TO THE

INTERMEDIATE RUGBY TEAM
QUEBEC INTERMEDIATE INTER-
COLLEGIATE CHAMPIONS,
WINNERS OF THE EAST-
ERN SECTION OF THE
Q. R. F. U.


THIS ISSUE
IS
DEDICATED
Established 1893

THE MITRE

PRESIDENT, A. J. H. RICHARDSON
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, ROY W. BERRY
ADV. MANAGER, C. H. BRADFORD

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

The other day somebody suggested that we start a scrap to liven "The Mitre" up a bit. A blush of shame suffused our cheeks — it hadn't occurred to us that it needed livening up. But apparently this inimitable magazine has suffered lately from a surfeit of would-be intellectual articles. Such articles doubtless interest a certain minority in the college; it was pointed out; but the student who looks to "The Mitre" for an hour's easy reading glances over the awe-inspiring titles, and borrows his room-mate's "True Story". And that's a very sad state of affairs.

The accusation was probably justified. It was soften-

ed by the admission that no doubt "The Mitre" ranks highly among intellectual college mags; but even an intel-

lectual college mag fails in its purpose if it cannot interest the students who publish it. What apparently is required is a magazine in which the serious and the comic are so blended that everybody is satisfied — that is, as nearly satisfied as possible. We can, of course, always fall back on the old apology: Why don't the students write the kind of stuff they want to read? But then the come-

back: You wouldn't print it if they did. So where are we?

There was a suggestion that we divide the magazine into two sections. The first would contain all the impos-

ing articles that impress the Exchange Editors of other college publications. Then, behind the dividing page, would be found the light readable stuff to appeal to the students who don't like the front half: Sports Section, Graduate Department, Exchange Articles, and the inci-
dental snatches of humour that some thoughtful contrib-
utor has submitted for the edification of his fellows. What do you think about it?

But revenons à nos moutons, as Patou is wont to say. All this maundering introduction is intended to lead up to a fairly important discussion. The other day the following letter was handed in, and we couldn't decide what to do with it — print it or reject it. It was finally decided to include it in the editorial and invite student opinion on it.

"The Shed"
Nov. 23, 1934

To the Editor
"The Mitre"

Dear Sir:

There is no doubt that the Remembrance Day service held in the College Chapel this year was one of the most impressive services of its kind that any of us have ever witnessed.

Our only regret is that its perfection so touched the aesthetic sense of one of our Boy Scouts that he had to spend the first half of the "two-minutes silence" doing an extra good turn on the pages of the choir music.

Yours truly,
(Signed) Bill Belford,
Douglas Christie,
D. Rollis,
G. T. Mackay.

Or don't you think we ought to print it?

Why shouldn't we? We hope the writers will pardon us if we suggest that it isn't of very great importance; that if controversy is to be aroused, a more interesting topic might be chosen; and that it will do no one any particular good if it is printed.

All right then, why should we? Well, it's an ex-

pression of student opinions, and as such ought to be in-

cluded in "The Mitre". Furthermore, as it's in the form of a Letter to the Editor, we're not responsible for its sentiment; we should worry if the style is or is not literary, or its subject important. Also, it is claimed that such local complaints will prove of interest to the students, and that, we've decided, is one of the aims of "The Mitre".

Have we succeeded in starting a scrap? Let's have your opinions on the matter. You see, behind it there is a more or less important principle — that of free speech. This particular instance raises the question of the policy of "The Mitre" in regard to Letters to the Editor. Do you think they should be printed in any case, even if they
might be paltry or offensive? Think it out, and write a Letter to the Editor. Only let's be gentlemen — keep the gloves on!

Concerning the dedication of this issue to the Intermediate students, the body will deny that they deserve such recognition. This year Bishop's has a team worthy of tribute, and we want them to know how we feel about it. The accounts of their exploits you'll find in the Sports Section, so it's unnecessary to enlarge on them here; anyway, everybody should know about it by now. It seems rather a shame to leave the Junior Team out of the dedication when they too have contributed themselves — hanging up a new scoring record for Bishop's Midgets, and all that. The junior of to-day are the seniors of tomorrow, and if they play the same kind of rugby next year, there's nothing to tell as to what heights they will rise.

The coeds — mirabile dictu — have responded nobly to the appeal for their support; it will be remarked that, as in this issue, these coed contributions, not to mention the articles by ex-coeds. Is there one in the University who can recall such a thing happening before? No offer intended, mendicantissimus, but you know you were a bit slack. Now, happily, them days are gone forever. We expect to be buried in poems, articles, stories, reviews, drawings, — sent in by coeds striving to emulate those hardy pioneers who blazed the trail.

The other contributions have been in proportion to those of the coeds. There are twenty-five (or perhaps it's twenty-six) whose work is included in this issue, and about half as many whose work will have to be held over until February, because there is no room this issue. What a grand and glorious feeling!

We received a couple of graduate articles, but unfortunately they came too late for inclusion in this issue. Arthur Ottewell writes an interesting news letter from Spanish Honduras, and Tom Carter offers a treatise on "Canada and the Armed Race." Look for them in the February number. For the benefit of the unenlightened freshmen, may we remark that Mr. Ottewell was President of the Students' Association last year, while Mr. Carter spent his spare time editing "The Mitre."

To the rest of the grades: we would like to have a graduate article in every issue, if possible. May we appeal for your support?

Our feature article this month is the second in the "New Canada" series. Last issue Professor Scott of McGill wrote on Politics in Canada, and now Dean Carrington has written on Religion in Canada. We think you'll find it interesting — take our advice and read it.

We are now in the midst of exams. (Sorry — with all the intention in the world of being original, we couldn't keep off the subject.) But Time is a great healer, and behind the clouds the sun is shining. After the period of persecution passes we send our ways homeward to holidays, and sparkling snow, and red ribbons and green branches, and carols, and all the other symbols of the festive season. Merry Christmas!

SO FAR

H. W. Gall

Rolled to its rest; yet now past time Leaves like the surf leaves on the shore, Like the sea, so long since sand. That past contentment knows of yore Desert me quite, I cannot stand All by myself, as once when mine Tripped tip-toe through my seven streets Careless and carefree, and was mine To do with as I pleased. Yet not Thrown to the winds were all those years. For some held philosophic thought Concerning life that had no fears. Through such, O Lord hast thou me led. Teach me Oh God, no man lies dead.

So far have I been led Oh Lord, And have not asked the reason why I have been guided, shielded and fed Is it presumption now to cry, To seek to learn, to ask to know, Why life on earth to me was given? Why some are led and some are driven? Has Nature hidden within its folds The secret that was placed for man, And that with countless ages rolls Around us, yet we could not trace? These twenty years and one has past All smooth, not at any time Have doubts assailed me, till the last

THE NEW CANADA

II - RELIGION

It is rather difficult as an article like this to attempt to speak of a Canadian type of religion; but something may be done to analyse the religious situation, and to indicate, if not to solve, certain Canadian problems.

1. One characteristic is the diversity of religious types in relation to the comparative smallness of the population. Not much more than half of our ten million population is of British origin; and the non-British include the great mass of French Canadians which forms about a third of the whole population. In addition to that there are the European immigrants of the first quarter of the century, including over a quarter of a million of Ukrainians.

Two contrary tendencies are set up by this state of affairs. On the one hand there is an increased Protestant and Catholic self-sufficiency (if such a word may be coined) and on the other hand a remarkable achievement in the way of mutual give and take. The actual presence (and in Quebec, the dominance) of the Roman Catholic element gives vigour and solidity to the Protestant feeling which sometimes shows itself in a militant form; and the same must be true of course of Roman Catholicism. But for all that, the general impression given to one who has come from outside, and lived for several years in Quebec, is the amazing harmony and co-operation which has existed for so many generations, and says so much for the good-will and common-sense of both races. The primary task here is to maintain that good diplomatic relationship, and not allow it to be disturbed by the occasional cases of friction which must unfortunately from time to time arise.

It is even possible that Canada (and Quebec in particular) may turn out to be a country in which the two great types of Christianity may learn to understand and respect one another more. This is certainly the case in respect of contact with Christianity of the Greek, Slavonic, and Syrian types. The future of Canada depends upon establishing a harmony between these various races; and in the establishment of this harmony the religious factor is of vital importance. No political, social, or educational programme can be proceeded with unless it is taken count of.

The growth of the Jewish element in Toronto and Montreal since 1900 adds still another element to this manifold contact of races and religions.

2. The major problems before Canadian religion would therefore appear to be the problem of unity and harmony; but this is further complicated by the problem of distance. There are not only the miles which separate the different Provinces, there is the further problem of the scattered pioneer areas of the west, where life is hard, and more subsistence often impossible. Canada never seems to have attempted a planned colonisation with schools, churches, etc., in other parts of the Empire. To this day there is nothing more elaborate than sending out labour into the unsettled districts, and then, when they fail to make good, or to market their products, attempting some sort of First Aid.

The churches have never been able to keep up with this expansion, or to cover those great areas where a few scattered settlers are living their lives at so low a standard of education, culture, and comfort.

Every church has therefore been obliged to face an enormous problem in covering the ground, and making its organisation Dominion-wide. Great sums of money have been subscribed, and great efforts expended in organisation. And this is perhaps the reason why religion in Canada has been of an organisational institutional type.

It was the presentation of all these factors which led to the merger of the Methodist, Presbyterian, and Congregational churches in what is now called the United Church of Canada. This Church is the principal original feature in Canadian Church life, and is a direct outcome of the conditions outlined above. In the face of the great numbers of Roman Christians, and the vast areas to be covered, it was impossible for a number of competing Protestant churches to cover the ground. Some form of union was inevitable. By 1901 there were already 267 "united churches"; and the great merger was complete in 1921. It left outside it a vigorous body of continuing" Presbyterians, in addition, of course, to the whole Anglican church.

Nothing has created more interest in church circles abroad than this bold experiment. It would be most improper here to try and assess its success; but it may well be remarked that it cannot be judged on the state of affairs now. The United Church stands at the beginning of a course of development, and everything depends on the Church itself. We must, however, pay a tribute to the energy and courage which has been displayed so far, and the determination which exists to make the new church as rich as possible in its cultural and spiritual life. Everyone should wish this fine experiment all success.

The interest in church organisation is also exemplified
FOCS'LE DAYS

Characters:
Chipper. The Skipper.
Chips. the carpenter.
Scotty. the bosun.
Jim Barber, the suspicious character.

Scene I. (On deck of a tramp steamer.)
Chipper: Is Jim around?
Scotty: No, he is taking his trick at the wheel.
Chipper: That man is getting on my nerves. Always walking around, looking as if he had killed someone. Something seems to be preying on his mind. Here we are five days out of port. We don't know where we are, what our cargo is and all our usual liberties are taken away from us. For two cents I'd throw the whole lot and skip ship, if only we would put in at some port.
Scotty: I can't see why there is all this secrecy, even if it is war time. This is only an old tramp freighter. The Old Man is always on the bridge scanning the horizon with his glass. He acts as if we were running away from something, and Lord only knows we can't make more than four knots at top speed. And to make it worse he won't let us smoke. And then that fellow Jim is always mumbling to himself. If only he would talk instead of sitting in a corner and musing.

Scene II. (On the bridge.)
Skipper: Bosun, pipe all hands forrard. I wish to speak to them.
Scotty: Aye sir. (He pipes the call to the fore-deck and all the men assemble there.)
Skipper: Men, we are on a dangerous mission. I am under strict orders to keep our position and cargo a secret until near the danger point. We will arrive there tonight. None of you know exactly where we are. I'll tell you. We are just off Gibraltar, and our cargo is made up of mines to be laid in the Strait. The mines are fully loaded and that is why you men have been kept under such strict discipline. I have just received a wireless dispatch saying that there is a German submarine waiting for us not far from here.

If he can spot us and send a torpedo into us we'll all go to Kingdom Come before you can count two. Now I want all of you to keep a sharp lookout. Remember, no lights as with the Old Man tomorrow we'll be in port with a long shore leave. That will be all.

(Bosun pipes to quarters and men file out.)

Scene III. (Fo'c's'le, that evening.)
Chipper: Are you sure that Jim is on watch? He is, oh? Well, now I'll tell you. I think he is a Hun spy and is going to turn us over to the sub the Old Man spoke about. He'll probably go on deck with a light early to-morrow morning. As soon as he has given the signal he'll swim to the sub and watch them blow us up. We have to do something to stop him.

I have a good mind to go and tell the Old Man.

Scotty: Just a minute. What reason have you for suspecting him?
Chipper: Well, last night, eye, and for several nights since we left port, I've been awake when Jim has come in from his watch. The rest of you were asleep, and when Jim came in he would look around to see if we were all asleep. I lay there with my head under the blanket watching him. He went over to his dirty box, unlocked it and started to look over something inside it.

Scotty: Say, that is pretty thick. I'll bet he has a time-bomb and is going to set it and swim to the sub. Maybe we had better go and see the Old Man. He'll have about what to do.
Chipper: Maybe Jim has already set the thing and is now swimming to the sub. Maybe... Good heavens! It may go off any minute now. Let's get the blasted thing out and see what it is.

(The men go over to Jim's box and try to open it. As it is locked they take some time in opening it. At last they get it open.)

Scotty: Look. There's nothing here except his clothes. Something must be wrong.
Chipper: Wait a minute. What is that down in the corner? Look, it's a steel box. I'll bet the bomb is in it.

Scotty: What shall we do with it? I know, let's put it in a bucket of water. That will put it out.

(Theys put the box in a bucket of water. Just thenJim returns from his watch. Seeing the men around his box, he rushes over and tries to push them aside.)

Jim: Say, what the devil are you doing around here? Get
away. This doesn’t belong to you.

(Then seeing his little iron box he gets mad.)

Where the hell have you put it? My little iron box.
That’s my darned business what’s in it. Where is it? Give it to me.

Skipper: Sit down there, bloody Han. I’ll tell you what we’ve done with your precious little iron box and the cute little time-bomb that’s in it. We’re —

Jim: Han? Time-bomb? What do you mean? Give me that box, you fool.

Skipper: Pretty smart, ain’t you? Well, I’ll tell you. We’ve put it in a bucket of water. That will fix it.

Jim: You fools. (He tries to get at the pail but three or four of the men jump on him and hold him down.)

Scotty: That will keep him for a while.

(Enter the Skipper.)

Skipper: I must throw it all this row. I’ll have you all clapped in irons if there is any more disturbance.

What is it all about?

Jim: Well, sir, we have been suspecting Jim here of being a Hun spy. We found an iron box with a time-bomb in it in his ditty box, so we put it in a pail of water. Jim came in just as we were doing it and we had to jump on him and hold him down.

Skipper: Barber, what is this? Men, release him, I have a revolver in case he tries to do anything.

Jim: It’s a mistake, sir. These fools here opened my ditty box and put my iron box in a pail of water. If you’ll let me, I’ll open it and show you what is inside it.

Skipper: All right. But remember, no funny stuff or I’ll use my Cat here.

Jim: Aye, sir. (He goes to the pail and brings out the box. He opens the pail and shows the Skipper that there is nothing in it but a few letters.)

Skipper: What are those letters?

Jim: Nothing at all.

Skipper: Let me see them.

Jim: But no.

Skipper: Barber, let me see them. (He opens a letter and reads it. Then he starts to laugh.)

Men, it is all a mistake. These men are Jim’s letter-lovers.

Listen to this. (He reads.)

"Dear Jim, I feel I must tell you something. I no longer love you. I did love you for a while, but last week I met the mate from the Jolicoeur and oh Jim, he is such a wonderful man. So big and strong, and he has a good berth too. He has asked me to be his wife and I accepted. So now it all off between you and me. Goodbye, Nancy.

Now you see me. Jim here has been in love with Nancy all the time, and she has thrown him over. Poor Jim can’t get over it. That accounts for his queer actions. Now men, that will be all. As you were.

Curtain.

By W. J. Belford

THE WEB

I hung for a moment on the edge of the embankment, just within the shadow of the rails; then began to roll very slowly down the first gentle incline into the late afternoon sunlight. Hastened again. Then, as the drumming of the rails grew louder and louder, went plunging down once more, with a crowd of similar pebbles, less quickly disabled, tumbling over each other after it — a miniature avalanche,设 a thousand salesmen charging down from the crest of a hill. The drumming of the rails grew to a heavy pounding; the express was there, passed with a wave of organised noise, and was jerking itself round the next curve as the last of the stones rolled into the heap at the bottom of the bank, six inches from the cracked and mud-caked bunks of Mr. Philip Thomson, R.A. (Princes’ 34), sometime salesman for the Firestone Insurance Co. of Montreal — just risen from an hour’s sleep huddled in the dry autumn grass; a yawning, still half-bewildered young man.

Perhaps in 1914 Philip had been slightly handsome. But that was six years ago, and the last three of those intervening years had been spent, first in a sanatorium and then in a jobless world clinging so desperately to what wealth still remained to it after a decade of economic depression that it would not risk even employing more men than was absolutely necessary. A police-record description of his features would hardly be to the point, would convey no expression of his personality — he merely looked a typical "out-of-work," though he would hardly have been flattered to have known it; he had always fancied himself as having a sensitive, refined face that marked him out from the usual run of unemployed, the sort of face that some kind-hearted millionaire would pick out some day from amidst all the crowds which he passed near soup-kitchen or unemployed, working among the milliners, even discerning milliners.

Once on the track again, and started walking, he began to feel a bit more wide-awake. He always felt lousy after he had been to sleep in the daytime. The coolness of the air and the wind, shawl goodness, was curting that muzzy, indefinable, unpleasant sensation from his head. Even a sharp headache was better than that; there was something definite then, a crystallization of the misery.

But, he began to realize, he was exceedingly hungry; he felt of, a sudden, weak and slightly sick, but "Only three miles more to town, Philip boy" he told himself and felt stronger from the very thought.

It was, however, he reflected, very cold, especially since it was only September, even though late September. The cloudless sky didn’t help either, and occasionally broke through for a minute or so. He had come round the corner of a hill now and saw a disused brick factory on the right of the track, a few hundred yards along, a sagging, crumbling, ruined collection of buildings whose sight made him shiver. On the other side of the railway line a field of low, rolling hummocks, over which the wind blew, gathering force till it reached the tracks. It was a cold quarter of a mile of straight track, and he ran a bit along it until he realized that running only made the wind seem fiercer. He began to grasp a bit with the cold; little tags of memories came into his head and he started panting them out, talking to himself, could not even drive them out of his mind. He couldn’t stop the howling of the wind in one ear, though he kept turning his head first right, then left. He felt sharp pains in the ear now, and began to fear it was going to burst. Couldn’t be something about his ear, couldn’t it? n’ he keep the wind from his ear, his ear.... He had never thought it could blow so cruelly in early autumn. The wind became something mighty and impersonal in his imagination, something dominating and omnipotent, a man might fall into its mercy... What a wind! Strange, how the elements could conquer man. Panting, under his breath, "the wind... Example find... To drive thee more harm than it purports." The wind. The wind. Let not the wind... Let the wind... O God, he was cold. He was going to freeze those hands, those bundles of white flesh, lose fingers perhaps... even fall by the track and freeze to death — it had happened before.

Round another curve and the wind was still blowing. He began to run once more, got so cold that he stopped dead and turned round, back to the wind and started blowing in his hands. Warmed a little, he set off again, walking backwards for a way. His coat felt cold against his chest. He could only proceed so slowly backwards that he finally had to turn and walk face to wind. It was
astonishing how quickly he began to grow numb again, particularly his fingers and toes. Looked to the right now and saw the land swept away from the track into a valley with a little stream running through it; a pond at the bottom, road, and a farmhouse. Beyond, the whole countryside fell away down to the distant river. And wind all down those slopes, over all this country to the blue hills in the background; everyone who had a home in that land, indoors, it seemed. He pulled up his coat-collar, but it did not seem to protect him at all from the wind. Started running frantically, stopping for breath every few minutes, stopping to blow in his own fingers; his face felt stiff, so feeling at all in his chin when he touched it, queer, just like a bribe stone... he began working his face around to keep it from freezing, grimacing madly, muttering at the check-boxes... eyes watering, nose running... rubbing his ears with his hands... stumbling along on the ice... "63*" on a white board on one of the telephone poles, a circle of whitewashed stones by the side of the track...

He banged his toe on one of the railway ties. The pain brought him back to his senses; somehow actually pleasurable, it suddenly warmed his heart and his courage returned. He slowed down to a walk, keeping his nerves very deliberately under control; shaly, but brave again, he walked slowly round the next curve to a long stretch of track swinging gradually down to the river and the city in front of him. No wind; blessed return of winter.

Sudden, the sun, forgotten during his frenzied stumbling along, pushed out from the cloud and seemed to sail gaily into blue sky, thrusting the small clouds aside now like an ice-breaker dividing the flow of river ice... swam suddenly into his mind:

"This morning by the sun shall not shine
Nor yet the sun by day.
What is that? He was not sure of the words... He began to sing it over again in his mind. He was right beyond the Valley of the Shadow now. Warmed by emotion, he began to notice all sorts of little things — the sunlight on the dry branches, the sound of water gurgling along in a stream by the track, a goldfinch caught by a small brown and black cat perching making its way along between the ties in a determined fashion; why was it that one always saw so many caterpillars crossing the roads or railway tracks about this time of year?

Shadow swept down from the distant hills again for a brief few minutes; then the sun walked out from the clouds once more. It was an evening sun now, down near the horizon, and the tracks were bathed in an evening light. Philip thought all at once of holiday evenings years ago now, Quebec and its houses in such a light. Holidays. Sunlight. How many summer days he had spent lying in the sun. He suddenly said to himself: "You are going to make those days come back, Philip; there are jobs in that city; you are going to fight your way to a good place there. Come, Philip, can Fats throw you? A man's indomitable spirit can win through all; the spirit is the one thing permanent in life that wins out in the end." He began to sing, and, as he sang, all his dreams came crashing finally down in waves of bitterness... waves of violent, futile anger now, the last frantic buzzing of the hopelessly entangled fly...
I went out on to a big yard all gravel. Gee! but I'd like to ride my bike round that yard. I saw an awful cute little grey cat, but a man with a big brown mustache came along and shooed it away. His name was Jimmy — at least the big boy called him that for me. "I s'pose you hope Loy — something will win, Jimmy."

A bunch of fellows all on the run came out of another big brick building across the yard. They wore crazy green neckties, not real neckties but just green ribbon with long ends, and were in an awful hurry. They're Freshmen" and the big boy, who seemed to have kind of taken me under his wing as the hen said to the chicken. "How long do they stay fresh?" I asked. He gave me a nasty look. "Not more'n a month" he said. I didn't understand, but was I going to let on? No siree! So all I said was "How very interesting."

We went into the big building across the yard, which is a quad, not so a yard so the big boy said, only it looks like a yard to me, and anyway I don't know what a quad is. There were a lot more pictures of football heroes and hockey stars on the walls. I tried to find Sammy but I couldn't find him although he once told me he was the fastest thing on skates they ever had at Bishop's. I intend to play football when I go to Bishop's and help keep up the good name it's got for Rugby, that is if I put on enough weight. Gee! I'd hate to tell you how little I weigh now. Mum says I'm going to have more brain than something or other, just to make me feel good, but you know how women go on. I saw some fellows going all to the football field, and say, they looked wonderful. I just felt as if I could lie down and let them walk all over me, but probably they wouldn't have even noticed me, which makes me think of a song a guy sang once on the radio called "Nobody Noticed Me." Gee! it was a sad song.

I was just going into another building which was the Gymnasium when Pop came across some grass with a lovely flower garden behind it. There were some gentle men with him, and they called me, so I ran over, and they all shook hands and said they hoped I would be an under-graduate some day and what I was going to be, I mean my profession. Pop said something about my not going to live in the shed, and they all laughed. I said "What shed?" and they pointed to a big square house, but I could not see any shed. There were some fellows hanging out a tap window playing the uke and singing swill. "I'd like to live there!" I said. "Well, be glad to have you" said one of the gentlemen with a kind of voice that makes you feel good all over when you hear it. Well, it's all beyond me, but anyway I know I want to come to Bishop's some day and wear a green necktie and play Rugby and everything.

**ANOTHER FORTY-FIVE MINUTES**

by E. R. Browne

Lucy: By the way, has anyone got a bid to the next dance?

Anne: No, not yet. These boys are the slowest creatures. They never ask a girl till the last moment. They make me sick.

Lucy: Last moment! Why, half of us are never asked.

Peggy: I hear that. Toinette has had four bids.

Lucy: (resentfully) How does she do it? It's not so hot.

Peggy: Her face would stop a clock.

Anne: She must have "It".

(Enter Antoinette)

Antoinette: Who's got "It"? I must have — see! A box of matches.

(Anne and Peggy exchange significant glances.)

Lucy: (dejectedly) Anybody got their Mathes done? I can't get any of it.

Antoinette: Oh, leave it! Plenty of time for Mathes.

Lucy: Let's play bridge.

All: Might as well — we've got twenty minutes before that next lecture.

(PEGGY AND ANTOINETTE AGAINST ANNE AND LUCY — Peggy deals)

Lucy: And the way the Prof. looks at you, he makes you feel like two cents.

Anne: That Art Professor can certainly glare.

Toinette: You know what — I think he's scared to death of girls — that's why he's so severe.

Lucy: He needs to be with you in his classes.

Toinette: Don't you think he has the darlinkest black eyes.

**TO WORDSWORTH**

Ahh shall words worth so much as these... He heard no more in English here... Now when the leaves are swiftly falling Shall none record the lone owl's calling? Or stop to hear the last bird sing? Or catch his note where bick in spring? Could I for nature do as much And add the philosophic touch, Then I should go to her and try To live as you lived, till I die.

Cecil F. Meade.
GERMANY AND JAPAN

Germany and Japan are two days apart in the centers of international politics and power. Yet, their actions and policies have such a profound impact on the world that they threaten the peace of the world, now, or at some future date. Both nations are intensely militaristic and expansionist. Neither is being guided by Christian ideals.

Germany is dominated by Hitlerism. The very essence of this movement, according to the theories of Count Alexandre de Gobineau and Houston Stewart Chamberlain, is the Nordic Legend. This is a belief in the God-given superiority of the so-called Aryan race and in its right to take over the land of other races and to rule them in virtue of this innate superiority. Japan is dominated by different groups, and of these the militaristic one is the most powerful. Underneath the veneer of civilization there lies in many Japanese hearts the worship of cults akin to ours. The white man is rejected as being inferior to the yellow man.

Germany seeks to predominate Europe, and she is pushing toward Asia. Their foreign policies are such that they threaten the peace of the world, now, or at some future date. Germany is dominated by Hitlerism. The very essence of this movement, according to the theories of Count Alexandre de Gobineau and Houston Stewart Chamberlain, is the Nordic Legend. This is a belief in the God-given superiority of the so-called Aryan race and in its right to take over the land of other races and to rule them in virtue of this innate superiority. Japan is dominated by different groups, and of these the militaristic one is the most powerful. Underneath the veneer of civilization there lies in many Japanese hearts the worship of cults akin to ours. The white man is rejected as being inferior to the yellow man.

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Japan has been encircled by a ring of potential enemies. The former is Germany and the latter is Japan. These two nations are pushing to the east and west, respectively, with the result that they threaten the peace of the world.

The Japanese have created and expanded a huge industrial organization. It has flooded the markets of the world with its products, selling them at a price which defies competition from the white race. The British Empire has had to take measures to protect its markets as the rest of the world has had to do, but still this intense competition goes on.

Manchuria was conquered by the war-lords of Japan, and regardless of any blame on China's part, she had specific reasons for carrying out this policy. Manchuria presents a market for Japanese goods; it also conceals Japan's prestige among many Orientals, especially at the inability of the League of Nations to retaliate in any serious way. Manchuria may prove to be the goal to China and Indo-China; its products are close at hand for Japanese consumption; Russia's influence in Mongolia and her settlement in Siberia may be more advantageously watched.

Russia is regarded by the Japanese in the same manner as France is regarded by Germany. The Nipponese are spreading their power and influence in every direction. Many Japanese believe and hope that some day the Netherlands' Indies, India, Australia, and New Zealand will become part of the Japanese Empire. Britain, despite Japan's protests, is fortifying strongly the almost impenetrable Singapore naval and air base. India has recently been granted a nacy of her own, and Australia and New Zealand are increasing their fleets. Even though much of this danger may seem exaggerated, recent events would imply that the British Empire is taking no chances where danger appears to be imminent.

The Japanese are at present demanding naval equality with Great Britain and the United States. If they are not satisfied they intend to augment their naval and air forces. Recently, they and Manchuria have declared that they intend to control the trade in the respective territories. Many of these oil concessions are owned by British and American interests. Thus Japan will have plenty of oil, near both her frontiers.

Manchuria, though not as great an oil producer as her neighbor, supplies oil to the great northern China.

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By R. Turpin

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And as I walked through the wood a green a sense of loneliness came upon me, and in such manner I continued for some time until of a sudden looking around me I observed myself to be in that part of the wood which was strange to me. Now as the afternoon was as yet but little advanced I took small thought for the matter, but continued my walk until I chanced upon a hidden dell, where I saw many strange and wondrous things.

For there was there a small brook high up near the heavens a wondrous marble stair, the width and the length of which I am not able to calculate. And the stair was of pure white marble and on each side of it was a railing of marble with tall white pillars supporting it. And as I looked I saw that upon the railing was enwrought multitudes of small white roses, so thickly interwoven that they seemed to form a single mass.

Now this stair was divided into a great many sections, and in each section was an arbour wherein small fountains gave to the place the name of gurgling water, so that because of the sound of the water, and the soft singeing of the many fair-haired maidens, who sat therein, the air was filled with a soft noise, which can be likened compared to that which is heard in the forest, and the soft singing a part of a fairy, I beheld a fair maiden, whom methought beckoned me to come up.

Whereupon, though somewhat daunted, not because of any bodily fears, but rather by the ineffable charm of the place, I proceeded up the stairs. Now each step that I took upon those stairs caused them to send forth soft musical notes, so that methought to touch the marble, sent forth such a clang that all the maidens shuddered and wailed. At which I unbuckled my sword and flung it with both hands far from me, where I could not tell. Having done this I turned once more around my singing, and once more my foot-steps brought forth upon the stair the same agreeable impression.

I had progressed but a little way when a maid arose from an arbour, extending tall and stately she was, whose war-like apparel any garment which arrayed me in soft, white linen. And as I passed on I beheld many worthy and noble knights, who upon earth had been noted for their great goodness and valour, lying with the maidens in the arbour, to whom the maidens were singing softly. They were preparing before them all manner of rich foods and spices from the East.

And so I sat down and found rest with them, for the steps were many and long, and the maidens who had first beckoned me yet a great way off. Howbeit as I progressed the stair grew easier and my task the lighter, until I seemed to be lifted from them and carried along by a great multitude of unseen hands. In this manner I at length arrived before the throne, which stood at the top of the marble stair, mounted me to lie down on one of the couches which were there, and which were covered with all manner of fine cloth with a multitude of precious gems.

Thereupon having obeyed her command she sat beside me and gave me all manner of fine foods to eat, the like of which was never set before mortal. Then when I had eaten my fill she brought me a vessel in which to wash, and though I never have I washed in anything like unto it. For the vessel was as high as to fill to the rate of the lily scented with the perfume of the rose. Then she washed my hands and my face, and sat by me playing upon a harp, but she sang and played and so enchanting was the music, that I must needs reach up to her, and placing my hands in her long hair, bring her face down to mine.

And then as I looked up I beheld a leaf in my hand, and that the sun was well in the west, and so bethinking me of my long journey, which was yet to be accomplished, I set out diligently to find my way out of the wood. Yet as I travelled the way was brighter and my steps lighter, because of the leaf I held in my hand.

HINTS TO BOOK REVIEWERS.

"Dr. ofTokio is good enough to send us this little book. We regret that the reviewer's total ignorance of the Japanese language renders him unable to comment on the excellence of the translation," — The Living Church.
WHY I JOINED THE C.O.T.C.

Last year, an article entitled, "Why I Did Not Join the C.O.T.C. and Quitted a Future, as well as the Irene of Mr. Edward Boothroyd who came to the defence of the Corps. Tom Carter, the writer of the "ta ta" article, said he refused to join the O.T.C. because it "ran for the purpose of defending Canada by armed resistance," and because it stands for "the principle of self-defence by war," which purpose and principle Mr. Carter thoroughly disapproved of.

Mr. Boothroyd came back at him with the various usual arguments and answers that would very reasonably and sensibly. In the course of speaking down his arguments Mr. Boothroyd made certain statements which, if properly applied, are rather complimentary and laudatory remarks on members of the O.T.C. He says, for instance, that "while self-defence remains a policy of the government of our Dominion, it should, under present conditions, be supported by local Canadians." (I, as a member of the O.T.C., which stands for the principle of self-defence, am to be complimented, presumably, for my proper and becoming display of loyalty and patriotism. One gold star for me.) Mr. Boothroyd continues, "The C.O.T.C. exists primarily to train officers for the militia, or to lead other forces raised to defend Canada." (Another merit marked for me as one prepared to defend King and Country.) "Those of us" (i.e. the O.T.C.ers), Mr. Boothroyd goes on to say, "who are fortunate enough to be in a position to fit our selves for the call of duty, shan't throw away our opportunity; nor will we accept them cheerfully." (Boy! boy! What a really fine fellow I am. See how by joining the O.T.C. I am going to be one who is fitting himself for "the call of duty"! I am cultivating the "spirit of the rifle," think's he, "my responsibility" but "accepts them cheerfully." Bravo! J.G.W.)

The O.T.C. is..., ah but; alas and aching! Wow me is! The truth will not out in the end. I have been cataloguing above the laudable qualities and characteristics which are supposed to be mine as evidenced by my enlistment in O.T.C. The report is quite erroneous. I have been advantageously misjudged. My motives for becoming a member of the Corps are not at all noble or altruistic but very practical and sane. I joined the O.T.C. not because I hoped eventually to have the pleasure or honour of fighting for King and Country, but because I understood that free dinner-dates were dished out to us, contrary, should not think our officers as the "equerry" (the horses as "responsibilities" but "accepts them cheerfully." Bravo! J.G.W.)

OF MAKING MANY BOOKS

Have you ever stopped to think of all that has had to happen since man was created in order that you might sit comfortably in a modern library and read with the greatest of ease practically any type of literature that your mind could suggest? I mean of course, all that has had to take place in an intellectual and literary way. First a language had to be developed, then a way of expressing the language in writing, and then a way of preserving for posterity the results of the writing by the literature of the nations. All this of course, grew up with the gradual evolution of civilization, but it is interesting to follow one thread woven into the colourful tapestry of the history of mankind, and more particularly pattern through the warp and woof of the whole. And literature, books and libraries form a very definite design in the theme of life's tapestry, and one of the most beautiful.

Someone has said that in print is found the sum of the experiences and observation of the whole human race. From the earlier ages man has sought to express himself, and records of primitive culture show that polyglottic man displayed a remarkable artistic sense in well drawn pictures of animals etched on pieces of bone and rock by means of rude tools. As civilization advanced the necessity for a common code by which people could communicate arose, and from primitive word-pictures sprang an alphabet system which greatly increased the intelligibility and significance of human records, as well as their transmissibility.

If we just glance at the ancient nations we can trace the beginnings of writing, the natural foreunner of print ing, which in its turn made possible books in multiplicity. Then came the necessity of storing and preserving these books, the primary service for which libraries were created.

In Egypt as early as 3100 B.C. Ptolemy the probable father of all literature inscribed his book of moral precepts, treated in hieroglyphics on the walls and corridors of tombs and pyramid chambers in Egypt. In Egypt too the oldest known paper originated. Papyrus, manufactured out of the path of the papyrus plant which grew in abundance along the sluggish Nile banks, was used from about 3200 B.C. on. It was in continuous use, however, after the Arab conquest from 100 B.C. to 700 A.D. Papyrus sheets were formed into rolls varying in length from 4 to 135 feet, and these rolls constituted the first form in which books were written.

In Asia the Assyria the cuneiform inscriptions took the place of the Egyptian hieroglyphic. Straight wedge shaped lines were worked with a stylus upon moist clay, and to-day much as we know of the culture of this ancient people has been traced through the records they left carved on stone tablets, cylinders and seals, at least as early as 2700 B.C. In China, when the old Egyptian empire was building pyramids and decorating them with their pictorial hieroglyphs, the people were recording their prehistoric actions by the means of "graphs", which were strings of different sizes, lengths and colours, looped and hung in various ways to designate different meanings. This method was followed by written characters invented by one Tsang Chu. Designed upon long thin strips of bamboo, the characters ran from top to bottom thus originating the columnar arrangement of Far Eastern writing.

by Grace Jackson (B.A. '31)

THE MITRE, DEC. 1934

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and in binding and decorating them. Titus Pomponius Atticus (B.C. 109-12) organized "a great book manufacturing establishment in Rome, with connections in Athens and Alexandria." His activity included the importing of libraries from Athens, training a staff of copyists, sending manuscripts to Athens and Alexandria, collecting information and works of several of Cicero's works.

It was irresistible with all this activity, and the increasing sense of the importance of books in Rome that the public library should originate. The idea is thought to have been suggested by Julius Caesar who was himself an author, and who appreciated the libraries already existing in Asia Minor, Greece, and Egypt. At any rate, under Augustus was "inaugurated at Rome the first library devoted exclusively to the interests of the public." These libraries were used for reading, for research and for the borrowing of books. They were well organized by educated officials and directors, and their book contents included miscellaneous collections of Greek and Roman books in literature and science, special and unusual works, poetry, law, history, biography, and also public documents. The buildings were beautifully adorned with paintings, statues and medallions. The walls and ceilings were covered with frescoes, the floors were of mosaics, and wood, marble, ivory and glass were used in the decoration. The libraries themselves became centres of social, literary and even political gatherings; and they were among the important factors potent in the intellectual life of Rome which included schools, bookshops, public baths and private libraries.

It is a far cry indeed from these institutions of intellectual culture down through the dark ages of European history, and through the years of discovery and colonization in North America, to the larger, almost mechanized libraries of our continent to-day. But the foundations and the standards which we hold were set for us by those Romans of old in their splendid libraries of antiquity.

by E. A. Hutchison

WRONG ATTITUDES

In the whole gamut of human development there is nothing so vitriolic as wrong attitudes. The realization of this principle of life came home to me lastly in a peculiarly intimate yet bitterly disappointing way. I came into our room the other day to find my room-mate with nail-sure his dressing gown on, down on one knee on the floor, vigorously polishing a pair of shoes. He didn't even look up when I came in but went on dashing and rubbing till the shining shoes of his short, ragged trousers. I watched his breathing and knotted brows together with the distracting rapidity with which his brush was travelling all expressed a definitely somatic frame of mind, of which his shoes must have had no relation whatever to the issue. The rest of the room was in perfect keeping with his moody. The cupboard door was open. Three drawer dressers half pulled out; and a fourth on the floor (evidence of the stubbornness of things when one is in a hurry). His books were strewn in a corner to make room on the desk for polishing that suit that hung by the window dressing. I wanted to ask what it was all about, but if I held out long enough he'd tell me so I sat down.

"I've got to go to Dr. So-and-so's for afternoon tea. I wish the thing was in bed. (I concluded it wouldn't be a good place for tea—well, unless they were having toast.)" "Well that's real nice of them to invite you, thoughtful in fact," I replied. "Well he'd always to something; that was an instance of him..."
DERELICT

The "Gloria" lies upon her side,
Herbolwarks all awash in the tide;
Starfish and jellyfish live inside.
No more at sea will she proudly ride;
For a raging fire has done its best
And the wreckers' hands have managed the rest.

Her plates are rusted and eaten through,
Her wood-work bleached and rotted too,
Her compass is gone, her mast sawn through;
She leaves no more food for the gull and the new.
At the turn of the tide her rudder swings round
And her keel settles deeper into the ground.

No more does the binnacle shine to the glow
Of the whalenaus's pipe, while down below
The jolly crew sleep 'neath the foc'sle head
The sleep of the weary, the sleep of the dead...
Their ragged cranks and her foremost head
Swings on through the stars till the morning sky's red.

SONNET

A woman, with her Physican cap swiy,
Went scattering broadcast on the fields of peace
The seeds of war; while, echoing without cease
The famished millions' agonizing cry
Rose up and smote against the plundered sky.
"The grannies overflow; we have no bread;
The corn stands mouldering on its stalks," they said.
And shall this woman haughtily reply,
As did the frivolous, thoughtless Queen of France,
"Let them eat cake}? If so, then she deserves
A similar fate; then, then will millions dance
A Carmagnole more savage than before;
Again shall brads fall, as Time's sharp blade swerves
Its downward way, to purge the land of sate.
A.D.B.

A YARN ....?

A yarn? I can't. An incident if you like.

You know that we were camping this summer, and
were so careless as to fill our canoe with water and to let
it go over some chutes. It must have got bent around a rock
or something, for it was smashed all to pieces. Groub
too, paddles, gun, sail, rod; and we were left with our
cothing and blankets, but no boats, to get home as best
we could. This was ninety miles north of Chicoutimi
and we'd got quite a ways to walk. We set out cheerfully
to hike along, for we've a genius for landing on our feet.

At any rate, we passed one night at the house of le bon
homme Desjardins. We discussed food, and I'd commented
that it was odd to think of our bodies as growing on
and made up of what we'd put into them through our
mouths. Feel your pulse. Part of that bloodstream is
of material from the carrots eaten yesterday. That muscle
in your forearm was bread five weeks ago. Ten days past
there was a live peg; now the body of that animal, in part,
composes those cells of the brain with which you are
fumctions of having eaten it, and with which you remember
it as living.

Monseur Desjardins looked at me oddly, at his wife,
and back at us. He hesitated. "Voyez! Ce pensées ça,
c'est curieux. Ce piquant, ça. C'est intéressant. At-
tends, donc." And in ungrammatical French, but with
excellent accent, he told us:
The Indians, when they've spent their treaty money,
have nothing to live on. They steal what they can, light
among themselves, then go to the factor for a grind.
They buy more traps and ammunition, and grab loud
their duffle, and go up all the rivers draining into that
area. They run trap lines all winter, and come out in
the spring to see their women and sell their furs. Six
hundred dollars worth of pelts. Sell it for a hundred dol-
sars. Spend it in two weeks, get their treaty money, and
repeat the cycle.

They do not all come out. Once an Indian and two
sons were trapping along the forks of the Manouan. One
lad was sick. It was very cold, and the game was not
moving. The wolves were desperate, and there were only
two to hunt, who dared not go far from the cabin. Sup-
plies were very low. The Indians set down river for
the port on Lake Tachoumac. He travelled on the
river with both dogs. He was not seen again. Other Indians
reported no news of the group, and a plane went out. You
said that part of what we eat got into the brain, and
that we use it to remember the history of what we ate.
The Indian left two sons there. One was fourteen, one
was nineteen; and the elder brother was sick. The

pilot and his guide found the place; and went in. No
supplies. One boy in the corner, half mad. The other
boy in the snow outside. No fox on his skull — chewed
off. His arms were bare to the bone; the meat was off
his chest, and his inside gone, down to the waist. The
boy had eared his elder brother.

"Non. Ce chose là arrivait il y a cinq ans, puis il
vive encore à Pointe Bliue. Les sauvages, ils sont en-
core barbares, et faut souvent de choses terribles qui ne
sont pas déclarées." And he spat accurately.

"O GOD, O MONTREAL"
(Canadians .... and others).

"LIBBY HOLMAN WILLING TO SPLIT FOUR WAYS"
— The Montreal Daily Star.

"kicked for McGill and Dunmore recited
to the deadline..."
— The Montreal Gazette.

"QUEEN MARY TERMED BEAUTIFUL BUT USELESS"

"Weekly Refers to King's 'Extravagant Hopes'"

"LONDON, Sept. 29. — (A.P.) — A weekly review,
'The Statesman and Nation', commented today on the
launching of Britain's new liner...

— Montreal Daily Star.

"The embassy statement also denied that Japan was in-
itting on a 1-1-1 ratio to replace the existing 1-1-3 set
up. 'She (Japan),' it declared, 'is prepared to accept
a ratio of 3-3-3 or even 2-2-2."
— The Montreal Gazette.

"And what a happy home it is. This fact is grace-
fully emphasized by the presence of a stuffed Kingfisher
in a cage, which hangs in the hall at Pax Hill."
— W. J. Batchelder: The Chief Scout.

[Miss Edna St. Vincent Millay] "has produced thirteen
thick volumes of highly distilled verse, and according to
Rev. John Hayter Holmes is the finest woman poet since
Sappho."
— The Bates Student.
THE CHAMPIONSHIP TEAM — W. J. Belford

"Let us now praise famous men —
Men of little showing —
For their work continueth,
And their work continueth
Broad and deep continueth
Greater than their knowing!"
— R. Kipling.

Footbells have been traded for mophballs — two championships and the memories of our best season have been tucked away where "muth and jest doth not corrupt and where thieves cannot break through and steal".

Coming out of nowhere and seemingly out of nothing, but propelled by that invincible force called "fighting spirit" our team made its way to a niche in the college Hall of Fame, a niche higher than that which any other team even more than aspired to. Two championships and an exceptionally fine showing in a Dominion semi-final brought this season's schedule to a close, but even though these deeds are now done they shall ever remain in the minds of our Bishop's players and supporters. This occasion warrants a short reminder of those players whom we have seen in a purple and white uniform for the last time.

When it came to leadership of our chosen twelve the lot fell on Oggie Glass, who took up our quarrel with the foe, and who will hand a well ixed torch to to Mac Dunsmore, next year's captain. Nothing better can be said of Oggie, but that nothing more could have been desired than Oggie.

Sharing the backfield honours with Oggie was our old friend Ernie Hutchinson who showed every opposing player that 160 lbs. of Therford Wild Cat could not be casually thrust aside.

Another good thing that came in a small parcel, but not labelled "Handle With Care", Chic Carson ended his local career with all that one could desire — except a few broken bones.

"Olym" Olmsted in a true maritime manner has made an impressive mark on the minds of the Bishop's admirers, as well as on the bodies of the opposing linesmen.

In a fitting end to his football life Freddy Royal upheld the best of Bishop's traditions and brought down his share of honour.

Another pedagogue in the game was Harry Pibus who showed that if some quiet force (not necessarily

Dr. Rorby) had a restraining influence on his language it only went to help his football.

As to Dick Rollis we can only say that if he is as effective a parish priest as he was a lineman, Satan had better tell his quarter-back not to depend on line backs.

Whether Cooper licked away all his thumb or not does not really matter, because his other efforts are much easier for us to remember.

George Whalley will always sit up in our memory of this classic season, just as he sat down on all opponents that needed squabbling.

Tennyson said that Brooks go on for ever, and if Larry goes as well as he did in this year's Rugby season, he need not worry about anything he runs up against.

We are sorry to say that we are afraid that this is the last year we will have Harry Griffiths with us as Coach. What Harry has done for us in more than words can tell.

Special mention has only been made of those graduating this year, but appended is a list of awards which speaks for itself and only omits Wing Gall from its roll of honour — and no one but who has been an assistant manager can appreciate his value.

Another good reason the team got to Toronto is Les McGaig who not only was an economic genius but was one of the few managers that could satisfy all the players the most of the time. Only a player or a manager can understand what that means.

Intermediate Awards were as follows:

Major "B" and Crest:--
Crest: Bauset Purdy Knox
Glass (captain) Johnson
Olmstead Powell
Hutchison Carson, C. F.
Dunsmore Wylie
Whalley Pibus
Rollis Brooks
Rorval
Rovral
Cooper

Manager McCaie, Matien, Bennett, Nish, Sevyagny, Carter, Coach Griffiths, Frederic, Lang, Trusholm, Davis, Norris, Ay's Manager W. Gell, Timmons, Pierre, Symington, McMahan, Johnston, Willis, Capt. Blissomn, Richardon, A. Scott.

When a team ends the season with a record of scoring 77 points against 17 without losing a game it means a good team — and when it's bishop's Juniors that have that record it's almost unbelievable. But it is a fact, our own second team has made a mark that surpasses that of any previous Junior team in the University annals, and may stand untouchcd for many years. Even the "Montreal Standard", severely noting the youngs- ters to win, made a humble and got the winners mixed. Pitted by Ted Blissomn, the boys started with an impressive win against the B.C.S. squad and continued to hurl aside all comers. Their stand in Stantood against the S.W.C. representatives deserve special mention in the dispatches when they stemmed the tide and made ten points in the final five minutes, after Jack Carson had grabbed a home ball and started the scoring bee with a touchdown. St. Patrick of Sherbrooke and the Lennoxville High School team both found themselves powerless before our Juniors and ended up amongst the "also rans" when the dust of battle had cleared away.

Even the old rivals from Loyola had to succumb to the terrific onslaught of the younger edition of our 1934 football material and when the home and home series finished had 21 points scored against them while they themselves had never got within scoring distance.

Notable in the Junior victories were Symington, Rud Johnston, Paul McMahan, Knot, Jack Carson, Rus Lam, Davis, Bennett and Blissomn, and with a reserve like that we feel that we may look forward to next year's inter- mediate season with a great deal of hope.

In clearing we might hint that in all probability the success of our Intermediate team may have been greatly aided by having had the best Junior team the college has ever had to oppose them in their daily practice and scrimmageing.

Minor Letters were awarded as follows:

Symington, Johnston, Nish, Davis, McMahan, Blissomn, Bennett, Willis, Matien, Page, Richardson, Trusholm, Sevoyagny, Carter, Frederick, Carson, J. Knot, Lamb.
INTERMEDIATE GAMES IN BRIEF
LOYOLA (5) at BISHOP'S (9)
October 13.

Throwing superstition and opposition to the wind, the teams opened its intercollegiate schedule with an impressive win over Loyola. We must confess we looked forward to the game with some apprehension, but were glad to find that our fears were groundless. It was still the beginning of the season and we didn't know just what the team could do. We learned, and even Jim Dewhurst came to realize that we had actually won a game against Loyola.

The game, played in what we had come to expect was our usual Saturday weather — falling skies et al, was one of breaks. Loyola fought a good fight, but luck and skill were with us. After some expert manoeuvring on the part of Quarter Mac Dumsmore, Oggy Glass seized the ball on an end run, and dashed over for the only major tally. The touchdown was converted, and Oggy Glass accounted for the other points. Loyola's points were got by kicking.

BISHOP'S (9) at QUEBEC (20)
October 20.

Finding three games in eight days more than they could stand our boys went down to a hard defeat in Quebec. Their condition lacking, and perhaps over-confident they managed to hold the Quebecers to 8 points in the first three quarters, but in the last quarter in a mad frenzy to get onto the lead by means of forward passing they allowed the opposition to score 12 more points. It probably taught the boys a lesson that served them in good stead for the rest of the season; if it did the box was worth it — and it did help us in the end by making a lot more depend on the Sherbrooke game here and a subsequent gain of a precarious nature.

BISHOP'S (20) at LOYOLA (5)
October 27.

When Les McCaug organised this year's Loyola expedition he left no stone unturned — even in having the team win by the grand score of 20 to 3, and having new names appear in the scoring column. To-day we made sure of our Championship in the intercollegiate loop and showed just what this year's team could do. The boys had undoubtedly recovered from their Quebec trip and...
made up for any mistakes they might have made in their visit there. Staff Wigle scored two touchdowns and McMahon came into prominence by intercepting a Loyola pass and scoring his first intermediate points. Mac Dunmore converted two of these touches by placement kicks. The other points were rouges resulting from Oggie Glass' kicks.

MCGILL FRESHMEN (19) at BISHOP'S (0)
November 3.

Beauty is only skin deep and this score means nothing at all when we consider that Harry Griffiths had only two of his regular intermediates in this game, relying on the first team alternates and the Juniors. They did well in holding the much heavier and more experienced McGill team scoreless for the first half — although we must admit our youngsters did crack as the game progressed.

Hutchison, Knox and Symington showed up extremely well in the game, and the latter two made us think of next year's intermediates with much anticipation.

SHERBROOKE (2) at BISHOP'S (3)
November 10.

A hard-fought game resulted in Bishop's winning the Eastern Section of the O.R.F.U., the second divisional championship for the College this year. Sherbrooke were out to win right from the start, and Bishop's had to go all out to win by even one point. It was anybody's game right up to the finish, with both sides missing scoring opportunities.

In the first quarter Glass kicked for a rouge. In the third quarter Dean of Sherbrooke tied the score, and Glass managed to secure the winning point in the fourth quarter.

Neither team had any great advantage in the play, and the ball one-sawed up and down.

Last year Bishop's won this league and played Westward in Montreal. This year the College did not enter the playdowns, and the Eastern Section will not be represented. Sherbrooke and Quebec being tied for second place.

BISHOP'S (1) at U. of T. INTERMEDIATES (18)
November 17.

Toronto football fans were quite surprised when our players put up a much better game than the final score indicates, because as most of the spectators arrived after the first quarter they found it difficult to understand how the Varsity team had managed to get such a lead ever fast, hard-fighting men like ours, even if odds and weight were in the blue and white's favour. Toronto's points were gained as the result of two converted touches, a placement and three rouges, the most part (18) of which were made in the first quarter.

Here and There on the Trip: Getting up for coffee at what we consider the proper time to have it going to bed — Our initiation to night riding in day coaches — We missed our marmalade for breakfast — Interior decorating of a smoking car by Lamb & Co. — Larry Maven looking for a "dream walking" in the Union Station — Setting Toronto on the run — How Les McCaig's telephone bill went up — What Chic Caron thought of being sermonized by Lyric soprano — Why did the Bishop's boys cheer for Queen's? — Blinco scores the Maroons' only goal — Then

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INTER-YEAR RUGBY

Experience and youth are what must be the most essential qualities to a successful rugby team — this we gather from the fact that these properties were represented when the old and grizzled Third Year - Grades team met the youthful freshmen squad in the final of this season's inter-year series. As usual the preliminary games were quite humorous and useful. The freshmen achieved the unexpected when they showed a final spurt to nose out the Second Year to win by one point, the final score being 11 - 10. The Divinity - Third Year - Grad game did not supply the same thrills of a technical nature, but nothing was wanted to make it more entertaining — even Rollit enjoyed the antics of his pupils. In the final game the Champs best their opponents with the score of 18 - 0, which was even worse than they trimmed Divinity. As usual these games brought to light material that was unknown to the proper football authorities and should be used on next year's Junior or Intermediate squads; such men were Davie of Divinity, Pyper and others of first year.

HOCKEY

At the annual meeting of the Sherbrooke County Intermediate Hockey League the College representative had to announce their decision not to operate in that League this year, as doing so would involve too heavy a schedule. With seven teams in the Sherbrooke League and four in the Intercollegiate circuit, games would have to be played in about six weeks. However there are sure to be some exhibition games as well as the Intercollegiate fixtures, and both players and fans should see much good hockey.

The Junior Team has been entered in the local (Sherbrooke) Junior League, and after looking over our Junior material from last year and the records of some of this year's freshmen we feel we have an extremely fine chance of making the other Junior teams do awfully well to best our entry.

The team is sorry not to be able to welcome back Harry Griffiths who was last year's coach and player as well, but "Gerry" Wiggart of Sherbrooke, well known there and to most of the college chaps of the third year or more here, has again accepted the position of coach for the coming year. He will be welcomed back by his old friends and we know it won't be long before he has many more.

SOCCER

Though somewhat weakened by the graduation of a few of its players, soccer started the new season with a burst of enthusiasm with Ken Norris as captain, Bill Gedye as secretary, and Ray Turpin as freshman representative.

Some very good reinforcements were discovered among the freshmen and they are ably filling the vacant positions.
IN MEMORIAM — GRANT HALL, G. M. STEARNS

Since he took his Bachelor's degree from Bishop's University in 1883 and entered the staffs of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Montreal, Mr. Hall has moved steadily along an ascending path of responsibility until he reached the position of Vice-President of one of the greatest corporations in the world. The Press of this country and the Press of many other lands have chronicled the achievements which made his career a very remarkable one. Those achievements were the creations of a keen intellect, which quickly mastered the details of any problem which came before him, a resolve, will, which acknowledged only the supremacy of what was fair and just, and a spirit of sympathy, which was ever sensitive to the needs of his fellow men. And wish he had the gift of humour. When discussions became too serious, his witty remark would relieve the tension, restore a right perspective for the subject under discussion, and foster a mental pause in his conferences which helped greatly towards a right judgment.

Mr. Hall accepted an appointment to the Corporation of the University as a Trustee shortly after his appointment to the senior Vice-Presidency of the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1918. Later he accepted the chairmanship of the Executive Committee. The regularity of his attendance at our meetings was remarkable for one whose responsibilities were so varied and so exacting as his. His counsel was always wise, and his leadership inspiring.

His wholehearted work for his Alma Mater at the time of the public appeal for funds in 1924, and his support up to the time of his death on 24th August last, have earned him a place of imperishable honour in the roll of her distinguished and loyal sons.

For more than forty years Mr. Stearns had been an intimate friend of Mr. Hall, and the warmth with which they greeted each other at our meetings is one of the pleasant memories we shall cherish of the happy associations which work for the University has conferred upon us.

Mr. Stearns' life was one in which success was achieved because of his vision, his courage, and his integrity. His shyness and his quiet, unassuming manner, gave little indication of the eminent position he had attained in the pulp industry, and of the great administrative responsibilities he had borne, particularly during the period of the war. After the war he withdrew from several companies with which he had been associated, but retained the Presidency of the Lake Magantic Pulp Company, which he had established. In recent years, which were for him largely a period of retirement, he gave much of his time to the work of the Church in the Diocese of Quebec, of King's Hall, Compton, and of this University. He was constantly pondering over the University's problems, and his advice was always sound and valuable.

It is fitting that this Annual Meeting should have been preceded by a memorial service in the Chapel which Mr. Hall attended when a boy at Bishop's College School, and later when a student in the University, and in which both he and Mr. Stearns attended service as part of their duties on Convocation Day. Both gave of their best to the work of the University, partly because of that feature of its life for which the Chapel stands.

Two noble characters have been withdrawn from the life of earth to the larger life of the Church Expectant.

"REQUIESCANT IN PACEM".

A. H. McG.
N.F.C.U.S.

(An editorial in the Dalhousie Gazette)

The recent decision of the Council of the Students to continue Dalhousie's membership in the National Federation of Canadian University Students is one which deserves general approval. In these days of unbalanced budgets the N.F.C.U.S., in company with other federal organizations, is under fire. The argument is an old one—that the benefits of membership do not warrant the cost. The argument is easily urged, for the cost is as tangible as a cold cash payment can be, while the resultant benefits and privileges are apparent only to those who take trouble to enquire into the matter. Yet the advantages of membership are very real, and certainly under the modified levy system introduced this year yield a goodly return of the Dalhousie investment therein.

The mere circumstance that some fifty other countries maintain national student federations would lead one to believe that the central organizations serve a useful purpose. This was a leading argument put forward when, perhaps none too early in the day, the N.F.C.U.S. was established in 1926. The Canadian Federation has been hampered from the first by the great geographical distances lying between the member universities. Yet the very circumstance of distance, leading as it does to a certain provincialism in outlook, creates a very real need for a national organization among Canadian students. If the national as opposed to the sectional outlook is worth anything at all it should be fostered particularly among the various student bodies.

During the seven years of its existence the N.F.C.U.S. has not been found wanting in attending to its business. Its machinery has been gradually improved upon and the scope of its activities constantly extended. In particular the enlightened contribution of certain individuals, among whom the Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. Percy Davies, M.P., is pre-eminent, has built the Federation into a serviceable institution in student life. The N.F.C.U.S. is surely destined to go on from strength to strength. It is a thing much too important to be wrecked by sectional constitutions and petty economies.

Shown above are the principal officers of the N.F.C.U.S. — the National Federation of Canadian University Students. They were elected at the last conference held at London (Ont.) in December, 1933, and will hold office until December, 1935. (1) Percy G. Davies, M.P., Davies is the Graduate Secretary of the Federation and was one of the founders. He is an alumnus of the University of Alberta. (2) Melvin K. Kenny of the University of Toronto, president of the Federation. (3) Mark Collins of the University of British Columbia, 1st Vice-President. Seven Canadian students have received Exchange Scholarships this session from the National Federation of Canadian University Students, it is announced by the Secretary of the N.F.C.U.S.

They are:-

Edith Blair of Dalhousie, to Queen's.
Thelma Hermanson of Manitoba, to Toronto.
Leslie Allen of U.B.C., to Toronto.
Leonard Harper of Alberta, to Toronto.
Evelyn Buxton of Alberta, to Toronto.
Vivian Hood of Alberta, to B.C.
Winston Porter of Alberta, to McGill.

Under the Exchange Plan a student may spend one year at a university other than his "home" university without paying any tuition or Student Council fees. The scheme was devised six years ago by the Federation, with the co-operation of the authorities of the Canadian universities.

Exchange Scholars must agree to return to their home universities for the year following the scholarship year.
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THE ONE ACT PLAYS OF 1934

The production of these one-act plays in the first term of the year by undergraduate members of the University, is one of the most interesting and important events of the year. These plays are organized, and produced, in some haste between the football season and the Christmas examinations, and therefore cannot attain to the standard required at the major production of the year. The experience gained by the production of the plays by the students themselves, is most valuable; and opportunity is given for more actors and actresses than in the one long play, produced in the spring.

"The Constant Lover" of St. John Hankin, produced by Henry Harper is not a good choice for amateurs. A dialogue requires a more focused performance than is possible under the circumstances, and puts too great a strain on the inexperienced actor. Janet Kirkpatrick and William Gudge could be heard clearly at the back of the hall, but were handicapped by the unsuitability of the play.

"X = O" by John Drinkwater, produced by Colin Cuthell, was a very ambitious attempt, and was only partly successful. This play, dealing with the folly and absurdity of war, is well worth acting, and such attempts ought certainly to be made by University "Little Theatres". The beautiful lines were recited with dignity and feeling by Colin Cuthell, Kenneth Annett, and George Whalley; but a certain stiffness and jerkiness spoiled the action of the play. The sets, designed by Colin Cuthell, and carried out with the assistance of Mr. Sauerbrei, were of great beauty, and each one was received with much applause as the curtain rose.

"The Boy Combs Home" of A. A. Milne, produced by Christopher Wilson, was much less difficult. In this play the honours were undoubtedly carried off by Blake Knox as Uncle James, a well thought out character-study of a war professor. Jean MacNab, as the cook, gained a well-earned laugh, and made the audience wish to see more of her. The other parts were adequately carried out by Ruston Lamb, Barbara Eardley-Wilmot, and Katharine Millman.

The writer, who sat at the back of the hall, was much interested in the comments of the audience. Some praise and some criticism was heard about the voices of the actors. This is a new feature. Keen appreciation was shown of the real care in production. The writer believes that the improvement in dramatics which has been noticed in the past two years is more in the producing than in the acting; and this reflects credit on those who worked so splendidly behind the scenes under Hugh Gall.

The more of the audience was materially increased by the musical interludes between the plays, which the Schubers Club of Sherbrooke very kindly provided.

G.C.

ROVERS

The beginning of this year has seen another important development in Scouting at Bishop's. The original Rover Crew founded at the college lapsed gently into the status of a Scoutmaster Training Group long ago — a sort of advanced Scout Troop. Last year a Crew for real Rover work was started, and met regularly in the Den on Monday evenings, after the Scout meeting in the Common Room in the afternoon. Now, the Scouts have merged with the Rovers into a larger crew; the S.M., Dean Carrington, who founded and carried on the Troop almost singlehanded for years, retains the less arduous position of Rover Skipper, feeling that the time has now come when the working of the Crew can be handed over almost entirely to the students themselves. As a result of this merger, the Crew is now fifteen strong, Rovers and prospective Rovers. The partition between the old and new Den has had to be cut through to accommodate the enlarged Crew.

This term the Crew has had feature talks from George Whalley (mapping), Edward Boothroyd (bookbinding and penmanship drawing), and Bill King (printing a newspaper). At the last meeting before this was written work was started on the indoor Training Course section of the Gilwell Badge.

The Rover Mate this term is Jack Richardson, and this year's Scribe is Bud Miller.

GLEE CLUB

Once again Mrs. Boothroyd has undertaken to develop the coeds' voices. About fifteen or twenty of them are turning out for regular practices. "Lynnie" Jackson is again Secretary. To date they have been entertained by Mrs. Browne and Mrs. Home not to mention several visits to Mrs. Boothroyd. Those who have availed themselves of this opportunity owe a debt of gratitude to Mrs. Boothroyd which can best be expressed by their hearty support of all meetings. I believe a concert is our aim, perhaps greater things. We'll let you know more definitely later.

The Mitre extends its sympathy to the Mines B. L. and M. F. Marlin and their family in the recent death of their father.

The enjoyment of the audience was materially increased by the musical interludes between the plays, which the Schubers Club of Sherbrooke very kindly provided.

G.C.

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LITERARY AND DEBATING

The activities of the Literary and Debating Society were auspiciously inaugurated in early October, when Mr. Souter, the new Honorary President of the Society, gave a very well-received lecture on "Gothic Architecture". The lecture dealt with the main characteristics of Gothic architecture, and was illustrated by excellent slides, picturing the more important examples of Gothic in the various stages of its development in France and England.

This term, much to our regret, circumstances conspired to make it impossible to have more than two Common Room Debates. In the first of these, Messrs. Hugh Gall and Henry Wright upheld the resolution that "The Teacher is more necessary to the Social Life of the Community than is the Doctor," against Messrs. Medine and Richardson. The negative won the decision; but in the course of the discussions that followed, it was pointed out that the subject was not really a debatable one, as both the teacher and the doctor are absolutely necessary to the community.

In the second Common Room meeting, on November 8th, the idea of the "Hat Night", which made its first appearance last year, was again tried out, but owing to the smallness of the audience was not very successful.

The great event of the term in Debating annals, however, took place on November 2nd; this was the debate with the Oxford and Cambridge team, composed of Mr. Robertson Crichton, of Oxford, and Mr. Leslie Jackson of Cambridge, who have for the past two months been making a Debating Tour of Canadian Universities, under the auspices of the National Federation of Canadian University Students. In this Debate Bishop's representatives were Mr. J. W. H. Baumber and Mr. E. F. H. Boothroyd, who presented the negative case against the motion "Resolved: That This House Denounces the Rise of Fascism". In spite of our familiar acquaintance with this subject (it was debated at Bishop's at least once last year), the debate was very interesting; and the eloquence and perspicuity of the Englishmen brought them a well-deserved victory. The decision was arrived at by a vote of the audience, the large size of which was a matter of particular gratification to the Debating Society.

The first Inter-Faculty Debate, held on November 22nd, was not so well attended; no doubt it lacked the popular appeal of the Oxford-Cambridge vs. Bishop's Debate. As the Skinner Trophy was won by Divinity last year, they had the choice of subject and the affirmative. The motion, "Resolved: That This House Approves of the Granting of Titles in Canada", was upheld for Divinity by Messrs. Miller, Gray and Mackay, and opposed by Messrs. Boothroyd, Bsoonin and Richardson, for Arts. The judges decided in favour of Divinity.

On November 24th the annual meeting of the Inter-
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LENNOXVILLE, QUEBEC

University Debating League was held last week at Bishop's. The officers present were: President — Ruston Lamb, Bishop's; Vice-President — Edmond Benoit, Ottawa; Secretary-Treasurer — C. James Gardiner, McMaster; Counselor — Eric W. Koers, Loyola. The topic selected for the Inter-University Debates next term was — "That the League of Nations was justified in admiring Seretse Khama as one of its members." An encouraging position was found in the prospective support at Western University and St. Michael's. whose membership in the Western section of the League is expected next year. Next term the Bishop's negative team will travel to Ottawa, the Ottawa team will debate at Loyola, and Loyola will meet the Bishop's affirmative team at Lennoxville. The winner of the Western section will meet McMaster in Hamilton. The preliminary debates take place on February 14th, the finals on February 26th.

The Society was by no means satisfied with the small number of papers and Common Room debates during this past term, and hopes to have a much fuller programme after Christmas. A system of inter-year debates, to give the freshmen a look-in, is being planned, and it is hoped that the scheme will prove successful.

ARCHDEACON SCOTT LECTURES

On Thursday evening, November 11th, in Convocation Hall, Archdeacon Scott, C.M.G., D.S.O., M.A., D.C.L., of Quebec City, lectured on "Poetry." A large audience turned out to hear Archdeacon Scott, who is a graduate and member of the Council of this University, and was well rewarded.

Archdeacon Scott's address consisted of readings from his own poems, and explanations of how the different poems came to be written. Such fine bits of work as "The Unnamed Lake," "The Snowstorm," and "My Friend, Death," were recited by Archdeacon Scott, while the dramatic monologues "Samson" and "Dion" were most appreciated.

As a final selection Archdeacon Scott gave "Moppin', Happin' and Ard," which was very popular with First Year Students because of its connection with Genesis.

Dr. McGregor introduced Archdeacon Scott, and Dr. Raymond thanked him.

The students of the University were very sorry to hear of the sickness of Father Vial, which finally necessitated a painful operation. "The Mitre" extends its best wishes for a complete and speedy recovery.

C.O.T.C.

The Corps, as usual, brought its recruiting campaign to what many found an enjoyable culmination with its Annual Smoker. In deference to past traditions it is seldom propitious to break with past practices at College; and this year the programme was a medley of speeches, music and chansons (which must on no account be confounded with music), concluding with refreshments. Colonel A. H. McGregor, the chairman, after a brief address introduced the guest of the evening, Major Campbell, R.C.R., St. Johns. Major Campbell gave a most interesting account of the past and present military needs of the Empire with special emphasis on the work of the O.T.C., showing how vital a part it plays in Canadian organization and its value in enabling a man to serve his country advantageously with the smallest possible interference of his civilian life. Colonel Baker, who has just taken command of the Sherbrooke Regiment, spoke briefly, mentioning the association of our corps with the unit through the fact that many of our members are serving in the Regiment. He also mentioned the advantages of technical training which could be secured by serving in the Sherbrooke Regiment. In conclusion, the musical programme under the direction of Mr. Whalley was greatly appreciated.

Following the Smoker the Quarter-Master had a busy time issuing seventy-five uniforms and the Corps began its annual training under the capable instruction of S.M. Aulac of the Royal 22nd. This progressed so favourably that on Armistice Day we were able to turn out a smart guard of honour to participate in the service at the Lennoxville War Memorial. The appearance of this guard was greatly enhanced by the red sashes and white belts of the Sergeants which added a needed touch of colour to the drab khakis of the Corps. These sashes and belts supply the remaining ceremonial equipment which we wanted, save of course for the colours, whose price is such that only some public spirited personage, with an enviable income, or public subscription could afford to supply them.

We discovered with pride that three members of the Corps plan to take the "B" Certificate and some twenty the "A." Unfortunately the number of the latter has dropped a little. Major Campbell and Lieutenant Crow from St. Johns have been conducting these lectures every Thursday, and profits to be especially pleased with the "B" Certificate candidates. It is not out of place to mention here that the qualification of as many men as possible in the subjects taught for these papers is the real object of the Corps, for a man receiving his "A" Certificate is qualified to receive a commission in the Canadian Militia, and that it is in order to provide the necessary officers for the body that the C.O.T.C. is maintained.

To conclude in a social vein we must not forget to...
record the first of our dances which was held on the 20th of November in the gymnasium. This was decorated with firs, wagon and a log cabin by Lt. Chester and No. 1 Platoon. Rollie Bogard and his orchestra provided excellent dance music and the Coeds maintained this high standard with the supper they provided. Mrs. McGee, Mrs. Sanders and Mrs. Buchanan were the hostesses.

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December! The cold winds blow, and take away the sport which has been so prominent for the past two months. With this sport—Rugby—we have found that several of our Graduates have been "headliners". In a recent news item in a Montreal paper we read that the "red" team from McGill was aided by the brilliant playing of two of our graduates, graduates who were also members of our Rugby team in their days here. R. R. McCLENNON, Class of '33, received special mention as one of the outstanding "Reds". W. STROEWSEL, B.A. ’32, was another member of the "Red Grid Machine" to receive special attention.

It seems that the attraction of a Bishop’s football game draws many of our old graduates. While in Quebec we were pleased to see, even for a few minutes, T. L. B. O’NEILL, B.A. ’33, who seems to be as care-free as ever. In Montreal we saw friends in more abundance. Among these was M. WRIGHT, Class of '32, who left us this year. Mike, a past star of our football team, was on the sideline cheering his schoolmates on to victory. Mike also

thought enough of the University to come and spend a week-end with us. C. B. MARSHALL, B.A. ’34, was in attendance as a "lineman" at the Molson Stadium, and then journeyed to Lennoxville in order to see more of his good friends. G. F. J. GLASS, B.A. ’32, witnessed the playing ability of the "Purple" team at both Molson's Stadium, and Loyola Field. The REV. M. A. STEPHENS, B.A. (Theol.) ’34, came to Loyola to cheer the rivals from Lennoxville on to their victory against Loyola. Then too, we find that none of our past Coeds were supporting Bishop’s against McGill. Miss KAY SAVAGE, B.A. ’34, who is working for her M.A. in McGill, and Mrs. W. M. Mitchell, see MARGARET BRADLEY, B.A. ’34, were seen immediately behind the "Bishop’s Bench".

In Toronto we were more than pleased to renew acquaintances with T. LEWIS CARTER, B.A. ’34, who said that "at the present I am selling advertising, but within a week or so I will be on relief". Poor Tom! Not the usual pep there. We hope that you were wrong in your assumption.
Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

Wishing Everyone of this community a Happy New Year and every Good Luck for the New Year.

Lennoxville, December 24, 1934.
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The Rev. W. H. M. Currier, B.A. '30, M.A. '32, was a recent guest at Harrold Lodge.

Turning again to the "Ex-Fair Coeds" we find that Miss Allison Ewing, B.A. '10, who is at present a teacher in the Waterloo High School, visited Miss Geraldine Scaife, B.A. '16, at her home in Lebanonville, over the weekend of November the 24th.

Alex Ames, B.A. '34, is working at the Dominion Silk, Dyeing, and Printing Company in Drummondville, Quebec.

From Ottawa we find that G. J. Cameron, B.A. '34, is now engaged as "Santa Claus" on the Radio, broadcasting from Ottawa on the Byrom and Graham's hour, for the purpose of amusing the children. Gerry is also trying to produce a play, which, from reports, is for the amusement of the "older children".

Jack Maw, Class of '35, who visited the College at the beginning of the academic year, again put in his appearance to some of us in Toronto. Jack sends "his best" to the members of the University who remember him.

B. A. Carson, B.A. '10, M.A. '11, who is at present on the Faculty of the Sherbrooke High School, acted as a judge at the First Inter-Faculty Debate, held in Convocation Hall on November 21st.

May we take this opportunity of wishing our Graduates a very merry Christmas, and above all a happy, prosperous New Year.

EXCHANGES — A. D. Banfill

It has been noticed before that at this time of the year the Exchange Department has little work to do, the reason being that not many college magazines are published in October and November. As there have been few magazines received during the present term, our interests are of necessity monopolized by college newspapers—weeklies, semi-weeklies, and dailies.

That the main preoccupation of students throughout the last two months has been football, goes without saying; it has filled the front pages of all the college newspapers consistently throughout the season. The Varsity, the daily newspaper of the University of Toronto, came out on Friday, October 26th, literally "with paint on" in honour (or anticipation) of the game with Queen's which took place the next day. It was printed in blue, somewhat reminiscent of the tabloid press incidentally, Varsity won the game. On the whole (we say this lest our remark regarding tabloids should rankle) The Varsity is one of the best, and certainly the best in format, of our newspaper exchanges. The type used is clear, which makes it appear to advantage when contrasted with the slovenly printing of some other college papers. As to its matter, the department on the front pages, called "News of the World in Brief", is an excellent idea; it should be copied by other college dailies. The editors of such papers as The Varsity and the McGill Daily makes one wonder how the editors manage to produce so much and yet maintain so high a standard.

That a great deal of interest is being taken in world affairs by present-day university students is apparent from a variety of articles appearing in many college papers. Such organizations as the Student Christian Movement and the Association of College Editors are doing their best to foster an interest in such world problems as Disarmament. In the Queen's Journal and other papers, there appeared in the early part of November an open letter to William Randolph Hearst, the publisher, who is renowned for his imperialist and anti-disarmament opinions. The letter, written by Francis G. Smith, of Princeton, President of the A.C.E., is patterned after the questions put by Sir Norman Angell to Lord Beaverbrook, printed in Beverly Nichols' famous book, "Cry Havoc!" It was published, says the Queen's Journal, by "444 college newspapers in the United States and Canada." The article is captioned, "Will Hearst Reply to A.C.E. letter?" As readers of "Cry Havoc!" will remember, Lord Beaverbrook was "too busy" to answer Sir Norman Angell's questions.

The McGill Daily is the only student newspaper in Canada which was asked to publish the questionnaire of the World's Student Christian Movement at Geneva. The questionnaire seeks to discover what is the attitude to war among students. The Daily says:

The McGill Daily is co-operating in this venture, and a specially prepared questionnaire incorporating questions on the subject of War and Peace which are of most importance, will be printed... Students are asked to clip out the questionnaires, and to fill in the answers. The questionnaires are then to be dropped into ballot-boxes which will be provided. The article adds that the Daily intends not only to gauge student opinion at McGill alone, but to get the representative opinion of other Canadian Universities as well, through the co-operation of the other Universities.

The questionnaire is divided into five sections, roughly
as follows:

(A) Do you believe there will always be wars?

(B) In what kind of war, if any, would you support the Canadian Government?

(C) When do you believe war is justifiable for Canada?

(D) What would you do if the Canadian Government declared war?

(E) Do you endorse for purposes of peace?

The above are only two instances of a very general trend, shown in college publications, of university students towards various international organizations for the furthering of peace and for other purposes of a political nature. It shows that idealism is very much alive.

The football season now being over, the drama occupied a large share in many colleges, just as it does at Bishop's. In the McGill Daily, we note that the McGill Players' Club is preparing to produce Shaw's "The Devil's Disciple", and at Queen's, so the journal informs us, they are getting ready to give "Three-Cornered Moon," a popular New York comedy — which, if we remember rightly, was made into a movie sometime ago, with Claudette Colbert in the female lead. Besides activity in the field of the "legitimate" theatre, several universities, including McGill, have recently staged Mock Parliaments and Mock Trials.

Most of the newspapers published by Canadian Universities have a special humourous department, such as "Freshman's Follies" in the McGill Daily, and "The Chim-pus Cat" in The Varsity. The spontaneity of the latter raises it above the average level of this particular brand of humour; on the whole, it is the most amusing thing of the kind that we have seen. A particularly fine gem from "The Chim-pus Cat" will be found elsewhere in "The Mitre," in the Queen's Journal, "Sun Peps at Queen's" strikes us as a rather ordinary variation on "Mrs. Peps Diary," a prominent feature that ran in serial form in "Life" a few years ago.

Besides The Varsity, McGill Daily, and Queen's Journal, we have received the following newspaper exchanges this term: The Johnians (St. John's College, Winnipeg, Manitoba), Dalhousie Gazette, Alma Mater (St. Jerome's College, Kitchener, Ont.), The Manitoban (University of Manitoba), The Beacon (University of British Columbia), The Brunswickers (University of New Brunswick), The Wesleyan Laurel (W. Virginia Wesleyan College, Buckhannon, W. Virginia), The Xavier Weekly (St. Francis Xavier College, Antigonish, N.S.), L'Hebdo Laval (Laval University, Quebec), The Bates Student (Bates College, Lewiston, Me.), The Argosy Weekly (Mount Allison University, Sackville, New Brunswick), The College Cord (Wellesley College, Wellesley, Ont.), The Quill (Brandon College, Brandon, Man.), Homi Seat (Sydney University, Australia; week-

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The following letter, extracted from the desk of a Chinese editor in Hongkong:

"To Those Whose Divine Manuscripts We Have Rejected:

We have before us a manuscript by one of your great men, whose influence delights us. By the sacred signs of our ancestors, we must swear that we have never read such a splendid piece of writing. But if we printed it, His Majesty the Emperor, our most high and mighty ruler, would order us to take this for a model and never print anything inferior. And this would not be possible in less than a thousand years. We regret to return your divine manuscript, and ask you to thrust your pardons."

"Here ends the Chinese letter of rejection. The Chinese are reputed to be a very courteous people, but if this message to contributors may be taken as criterion, they are also superlatively gifted lawyers. Let no ambitious aspirant to a place in Western newspaper or magazine ever hope to be so handsomely treated."

The following criticism of "The Mitre" appears in The Talk Flash (Nova Scotia Technical College, Halifax):

"The Mitre, published by the students of the University of Bishop's College, is always interesting. Its articles, stories and editorials are well written and set one thinking. Without intending to criticize, we would like to suggest that a humourous section be added to set off the more serious articles and add a sparkle to the paper."

We thank The Talk Flash for the compliment, and do not at all mind the criticism, "The Mitre" is lack of humorous element has been a subject of much criticism both in the university large and by the Literary Board. While on the subject of humour, might we add how much we appreciate the humour of the Flash? Particularly did we admire the slightly risque joke about the statesman and the donkey at the bottom of page twenty-nine — but we are not going to reprint it.

A new student publication from Toronto is The Student, the "official organ of the Student League of Canada."
The editorial of this new monthly says, in regard to its purpose: "Our aim is to describe truthfully and to analyze clearly the economic position of the student, to show how conditions here are linked up with the events in other countries, so that the students of Canada may take heart from achievements of their fellow-students abroad, and realize that the problem of winning better conditions and more universal education is a problem which faces the students of every capitalist country in the world." The tone of the whole paper seems one of rather immature radicalism, it expressing high hope at the "luxury" of a high school students of Montreal against paying higher fees, and is very heated in denouncing the Nazis in Germany because of their attitude to higher education.

Our most interesting and attractive exchange this term comes from the other side of the world; it is the Canterbury College Review from Christchurch, New Zealand. It contains several good articles, an outstanding one being a short play, in which the great authors who have written about Jesus d'Arts, Anne or H. Shaw, with Shakespeare and a very curious character, the Psycho-Analyist, meet the subject of their speculations in the Hereafter, and proceed to disagree as to what her motives were in her great campaign. The Review has in extremely good title-page and cover. The feature, however, which most aroused our admiration, was the line cut called "Fenian's in a Garden"; it is awkwardly abstract, but excellently conveys the idea of gracefulness and sunlight, which its title leads us to believe is its purpose.
THOUGH the Canterbury College Review is mainly literary, it has a good activities section; this is printed in the back, as small type, where it does not interfere with the more artistic tone of the magazine.

The poetry in the Review, like that of another anti-tippage exchange we have received, The Melboune University Magazine, is of a very high order. We quote the very skilful poem called "Metaphysics."

O boy it was a shell, she said,
I adore sprolines, she said;
the cosmos stood upon its head
as this incredible generation
of the first lady of creation,
the apologetic Paraclete
was conscious of unwieldy feet . . .
It fell as last to me to break
the tension; it was my mistake.
She told me not to mention it
really she did not mind a bit
she was writing poems about flowers
she said I gaze at them for hours
and feel the most surprising things —
the Paraclete, who'd spread his wings
and preen'd his Godhead once again

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EXPERIMENT IN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by H. G. Wells.
New York, Macmillan, 1934. 718 pp. $4.00.

To some, the name of H. G. Wells will immediately suggest the "scientific romance" such as "The Time Machine" or "The War in the Air," — others will associate him with tales depicting the efforts of eager youth to escape from a crippling environment, as in "Love and Mr. Lewisham" or in "Kipps" — others again will know him as a serious architect of an idealized world-state, or as the scientifically-trained reasoner who produced "The Outline of History."

And now Mr. Wells has given us (under the subtitle "Discovered and Conclusions of a Very Ordinary Brain") an outline — and indeed much more than an outline — of himself, in the account of his struggles, his ideals, his disappointments and his achievements, and an intensely interesting record it is.

The story of his early years is one of almost constant frustration, and his picture of the grim struggle against poverty in a humble family of the Victorian era is a sad one. The incredible travesty of "Education" in the small non-inspected schools of sixty years ago, and the deadening routine of life as an assistant in a drapery store, did not tend to make young Wells content with life as it appeared to unfold before him. His chance for escape came during the 1880's when he obtained a free studentship at the Science Schools at South Kensington, in the days when the demand for trained teachers of science far exceeded the supply. A year of work in biology under the famous T. H. Huxley, to whom he pays the tribute of unreserved admiration, was succeeded by courses in other sciences, which he found but dust and ashes in his mouth, mere dead routine-work.

Launched into the educational world, Wells became, after a short interlude as a schoolmaster, the biological tutor at the University Correspondence College, a frankly "cramping" institution which prepared external students for the science examinations of London University. Here he settled down to an effort "to make both the written and the practical examinations in biology safe for candidates. That was an absolutely different thing from teaching biological science . . . we met the demand for biological teaching as it had never been met before, and if it was a strange sort of biology we taught, that was the fault of the examiners."

Before long, journalism and literary work proved more attractive and Wells (in spite of domestic difficulties fully and frankly discussed) began to find his feet in the world of London. By 1900 his position was assured, and he had commenced to come into contact with the chief personalities of the Edwardian era.

By 1914 he was a prominent man in the literary world,
full of ideas, refusing to accept things as they were, and not seldom the subject of bitter controversy. The war years, when he became, under Lord Northcliffe, the director of propaganda literature against Germany, were followed by his latest period devoted to lecturing and writing on the ideal of a planned world, a League of Nations very different to that which ultimately came about from the deliberations at Versailles.

As in all autobiographies, we are treated to interesting glimpses of other personalities than that of the author. Such are the accounts given of the shining lights in the early days of the Fabian Society, Shaw and Sidney Webb—the arresting personalities of Lord Northcliffe and Frank Harris—and especially the little club known as the "Co-operators" which flourished in the early 1900's, in which such contrasting men as Grey, Haldane, Milner, Henry Newbolt, Robert Cecil, Bertrand Russell and Wells, himself, met and exchanged ideas.

Many will agree with a great part of Mr. Wells' conclusions (G. K. Chesterton has already joined issue with him, on the question of religion, in the "Illustrated London News", and no one will agree with all his ideas, but that does not in the least detract from the interest of a volume which will probably be ignored by that class of whom the author says "The last thing they wanted to do was to penetrate below the surface of things on which they lived so agreeably."

Decidedly a book to be read—and read more than once.

A.V.R.

GERMANY — TWILIGHT OR NEW DAWN? New York, Mcgraw-Hill, 1933. 198 pp. $2.00.

(This book is being published in the United States under the title "Why Nazi?)."

Don't read this book. That's how I'd like to be able to start off this review. I'd like to be able to tell you to avoid it because it would corrupt your morals or sicken you. Then you'd all be sure to read it. As it is unfortunately, I have to recommend the book to you. The result: only a few courageous and independent souls who would have read it anyway will read it. The majority of you who read this review won't take the trouble to look it up. You'll be the losers.

But in case, just in case you may be influenced by this write-up, I'll set down the chapters one by one and briefly summarize, describe and appreciate them for you.

Chapter 1—"The March on Berlin"—10 pages.
The title's deceiving; this chapter isn't a bit moving or exciting. It describes how it was that the National Socialist party under Hitler was able to take over the government of Germany without any visible or serious opposition being made. I recommend this chapter to the students of history.

Chapter 2—"An Outlawed Country"—12 pages.
A very interesting chapter that describes conditions in Germany immediately after the war. It tells how Germany was at first eager for international understanding, and how the quite unnecessary humiliations and rebuffs the encountered along with the unfair and cruel treatment accorded her by the Allied Commission, France, Belgium and Poland caused her to become openly defiant. My indignation was aroused by the story of the vindictiveness of the Allies towards the conquered country. Anyone who enjoys becoming indignant for a good reason and anyone who does not should read this chapter. I give it ★★★★★.

Chapter 3—"Rise and Fall of the Republic"—14 pages.
I won't mind if you skip this chapter. I suggest you do. It tells how the German Republic came into being immediately after the war. It is a dismaying and unpleasant experience to the Germans and how that experience turned them against parliamentary government.

All those interested in learning how democracy can become distasteful should read this chapter.

Chapter 4—"Forerunners of the Revolution"—20 pages.
Another chapter you may skip; another chapter for the student of history. It records the incidents, accidents and intrigues that occurred just prior to Hitler's accession to power. General von Schleicher who wished his wife was murdered in the "clean-up" of June 30th last, figures prominently in this chapter. An explanation for the General's "jumping off" may be found therein.

Chapter 5—"Youth at the Helm"—14 pages.
This one describes the rise of the Youth Movement in Germany that has supplied the foundations for present-day Nazism. (Nazi, the word, is the abbreviation for National Socialist.) German "Kultur" is touched upon. I don't know whether you should read this chapter or not. Decide for yourself.

Chapter 6—"The Rise of National Socialism"—18 pages.
You are positively forbidden to read this chapter. (That'll bring 'em.) This chapter tells how Hitler's joining the German Workers' party in 1919 raised its membership to 7; tells how he changed the name to "National Socialist German Workers' Party" and became its leader; tells how the phenomenal growth of the party and its leader's prestige came about. There's also an explanation of how the Brown Shirts, storm detachments, Brown House and so forth came into existence, with an appreciation of their significance. Remember you must not read this chapter. (Please be contrary.)

Chapter 7—"Many Rivers"—20 pages.
This is the most informative chapter in the book. It describes the organization and general make-up of the National Socialist Party, as well as its philosophy, ideals and ideas. It deals with the military aspect of Germany's to-day and offers an explanation for it. You'll find it in intensity interesting.

Chapter 8—"The New Constitution"—11 pages.
The governmental organization of the Reich is set forth. The why and how of Germany's greater unification to-day than ever before. The possibility of a monarchical restoration touched on.

Chapter 9—"The Tragedy of the Jews"—22 pages.
I found this the most interesting and easiest to read chapter in the book. It records the growth of anti-Semitism in Germany, the various aspects and ramifications of the movement with its culmination in the atrocities of 1933. It's all very interesting and informative. To my disgust I learned that in England, he had formulated the crazy theory of Nordic superiority, and like rot. The reasons for the persecution of the Jews are listed.

Chapter 10—"Germs in Europe"—11 pages.
Tells how Germany settled down after 1925 to a policy of trying to fulfill the demands of the peace treaties while gradually overcoming the hatred and distrust about her. Tells how the good will that had been slowly built up was entirely disrupted by the domestic turmoil and persecution of the Jews.

Chapter 11—"Germany's New Masters"—28 pages.
The most interesting chapter in the book. It contains of extremely clear-cut, short-to-the-point pen pictures and biographies of Hitler, Goering (whose "photograph adorns the bedroom walls of millions of romantic girls") Goldblatt, Frick, Ernst Rahn, Rudolph Hess, Alfred Rosenberg, Gregor Strasser (Hitler's potential rival) and other minor figures in the Nazi ranks.

Chapter 12—"Twilight or New Dawn?"—11 pages.
Consisting of conjectures on the possible outcome of the Nazi experiments; the dangers and points of potential opposition that confront it. In the latter category the author includes a half a million organized Communists, the broken Roman Catholic Party and the Nationalists; he overlooked the Protestant Churches as a point of potential opposition.

The author is coldly scientific, accurate and unbiased in the presentation of his facts. He certainly adheres to the motto of his book: "Not to accuse or defend but to explain."

(Reviewer: Now all the above may be a lot of "hoohy" and lies. I may be fooling you, "arranging you a line." Why not find out?)

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"My God, is human nature like that?"
"If it is, preserve me from it!"

Such were the first comments on the plays of Ibsen,
and such are the first comments on "sea level" by Anne Parrish.
The book seems to stage a contest to see which is
the more solid, man's mental life, or his physical life.
Miss Parrish shows disconcertingly how large a proportion of
man's thoughts is taken up with petty jealousies, and
trivial things that seem so important. With no particular
kindness she makes it clear that each individual is wrapped
up in himself, that one man can be cruelly indifferent to
the feelings of the next. There is not a person in the book
but is mentally poverty-stricken; practically no one has a
retreat for himself, therefore. Each man plays a part for
the benefit of those around him, and is wretchedly aware
of it. As for the physical world, a sordid effect is maint-
tained by calling attention to disgusting details, and by
magnifying the part they play in life.

These, I repeat, are first impressions. We are forced
to consider that there is much, after all, in their lives that
men gloss over. We are all too fond of drawing a veil over
reality, of ignoring ignoble facts about ourselves. Anne
Parrish makes an attempt to tear away the veil of illusion,
to show us what we really are like. We may not agree
with her conception of man, but still we can admire her
moral courage in facing it.

When they travel by sea, men change. Excitement
and unnatural conditions of living intensify all their
emotions. They act differently. That is why Miss Parrish
names her story "sea level". She follows a world cruise
by the impressions it makes on a few of the tourists.
The good ship "Aurora" leaves New York for a cruise
around the world. As she draws away from shore, we
become acquainted with the passengers who interest us
most — first the shy and lonely Alec Read, then hearty
Jim Mallory and his wife Mary, Mrs. Palmer, an elderly
millionaire, accompanied by her niece Olive, Mr. and
Mrs. Cowell, high-lights of New York society, Dr. Zelleri,
a peppy psycho-analyst, and last, but first in every crowd,
the beautiful, excessively attractive Baby Wendon.

According to Miss Parrish, life on board ship is just
one cocktail party after another. Too large a part of the
book is taken up with lurid pictures of the night life of
the idle rich. From a human point of view, descriptions
of the ports of call are remarkably penetrating. The sight-
tseers are, for the most part, ordinary people, not particular-
ly well-read, not trained in appreciation. Matter-of-fact,
placid, underesthetic, they are absorbed in personal intimacies
rather than in the aesthetic values of what they have come
to see.

Anne Parrish writes in an easy and natural style.
Although "Sea Level" has practically no plot, it has plenty of action. This is largely due to the dialogue, which proceeds entirely without effort. Interest is kept up by the lantern-slide method of narration — rapid change from the thoughts, or rather feelings, of one person to another. Much trouble is taken to clarify the scene to the reader by a judicious selection of vivid details of dress. Minutely described, clothes do much to give the narrative life and colour. They are also effectively used in building up character.

If you long to go on a world cruise, and cannot cater to your wish, read "Sea Level" to find out what a world cruise is like. It will probably put you off your desire. If you have a good opinion of your fellow-men, don't read "Sea Level"! Keep your illusions. If you are interested in people, if you are intensely concerned with everything that concerns men, if you grasp eagerly at all knowledge of human nature which comes within your reach, then read "Sea Level". It will enlarge your experience, and add to your conceptions. V.M.W.

WE MOVE IN NEW DIRECTIONS, by H. A. Overstreet, New York, Norton, 1933; 284 pp. $3.00

Mr. Overstreet is a well-known writer on social questions in various magazines of the day. "We Move in New Directions", his latest work, is the result of a series of lectures before adult students on economic and social planning of the future. Since it is strictly non-technical, it is to be recommended to the layman, and all who believe that present-day society is due for a change.

This is not a revolutionary book; what Mr. Overstreet has to say has often been said before. It is a lucid and vigorous exposition of liberalism in modern economy and social science. Its value to the lay student is this: the author is not content with prophesying the new order, it is his object to show how this new order is to be achieved by those desiring it. There are far more people who believe in socialism than have any idea how it is to be achieved. This book will give them a fair idea how it is to be done.

Even so, the author has only partly succeeded in his object. The arrangement of the book is disorderly, and not enough emphasis is placed on the evolution in political economy. The author offers as his excuse that the ground has so often been covered before, and then passes on to a discussion of the new society. Here he is at his best, and on the basis of an humanitarian philosophy discusses with the greatest fullness and ingenuity every aspect of the new society: education, crime, justice, morality, leisure, social relations, government, a new social philosophy — covering so much ground it is no wonder if the book lacks coherence. The whole, however, if not startlingly new, is the soundest commonsense, and, combined with the author's clear and rapid style, makes the best possible reading.

To sum up, it is a stimulating book; and if it makes you think, it will have served its purpose, whether you believe it or not.

R.L.B.

GRANNY CANNOT BUY TOYS OUT OF HER $1.50 WEEKLY

— Star Sob head.

Have you a little Granny in your home? Do her a little light up as she toddles to meet you at the door? Does she explore your pockets for the "surprise" you promised to bring her? Make some other little Granny happy this Christmas. Thousands of poor unfortunate little

Grannies are living in uninhabitable little crannies right here in our city. How can one of these poor Grannies buy toys out of her $1.50 weekly cigarette money? Won't you help now?

(From "The Champus Cat", in The Varsity.)

THE MITRE is published on the 10th of October, December, February, April and June by the Student 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. Yul; Hon. Vice-Presidents, Dr. W. O. Raymond and the Rev. C. Sauerbrey; Presidents, 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 Rayle; Assistant Advertising Manager, Averill A. Mutton; Exchanges, A. D. Baillie, Graduates, J. E. Purdy; Activities, W. J. Bellard; Literary Associates, R. H. Noulet, W. H. Kings; Women Associates, Evelyn Brown, Vivian Woodley.
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