to curb an expression of opinion on whatsoever subject a student cares to express himself is tyranny of the worst order; it is not a physical tyranny but it is a mental tyranny which will finally result in the utter atrophy of already never too active minds.

To divert the channels of thought of the student body from good honest controversy and gently guide said thoughts into the more proper lines of a serious treatise regarding the moonlight on the Mediterranean or the direct effect that the I.O.D.E. convention in Sherbrooke will have upon the student body of this University, is to choke any originality that a student may have. The whole purpose of college education is lost. Education as the word suggests, is the drawing out of what already exists in the way of intelligence; to stifle the little originality which occasionally does seem to ooze out of its own accord is to neutralize whatever good the lectures happen to do.

That the members of the Faculty consider certain subjects closed as far as they are concerned does not mean that the Faculty will be offended if the student does think and write about the "closed" subjects; and what if they are slightly offended? They will probably consider the student much more the man if he has the initiative to offend them. Hundreds of Faculties have been offended and have managed to continue with their work with zeal. To let them think that their charges have become mere puppets and "yes men" is very degrading to the student

body, to say nothing of the impression of the Faculty that this docile "yessing" on the part of the students, will convey to the public.

Miles Wisenthal.

SPEECH IS FREE!

To the Editor of the Forum,

Kindly permit me to make a few comments on the subject of free speech and its expression in The Mitre. Apparently there are a few students who believe that certain subjects are banned and cannot be discussed in our magazine, and that proof of this was given recently when I opposed an article dealing with Chapels. With reference to this may I say that the article was given a further consideration by the Literary Board, and it was decided that it should not be published until it was rewritten. It was not so much the subject of the article, but rather the spirit in which it was written that prompted my attitude.

I shall be very pleased to receive articles that deal with any subject, and if they are courteously and grammatically written there is no doubt that they will be accepted by the Board. Neither the members of the Literary Board nor myself have any desire to obtain the sanction of the faculty before sending any literary contributions to the printer; but on the other hand, if they become the subject of discussion in our articles, it is fair that the Literary Board censure any expression of an uncharitable nature. Those who have faith in the Literary Board should not require any further explanation of this matter. May I simply say this ... free speech is accorded to those who in their articles are obviously playing the game.

John Ford,
President of The Mitre.

SUGGESTION TO COUNCIL

To the Editor of the Forum,

There is a department generally affiliated with the Students' Executive Council at most of our Canadian Universities called the Book Exchange.

This Book Exchange has been found one of the most necessary and economical divisions of the Council's work. Its main purpose is to buy up books and to sell them second hand. The general plan on which it is operated is to set prices for the books sold and bought to prevent scalping of unwary freshman, and to add just that margin of profit to cover the expenses incurred in operating the exchange.

If such a department were in operation at Bishop's worries over books would be less exhausting. As far as I

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can see many of the academic books are of little use to the student after he has made his year: one has only to look at the notice boards at the beginning of the first term to prove this. So the student sells his books. He sets a very high premium on them and impresses the buyer, or inquirer, that the price is high because all the important passages are underlined and beautiful notes are in the margin. And frequently some new, green, student is sold, unintentionally, of course, every useless and worthless book in his course.

I am sure the Students' Council could find time, if not to accept this suggestion and to put it into practice, at least to investigate its possibilities. One possibility is to have the Warden of the Reading Room take charge of this work, — with a reasonable increase in his stipend.

Charles F. Carson.

CONTEPORARIES' OPINIONS

Student Christian Movement Book Exchange

The S.C.M. runs the exchange by having students bring in books on which they put their own price. If the books are sold the S.C.M. holds on to ten per cent. Later on in the middle of October the student is given his share of the proceedings or if not so fortunate, his book is returned. In this manner the S.C.M. with its very thriving business adds greatly to its own coffers and at the same time saves time, money and effort.

The Varsity, September 29th, 1933.

"Do we realize the enormous number of men to-day who have had thrust upon them, against their will, hours and hours of leisure? Neither the Church as a whole, nor our universities, seem to have taken that fact into consideration. The only people who have taken cognizance of these changing conditions are the manufacturers — the manufacturers of radios, of movie films, of jig-saw puzzles, and other amusements for the people. Do we realize that the generation that is now coming to manhood has practically lost the art of creating its own pleasure, its own amusement — that the pleasure which is provided for us is something that we pay for? We do not amuse ourselves — we hardly know how to — we pay other people to amuse us."

Encaenia Sermon,
King's College Record.

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NEWS AND NOTES

ARMY

The University Contingent of the C.O.T.C. has withstood the shocks and batterings of the pacifists; and to the amazement of all, this year the enrollment is larger than ever before.

This increase is possibly due to the enthusiasm created by the Smoker on October 3, when Lt.-Col. J. M. Prower, G.S.O.1, wasted no time on platitudinous references to Empire, the Flag, and King and Country, but gave a clear, forthright account of the aims, purposes, and system of training of the Corps.

The year's training started on October 6th, under Lieut. A. V. Ottiwell, Acting Officer Commanding, who is relieving Major Stuart Sanders of the details of the work, although we are happy to announce that Major Sanders has consented to remain with the Contingent as O. C. Mr. Ottiwell is assisted by 2/Lieut G. J. Cameron as Adjutant and 2/ Lieut H. B. Munro as Musketry Officer.

The Contingent is organized into three platoons this year. Mr. E.-F. H. Boothroyd commands No. 1 Platoon; Mr. W. D. M. Christie, No. 2; and Mr. A. G. C. Whalley, No. 3.

The programme of training for this season has been arranged to include a shooting competition, a tactical scheme with the Sherbrooke Regiment, field exercises, and the usual lectures for candidates for the certificates A and B. And, of course, there will be a dance each term.

PEP RALLY

The Annual Pep Rally was held on the night of Wednesday, September 27th. It is to be hoped that some future Students' Council may devise a more appropriate name than "Pep Rally". The purpose of the meeting is not so much to scare up pep, but to show the student to what activities he may most wisely devote his pep. "Activities Smoker" would be a more appropriate name, if somewhat cumbersome.

The highlight of the evening was the impassioned plea for soccer delivered by David Godwin. Even those who had been enemies of soccer all their lives must have been moved to enthusiasm; let us hope that his words bore

fruit. Other speeches in lighter vein were those delivered by Dr. Boothroyd and Bruce Munro.

The evening opened with a short address by the Principal, after the Chairman's introductory remarks. In his talk the Principal showed the relation of the various activities to be outlined to the real purpose of a University course, and counselled his audience to keep this purpose always before them. Then the different organizations of the University were presented for support. Badminton and the C.O.T.C. seem to have more ambitious programs than in former years, and Mr. Bradford and Mr. Cameron are to be congratulated. Hockey and Dramatics look forward to more success this year than last, while Basketball, Debating, THE MITRE and the Scouts will be content to keep up the standard. Finally, let us not forget Colin Bottell and his singing, which gave such a pleasant spirit to the gathering.

DEBATING

On October 5th the first debate of the term was held in the Common Room. Michaels and Bassett were successful in upholding the negative of the subject: "Resolved that Professionalism in Sport should be abolished" against Boothroyd and Wisenthal. The amount of discussion after the regular speakers augured well for a good year in debating.

On the following Thursday, October 12th, Professor Kuehner read a paper on the influence of Aristotle on the development of chemistry. Mr. Kuehner contended that by his assumption of the existence of four basic elements, viz. earth, air, fire and water, Aristotle had set back the development of chemistry for some years, and, by putting his disciples on the wrong track leading to alchemy, had prevented them from reaching the truth.

There followed a Freshman debate on the national radio system, with Davis and Deachman speaking for the affirmative, and Mackay and Baglow for the negative. October 26th. is reserved for a Hat Night. After that there will be a succession of papers and debates, with the first inter-faculty debate on the evening of November 23rd.

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A CHANGE IN THE CHAPEL RULE

The Mitre of June 1933 contained a short paragraph stating that the students had signed a petition asking for a revision of the chapel rule. Some changes were made in the rule at the beginning of this term. Resident students are now required to attend five chapels a week, instead of seven. The chapel at ten o'clock on Sunday must be one of the five, and day-students living near the college are now expected to be present at that service. Non-Anglicans may ask the Principal's permission to attend another place of worship on Sunday mornings, but such attendance no longer counts as a chapel attendance.

When the Principal announced the reduction in the number of chapels required, he also gave a clear statement of the position of the University regarding chapel attendance. He stated that it was the intention of the founders of Bishop's College to provide here opportunity for all-round development, in which the spiritual as well as the intellectual and physical should have a place. With that intention a rule about chapel attendance had been inserted in the Charter, and he as Principal was obliged to enforce its provisions. Students entering Bishop's should recognise that this was a university which provided for the development of the whole man. If that was not the kind of education they required, they were not obliged to come to Bishop's; they might seek an education elsewhere. But if they remained at Bishop's, they must obey the college rules.

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Last year's Editor-in-Chief has asked us to say that the wider knowledge of the Chapel situation which is now available has convinced him that the report in last June's issue of the interview between the Principal and the Students presenting the petition was inadequate and by its very brevity misleading. He feels that a fuller report at the time would have given the students a clearer understanding of the position, and he regrets that this opportunity was misused.

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CONGRATULATIONS

We are pleased to announce that another degree has been awarded to the Rev. Philip Carrington, M.A., (Cantab.), S.T.D., D.C.L. The degree is that of Doctor of Literature, D. Litt., and was awarded to him this summer by the University of New Zealand for his outstanding book, *The Meaning of the Revelation*.

FROM THE HEART

We are eager to acknowledge the gift of fifty dollars from G. M. Stearns, Esq., D.C.L., to the Students' Association to help the Rugby teams. This is the tenth consecutive time that Mr. Stearns has shown how real and practical is his interest in the University and the vastly important game of Rugby.

We must arise and go now, and come back in a stew,
There's much to do in the Council Room, and ideas present few.

Whatever matters may crop up, a brother's sure to say,
'I think it's good, and I think it's right, but Chairman, will it pay?'

Whereat the Chairman will reply, who knows and I will see,

While all the Councillors hug their paunch, and ponder mightily.

It's a great life out West, men; there's action for a man;
You may get shot in the back, chaps, but do your bit while you can.

"A Masque,"
The Arrows.

"'Why not advertise war as the curse it is?' suggested Les Rowntree, II Political Economy. 'It could be called "public welfare" advertising sponsored by the government, and would educate the public to the curse of war. This would have far greater results than the pacifistic pledges that university students sign, which would melt away before the patriotic pleas of some politician for war who is probably hand in glove with armament manufacturers.'"

The Varsity
October 5th, 1933.

BOOKS TO READ

RAMILLIES AND THE UNION WITH SCOTLAND

by George Macaulay Trevelyan, O.M.

"This volume", says the author in his preface, "is a rope twisted of three strands — the war, English politics and the Scottish problem." In that sentence is epitomized the whole of "Ramillies", the second book of what is to be a three-volume history of "England under Queen Anne."

Trevelyan lists the War of the Spanish Succession first, and rightly so. For, besides occupying the greater part of "Ramillies and the Union", it forms an 'enveloping movement' for the book and gives the necessary continuity with the previous volume, "Blenheim". When "Ramillies" opens, the battle of Blenheim had just been fought. That world-astounding victory had marked the turning of the tide of war in the Allies' favour. And now we follow the four years' alternate ebb and flow of that tide in the Low Countries, as it advanced in spite of numerous unbelievably petty bickerings among the leaders till all the Spanish Netherlands were conquered and the Allies had struck into France and taken the great fortress of Lille. In the South during this time Italy had been saved by Eugene, but the great attack on Toulon had failed. The holding of Gibraltar and the capture of Minorca had finally established England as a Mediterranean power. Spain, nearly conquered for "King Charles" by Peterborough's flaringly brilliant attack, was lost again by lack of decision and united command; but its capture remained the cherished ambition of the Allies, and prevented the success of the peace attempts of 1708-9 with which the book ends.

At home the political constellations shifted round the fixed stars of Godolphin and Marlborough. After the Tory fall from power, Anne and Godolphin made an attempt to institute non-party governments for England, but the Whigs finally came in. Scotland, a country still in a mediaeval condition, poor, turbulent, deeply religious, wavering for years between war or union with England, finally chose the latter and the Hanoverian Succession was made fairly sure at last.

"England under Queen Anne" is evidently meant as a continuation of Macaulay's "History of England." But the contrast is more marked than the similarity between the two works. Trevelyan's scientific re-estimation of character entirely re-habilitates Marlborough — upholding his military reputation (never really called in doubt), stressing his charming tact and diplomatic power, patience with his rivals and love of his wife, and clearing him of

the charges of jealousy and (to a great extent) cupidity. The inconstant Peterborough, the 'trimmer' Harley, the gallant Leake, are all clearly drawn as well; but Godolphin, in spite of the prominent part he plays, nowhere emerges as a definite character.

Critics have complained that this book lacks the interest of "Blenheim." Of course in the period covered there are no events so spectacular as Blenheim or the capture of Gibraltar, and Trevelyan could not repeat the description of England which had given most life to the earlier volume. But it must be admitted that he does not make the most of the description of Scotland, though the accounts of Edinburgh and the battle of Oudenarde are living enough.

We look in vain for phrases and anecdotes like those of Macaulay's which have too often, unfortunately, stuck in our minds. Yet we find in "Ramillies" extreme clarity with its peculiar beauty and a firm background of well-attested and annotated fact; and even the first reading of this one volume leaves the impression that "England under Queen Anne" will be a soundly-built work likely to endure.

A. J. H. R.

JAMES WOLFE: MAN AND SOLDIER

by W. T. Waugh, M.A.

At the conclusion of his book, Professor Waugh comments on the lack of interest displayed in General Wolfe by both Englishmen and Canadians. If his book achieves the popularity it deserves, there should be an increase in understanding and knowledge concerning the first Anglo-Saxon hero of Canadian History.

"James Wolfe: Man and Soldier" is an easily read biography in which the reader is carried along without pause from start to finish. Professor Waugh's straightforward style is admirably suited to this type of work and renders it difficult to lay the book down. The charm of the biography is enhanced by touches of that dry humour which is particularly in evidence in the references to Marshal Wade, "whose incompetence seemed indispensable to whatever ministry was in office" and again "his strategy was in his best manner he displayed a masterly inertia."

Of the childhood of the conqueror of Quebec little

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is known, and it is not until he starts his military career that the record of his life can really be commenced. This career began at a very early age with the Cartagena expedition from which, however, ill health caused his return to school. Shortly after he received his commission in the Marines when still in his fifteenth year. Fortunately, for Wolfe, who suffered terribly from sickness, family interest enabled this to be exchanged for an ensignship in the Twelfth Foot, and the same year the regiment was ordered abroad as part of Lord Stair's expedition to the Netherlands.

At Dettingen, his first battle, Wolfe was acting as adjutant and second in command of the Twelfth. He was confirmed in his appointment as adjutant after the engagement; but shortly after was posted to the Fourth Foot with rank as captain. Promotion still dogged his footsteps and before he left the Continent he was a Brigade Major. Following this came the campaign in the Highlands in which he acted as aide-de-camp to General Hawley.

In 1749, after an experience in the commissariat, Wolfe was made Major of the Twentieth Foot. He joined the regiment in Scotland and took over active command, receiving the appointment as Lt. Colonel the following year. Here he spent over four of the most unhappy years of his life; the climate did not suit him and he disliked both Lowlanders and Highlanders. During this period besides making his regiment most efficient in the service, he studied hard at mathematics and Latin. The period was also rendered unhappy by an estrangement from his family over the desire to marry Miss Lawson.

Then after an experience of various English garrison towns he once more saw active service in the Rochefort expedition as Quarter-Master General. Wolfe's was one of the few reputations enhanced by this debacle and the following year he was sent with Amherst to Louisburg.

At Louisburg, his reputation was improved by the rapidity with which he seized victory out of apparent failure at the landing and by the way he pushed his part of the siege. Wolfe spent the winter in England, becoming engaged to Miss Lowther, and in the spring sailed with temporary rank as Major-General to assume command of the expedition against Quebec.

Wolfe's operations at Quebec are admirably defended by Professor Waugh, who successfully answers the criticisms that have been brought against his strategy. In the final attack he points out the stroke of genius in the direction in which Wolfe made his descent on the Anse au Foulon.

Throughout the whole book by frequent quotations from Wolfe's letters and from contemporary remarks on his hero, Professor Waugh sketches in Wolfe's character, as a keen soldier, who placed his profession above everything else, and an assiduous student of all works relating to his profession. We are shown that despite his ill-health he was a keen sportsman, especially at hunting, shooting and riding, and that he was extremely fond of dogs, being seldom without five or six. His nervousness and brusqueness arising from his physical condition, such as his outburst at one of Townsend's cruel caricatures, are sympathetically treated. And the book, leaves a clear-cut impression on the reader of the two aspects of Wolfe the man and Wolfe the soldier.

E.F.H.B.

SUMMER ADDITIONS
TO THE LIBRARY

In the Department of English:-

- Bridges, Robert
The influence of the audience on Shakespeare's drama (Essays and papers, series No. 1). Oxford Press, 1927.
- Ebisch, Walther, & Schücking, Levin L.
A Shakespeare bibliography. Oxford Press, 1931.
- Evans, Ifor
English poetry in the later nineteenth century. Methuen.
- Ralli, Augustus John
History of Shakespearian criticism. Oxford Press, 1932. 2 v.
- Huton, John Alexander
Further guidance from Robert Browning in matters of faith. Hodder & Stoughton, 1929.
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My frank opinion is that the lack of support is due to the lack of co-operation and organization on the part

of the Staff itself ... We have on our Staff some members ... who are mere "figure-heads" ... just names on the front page ... To remove this obstacle it is necessary to strike at the root of the evil, and that, sad to say, is the system of election of the Magazine Staff ... A great part of the newly elected staff have not the faintest idea what the "Magazine" is all about. They are elected because they are popular with the boys, not because they are fit for the position. Some are even elected just for a joke.

Editorial,
Lower Canada College Magazine.

Lack of Student Support for Magazine.

In theory the magazine is written by the members of the School, but in reality it is written chiefly by the editorial staff and staff advisor. If their literary attempts do not reach the expectations of the student-body, it is quite time that the latter began to do their share in order that the magazine will meet their ideal.

Editorial,
Blue and White.

WE WISH TO PRESENT. ALBERT BALDWIN, born on July 14, 1909, at St. John's East, Newfoundland. Has come to Bishop's to read for a B.A. in Theology.

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CONTENTS

LITERARY

Comment — <i>The Editor-in-Chief</i>	- - - -	3
Fo'c's'le Days — <i>Colin Cuttell</i>	- - - -	4
Linoleum Cut — <i>Claude Sauerbrei</i>	- - - -	6
Tom Fearless Carries On — <i>Grant Deachman</i>	- - - -	7
Is Rugby a Social Pastime — <i>C. F. Carson</i>	- - - -	8
A Sad Story — <i>M. A. Stephens</i>	- - - -	9
song in time of revelry — <i>Gerald Cameron</i>	- - - -	10
Yes, I went to the Fair — <i>T. LeM. Carter</i>	- - - -	11
Oxford Movement Centenary — <i>E. C. Royle</i>	- - - -	12
Rondeau - The Rock — <i>A. J. H. Richardson</i>	- - - -	13
We Wish to Present	- - - -	14
What is Rovering? — <i>H. B. Miller</i>	- - - -	16
Exchanges — <i>A. J. H. Richardson</i>	- - - -	17
Sports — <i>A. G. C. Whalley</i>	- - - -	21
Graduates Section — <i>M. A. Stephens</i>	- - - -	27
The Forum	- - - -	35
News and Notes	- - - -	39
Books to Read	- - - -	43

ADVERTISING

Bennett, M. J.	- - - -	29
Badams' Restaurant	- - - -	37
Barrett's Reg'd	- - - -	36
Barnes, T. H.	- - - -	29
Barrett's Reg'd	- - - -	36
Beck Press, Reg'd	- - - -	32
Bryant, J. H.	- - - -	31
Bradley, Elizabeth	- - - -	44
Brown, Montgomery & McMichael	- - - -	26
Bishop's University	- - - -	1
Chaddock, C. C.	- - - -	42
Crown Laundry	- - - -	20
Echenberg Bros.	- - - -	41
Fashion Craft Shop	- - - -	31
Georgian Hotel	- - - -	30
Hopper's Restaurant	- - - -	46
Imperial Tobacco Company, Ltd.	- - - -	34
Kinkead, A. E. & Co., Ltd.	- - - -	46
Mitchell, J. S. & Co., Ltd.	- - - -	22
Montreal, Bank of	- - - -	20
Meredith, Holden, Heward & Holden	- - - -	2
Montreal Book Room, Ltd.	- - - -	44
Molson's Brewery, Ltd.	- - - -	36
McMurray & Hall, Reg'd	- - - -	47
McFadden, R. C.	- - - -	30
National Breweries	- - - -	40
" "	- - - -	30
Northern Electric Company Limited	- - - -	38
Nichol, John & Sons Reg'd	- - - -	37
Nakash Studio	- - - -	23
Neilson's Chocolates	- - - -	Back Cover
New Sherbrooke	- - - -	23
Petery's Barber Shop	- - - -	46
Rosenbloom's Limited	- - - -	24
Royal Bank of Canada	- - - -	2
Sears' Studio	- - - -	42
Southwood F. J. & Co.	- - - -	46
Sherbrooke Trust Company	- - - -	28
Saint-Jean's Limited	- - - -	33
Sherbrooke Laundry	- - - -	26
Venus Sweets Tea Room	- - - -	41
Wilson, A. R. Limited	- - - -	41
Whippell, J. & Co., Ltd.	- - - -	40
Wiggett, J. A. & Co.	- - - -	36
Watson, Lee M. & Co., Reg'd	- - - -	41

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