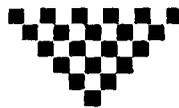


NOT TO BE TAKEN AWAY

THE MITRE



Published by the Students of the
University of Bishop's College
Lennoxville, Quebec

Volume 41, Number 4

April, 1934

UNIVERSITY OF BISHOP'S COLLEGE
LENNOXVILLE, P. Q.

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Established 1893

Published by

THE STUDENTS OF BISHOP'S UNIVERSITY

Lennoxville, P.Q.

JOHN FORD, B.A., *President*

T. LEM. CARTER, *Editor-in-Chief*

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April, 1934

who spent so much time straining the gnat out of the coffee cup that he swallowed the camel. (You never know what is in Cafe au Duehurste.)

THE REFORMING MINORITY

There are, of course, several bright reforming souls who urge upon our attention the importance of considering the greater problems that face the world today, so that the graduate will not find himself in the world with a complete inside knowledge of the Constitution of the Students' Association of Bishop's College (which will be undergoing a further revision before he has finished distributing his graduation photographs), and no knowledge at all of the state of affairs in Europe, and little idea of the difference between Archbishop Gauthier and the C.C.F.

Further analysis of student opinion is impossible. The residue is a tremendous hotch-potch of conflicting theories from that of Confucius to Karl Marx. However, in a few short weeks student opinion will be almost completely absorbed into a fascinated contemplation of the June examinations, and the Editor, if he faced the task of reflecting student opinion, would be merely violently unpopular.

QUESTIONS FROM READING

During the past few months the editorial staff have been upholders of the other school of thought; that an editorial should contain a definite opinion on current affairs, and so this column has urged, together with the bright idealists, the consideration of current events. Contemporary student publications reflect the same trend; there is much discussion, much accumulation of evidence, but the tangle of modern problems is becoming more and more involved. System after system is tried and none provide the solution. The situation is admirably summed up by a writer in TAMESIS, the publication of the University of Reading:

Students of all nations who are just coming to maturity, though they must play their part with high courage, cannot but regard the future with apprehension and something of bitterness. Have we directed our ambition to the study of the arts and sciences only to dissipate our energies in a struggle for bare existence in a world of boundless riches? Have we dreamt of the ever-increasing dominion of man over the powers and secrets of the universe only to be grotesquely annihilated as was a generation of youth in the slapstick tragedy of 1914 - 18? Shall we just muddle through somehow, leaving a legacy of blood and strife to our children — or shall we show that man is worthy to inherit the earth?

These questions are on the lips of many, but like the writer quoted, the unanswered queries close on a note of pessimism and wonder.

HOW SHALL WE FUNCTION?

Recently there has been considerable discussion as to the function of an editorial. One school of thought maintains that it is the duty of an editorial to reflect the current opinion of the College, the other that editorials should contain a definite line of argument.

Current opinion of the student body is indeed difficult to analyse. Judging from recent conversations there are only three topics where student opinion seems clearly defined, namely sports, the food and politics. Sports are an important item in College life, and they certainly get the proportion of attention that is due to them. The food is an equally important item, but so is the electric light supply, the plumbing and the sanitation. The complaints about the food which have been presented have received the most courteous consideration. From a totally different quarter there have been complaints about the use of the electric light supply, and these complaints, or rather requests, have not always received the same consideration. The current interest in politics has been aroused solely by the elections to the Students' Council, and now that the din of battle and the rustle of intrigue has died away, this interest is evaporating rapidly. Lively interest in student politics is a healthy sign, but interest to the exclusion of everything else is strongly reminiscent of the gentleman



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AN UNTRIED ANSWER

There is a very definite answer to these questions and problems, an answer that has been before the world for nearly two thousand years, and an answer that has yet to be applied on anything but the smallest scale; and that is the religion of Jesus Christ. A few years ago it was not fashionable to talk about religion apart from church or academic theological niceties. Two things are still banned from debating in this "broad minded and progressive age," namely personalities and religion; it is a sorry blot on the face of a so-called Christian country that two Christians can scarcely discuss religion without ending in acrimonious disputes. The Christian religion is the sane, normal healthy life of man; yet is constantly pushed into the background in favour of abnormalities, or man-made philosophies. There is a large section of Christians who are afraid to proclaim their religion because they are afraid they might offend people who do not agree with them; yet those same people will argue hotly in favour of Conservatism or Communism, boldly proclaiming their opinions on these subjects, without the slightest compunction of there being someone who might not agree with them. Another section would push their religion quietly in a corner, but true religion refuses to

stay quietly in a corner; it shines out like a beacon light. A religion that is confined to Sundays, or attendance at routine services, and cannot fairly face the problems of today is useless. Yet a third section of people never discuss religion either because they are afraid of being thought pious, or else because their conception of religion is simply worthless. Those of us who profess Christianity, and know we have the solutions to the problems of the world in Christianity must be ready to face this fear of what people might think, and make our full contribution to the future.

STARTING WITH OURSELVES

It has been truly said that all international problems are personal problems, fears and doubts on a large scale. Many have found that true in their own experience. The greatest majority of us are content to stop with criticism of others, or drawing attention to these moral defects in the business world, which are simply our own weaknesses and failings on a larger scale. "Shall we show that man is worthy to inherit the earth?" Are we prepared to face the issue and start at home, and not just dumbly wonder about a state of affairs we pretend we are unable to change?

E. C. R.

VOLTAGE

*The rapid streak of rich sensation sears
The white-scorched threads of nerve; no vibrant tip
Of plastic flesh, of skin, of brain, but sheers
Ecstatic from the touch, the tenuous grip
Of beauty, every tissue burned intense
As though acute galvanic volts of flame,
Transfused through naked flesh, through every sense,
Electrolyzed the body's sensuous frame.
The sudden scarlet of a morning-rose
Uncurled upon the wave-lengths of the wind,
Raw music in the ear's frail dynamos
Transformed to plagent passion — beauty thinned
To current, powered in poetic-curves,
Explodes forked fire along the frictioned nerves.*

—Ralph Gustafson.

LIFE AT BISHOP'S FROM 1875 TO 1900

A. J. H. Richardson

In the December issue of THE MITRE I traced, as fully as possible, student life at the College from its foundation down to the fire which gutted the College buildings in 1875. That fire forms a very convenient divisional point in the history of Bishop's, since immediately afterwards both College and School had to be rebuilt. While the rebuilding was going on, students had to board out at various houses in the village; although the fire had occurred in the Christmas holidays, one or two of the students "had remained in the college and lost everything but the clothes they had escaped in." The Alumni Association now took advantage of the opportunity to urge the authorities to rebuild the school on a different site, or at any rate not to keep the same dining-room and playing-fields as the college. Apparently there had been growing friction between students and schoolboys, due to the former's "collision in many ways with the boys, whose much greater numbers gave them necessarily a greater advantage over the students." Nothing seems to have been done about this, but by 1881 we are pleased to learn that "the happiest relations existed between the two Branches of the Institution."

For a side-light on college life about this period we turn again to the contributor to the Christmas, 1918 MITRE. He describes the railways running into Lennoxville, especially the Lake Megantic Railroad (now the Sherbrooke-Megantic section of the C.P.R.): "The officials of this road were very obliging. During the sugaring season they would stop the train at some camp, and all hands would sample the kettles. As all the locomotives burnt wood, it was sometimes necessary, when delayed by snowstorms, to take the fences along the right of way to replenish the fires. There were no smoking compartments on any of the lines, and smokers went into the baggage car to woo the weed. They sat about on trunks and boxes and sometimes would discover they were sitting on a shell containing a corpse."

A circular of May 3, 1875 throws light on organized college activities: "The Harrold Society still meets. The Quintilian Literary and Debating Society flourishes, and has secured for the College during the two past winters a course of popular lectures open to the public." There were Boat, Cricket and Football Clubs, to which had been added "the grand attraction of a Fives' Court." The School had had a skating rink, 80 x 40, since as early as 1862; there was even then a charge made for skating.

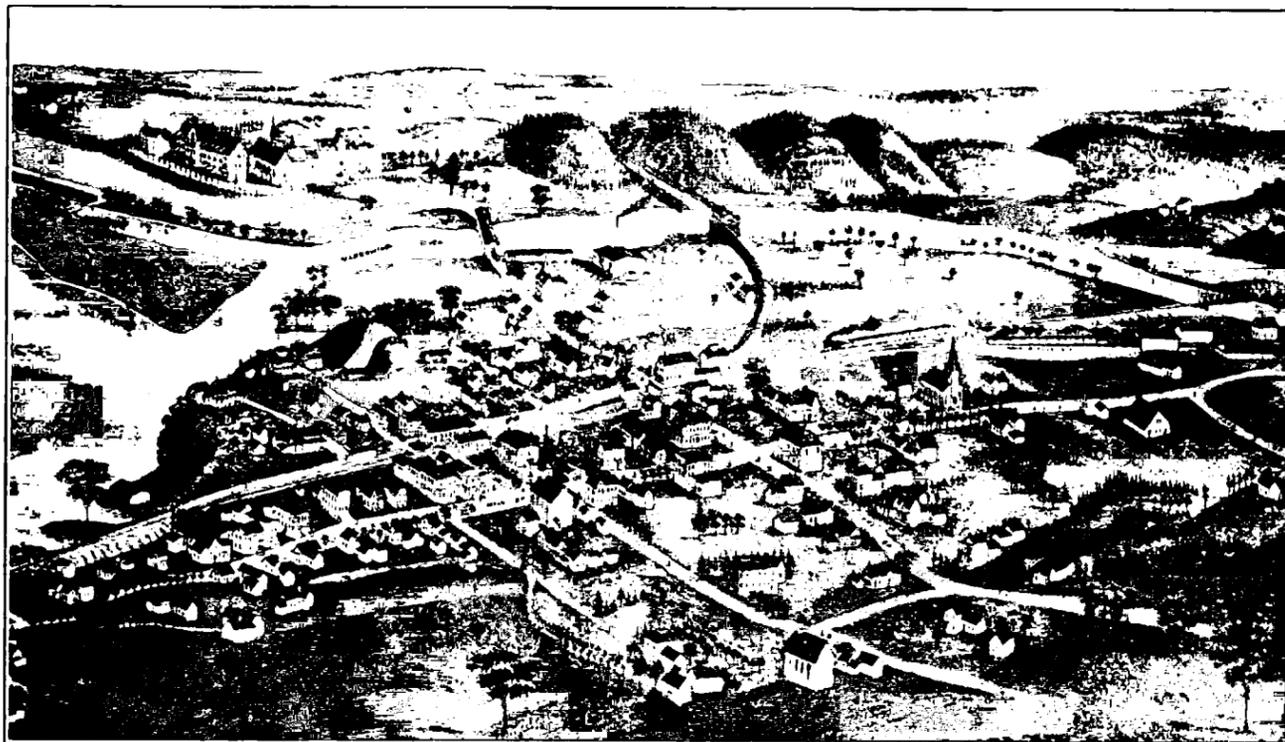
Cricket, however, is the only sport of which much mention is made; there was apparently an annual College-School match established by 1879, though next year we hear no mention of this, but only of an annual School vs. Old Boys game.

During the summer holidays of 1877, Dr. Nicolls, the first principal, died after 32 years at the College, and was succeeded by Dr. Lobley. The latter was the principal who, soon after his arrival, gated a number of students for three days because they had appeared without caps and gowns at a party in the village.

1881 was the year of an outbreak of typhoid in College and School, due to poor sanitation. The schoolboys had to be moved to Magog for the greater part of the year; the college students were only banished to the village, where lectures were held in the Town Hall. This was the year that Archdeacon Scott graduated, and two years afterwards another author, Dr. Drummond, also took his degree from Bishop's. This was probably from the Medical School on Ontario Street in Montreal, affiliated with the College in 1871, and where Drummond himself taught later. Around 1900 this institution was merged with the McGill Faculty of Medicine. By 1884 there was also a Law School in Sherbrooke connected with the college, and two years later a Musical School. There were 64 undergraduates that year — 25 Arts and Divinity, 31 Medicine, 6 Law and 2 Music. In 1886, by the way, a speaker at the Alma Mater Society banquet says that there was a Lennoxville man playing on each side in the England-Scotland football match in London — sufficient proof that sports had not been neglected at Bishop's, however small account we may have of them.

So far this has been but a bare, skeleton outline of events during the dozen years after the fire. But we can paint in the background against which they occurred from the account of an English clergyman who visited the College in 1888, just at the end of this period. The Lennoxville he saw was that shown in the illustration — "the wooden village", he calls it, and it must have looked considerably different from the Lennoxville of to-day. But the entry to the College itself sounds familiar enough: "We crossed over the river by a covered wooden bridge, like a Noah's Ark open at each end and extended indefinitely. Walk, or pay \$2. in huge black letters upon a white painted board, these words stared at one over the entrance at either end." Looking from the windows of

"the Principal's Lodge" (now the Old Lodge) the morning after his arrival: "A large tennis lawn stretched beneath me, and then sloped down to a riverside road. Two patient oxen were pulling a long, country cart, in which a French-Canadian sat contentedly." Between the road and the river was grass again, where the gaily painted college boats were lying. Behind the buildings there was still "a background of heavy fir trees," only pierced, apparently, by the railway. The visitor rhapsodizes on the scenery to the extent of over 300 words, but without giving much in the way of definite description.



"THE WOODEN VILLAGE" — LENNOXVILLE IN 1881.
FROM AN ENGRAVING BELONGING TO THE BECK PRESS.

Although there were still only about 30 students at Lennoxville, we are now on the threshold of another big building era in the history of Bishop's. As early as 1886, funds had been raised to add the Bishop Williams wing to the School (now the New Arts building), but no work was done on it for a year or two and construction was not finished till 1889; the following year Convocation was held for the first time in a crowded Bishop Williams Hall, where not even standing room was left. The authorities then turned to the problem of providing additional room for the Divinity students who, it was felt, should live with the Professor of Pastoral Theology; by May, 1893, therefore, the Divinity House was finished. The Chapel, also, had to be rebuilt about this time, the original one having been destroyed by fire; the first two of the series of stained-glass windows were received in 1893.

1895 was the Golden Jubilee Year for the College, and the Governor-General (Lord Aberdeen) attended Convocation. A Jubilee Fund was started, soon reaching \$40,000 and the money was used to complete the Chapel (now with a circular east end) and provide a more permanent gymnasium. In the closing years of the century the Hamilton Memorial Fund resulted in the construction of the kitchens, a council chamber (now the dining room), a new dining room for the students on the second floor, (now the Common Room), additions to the Old Lodge, and finally the main tower; the College by 1903 had ac-

quired the outline now familiar to us — only the Library remained to be added.

So much for building changes. For now we find ourselves in a period, the closing eight years of the century, in which we at last begin to find abundant information on college life. We have the minutes of the Students' Association from January, 1893, while in February of that year *The Mitre* (for three months plain "Bishop's University Magazine") was launched; there are none of the very earliest numbers of the magazine in the Library, but from September, 1895 there is a continuous series, whose "Arts Notes" and "Divinity Notes" are real gold-mines.

First, sports claim our attention. By 1895 there were Football, Boat, Cricket, Hockey, Racquets and Tennis Clubs. The football team had been in existence for years. In the middle 'nineties it played in the Quebec Rugby

Union with teams from Quebec and Montreal. In 1898 was perhaps the first inter-class game, between "the Arts Faculty and a motley array, consisting partly of Divinity students and imported talent from Lennoxville"; Arts won, 8-0. Soccer arrived that autumn also. No gate-receipts were taken for rugby games, so we find the team in such a bad way in 1894 that students were sent out to canvass Lennoxville and Sherbrooke to raise funds. Hockey was first played in an old village rink, then moved to an improvised rink in the Quad in 1895-6. There were then four teams (Third and Fourth using the rink on Wednesdays and Saturdays) and they boasted several good players — Carter scored once in 1895, shooting the whole length of the rink, and next year the goaler, Rothera, stopped 75 shots in one game with Quebec. Tough games were the rule — "no one will deny that the ice has been often steeped in the gore of our players, while black eyes and other smaller wounds are the rule rather than the exception." When Minto Rink was built, in 1899, the College played down there. Cricket still continued, but baseball came in in 1896, a diamond was laid out next year on the field across the river, and by 1900 it had completely superseded cricket. Then there was a tennis tournament in 1899, and even, next year, a wrestling tournament — with 24 entries, including a Rollit! Also, if one was so inclined, golf, hunting in the partridge swamp (wherever that may be), tobogganing or snowshoe parties offered their attractions; skiing was as yet a savage sport, confined to Swiss and Norwegians. Or yet again one might paddle the bright red four-oar skiff down the Massawippi with brooms.

The Students' Association met at irregular intervals, and very frequently (about five times a term, on the average); the subjects of debate seem vaguely familiar to us — appointments of committees to complain about the food (or, in one case, appointing a professor); dances (there was only one official dance a year); reading-room committees; breakages committees; arrangements for concerts and plays. There was as yet no Dramatic Society, but plays were put on frequently to make up *The Mitre's*, or the Football team's or some other society's deficits. Another form of activity, not so common nowadays, was the appointment of representatives from the College for Medical School dinners, McGill dinners, Trinity dinners, Dental School "At Homes" and the like. Then there were special occasions, as in October, 1894, when the Association received a long letter from the University of Ghent, who were compiling an encyclopaedia of the world's universities; a committee had to be appointed to read the letter and consider it, for it was in French! Dr. Vial, who was then Secretary of the Association, may remember the incident.

Among several societies mentioned was the Debating Society, which was superseded for two years at this

time by a Mock Parliament such as many Canadian Universities have now, using the parliamentary forms of procedure instead of formal debates. There was a Missionary Union and the Bishop's College Brotherhood of Readers (is this now the Guild of the Bede? It certainly had a warden). A Lyric Club was also a feature for a few years, and the Chess Club flourished in the atmosphere of the 'nineties.

Now for the College itself. I have already shown what buildings were then in existence. Many complaints were made of the bareness of the Common Room and Reading Room (now Dining Room and outer Dining Room), but during 1899 changes were made. In the Common Room "a large rug of chaste pattern and warm in colour now covers the once bare floor, and several large 'Morris' chairs are happily distributed about the room, giving it an appearance of comfort and luxury. It was found necessary later to provide accommodation for men inclined to play whist" (this was in the days before bridge) . . . "The old long table which occupied the centre of" the Reading Room was removed, "and a shelf covered with green felt extends the entire length of the room along the north-east wall." Unsightly planking, however, filled the arch above the space left vacant by the removal of the doors between the rooms.

As to food: 'Sampson pudding' seems to have been a staple dessert — and "a staple dessert" with College food means pretty frequent appearance. But early in 1900, probably as the result of the "grub-kicks" already frequent, real luxury was introduced at the table: "We extend our hearty thanks to the matron, for the vast improvement in meals this term. Chicken, oyster-soup, etc., are now placed upon the table." But there is a disappointing note in the next *Mitre*: "in reference to the note which appeared in our last issue concerning the good quality of the viands *then* provided us, we can only say that we are sorry we spoke. Since then it has become most painfully apparent that the quality of the food is deteriorating rapidly. Where alas! are our deep apple pies and oyster soup which we enjoyed for a season but now we see no more?" *Où sont les neiges d'antan?*

Ventilation in the Dining Hall is often complained of. In 1899, the Chapel felt the same need: "The effect upon the students is a tendency to slumber, or, when half awake, to sing flat. The effect upon the organ is to render the reed stops sharp . . . Nor is this all. The bellows-boy, bathed in perspiration, opens the door of his cell, which communicates directly with the outer air. Instantly fierce gusts of ice-cold wind (at a temperature of perhaps 5 degrees below zero) rush through the open work of the organ into the Chapel itself . . ."

Rat-hunting and "indoor hockey" were even then recognized college sports. Doors closed at 10 o'clock, as

now, but there was little to attract the attention outside college compared to nowadays. One night in November, 1899, the Students' Association arranged for a "Theatre Night" in Sherbrooke "when an excellent company was to play there." This may have been common procedure, but there is no evidence. Still, there was always entertainment in the buildings while freshmen were around. These freshmen in 1896 formed a society, "which we are assured is not of an aggressive nature, but aims solely at the mutual improvement of its members." There were even pets kept in the college; a parrot inhabited the 'Shed' for two years in the middle 'nineties, and two crows joined it during the second year.

Space forbids the continuance of this chronicle beyond the year 1900. Besides, there are many graduates still living from the following era who could retail much better accounts than I from their personal experience. Information is really too abundant from this time on, also. A hint at events will show that life was interesting enough — there was the Hallowe'en when a calf was brought into one of the lecture-rooms; the other Hallowe'en when students threw eggs on Professor Dunn's doorstep, and one even threw an egg at the principal's wife while she was watering her flowers — the plea that the missile was only an apple-core was not accepted as an excuse! Then there was the great Rate War of 1901, which filled 12 pages of the Students' Association minutes. And, — an echo down to our own times — surely it is *our* Jim who appears in a joke in the October, 1909, Mitre:

"Some more tea, please, Jim!"

"Yes, sir; with or without froth?"

This account has been, perhaps, too much of a mere catalogue of events. The limitations of space have, of necessity, made it rather so. But the writer's aim has been, more than anything else, to construct a framework which can be used by anyone who wishes to write on the subject in fuller detail. For, even for the earlier period, there is still much new material to be added. But what I have aimed at above all things is to tell of the life, rather than the events, of any period; and even accounts of building have only been given to show the background of life at Bishop's from its foundation to 1900.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Owing to wrong information, the second picture in the previous article, "Life at Bishop's in 'The Earlies'", was given an incorrect title; it should read: "Building the Old School about 1860."

As regards the publication of a magazine by the students in 1866, it should be mentioned that in 1861 they had published "The Frying Pan" ("to advocate certain reforms in domestic economy" — probably the first instance of a "grub-kick", as they came to be known later), which only lasted a short time.

GUIDE BOOK -- NEW STYLE

Wavenhortle, P.Q.

Thirteen miles further along the highway is Wavenhortle.

With their noted lack of hospitality, the inhabitants of Wavenhortle spit at everyone that goes near them. If you can put up with being spat at, you discover that they know no English, and speak but Czech. An exception to this is their knowledge of English swear words, learnt from sailors while coming over steerage. For the Wanhortlers (as those who dwell in Wavenhortle are called) only came out from Europe three years ago, and had their houses built by a cheap contractor in Montreal.

You will not be amused by the rather stupid stories they tell of Wavenhortle and its folk; such as: when the sewing machine broke, and when Alfred cut his toe. They are slothful, and thoroughly discontented with their lot as tillers of the soil. They dislike community singing intensely, and much prefer to listen to Rudy Vallee crooning with a radio from Eaton's basement. They have no picturesque national dress.

Immediately outside Wavenhortle there is a large tawdry sign which purports to advertize Magic Baking Powder. Though you might be temporarily annoyed at this defacement of the landscape, you will rejoice at its presence when you perceive the very ordinary scenery it hides. Indeed, the country about Wavenhortle is flat and scrubby, dotted with ill-kept farms. A winding road leads up to the incinerator. There are three filling stations, but the operator of the one on the right as you drive in is inclined to drink and as a result is exceptionally surly and inefficient. Mail is delivered in Wavenhortle three times a week.

INSOMNIA

Behind the temples in the vaulted skull —
Vast barrenness, where even might-have-beens
Long-lived have died — in darkness limitless
On either side the horrible machines

Thud, pound and whirr unceasingly; taut-stretched
Tightens the tensile stuff of thought between
Toward the breaking-point where reason snaps.
Whilst some high cob-webbed window throws a gleam

Of lesser darkness on the straining wire —
Climb pistons — fall — turn wheels — cog-teeth caress —
Hums wire — crescendo of machines' mad throb —
And sudden bliss of black forgetfulness.

Allan F. Ramsay,
Magazine of E. London College,
Lent, 1934

THE GUIDES OF DANTE

William O. Raymond

Dante had two guides on that spiritual and imaginative pilgrimage of which the Divine Comedy is the record, Virgil and Beatrice. Symbolically, they represent the guidance of man through reason, typified by Virgil, and through divine wisdom or revelation, typified by Beatrice. They may also be said to represent two great traditions which have moulded the history of western Europe, first, the inheritance of Greece and Rome, second, that of Christianity.

From Greece and Rome, but more particularly from Greece, modern Europe has received the gift of a noble ideal of humanism. The Greek conception of Reason as the sovereign arbiter of life must be distinguished from a more limited conception that is linked with eighteenth century rationalism. To disciples of "The Enlightenment" and the Deists, to pioneers of the American and French Revolutions such as Franklin and Voltaire, to men of letters such as Swift and Pope, to political philosophers such as Bolingbroke and Godwin, Reason was primarily an affair of the intellect. At its best, it was a search-light of the mind directed against tyranny and superstition in Church and State. At its worst, it dissipated itself in "endless vortices of froth-logic" of which Carlyle so bitterly complained. In its pride of intellect it ignored faith, emotion, imagination, and thus paved the way for a protest of the heart and a great romantic movement in art and religion.

But Reason to the Greek was not pent in within these narrow bounds. It was a humanistic vision of life wide and catholic in its scope. The Greek believed in a harmonious and balanced development of man's three essential faculties of intellect, emotion, and will. In man's pursuit of truth, beauty, and goodness, — the mind, the heart, and the conscience were all to be given free play. But, lest one of these primary faculties tyrannize over the others and man's development become lop-sided and fanatical, Reason, as the sovereign guide of life, provided for the nurture, expansion, and sensitive equilibrium of every spiritual gift and instinct. Truth, beauty, and goodness, must each have their legitimate province. The claims of the mind, the heart, and the will, must each receive due recognition and their education be free and unfettered by the encroachment of the one on the rights of the others. Anything ascetic, sectarian, or unbalanced, was abhorrent to the Greek.

The ideal of life set before him was an inclusive

symmetry to which the senses and the spirit both contribute and nothing of human interest is alien. The fine fruitage of Reason was the equanimity of a self-controlled, temperate life. And by temperance the Greek meant not prohibition, but the vigorous play of every human faculty, yet guided by sweet reasonableness and an instinct for beauty and order ministering to the sanity and harmony of a well disciplined but not ascetic character. Such was the generous humanism of antiquity, clear in outline and harmonious in proportion as a marble statue of Phidias, and in the light of the Greek vision of Reason mankind might ask, "What lack I yet?"

But Dante had a second guide in the Divine Comedy, Beatrice, symbolic of divine wisdom and revelation. As Virgil, at a certain point, hands over the guidance of Dante to Beatrice, so to classical humanism there is superadded the Christian ideal of life, the second of the great traditions that shaped the destinies of medieval and modern Europe.

The initial approach of the Greek to life was humanistic; the initial approach of Christianity was from above, the divine kindling and transfiguring the human, or revealing the essence of humanity as divine. Humanism is not found false but insufficient.

For the basic conception of Christianity is that of a life inspired and guided by the spirit of God. The conversion of St. Paul was not the transformation of a bad man into a good man, but of a moral man into a religious man. "Whereupon, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." In this larger reference lies the distinctive flavour and quality of the Christian life. Viewed in its relation to God, it can never be a self-sufficient but ever a dependent life. Its spirit must always be expressed in the words that Shakespeare puts into the mouth of King Henry the Fifth.

" . . . More will I do;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon. . . ."

In a letter to "The Times" of September 27th, 1933, a writer makes the following statement:

"Sober-minded people, attempting to use their native intelligence and other gifts to the best advantage, may think the claim to receive guidance from God not only silly, dangerous, and intellectually distasteful, but worse: blasphemous."

On the contrary, it is precisely this claim that is the fundamental premise of Christian faith. Belief in the guidance of the spirit of God has been the animating soul of Christianity throughout the ages.

Are the ideals represented by Virgil and Beatrice then in basic contradiction? Must we abandon the precious inheritance bequeathed by classical humanism — a life guided and harmonized by Reason — as out of tune with a life directed by the spirit of God? Only, I think, if we have, on the one hand, a degraded conception of Reason and, on the other hand, a mechanical, superstitious, and unworthy view of the manner and nature of God's revelation in human experience.

In the first place, the rational and moral nature of man is not an alien force set over against the councils of Deity. Reason, in itself, is God implanted, distinguishing man once and for all from the brute, animal creation. It is the candle of the Lord in the spirit of man. The abnegation of Reason is the denial of a divine principle, one of the good and perfect gifts that cometh from above; for as Bacon puts it:

"The first creature of God, in the works of the days, was the light of the sense; the last was the light of reason; and his Sabbath work ever since, is the illumination of his Spirit."

In the second place, the working of God in human life is personal not mechanical. He inspires us by quickening and heightening all our powers, not by reducing men to pawns or passive automatons.

This point may be illustrated by a reference to the old and discredited theory of verbal inspiration. It was formerly thought that the prophets when inspired were in a state of hypnotic trance. Reason being temporarily in abeyance, they then became the automatic penmen of the holy spirit, uttering wonderous riddles only to be interpreted by future generations. Guidance of this character would make God the operator of a stupendous ouija board and open the floodgates to the wildest extravagances of magic, superstition, and sheer irrationality. It confuses what transcends reason with a blind and naive instinct that lies below the level of reason. In administering a narcotic to personality, it may even substitute egoistic caprice or an animal-like groping in the night of the subconscious, for an inspiration that comes when man's life is being lived at its best and fullest and his soul at highest stretch.

An analogy may be drawn from literature in the false identification of the inspiration of genius with "a stream of consciousness" which has never risen to the level of

self-consciousness or been licked into form by art, but remains hovering in crude formlessness on the edge of the inane and psychopathic. "That way madness lies"! In like manner in religion, as a recent writer has well said:

"God's guidance for His grown children is a Word which is a lamp unto their feet and a light unto their path, and not a dragging blindfold hither and thither."

There is a sense in which perfectionism is attainable in religion; for the moral struggle, the problem of the divided self, is solved in principle, since a life resting in God unites itself with that which stands above and beyond every conflict and has overcome the world. But if that world, as Keats expressed it, is "the vale of soul-making", then the whole achievement and worth of character lies in the fact that all to the end is trial in life, and the fight between good and evil must still be waged in the individual soul. And in that fight we are not pampered. For God will not coerce men as slaves nor fondle them as though they were spoiled children. As Browning puts it:

"But also, God, whose pleasure brought
Man into being, stands away
As it were a handbreadth off, to give
Room for the newly-made to live,
And look at him from a place apart,
And use his gifts of brain and heart,
Given, indeed, but to keep forever."

Or, if this truth should be voiced in modern rather than Victorian phrase, Bernard Shaw may be cited:

"But I tell you as a soldier that God is no man's daily drudge, and no maid's either. If you are worthy of it He will sometimes snatch you out of the jaws of death and set you on your feet again; but that is all: once on your feet you must fight with all your might and all your craft. For He has to be fair to your enemy too: don't forget that."

As Dante had two guides in Virgil and Beatrice, so the divine guidance that comes from above must be compatible with man's moral integrity, and the insight of the Greek must be embraced within the vision of the Christian. "Wherefore thou art no more a servant but a son", St. Paul reminds us; and there is a dignity in sonship, since its loyalty is consistent with an inviolable freedom of the will.

"And oft-times cometh our wise Lord God,
master of every trade,
And tells them tales of His daily toil,
of Edens newly made;
And they rise to their feet as He passes by,
gentlemen unafraid."

LET'S THINK CONSTRUCTIVELY

Wesley H. Bradley

Readers of the last few issues of *The Mitre* have been diverted by numerous discussions on topics of the day. These have been noteworthy for a number of reasons. In the first place they have effectively undermined the fallacy that University students think of nothing but football and taverns, but do really interest themselves occasionally in affairs of less moment. Secondly, the articles themselves showed quite a variety of opinions — a state of affairs at once interesting and encouraging. It would be no good at all to have everybody thinking along precisely the same lines and arriving automatically at the same conclusions. Lastly, the article of Comrade Wisenthal in particular was indicative of a trend of thought present at Bishop's — a trend which is quite opposite to the moronic conservatism usually associated with Canadian universities.

The present crop of undergraduates are fortunate or otherwise in being of the "depression" variety. Depression and hard times have followed us throughout our college career. It is always in times like these, moreover, that one hears most of quack remedies and hare-brained theories on how to solve the problems of mankind. It is natural, then, that the thinking young man should write about the evils and absurdities of our own politico-economic system. Some turn to fascism with hope of finding a solution — more look to socialism as the healer of all iniquities — a few souls find peace and security in the chaos of communism.

My point here is — that at best we have had nothing but criticism and theories. Criticism of a certain type is good — the theories, because they have been radical and thus appealing, are less acceptable from the practical point of view. Most of the writers agree that the present system is deplorable. No defender has arisen as yet of "things as they are." Evidently there is no justification of inequality of riches, mal-distribution of the necessities of life and corruption and misconduct in government — in any case none has been forthcoming! But criticism and theorizing, while highly pleasant as a pastime, is not in itself notably productive of concrete results. Talking has brought us the delights of a C.C.F., but despite the Reverend Mr. Woodsworth we are still a long way from "Socialism in our time."

Let us face facts. We live in Canada under a capitalist system which has functioned fairly well up until the last few years. Before 1929 when wages were high and employment plentiful there was little complaint outside

of the farmers — who complain all the time anyway. But since the depression we have become acutely conscious of the evils of the industrial system under which we were living. There is a small class who control much of the wealth of our Dominion — while at the same time thousands walk the streets without work and become of necessity a burden on the community. What are we to do about it?

Possessed as we are of an enormous per capita debt, Mr. Bennett and I are agreed that any further commitments on a large scale are quite out of the question. It would be foolhardy to embark on any extravagant reconstruction scheme requiring a big outlay unless we were pretty certain of success beforehand. The adoption of a socialist programme such as the one Comrade Wisenthal's C.C.F. advocates might be what we need. On the other hand, it might well spell national ruin. We cannot at this juncture afford to take chances. Mr. Deachman's Liberalism — complete with its traditional rhetoric and parliamentarianism and free trade principles — does not seem to offer an attractive remedy, inasmuch as it was largely responsible for our present difficulties. One does not put a muzzled dog into a pack of hungry wolves if there is any strong desire for the dog to come out alive. Similarly Canada would be well advised not to play the babe in the wood of high tariff nations. Mind you — both my friends have perfectly lovely theories on paper which will work perfectly under textbook conditions. But now is the time to be practical.

I have shelved the theoretical answers, turning instead to concrete proposals of reform. We seem at the present time to be beginning our climb back to prosperity. This has been started without any radical readjustments of our present economic system. Clearly then, this is not the time for too radical action, but rather for constructive proposals so that the coming prosperity may be built on a more sure foundation. I propose to outline some practical suggestions which could be put into effect in Canada with advantage. There is nothing strikingly original in any of them; they have been advocated from time to time by various men. Neither is the list exhaustive. My purpose here is to stimulate a train of thought; add your own suggestions as you go along.

Our first big problem is clearly that of the railways. Fortunately the Royal Commission on Transportation has hit at the root of the trouble here by advocating closer

co-operation between the two companies. Already something has been done along that line; it is to be hoped that now the C.N.R. Trustees have actually been appointed (and a permanent President chosen) that greater savings can be effected. Clearly deficits going all the way to a hundred million dollars annually cannot be paid by the people of Canada for ever. If the Commission cannot balance the railway budget, let someone who can (to wit, Mr. Beatty) have a try at it.

Now we come to economy in Government. And before I go further here, let me pay tribute to the very real savings accomplished by the present government since going into office. Although faced with very difficult times and in spite of much protest, salaries have been cut and estimates reduced by many millions in every Bennett budget. But why end there? It is plain that there are still many loopholes where the public money is slipping away. What about the High Commissioner's Office in London, the diplomatic service, the printing department, the travelling expenses of public officials — to mention only a few. It is amazing how small economies amount up.

Coupled with this, is the question of the number of governments in Canada. "The most over-governed nation in the world" has the complete administrative and legislative paraphernalia of ten different governments for a bare ten millions of people. Yet this state of affairs is still tolerated and any suggestion of reform brings howls of protest. The almost maddening provincial jealousies existing in the Maritimes is the only good reason why one provincial government should not be sufficient east of Quebec. An over-supply of politicians is perhaps the chief reason why the three Prairie provinces couldn't be united. It is difficult to see how Quebec and Ontario could be merged satisfactorily under one provincial government. Five provincial administrations do seem to be all sufficient, however. This is all the more true when it is remembered that the future trend of government in Canada will be towards centralization and a strengthening and enlargement of the functions of the federal government. Here is a reform that is most pressing (and most practical) — in view of the alarming increases in subsidies going East and West.

Possibilities of something really constructive coming out of the Stevens Inquiry into unethical business conditions are still high. If politicians are prevented from making capital of the disclosures, something to the benefit of the Canadian people may come out of it. The Hon. Mr. Stevens seems quite sincere in his desire to improve industrial and business conditions in the Dominion as witness his recent speeches. If he really is sincere, God-speed to him in his noble work.

One of the features of the present situation has been the increasing load placed on the shoulders of the debtor

class by falling prices and slashed wages. To avoid this in the future, it has been suggested that a clause be inserted in all contractual forms providing the repayment of principal in accordance with possible price changes. Parliament could easily give effect to such a proposal. It would place no hardship on the creditor class, who would receive exactly what he loaned. And it would prevent the present plight of western farmers who borrowed money when wheat was \$2.00 a bushel and have to pay the bills with wheat worth less than a quarter as much.

So much for my suggestions — you can doubtless add to the list. There are plenty of things to be done — which must be done — if we are to take the high road to a permanent and lasting prosperity. My point is this, however — the time is past for theorizing and arm-chair speculation. The needs of the time demand that we take action and that promptly. But let it be action along safe and sane lines which at least have some chance of ultimate success. However desirable socialism, or any other -ism, may be in theory, Canadians in the mass do not seem particularly enamoured with it at the present time. It is of the latter that we must think. Let us rid ourselves of pretty theories and coloured shirts and look around for things to do in the light of present conditions. Just because one finds fault with the capitalist system or fails to agree with what the present government is doing or not doing, is no good reason to sit back and talk nonsense about some desired Utopia. We have already too much talk — from the Leader of the Opposition down. What we want today is constructive criticism and concrete proposals. Let us devote our energies in this direction to the upbuilding and regeneration of this Canada of ours!

WHAT IS A BOY?

A DIFFICULT QUESTION ANSWERED

L. A. Brooks

The human race is sprawled under a microscope. The pseudo-scientists write a question mark across its nature until their retorts and test tubes analyse things like joy, tears, anger, spleen and emotion by some chemical formula. It might be refreshing to analyse that very interesting actor on the stage of life, a boy; not with scientific vagueness but with homely directness.

What then is a boy? Just the ordinary garden variety you see steering a bicycle with one hand and munching a taffy apple with the other, all the time being sure to tip hat to any passing friend (*Female, needless to mention*); What is he anyhow?

It is hard to define him. Webster would say "a biped

endowed with will and intellect and strictly in the genus 'homo'". The woman with the wry expression would say that: "He is a being that proves conclusively that Evolution is wrong, because a descendant of a respectable ape could not possibly get so untamed and unmanageable, as so and so is, in the bare space of a few million years." The young housekeeper with a wistful look in her eyes will tell the big policeman, as he travels his beat into her kitchen, that at two the boy is a darling, at eight a nuisance, at eighteen interesting and interested, at twenty-two a meal ticket, at twenty-five married and to blame for everything but the World War.

But taking him at the age of twelve, we would be fairly right in calling him a possibility rather than a reality. In life there are dawns, high noons and sunsets. These are definite. In between people are in a state of flux. You cannot put your finger on a youngster and say he is this or that anymore than you can say you are going to trap a young colt, because before you lay hands on him he has pranced further into the pasture.

A boy is always on the move. His development is rapid and twice as elusive as a high bred colt. There is no pinning him down and saying he is a success, he is a serene character, he is an incurable blockhead, because these expressions refer to definite realities.

Perhaps this is the great consolation of every mother. God help these ornaments of the earth if they had to say, "My boy is and always will be this or that." They know that boys have possibilities and they look with respect on these rather than on what the boys are. They may be truant from school, they may have a vocabulary like a mule skinner, they might be anything but a consolation; but if a mother sat back and said: "That is my boy", she would be wrong. Anybody would be wrong who looked at a bundle of concentrated T.N.T. and dynamite and said: "This is a mere mass of chemicals." It is more. It has a very formidable possibility. Given a chance it would make Bishop's College look like a desert of pulverized sugar.

A boy can be regarded with the same sort of reverence. He can be a mere bundle worth about ninety-eight cents, or, according to the chemist, a high explosive. The same energy that prompts him to propel stones through a window can help him to rise to commercial success. The same temperament which bloodies the nose of the neighbour's boy can raise him to peaks of triumph. A fellow with milk flowing through his veins instead of blood, who never can get mad, has little hopes to pull himself above the work-a-day world. A boy with all sorts of animal spirits has the greatest chance of converting them into most useful energy.

So-called science has studied the family in the laboratory. They have peered into a glass of squirming amoebae. They have poured humanity into a test tube and watched

cells wage war like so many ants. Then the long-whiskered wild-eyed dictators declared finally that a family was not the thing after they poured the test tubes back into the sink. Cell No. 1, seems to have given Cells Nos. 2, 3 and 4, a conclusive beating and was declared champion. Certainly it was final proof. You cannot doubt the mastery with which Cell No. 1 gobbled up the others. Well too bad, the family must go. If these scientists had read less and lived more their dicta could be trusted accordingly. As it is, we adhere with confidence to our original idea, a boy is a formidable possibility capable of ascending to heights under pressure of his enthusiasms. He has a body and a soul that can be resplendent in glory through proper guidance and understanding.

R. H. Stoddard had this keen appreciation of the boy. In him he saw a masterpiece of creation. He says reverently and with fine literary grace:-

"If there is anything that will endure
The eye of God, because it still is pure,
It is the spirit of a little child,
Fresh from his hand, and therefore undefiled,
Nearer the gates of paradise than we,
Our children breathe its airs, its angels see;
And when they pray, God hears their simple prayer,
Yea, even sheathes His sword in judgment bare."

I would trust Stoddard where I wouldn't the modern prophets of light.

He has left out test tubes and brought in God, whose great love was to be with the sons of men.

THE CHURCH IN POLITICS

T. LeM. Carter

On Sunday, February 25th, a pastoral letter by Archbishop Gauthier condemning socialism was read in the churches of the Roman Catholic archdiocese of Montreal. When we compare this letter with the resolutions of the Toronto Conference of the United Church, we see the extraordinary situation of spokesmen for one large section of the Church declaring that the C.C.F. is Christian, and a spokesman for another section declaring equally firmly that it is unChristian.

In the two instances cited, both sections of the Church have supported a particular political theory. The Roman Catholic Church has discarded socialism as based upon materialism, and in effect committed itself in favour of capitalism. The United Church Conference has declared that Socialism is the cure for the prevailing maldistribution of goods. In each case these bodies have distinguished between two rival political and economic doctrines from the standpoint of practicability, and not

from the standpoint of Christianity. There is nothing in socialism that makes it essentially Christian or un-Christian, nor is capitalism to be measured in this fashion. The choice between them is as to their political expediency, and not as to their moral qualities. Capitalism and socialism are means to the end of prosperity and wealth for as many as possible. It is the function of the Church to outline the end; a Christian social order. But it is not the function of the Church to discriminate between the rival means set forward to achieve that end. For this discrimination often requires political and economic knowledge beyond the capacity of most clergy.

There is one good example of what may occur when the Church sets out to advocate the means by which a certain desirable end is to be attained. The Churches of the United States wished to get rid of the problem of drink. So they advocated Prohibition. After some strenuous lobbying and very definite intervention in political affairs on the part of church dignitaries the amendment to the constitution was passed. But it was later shown that Prohibition was not an effective method of attaining the undoubtedly good aim of temperance. Though it did some good, the Prohibition experiment greatly increased the evil of racketeering, and did much to stimulate crime in the States. Because the Churches had been instrumental in passing the amendment, they opposed its appeal, and appeared to many impartial persons to be thus standing in the way of a much needed reform.

Experience in Russia shows that the policy of attaching itself to the existing economic system, as the Roman Catholic Church seems to be doing, can be equally detrimental to the best interests of the Church. The Russian Orthodox Church supported the government to such an extent that it became identified with it, and unable to criticize its actions. When reformers attacked the government, they naturally attacked the Church as well. Because of this position the Orthodox Church lost nearly all its spiritual power, and its moral leadership over the nation. The same dangers attend the Roman Catholic Church, especially in the Province of Quebec, if it persists in its present attitude of defending the status quo. This policy

has the further bad effect of causing those who advocate constitutional change to turn to revolutionary doctrine. If a Roman Catholic is forbidden to join the C.C.F. openly, he will tend to become a Communist in secret.

What stand, then should the Church take with regard to the great social and political questions of the day? It should condemn as a body any features of our political and economic life that are contrary to the moral teaching of Christ. It should also lay down certain fundamentals (such as a more equitable distribution of wealth) that must be considered in any reorganization of our economic system. Individual clergy should also try to make their own parishioners aware of their personal responsibility in employing Christian morals in their business life. This last method is perhaps more effective than passing resolutions which don't cost much at a synod, and it would appear to be more like Christ's way of doing things.

But the Church has a higher calling than declaring itself on political and economic affairs — it is the supreme authority on matters of the spirit. The unfortunate thing about the emphasis on politics is that it tends to overshadow the Church's primary function, to assist people in giving their lives to God's service. The history of the mediaeval Church and recent experiences in the United Church show only too clearly that the Church loses a great deal of spiritual power when it becomes unduly involved in temporal affairs.

Politics divides the Churches: they are united in Christ's message. Roman Catholics and United Church members, Anglicans and Baptists can all agree on the essential nature of Christ's message, and on the need for it in the world today. In his encyclical "Quadragesimo Anno", in which he deals with these matters, Pope Pius declares: "this longed-for social reconstruction must be preceded by a profound renewal of the Christian spirit, from which multitudes engaged in industry in every country have unhappily departed." The Church's doctrine should be based on the things of God; it should not set itself up to advocate or defend man-made things. It will be fully occupied if it presents Christ's challenge undiluted to the people of the world.

WHAT MANNER OF FISH THE HALIBUT?

L. A. Maven

About two weeks ago when I went into dinner I asked one of the students sitting near-by, "What sort of fish have we to-day?" The reply was, "Salmon and halibut." Immediately I thought of the halibut and the place it holds in the world of medicine to-day.

The cod has long been heralded as the greatest source of Vitamin D, the sunshine vitamin; hence, such names as

"Bottled Sunlight". In recent years the halibut has come to the fore, and shows great possibilities of nosing out the cod. Although highly prized as a delicious food, the halibut has always remained a mystery to those of us who have been raised far from the salt water. But what a story there is to tell about this great hulk of a fish that has come to play so important a role in the modern vita-

min therapy!

The halibut (*Hippoglossus*) is queen of the flat-fish family, often measuring five feet from nose to tail and weighing between 100 and 200 pounds. Some females, in fact, attain a weight of 500 pounds or more. Most people are surprised to know that the male fish is much smaller than the female, averaging not more than 50 pounds.

A cold-water fish, the halibut is found in northern latitudes, off the Atlantic coast from Massachusetts north, and off the Pacific coast from San Francisco to northern Alaska. Halibut under two feet in length are rarely caught and it is next to impossible to obtain a very young specimen. It is known, however, that the young halibut swims vertically and has an eye on each side of its head. As the fish grows to maturity, the left eye "migrates" so that in time both eyes are on the upper side. Nature institutes this migrating process because the full-grown fish swims and lies flat, not vertical as when very young. It often buries itself flat in the sand to hide from its enemies and to catch its prey and has colour on its upper side only, its under side being white.

The halibut does not spawn until ten or twelve years of age and has an extremely slow rate of growth, not attaining its full size and development until about thirty-five years old. In order to prevent the extinction of this valuable fish the United States and Canada have in force a treaty which calls a halt on halibut fishing for a period of several months each year.

Lately the number of halibut in the northern Atlantic has been greatly diminished and the field of supply has been shifted to the northern Pacific. The halibut industry in the Pacific is largely confined to the banks near Seattle; Prince Rupert, B.C.; Ketchikan, Alaska; and a number of smaller places.

Catching the halibut is a job which takes many hours. The motor-driven schooners so largely used for this work are quite small, averaging 30 to 35 tons net and carrying a crew of six or eight men. When the schooner reaches the fishing banks the crew commences operations by baiting the gear, which is an incredibly long line divided into "skates". A skate maybe two thousand feet long with 100 or more hooks attached to it, each hook temptingly baited with herring or salmon. There are usually from three to ten of these skates to a string of gear. A similar process, only on a smaller scale is employed to catch sturgeon at the mouth of the Niagara river in Lake Ontario.

After soundings have been taken, the baited string of gear is slowly let out, often several miles of it. Each skate is set by means of an anchor and buoys at the desired depth, usually near the ocean's floor. The end of each string of gear has a buoy, lights and a flag to mark its position day and night. After one string of gear has been set the vessel pushes on for a few miles to let out another.

Setting these lines of gear takes several hours. After the last one has been set the schooner returns to the first gear and then the line is pulled in by an engine on board the schooner. If the catch is a good one, halibut of all sizes are found on the hooks, running from 30 pounds to 200 pounds in weight.

At this point we might say the work of preparing the vitamin product actually begins. Scarcely have these white-bellied fish flopped onto the deck before they are cleaned and dressed. The work is done with great speed. The vitamin-rich livers are carefully separated from the entrails and promptly packed in ice in special air-tight tin containers. From the time that the fish are hauled from the cold waters of the sea until the rich golden Haliver Oil reaches the patient, every possible precaution is taken to guard its precious vitamin content.

The livers are quite small, averaging one to two percent of the total weight of the fish. The liver of a hundred pound halibut therefore weighs from one to two pounds. The liver of an adult human being weighs from 3 to 3½ pounds.

The early history of Haliver Oil was fraught with many difficulties. The halibut industry was a fishing industry, not an industry concerned in the least with obtaining livers. A new branch of the halibut fishing industry had to be set up and put into efficient operation. One after another the various difficulties were solved, so that now physician and patient are assured of a steady and adequate supply of Haliver Oil.

Nutritional chemists and other workers in the field of vitamin research have known for some time that the halibut liver oil was far richer in both vitamins A and D than Cod Liver Oil. This knowledge was of no practical use to the medical profession until special methods for extracting a clear, golden oil were successfully worked out.

The methods which have long been in use for removing oil from cod livers could not be applied to the halibut. You have only to examine sections of a Cod Liver and a Halibut Liver under a microscope to understand the reason. There is all the difference in the world in the cellular structure of the respective liver tissues; in the liver of the cod are large, easily separated globules of oil; while in the halibut liver are numerous minute droplets which require special manipulation to separate them from the liver tissue.

Albino rats play a very important part in the manufacture of the standardized Haliver Oil. These rats are also employed in the standardization of Cod Liver Oil and other vitamin products. To test for vitamin A potency the oil is given orally to young rats which have been fed on a diet which is entirely adequate except for vitamin A. A lack of this vitamin produces the eye condition known as Xerophthalmia. Haliver Oil rich in vitamin A is then administered to the rats suffering with Xerophthalmia and

after a number of days the eye condition is relieved. The chemists by observing the daily minimum amount of oil required to bring back a healthy condition, are able to arrive at a standard Vitamin A unit.

To determine vitamin D potency, Haliver Oil is fed in measured amounts to young rats in which rickets has been induced. The chemists ascertain the minimum amount of oil required each day over a period of ten days to initiate definite recalcification in the leg bones. A vitamin D unit is then arrived at. It is a painstaking test and provides an accurate measurement of vitamin D activity and insures products of high uniform potency.

Haliver Oil has much more natural vitamin D activity than high grade Cod Liver Oil. It can be administered in much smaller doses and the taste is much more palatable than Cod Liver Oil. Viosterel, sometimes called irradiated ergosterol, is added to Haliver Oil to give it still higher Vitamin D activity. Irradiated ergosterol is an oil from ergot which has been exposed to the

ultra-violet rays of the sun.

Thus we have a brief account of the story of the halibut and the precious product produced from its liver. You may be one of the number of people who are bewildered with the multiplicity of vitamin products and probably you have shrugged your shoulders and said, "It is just another article for the pharmacist to make money on." Do not place Haliver Oil in the same category as the many articles which have fallen under the pen of the author of "100,000,000 guinea pigs." Haliver Oil is not a patent medicine. It is a natural product from the liver of the halibut and has brought about much relief to mankind. When you think of Haliver Oil, remember the valiant fishermen and patient chemists who together have contributed this product to the medical world.

(Author's Note:— I am indebted to Parke Davis Co., Ltd., pioneers in the Haliver Oil industry, for much of my material).

FASCISM, AN ANALYSIS

W. Baglow

The very heart of Fascist political doctrine is found in two ideas. First, a belief in the complete authority of the state, and second, a new conception of the relation of the individual and the state. By 'the state' the Fascists mean a sort of sublimation of the nation: its ideals, its beliefs. To quote from the original Fascist declaration: "the nation is not merely the sum total of living individuals, nor the instrument of parties for their own ends, but an organism comprising the unlimited series of generations of which individuals are merely transient elements: it is the synthesis of all the material and non-material values of a race." It is to this lofty conception that the Fascists ascribe all power and all service. To the Fascist the individual exists wholly for the state, not the state for the individual. (No social contract here.) His great ideal is to have every individual in the state bending his efforts to one end: the interest of that abstract conception; doing nothing which might injure its power. Here is the origin of the intense dislike of the Fascist of any sort of division or opposition in the state. Hence comes his extreme tendency to centralization and concentration.

Now let us see how this works out in relation to actual Fascist policy. In the first place let us consider the Fascists' attitude towards freedom in the state. Obviously in the Fascist state the conventional conception can have no place: it is an anarchic tendency. Freedom to them can mean but one thing: freedom to serve the state, unhindered by political disputes. Hence from their point of

view they are only furthering the cause of freedom by a strict censorship of the press. The same holds good for their policy towards other political parties. Consider the condition of Italy just after the close of the war. She was torn by political disputes in the absence of a strong central government. Nothing could be more hateful to the Fascists. Moreover no other political party held the same ideal of abolishing political divisions within the state. Given these premises the conclusion seemed obvious enough to the Fascist: get rid of the other political parties, by force if necessary, for the Fascist party of that day was composed of fiery young men who daily took their lives in their hands by wearing the black shirt. It is unfair to claim that we have a higher ideal of freedom than the Fascists. Actually there are two possible viewpoints which it is dangerous to compare. The Fascist's answer to the moral challenge would probably be this: Doesn't your conception of freedom mean more often freedom from duty, freedom not to act, rather than freedom to act? There is no answer to that, for in many cases it is true.

The above is the most striking and unassailable part of Fascist political doctrine. Their social-economic policy is that common to the middle class everywhere: capitalistic yet having regard to their own interest. That which visitors from England and America dislike most, and yet can understand best is the position of Mussolini in the state. No great man yet was ever regarded by his people in a logical way. As far as it is possible to express

it, however, they probably regard Mussolini as the embodiment of Fascist Italian political ideals, and hence in a fashion identify him with the state. Then too, in trying to understand the attitude of the Fascists towards Mussolini, the effect of the vast flood of propaganda which The Leader spreads all over Italy cannot be over-estimated. The reason many non-Fascists supported Mussolini was that they hoped he would end inefficiency, cut out red tape, get Italy to run on time, as it were. He did this. In many ways modern Italy is a long way ahead of the Italy of war and pre-war days. In other ways she is not as strong. Her industries are terribly weakened by heavy taxes, mainly, as we shall see, for war preparations. Thus even Mussolini could not expect to hold the reins forever and keep the people satisfied. So he was driven to that old, old trick of kings and dictators of diverting attention from affairs at home by stimulating the national pride. Two things helped him to do this: the Fascist conception of the state, and the new feeling of unity, strength and

confidence. He idealized Fascism. He recalled the old Roman glory, and said that they, the spiritual heirs of Rome, would build a new Empire. Italy, the light of the nations, would take up the flaming torch of progress, of Fascism, and lead the world to a new age — after the next war. This preposterous vision that Mussolini dangled before their eyes seized the imagination of the youth of Italy, and brought about the most horrid aspect of Fascism. His exalted vapourings they seized on as highest truth. They had a leader: they had something which resisted them, something they could smash down. "... they felt suddenly that they were bearers of a mission: they had God, justice, and power on their side, and so they were happy." *

And such is the spirit which is in Italy today. It is one country's solution of a problem. Sooner or later we must face a similar problem ourselves. What will our answer be?

* (The Ugly Duchess. Leon Feuchtwanger.)

CAESAR

I

Caesar was determined bellum to declare,
Britannos to extinguish, quod erat unfair;
And in a magnum iter vastare near and far
So imperat aurigae ut paret motor car.

Milites paraded, sagittas pointed new,
Emovit deinde rifles, bullets not a few;
Dat his wife an osculum, eripuit his bag,
Hired equum carrumque, ut portaret off the swag.

Transivit then the channel, qua omnes will agree
Id non est saluber jactri on the sea.
Caesar nunc infelix saepe vult terram
Reclinans super bulwarks exclamavit dam.

Britannian attingit sed statim on the shore
Britanni woaded hopping optantes Caesar's gore,
Per paucos dies mansit et messuit their grain
Ad naves se recepit celeriter again.

(Quoted from "OUR TOUNIS COLLEGE", a collection of Edinburgh University verse.)

II

Caesar valde studuit the regnum to obtain,
So ad senatum venit per prima luce train,
He kissed uxorem flentem quod habuit a dream,
"Culpa too much cucumeris dyspeptica you seem".

"Now, salve, bone Caesar," yell cives in a row,
Et omnes parvi pueri get ova bad to throw;
Cum sua toga round him, cum alvo jutting out,
Cum naso all rubente, audivit cohorts shout.

"Ah! Brutus, bonus dies; da, Cassius, your hand,
Et hic est pal Metellus benignus atque bland;
What, Casca, tua sica, my viscera to hack,
My Sabbath toga scissa, you simulacrum black.

"Et tu, amice Brute! then actum est I fear;
Why did I turn deaf aures to that veraci seer?
Valete, friends Romani, Caesari serum flows,
Howl ave, good Quirites; invertō meos toes.

T. Arnold Johnston.

"UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES"

(To those who did not vote for "The Oxford Resolution")

Angels and devils that men's sins create
Have rarely stirred in you; convention governs
Even your trespasses; your cosmos keeps
Its captive entangled souls in orphans'-homes
Of unwritten law, guides your blood early into chosen
No "savage indignation" [streams.
Of Bloody International makes you shun us;
Only a fear of over-action, mole-terror of new world's
light.

.... Remember, then, your grandfather that day
In Shiloh's orchard by the Tennessee *
As morning and hot sunlight deepened slowly
And katydids were singing noisily
Dear ghastly entrails lying on the ground
So queerly now no longer his; and all a blur around.
The mockery of sunlight on the leaves.
Rabbits in traps

here Man receives
Small glory; and they, who control
Such mass-paralysis of the soul
Will strike again in your sons' day
If you stand still.... then, in the clay
Your firm sure limbs rot, while the years
Grow verdigris on your careers
And your impersonal remnants lie —
Not to remind how soon men die,
But show your sons what lack of will
To dare for them receives — until
The pitying spider's shroud condones
To all eternity your bones.
Fear us not, then, since we are meant
The leaven for your thick content,
And, where safe action could not save,
Shall pluck Man living from the grave.

A. J. H. Richardson.

* This passage was prompted by Chap. 22 ("Shiloh, Bloody Shiloh!") in Lloyd Lewis's "Sherman, Fighting Prophet" — especially the following extract:

"A young private of the Fourteenth Illinois came up to Lieutenant Colonel Cam, fumbling at his entrails, which were trying to escape through a great slit in his abdomen, made by a passing shell. The slippery intestines kept working through his fingers. 'Oh, Colonel, what shall I do?' he pleaded."

SPORTS - Christopher Eberts and Wilson Gall

HOCKEY

Now that we really have seen some promising signs of spring perhaps we are not too hopeful in thinking that there is no longer any danger of tempting Old Man Winter by speaking of the Hockey Season. As was to be expected Bishop's did not carry off any hockey trophies this year. The Intermediates, however, had a fairly successful season. They were certainly a stronger team than their predecessors of 1933 and stood 2nd in the Intermediate Intercollegiate League.

Since the last issue of The Mitre appeared the intercollegiate Schedule has been completed. When the U. of M. team visited us they played an energetic game and proved very fast indeed; but Bishop's playing on "breaks" managed to win 5 - 1.

In the first game with McGill in Montreal the Intermediates seemed a bit lost in the Forum. The playing was quite even during the first two periods, but in the last few minutes McGill broke away well and put in 3 goals in quick succession. The final score was 5 - 2 in favour of McGill. In the return match out here Bishop's probably played its best game. The skating was fast on both teams and Bishop's certainly carried the play in the 1st and 3rd periods. However luck was definitely against our Intermediates, they lost 3 - 2 after 8 minutes of overtime.

When Loyola visited us for their return game, they were not in full strength. Bishop's seemed to be better organized from the start and soon piled up a good score. Loyola rallied well during the last period however and the final score was 7 - 4 in favour of Bishop's.

When the Intermediates went to Montreal to play their return match with U. of M. they won by default.

As Bishop's was not entered in the Sherbrooke County League this season, the Intermediates played a few exhibition games in order to keep up the interest and to gain experience. They had matches with "Cookshire", the "Nationals" of Sherbrooke, Knowlton, Lennoxville and B.C.S. Their game with Lennoxville although not over clean was closely contested and very fast. The College lost by one goal. Undoubtedly the worst upset of the season was the rather crushing defeat at the hands of B.C.S. As the losers have to either lose their temper or wax philosophical, our team might console itself by saying that the honours were kept in the family.

The following received Major Awards in this Hockey season:

Glass, Carson, Eberts, Bassett, McHarg, Norris, Christison, Hibbard, Griffiths, Nichol.

The Juniors can hardly be said to have been success-

ful this year, but if we may judge by the consistency with which they turned out for practices while they knew they were not to receive any official awards, they must have really enjoyed the hockey. They played a number of exhibition games with the Lennoxville "Red Jackets", the B.C.S. Masters, the Sherbrooke High, the Sherbrooke "Y Reds" and the famous Bishop's All Stars.

The members of both squads are indebted to Harry Griffiths, who besides being a great asset to the Intermediate's forward line, showed his usual energy and competence in coaching the two squads. The Manager J. Rattray and his assistant H. Wright deserve much credit for carrying out their thankless jobs with such patience and goodwill.

BASKETBALL

The purple and white basketball squad of this year was characterized by an almost unprecedented enthusiasm and co-operation among the players. The withdrawal of many of last year's veterans from the team left Coach Mac Turner with a small but substantial nucleus about which to mould a new squad, and he is to be congratulated upon the results which he obtained.

Bishop's played home and home games with the University of Montreal for the Intermediate Intercollegiate Championship, and lost the title only after two hard-fought struggles. Both games were fine exhibitions of sportsmanship; and as a result of their victory over Bishop's, U. of M. held the championship of the new league. Coach Turner donned a uniform for the first game, and was high scorer for Bishop's. Stevens, Ross, Baird and Hume supplied the remaining baskets. Rollit played well, but unfortunately suffered an injury which necessitated an immediate operation. "Dick" has ably managed the team this year, as well as being invaluable on the floor, Cahoon, Heilig, Royal and Medine turned out faithfully, and played well throughout the season. Much credit is due to Wisenthal, the captain.

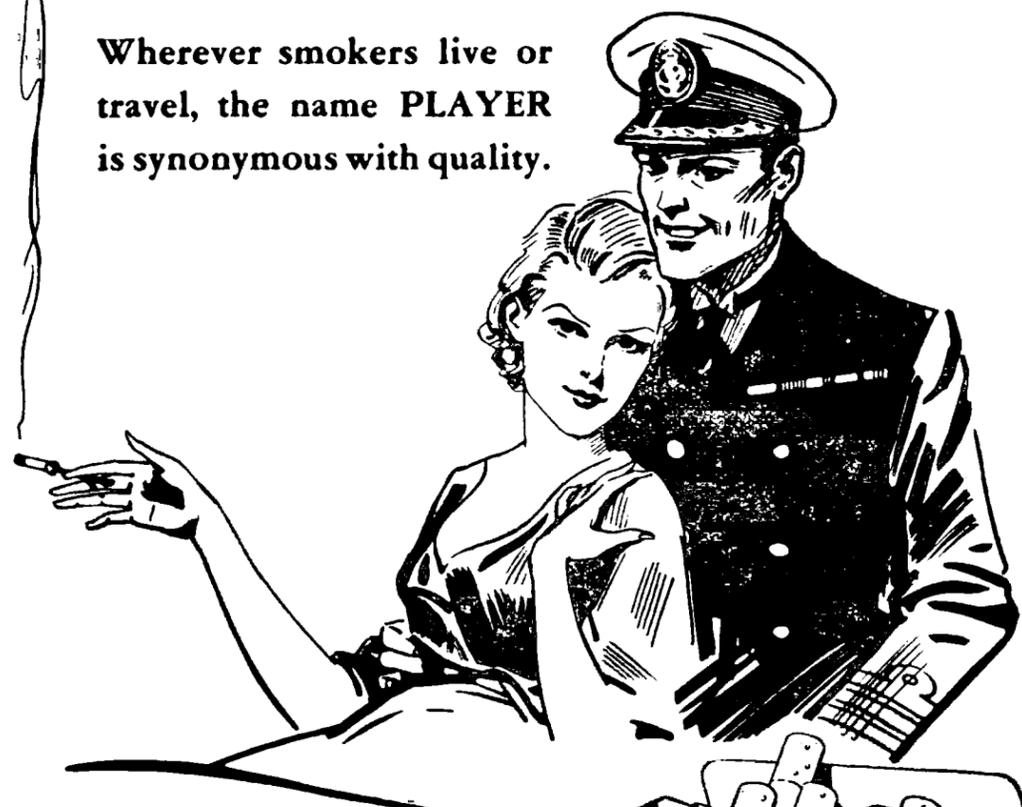
In the Sherbrooke City League lack of experience and the number of new players this year forced Bishop's towards the bottom of the League, in spite of good coaching and the sincere efforts of the squad.

The second team, though entered in no league, played several exhibition games, and emerged victorious from all its engagements.

S. M. Medine has been elected manager of basketball for next year, and he will be assisted by Colby Aikins.

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BADMINTON

The Badminton Club has had quite an active term. A competition was arranged after Christmas, and on February 17th Mr. Lloyd beat Mack Muir in the finals after three very close games.

On February 24th ten players were the guests of the Sherbrooke Regiment Badminton Club. A return match was played in the College gym on March 20th. It is hoped that these inter-club matches will be repeated next year.

A ladder competition including thirty-five players has been arranged, and is proving to be quite popular. Next month the Club will end its activities with the playing of the College Championship. The winner will receive the Mrs. Charles Meredith Trophy and a miniature

cup, the gift of the Students' Council.

INTER-YEAR BASKETBALL

Owing to the annoying consistency with which Second Year won all its games, the Inter-year Basketball season was very short this year. It consisted in fact of three games. Second Year played First Year, Third Year and Divinity displaying the same invincible skill and teamwork which enabled them to carry off Inter-year hockey honours. The scores were — but perhaps second year won't mind if, to save the self-respect of the other teams, the scores are not published.

BISHOP'S ARE DEBATING CHAMPIONS

The Debating Society has enjoyed a very active and successful season, which culminated in the winning of the Inter-University Debating League Trophy. The subject for the Inter-University debate this year was "Resolved that medicine should be socialised", and on February 16th Bishop's won two decisions. In Montreal, C. L. O. Glass and J. W. H. Bassett, upholding the affirmative, defeated Loyola, represented by W. McTeague and J. Darche: while at Bishop's, the University of Ottawa, represented by J. Corridan and A. Veale, succumbed to the negative, upheld by M. A. Stephens and J. F. S. Ford. On March 15th the McMaster team, the representatives of the western division, arrived at Bishop's. Meanwhile Mr. Bassett had revised his opinions on the socialisation of medicine, and together with Mr. Stephens upheld the negative against C. M. Humber and H. C. Linstead. And so for the first time Bishop's is in possession of the trophy, but no one seems to have settled the vexed question of the socialisation of medicine, even though some listened to all the pros and cons twice.

The inter-university and inter-faculty debates have saved the executive from arranging a large programme this term, and only two meetings of the society have been held in the common room. On February 22nd, Mr. C. C. Lloyd, M.A., gave a very interesting paper on "Elizabethan Rogues and Vagabonds." Mr. Lloyd is especially interested in the literature of this period, and was thus able to treat the subject in a well informed manner. On March 1st the society turned their attention to some of the most vital problems of the day when W. J. Belford and A. E. Cooper affirmed against L. McCaig and S. M. Medine that "this House would climb Mount Everest, swim the Channel, fly the Atlantic and sit on a pole." Despite the affirmative's pleading of the pleasure and thrill in achieving these memorable projects, the negative pointed out that it had all been done already; and we regret to report that

the stiff and starched spirit of conservatism triumphed and the motion was irreparably lost.

The last event in the debating calendar was the second inter-faculty debate on March 26th. The subject before the house was "Resolved that modern advertising is detrimental to the best interests of the public", Divinity taking the affirmative.

M. A. Stephens in leading off pointed to the enormous waste in modern advertising, claiming that in the last MacLean's only five out of the sixty-three advertisements were really necessary. Harry Pibus dwelt on the fact that it pays to advertise, and pointed to the great educational value of advertising. E. C. Royle asserted that the moral appeal of modern advertising was most detrimental, and instanced the advertisements in a dime shocker. Rus Lamb accused the last speaker of being bigoted, and proceeded to point out that Roosevelt was governing the United States by advertising his programme over the radio. J. F. S. Ford pictured a society entirely dominated by fears of B.O., Halitosis and other diseases featured in the advertisements. Mike Wisenthal in a fiery speech denounced the affirmative and finally reduced them to a state of surrender by flourishing a full page of advertisements for church services in their faces. In closing, Mr. Stephens reassembled the tenets of the affirmative, but in vain, for the judges gave the decision to the negative. This leaves each faculty with one victory to their credit, and the deciding debate will be held next term.

The Mitre extends its congratulations to Larry Maven for the able manner in which he has presided over the Debating Society during the past year, and wishes the new President, Rus Lamb, similar success.

Next Fall we are hoping to have a visit from an Oxford and Cambridge debating team who will be touring Canada.

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"VOLPONE" IN MONTREAL

Of the plays read by the Dramatic Society during the past term, the most popular was Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion", an entertaining study in Shavian Satire, and, incidentally, a study of the "religion which has never been tried."

C. K. Munro's "At Mrs. Beam's" proved altogether too long and ponderous for a group of men seeking relaxation after morning chapel. Over-much "cutting" destroyed the true sequence of the play, and the cast betrayed its ignorance of the workings of the Notting Hill boarding house, with its fantastic, faded inmates and Victorian gloom.

On the other hand, the atmosphere of John Masefield's "Good Friday" was well created and maintained. The readers felt that they had seen the passion play in a new light.

Work on the one-act play for the Dominion Drama Festival necessarily held up plans for extending the usefulness of the Reading Circle. Act one of Ben Jonson's "Volpone" entered the preliminaries of the Western Quebec Region at Victoria Hall, Montreal, on the night of March 17th. The adjudicator, Mr. Rupert Harvey of London, England, spoke highly of "the Bishop's men", commending them for their pluck in attempting so difficult a piece of character interpretation. His main criticism was that the members of the cast were over-young for their parts. The diction, grouping, make-up and general atmosphere he pronounced good.

If the play was not to be one of the two selected for the finals at Ottawa, there can be no doubt that "Volpone" created a favourable impression among Amateur Theatrical Companies in Montreal.

The University is indebted to Gerald Cameron, who inspired this new venture in the history of Bishop's drama, and directed the production with energy, enthusiasm and competence.

C.O.T.C. INSPECTED

When the annual inspection was held on March 27th in the Sherbrooke Regiment's Armouries, the D. O. C., Brigadier W. W. P. Gibsone, complimented the contingent on the splendid showing they made. Other officers who were present were equally encouraging: some said that the inspection was the finest in the history of the corps; others said it was the best in five years. It is generally agreed that it was good.

But the inspection is one of the less important phases of the corps work: the real work is done with the men who come up for their examinations in A and B Certificate work. This year four candidates sat for the B exams and

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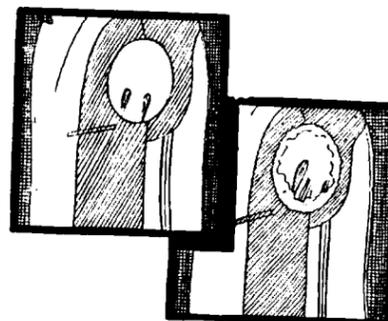
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nine for the A. Although this number is smaller than in the past few years, a higher percentage of successes is expected because the class was winnowed and only those who had been to a majority of the lectures were allowed to write.

Another feature of the work which was demonstrated this year was the efficiency of the various platoons. In the Ross-McMurty Trophy Competition, held on the 26th of March, No. 1 Platoon, under 2nd Lieut. E. F. H. Boothroyd, won first place followed by No. 2 under Mr. W. D. McL. Christie and No. 3 under Mr. A. G. C. Whalley. In the competition this year twenty-five per cent of the marks were allotted for parade attendance throughout the year and this innovation kept the enthusiasm of the platoons alive during the dreary months of the preliminary training.

The final dance of the Corps will conclude the season's activities. It will be held early in May when the Corps hopes to be host to the Officers of the Sherbrooke Regiment and the Officers of the B.C.S. Cadet Corps.

SCOUTS' CAMP FIRE

The most interesting of the troupe's activities for this term was the investiture and indoor camp-fire, held on the evening of March 21st, when Eldon Davis was invested as a member of the troop. S.M. Carrington conducted the investiture, and acted as leader for the camp-fire which followed. Through the ingenuity of Rover Ed. Boothroyd, a miniature camp-fire was built, in which, in accordance with tribal customs, the names of the members were burned. Each scout then received the name of a tribal brave, by which name he was to be known for the duration of the evening. The main feature of the programme was the skits, produced by each patrol, in which much promising material for future dramatic production was discovered. Camp songs added to the evening's fun, and the programme was brought to a close with the serving of an enjoyable supper by the genial Jim Dewhurst.

ROVERS UNDER WAY

The Rover Crew is now well under way. All its members have been formally invested as Rovers in the Divinity House Oratory — Eagles, Boothroyd, Godwin and Richardson on February 26, and Hall on March 12. After the first of these ceremonies the Skipper officially opened our Den, the hut in front of Dr. Boothroyd's, and the evening ended with a feast. The Den is now complete in all essentials, and is being used for the weekly meetings; the stove warms it so efficiently that we have been only too glad to leave the door open even on nights with a temperature of 10 below zero.

The Rover Mate for this term is "Bud" Miller, who

had Rovered in Ottawa before coming to Bishop's.

The Crew has started its Service by helping Dave Godwin and Bud Miller with their Wolf Cubs. A Rover goes down every week and tells one of the Mowgli stories from "The Jungle Book" to an apparently entranced circle of small boys. We hope soon to have two Scouts from the Village Troop attend our meetings in order to learn something about Rovering.

The Rev. Eric Almond has very kindly sent several Rover books to the Crew.

GLEES

Though it seems to surprise certain people when it is mentioned, the Ladies' Glee Club has been practising every Wednesday afternoon since Christmas under the able direction of Mrs. Boothroyd. The attendance this year has been quite gratifying, and comprises about fifty per cent of the co-ed body. Practically all the new songs are being learned, and now that Biology labs are over we shall have more time to practise, and hope to put on a concert some time in the near future. We have been most candidly and delightfully entertained by our friends, and we appreciate and wish to thank them for their kindly interest in our welfare.

MATHS AND SCIENCE CLUB

The Club has been rather late this year in getting under way; but once started, it has displayed great activity. On Tuesday, March 20th, the first meeting was held in the Chemistry Lab., and two papers were given — the first on "Brewing", by Andrew Dawes, and the other by Fred Royal on "Trick Mathematics." A week later Professor Kuehner gave a talk on "Phosphorescence", accompanied by demonstrations in the darkened laboratory, when the audience watched some fascinating experiments with "Luminol", a substance that becomes phosphorescent when oxidized, shedding a brilliant blue light that illuminates objects all around it; with an elaborate apparatus he prepared a fountain of this luminous material, and he also wrung shining drops of it from a towel, and produced the most beautiful shades of blue by soaking Luminol through layers of ice.

THE POLITICAL DISCUSSION GROUP inaugurated last year has been revived, and two papers have already been given; Tom Carter spoke on "The Super-State as an Alternative to War", and Arnold Banfill on "The Canadian Constitution"; the attendance has been quite as good as last year, and the discussion after the papers much longer and more satisfactory. Mike Wisenthal's hospitality has supplied the room and the so-necessary food on both occasions.

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BOOKS TO READ

THE GERMAN MENACE

Germany Enters the Third Reich, by Calvin B. Hoover; The Macmillan Company; 243 pages; \$3.00.

Three books of outstanding interest have lately been published in connection with Hitler's rise to power. "Germany Puts the Clock Back" by Edgar Mowrer is a piece of first-rate journalism describing the breakdown of the Weimar Republic; its publication necessitated the author's removal from Berlin to Tokio in order to be out of reach of the truncheons of the storm troopers. "Hitler: Whence and Whither?" by Wickham Steed is an extremely readable and authoritative study of the prejudices (they can hardly be called principles) which lie behind the movement. The book under review is an unbiassed survey of the events of the last two years and of the political and economic aims of this extremely curious brand of Socialism. The book is indeed a model of how contemporary history should be treated; if it is not so exciting as the other two books, that is only because the author's style is so colourless, his attitude so unprejudiced and his methodical enquiries so innocent of emotional appeal. In this book, if anywhere, it would seem, the truth about Germany is to be found.

And our impression of the truth is definitely disagreeable. To read what German leaders have to say in this year of grace is to discover that the interval between the mentality of the twentieth century and that of the tenth is not so great as we had hoped. Their outlook is one of unqualified barbarism, coloured by mystagogical nonsense concerning the superstate, the Nordification of Europe and the elementary virtues of an old friend the Big Blonde Beast. Nazi tenets have not even the virtue of being original; all the specious theories which we had hoped had died at the hands of modern political theorists and which, indeed, the Great War was supposed to have destroyed reappear intensified by economic distress. The theory of the corporate or omniscient state (borrowed from Mussolini) is nothing but Syndicalism combined with the Prussian theories of Hegel and Treitschke. The defence of war on educational grounds (the boy's best friend is the battlefield) is true only of war under mediaeval conditions. An inferiority complex masquerading as anti-semitism and the resurrection of old Canon Law objections to usury and interest prove conclusively that we have to deal with a resurgence of the mediaeval mind. The Fascist threat to western civilization is far more serious than the Communist. The latter philosophy is at least clearly defined if by no means suitable, its opposition to capitalism is open and revolutionary; but opportunist Fascism climbs to power on capitalist shoulders only (when power is achieved) to

kick its supporters unceremoniously downstairs and to forget its previous promises with astonishing ease and rapidity. This is, indeed, one of the most interesting points brought out by Mr. Hoover's study. Many people regard Fascism as reactionary capitalism and many "rentiers" favour it as a bulwark against socialism. But, as Mr. Hoover says, "the Party has had at times to be simultaneously all things to all men in all parts of the Reich"; while the support of the Nationalists and Industrialists was essential to Hitler's rise to power, Hugenberg and his like soon found themselves in the position of the unfortunate knight-at-arms "alone and palely loitering on the cold hill's side": their parties were dissolved, they themselves were forced to resign, and a radical socialist programme was enforced.

Nazi political and racial tenets are sufficiently well-known — anti-semitism, the formation of a Greater Germany, and the replacement of the liberal-democratic system by a Leadership state where men are chosen (not elected) for character and blood rather than intelligence. Besides studying such aims, Mr. Hoover's book is particularly valuable on the economic aspect. Here the Nazis have got themselves into a difficult situation: anything that smacks of Marxian socialism — public ownership or a planned economy — is viewed with extreme disfavour by National Socialists. On the other hand the masses which support the movement demand a very radical reorganization along socialist lines which the Fabian Social Democrats were too timid to provide. The evils of Das System have to be abolished, but the resultant difficulties appear almost insoluble. Taxes have to be lowered, but employment has to be increased by a public works programme; Germany has to be made self-sufficing, but prices have to be kept low; the middle classes want cheap food, but the peasants demand higher prices. Mr. Hoover is by no means optimistic as to the outcome of the Nazi economic policy.

The movement, as he sees it, is essentially a mass movement and he warns us against regarding Hitler's position as in any way analogous to Mussolini's. Italian Fascism is a one-man show, the work of napoleonic energy and napoleonic opportunism. Hitler is in no such sense a dictator; his actions (like Stalin's) are the result of party agreement, he is guided (and was once even kidnapped) by colleagues like Goering and Goebbels. His followers are even more hysterically nationalistic than he is himself and Mr. Hoover remarks that "if peace is maintained it will be because the leaders manage somehow to restrain the masses."

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found pessimism. Two interdependent causes are responsible for the Nazi phenomenon — the Treaty of Versailles and the economic depression. In Hitler's view war is not only inevitable but desirable. His followers expect war, and if the leaders cannot solve the economic and the diplomatic problems satisfactorily they will be forced to give them war both as a means of withdrawing attention from the domestic situation and as a sop to that bloodlust they have so sedulously cultivated. Some acquaintance with the German problem is thus essential to those who still believe in democratic liberalism whatever its deficiencies. Mr. Hoover's book is the sanest and the clearest statement of that problem.

C. C. L.

A SEQUEL TO "CRY HAVOC!"

The Intelligent Man's Way to Prevent War, edited by Leonard Woolf; Victor Gollancz; 576 pages; \$1.50.

Most discussions about war are futile because they deal with the question: What shall I do if war breaks out? Books dealing with the nature of the next war make it abundantly clear that once war has been declared, it doesn't much matter what you do. There will be slaughter, destruction and disruption of our social and economic systems whatever you do. Whether you enlist, or sit on the fence, or take part in a revolution, the declaration of war will mean the institution of hell on earth. But what does very much matter is: What can I do now to prevent War? "The Intelligent Man's Way to Prevent War" attempts to answer this question.

The initial essay in this symposium, entitled "The International Anarchy", is contributed by Sir Norman Angell. In this he compares the state of Europe to-day with that of the Roman Empire in the period of its greatest peace and prosperity. The essential difference is that modern Europe is in a condition of anarchy, with each nation prepared to defend its power and what it considers its rights by force, while the Roman Empire was an organized society, where the imperial power maintained justice and order by force. The great need of Europe, then, is some strong central power to which the various nation states may surrender their sovereignty, and which would then maintain order and peace and justice. Sir Norman shows how peace has been established in India, and in the United States, not by any fundamental change in the human natures of Indians and Americans, but by the imposition of a strong central power in these two great territories which deprives the smaller units of their sovereignty and gives them peace and order in return.

Three other chapters in the volume are devoted to outlining the machinery of international government that has been and should be set up. C. R. Buxton discusses

the difficult question of fitting non-European nations into the League system. He decides that closer co-operation of large countries such as the United States and Japan is needed, and also that the rights of nations backward in political development should be looked after by the League of Nations. For this latter object the extension of the League's system of mandates to non-self-governing colonies is advocated.

Viscount Cecil and W. Arnold-Forster contribute excellent chapters about the League and the international organization that has grown up around it. Mr. Arnold-Forster particularly, has very clear sections on the peaceful settlement of disputes, and means for peaceful change in the possession of territory and the relative power of states. Some efficient means of solving disputes and of effecting peaceful change must be set up so that nations will abandon the present methods of war. Mr. Arnold-Forster also describes most clearly the progress made so far in disarmament and security, and points out how a liberal policy in Britain could help matters greatly.

In a contribution entitled "The Economic Foundations of Peace" H. J. Laski shows how sovereign nation states lead inevitably to war, and also contends that peace will not be secured without the substitution of socialism for capitalism. While the urgent threats to peace at the present time arise from political issues, it is true that economic causes lie at the root of war, and perhaps Professor Laski's suggestion will have to be adopted eventually.

Revision of the peace treaties and the educational and psychological factors are dealt with by Professor Gilbert Murray and Sir Norman Angell respectively. C. M. Lloyd contributes a very clear and interesting account of Russia's foreign policy since the Revolution, and concludes that her role for some time to come will be pacific.

"Cry Havoc!" has set forward the problem and threat of war; this book offers a solution. Though it does not quite deal with "the whole problem in all its ramifications" as the blurb claims — this would be impossible in so short a space — it does set forth for the average man a real answer. This is, of course, the curtailment of national sovereignty and the establishment of some strong international power. It also shows clearly how Great Britain, by her isolationist policy and her hesitancy to undertake commitments that would infringe upon her wealth and her power, has been one of the greatest obstacles to world peace. The average man can do much to prevent war by fully grasping the alternative and what it involves, and then helping to give the lie to the idea that the foreign policy of the Empire is all that could be desired of it. Books like this, where the argument against war is clearly stated and the means to peace outlined will, if read, do much more for peace than a great deal of nebulous good will without factual foundation, which is readily stamped by the yellow press.

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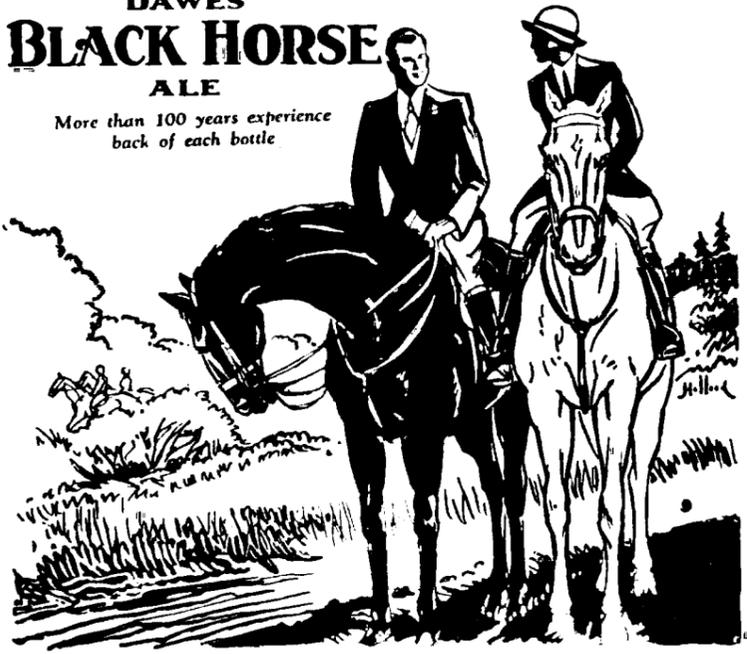
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You have probably read "Cry Havoc!", and have now some vague idea that war is rather awful and should be avoided. Now read this and discover how it can be avoided. If you have not time for the whole book, start with the chapters by Sir Norman Angell and W. Arnold-Forster. T.C.

●

FASCINATING PHOTOGRAPHY

The Complete Photographer, by R. Child Bayley: Methuen's; 403 pp.; 15/.

The author of this book has achieved the almost-impossible. He has written a treatise on photography which could be used as a guide to the actual processes themselves, but which is at the same time a pleasant book to read. He has described the technical details of an amazing number of photographic appliances and procedures and has at the same time avoided dullness and dryness; the style is even illuminated by flashes of humour, as for instance, when we are told that a bromide enlargement can quite easily be made with a pinhole lens — if the photographer thinks that his expectation of life will be equal to the calculated exposure.

The book begins with fascinating chapter on the origins of this new method of picture-making which during a brief century has done as much to change the face of our civilization as any other single factor in the modern world. We are told how the labours of many men in many countries accumulated the knowledge which led in the end to the practical application of two well-known phenomena, namely that a lens will produce a picture on the wall of a dark chamber (or *camera obscura*), and that certain chemical substances possess the property of darkening when exposed to light.

After that the author gets down to brass tacks. He knows what he is talking about, and he describes every one of the numerous photographic processes which are or have been in use; everywhere the book is practical, the author seems to know nearly all the processes he describes at first hand and his lucid descriptions could easily be used as working instructions. Apparatus is also described and discussed — the first few chapters should be read by anyone who intends to buy a camera. The final chapters deal with the various branches of photography such as portraiture, landscape, and so forth, here again the author is instructive and stimulating as well.

There are few of us nowadays who have never pressed the button of a hand camera. But, alas, most photographers never get beyond the embryo stage, they hand the little roll of red (or, nowadays, green) paper over the counter without a thought of the wonders that are concealed within. The strip of sensitized celluloid that most photographers have never seen (until it comes back to them, all processed and complete) is one of the marvels of

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modern science; and if the owner of a hand camera determines to develop and print his own film he will begin to appreciate this, he will also find himself practising what all its devotees look upon as the most fascinating of all hobbies, the craft in which the amateur very often excels the professional. "The Complete Photographer" will tell him how: it lays bare all the secrets. Even if you don't want to develop a film, you may want to know how colour photographs are taken, there are three ways to do it, none of them direct. Or you may want to find out how Kodak solved the problem of projecting coloured movies (on a small screen) from a colourless film — one of the prettiest pieces of modern ingenuity. Or again you may be interested in the processes of photographic reproduction which have entirely revolutionized the art of book and newspaper illustration, these also are adequately described.

The book is illustrated with a number of photographs of various dates; these are of great historical interest and also show what the ideals of photographers have been at various periods and what the camera, at its best, is capable of.

C. S.

CONTEMPORARY POETRY

"NEW COUNTRY: Prose and Poetry by the authors of New Signatures." Edited by Michael Roberts; 256 pp.; Hogarth Press, 1933; \$2.00.

"Modernistic poetry", to the average Canadian reader, means the Eliot-influenced work of Leo Kennedy, Frank Scott and a number of other writers whose sole outlet seems to be "The Canadian Forum". Of the group of poets who have risen to prominence in England during the last four or five years, particularly such writers as W. H. Auden, Stephen Spender and Cecil Day Lewis, it is safe to say that the great majority of Canadians interested in poetry know absolutely nothing. To them this second collection of writings by this group, which brought out "New Signatures" in 1932, should prove stimulating at least.

These writers have perhaps somewhat arbitrarily associated themselves, being bound together not so much by style as by a predilection for Communism that rather amusingly colours their work and is sometimes laid on rather too thickly for art. Yet this book shows strikingly two strong tendencies that appear to be common to all the poets — the use of all our modern everyday vocabulary and even the rhythm of ordinary speech, and a lyric impulse that deliberately seeks out 'beautiful' subjects and words. Thus Day Lewis can write in this style:

"Fireman and farmer, father and flapper,
I'm speaking to you sir, please drop that paper;
Don't you know it's poison? Have you lost all hope?
Aren't you ashamed, ma'am, to be taking dope?"

or in this:

"You that love England, who have an ear for her music,
The slow movement of clouds in benediction."

Unfortunately, the first style is too often used only for satire and the poet does not seek to create beauty with our ordinary vocabulary; yet in a number of the poems both styles are introduced, and though as yet the welding is not yet perfect ("for our successors it will be easier", says Roberts, "and our growing pains will puzzle them"), a definite distinctive body of work does seem to be being developed which can hope to re-unite our common speech to English poetry after their long divorce, and bring a fuller power to communicate modern feeling in verse.

These writers have rendered another service to English poetry; they can write genuinely robust and very frank satire such as Auden's "A Happy New Year" that is a pleasure to read after some of the rather bitter, intellectual, unhealthy satirical verse of a few years ago. Metrically, these poets swing back to rhyme, but often not strict but "slanting" rhymes, such as "germs" and "farms"; the influence of G. M. Hopkins is obvious in several poems.

It should be mentioned that this book is not in the library, but in the writer's possession. A. J. H. R.

THATCHED ROOF, by Beverley Nichols; Doubleday Doran; 294 pp.; \$2.50.

Have you ever watched an ant scurrying about in the grass with apparently no purpose or destination? Well, that is the way "Thatched Roof" is written.

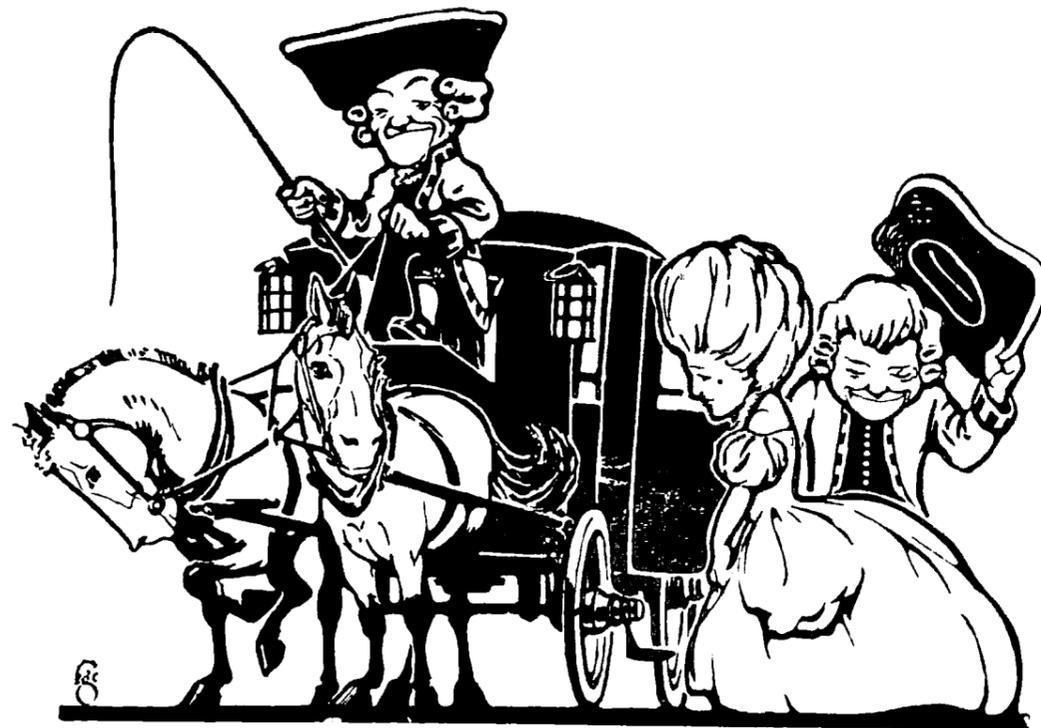
In "Down a Garden Path" Nichols first wrote about his garden. This book followed, describing the furnishing of his house. He roams around from one room to the other and out into the garden, and the garden wanders into the cottage.

The house was furnished as all houses should be furnished — very, very slowly. As he acquired new pieces he placed them beside the old ones and asked them if they would like them, if they refused he tried them somewhere else or took them back.

Through this story of setting a house in order people come for the week-end, and brighten its pages with witty conversation. There are delightful dinners with the people of the village, who vie with each other ferociously over the unbought dainties they set on their tables.

Often he forsakes his house for his first love, the garden, and lapses into lengthy descriptions, but don't skip over these parts because they contain jewels when you least expect them.

In these first days of spring it leaves a nostalgia for everything that smells of moist earth and gardens. It will afford an enjoyable evening and perhaps a text book for the young gentlemen who run with lavender scented envelopes to the security of their "Oaks". G.G.F.D.



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GRADUATES SECTION

M. A. Stephens

ON THE SPORTS MAP

If the college hockey team has not been more than moderately successful this season, yet Bishop's has certainly been placed on the map of the sports world this winter by the success of Russell Blinco, B.A. '30, during his first season at centre for the Montreal Maroons. By a majority vote of sports editors and hockey writers, Russell has been acclaimed the best National Hockey League "rookie" for 1933-34. At the time of this decision he had scored 14 goals and 8 assists.

DEATH IN BERMUDA.

The Principal has received news from the Rev. C. H. Gibbs, L.S.T. '32, curate of St. Paul's, Paget, Bermuda, of the death of Lenox H. Smith, B.A. '26, which occurred from pneumonia in the King Edward VII Memorial Hospital, Bermuda, on Feb. 22nd. Lenox, who was 32, had been resident in Bermuda for three years, and was teaching at the Saltus Grammar School before his fatal illness. Charlie Gibbs conducted the funeral service, and he writes that he naturally felt that he represented Bishop's. Charlie adds: "The lad put up a good fight during his serious illness which was of a lengthy duration. He will be greatly missed by the school in which he laboured as a master."

BERMUDA TO B.C.

Charlie Gibbs himself seems to have been having a very happy time in parish work in Bermuda, to judge from a letter which he has written to Dr. Vial and the members of the Guild of the Venerable Bede. He speaks especially of the interest he has had in his work with children. On Good Friday he conducted a Three Hours' Service for the first time. Charlie expects to return to Canada in the fall to start work in the diocese of Kootenay, probably at the mining town of Kimberley.

REMINISCENCES PLEASE

What features of college life most stick in the memory when college days are over? This question has been raised in the mind of the writer by a section of another letter addressed to the Guild of the Venerable Bede, this one by Robins H. Thatcher, L.S.T. '32, incumbent of St. Paul's, Combermere, Ont. These are some of the memories which occur to Robins: "Midnight suppers of coffee (with milk brought in from the village) and toast, sore throats after football games, cold toes after having followed Lefty around the rink with a scraper, wonderful arguments concerning bigger matters than an iota, college politics..." The sore throats, I must explain, were due to the position of cheer leader.

Will other graduates kindly put their reminiscers to work?

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Robins is working in a parish of 460 square miles, and he is 54 miles from a highway and 62 from a town of any size. He has four out-stations to minister to throughout the year, and two summer resorts which he also visits at the right time. There are 90 residents in Combermere, which is the largest centre in the district. And some people think of Lennoxville as being on the outside edge of the beyond!

STILL A-ROVERING

Another letter has been received from the Rev. Russel F. Brown, B.A. '33, curate of Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal. Russel is continuing the work he did with the Dean's Scout Group here by looking after the Cathedral Scouts and Rovers. He also acts as chaplain to the Children's Memorial and Shriners' Hospitals, and finds the work very interesting.

HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH BLIND.

How to find joy in life despite blindness might be the heading of a letter received from Arthur Pickering, L.S.T. '26, who has been deprived of his sight for nearly six years.

"There are some people," says Mr. Pickering, "who seem to think that there can be not much pleasure in the life of any blind person, but I know from personal contact and experience that this is not correct, and some very happy persons I have met who are deprived of their sight. Naturally I desire to see again, and even though the medical profession says no, I feel convinced that my sight will be restored in the good time of God! In many ways I

EXCHANGES - A. J. H. Richardson

Among each of the groups of magazines we review in successive issues of THE MITRE, there is nearly always one outstanding exchange to gladden the heart of this editor, and to appear as an oasis in the interminable wastes of paper we have to trudge over (there is no other verb for it). Last issue it was THE NORTHERNER, from Armstrong College in England, that stood out above all others. This month it is the second issue of 'TOBA, the University of Manitoba Arts Quarterly.

In the February MITRE we reviewed the first issue of this new magazine. At that time we admired the plan of 'TOBA, but were afraid that there would not be contributions of the calibre necessary to carry it off; and certainly the November 'TOBA was disappointing in content. But now its promoters are fully justified, for they have produced an issue which you can open at any page and stand a 50-50 chance of finding something really in-

am as happy as ever I was, but there are things that I cannot do, and naturally I want to see again. Nor are all miserable who are not able to see or who are afflicted, for it does not take long to discover the secret and be cheerful, for if one gets grumpy it makes it worse for himself and everyone connected with him."

F. J. A. Bacon, M.A. '92, Principal of the Aberdeen School in Montreal, is completing forty-one years of work as a teacher this year. This is his fortieth year as Principal of his school, which at present has an attendance of over 1,000 children.

The death occurred in Sherbrooke on 11th March, of Mr. G. E. Borlase, Notary Public, father of G. C. Borlase, B.A. '30.

The Rev. F. P. Clark, B.A. '32, is now working part time at St. Chad's College, Regina, and part time as assistant at St. Peter's, Regina.

T. E. Donnelly, M.A., M.D. '94, is the Liberal M.P. for Willow Bunch, Sask. In March he gave an address before the Montreal Women's Central Liberal Club.

Gordon O. Rothney, B.A. '32, who is reading for his M.A. at the University of London, has selected as the subject for his thesis, "The History of Newfoundland and Labrador 1754 - 1783."

Ross Whitton, a member of the class of '32, is teaching and preaching in the Gatineau district.

Will the arts men graduating this year take pity on the Graduates' Section editor and start that Brotherhood of Beowulf, so that we may have more news of arts graduates next year?

teresting; and that is saying a lot for a college magazine.

If we were pressed to name the contributions that pleased us, the following would certainly be on the list (we exclude reprints, of which 'TOBA has far too many) — "Will Japan Dare?" (excuse me, "will japan dare?"), a clear exposition in small compass of the possibilities and problems of a Japanese attack on this continent: this is a good piece of journalism that would not shame the pages of any daily paper in America; "internationalism galore"; "wounds"; "the liberal education"; and the masterpiece delicately entitled "burp":

"The radiator pipes spit and hiss in the night,
and hiccup.

Metallically the gross waste pipe retches abominably.
Till dawn the sound of their gastronomical belchings
Embarrasses me.



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When the day's stir begins anew,
With a long, low grumble of relief,
The gurgling pipes
Settle down —
To sleep."

And who was inspired to call the joke column, "nothing risqué ... nothing gained?"

Lest it be thought that our critical faculties have been completely numbed, we herewith disapprove of featuring a reprinted article (if they must reprint articles) on the list on the front cover without letting us know that it is a reprint. "exams i have flunked: by Heywood Broun" looks very well splashed across the front of a magazine; the anti-climax comes with the words (in quite small print) inside: "(Reprinted here through the courtesy of *College Humor*)." But you can forgive a lot of sins on a cover with a cartoon like the February 'TØBA has.

Another new venture in college magazine publication this year is the MCGILL ARTS UNDERGRADUATE MAGAZINE. For a yearly issue from the Arts Faculty of one of the larger Canadian universities this magazine is distinctly poor. The printing is neat and, for a college magazine, very restrained, as befits a purely literary publication, but the contributions never manage to conceal an amateurish touch.

In contrast to most of the stories in the ARTS UNDERGRADUATE MAGAZINE are contributions to THE GRYPHON such as "Cameo" and "When Students Meet", which have a sureness of touch and feeling of reality that the Canadian stories lack. These two are contributions to the March GRYPHON; in the February issue is another cleverly-done sketch: "Pantomime Visit". Here is a passage where one of the characters, rather the worse for wear, boards a tram:

"'No sense of humour', he muttered, and climbed laboriously on to the top deck. Why were people looking at him like that? Anyone would think he was drunk, the way they looked at him. Perhaps they did think he was drunk.

"'If anyone here thinks I'm tight', he announced generally, 'I should be glad if he would say so.' No one accepting the challenge, if you except a girl who giggled into her handkerchief, he sat back with a self-satisfied smile and dozed."

THE GRYPHON, published by the University of Leeds, ran pictures and write-ups of its candidates for Students' President in its February number. The rather high-school trick of giving lists of students' names with appropriate quotations affixed is another feature of this magazine, and seems to be common in British publications, since THE NEW NORTHMAN and DAWN also contain examples; it is an occupation analogous to gossip-writing.

The magazine in the Reading-Room that causes so much concern at first sight to many students, on account of the huge blot it sports on its cover (deliberately printed there), comes from East London College and is a very neat, though slender, production; the type is good and clear, the headlines being particularly effective. We liked the poem, "Insomnia," though somewhat artificial.

While on the subject of print, the latest issue of THE KING'S COLLEGE RECORD is worthy of note. The introduction of new type has brightened up this magazine, an exchange we always welcome. The headlines of the departmental articles and the "Contents" page are much improved; we seem to detect an imitation of THE MITRE in the list of the staff on the "Contents" page. The type in the RECORD is not improved throughout, however, and the effect of Gothic and Roman capitals on consecutive pages is not pleasing; still, a step in the right direction has been taken. This magazine contains an interesting snapshot of the spot near Moncton where an apparently "up-hill" road is really "down-hill", a recently publicized optical illusion.

"Thought Prevention in Ontario" in THE TRINITY UNIVERSITY REVIEW, though tilting at the old windmill of high school education, brings in some new ideas and emphasizes old ones strikingly. Here is a biting description of an Ontario school history course:

"It is apparently taught on the premiss that history is the record of the continual, glorious and righteous improvement which began with the Roman invasion of Britain and ended with the Confederation of Canada. Whereas the true premiss of history — if there is such a thing — is that history is a record of civilizations which have fallen because man has proved inadequate to rule both himself and his fellows."

Then there is an amusing article, "No More Letters", which maintains that only "about one out of every five letters is written because one really has something to say", and advocates the use of forms for most letters, with alternative readings which one could strike out at will, such as this:

"Toronto, Ont.,
1934.

"Dear
Darling } (a blank):
Dearest }

"The weather is so { cold
warm, and to make it worse
hellish

I have a { cold
headache. It seems hard to realise that
hangover

there are only $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{twelve} \\ \text{seven more weeks until the end of} \\ \text{three} \end{array} \right.$
the term

"I have given up $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{smoking} \\ \text{candy for Lent. It is the} \\ \text{brunettes} \end{array} \right.$

direct result of reading a book on $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{nicotine} \\ \text{will power . . .} \\ \text{marriage} \end{array} \right.$

— and so on.

THE O. A. C. REVIEW for February reprints an article from THE MITRE — "College Bred" by Michael Ortenberg, published last year. We thank them for the compliment; perhaps it will inspire Orty to write another article for us! "Blame it on the Stage Manager" is a humorous and pointed article in the same issue on the average stage-manager's troubles.

ACADIA ATHENAEUM continues to wage war on "snack-snatchers" — students (common everywhere, it seems) who filch food from the Dining-Room and carry it over to their rooms.

THE TECH FLASH's highlight — apart from a bitter attack on Dean Carrington's article on his Maritime Tour in the last MITRE — is "A Glance at the Newsreels." The writer pictures a class of students in 2133 looking at some of our newsreels, expecting to find invaluable records of our life and gazing "with growing bewilderment (not to say disillusion) upon the following items rescued from the newsreels of the flaming, fluid, fate-laden 1930's: A parade of babies, some of them dressed as butterflies. Several hundred adolescents in white uniforms throwing their visored caps in the air. A man in tights, leaping feet foremost at another man, also in tights. Three dozen girls in bathing suits, sliding down a snow bank on their tails . . . several polar bears, breaking cakes of ice inside of which are frozen fish . . . A middle-aged citizen in horn-rimmed glasses, talking haltingly about some unintelligible aspect of government . . ."

The University of Manitoba and University of North Dakota editorial staffs recently did a shuffle, we learn from THE MANITOBAN, and edited each other's papers for a week; is this a unique experiment with college journals?

An exchange that we are very pleased to receive is the JOURNAL OF MALTA UNIVERSITY LITERARY SOCIETY, since it reveals glimpses of a university life very different from ours. This difference is reflected in the articles and poetry, generally written in a style that is foreign to us. Poetry and articles on the language of the island seem to be the commonest contributions to the JOURNAL. The editors very kindly sent us a few months ago all their back numbers since the magazine was started — eight in all.

DAWN (from University College, Swansea) is another

unusual exchange, containing articles, poems and even letters in Welsh. We learn that 65% of the students can speak Welsh.

Congratulations unfortunately held over from last issue, when there was a lack of space: to the Editor of THE MANITOBAN, who produced almost single-handed the Special Historical Issue of his paper, to THE ARROWS (U of Sheffield, England) for an excellent cover, to the staff of CHADONIAN (St. Chad's College, Regina), who are pluckily carrying on the publication of their magazine, although there are only six students at the college this year,

to the unknown person who produced the linoleum cuts scattered through THE VOYAGEUR (Pickering College, Newmarket, Ont.); the cut of the cows on p. 54 smacks of genius.

Forty-one different exchanges have been received since last issue: the following regular newspapers — McGill Daily, The Varsity (U. of Toronto; daily), The Manitoban (U. of Manitoba), The Ubysey (U. of British Columbia; both twice a week), The Gilmorehill Globe (U. of Glasgow), The Bates Student (Bates College, Lewiston, Me.), L'Hebdo-Laval (Laval U.), Dalhousie Gazette, The Sheaf (U. of Saskatchewan), The Brunswickan (U.N.B.), Argosy Weekly (Mount Allison U.), The Xaverian Weekly (St. Francis Xavier's, Antigonish), The Failt-Ye Times (Macdonald College; all weekly), The College Cord (Waterloo College, Ont.) and The Challenger (Vocational School, St. John, N.B.; both fortnightly). Three copies of The Wesleyan Pharos (W. Virginia Wesleyan College), two each of The Intercollegiate Digest (New York) and The Red and Gray (High School, St. John, N.B.), and one of Alma Mater (St. Jerome's College, Kitchener). Also these magazines — College Echoes (St. Andrew's U., Scotland; 3 issues), The New Northman (Queen's U., Belfast, N. Ireland), Journal of the Malta University Literary Society, The Gryphon (U. of Leeds, England; 2 issues), the magazine of East London College (London, England), Dawn (University College, Swansea, Wales), Arts Undergraduate Magazine (McGill U.), 'toba (U. of Manitoba Arts Quarterly), Acadia Athenaeum, The McMaster Monthly (2 issues), The Trinity University Review (Toronto), The King's College Record (U. of King's College, Halifax), Acta Victoriana (Victoria College, Toronto; 2 issues), The Tech Flash (N.S. Technical College), The O.A.C. Review (2 issues), Cap and Gown (Wycliffe College, Toronto), Quebec Diocesan Gazette, The Johnian (St. John's College, Winnipeg), The Algoma Missionary News, Lower Canada College Magazine, Technique (Ecole Technique, Montreal; 2 issues) and The Lantern (Sir Adam Beck Collegiate, London, Ont.).

VISIT OF ITALIAN LECTURERS

This year the National Council of Education has been sponsoring lectures by several distinguished Italians whom it has brought out to Canada, and two of these visited Bishop's towards the end of the Lent Term. Signorina Amy Bernardy gave the first talk, on Social Reconstruction in Italy, and her lecture displayed her quite remarkable command of English. Shortly afterwards Signor Eugenio Croizat gave his lecture on Italian Art, illustrated by colour slides prepared by a process he himself had perfected. These slides were really of extraordinarily good quality, the colour being especially well reproduced, and were quite the best part of a very long lecture in the middle of which Signor Croizat thoughtfully provided a few minutes' intermission.

EDITORIAL NOTES

In the last issue of The Mitre it was unfortunately stated that King's College was united with Dalhousie University in Halifax. King's College maintains its own student and faculty life, though it shares the lecture and examination system of Dalhousie. "Affiliated" would perhaps have been a more accurate word to use in this connection.

The students of the University were sorry to hear of the death of the grandmother of Bert Eagles recently. The Mitre extends its sympathy to Bert and his family in their loss.

TO A LADY ON A BALCONY

While the day is young my feet o'er unaccustomed paths may roam,
But sunset finds me turning as I choose my pathway home,
Toward a hammock on a balcony where regal beauty shines,
Where a lady fair as Ariadne frequently reclines.

Twin princesses born of happiness within her eyes do dwell.
Her smile of honest welcome carries an enchantress' spell.
Roguishness and humour lighten up her youthful face.
Every movement of her body is a melody of grace.

At the thought that I may talk with her my feet seem shod with wings.
I hasten blithely forward. Lo, the whole creation sings
Within me if I see her; yet her absence brings no sorrow.
I pass sustained by hope that I shall see her there tomorrow.

M. A. Stephens.

You're hearing again more insistently than ever, that its a suit year. Vogue says: "Practically every costume is taking on the form of some type of suit."

The Smartest rule to follow is a light coat, dark dress; dark coat, light dress.

NEW KNITTED SUITS from \$15.00 up.

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CONTENTS

LITERARY

Editorial - - - - -	3
Voltage — <i>Ralph Gustafson</i> - - - - -	4
Life at Bishop's from 1875 to 1900 — <i>A. J. H. Richardson</i> - - - - -	5
Guide Book — New Style - - - - -	8
Insomnia - - - - -	8
The Guides of Dante — <i>William O. Raymond</i> - - - - -	9
Let's Think Constructively — <i>Wesley H. Bradley</i> - - - - -	11
What Is A Boy? — <i>L. A. Brooks</i> - - - - -	12
The Church in Politics — <i>T. LeM. Carter</i> - - - - -	13
What Manner of Fish the Halibut — <i>L. A. Mavor</i> - - - - -	14
Fascism, An Analysis — <i>W. Baglow</i> - - - - -	16
Caesar - - - - -	17
"Under No Circumstances — <i>A. J. H. Richardson</i> - - - - -	18
Sports — <i>Christopher Eberts and Wilson Gall</i> - - - - -	19
Bishop's Are Debating Champions - - - - -	23
"Volpone" In Montreal - - - - -	25
C.O.T.C. Inspected - - - - -	25
Scouts' Camp Fire - - - - -	27
Rovers Under Way - - - - -	27
Glees - - - - -	27
Maths and Science Club - - - - -	27
Books to Read - - - - -	29
Graduates Section — <i>M. A. Stephens</i> - - - - -	37
Exchanges — <i>A. J. H. Richardson</i> - - - - -	39
Visit of Italian Lecturers - - - - -	43
Editorial Notes - - - - -	43
To A Lady On A Balcony — <i>M. A. Stephens</i> - - - - -	43

ADVERTISING

Bank of Montreal - - - - -	20
Beck Press, Reg'd - - - - -	30
Birks, Henry & Sons, Limited - - - - -	20
Bishop's University - - - - -	1
Bradley, Elizabeth - - - - -	43
Brown, Montgomery & McMichael - - - - -	28
Clarke & Stewart - - - - -	43
Fontaine & Sons, Limited - - - - -	37
General Board of Religious Education - - - - -	40
Gustafson's Studio - - - - -	40
Imperial Tobacco Company, Limited - - - - -	22
Lalumiere & Frost Co., Ltd. - - - - -	33
Magog Hotel - - - - -	36
Meredith, Holden, Heward & Holden - - - - -	38
Mitchell, J. S. & Co., Ltd. - - - - -	24
Molson's Brewery - - - - -	38
McKindsey, W. J. H. - - - - -	25
National Breweries - - - - -	32
National Breweries - - - - -	40
Neilson's Chocolates - - - - -	Cover
New Sherbrooke - - - - -	28
Nichol, John & Sons, Reg'd - - - - -	28
Page-Sangster Printing Co., Ltd - - - - -	37
Pelletier, J. A. & Son - - - - -	32
Rosenbloom's Limited - - - - -	26
Royal Bank of Canada - - - - -	2
Sherbrooke & Stanstead Fire Insurance Co. - - - - -	32
Sherbrooke Trust Company - - - - -	34
Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada - - - - -	33
Wippell, J. & Co., Ltd. - - - - -	2

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