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The Mitre

VOL. 42 NO. 1

OCTOBER

1934

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OCT
1934

VOLUME 42 NUMBER 1

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

IN presenting this our first editorial, we must confess to having found a certain difficulty in thinking of something to write. A futile half-hour was spent in quiet meditation. A period of pencil-sucking followed — equally futile. We sent up wordless prayers invoking brain-waves — again no result. We wandered about this way and that, asking people if they had any ideas, and they hadn't. In desperation we consulted a reliable dictionary to see what an editorial really was. The dictionary said: "A leading article in a newspaper or other periodical."

For another hour we sat, "buried in despair's dark depthless pit" — until finally the thought came that perhaps by "leading" the dictionary meant position rather than importance. You see, to be quite frank, we didn't consider ourselves capable of producing an article that would lead all others in importance, so our interpretation of the word was the only one possible. We have already progressed as far as the would-be casual use of the pronoun "we" — give us that much credit. But to write a leading article — well, perhaps next issue.

To the freshettes we dip the lance in salute. (There's nothing much one can really say about the freshettes — they speak for themselves). May we humbly draw your attention, freshettes, to "The Mitre", and suggest that you prove yourselves more literary than your predecessors by

And now that the freshmen are already preparing their contributions, are the seniors going to be outshone by a bunch of raw new-comers? Are we going to let a few lowly worms produce the majority of articles? No! A thousand times no! Retire into the seclusion of our studies, catch up the eager pen, impress on the papyrus the bitterness of a scathing satire, the beauty of a love sonnet, the humour of a short story. Contribute some stuff that's really good — something that will make the name of "The Mitre" resound from the Atlantic to the Pacific — further, if you like. Something that will make Bishop's famous as the birth-place of "The Mitre". Something that will lift "The Mitre" so far above all other college magazines that we shall have created a standard all our own. Something that will make "The Mitre" a magazine to keep and hand on to our grandsons as an example of what a college magazine should be. Something that — that — something that's positively stupendous.

And now that's off our mind. We should be inundated, flooded, swamped, with material.

But seriously, we do want a "Mitre" that will represent the whole student body, and not only the faithful two or three who generally contribute most of the articles.

After all, the idea in coming to college is to develop all our faculties, not merely concentrate on one or two. Sports look after the physical, but looking after the physical is not enough, unless we are mere animals. And one of the most useful things to master is the art of self expression, in speaking or writing. The Debating Society provides the opportunity for training in public speaking, honouring it with your contributions? Articles from all co-eds are particularly welcome, but, like dinosaur eggs, they are very hard to get.

To the freshmen — lowly worms, gentlemen of the first year, call them what you will — the usual annual welcome is extended. We greet you with open arms to the halls of dear old Bishop's. May you spend here three (or four) of the happiest years of your life. May you never fail an exam, and if you do, may you pass your sup. May you maintain the required attitude of reverence towards all seniors, so that you may be fit to receive the homage of those who will take your place next year.

(All this kindly interest should produce some results).

May all the articles you have at one time and another begun and never finished eventually pile up in a state of completed perfection on the Editor's desk — only polish them up so they won't slip over into the waste-paper basket. May the poem you wrote about the sunset, and then shame-facedly hid away in your desk, be dug out and handed in — we'll print it anonymously if you like. (And if any of you can draw decently, just dash off a few cartoons of college celebrities and hand them in too).

while "The Mitre" affords a similar chance for developing your powers of expressing yourself on paper. If you find yourself absolutely incapable of talking before an audience, try writing your opinions. It is a fact that many people who are completely at a loss when faced with "making a speech" can express themselves fairly well in writing. And if you have learned both to speak and write with clarity and ease, then you have gone one step further in the fulfilment of the purpose for which you came to Bishop's.

Now we find that the whole of this "editorial" has been taken up with an appeal for contributions. Such a thing should not be. It's positively undignified!

A word on Professor Scott's article on Canadian politics. We hope that this will be only the first in a series of five feature articles on "The New Canada", to be run in "The Mitre" throughout this year. By means of these articles, which are to deal with Politics, Art, Literature, Religion and Science, we hope to be able to bring to readers of "The Mitre" a series of summaries of the newest ideas of any force in these departments of Canadian life, written by experts in each of the five departments, to give our readers an idea of what those who are trying to build a new Canada are thinking and doing. We do not necessarily approve of the opinions of the contributors of this series; but we do think that they should have a chance of

explaining their beliefs to the students of Canada, who are far less acquainted than they should be (as the future intelligentsia of the country) with the more radical developments in Canadian thought. We are proud that the first attempt, we believe, on such a scale is being made at Bishop's.

Professor Scott, we may add, is a particularly suitable contributor, not only as a nationally-known member of the C.C.F., but as a graduate and a Rhodes Scholar from this university.

On page 15, the eagerly-awaited first freshman contribution is laid out before you. If this form of composition becomes customary for freshmen and freshettes first trying out their pens, as it is threatening to do (cf. "The Mitre" for December, 1933), we will have to set aside a page regularly in an early issue each year for the "First Freshman Poem". The muse of Messrs. J. C. & S. D. was unfortunately not voluble enough to allow us to duplicate the "hop-sotch format" of "The Freshette's Plea"; but you see we have done our best.

A word also, about the new cover. This year's design is by Sidney Medine; we hope that it will please the maximum number of pleasurable subscribers, — even (perhaps) that it will settle "the cover question" once and for all.

ANACHRONISM

Cave-men?
Prehistoric morons,
sprawled beast-like in their lair?
Else what means this ghastly pottage,
this greasy smell that fouls the air?
Dripping flesh, half-roasted,
clawed off in shreds and chunks,
Sinking in a lake of fat,
thick with gristly lumps.
Heaps of huge potatoes,
burnt in half-inch hides,
The tops of them all oily,
black on their undersides.

Do cave-men thrust their fingers
in such a putrid mess?
No!
It's just our Sunday dinner, —
nothing more or less.

R.W.B.

THE NEW CANADA

I - POLITICS

by F. R. Scott

Within the past few years a change of great importance has occurred in Canadian politics. Its significance has not yet been appreciated by most people, because so far no great difference has resulted in the conduct of our political life. But the change is there. It does not lie in the appearance of the "new Conservatism", as it is sometimes called, important though Mr. Bennett's move to the left has been of recent months. It does not lie merely in the emergence of a third national party, the C.C.F., for the former Progressive movement in Canada is an historic precedent for this development. It lies in the fact that the new party has introduced the Canadian people, for the first time in their history, to a new political philosophy.

Five years ago there were only two parties that counted in the Federal field. One was called Conservative, one Liberal, but which was which it would be hard to say. Both were loosely knit groupings of local provincial party machines. Both received wide farmer and labour support while depending for their election expenses primarily on big business. Both had programmes essentially similar in principle, as anyone can verify who cares to compare the Liberal platform enunciated at the convention of 1919 with the Conservative platform of 1927. The principal difference occurred in talk about tariffs, but this difference was purely verbal as tariffs remained much the same under both types of government. The Canadian people used to "change" their political leadership periodically before 1929, but everyone knew that the change was one of men rather than of methods or ideas, and that things would go on in much the same way regardless of who was Prime Minister.

The basic reason for the similarity of the two traditional parties in Canada, was the similarity of the political philosophy which was tacit, if not express, in their programmes. That philosophy contained the following ideas: (1) Canada is a country of vast natural resources. (2) The development of this wealth in the quickest possible time is the principal duty of Canadians. (3) The best way to secure this development is through "private enterprise", which, being translated, means through privately owned corporations. (4) These corporations know what is best for Canada, and must be left as free as possible to hire and fire workmen, to fix hours of labour and rates of pay, to increase or decrease production at will, and to sell their products at prices fixed by themselves. (5) The function of government is not to interfere in business, but to keep order, to enforce contracts, to reduce taxation,

and to provide minimum services in the way of health protection and mild forms of social legislation.

These ideas were so much taken for granted that neither party needed to mention them. All the great big practical men in Canada held this philosophy, and most still hold it, though of course it would never do to suggest to them that anything so theoretical as a philosophy was a part of their make-up. Starting from this political theory, neither Conservatives nor Liberals made any serious attempt to tackle the fundamental problems of social justice. It was not their business. Social justice was to come, if ever, as a sort of by-product in the general scramble to make money through private enterprise. Neither party ever attacked the mal-distribution of wealth in Canada; hardly anyone even suggested that the co-existence of millionaires and paupers was anything to worry about. No politicians warned against the threat to democratic government through the control of parties by the big contributors to party funds. The public had a pretty shrewd idea, born of periodic scandals, that politics was a dirty business, but accepted the situation as inevitable. Intelligent young Canadians looked to business to provide them with careers; public life, and particularly the civil services, ranked low in the scale of social values. Hence the deep-rooted belief today that governments are incompetent, inefficient and corrupt, and that to increase government activities is to court disaster. This feeling blinded people to the very excellent though limited work which various Canadian governments were in fact doing in the field of social welfare.

Then came the great depression. The immediate effect was to make the people "change" their government again, in 1930. Prosperity rudely disregarded this invitation to return. Now, after four years of economic distress, the two old parties are manoeuvring for another federal election, the Conservatives becoming more progressive in a last attempt to recover lost prestige, the Liberals saying nothing and doing nothing, confident that mere opposition to Mr. Bennett will elect them without the necessity of their offering a programme. For the student of politics, the important thing to note is that the fundamental philosophy of both parties remains very much as it was before the depression. There has been a general admission that the legitimate area of government control over business is somewhat larger than we thought in 1929. Both parties are willing to play with the ideas of unem-

ployment insurance and minimum wage laws — ideas which England had adopted before the war. Even marketing boards are being experimented with. But our economic system, we are informed, is essentially sound, and needs no radical overhauling. The depression is just a slight sickness which will soon pass so long as we do not start tampering with economic laws. In other words, the two old parties are basically the same old parties; all that has happened is that they now openly express their belief in the capitalist system, whereas before 1929 they never talked about it.

Meanwhile a new conception of government and a new plan for economic reform have taken hold of a considerable section of the Canadian people. This school of thought has abandoned all belief in the possibility of building a decent social order within capitalism, even if the new controls (central banks, insurance schemes, marketing boards, etc.) advocated by Liberals and Conservatives are set up. Consequently a third political party has been made necessary — and has been created.

The people who founded and who are joining the C.C.F. start their thinking where Liberals and Conservatives do — but that is as far as the similarity goes. Canada is a wealthy country. She can produce enough for all. Therefore, if any are in want in Canada, if any workers are underpaid or farmers in distress, *the fault is a human fault*. Poverty is man made, and no longer part of natural or divine law. This being so, the prime duty of government, a duty which comes before all other, is so to order our economic life that all who are willing to work are guaranteed a job or adequate maintenance. To rely on "private enterprise" is no longer possible for intelligent people, since a hundred years of private enterprise in Canada have brought us no nearer than we were to the goal. Capitalism has taught us how to produce wealth, but not how to distribute it. Capitalism has given us a great deal of equipment — fine railways, factories, buildings — but all without regard to the ethical principle of equality. Capitalism creates paupers and millionaires, and will always do so.

The idea of equality, which in all ages has evoked the noblest struggles in man, is fundamental to the C.C.F. approach. The sort of Canada we want is not merely a wealthy Canada, but a Canada in which economic security and income are approximately the same for all citizens. Absolute equality of income, such as Bernard Shaw has advocated, is not immediately possible and probably not desirable, but the gross differences permitted today must disappear. * Wealth, in other words, must be redistributed — and this in no uncertain manner. We aim at a classless society in this sense; an economic as well as a political democracy. Merely having high income and succession taxes will not achieve this. England has had both for years, and she is still completely class-ridden. A much

more radical method is required.

This desire for redistribution of wealth is not merely wanted for moral reasons, imperative though they are. It is an economic necessity as well. At present the ownership of a great part of our national wealth is concentrated in the hands of a comparatively few persons, and the concentration is increasing with time. This minority owning class draws profits out of the economic process at every possible turn, and appropriates these profits to its own private uses. Not being able to spend all it receives, it seeks to invest the balance in new profitable enterprises. Capitalism depends on this investing process for its continued growth and development. The lure of profit, and not public welfare, determines where the money shall go and in what amounts. If more money is to be made in manufacturing luxury automobiles than in supplying a public need for good cheap houses, the automobiles will be built and the houses will wait. Capitalism is concerned with profits, not with social values. As a result of this un-directed investing process, society has no control over its economic development. The lure of profit will frequently lead to over-expansion of production. There is no authority to see, either that investment stops when not needed, or that enough purchasing power is regularly supplied to the community to enable the mass of workers to purchase the new goods they produce. Hence, under capitalism, the impossibility of relating production to social needs, and of providing steady purchasing power to balance production. So we run from booms (i.e. periods of over-investment) to depressions (under-investment), and no one knows how long his job will last. When depressions begin, capitalism knows no remedy but to cut down production, which means firing workers and lowering the whole standard of living. So coffee is burned, cotton is plowed under, factories stand idle. What a farcical system it is which first of all creates starvation because of plenty, and then begins destroying the plenty to set things right!

In the new political philosophy of the C.C.F. these stupidities are understandable and curable, but only by new methods. First, a political party must be built up, democratically based on those classes of the population who stand to win immediately by a change of system. Immediately, because all stand to win in the long run, but the small owning class will lose its present dominant position at the outset. These classes are the industrial workers, farmers, and most of the great middle class now living on salaries granted by the owners of capital. This new party, with the majority support it can obtain, will use the power of government to make the necessary changes in the economic system. Political democracy is ready to hand as a technique of social change; but governments will become creative instruments for reaching the social objective, and will not be, as in the past, mere policemen seeing that the capitalists observe "the rules of the game."

In making the transition to the co-operative commonwealth, the aim is the most rapid change possible consistent with peaceful and orderly progress. The attempt will not be made until the people want it; when they want it, it is justified. Many people have a vague sort of fear that if the C.C.F. programme was put into effect everything would be turned topsy-turvy. This is sheer nonsense, born of ignorance. The first step necessary is the immediate creation of machinery for planning our future economic development. Needs must be estimated, productive capacity organised to meet them. Along with this must go the nationalism of finance; without the control of money and credit no planning is possible. A wide extension of social ownership over certain key industries and services is also necessary, for two reasons. Without this return to society of these forms of public property, the decisions of the planning commission could never be made effective. The private owners would inevitably tend to interfere and obstruct, just as they are doing in the United States under the N.R.A. But what is more, without public ownership there can be no considerable redistribution of wealth and no elimination of the class conflicts inherent in private ownership. Only thus can the profits of industry be made to accrue to all the people. Public ownership is not an end in itself, but a necessary means to a decent society. This is what most sharply divides the C.C.F. programme from that of the two other parties, who believe a just social order can be created without disturbing existing property rights, and that capitalism, which has never bothered its head about the welfare of the masses, can suddenly be taught to behave in a different way.

Needless to say, the extension of public ownership does not destroy private property, save in the sense of pri-

vate claims to profits. Private property in the material wealth necessary to the good life (such as houses, books, personal effects and incomes) will be increased to the maximum point permitted by our available resources.

Space does not permit an elaboration of the full programme of the new party. It is available for those who want to know. This description is intended merely to justify the contention that Canadian politics entered a new phase with the emergence of the C.C.F. Already the movement has won the support of 115,000 voters in British Columbia, 92,000 in Saskatchewan and 100,000 in Ontario. It is supported by all the organised farmer parties in the prairie provinces, by almost all local labour parties west of Montreal, and by a growing section of the middle class. Its appeal is to the intelligence and good will of Canadians. Particularly it appeals to the young, and has an affiliated body, the Co-operative Commonwealth Youth Movement, organised to enlist the support of the youth of both sexes. Canadian university students should study and understand the movement if they are at all concerned with their own or their country's future. If the new political philosophy is right, then its emergence is the greatest event in the history of Canada since Jacques Cartier first brought to our shores the inheritance of western civilizations.

* For instance, the Stevens inquiry showed that the president of the Imperial Tobacco Company received \$65,487 in 1933, when clerks in the United Cigar Stores, a subsidiary, were receiving \$10.68 a week. One income is more than a hundred times the other. Yet the children of both these workers need the same amount of orange juice.

"INTEGER VITAE"

This incorruptible was strong in youth;
Was proud, and proud against the world and pain.
A Man to a Man's purpose working; truth
Flowering in his mind. Felt weak, was strong again
Remembering the soul's integrity;
Cut always through ambush by world's growing wood...
This was too easy, opponent plain to see,
This the announced programme, age-approved;
He had not guessed the ending, soon to follow,
The years' long wait, strength sapped — recalls past might,
Regret his hardest foe; staggers from door to pillow;
Shocks the far wall with coughing all the night.
This journey through the desert far past even
Is his true passage of the gates to Heaven.

A. J. H. Richardson.

STILLWATER: THE BEGINNING OF A CHAPTER

by Colin
Cuttell

I had lost my way. Presently the novelty of the situation wore off, and I began to wonder whether I should presently be forced to reconcile myself, like Rip Van Winkle, to this strange new world of tired, absorbed and faintly hostile moderns, when on the corner of Twenty-second and Lexington, I bumped into Tamburlini. Tamburlini, (of all two-legged creatures in this eccentric city) with his shoe-shine stand. "Gees, if it ain't Mithter Costello!" I seized the outstretched grubby hand, and two lost souls felt less lonely. "Its a pretty small world after all" I said, "I was thinking of running up a distress signal at the next cop's stand, and here I am right on the front-door step of of an old Stillwater camper." Tamburlini told me just where I was, and then we went on to talk of Stillwater, jostled by the lunch hour crowds of Manhattan.

"It sure was a good camp, sir; wisht I was goin' back." "And I wish you were, too, Paul. I feel an awful pig going back to-morrow without you, but there is always another year, and the time soon passes. Then the'll be the Aces Club in September, with swimming and gym. and all that." the boy, who had left camp only yesterday, did not think much of the exchange, and when you considered all the things that might happen on the third floor of 1050 Atlantic avenue between now and next July, the odds were all against another Stillwater. In short, Tamburlini was fed up.

"Business ain't so good; only got a dime so far." he remarked tentatively, "Maybe I'll try a new location to-morrow." So Tamburlini cleaned his second pair of shoes that morning, and this Stillwater counsellor had the good sense to forget an already overdue appointment, counting the present opportunity cheap at ten cents.

At any rate, as I afterwards reflected, there were thousands of New York boys who desperately needed all that

the Big Brother camp in the Kittatinny Hills could give them; who could not, like young Tamburlini, dream Stillwater over again through the sticky mid-August nights, because they had never been there.

Two weeks at Stillwater, and then what? Well, the Juvenile Court will not see Paul again, I think, because his "big brother", a splendid young lawyer with an office on Times Square, has changed Paul's philosophy of life, and shoved a local Fagin off the pedestal of hero-worship. "swiping don't get you nowheres — besides, I want to be like my big brother — he's a swell guy." In that kind

of way the Big Brother movement of New York has left its mark upon the lives of 15,000 Tamburlinis over a period of years.

You will understand, then, that after three days I went back to Stillwater with a new enthusiasm. The Bronx boys were a study in heterogeneity, and not the least of the problems for patient solution by one cabin leader was the problem of

welding together into a team three lively Greeks, two Germans, two Danes, one Jap and an irrepressible Cockney for two strenuous weeks of competitive work and play. That esprit de corps did surely and visibly develop among such unpromising material may be attributed not so much to the work of the team leaders as to the remarkable influence of the Pennsylvanian Dutchman who has directed and interpreted the traditions of Stillwater for many years. Because Paul Vogel says that Stillwater boys have always played clean, you may watch the kind of baseball indigenous to the city sidewalk fall about the fourth day before the onslaught of a code mysteriously inherited and silently accepted. Paul Vogel and Stillwater so compelled the loyalty of perfect freedom that even the Greeks, whom rightly or wrongly I considered to be the cleverest cheaters, the stoutest liars, and the most adept in the use



of their own and New York's vernacular, forgot to cheat and lie and swear, even finding it rather fun to toe the line as members of a team.

Looking back, I am the more impressed by the kind of discipline won under the hardest conditions at Stillwater, and I have learnt to love the so-called toughness of the youngster it handles. The Toms, Dicks and Harrys of Stillwater suffer none of the handicaps of a type of respectable middle class boy whose breeding is anaemic, whose badness is half-hearted and whose loyalties are at best patronising. For Stillwater tackles the boy who is, at least, unspoiled by parental incubating; who carries hidden behind an often uncouth and taciturn exterior a tremendous capacity for idealism, friendship and loyal response to leadership.

Such a one is Peter Ralfouros. Both Peter and the police have for long failed to understand the domestic situation in the Ralfouros home. Actually, Peter was not particularly concerned to know who his father was until a friendly judge at the Bronx County sessions asked Peter some puzzling questions; which a Big Brother representative, present in court, undertook to answer after a tactful investigation of home conditions. Peter at first was a little incredulous that somebody besides the police cared about what he did with his out-of-school hours, and so this first revealed tendency towards a life of crime was nipped in the bud.

I am less optimistic about the future of another Peter, whose original surname, Fattioni, has been changed by a series of startling declensions into the very convenient down-town name of Smith; due, no doubt, to equally startling



changes in the family circle. On the second day of camp (which is, by the way, the proper time at Stillwater for such emergencies) Peter rounded off a brief and pointed altercation with the impetuous Greek Satori by throwing a fair-sized rock at the head of his retreating opponent. The fact that the missile went through the copper screening of the bungalow door and almost hit the counsellor instead, provided a stern but useful line of approach for the arbitrating third party. The upshot of it all was: a triangular reconciliation, a sort of triple entente, in which it is agreed to settle future disputes by arbitration at the court of a neutral power. In settlement of this recent engagement I am to supervise reparations; all parties shall completely disarm, and Peter shall repair the broken screen. Note: Peter has very sportingly offered me, the arbitrator, a safe passage at any time through any back ways in the immediate vicinity of 52nd Street.

Statistics throttle the soul of a reform society, and yet the influence of the Big Brother Movement in all its branches can most effectively be assessed by simply stating that in 1933 less than 3% of the 2,172 boys touched by the movement in that year were rearraigned in the court of Juvenile crime.

New York's Chief of Police has caused to be placed in all the city's subway cars a printed plea for the immediate co-operation of the public in stemming the rising tide of crime. The Big Brother Movement has in the long run the positive answer. Alongside this sinister public notice bearing the symbol of a smoking revolver, might be posted a picture of the average healthy, happy Stillwater boy, and underneath it the striking caption: Peter at 13 costs the Big Brother Movement \$20. a year; at 30 he may

cost the State at least \$1,000. per year. This boy once planned misdeeds against Society; now he has found wholesome means of recreating an active and fertile mind."

Old Bumble the beadle once said that "the law is an ass." The spectacle of a heavyweight policeman on Fifth Avenue, with bulging hips and an arsenal around his middle parts suggested to me in this year of disgrace that Bumble is still right. Well, forget it; and see instead a motley crowd of youngsters pouring out of the two buses at Stillwater to begin their camp; a lonely, inexperienced, undernourished, unadjusted collection of individual pro-

A LEGEND OF BISHOP'S COLLEGE by Cecil Royle

Two years ago I came to Bishop's a very strict monotheist, but my doctrinal views on this subject were soon shattered as I discovered undeniable evidence for a very powerful local deity, commonly called College Spirit. As a divine interested in religious movements, I have made an investigation into the nature of this deity.

Throughout the year certain regular ceremonies are performed in his honour — particularly at football, basketball and hockey games. At football his magic is invoked by a person in ceremonial vestments, purple and white. Through a megaphone he utters a versicle, and the assembled worshippers thunder the response: "Duo Potamo, ha, ha, ha!" etc. His litany is printed on the back of every football programme and recently a hymn has been composed to his honour. Choir practice is held in the quadrangle previous to every game at 12.45. All freshmen are compelled to attend and pay homage.

There are several annual festivals held in his honour. The College year generally opens with the Initiation ceremonies, where the victims are sacrificed by being thrown into the great river, and afterwards crowned with eggs or adorned with other symbols. The rite is accompanied by very strange chanting, and much of it is very clearly a relic from more barbarous days when man was dimly struggling towards the light.

Another important festival is observed about the same time of year, known as the Pep Rally. This festival still opens its reference to a religion now long passed away (until June), the worship of the god of work, but this ancient shibboleth is soon abandoned for modern freedom and the rest of the time is given over to various minions who describe the many organisations established to uphold and foster the College Spirit. And here mention should be made of a sect who seek to call up the spirit by in-

blem boys, with no understanding of the team spirit nor any common aim. Then watch them two weeks later piling into the same buses and sense the new enthusiasm and friendliness. Its just Stillwater going back to East side, and only the beginning of the chapter.

(The writer hereby acknowledges his extreme indebtedness to the Big Brother Movement of New York City, for the privilege of summer work at Camp Stillwater, for the guidance of its literature, and for the loan of the three fine cuts for this article.)

cantations and elbow bending exercises. Unfortunately they have a strange place of worship known as The Georgian; so clearly they are heretics.

There is yet a third major feast at the beginning of the College year. This is the C.O.T.C. smoker, where the spirit is invoked to persuade people to join the C.O.T.C., for by so doing they provide the necessary finance to support the weekly worship on the sports fields, and also to send missionaries to Montreal, Quebec and other foreign parts which have not heard of the spirit of Bishop's College.

At this point, Mr. Editor, I become a reformer of the following mediaeval abuse that corrupts this festival. I feel that the appeal made to help the finances of the Students' Association by joining the C.O.T.C. is a wrong one. Some of us, for various reasons cannot join the C.O.T.C., and in so doing may very reasonably be charged with a deficiency of College spirit. I suggest than an extra \$5.00 per annum be added to the account of every male student in the College for Association dues. This would cover the \$500. - \$600. per annum that the Association receives by grant from the C.O.T.C. The students would then be free to join the C.O.T.C. and draw their regular pay which would amount to nearly \$10.00 each year. It must be admitted that under the present system a good case can be made against the C.O.T.C. by charging them with enlisting recruits by a distorted appeal to our College spirit. Such an alteration would remove this suspicion.

There are many other evidences of the existence of our great deity. In chapel he is very rightly and appropriately recognised on due occasions, particularly at the opening of the year.

Here's to Bishop's College, and may her spirit live long, pure and undefiled.

"BE NONCHALANT, LIGHT A MURAD"

Vivian Woodley

I am inclined to agree with the smiling girl in the advertisement, for nonchalance is the spirit of the age, and the cigarette is the symbol of nonchalance.

There is an air of daring about the cigarette which appeals to youth. Watch a young girl smoking. She takes a puff; then, with a flourish which is not a flourish, removes the cigarette from her lips. This is the climax. The stream of smoke which follows is the anti-climax, and rounds off the action. The cigarette in her hand, the moment of preoccupation, give just that dash which is necessary to her poise. The fact that smoking is even yet regarded as somewhat risqué enhances its attraction for her. The action places her among the moderns. It imparts the final touch to her sophistication; it is the cellophane wrapping, in a manner of speaking, about her true self.

To a youth who wishes to appear grown-up, a cigarette serves the purpose as efficiently as a moustache. He, too, attains sophistication through smoking, although in a lesser degree than his sister. A puff fills an awkward gap in the conversation, while a smoke ring perfectly formed is a subject for talk. The boy learns the trick of studied carelessness so dear to his heart.

The tobacco leaf has contributed a piquant charm peculiar to our civilization. The best of it is that this charm is universal. I know a little girl of two who confesses a weakness for cigarette butts, if you happen to leave them around.

Tobacco personified is an exclusive being. To meet him a formal introduction is necessary, and with it every show of deference. Not infrequently, he repulses first advances. Once he has proved your sincerity, however, he will change his tactics, and become a pleasant companion, and a true friend. You buy his company at a price, to be sure, but he is a gentleman, and he always treats you handsomely. He never cheats — the price you pay for his services returns many times its value in pleasure.

Snuff has had his day — he was a fussy, untidy friend; chewing-gum is delightful to the chewer, but as repulsive to others as onion in the breath; beer is a good fellow, but inclined to be rowdy, and therefore impractical as a daily comrade; life-savers are cold impersonal servants. Tobacco, however, whether in pipe or cigarette, in the block or in the hookah, possesses the virtues of all these, and none of the vices. He acts not as a life-saver, but as a life-savour, and therein lies his greatest gift to mankind. He takes his place among those unessential luxuries which mean so much to man. He adds deeper rest to leisure, and a steadying influence to labour. Tobacco is one of the amenities.

It is not to be forgotten that there is more than an aesthetic advantage in the cultivation of the tobacco plant. It is a boon to demented Christmas shoppers to know that tobacco in any of its refined forms makes an admirable gift, though the connoisseur recipient often obtains the dementia with the gift. Then, too, the broad green leaf may be used as a fan. The same leaf dried serves as an exhibit in the tobacconist's window.

Neither must I omit to mention the protection King Nicotine offers to his followers. You may proceed on your moonlight rambles without fear of hostile armies of mosquitoes if you are guarded by a thin veil of tobacco smoke. On the other hand, if you stroll at high noon you may ward off the marauder bee with the same weapon. Meanwhile you waft abroad an incense, which is for other smokers a delightful fragrance, and for those who do not smoke an enticing odour which makes them wish they did.

PERTURBATION

By E. S. Davis

A little valley lay beneath a hill,
A quiet little glen, wherein did pass
A brook, enthroned in trees, and flowers, and grass,
Which soon within a glistening pool stood still.

Long lines of dark green moss hung from the limbs
And reached towards the rivulet's cool brink,
As if they would its limpid waters drink,
Or rustle round its many terraced rims.

The little bird, that sang beside the stream,
The speckled trout, that floated in its calm,
The lilies and the frogs, that 'mongst them swam,
All had their part in Nature's living scene.

A perfect scene, quiet, serene, and blest,
So said the man, whose eyes upon it fell;
And back he to his comrades went to tell
What he had found — a place of perfect rest.

One day passed by, the brook is reft of trout,
The broken lilies dying one by one;
A little nest hangs empty in the sun —
All life in Nature's scene is blotted out.

GRAVEYARD VISIONS

Baron von Hardtlied had sent the summons to war, and from the surrounding hamlets and villages crowds came pouring into his tall castle. There were smiths and archers and peasants in their leather suits, and woodlanders, and knights in armour; for Baron von Hardtlied was a powerful baron, and his name was held in awe from Pomerania to the shores of the Adriatic.

I was troubled when I heard that call to arms, and the blast of his woodlanders' horns. I felt that I didn't belong there; my place was somewhere else. I could vaguely remember a past that was in the future. I knew it was my past, and it was beautiful and glorious when seen from the gloom of the present. It might have been heaven, and even then I heard singing, but it was so far away that it was almost lost in the aeons of time. Ill at ease, and oppressed with a foreboding so ominous that even the singing became inaudible, I heard a voice shout in my ear that my past that was in the future had never existed at all.

I did not like the faces of the Baron's henchmen. Their eyes were like an abyss, like the gaping windows of a deserted house. It is a terrible thing to see men who look like beasts, not with the glad, free look of wild life, but like beaten, spiritless, suffering animals. The world-weariness in their mien was inexpressibly pitiful and gloomy. I turned away from them and tried to believe that they were shadows, but shadows cannot portray the weariness of men.

That woman with the naked breasts, and with the mire on her scabby head was alive, and her husband with the blue face and the big veins in his temples was also living. She was bidding him good-bye with one last embrace as I went past, and beyond was the blackness of the hut's interior. It was a foul and noisome blackness, a blackness that stunk of vile things, and the filth of unwashed bodies, a darkness that hid carrion and disease.

Someone pointed to the baron's castle 'way beyond us. It was high on a crag so that the sun was still shining there, though it was already dark here on the edge of the forest. The castle had many towers, and an eagle-crested flag waved from the highest. There was a howling and a clangor in the dark forest, and they said that the wolves were prowling about once more now that they could smell blood. The henchmen knelt and crossed themselves in prayer before they entered the forest. They called on the Mother of God to protect them. I wanted to laugh, but I was too afraid, for some one had told me ages ago that God was dead and had never had a mother; but the wolves howled so loud that my words were drowned.

The baron addressed us in his courtyard, and urged us

to emulate the deeds of our fathers. It had been said that the baron belonged to an ancient race of giants who were passing from the face of the earth, and that his was a kinship with Goliath and Hercules. I couldn't see his face because of his visor's shade, and then the light from the torches was very fitful. The wind kept blowing sparks from them, and while the Baron spoke, I watched the sparks fly over the courtyard wall into the river. The Baron's voice was like the voice of a friend that I had lost a long time ago and had quite forgotten. It was a powerful voice, with a boyish ring; a voice that could plead and bend and sway; a voice that could command, could strike terror in the midst of the enemy, and inspire trust in the heart of a friend. He was finishing his speech, and already I saw that many of these men would be dead before another night had come.

"And now may Lord Jesus be with us all," he said, and a priest looked upwards towards the sky and blessed us. I watched a star fall behind the castle, and, while the priest prayed, a frog croaked sleepily at the other end of the courtyard. Then, when the prayer was finished, the crowd broke up in a mad bustle, so that I could no longer hear the frog, and the star had already burned itself out in the darkness of the night.

I never knew before that dead men would be so terrible. Some of them lay still and limp like sacks of bran. One corpse was looking up at the sky, and the waiting vultures. He had been smiling when he died, and the smile was still fixed on his face. Those that were not yet dead looked up at me, and their eyes were such pits of suffering that I tried to run away because I was afraid.

I heard a crunching of heavy leather boots on the coarse sand, and one of the Baron's men stood at my elbow. He breathed hard as though he had run a long way.

"God is with us!" he panted. "The Baron is victorious. Be glad, brother! Rejoice!"

I wanted to say many things to him, but my head was heavy with the horror of death. Then someone cried "Murderers! The blood of God's people is upon you, and if God were not an old man who had fallen asleep, He would avenge that blood. But you are only shadows—" here the stranger laughed hoarsely, "—only shadows who have called forth Death, the one reality. If you were anything but foolish shadows I would curse you."

It was my own voice that had broken its bonds, and was doing the bidding of my brain. The Baron's man scowled until his eyes were like two tigers crouched behind his eye-brows, and his face became dark like a wolf's. He shook me until the sun was at my feet, and the dead men

were tossing about in the sky. They were grinning at me, these dead men, and the wind as it blew over the field whispered "Fool" in my ear.

These strange dreams have come down with me through the years from my childhood. They sometimes follow in the train of one of my epileptic fits, but this

A SCEPTIC LOOKS AT THE GROUP

by Robert L. Baglow

Who, five years ago, would have thought that a religious or pseudo-religious movement would sweep our phlegmatic Canada as has the Oxford Group? Overnight, almost, this has come to pass, and all thinkers must consider the claims of the Group, whether they are justified or not, and what value we may place upon them. The members of the Group itself are anything if not vociferous, and only too rarely is the opposite side heard from. This article is a critique of some of the fundamental assumptions and practices of the Oxford Group.

The weakest point of the out-and-out Grouper is his intolerance of any and every view-point differing from his own. It arises from his sublime faith in his own spiritual experiences, and from a fundamental narrowness of outlook. As to the experiences, more anon. By their narrowness of outlook I refer to their notion of sin, which dominates much of their thought. They are greatly preoccupied with sin, and hugely relieved when they rid themselves of it by some mystic process on joining the Group. Sin, claims the Buchmanite, is the selfishness of man. To state this is to demand criticisms of all kinds. But the one which goes to the root of the matter is that which asks "What is sin, anyway?" The notion of sin seems early to have haunted primitive man. Having a homocentric view of things in general, he divided natural forces into good and evil, according as they were favourable or unfavourable. The feeling of sin came with the dim conviction that perhaps man himself was responsible for these unfavourable forces and that by his action only could they be appeased. So a human victim was chosen and sacrificed that the tribe might prosper. . . . Sin is the nightmare of the social conscience. . . . the Oxford Grouper sacrifices his intellect. But what delusion is this, that by any sort of emotional flim-flam we can rid ourselves of sin? All the Oxford Grouper rids himself of is a feeling of responsibility. Sin is *always* due to ignorance. To regard it in the way the Group does implies an exceedingly narrow view with regard to man's nature and possibilities.

time it appears I had only fallen asleep in the Abendgarten Cemetery. When I awoke I found my nose had bled profusely, and I was quite weak. Though I had slept for over three hours I was not at all refreshed. I had missed the train to Berlin, too, but later events proved this delay to have been a blessing. Perhaps Providence guided me, who can say?

What, then, is the "Life-Changing" of which the Oxford Group makes so much? In 80% of the cases, it is merely emotional exhilaration in the happy delusion that one is saved; i.e. all responsibility is shoved on the Good Lord — the paralysis of the social conscience. The shallowness of thought of most of the members of the Oxford Group points to the fact that this analysis is sound. But, and it is a big but, this need not always be the case. This process of "Life-Changing" is sometimes much deeper — a change of emotional emphasis in the subconscious; in other words, auto-suggestion. And this is a very sound procedure — as long as the right things are suggested.

In the practice of the Group one can find much to criticize. They seem to collect "Changed Lives" as other people do stamps. The constant exchange of "experiences" (spiritual baths!) within the Group, can only result in neurotic introverts who, by a common result in psychology, feel consciously called upon to emphasize their extroversion. Any sound and sane person who has attended their open meetings will admit that their accounts of changed lives lack conviction. What kind of an emotional and religious experience is it which will bear such continual and, in time, convictionless repetition? The effect of such repetition must in the long run be distressing, bringing about a tendency towards superiority and intolerance.

There is, then, no rational justification for the annoying confidence of the Oxford Grouper. Nothing shows his weakness in this respect better than a comparison between the publications of the Group here and in England, from Oxford, for example. For the most casual examination reveals an immense difference in emotional depth, sincerity and appeal. Which points to the fact the Oxford Group practice demands, or at least ought to demand, an intellectual fineness and preception — wisdom — which is given perhaps only in a University, and then only too rarely. The Oxford Group is either explosive or apple-jam to men and women who have received only the unbalanced training of public education. This is not a

criticism of these people, but it is a weakness of the Oxford Group. In rejecting reason and substituting emotion the Groups have laid themselves open to a strong and important criticism.

The final great claim of the Oxford Group is that it will revolutionize society by revolutionizing the individual. We have seen what value may be placed on their "revolution" of the individual. What basis have they then for a claim concerning the effect on society? Is there any basis in the belief that the Oxford Group even begins to touch the problems of society? It is rank heresy to the Oxford Group, no doubt, but can they show that the solution of the world's problems is primarily ethical, and that there is not a phase of human action independent of their ideal? I think not. Goodwill is not enough, knowledge and wisdom are needed. How does the Oxford Group fill that need? Then how absurd to speak of revolutionizing society. The Groups do not face the facts, they turn away from them, and advocate an irrational, unbalanced spiritual life, out of touch with actual affairs.

What, then, is there to say for the Group? Not much that one can say, but much that one can feel. A strong factor in the success of the Group has been that it at least offers a cause, a hope, something to struggle for — anything better than hopelessness and defeatism. It is impossible to over-estimate the value of their emphasizing the importance of the individual. In the long run it may save them. Not all the Groupers sustain the criticism levelled at them above, nor do they all apply to any one Grouper. They are tendencies — strong ones, due to fundamental weaknesses arising from too violent a reaction from modern thought. Could the Groupers themselves only see their weaknesses, a new spirit might come to them. To blend their immense enthusiasm with wisdom might make a great influence out of a movement which is in danger of drifting anchorless on a sea of emotionalism. "Up sails," says the Grouper, "it's God's wind." But, is it? is it?

THE BATTLE OF THE PACIFISTS

Cecil
Royle

Much has been written in recent months concerning pacifism. To the dismay of the Students' Council, even to the extent of making them think of their income, a few ardent spirits have declared themselves pacifists, supported a motion "that in no circumstances will this house fight for King and Country", and made bellicose attacks upon the C.O.T.C. in the columns of "The Mitre". Those who hold fast to the traditions and courage represented by the C.O.T.C. have been more restrained in their public utterances, although on one occasion a doughty champion of

that cause secured five columns in our magazine. The controversy as such appears to have ceased as both sides have exhausted their arguments. As is usual no conclusion has been reached and the combatants hold steadfastly to their principles. On one point all are agreed — we do not want another war. In view of this situation the following extracts from a speech made by Professor Edgar Brookes of Pretoria, Chairman of the South African Institute of Race Relations, at the International Congress in Defence of Peace, Brussels, at the beginning of this year seem particularly applicable:

"... I believe that from the recent history of my little country there are to be drawn lessons of value for the world situation. When the different states of South Africa were united in 1910, they were only eight years from the completion of a disastrous war — the sixth conflict in sixty years. Thus out of chaos and a too facile optimism was born a political union — a phenomenon very like the action of the League of Nations nine years later.

"Every union of peoples demands two things — the machinery of union and the spirit of unity. Neither alone is sufficient. We began in South Africa with machinery; it has taken twenty-three years to arrive for the first time at something really worth calling a spirit of unity.

"That spirit is not called into being by fine speeches. To conquer inbred racial prejudice, fear, hatred and resentment, only one force has been strong enough in my country — the power of the living God to change radically the lives of individuals. . . .

"Europe and the world can also be saved by the unloosening of spiritual forces greater than the physical forces that make for war. No more pacifism, no more passivity, no more sweet reasonableness can help us. Rightly did a wit remark 'Pax perpetua' was an inscription sacred to cemeteries. Peace is not the absence of war: it is the presence of God.

"For we have left God out of our picture of life, and though we are completely tolerant of all religions in a gathering such as this, toleration does not mean compromise with essential truth as we see it. . . . Show me, if you can, any other way out. Explain to me, if you are able, how you purpose to achieve peace except through statesmen who are absolutely honest, nations whose aims are completely disinterested, men who have learned to love one another. . . .

"I tell you not only that you cannot succeed without it, but also that you can succeed with it."

A tall order? Yes. An impossible ideal? No. To the pacifist and the militarist of this generation comes the challenge to put the ideal for which our fathers and elder brothers died in the conflict of 1914-18, a war to end war, a war to make the world free, into practical effect, and it will take as much courage and sacrifice as they were called upon to make.

Man's Point of View)

It opened, and a voice came near,
Which, speaking low said, "Who is that?"

I heard dull sounds about the room,
And once or twice a "thwack!"
This last was felt as well as heard,
Upon my bended back—!!

Next, my moustache was "called to bar".
(Their humour was appeased by torment.)
Yet, it, by such a term received
An unintended compliment.

Then down long flights of draughty stairs,
Led by a kindly friend, I stumbled.
The place smelled ill and dark as Hades.
(Twas surely not a spot for ladies).

The smell of sizzling meat was next,
And all those dwellers of that place.
Had me lie down; and on my chest,
Made brands with burning chunks of ice.

Next entered on the scene, a hen,
Which on our branded chests did hop;
And then to soothe our throbbing burns,
Warm porridge, as a balm, they dropped.

Across the "quad." and to the "gym."
They led us, barefoot, one by one,
There chaos reigned, and midst its din
Torture continued while songs were sung.

Then blindfold freshmen, hand in hand,
Stood like fairies in their dell;
And in this ring one sparred with gloves,
Chasing his mate who rang a bell.

And last of all, there came a clash,
As on all fours the freshmen dashed;
For the half obtaining stones
Had liberty to seek their homes.

After a bath and clean dry clothes,
And drank with our recent foes,

"INTRODUCING"

It is the seasonal lot of the Editor of "The Mitre" to interview, index and catalogue the freshmen with a view to publishing some account of their past careers as an introduction to the rest of the University; as a concession to tradition, the poor fellows must have their school past dragged up again just when they are trying to forget it in the new college life. He is also responsible for seeing that the freshmen are similarly catalogued — by the senior co-ed. Confronted with a pile of statistics — answers to the questionnaire — name in full, place of residence, place and date of birth, schools attended, a generally mildly impossible list of activities in which the new student hopes to participate, and the course he is taking — the Editor is expected by tradition to produce the introduction. No doubt by the time this is published the freshmen will have introduced themselves, but tradition must be honoured and it is our real pleasure to present:

KENNETH HUGH ANNETT, born at L'Anse Aux Cousins on the Gaspé coast on the 18th of August, 1914. Attended New Carlisle High and Macdonald College. Has expressed interest in debating, tennis, hockey, badminton — and the C.O.T.C. He is taking Arts with a High School Diploma as his aim.

JAMES EDWARD CULLEN BEATTY originated at Toronto on July 10th, 1916, but proceeded to Montreal for his preliminary education, where he wrote his name large in the annals (and probably on the desks) of Roslyn Avenue and Westmount High. Rumour has it that between frequent visits to Montreal he intends to participate in debating, hockey, and the C.O.T.C.

DONALD WARD BENNETT from Inverness, P. Q., should be in the "Believe it or Not" column as he informs us he was born on the 16th of July, 1934. This hearty youngster shows interest in the three major sports, tennis, and debating. He expects to take an M.D. after finishing his Arts course here.

ALLAN DUNCAN BRYCE arrived in Sherbrooke the 21st of October, 1917, and later moved over to Sherbrooke High for his education. He thinks perhaps he might play basketball, and definitely intends to risk his neck in inter-year football and hockey. After taking a B.A. here he hopes to become a newspaper editor. (If he will call on our editor we shall be glad to try him out as a cub reporter.)

JOHN CEDERVALL CHAPPELL was born at Oshawa on December 4th, 1914. He attended the Oshawa Collegiate and Vocational Institute and on arriving at Bishop's has expressed interest in "The Mitre", debating, dramatics, Rovers, C.O.T.C., badminton, tennis and rugby, and is taking a B.A. John will also be glad to impart information on cattle boats.

SIDNEY JOHN DAVIES. On September 1st, 1913, Plymouth, England, obtained notoriety as the birthplace of Sidney. Rowancroft School, Exeter, England, gained the honour of giving him his preliminary education. Then he moved to Canada and continued at North Gower Continuation and Kemptville High School. Activities — soccer, cricket, badminton, dramatics, scouts — and the C.O.T.C. Is taking a B.A. in Theology.

FRED OWEN FREDERICK, born in Montreal on November 16th, 1916. Educated at Montreal West High and T.C.S. Taking Arts with a view to continuing in dentistry. In the meantime intends to play football and drill in the C.O.T.C.

JAMES HANS STEVENSON GEGGIE, hails from the Capital City, but was born at Wakefield, P.Q., on December 17th, 1915. Before coming to Bishop's he raised Lisgar Collegiate Institute to a place in history by absorbing his preliminary education there. During his stay at Bishop's he intends to take part in tennis, hockey, track, C.O.T.C., and obtain his B.A., ultimately proceeding to McGill for a course in medicine.

HENRY SAMUEL BROUGHALL HARPER, was born near Winnipeg on September 8th, 1913. He evidently studied while at Kelvin Technical and the University of Manitoba for he comes to us with a B.A. obtained this summer. At 'toba he resided at St. John's and presided over the Dramatic Society for two years. He is also interested in soccer, tennis and the Rovers. Henry is taking stock of the co-eds and also the L.S.T. course with a view to ordination.

JOHN ERIC HIBBARD, born in Sweetsburg, P.Q., on January 22nd, 1917. He moved to Sherbrooke and attended St. Pats for eleven (count 'em) years. Interested in hockey and tennis he purposes to devote the rest of his time to getting a B.A. with a view to taking up science.

THOMAS FORD JOHNSON, born on February 13th, 1914, at New Haven, Conn., where in the intervals between

northern journeys to Stanstead College and now Bishop's in search of higher education, he still resides. Besides education, in which his goal is tooth doctoring, Tom is deeply interested in football, basketball, hockey, skiing, tennis and golf.

EDWARD RUSSELL JOHNSTON, born within the melancholy sound of the College bells on August 2nd, 1916, and has already introduced himself forcibly enough to several generations of Bishop's Junior hockey teams. Imbibed an education and a liking for hockey, football and, latterly, golf at Lennoxville High, and is so enamoured of the last three that he hopes to continue them at Bishop's. Proposes to devote Fridays to the C.O.T.C., evenings to badminton and his spare time to the pre-science course with the object of studying engineering.

WILLIAM HENRY KING, was born in Hamilton, Ont., on May 22nd, 1912, and was educated at Hamilton Tech. and Hamilton Central. After a few years in the printing business he has followed in the footsteps of several of his friends by coming to Bishop's for an L.S.T. The Divines are hoping he will maintain the traditions of hospitality so well established by Dundas and Hamilton on the top floor of the Shed. Bill is interested in "The Mitre", soccer, C.O.T.C., and debating. In due course he hopes to take up mission work in the diocese of Kootenay, B.C.

GEORGE BLAKE KNOX, born in Ottawa on February the 9th, 1916. Patronised L.C.C. and T.C.S. Interests — football, hockey, dramatics, debating — and the C.O.T.C. The future, he hopes, holds a B.A. and then the study of Law, but he is more concerned in the immediate present with the problems of acquiring a proper freshman parting for his hair. Graces the city of Westmount.

ALFRED ROGER MCKERGOW, born in Waterloo, P.Q., on April 24th, 1914. Attended Waterloo High and Stanstead College. Hopes to take part in debating, soccer, tennis, and hockey if there is room for him. Is taking an Arts course at present, with the intention of doing something later on with Commerce and Music. His home town is Waterloo.

LEO PAUL McMAHON. This product of St. Pat's was born in Sherbrooke, September 30th, 1916. Rugby and hockey have gained his attention, while Chemical Engineering seems to be his ambition. Lives in Sherbrooke.

JAMES RICHARDSON McNEILLIE, born 'way out in Vancouver, 'way back in 1914 — July 25th, to be exact. Upper Canada College was responsible for his education. He claims to be interested in tennis, golf, hockey, badminton — and the C.O.T.C. His aim while at Bishop's is to get Honours in History. He now lives in Toronto.

PERCIVAL STEPHENSON MacNUTT, born in Senneville on August 27th, 1917. Studied (we hope) at Selwyn House, Westmount High, and Ashbury College. He lives in Montreal, and is interested in basketball, tennis,

golf, track, and the C.O.T.C. His ambition in life is contained in the one word — Medicine.

CECIL FRANCIS MEADE, born near Coaticook in 1916 — on Christmas Eve, and received his education at Coaticook High. Sole interest — the C.O.T.C. Hopes wistfully to gain a B.A. and then becomes vague — Philosophy a favourite.

JAMES SIMPSON MITCHELL, born in Sherbrooke in 1915, and still resides there; school — T.C.S. Is attracted by Rugby, basketball (perhaps) — and the C.O.T.C. Is taking Partial Science, and then wants to go on to work in Chemical Engineering.

JOSEPH MITTLEMAN, born in Montreal, September 15th, 1916. Schools - Mitchell School, Sherbrooke High. Interests - hockey, tennis. Course - a B.A. of some sort. Ambition - Chemical Engineering. Home town - Sherbrooke.

AVERILL ALBERT MUTTON, born in San Francisco, March 25th, 1913. Thence he moved more or less directly to Trenton, Ont., where he soaked in his elementary education at Trenton High. His next school was Belleville Collegiate Institute and Vocational School (oof!). Devotes himself to rugby, basketball, hockey, dramatics — and the C.O.T.C. Hopes for a B.A. — don't we all?

CARL ERNEST NORRIS, born in Waterloo, June 27th, 1916, attended Waterloo High, and lives in Waterloo. His interests are confined to soccer and hockey as far as sports go, and Maths. Honours in the academic line, and by this devious route hopes ultimately to reach a course in medicine.

KENNETH PEDLEY PYPER, was born at Westmount on February 22nd, 1917, and passed through Roslyn Avenue School and Westmount High before coming to Bishop's to help make our introduction look something like the Westmount High School Annual. His spare time is passed in making a Roman holiday for Jim Beatty; but when he is free from this menace he informs us he intends to take up basketball, golf, hockey, tennis, "The Mitre", the C.O.T.C., and track work — which accounts for his answer "no" to the question of his future career.

DERRICK RIDGE, was born in Vancouver on September 19th, 1917. Injected with his preliminary education at Hampstead Public School and Westmount High, preparatory to entering upon the Arts course at Dear Old Bishop's. He is interested in soccer, hockey, and the C.O.T.C. He plans to return later to his home town — Montreal — and take up Engineering at McGill.

MICHAEL ROSENTHAL, was born in Montreal on March 10th, 1917, where he attended Bancroft, Strathearn, and Montreal High. Lists as his activities tennis, basketball — and the C.O.T.C. and is taking the Arts course "with a view to" studying Law.

HENRY JAMES SCOTT, born in Montreal on January 16th, 1917. Education at Roslyn Avenue School, Westmount

High, and T.C.S. Hockey and golf claim his attention — and the C.O.T.C., of course. He is taking an Arts course, and then intends to go to McGill for Medicine. Westmount fondly claims him as one of her citizens.

OSCAR HORACE SEVEIGNY, born in Sherbrooke on the 11th of October, 1917, but deserted the city of his birth to go and live in Montreal. He went to West Hill High for four years. He is interested in football, dramatics, and hockey. His ambition is to start a *good* (emphatically underlined) orchestra.

EARLE WHITHALL SMITH. All hail the Senior Freshman! Born in Montreal in 1917, attended Roslyn Ave. School and Westmount High, lives in Westmount, and displays an interest in hockey and the C.O.T.C. Came to Bishop's for "just an Arts course" but apparently has some hazy intention of continuing with Commerce.

JAMES ALEXANDER SYMINGTON, was born in Winnipeg on June 23rd, 1915, but now his home town is Montreal. He started his education at Ashbury and then went over to Switzerland to the Institute Sillig. Says he is interested in all athletics — evidently he has not seen the full list — and is taking the Arts course with a view to reading law.

EMMETT TIMMONS, born right here in Lennoxville, on July 31st, 1915, and although he has made excursions to schools in Orleans, Vt., Farnham, and Sherbrooke, he always comes back to roost in Lennoxville. He likes rugby, hockey, basketball, tennis, badminton — and the C.O.T.C.; he will probably qualify as a mascot for the teams of the first three. Has his mind on an Arts course at present, after which Mining Engineering will probably take up all his spare time.

REGINALD TURPIN, born in Quebec (April 7th, 1915), went to school in Quebec (Commissioners' High), and even lives in Quebec. He intends to devote his leisure moments to soccer, badminton, dramatics — and the C.O.T.C. He plans to take a B.A. with honours.

DOUGLAS HOWELL WIGLE, born on June 12th, 1916, in Hamilton, Ont., where he still resides. He bucked his way through the Central Public School and T.C.S. and finally landed in Bishop's for an Arts course. He is enthusiastic about football, hockey, tennis, badminton and golf — the gentler arts he sniffs at.

CHARLES ALBERT WILLIS, inflicted on Sherbrooke, July 18th, 1917; studied at the Mitchell School and Sherbrooke High. Is interested in football and hockey and is preparing to take up Mechanical Engineering. He lives in Sherbrooke.

CHRISTOPHER WILSON. Having spent a year at McGill, Chris is no freshman. He was born in Montreal on July 12th, 1916, and now lives in Knowlton. Football, golf, badminton and skiing are his choice of sports, and he is taking an Arts course.

WALTER JAMES ROWCLIFFE WILSON, born in Cobourg,

Ont., on March 8th, 1916, and attended countless schools in Winnipeg and Vancouver. Interested in badminton, tennis — and the C.O.T.C. Is taking Arts here, and intends to go on to McGill for Medicine. At present his home town is Winnipeg.

FLEDA NATALIE GORDON BRILHART, popularly known as Bunny, comes to us from Quebec City. She was born on July 11th, 1917, in Sherbrooke. She attended St. Laurent High School, Mitchell School and the Commissioners' High School. Bunny says that teaching is her career.

MARY GERTRUDE CONWAY first used her eyes to advantage in Perth, Ont., on the third of July, 1915. She attended the Jesus and Mary Convent in Sherbrooke, the Maplewood Convent, Waterloo, the Mont Notre Dame Convent, and the Presentation Convent in Cowansville. After this varied career she matriculated from Sherbrooke High School. Among her activities are basketball, hockey, tennis, skiing, swimming and dramatics. She plans to join the Glee Club. After her B.A. has been secured her plans are doubtful.

MARGARET M. DOHERTY claims to have been born on the tenth of March, 1917, in Sherbrooke. She attended Mont Notre Dame Convent. She is interested in basketball, she skis and swims and professes an attachment for dramatics and Glee Club. If she knows what her future plans are, she has not chosen to tell them.

MAE LILLIAN HARRIS, Senior Freshette, first saw daylight on April 11th, 1914, in Renfrew, Ont. She attended Renfrew Collegiate and Sherbrooke High School. She enthuses about golf, basketball and hockey. She aims at a B.A. She has not as yet decided what to do after that.

JANET MARGARET KIRKPATRICK, a lass of nineteen summers, after much travel in Canada, has decided that Sherbrooke suits her best. She went to Sudaby School, Kitchener, Ont., where she was born, then to Central School, Woodstock, Ont., then she tried C.P.C.J. Collegiate, Saskatoon, Sask. This could not have proved satisfactory, for she returned to Ontario, to Central Collegiate, London. She is interested in all the sports. She will be a member of the Glee Club, and will probably figure in dramatics. She will devote her attention for the next three years to acquiring a B.A. After this she has no plans for the future.

BEULAH LILIAN MARLIN was born in Lennoxville on March the seventh, 1916. She attended the Ascot Consolidated High School and Lennoxville High School. She is interested in basketball and Glee Club. After she has secured her B.A. she intends to take a High School Diploma.

MILLCENT FRANCES MARLIN was born on the sixth of December, 1914, in Lennoxville. She attended A.C.H.S. and L.H.S. She is interested in hockey, basketball, ski-

ing and Glee Club. She plans to secure a B.A. and a High School Diploma.

EILEEN MURIEL McLEOD opened her peepers for the first time on December 20th, 1916. This momentous occasion happened in Sherbrooke. Eileen became so enamoured of this lovely spot that she has spent all her days there. She attended Sherbrooke High School where she became greatly interested in basketball. She plans to become a teacher after she takes her B.A.

JEAN LUCY BRENTON MACNAB was born in Montreal on the 27th of November, 1916. She went to the Herbert Symonds School, Montreal; then to Rupert's Land College, Winnipeg. Her present home is in Winnipeg. She is enthusiastic about Glee Club and golf, and mildly interested in tennis. Jean has not decided what to do after she secures her B.A.

KATHARINE HOWLAND MILLMAN comes to us from the Bishop Strachan School in Toronto. This city was favoured by being the place of her birth, on Jan. 27th, 1917. Her activities are many and varied; skiing, hockey, basketball, tennis, badminton, dramatics, Glee Club, dancing and last but not least — rugby. She is here to take an Arts Course. The only thing that she has decided about her future is that she will not be a teacher.

LILLIAN ELIZABETH MOIR is a Scotch lassie for she was born in Aberdeen, Scotland, on the 9th of Jan., 1916. She now lives in Lennoxville. She attended the Laurentian School, Pembroke, the Alexandria School, St. Catharines and the High School at Waterville. Her spare time will be occupied by golf, tennis and dra-

TO GO BEFORE THE FLAG

To go before the glorious flag to certain death and hell
Is a wonderful thing to do, my lad, and I certainly wish
you well.

To be shot to a thousand pieces and cover the ground with
blood,

Is a noble thing to do my lad, and ordained by Almighty
God!

To die for one's country in war, lad — to be blown to
bits 'tis true, —

Tis fine, for the bits form a hero, when you die for the
red, white and blue.

matics She plans to take a High School Diploma after
her B.A.

MARY A. PLATT was born in Sherbrooke on the 31st of
Dec., 1916. She matriculated from Sherbrooke High
School. Her activities are hockey, Glee Club and Dra-
matics. She intends to become a teacher.

OLGA MARY REID was born at Ahuntsic, Montreal. She
now lives in Sherbrooke. She went to Mont Notre Dame
Convent, Mitchell School and Sherbrooke High School.
Hockey and dramatics are her only interests. Her future
is a blank after she secures a B.A.

MARGUERITE ELIZABETH ROBINS forgets the exact date of
her birth, but figures out that it was in 1916. Marg.
has been unable to tear herself away from Sherbrooke.
She comes fresh from the local High School. She lists
her major occupations; basketball and golf. She is tak-
ing a partial course and her future is a big "?"

LUCY ELIZABETH SUTTON, better known as Betty, was
born in Westmount on June 12th, 1915. She attended
Westmount High School. She is interested in music,
dramatics and all sports. She plans to acquire a B.A.

EDITH MARGARET TITCOMB was born at Moe's River on
June 16th, 1915. She attended the Lennoxville High
School. Her activities are many: basketball, hockey,
tennis, and Glee Club. She intends to become a teacher.

LOIS MARGARET WIGGETT, the youngest member of the
year — "baby take a bow". She was born on Dec. 18th,
1917, in Sherbrooke where she attended the local High
School. She professes an interest in Glee Club, hockey,
basketball and dramatics. She intends to become a
teacher.

...He hanged himself with a bit of rope, I heard the
neighbours tell.

What a really terrible thing to do — deliberate death and
hell!

A fine young man he promised to be, a good man and a
strong,

And now it's shame he's brought to all, for suicide is
wrong.

And its all the worse that he's killed himself in the hour
of his country's need;

How proud we'd have been had he given his life in war
for a valorous deed!

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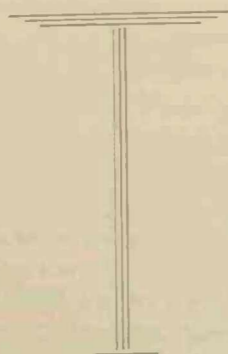
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SPORTS — Jack Ewing

RUGBY

The rugby season at Bishop's opened with the usual pessimistic prophecies regarding the season's outcome. Later events have shown these prophecies to be a little too morbid, for to date the teams have not recorded a single defeat, although two league fixtures have been played by the Intermediates, and several exhibition games have been played by both teams.

Harry Griffiths has returned as coach, with Leslie McCaig as manager, and Wilson Gall as assistant manager, to attend to the executive duties. A number of last year's regulars are missing from the line-up, but a fair sprinkling of the old guard have returned to aid the College in its search for a championship. "Oggie" Glass is captain of this year's squad, and has such stalwarts as Dunsmore, Hutchison, Pibus, and Rollit to support him, with Chic Carson, Freddy Royal and Cooper holding their end up. T.C.S. sends Wigle and Knox, Stanstead gives Tommy Johnson, Ashbury sends Symington, and Sherbrooke has contributed Willis and McMahon to provide new material for Coach Griffiths to work with. So far results indicate a successful year for Bishop's, with the news of a weak Loyola team being most welcome.

As usual the Intermediates have been entered in the C.I.A.U., and also in the Q.R.F.U. Instead of two Quebec teams, there is only one, so a home-and-home game will be played in Quebec City. Eight league games are scheduled for the season, and another win in the Q.R.F.U. will give the College a place in the playdowns.

GAMES IN BRIEF:

Exhibition: BISHOP'S (49) at B.C.S. (0)
September 26.

The College opened the season with an easy win over B.C.S. The game gave no indication of the College team's strength, but Coach Griffiths was well satisfied with the Intermediates' performance. Glass, Chic Carson, Russ Johnston, Rollit and Olmstead all scored, and the entire team performed well for a first appearance.

QUEBEC (0) at BISHOP'S (3)
September 29.

Playing in a steady downpour of rain, the Purple-and-White squad opened the Q.R.F.U. Intermediate Schedule with a victory. Not favoured to win, the College took advantage of Glass's kicking to score three points. The game was a hard one, and the College worked hard and well for victory. The whole team worked as a unit, and the line gave the back-field the support it needed.

BISHOP'S (13) at SHERBROOKE (7)

October 6.

Rumours regarding the strength of the Sherbrooke team had been current at the University for some time before the game, and it was generally conceded that the College would be lucky to win. Be that as it may, Bishop's did win, and won well. Like the previous Saturday, this one was rainy, and both teams played a kicking game. Bishop's touchdown came as the result of a fumble behind the Sherbrooke line. Glass dropped on the ball for the touch. The other points were secured by rouges.

FLASH

LOYOLA (3) at BISHOP'S (9) — Oct. 13th.

BISHOP'S (9) at MCGILL (0) — Oct. 17th.

BISHOP'S (1) at QUEBEC (25) — Oct. 20th.

SOCCER

Again the Soccer Club has made its appearance. Bill Gedye is at the helm, and is receiving the support of a number of men not interested in rugby. Interest in soccer is more marked than last year, and the soccer team is becoming a recognized university organization. At the time of writing no games have been played, but we see on the notice board that several are being arranged. In the meantime, the soccer enthusiasts are practising every afternoon, and welcome all comers.

OTHER SPORTS

Tennis and golf are still being played, and will have their devotees until the cold weather comes to stay. The thoughts of most of us are on rugby, but basketball, hockey and badminton will be along soon enough. Prospects are good for successful seasons in these sports and excellent material exists for the hockey and basketball coaches.

Hungary is this summer to send over some of its loveliest representatives to visit England. For, encouraged by the great success of last year, the organizers of the Anglo-Hungarian exchange trains are arranging similar trains this year.

In exchange for the first batch of Hungarian beauty in the first train on May 19th a group of 25 M.P.'s is leaving for Buda-Pest.

Quoted from the *Daily Mail*, in "Funny Wonder," a department of *The Arrows*, University of Sheffield.

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EXCHANGES — A. D. Banfill

The most striking feature of the present-day college magazine is its keynote of seriousness. Gone now is the air of light frivolity, the Joe-College-and-Betty-Co-ed atmosphere of the average student publication of the last decade; in its place has come a new spirit of awareness, expressing itself chiefly in the interest in politics and world affairs indicated by numerous articles in the student magazine of to-day. It is not that "college humour" has become a thing of the past, but that it seems to have found its true place in the composition of what is, after all, the collective voice of the students of a university — the college magazine. College periodicals have, as they must have, their lighter moments; but humour is used as a leaven for the more serious tone of the magazine in general, not as the tone itself.

How much the depression has to do with the new seriousness, it is not for us to say; but it would seem that the true reason for the present attitude of college magazines is that even universities have been feeling of late the repercussions of the world crisis. Politics have been lifted down from their high place in the realms of theory to the level of our every-day life; instead of Measures being the only thing to count, as the Victorians boasted, the Man has once more come to the fore. Students show interest in politics because politics and world affairs have become interesting. There is a personal element in Fascism, Nazism, and in the Russian experiment which is attractive to youth; and the ideas which these movements represent have become personified in the figures of their leaders. If the spirit of university students is represented in their magazine, it seems justifiable to say that students have at last begun as a group to think seriously.

This new undercurrent of seriousness in University publications is very apparent in the majority of our English Exchanges. *Tamesis* (University of Reading) has an editorial on the subject of College Spirit and Tradition; it is not, as one might suppose from its theme, an appeal to loyalty to the "Old School Tie," the football team, or to sportsmanship in the abstract. Instead, it deplores the lack of the corporate spirit in young universities, and points out the fallacy that Traditions are only made by the passage of time. A university, says this editorial, is not a technical school, and should not be used as "an observatory for the Main Chance." In other words, College life means more than a mere preparation for earning a living. The Editorial says:

"We love the University Corporeal, it is the University Spiritual that we find difficult to revere or believe in. Considered as a collection of individuals, the University

makes far from an imposing show, and it is as individuals that we live our student days here. The conception of the University existing apart from us but dependent upon us is grasped by few and affects even less. Individualism reigns supreme."

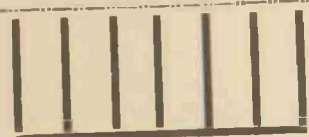
In lighter vein, *Tamesis* carries an amusing sketch of a Common Room meeting, at which (as usual on such occasions in most Universities) many suggestions are made for improving various departments of student life, but nothing is actually accomplished; Common Room meetings, like Hyde Park, are apparently places appointed for the airing of grievances, or "letting off steam." As a whole, *Tamesis* has probably the best format of all our exchanges. Its printing and cover are very well done, and its contents are equally good.

The publication of the Union Society of East London College, University of London, is untitled, but this omission is more than compensated for by the very clever cover; it is grey, with no printing on it, but has a large representation of a blot of ink in the centre, from which one infers that its name is *The Blot*. At any rate, the Union Society would appear to have solved the so-called "cover question"! Like many of its brethren, this magazine has, according to its editorial, great difficulties in finding contributors. An instructive article on "Will England Follow Russia?" comes to a negative conclusion; England's environment and development, says the author, make this impossible.

The difficulty of securing contributions seems only recently to have touched *The Northerner*, (Armstrong College, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.) The editor says, "We have been outstanding among college magazines in that we have never had to complain of lack of material for our issues. There are few people in college who write, but those few are quite prolific. This term, however, on the official date of going to press, we had received four reports, one article, and four or five poems. Examination difficulties are very depressing, but what the students don't write, the editor must. And he also has exams." *The Northerner* has an excellent cover design.

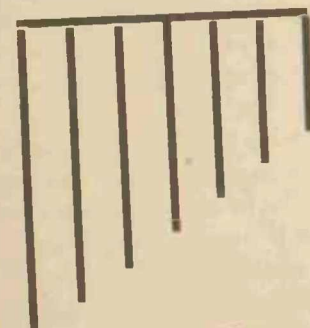
In *College Echoes* (St. Andrew's University, Scotland) there is an amusing Socratic dialogue on "Sportsmanship," which ends with this definition of the word by the supposed "Socrates": "'Sportsmanship,' I said, working myself up to a passion, 'from your account of it, seems to be something between Hitlerism and gangsterism.'"

Some other British college magazines we have received recently are: *Dawn* (University College, Swansea, Wales); *The Gryphon* (University of Leeds); *The Arrows* (University of Sheffield); and *The Gong* (University College, Nottingham).



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NEW HATS

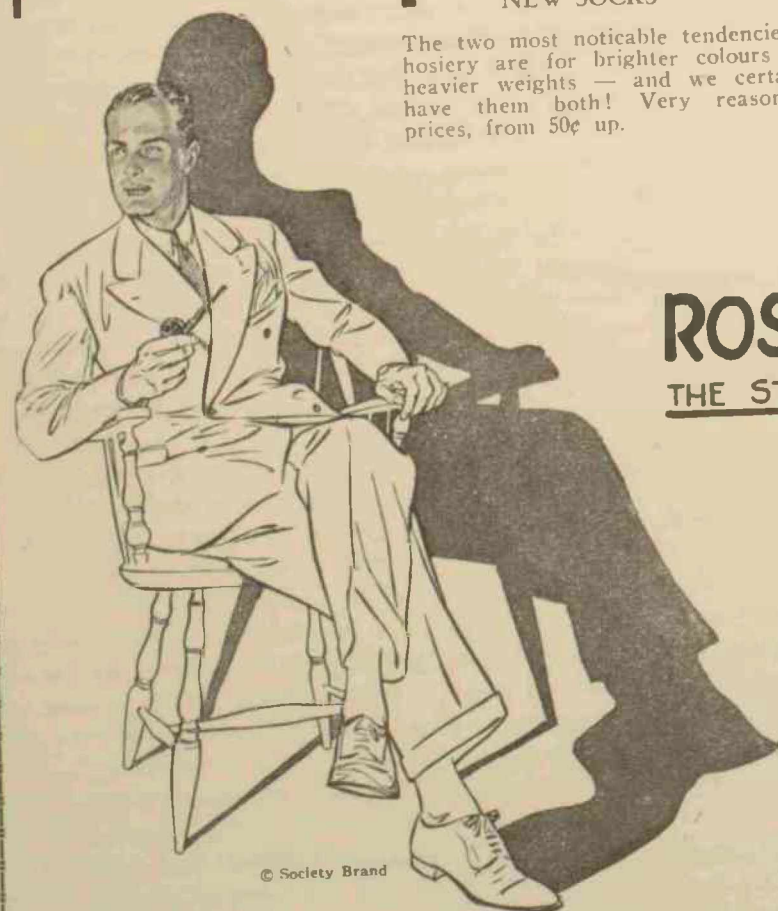
Do you find the average hat too short and round to fit your head properly? Try our Longoval shape, made to fit long narrow heads. Our new hats for Fall are all here now, \$3.50 up.

NEW SCARVES

We've been selling a tremendous quantity of Jaeger's Scotch Tartan Scarves — and when you see them you won't wonder. They are very attractive, and only \$1.

NEW SHOES

Fallen arches can be prevented by wearing the proper shoes. Try our new Invictus Wedge shoes for real comfort. In durable calf, \$7.50. We've just received a large shipment of new Fall shoes at \$3.95, in calf and the popular Scotch Grain.



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When compared with English college magazines, those produced by Canadian colleges and schools seem to rank lower in literary merit. The idea suggests itself that the explanation for this fact may lie in Canada's much-bemoaned lack of a great literary tradition. Our student efforts here in Canada are more journalistic and less literary than those of the Old Country.

After the rule, the exceptions; one very notable exception is the *Acadia Athenaeum*, (Acadia University) which is far from being journalistic. The short story seems to be the favorite vehicle of expression for the students at Acadia, with poetry running a close second. This magazine has a special section dealing with Science, containing articles on present-day scientific development.

The last issue of the *King's College Record* is largely devoted to chronicling the Encaenia celebrations of the University. The Encaenia Sermon, which is printed in full in the *Record*, was delivered by a Bishop's Alumnus, The Very Rev. A. F. C. Whalley, D.D., Dean of Nova Scotia.

Like several other student newspapers and magazines, the *King's College Record* has a department called "Pictures," the purpose of which is to appraise new "movies" and, indeed, to criticize moving pictures in general. Such departments as this fulfil, or should fulfil, a very useful task as a guide for the students to the better shows.

The April-May number of *The Trinity University Review*, has introduced a very interesting experiment. Instead of seeking articles from the student body, various members of the staff of the University were asked to contribute, and the result is a very good, if also erudite, issue; "a mixed bag of humour, fantasy, and learning," as the Editor of the *Review* calls it.

In case the Freshmen of Bishop's think they are or have been badly treated, we quote the following from a recent issue of the *Queen's Journal*:

"This is a list of the Freshman Regulations, which apply to Freshmen of all faculties, but not to Freshettes.

I. Tams and fussing rules in accordance with A. M.S. regulations.

II. The following will be effective from Saturday, October 6, at 7 a.m. to and including Saturday, October 20, Sundays excepted:

1. All Freshmen must wear socks held up by garters, with trousers tucked inside both. A bow of faculty colours, at least 3 in. wide and 15 in. long must be worn on the left leg just below the knee and tied in front. Science Freshmen, however, will wear instead a 2 in. strip of yellow ribbon 2 ft. long upwards from the cuff on the outside of their left leg and also a 2 inch band of same ribbon around their right leg 6 in. below the knee.

2. Freshmen may not walk in groups or pairs on the campus.

3. Freshmen must step off the sidewalk when approach-

ing upper classmen.

III. The following will be in effect, commencing as above and continuing until further notice:

1. Small ribbons of faculty colour must be worn on left lapel of coat.

2. Plus fours and spats are banned.

3. No Freshman may have his upper lip trimmed or shaved.

4. Any Freshman caught in a beverage room will be required to treat the upper classman accusing him to one quart of beer."

Among Canadian school publications, the *St. Andrew's College Review* deserves a good deal of praise. It is well printed, its arrangement is orderly, and activities do not, as in so many such magazines, take up a disproportionate amount of space. Also (and to us this is important) it has a table of contents in the front. We sometimes think there should be a law making tables of contents, in a convenient place, compulsory in all magazines, particularly school magazines. In "Skits," its humorous department, we gathered this jewel:

"ANTHONY: Ho, Caesar! There is a man with a noble nerve!

"CAESAR: Ay, a wonderful Gaul."

We have received two very interesting foreign exchanges from two islands of the British Empire so wide apart as Barbados and Malta. They are the magazine of Codrington College, Barbados, and the *Journal of the Malta University Literary Society*. From the cover of the former we learn that Codrington College, which is a divinity school, was founded in 1730; it is thus a college with traditions, and it also has a well-authenticated ghost, as one of the articles in the magazine attests.

Since last going to press, "The Mitre" has received a record number of exchanges, sixty-one in all, which we acknowledge with thanks. These are:

The following newspapers: *Canta* (Canterbury College, Christchurch, N. Z.; weekly), *Honi Soit* (U. of Sydney, Australia; weekly), *The Bates Student* (Bates College, Lewiston, Me.; weekly), *The McGill Daily*, *The Varsity* (U. of Toronto; daily), *The Manitoban* (U. of Manitoba; twice a week), *The Ubysey* (U. of British Columbia; twice a week), *L'Hebdo-Laval* (Lav. U.; weekly), *Queen's Journal* (twice a week), *The Challenger* (Vocational School, St. John, N.B.; 3 issues), *The Wesleyan Pharos* (W. Virginia Wesleyan College), *The College Cord* (Waterloo College, Ont.), *Alma Mater* (St. Jerome's College, Kitchener, Ont.) *The Red and Gray* (High School, St. John, N.B.); and the following magazines: *The Nusas* (Official Organ of the National Union of South African Students), *Tamesis* (U. of Reading, England), *The Arrows* (U. of Sheffield, England), *The Gryphon* (U. of Leeds, England), *College Echoes* (St. Andrew's U., Scotland; 2 issues), *Journal of*

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the Malta University Literary Society, The Northerner (Armstrong College, Newcastle, Eng.), the magazine of East London College (London, Eng.), *Dawn* (Univ. College, Swansea, Wales), *Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa* (2 issues), *Acadia Athenaeum* (Acadia U.), *The Trinity University Review* (Toronto; 2 issues), *The King's College Record* (Halifax), *Red and White* (St. Dunstan's U., Charlottetown), *Loyola College Review*, *The O.A.C. Review* (2 issues), *R.M.C. Review*, *Quebec Diocesan Gazette*, *Diocesan College Review* (Montreal), *Chadonian* (St. Chad's College, Regina), *The Algoma Missionary News* (2 issues), *The Stonyhurst Magazine* (Stonyhurst School, Blackburn, England; 3 issues), *Acta Ridleiana* (Ridley College), *Lower Canada College Magazine*, *Saint Andrew's College Review* (Aurora, Ont.), *The Voyageur* (Pickering College, Newmarket, Ont.), *The Albanian* (St. Alban's School, Brockville), *Blue and White* (Rothsay Collegiate,

N. B.), *The Windsorian* (King's Collegiate, Windsor, N. S.), *The Heliconian* (Moulton College, Toronto), the magazine of King's Hall (Compton, Que.), *Junior Journal* (Princeton Country Day School, N.J.), *The Howardian* (Howard Gardens High School, Cardiff, Wales), *The Grove Chronicle* (Lakefield Prep. School, Ont.), *Westmount High School Annual*, *Technique* (Ecole Technique, Montreal; 2 issues), *Stanstead College Annual*, the year-book of Burnaby South High School, New Westminster, B.C., *The Black and White Review* (Catholic High School, Montreal), the year-book of Kelvin Technical High School (Winnipeg), *Commissioner's High School Year-Book* (Quebec), *The Argosy of Commerce* (High School of Commerce, Ottawa), *The Torch* (Town-of-Mount-Royal High School), *B.C.S.* (Bishop's College School) and the magazine of Codrington College (Barbados, British West Indies; 2 issues).

IN MEMORY OF

GRANT HALL, Esq., M.A., D.C.L., Vice-President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, a member of the Corporation of Bishop's University and Chairman of the Executive Committee, who died on August 29th, 1934

and

GEORGE McCLELLAN STEARNS, D.C.L., President of the Lake Megantic Pulp Company, a member of the Corporation of Bishop's University, and latterly Acting Chairman of the Executive Committee, who died on October 13th, 1934.

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GRADUATES — James E. Purdy

To the Graduates, Alumni and Alumnae of Bishop's University —

We take this opportunity of wishing you a very prosperous year. This column will endeavour to print all the correct news concerning any of the past members of the University. Please help the Editor by sending to him anything which is of interest concerning any Alumnus.

Our last year's Editor of this column, M. A. STEPHENS, B.A. (Th.) '34, has been ordained to the Diaconate, and is at present acting as curate to the Rev. E. SCOTT, B.A. '15. All reports concerning "Steve" give us the impression that he is enjoying his ministry, and is very well liked by his parishioners at St. Columba's Church, Montreal.

We find that the Rev. SIDNEY WILLIAMS, B.A., L.S.T. '30, is the proud father of a few months old baby boy. Mr. Williams is in charge of the English Church in Shawinigan Falls, Quebec.

While on the subject of "Parentage", may we extend to the Rev. T. J. MATTHEWS, L.S.T. '32, the most hearty congratulations. He also welcomed a son recently as the latest member of the household at Viking, Alberta. Mrs. Matthews, we remember, was Miss EILEEN MONTGOMERY, B.A. '29, M.A. '30.

Dame Rumor has it that JOHN MACAULAY, Class of '34, was spending part of his summer in charge of the nurses at the Montreal General Hospital. John suffered an attack of pneumonia, but now has recovered sufficiently to take up teaching in Lakefield, Ontario.

One misfortune seems to lead to another. Late in September, E. T. HENRY, B.A. '31, was removed to the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, following a serious automobile accident. His condition is reported to be improving. Mr. Henry is enrolled in McGill University, where he is studying Law.

It seems that the old saying "misfortune comes in threes" is true. Fifteen months ago the Rev. E. F. L. THOMPSON, L.S.T. '25, was in a very serious automobile accident which resulted in a fracture of the vertebrae of the neck, and injury to the spinal cord. Mr. Thompson was for nearly fifteen months in bed under doctor's orders, and at present, we are glad to say, has recovered sufficiently to warrant his removal to his home in Montreal.

Turning back the pages of our history to the Class of '74, we find a man who was revered by all who knew him. The Most Rev. C. L. WORRELL, Archbishop of Nova Scotia and Primate of the Church of England in

Canada, who ended a life of devoted service to fellow man at Halifax on August the 9th, was a D.D. and a D.C.L. of Bishop's. Members of the Church who knew him, as well as his numerous other friends mourn his death.

J. D. JEFFERIS, B.A. '27, M.A., Ph.D., has received a position of worth, in that he has been appointed to the staff of Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont. Dr. Jefferis was educated in Christ's Hospital, England; Bishop's University; McGill University; and the University of Toronto. While at Bishop's, he was an honour student, winning the Gold Medal. He was leader of the Intercollegiate Debating Championship Team, President of the Dramatic Society, and a member of the Students' Council. He played on the rugby team for three years. Previous to his appointment at T.C.S. he was teaching at Queen's University, Kingston, and as assistant master at the Mount Royal High School, Montreal.

FRANK R. SCOTT, B.A. '19, M.A., B. Litt., has been promoted to a full Professorship of Civil Law at McGill. Before this advancement, Mr. Scott was Associate Professor at the same institution.

Another of our graduates has received recognition of his work. DENNIS B. AMES, B.A. '27, M.A. '28, has been appointed to the Teaching Staff of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N.Y.

While we are dealing with Teachers, we might list here some of the newest teachers from Bishop's. Our last year's class seem to be scattered around. We find that S. J. MCHARG, B.A. '33, is teaching in the Cookshire High School. G. A. MCMURRAY, B.A. '33, is in Grand'Mere. B. A. MILLER, B.A. '33, M.A. '34, is teaching the boys and girls of Ayer's Cliff High School how to read and write Latin and French. J. I. BENSON, B.A. '33, is teaching at St. Alban's, Brockville, Ontario.

Then among the female teachers we find that Miss ESTHER ENGLAND, B.A. '27, M.A. '34, is teaching in La Tuque, Quebec.

Miss GLADYS HUTLEY, B.A. '32, is engaged as a teacher at Stanstead Normal School.

Miss JESSIE KNOWLES, B.A. '30, is teaching at Kenogami.

Miss GERALDINE SEALE, B.A. '30, is devoting her time to the teaching profession in Waterville.

We have a surprisingly large list of marriages this summer. On August 2nd, Miss BERTHA COX, B.A. '25, was married to Mr. Hartley Montgomery of Sawyerville. Previous to her marriage, Mrs. Montgomery was the Principal of the East Angus High School. The bride and groom are at present residing in Lennoxville.

Two of our more recent graduates have joined up for

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life — Miss MARGARET BRADLEY, B.A. '34, was married to Mr. WILLIAM MITCHELL, B.A. '31, on August 4th. The Rev'd Prof. H. C. Burt, of the College, officiated at a beautiful service held in St. Mark's Chapel, Bishop's University. They are now living for the time in Montreal.

Then there is another nuptial ceremony performed on August 22nd, which joined Miss MARY KATHLEEN SMITH, B.A. '28, of Waterville, to Mr. William Roderick Brown of Shawinigan Falls. Mr. and Mrs. Brown are living in Shawinigan. Still another service of Holy Matrimony was performed which united Miss ELOISE TURCOTTE, B.A. '28, to Mr. Jarvis of Noranda. The wedding took place at the home of the bride in North Hatley on Aug 25th. To all of these happy couples may we add our sincere congratulations and best wishes.

The Rev. W. W. DAVIS, B.D. '34, who married Miss K. AUBREY ACHESON, B.A. '29, last year, has become the proud father of a son, William Robert, who arrived on St. Barnabas' Day, June 11th. Bill is at present Priest Assistant at St. Matthew's Church, Ottawa.

Ottawa seems to have reaped its share of our Graduates. We find that the Rev. C. G. HEPBURN, B.A. '08, B.D. '16, Rector of All Saints', Ottawa, is flourishing, as he says "under the direction of Mrs. Hepburn."

Canon R. B. WATERMAN, Class of '88, L.S.T. '20, is in very active retirement now, preaching about sixty or seventy sermons a year by request.

The Rev. ARTHUR E. CAULFIELD, B.A. '27, L.S.T. '29, is reported to be "still enjoying single blessedness as Rector of St. Peter's and St. John's, Merivale, just outside Ottawa, where his work is worthy of high praise."

The Rev. W. S. WEARY, Rector of St. Margaret's, Eastview, has been ill for some time. To him we extend our sympathy and good wishes.

The Rev. CECIL H. ROACH, B.A. '25, M.A., is very busy. He has three congregations in his parish of Metcalfe, but has succeeded in winning the loyalty and cooperation of his widely distributed flock.

One of our later graduates, the Rev. R. J. H. TURLEY, B.A. (Th.) '33, whom we know as Bob is Priest Assistant at St. George's, Ottawa, where he is working with Dr. H. H. Bedford-Jones, a former Principal of Bishop's.

The Rev. C. C. PHILLIPS, B.A. '12, L.S.T. '14, has recently been appointed as Rector of North Gower. His successor is another Bishop's man, the Rev. W. G. JONES, L.S.T. '11. He seems to be an enthusiast for the Bishop's Luncheon which the Bishop's Grads among the Diocesan Clergy hold every year in connection with the Synod. That's the way to keep up the spirit of Bishop's! Ottawa seems to be monopolizing this column, but then, when we have so much interesting news concerning our Graduates in that vicinity, more power to them. May I go on with more of our "Ottawa Vicinity Graduates"?

ATHOL KENNEY, B.A. '28, is one of the "important locking Doctors at the Ottawa Civic Hospital." He is reported as "liking his work."

H. M. PORRITT, B.A., M.A. '32, is still holding forth in Ashbury Boys' College, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, "Hum" tells us he likes Ashbury, and we infer that they appreciate his services."

BRUCE MUNRO, B.A. '34, and GERRY CAMERON, B.A. '34, are keeping Bryson-Graham's on their feet. Two very capable men, may I say. Bruce was Captain of our Rugby team in his final year. . . and Gerry made a name for himself in Dramatic lines.

M. E. ARMSTRONG, B.A. '33, has returned to Osgoode Hall, after having spent the summer vacation in Ottawa at his home. We understand from our friend Dame Rumor that "Army" has been dabbling in politics. We wish you luck, "Army".

R. M. WALLACE, B.A. '31, was seen in Ottawa during the summer, but has now returned to McGill University.

DOUGLAS N. ARGUE, B.A. '29, has gone to Varsity, as far as we know, after spending some time in the "Capital City."

At the Ottawa Diocesan Summer School, held in Ashbury College in the latter part of June, many of our one-time students were conspicuous because of their prominence. On the staff we find that our Dean of Divinity, Dr. P. Carrington, M.A., S.T.D., D.C.L., held a place, while the Rev. W. R. CRUMMER, B.A. (Th.) '33, and the Rev. H. C. VAUGHAN, B.A. '29, L.S.T. '31, were also honoured as members. Our good friend, the Rev. W. W. DAVIS, B.A. '31, and the Rev. A. E. CAULFIELD, B.A. '27, L.S.T. '29, were in charge of arrangements.

M. ORTENBERG, B.A. '33, has departed to the great eastern metropolis, New York, where he will endeavour to learn the art of journalism from the best of Columbia's professors. We wish "Ortie" luck in the "big city."

J. HODGKINSON, B.A. '33, spent two days at the seat of his learning, renewing acquaintances with his many friends. "Friday" has been teaching in La Tuque, having earned his M.A. in June '34. We were all very glad to see "Friday", and thank the Department of Education of Quebec for making his visit possible. (It was during the recent Teacher's Convention that "Friday" made his visit.)

Several of our newest "old girls" are at Bishop's again. The lure of the campus seems to get them. Among them we find that GLADYS CHRISTISON, B.A. '34, JACQUELINE SCHWARTZ, B.A. '34, EDITH SMITH, B.A. '34, and LYN-DALL JACKSON, B.A. '34, are here studying again in hopes of obtaining a High School Diploma this coming June.

Miss KAY SAVAGE, B.A. '34, is at her home in Montreal. Miss HELEN BAYNE, B.A. '34, is also home, but her home happens to be in LaTuque. Miss MOIRA BRADLEY,



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B.A. '34, is attending a business college in Sherbrooke.

Miss MARJORIE LINTON, B.A. '34, is fulfilling her dreams and is in McGill, studying for Social Service.

Miss JEAN PEARTON, B.A. '32, spent the summer travelling in England.

Mrs. E. Owen (Miss DOROTHY ARKLEY, B.A. '27), is living in Sherbrooke this winter. Her husband has been appointed to the Faculty of Bishop's.

Miss HAZEL GRIFFITH, B.A. '25, completed the course offered by the Summer School in Education. This partially completes the requirements for an M.A. in Education. Miss Griffith is principal this year at Bury, Que.

Mrs. Howard Aikman (GWENDOLYN READ, B.A. '24, M.A.) is living in Lennoxville this year following the appointment of her husband as Principal of the Lennoxville High School.

In our list of marriages we seem to have overlooked one more. On the 28th of August, Canon H. R. Bigg of St. Peter's, Sherbrooke, united Miss DOROTHY HALL, B.A. '25, and the Rev. C. E. REEVE, B.A. (Th.) '31, in Holy Wedlock. The service took place in St. Peter's Church, following which the honeymoon couple left by motor for Rocky Mountain House, Alberta, where they will reside in the future.

B. T. TITCOMB, B.A. '26, is teaching in the Boy's High School, Quebec, and filling the position of Assistant Principal. Previous to his recent appointment, Mr. Titcomb was Principal of the Cowansville High School. While on the subject of Titcombs, the older members of the University welcomed a return visit Thanksgiving weekend of G. J. TITCOMB, B.A. '32. "Ticker" was back and played in the Sherbrooke Athletics aggregation which the College took to camp on Oct. 6th. "Ticker" is teaching at Trois Rivières.

H. G. GREENE, B.A. '28, is Principal of the High School at Danville, Quebec.

The Rev. H. F. J. HIBBARD, Class of '33, was ordained to the Priesthood in Holy Trinity Cathedral, Quebec, on September 8th. The Dean of Divinity, the Rev'd Doctor P. Carrington, preached the Ordination sermon. "Skipper" is now priest in charge at Kenogami.

ANDREW DAWES, B.A. '34, is in Copenhagen, Denmark.

The Rev. W. T. ELKIN, L.S.T. '34, is in Edson, Alta., serving the outstations. Bill is making Edson his headquarters.

The Rev. C. S. WRIGHT, L.S.T. '34, is in Accrington, Lancashire, England. Following his ordination, Sam sailed to England, and is engaged as curate in St. Peter's Church.

The Rev. A. V. OTTIWELL, B.A. (Th.) '34, is in Honduras Republic. Arthur, as we remember, was President of the Students' Association here in his last year. Reports of his work would make us believe that he is leading a very exciting life — having to carry a "gat" with him

wherever he goes. La Ceiba, where Arthur is, is one of the unsettled cities of the republic, and so we will wish him lots of luck.

The Rev. J. H. DICKER, L.S.T. '32, has returned from the Republic of Honduras and is now acting as the Junior Priest of the Labrador, in charge of Harrington Harbour.

Rev. A. R. EAGLES, L.S.T. '34, is sailing shortly for England where he will take up the work of the Ministry. Bert has been spending his summer around Dundas, his home town. Good luck to you, Bert.

J. E. RATTRAY, B.A. '34, returned to Bishop's from Quebec on Sat., Sept. 29th and played a good game of Rugby *against* his former Alma Mater. Jack has been working in the Anglo-Canadian Pulp and Paper Mills in Quebec, and so was playing "regular" on the Quebec Q.R. F.U. aggregation which bowed to Bishop's.

The Rev. R. E. OSBORNE, B.A. (Th.) '34, is acting as curate to the Rev. R. H. WATERMAN, B.A., L.S.T., B.D. '34, at Smith Falls, Ont.

The Rev. A. PICKERING, L.S.T. '26, addressed the General Synod of the Church of England in Canada, in Montreal, on behalf of the work for the blind.

The Rev. JOHN COMFORT, L.S.T. '32, was a recent visitor at the University. John is still holding forth in Malbaie, Gaspé County.

JOHN HOGG, B.A. '34, and W. H. BRADLEY, B.A. '34, are attending McGill University. From what we hear the two friends of Bishop's are rooming together in Montreal.

"Bob" McILERNON, Class of '33, has made a position in the backfield of the McGill senior rugby team. On the line of the same team we find W. G. STOCKWELL, B.A. '32, playing a regular position. S. D. McMORRAN, B.A. '30, was trying for a position on the Ottawa Rough Riders Rugby Team.

R. C. EVANS, B.A. '33, is working at the Rand Manufacturing Corporation, in Sherbrooke, and M. A. TURNER, B.A. '33, is teaching at Shawinigan Falls, Quebec.

Among the Graduates of the Class of '34, we find some of the males here, struggling for their Teacher's Diplomas: H. W. GALL, H. H. PIBUS, F. H. ROYAL, H. E. WRIGHT, E. A. HUNT, E. A. HUTCHISON, and E. F. H. BOOTHROYD; all B.A.'s of last year are enrolled in the Teacher's Department.

H. NEWELL, B.A. '34, has been given charge of the organization of the new Public Library at St. John's, Newfoundland, by the Commission of Government, and will probably also organize a Reading-Room and branches in outposts. Harold is teaching Mathematics to a class of seventy in the Summer School at St. John's.

D. A. BARLOW, B.A. '26, M.A. '28, who won the Rhodes Scholarship in 1929, and passed his Bar exams in '33, is now working in Quebec. He had a son this July.

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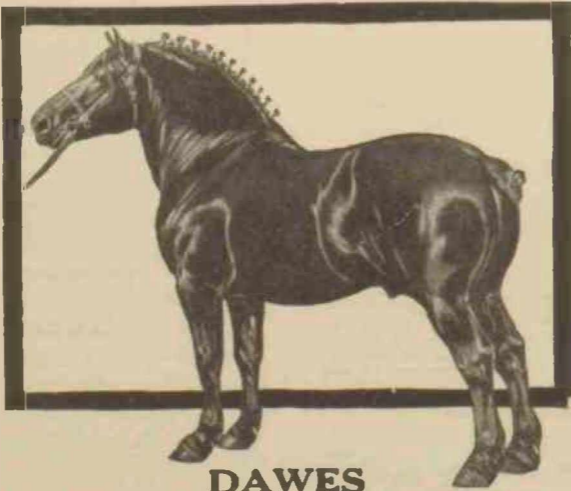
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VISIT OF DEBATERS

On Friday evening, November 2nd, in Convocation Hall, a debating team consisting of Leslie Jackson, representing the Cambridge Union Society, and Robertson Crichton, representing the famous Oxford Union, will uphold the Resolution "that this House deplores the rise of Fascism." The English Team is visiting Canada under the auspices of the National Federation of Canadian University Students, which has already sponsored two previous British debating tours. The first toured Canada in the fall of 1930, the second in 1932. This year's team was selected under the auspices of the English National Union of Students.

Robertson Crichton was educated at Seaberger School in Yorkshire where he showed himself to be extremely interested in debating and in the Drama. He produced six plays there, and later at Oxford played "Quince" in the Reinhardt production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," for the O.U.D.S. At Oxford, too, he became Secretary, then Treasurer of the Oxford Union, and also an officer of the Conservative Association, and President of the Balliol College Law More Society. He also became Editor of the "Isis", the Oxford undergraduate Journal. Though politically a Conservative, Mr. Crichton is very definitely "left wing", and he assisted in bringing forward an anti-militarist resolution at the Conservative Party Conference in 1933. Mr. Crichton is a Scotsman and never allows him-



MR. CRICHTON

self to forget it, though he is destined for the English Bar.

Leslie Turnour Jackson was born in Cape Town in 1912. He was educated at Nottingham School, where he was a scholar and Captain of the School, and at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he was an Open Exhibitioner in Classics. His early interests lay rather in the direction of the stage than the debating platform. At an early age he obtained parts in his school productions, finally playing several leading rôles, while at Cambridge during his first year he spent more time at the Amateur Dramatic Club than at the Union. At school, however, in addition to editing his school magazine, he was for two years Secretary of the Debating Society. He obtained his first paper speech at the Cambridge Union during his second year and has spoken regularly since, being elected to the Standing Committee in 1933. His principal speeches have mostly been on international affairs, but he has also defended Constitutional Socialism on various occasions.

Mr. Jackson is keenly interested in the League of Nations and was chairman of a commission at the British Dominion Students' Conference at Geneva in 1933, was Secretary and subsequently Chairman of the Cambridge University Branch of the League of Nations Union and a member of the Executive Committee of the British Universities League of Nations Society. He was first president of the Cambridge University Labour Club. He read Classics at Cambridge, specializing in Ancient Philosophy.



MR. JACKSON

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NEWS AND NOTES

AVE ATQUE VALE

The University of Bishop's College is happy to welcome to its faculty Dr. Eivion Owen. Dr. Owen will occupy the position of lecturer in the Department of English, and sub-dean of residence, and comes to Bishop's with an enviable reputation as a scholar. A graduate of New College, Oxford, Dr. Owen took an honours degree in Greats (classics, philosophy and history) and then came to Canada, having charge of the department of Classics at Bishop's for two or three years. After teaching at Bishop's, Dr. Owen took his Ph.D. degree at Harvard University, and then went to the University of British Columbia, where he occupied the chair of assistant professor of Classics. From British Columbia Dr. Owen went to Columbia University, New York, whence he comes to Bishop's. While at Columbia Dr. Owen pursued educational courses leading to the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, but has not quite the work for the second Ph.D. degree. He is married, his wife being a Bishop's graduate. We hope Dr. Owen will enjoy his second stay at this university, and we are glad to have him back at Bishop's.

At the same time as we welcome Dr. Owen, we bid farewell to Mr. Christopher Lloyd, whose position Dr. Owen will fill. Mr. Lloyd has returned to his native England. He is now teaching naval history aboard H.M.S. Britannia, the Royal Naval College at Dartmouth, England, and his Bishop's friends will wish him success in his new position. Bishop's will miss Mr. Lloyd, but our loss is "Britannia's" gain. Hail to Doctor Owen, farewell to Mr. Lloyd!

THE HART HOUSE QUARTET

We are beginning to feel quite at home with the Hart House Quartet. They paid their third visit to the University on October 10th; there was a good audience which received their music with enthusiasm. The programme consisted of two principal items, a quartet of Haydn's and one of Schumann's, each followed by a pair of traditional airs arranged for string quartet by Bridge and Pochon. During the performance Mr. de Kresz announced that these four airs would be played together between the two principal works, and this certainly was a good arrangement. It helped one to appreciate the handling of traditional airs by modern composers; in Bridge's work the air is handled with great freedom and set off with elaborate "criss-cross harmonies", to repeat a phrase which Mr. de Kresz used in an explanatory speech which he made to the audience. The work of Pochon is simpler and perhaps on the whole more restful. These minor numbers were brilliantly play-

ed and greatly appreciated.

The two major works also contrasted very well, the Haydn quartet was an early one full of brightness and gaiety, the second movement, Serenade, contains a well-known and beautiful melody. The Schumann quartet was a worthy representative of the romantic movement, full-bodied in tone, rich in its harmony, and full of imaginative power. Altogether the programme was straightforward and satisfying.

It was remarked above that we are beginning to feel at home with the Quartet. Mr. de Kresz made one or two helpful little speeches about the music, there was a pleasant feeling of intimacy between the performers and the audience. This leads one to wonder whether it might not be possible to take the audience in hand a little. If applause between the movements of a work were restrained it would help both the audience to appreciate it and the performers to play it. Also it does seem that there is a section in most audiences which tries deliberately to extend a programme by forcing encores and more encores. This is done by renewed outbursts of clapping, when the ordinary applause has died down. The Hart House Quartet has been extremely generous in the matter of encores; during the Concert last week they played at least five; it does not seem in the best of taste to take undue advantage of this generosity.

PEP RALLY

The annual Pep Rally was held on the night of Wednesday, September 29th, and was one of the most successful ever held. Again the eager Freshmen were shown in what direction they might release their pent ambitions, and the enticements of the various organisations were set forth in glowing terms.

After the Chairman's introductory remarks, the evening opened with a short address by the Principal. In his talk Dr. McGreer stressed the meaning of College Spirit, and asked for proper observance of College Spirit by all members of the University. Then the different activities were reviewed, with Hockey and Basketball looking forward to good years, and Dramatics and "The Mitre" keeping up their high standards. Soccer, Football, Badminton and the O.T.C. have ambitious programmes this year, and the different groups are all optimistically regarding the ensuing terms. Debating has not yet started, but will get under way soon. We hope to discover some freshmen Demosthenes. Songs were interspersed with the various speeches and helped to make the evening even more eventful.

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WHAT PRICE INITIATION?

On Wednesday, September 26th, sixteen scared girls met opposite a certain house on Clough Avenue. Unknown perils awaited them, for they were the year's crop of Freshettes, on their way to initiation. Horrible tales of pending torture had been dinned into their ears since their arrival at college, and it was with no little fear that they assembled there.

The harrowing tests through which each girl passed in that house on that night are not to be related here. Let it be sufficient to say that the freshettes discovered that their apprehension was not altogether warranted. Indeed it is hardly exaggeration to say that they enjoyed the evening quite as much as the seniors did.

The seniors appreciated the obliging spirit in which the "freshies" went through their paces. Each one proved herself a good sport. We are glad to take this opportunity of welcoming the class to Bishop's University. The College has use for them.

INITIATION NIGHT

An atmosphere so fantastic as to leave on the mind of at least one senior an impression more vivid even than his blindfold and therefore mysterious ordeal of two years before. An unbelievable atmosphere of primitive tribe-ritual and of the French Revolution, of children's parties and of Purgatory, all combined; but Purgatory, Dante's Purgatory, most of all, surely. The excitement of the mind accumulating as the crowds beat up and down the corridors with their sticks and the first stages of the initiation begin. The freshmen sitting in the dark in their rooms, pyjama-clad, with heads and faces enveloped in white pillow-slips; the harsh questions and reiterations of questions yelled at them, and the ceremonial decoration of their bodies for the ritual. Then the excitement suddenly increased by the descent to the bowels of the New Arts. The crowds in the darkness, still with heads enveloped in white, singing monotonously and almost under their breath, the same words over and over again, and with feet lifting and falling steadily, standing in circles, hands on the shoulders of those in front; here and there in a remote corner some poor freshman standing alone, head bowed, snapping his fingers wearily as he has been doing for the last ten minutes, the sounds of revelry coming faintly to him from the distance. Here and there, doors opening from the corridors, into brightly lit rooms, into pitch-black cold rooms whose quiet is broken only by the drip of water, with three or four inmates standing motionless each in his separate compartment, or into rooms lit by the red glow from the furnace's open door, before which a freshman kneels and listens to the sizzling sound of a red-hot poker dipped into a bucket of water, and smells "burning flesh".

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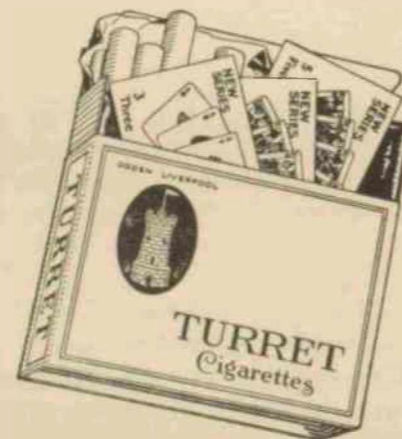
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54 Wellington St., N.

Sherbrooke.

Then the white-helmeted crowd running bare-foot across the dark quad, ghostly figures converging on the gym. from all sides, each accompanied by a guide. And, the gym. once entered, the atmosphere becomes more hilarious, and we are in bright light again. Moving about in the flowing crowd of seniors, however, are still the freshmen in fantastic motions, feeling their way round the walls, occasionally banging into a radiator, dancing in pairs, stumbling against people, lifting their feet over imaginary wires, beating each other on the back, lying on the ground with hens "picking at their livers." The laughter and excitement grow again with the blindfold boxing-match in the middle of a large circle of blindfold figures, a man with gloves against a man with a bell. Then the final line-up for the rush for a handful of small pebbles in the centre of the floor, the buffalo-like crash of 40 freshmen, the three-deep squirming pile of humanity, the pebble clutched at and secured, and then — bandages off.

THE FRESHMAN DANCE

The annual Freshman Dance was held in the Gymnasium on Tuesday evening, October 2. The Principal and Mrs. McGreer, Dr. and Mrs. Boothroyd, Professor and Mrs. Kuehner, and Prof. and Mrs. Home received the guests. Music was furnished by Rollic Badger and his orchestra, and the only complaints heard were that the dance didn't last long enough.

Kenneth Simms looked after arrangements for the dance, and Sidney Medine introduced the Freshmen to the members of the Faculty. By means of tag-dances, all partnerless Freshmen managed to secure their share of dances, and everyone seemed to be enjoying his or her self.

The secret of tone
Is not exactly known,
But its believed to have some connecting link
With the art of publicly imbibing and ejecting drink.

"Quelques Pensées:" by Figo in *Tamesis*,
University of Reading.

BONERS

- (1) The seaport of Athens is Pyorrhea.
- (2) The Indians many years ago discovered a way to make fire by means of fiction.
- (3) Hygiene is a gas in the air.
- (4) A spinster is a bachelor's wife.
- (5) A water shed is a shed in the middle of the sea where ships go during a storm.
- (6) Revolution is a form of government abroad.

Lower Canada College Magazine.

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BOOKS TO READ

WHAT IS SCIENCE? by Norman Campbell. London, Methuen, 1921; 183 pp.

Probably the greatest reason why the general public leaves the study of science alone is that it is afraid of it being too complicated. "This little book is written with the hope of encouraging the study of science", and accomplishes that by showing that it is, after all, relatively simple. This it does in a very sensible way: it traces two or three of the fundamentals of science, and deals with them in an exhaustive, rational and simple manner, so that anyone with any intelligence whatsoever can understand the points under discussion.

The book is intended primarily for the beginner. It presupposes absolutely nothing — not even a knowledge of arithmetic. The method is to take the most fundamental bases of science and to elaborate fully upon them. Refuting every argument as it proceeds, it leaves absolutely no room for scepticism. It is inconceivable that anyone who has read this volume should disagree with the principles set forth. The arguments, although not in the least complicated, are, however, very elaborate and carry a great deal of weight behind them. In this particular it is just the book for the sceptic.

"The book does not pretend to be popular, or to provide an easy hour's reading". Herein it differs from the works of that modern exponent of "popular science" — Paul de Kruif. This book is not written in that style. It is solid "meat", with no waste space, and with no accompanying narrative. Its results are also different. De Kruif's works leave you with some vague ideas on subjects about which you knew nothing before. This book convinces you absolutely on those matters about which you never chose to doubt in the first place. It has the advantage of teaching the technique of scientific reasoning; indeed, this is probably its most noteworthy characteristic.

The most important thing to realise about this book is that it is not an exceptionally outstanding one. In some ways, it is "just another book". It is, however, representative of a class, and therein lies its importance. Its objects are to "arouse interest rather than to convey information", and to show "that even in the most abstruse parts of these sciences there is something that the average man can comprehend and appreciate without the smallest knowledge of mathematics...". Just as in the world at large, the most necessary class of people is that comprised of quiet and unprepossessing persons, this class of books is the most necessary in the world of science.

Realising, then, the nature of the book, and not expecting it to provide recreation, one is in a good position to benefit by it. If you are the kind who have little faith

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in science, and who take everything it tells you with a grain of salt, read this book. It was written for you.

H.H.R.

POEMS, by Stephen Spender, New York, Random House, 1934. 68 pp. \$1.50.

The publication by Random House of the poems of W. H. Auden and Stephen Spender marks the first general introduction to American readers of the new school of younger poets who have published the anthologies "New Signatures" and "New Country" (the latter reviewed in the April "Mitre"). Here is the collected verse of two of the most striking and important members of a group whose influence, in popular as well as literary circles, has grown enormously in England in the last four years.

The less "difficult" of the two, Spender will probably have the most immediate influence on American literature. In his work is most clearly apparent the statement of the need for a return to a more sensuous living, to "the essential delight of the blood, drawn from ageless springs", not only for those who, in Pound's words, "have put money-lust before the pleasures of the senses", who have made the living death of our modern civilization, but for those who could do no more than recoil in horror from that civilization and express their horror in their writing, could build nothing in its place, whom Auden warns not to:

"Do the reverse on all occasions till you catch
the same disease."

In a confident attack on that world these writers find relief. The first step in the erection of a new fabric of life is to cut free of all the inhibiting influences built up by our society:

"If he himself could laugh. . . .

I think that obdurate cliff
That shuts out all our sky and always grows
Black between us and the silent pools of the will
Would fall."

They believe that such a cutting out of the cancer of modern life can only be achieved by the abolition of class in the social order, the creation of a Communist state. Spender is very sure of the value of this operation: "Death to the killers, bringing light to life", he cries. But the new world he would erect is not very convincingly a good one; the very vagueness of the classless state he idealizes prevents it from seeming satisfying. His real value for us is in his telling attack on the old world:

"— That programme of the antique Satan
Bristling with guns on the indented page
With battleship towering from hilly waves:
For what? Drive of a ruining purpose
Destroying all but its age-long exploiters."

He sees that action is necessary:

"Paint here no draped despairs, no saddening clouds

Where the souls rests, proclaims eternity.
But let the wrong cry out as raw as wounds
This Time forgets and never heals, far less transcends."
but he cannot point the direction of that action with any real force.

Yet the real value of any poetry is not in its explicit assertions of belief, but rather in the situation it builds up in our minds by its rhythms and overtones, the implicit statement. And Spender, without the drive and stature of Auden, has yet brought us back more vividly than any contemporary poet to a simpler, kindlier, more essential world:

"The secret of these hills was stone, and cottages
Of that stone made,
And crumbling roads
That turned on sudden hidden villages,"

and reaffirmed the worth of that world in terms that have a value for us to-day. His razor edge of sensibility has cut down to emotions and ways of thinking lost for centuries, something of Donne's attitude of mind, and has done this with an astonishing technical skill. But this technical skill, this control of the shift and sound of lines which makes every word seem inevitable, apparent throughout his poems:

"To hold the banks of the Danube, the slow
barges down the river,
Those coracles with faces painted on," . . .

"The spitting at justice, the delight of mere guns
Exploding the trees" . . .

(and the wonderful shift of tempo in "The Express"), these are too often broken by lines which strive too much for effect, whose scaffolding can still be seen. It is obviously a young poet who has written these verses, but a poet whose flashes of greatness are very apparent.

A.J.H.R.

GOING ABROAD, by Rose Macaulay. London, Collins, 1934. 316 pp. 7/6.

This is the first novel to be written on the subject of "Buchmanism", or to use more polite terms, "The Oxford Group", or "The First Century Christian Fellowship". It is a book highly recommended to all university students, in view of the fact that such Universities as ours (one wonders why) are made objects of attack from time to time by the enthusiastic adherents of this — our most modern heresy.

Miss Macaulay without a doubt is one of the greatest of our modern novelists, and in this novel, as in her "They Were Defeated", she proves herself not only a novelist adding something permanent to English letters, but also a psychologist with a keen understanding of human nature. Dealing as she does with "Buchmanism", she illustrates in her story how true it is that the reaction of many people confronted with the challenge and principles of the move-

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HINTS TO FIRST YEAR STUDENTS IN PSYCHOLOGY.

If, for the sake of a psychological experiment, you approach your professor sitting quietly in his chair, and pull his hair, tweak his nose or call him a fool, you may notice that your experiment is followed by several interesting physiological and psychological changes. The rate of your subject's heartbeats will increase and the distension of the small veins in his skin will cause him to flush. The frontal muscles will pull down his eyebrows, causing the lines between them which we call a frown. If you watch his upper lip closely you may notice a slight tendency of the corners of his mouth to rise. This is a relic of the snarl of the animals which attack with their powerful canine teeth. You may also notice a tendency of the hair at the back of the gentlemen's head to raise itself and stand on end.

The most important bodily change, however (which may make the exact examination of these other changes difficult), will be the impulse to violent behaviour. The subject of your experiment will either strike you, or at least will experience an impulse to strike, which is likely to be shown by a clenching of the fists. In either case it is advisable to leave the subject to simmer gently for a while, to avoid any personal damage that might be incurred by the threatened explosion.

Adapted from

The Control of the Mind by Robert H. Thouless.

ment, is governed by their emotions, rather than by their intellect or powers of reason. In this she bears out a great psychological truth which the followers of Buchman have failed to grasp, that emotion being the strongest force within a person throws reason aside on the slightest instigation. Dr. Buchman, as this novelist illustrates, is not the first to take advantage of this weakness in human nature, and she shows to what amusing, as well as sad mistakes the characters of her story falling foul of "Buchmanism", are led.

Altogether, the story is most interesting. It centers around the Hotel Miramer at a small seaside place near Biarritz which is full of visitors. "There are an English bishop, his studious wife who is learning Basque, his brother who is an ex-diplomat, Colonel and Mrs. Buckley, their Oxford son and beautiful and somewhat unintelligent daughter, a young public school master, an unhappy middle-aged woman, a cosmopolitan pair of beauty specialists, and a set of young Oxford Groupers who are endeavouring to change the lives of those they meet. The developments in the relations of all these people with one another and with Basque inhabitants, during the three or four weeks they are together, are described. The party is kidnapped and taken up into the mountains, where mutual acquaintanceship grows, for a week, more intensive. The Groupers get busily to work, with only moderate success, on changing their captors and the beauty specialists. The whole book makes highly diverting reading and is likely to prove Miss Macaulay's greatest success."

G.T.M.

THE MITRE is published on the 10th of October, December, February, April and June by the Students of the University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Quebec, Canada. Subscriptions: One year, one dollar fifty; Two years, two fifty; Three years, three fifty. The personnel of the Board is: Hon. Pres., Rev. Dr. F. G. Vial; Hon. Vice-Presidents, Dr. W. O. Raymond and the Rev. C. Sauerbrei; President, A. J. H. Richardson; Editor-in-Chief, Roy W. Berry; Advertising Manager, C. H. Bradford; Secretary-Treasurer, Basil W. Stevens; Circulation Manager, K. W. Smith; Assistant Editor, Cecil Royle; Exchanges, A. D. Banfill; Graduates, J. E. Purdy; Activities, Jack Ewing; Women Associates, Vivian Woodley, Evelyn Browne.

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