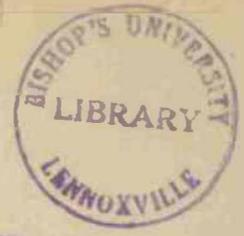


NOT TO BE TAKEN AWAY



The Mitre

VOL. 42 NO. 2

DECEMBER

1934

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



Manager McCaig, Ass't. Manager W. Gall, Purdy, Wigle, Bassett, Rollit, Whalley, Brooks, Pibus, Powell, Norris, Nish, Cooper, Rev. A. H. McGreer (Hon. Pres.), Coach Griffiths, Johnson, Hutchison, C. Carson, Dunsmore, Capt. Glass, Olmstead, Davis, Knox, Royal, Johnston, J. Carson, Symington, Willis, Lamb, McMahon.

THIS ISSUE
IS
DEDICATED

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LENNOXVILLE, P.Q.

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THE REGISTRAR, LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

Established 1893
THE
MITRE

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

DEC
1934

VOLUME 42 NUMBER 2

*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 cheek — it hadn't occurred to us that it needed livening up. But apparently this our 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 softened by the admission that no doubt "The Mitre" ranks highly among intellectual college mags; but even an intellectual 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 comeback: 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 imposing 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, Graduates Department, Exchange Article, and the incidental snatches of humour that some thoughtful contributor has submitted for the edification of his fellows. What do you think about it?

But revenons à nos moutons, as Pattou is wont to say. All this maundering introduction is intended to lead up to 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. Rollit,
G. T. Mackey.

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 expression of student opinion, and as such ought to be included 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 this, 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 Rugby players: nobody 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 so distinguished themselves — hanging up a new scoring record for Bishop's Midgets, and all that. The juniors of to-day are the intermediates of to-morrow, and if they play the same kind of rugby next year, there's no telling to what heights they will rise.

The coeds — *mirabile dictu* — have responded nobly to the appeal for their support; it will be remarked that we have, in this one issue, three 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 offense intended, *mesdemoiselles*, but you know you were a bit slack. Now, happily, them days is gone forever. We expect to be buried in plays, 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

SO FAR
H. W. Gall

Rolled to its rest; yet now past time
Leaves like the surf leaves on the shore,
Shells, sea-weed, heavy sand.
That past contentment known of yore
Deserts me quite, I cannot stand
All by myself, as once when time
Tripped tip-toe through my seven teens
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, Oh Lord hast thou me led,
Teach me Oh God, no man lies dead.

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 Ottiwell writes an interesting news letter from Spanish Honduras, and Tom Carter offers a treatise on "Canada and the Arms Race". Look for them in the February number. For the benefit of the unenlightened freshmen, may we remark that Mr. Ottiwell was President of the Students' Association last year, while Mr. Carter spent his spare time editing "The Mitre".

To the rest of the grads: 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 wend our ways homewards 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 have I been led Oh Lord,
And have not asked the reason why
I have been guided, clothed 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 hid within its folds
The secret that was placed for man,
And that with countless ages rolls
Around us, yet we could not scan?
These twenty years and one have passed
All smoothly, nor at any time
Have doubts assailed me, till the last

THE NEW CANADA

II - RELIGION

by Philip
Carrington

It is rather difficult in 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.

¶ 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 form 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-sensitiveness (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.

¶ The major problem 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 mere subsistence often impossible. Canada never seems to have attempted a planned colonisation with schools, churches, etc., as 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 organising institutional type.

¶ It was the pressure 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 "union churches"; and the great merger was complete in 1925. 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

by the fact that the Anglican Church has been occupied simultaneously in the task of Dominion-wide organisation, which has this year been crowned by the final (let us hope) revision of its canons, the creation of a Dominion "Council" and the election of a Primate who is destined to play a vigorous part in the whole life of the church. ¶ These questions of organisation may not be held to be religion at all by some purists; but we must insist upon them because they were made imperatively necessary by the social and geographical condition of the country; and it is no small cause for pride that they have been bravely faced. But it is this necessary pre-occupation with organisation which has stamped upon English-speaking Christianity here a markedly institutional form. The task has been the preservation and strengthening of religious institutions; and institutionally the church is strong. There is more church-going, I believe, than in other English-speaking countries; the church has a strong hold on society.

On the other hand it may be questioned whether the church has kept pace successfully with intellectual, artistic, musical, or other cultural values; there has not been time or energy. An Australian or an Englishman would marvel at the "overhead" organisation of a Canadian church; but from the cultural angle he would feel that he had found something dimly suggestive of Queen Victoria or even Prince Albert. I am not suggesting that what is Victorian is necessarily to be deprecated. It may well be argued that the Canadian church may not in the long run lose by moving slowly; but on the other hand it is faced to-day, I think, with the necessity of moving. Canada is entering into world movements; and the younger generation, who have to live their lives in the future, are not looking to the past.

It is true that even in this country church-going has declined; it is true that youth is not so interested in the churches; but it is not, in my opinion true, that youth is not interested in religion. Youth, as usual, is interested in religion; the trouble lies in the fact that youth is not quite sure just now that the churches provide it. I think that youth (as usual?) is wrong on this point; but such, I suggest is the fact.

The truth is that many church services present the appearance of being run for the middle-aged and elderly. They are reverent and respectable and dull. They suggest the notion that the wheels of prayer are being turned industriously and devotedly but mechanically; as if the important thing was to "go through the motions". One knows that this is not the fact. To the elderly these services are full of spirituality and meaning; but the new generation do not altogether understand; the performance does not appeal. They are bored.

The next task of Canadian religion is to adjust itself to the future, which means to the new generations.

¶ This task has to be faced in several departments. It

will be sufficient to mention three: the intellectual, the social, and the spiritual.

There is still a great deal of fundamentalism in Canada. (Fundamentalism means adhering to the dogmas of the last generation but one, and refusing to use the wisdom that God bestows on those who ask him). The clergy, however, are sufficiently well educated to know that they cannot preach a nineteenth-century gospel of hell, heaven, and atonement, as then understood; the result is that in many cases these truths are not preached at all, and sermons have become flabby. It is necessary to state the great gospel truths in terms that modern man can understand, and to handle the Bible with courage and truth and wisdom. Meanwhile the fundamentalists are falling into the hands of exponents of freak religions like British-Israelism, and the non-fundamentalists are drifting away from religion.

Religion in the past has been a great bulwark of society and government; in some quarters it is still principally valued as a defence against communism. (Good government is the only defence against that) But in the social changes of to-day it is less obvious than it was that Christian men should want to preserve society the way it is. The old equilibrium has been destroyed, and we have a state of insecurity diversified by colossal riches at the top and absolute destitution at the bottom. The contemplation of these inequalities has driven many young men into socialism or communism. The church needs to adjust itself to this state of affairs.

And thirdly, religion is not really the administration of a system. It is life, grace, glory, inspiration, beauty, love, service; the Spirit of God dwelling among men and shining creatively in their hearts; a holy and supernatural power. All the talk about a religious revival is really a hunger and thirst after eternal life; personal contact with a present God. Nor can this longing be satisfied individually; the Spirit dwells only in the divine brotherhood, in the communion of the "saints". The limited and local success of so mutilated a version of evangelical religion as Buchinism is an indication of the need. Protestantism is unfortunately not identical with evangelicalism. A Protestant church with the life gone out of it is as dreary and depressing as any other religio-political system.

Fortunately, however, we need not take this extreme view of our present state. There is power and faith and courage in Canadian religion; the strong sense of duty and moral obligation which is characteristic of the Canadian is a sufficient indication of this. We need (as the church has ever needed at every crisis in her history) two things, grace and wisdom; grace means the help of God himself; and wisdom means the sanctified use of the intelligence that God has given us. Nor do I doubt at all that with these divine aids religion in Canada will prove equal to the tasks that lie before it.

FOC'S'LE DAYS

Characters:

The Skipper.

Chips, the carpenter.

Scotty, the bosun.

Jim Barber, the suspicious character.

Crew.

SCENE I. (In the foc's'le of a tramp steamer.)

Chips: Is Jim around?

Scotty: No, he is taking his trick at the wheel.

Chips: 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 sulking.

Chips: Yes, and what is more, he doesn't eat anything. Always looking around to see if someone is watching him. He has the forrard watch tonight, hasn't he? Well, pass the word around to the rest of the men that I have something to tell them tonight. We'll meet as soon as Jim has taken his watch.

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 nearing 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 smoking, no lights at night and 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. (Foc's'le, that evening.)

Chips: Are you sure that Jim is on watch? He is, eh? Well, now I'll tell you. I think he is a Hun spy and is going to give our position away 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?

Chips: Well, last night, aye, 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 ditty 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 then swim to the sub. Maybe we had better go and see the Old Man. He'll know what to do.

Chips: 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.

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

(They put the box in a bucket of water. Just then Jim 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 mine and it's none of your damned business what's in it. Where is it? Give it to me.

Chips: Sit down there, you bloody Hun. 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've —

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

Chips: Pretty smart, aren'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: Men. What is all this row? I'll have you all clapped in irons if there is any more disturbance. What is it all about?

Chips: 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 all 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 Colt here.

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

Skipper: What are those letters?

Jim: Nothing sir.

Skipper: Let me see them.

Jim: But sir —

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 are Jim's love-letters. 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 "Jellicoe" 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 is all off between you and me. Goodbye, Nancy."

Now you see men, 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.

A BUCHMANITE GATHERING

By W. J. Belford

'Twas a Buchmanite gathering, and all through the house

They were having a quiet time, as quiet as a mouse;

The papers and pencils were watched with great care

In hopes that * St. Guidance soon would be there.

The children were nestled all snug in their beds

For "Groupy confessions" would go to their heads.

And mamma in her ermines and me in my "tails"

Have found a religion where fashion prevails:

When out of the quiet there arose such a chatter

I jumped from my chair to see what was the matter—

But back to my seat — and no more quiet rest

For a pansy-like man had thrown out his chest

He suddenly got guidance to get up and tell

The simpering idiots how he'd been snatched out of hell

How his life in the past had been crammed full of sin;

How he'd done awful deeds and the scrapes he'd been in;

Once a miniature Capone or a Dillinger wild

* This Saint is commemorated on April the First.

But now "converted" and meek as a child

Who wouldn't think evil or play a bad prank

Since he'd come under the influence of "Jolly St. Frank"

Still rougher than ever his stories became

And when he was finished he called on others by name—

Now Cecil, now Bertie, then Vivian held sway

Followed by Johnnie, and Dot, then Marg, and then Kay

From neglecting sick friends, and forgetting of letters

And other bad sins they had broken the fetters.

From all these evils they had found a great cure

But the stories were more than man could endure,

For they'd vie with each other in telling wild tales

Of drinking, of dope, and illicit females;

And so on, and so forth, they laid it on thick

'Twould have made Chase's Almanack look awfully sick

But after a time I sneaked out the door

And left them quite quietly — to return there no more

They heard me exclaim as I drove out of sight

"Doug said they were crazy, and by gosh he was right."

THE WEB

by A. J. H. Richardson

"... Let the wrong cry out as raw as wounds;
This, Time forgets and never heals, far less transcends."

— STEPHEN SPENDER.

It 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. Hesitated 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 dislodged, tumbling over each other after it — a miniature squadron of cavalry 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 organized 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 boots of Mr. Philip Thomson, B.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 1934 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 sanitarium 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 accurate impression of his appearance — 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 one of the crowds which he passed near soup-kitchen or employment agency, saying: "There is a genius reduced to poverty by some sudden stroke of misfortune, a man whom it would benefit the world to rescue." But then Philip's mind ran rather to self-pity and melodrama; and besides, a three-week's growth of beard is apt to make an unfavourable impression on millionaires, even discerning millionaires.

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 day-time. The coolness of the air and the wind, thank goodness, was cutting 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 cloudy sky didn't help, either, though the sun 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 gasp a bit with the cold; little tags of rhymes 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 blowing 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 worry. Didn't one's ear connect closely with one's brain? He might go mad, eventually, if this wind went on long enough, if he couldn't keep it from his ear somehow. Couldn't he do something about his ear, couldn't 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 completely any man who might fall into its mercy... What a wind! Strange, how the elements could conquer man. Panting, under his breath: "Let not the wind... Example find... To do thee more harm than it purposeth." The wind. The wind. Let not the wind... let not the wind... O God, he was cold. He was going to freeze those hands, those bundles of white flesh, lose several 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 slope away from the track into a valley with a little stream running down through it; a pond at the bottom, road, and a farmhouse. Beyond, the whole country fell into a larger valley, way 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 icy fingers; his face felt stiff, no feeling at all in his chin when he touched it, queer, just like a bristly stone... he began working his face around to keep it from freezing, grinning madly, muscles tightening round the cheek-bones... eyes watering, nose running... rubbing his ears with his hands... stumbling along on the ties... "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 acutely pleasurable, it suddenly warmed his heart and his courage returned. He slowed down to a walk, keeping his nerves very deliberately under control now; shaky, 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 warmth...

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:

"The moon by night thee shall not smite
Nor yet the sun by day."

Was that it? He was not sure of the words... He began to sing it over again in his mind. He was right out of the Valley of the Shadow now. Warmed by emotion, he began to notice all sorts of little things — the sunlight on the dry bracken, the sound of water gurgling along in a stream by the track. His eye was caught by a small brown and black caterpillar 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 welled 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 Fate 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, a little crazily perhaps: "They can't get Philip down. They can't get Philip down"...

The city was lighting up now; it was waiting for him, welcoming him. He walked forward to meet it.

* * *

All the faces were gone now, no longer troubled his memory through the night — the secretary of the company, the little face with gold-rimmed spectacles and small moustache, serious at first, beaming at him when it announced that it thought it could assure a job for him, beaming superficially, smugly; the manager, the big, serious, worried face, always apparently not thinking of him when it talked to him; the faces of his fellow-clerks — jovial, furtive, suspicious, eager, excited — faces with mouths whispering, pursing, calling out, faces twisted with excitement — one of them was going to lose his job, yes, the boss was cutting down the staff, the share-holders had kicked about the drop in profits. He had seen the boss's weak face telling the shareholders' weak faces they needn't get excited, the company could still cut down a lot on expenses, they must tighten their belts... the boss's turtle-mouth moving, moving all the time...

He woke suddenly. Shivered as reality came back to him again; another blessed hour of forgetfulness gone. He must get back to sleep... the world couldn't hurt you when you were asleep. But he was so hungry that he couldn't doze off. He got up at last from the step and shambled down to the end of the alley, to the garbage-can by the restaurant back door. Picked carefully over the scraps; his pride still made him slightly fastidious over what he ate. Pushing aside a piece of newspaper, he caught sight of an advertisement and stopped to examine it for a moment, started to read the surrounding columns idly: declared the Rev. Mr. Andrews to-day a sermon delivered at the Sunday evening service at Trinity Church. The oppression from which the world was now rapidly emerging after its twelve lean years had performed one great service for our civilization,

the torn paper flapped...

civilization, he thought. We had learnt to tighten our belts and accept a certain amount of hardship. Capitalism had emerged strengthened, refined of its evil elements, from the depression. The world had fought its way back to prosperity. This thought had strengthened his faith in human nature.

... Blood throbbing in the head... the memories welled up in bitterness. What the hell was the use, anyway, of trying, of doing anything?... that glorious future would never come now... never, never... 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...

Suddenly he began to cough — coughing so strong that it engulfed his sobbing and he forgot his anger and misery, the spasms giving him no longer time to think coherently. He leant back weakly against the wall, slumped onto the garbage-can. Blood in his mouth. The fly was numb now, the spider advancing fast to feed upon its prey.

A SMALL BOY LOOKS AT BISHOP'S

by K. Edgell

"Well," said Pop to Mum, "I think I'll take the boy out to Lennoxville with me when I go on my trip to the Townships. He will be going to Bishop's some day, and he might as well have a look at it now." Gee! was I glad when Pop said that. A long time ago when I was very young (I am now 10 years, 6 months and 5 days old), I met a guy called Sammy who had been to Bishop's, and he was just the kind of boy I want to be when I grow up, you know the kind — biggish, and athleticly, and full of heartfelt laughter. No, I don't mean hearty — I mean heartfelt, the kind you laugh when you are really amused, not pretending. Sammy said to Pop, I can remember it perfectly though I was so young, "Bill, you'll have to send your kid to Bishop's when he's old enough." "Never went there myself" said Pop. "You'd be a darn sight better fellow if you had" said Sammy. SO-O-O-O, as Ed Wynn used to say, I have always heard a lot about Bishop's and now I have been there to see for myself the kind of joint it is.

We went in Pop's car and stopped at a place called Sherbrooke and had a swell feed at a hotel. I forget the name, but it was near a station, and then we went to Lennoxville which did not take more'n a few minutes. We went much faster than some punkin coloured busses they ran out there. While Pop was calling on some old friends, I took a walk around by myself, and Gee! I saw an awful lot in a short time. First I went up some stone steps, and as the door was open, I walked right in, and there was a great big man with a white moustache who lives behind a glass window with a hole in it to talk to him through, only I was not tall enough, so he had to come out to talk to me. "What can I do for you Sir," he said just as if I was a grown-up. "Are you from the School?" "I am from a school all right, but it's probably not the same one you're thinking of. I go to Westlake Prep School in Ontario" I said. "Oh, Ontario" he said just like that. "Ontario is not like Quebec." "You bet it isn't" I said, and we would have started argufying if a lady with glasses on and a long nose had not come up and

asked him to put something on the board. I looked round but I couldn't see any kind of a board anywhere. I went up some stairs and walked into a big room all books which was the Library. Two nice ladies were there sitting at tables in smocks — not the tables, the ladies I mean — one had frizzy yellow hair, the kind I am going to marry when I can afford it, and the other had a lovely smile and a smock too. They had stacks of books on their tables. Gee! I'd hate to have to do all the reading they have to every day. None of the books looked very interesting to me, but I expect they'd have some Frank Packards if you asked for them. As it said silence must be observed on a card and there were some people looking very serious and pretending to read I did not talk much, although I was crazy to ask about detective stories.

A funny smell came through the door and one lady said "That is the Lab." "Why don't they do something about it," I said, "build an incinerator or something?" They both laughed, but I didn't think it was what you'd call a joking matter. I thought it was constructive criticism what Pop is always talking about. Then I walked along a long hall and went into a room with a lot of leather furniture and pictures of gentlemen with beards on the walls. There was a piano too. I banged a few notes as I am learning to play to please Mum, but believe me, I'll never keep it up when I am on my own. I looked out the window and saw a big boy below and asked him what place it was, and he said it was the common room. Well, it looked common enough to me, I wonder what they use it for. I went downstairs again, and the smell got worse, so I went into where it came from and saw a lot of big boys and girls (or do you call them gentlemen and ladies) in clothes all over spots like they'd never been sent to the cleaners. They were doing things with tubes and bottles and there were so many awful smells there I had to hold my nose. In one room was a real live skeleton, not really alive, but a real one I mean, with a lot of names written on his bones, former students they said. Well, I guess by the time I get there, he won't have a bone left for me.

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 moustache came along and shooed it away. His name was Jimmy — at least the big boy called him that for he said "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" said 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 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 off 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 prob'ly 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 gentlemen with him, and they called me, so I ran over, and they all shook hands and said they hoped I would be an undergraduate some day and what was I 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 top window playing the uke and singing swell. "I'd like to live there" I said. "We'll 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

CHARACTERS:

Antoinette A very popular co-ed
 Anne A co-ed.
 Lucy A co-ed
 Peggy A co-ed
 Martha A studious co-ed.

SCENE: The Girls' Common Room. Three girls present.

Anne, in the centre is playing solitaire. Peggy, seated on a radiator, is knitting. Lucy, sprawled on the bench, is uninterestedly holding a big book.

TIME: Any spare period.

(Enter Antoinette holding a package of cigarettes).

Antoinette: Anybody got a match? I'll exchange a "Wee Kurett" for a match.

All: I haven't. Neither have I. Nope.

Antoinette: Whose purse is that on the window? I wonder if there are any matches in it? — No, well I guess I'll have to bum one off the boys in the hall.

Anne: Hurry up — I'm dying for a drag too.

Antoinette: O.K. (Exit).

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, (enviously): How does she do it? She'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, (abruptly): Anybody got their Maths done? I can't get any of it.

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

Peggy: This is awful. Pass.

Anne: Two hearts.

Lucy: You crabbed 'Toinette's bid, Anne.

Antoinette: Is that nice? You know I never go out.

All: Yeah?

Antoinette: At least not much. No more than you do.

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 darlinest black eyes.



Two spades.

Lucy: Three clubs. (In an undertone). That's the way I feel.

(Enter Martha)

Anne: Where have you been, Martha?

Martha: I've been at the library. I couldn't stand it there any longer.

Peggy: Why?

Martha: Too many smells from the Lab.

Anne: Isn't Lab. awful? I never can get anything to come out right.

Peggy: Never noticed them — he always keeps me too busy with that darn clay to notice anything.

'Toinette, (musingly): You know, I could fall for that man.

Anne: No use, Honey, he's taken.

Lucy: (Looking at her watch) we've just got (Bell rings — girls drop their cards, pick up their note-books and dash).

Now to be bored.

Another forty-five minutes of torture.

I'm going to catch up on my sleep now.

TO WORDSWORTH

Ah! shall words worth so much as thine,
 Be heard no more in English line?
 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 when back 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

by R. Turpin

Germany and Japan are to-day the centres of international vigilance. Their foreign policies are such that they threaten the peace of the world, now, or at some future date. Both nations are intensely militaristic and patriotic. 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 alien to us. The white man is rejected as being inferior to the yellow man.

Germany seeks to predominate Europe, and she is pushing forward her plans as quickly as possible to do so. Hitler is at present confronted with acute domestic problems — religious, social, economic and political. His promises to the people will be tested when the rigours of the winter arrive to increase his troubles. Although there is a lack of food and raw materials for the people's use, and a lack of money with which to pay off foreign obligations, there seems to be enough of the latter to purchase materials for the manufacture of aeroplanes and armaments.

France, the Germans' relentless foe, although the most powerful nation in Europe, is frightened at the rate of Germany's rearmament, in defiance of the Versailles Treaty. Great Britain also is increasing her air force, as a defense against the potential enemy, but she is not as obdurate as France in her treatment of Hitler's demand of the right to arm to a certain level. Mussolini also has stated that he is in agreement with Britain's views regarding this matter, but nothing can be done at present, while France is obsessed with her idea of security.

The Saar question comes up for solution in January. It will have tremendous influence upon the foreign policy of Germany, whatever way the inhabitants of this wealthy region vote. According to Mein Kampf, Hitler's Testament, Germany seeks extension of her boundaries through the union with the Fatherland of those countries in Europe which contain a German population. The way, he says, lies in the path of the old Teutonic knights.

Japan seeks to predominate at least the Western Pacific. The growth of this nation in the last twenty years has been very great, and having fulfilled many of her ambitions, she intends to continue to do so.

The Japanese have created and expanded a huge industrial organisation. 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 her 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; this conquest enhances Japanese 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 gate to China and India; 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 impregnable Singapore naval and air base. India has recently been granted a navy 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 oil industry in their respective territories. Many of these oil concessions are owned by British and American interests. Thus Japan will have plenty of oil, near by, with which to operate her ships. She denies that she is using this policy as a weapon in favour of an increased navy, but the Japanese are a clever nation. Traditionally they have been friends of Britain, but they now seem to be drawing away from those principles which were once thought they adhered to. The United States, never as friendly to Japan as Britain, seems to be less so now. In the meantime Britain and the United States are co-operating far more closely than they have been doing in the past.

Thus we see the antagonism of two nations, started in opposite parts of the world, against the world; both

have withdrawn from the League of Nations, and both are signatories of important international treaties. France once more has Russia as an ally. The former fears Germany and the latter fears Japan, therefore they believe that unity is strength. The United States distrusts Japan and looks to the British Empire for co-operation in the path that lies unknown before them.

A common task confronts the Anglo-American nations, to try and lead this world to a higher level of life, one based upon Christian principles. Perhaps they may have to resort to war, and if so the fate of the whole world rests mainly on them.

IN WHICH A TRUE KNIGHT IS MUCH ENCOURAGED BY A FAIR MAID

H. W. Gall

And as I walked through the wood a great 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, wherein I saw many strange and wondrous things.

For there was there extending high up into 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 entwined multitudes of small white roses, so thickly interwoven that they seemed to form a wall upon each side of the stair.

Now this stair was divided into a great many sections, and in each section was an arbour wherein small fountains gave forth silver streams of gurgling water, so that because of the sound of the water, and the soft singing of the many fair haired maidens, who sat therein, the air was filled with a soft noise, which can be likened to that which the wind makes when passing through a harp.

For a great while I stood at the bottom much perplexed whether or not I should venture up it, when from a great distance, so far that she appeared but the echo of a fancy, 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 spiritual essence of the place, I proceeded up the stairs. Now each step that I took upon those stairs caused them to send forth soft wonderful music; but my sword point, chancing 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 cannot tell. Having done this the maidens once more resumed their singing, and once more my foot-steps brought forth upon the stair those wonderful harmonies.

I had progressed but a little way when a maid arose from an arbour, exceeding tall and stately she was, whose beauty surpasseth any known among mortals; and she 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 arbours, to whom the maidens were singing softly. They were preparing before them all manner of rich foods and spices from the East.

And forsooth I was sore tempted to stay and rest with them, for the steps were many and long, and the maiden 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 her whom I sought. And if I should say she was the most beautiful of all women I should yet be lying, as her beauty and goodness surpasseth all understanding or description. She welcomed me gladly and leading me to the throne, which stood at the top of the marble stair, motioned me to lie down on one of the couches which were there, and the which were covered with all manner of fine cloth inset with a multitude of precious gems.

Thereupon having obeyed her commands she sat beside me and gave me all manner of fine foods to eat, the like of which was never set before mortal. When I had eaten my fill she brought me a vessel in which to wash, and truly never have I washed in anything like unto it. For the vessel was of solid gold, and in it was the dew 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, and so tenderly she 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. . . . of Tokio 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 of the excellence of the treatment."

— *The Living Church*.

WHY I JOINED THE C.O.T.C.

by J. G. Withall

Last year, an article entitled, "Why I Did not Join the C.O.T.C.", roused quite a furore, as well as the ire of Mr. Edward Boothroyd who came to the defence of the Corps. Tom Carter, the writer of the "tz, tz" article, said he refused to join the O.T.C. because it "exists 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 sound very reasonable and sensible. In the course of setting 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 loyal 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 mark for me as one prepared to defend King and Country). "Those of us" (i.e. C.O.T.C.ers), Mr. Boothroyd goes on to say, "who are fortunate enough to be in a position to fit ourselves for the call of duty, if it comes, should not shirk our responsibilities, but accept them cheerfully." (Boy! oh boy! What a really fine fellow I am. See how by joining the O.T.C. I imply I am one who is fitting himself "for the call of duty"; one who does not shirk his "responsibilities" but "accepts them cheerfully." Bravo! J.G.W.).

But! . . . ah! but; alas and alack! Woe is me! The truth will 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 supposition 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 dances were dished out to us during the year. (Ugh! How, — how ghastly!) I joined the O.T.C. not because I was a "loyal Canadian" but because I was told my enlistment would add \$16. to the exhausted exchequer of the Stu-

dents' Council. (How sordid! But please remember you would not know this unless I was telling you). I joined the O.T.C. not "to fit myself for the call to duty" but because I decided that as matters stand to-day war seems very likely, wherefore, since I'd be dragged into it, because I would not have enough courage to withstand the insults and taunts that are heaped on a conscientious objector, I figured I might as well enter the army as an officer having certain privileges, as enter it as a mere private. Furthermore, the chief reason for my entering the O.T.C. was not to prepare myself to accept my "responsibilities" but to prepare myself to be able to talk intelligently and impartially against (or even for?) the C.O.T.C. My intention, which is traitorous perhaps, is to observe the merits and demerits of the institution so that I'll be able to sensibly curse or praise it.

For similar reasons and motives I would very likely "join up" in the event of war. Now the point I want to bring out is: *you would not* be cognizant of my motives and reasons, wherefore, I would shine forth in all my untrue glory as a noble, courageous, (my eye), patriot going forth to fight and to die if necessary, for his King and Country. But . . . in reality not noble self-sacrifice would prompt me to "join up", but ignoble self-glorification. If I courageously refused, (it would take lots of courage and "guts" too; you ask any bona-fide conscientious objector of the last war), if I refused to go out to kill men with whom I had no quarrel; refused to employ brute strength to force my point of view on another; refused to take part in the horrors, atrocities and rottenness of war; in short, if I refused to be an utter savage and barbarian I would be looked upon and described as "skunk", "coward", "despicable cad", "utter rotter" and so on. So finding the path of truth too hard to tread, I'd take the easier, pleasanter route. I'd become a "noble patriot" and subsequently when I was killed, one of the "heroic dead;" — honoured, blessed, remembered, for being what? — a coward.

Author's note: The object of this essay is to demonstrate how ugly, unattractive things (cf. wars) can be disguised under a cloak of "high-falutin'" language; and to point out that just as the motives and aims of an individual may be misunderstood and misconstrued, so, on a much larger scale the motives and aims of a nation — for going to war, let us say, — can be misconstrued, and misrepresented with the aid of the above-mentioned "high-falutin'" language.

— J. G. W.

OF MAKING MANY BOOKS

by Grace Jackson (B.A. '31)

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 — 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 to trace its 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 experience and observation of the whole human race. From the earliest ages man has sought to express himself, and records of primitive culture show that paleolithic man displayed a remarkable artistic sense in well drawn pictures of animals etched on pieces of horn and tusk by means of rude flint tools. As civilization developed 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 forerunner of printing, 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 3500 B.C. Ptah-hetep, the probable father of all literature inscribed his book of moral precepts, traced in hieroglyphics on the walls and corridors of tombs and pyramid chambers. In Egypt too the oldest known paper originated. Papyrus, manufactured out of the pith 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 300 B.C. to 700 A.D. Papyrus sheets were formed into rolls varying in length from 14 to 133 feet, and these rolls constituted the first form in which books were written.

In Babylonia and Assyria the cuneiform inscription took the place of the Egyptian hieroglyphic. Straight wedge shaped lines were worked with a stylus upon moist clay, and to-day much that 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 "quipus", which were strings of different sizes, lengths and colours, knotted and hung in various ways to designate different meanings. This method was followed by written characters invented by one Ts'ang Chieh. Designed upon long thin strips of bamboo, the characters ran from top to bottom thus originating the columnar arrangement of Far Eastern writing. By 249 B.C. writing in China had become somewhat simplified. A brush pen was invented, and silk rolls made convenient material on which to paint their literature.

And it is to China that we owe the invention of printing. Even before 105 A.D. when Ts'ai Lun made his first paper from tree bark, hemp, old rags and fish-nets, the Chinese people were using seals of jade, ivory or metal, impressing the writing upon clay, without the use of ink. But by the fifth century A.D., while their European brethren were labouring over the difficulties of writing by hand on prepared vellum, they had progressed to the stage where they were using seals inked with a dye made from lamp black, and stamping them upon paper. The earliest printed book of which we know, the Diamond Sutra, is a Chinese achievement, and dates from 868 A.D.

But to turn from the Far East to the West, and from the development of writing and printing to the further evolution of books and literature: it was from Greece and Rome that sprang the culture which permeated all Europe with such a direct and lasting influence; and not the least of the fine arts of any nation is its literature. Interest in early Athens centered about two great forms of literature — the drama, and philosophy, and we find such great men as Aeschylus and Sophocles, Aristotle and Plato, creating the masterpieces which caused the Romans to regard Greek as the language of refined writing. With the capture of Corinth in 146 B.C. Greece was absorbed into the Roman Empire, and Greek works were adapted or translated by Roman writers.

The making, selling and preserving of books had now become an established business. The books themselves were written first on papyrus, and later on parchment, which was traditionally invented at Pergamum under King Eumenes II about 190 B.C. The manuscripts were rolled, and each roll formed a Roman "volumen". "Librarii" or professional writers were employed in duplicating works

and in binding and decorating them. Titus Pomponius Atticus (B.C. 109-32) organized "a great book manufacturing establishment in Rome, with connections in Athens and Alexandria." His activity included the importing of librarii from Athens, training a staff of copyists, sending manuscripts to Athens and Alexandria, collecting books, and publishing several of Cicero's works.

It was inevitable 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 reference and 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

WRONG ATTITUDES

In the whole gamut of human development there is nothing so vitiating as wrong attitudes. The realization of this principle of life came home to me lately in a peculiarly intimate yet bitterly disappointing way. I came into our room the other day to find my room-mate with naught save 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 daubing and rubbing away with savage dexterity. His short, rapid breathing and knitted brows together with the distracting rapidity with which his brush was travelling all expressed a definitely splenetic frame of mind, of which his shoes must have realized only too well the physical issue. The rest of the room was in perfect keeping with his mood. The cupboard door was open. Three dresser drawers 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 pressing that suit that hung by the window drying. 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 hell. (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 wished--- to something--- that it was me instead of him.

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 for 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 large, 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

By this time he had his shirt on. "By Gawd, I'll bet my collar buttons went in the laundry." The probable dilemma that this catastrophe would have left him in was registered with photographic accuracy all over his face. He rummaged through his top drawer and finally got sight of them. He pounced upon them with the avidity of an eagle, seemingly to forestall any possibly latent evanescent tendencies they might have. Well finally he was ready and off he went, leaving Comenius and me to ourselves. (Comenius is our cat).

When he came back his temperature was still high. They talked about places and things he hadn't even heard of. The girls smoked cigarettes incessantly, their finger nails were vermilioned, — positively nauseating. And the grub--? why there wasn't any-- sandwiches?-- yes-- about the size of a dime; cake?--well you didn't get half enough. Most of them took two cups of tea, he only took one — guessed he'd made a breach of etiquette. He'd missed supper in the dining hall, he'd have to go over town and eat. In short, he'd never spent such a rotten, miserable, uncomfortable time in his life. Reminded him a lot of his last attack of appendicitis.

At first I really thought that he was just ranting on to camouflage his vanity, conceit and success at being brought into the most important function of life — something of the idea of the early adolescent boy who thinks it manly to profess intense hatred towards the opposite

sex of a similar age. But now to my sorrow, his feelings were unmistakably genuine. The very thing upon which human society depended; the determining factor in the most crucial of world issues; the all in all of life — he found repulsive.

Now my room-mate is essentially a sterling character, somewhat blatant, a trifle uncouth and even at times breath-takingly frank, but these shortcomings I put down as characteristic of youth, which faults maturer years will eradicate. But his antagonistic attitude towards afternoon tea worried me greatly. I even took it upon myself to correct his error by rehearsing the singular example of a former college acquaintance of mine. Practically every afternoon about four o'clock my friend put on his kettle. He used to invite certain of the celibate profs. in to have tea with him. Yes, even some of the more elite among us. I wasn't among them, (I'll admit my upbringing left a lot to be desired.) I didn't realize the significant function of that art then, and was content to wallow along in ignorant bliss. A number of the really inwardly jealous students used to remark that he was a Sycophant, (I think they meant toadying). Some (also of the rabble) called him a pansy. But I knew differently. He was reaping

THE IMPOSSIBILITY OF WRITING AN ARTICLE

What peculiar actions this oft-mentioned "College-spirit" can effect in us. It may lead us to make our contribution to the College funds by joining the O.T.C. It may lead us, if we are not careful, into the habit of preparing our work daily, and studying at other times than December and June. But one of its strangest effects is that of prompting us (Pity the poor literary board!) to take that step we have contemplated since mid-September, which has haunted our dreams and interrupted our lecture naps, yet has drawn us with an almost fatal fascination to the brink of the literary precipice. We may feel impelled to "write an article" for The Mitre.

It seems that from time immemorial there has been presented to the student body at Bishop's the opportunity of becoming (since their works are usually printed) authors, poets, essayists or artists. This opportunity can become, by a suggestion from the Editor, a pleasant duty to be performed sometime when we are "in the mood". But, as days pass, and nothing in the nature of a mood comes along, it may become a stern task to be attempted with the knit brow, clenched fists, hard-bitten pipestem and drawing of queer geometrical designs on innumerable

intellectual fruit, cultural blessing; storing his mind (which to me seemed already pregnant, even teeming, with limitless information) with an exuberance of fertile thought; well, in short, developing like only afternoon teas can develop one.

He participated in practically all the functions this university boasts, except sports, but where are they? — anyway they rob one of time for afternoon tea.

"Lives of great men oft remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of Time."

Tears welled in my eyes at this point; I was overcome by that feeling of awe and veneration one always has when they realize another great man has been separated from them, perhaps forever — who knows?

His brilliant success in life I attribute to that unparalleled atmosphere to be had only at afternoon teas — not surfeiting one's stomach with swinish gluttony — but rather a repression of the animal desires for the stimulating, enriching and illuminating effect upon the mind.

I do most sincerely hope my room-mate comes to see his untenable situation face to face.

by W. H. King

sheets of paper which are popularly supposed to accompany the mental throes of an Einstein.

Let us attempt an article. We may have overcome the preliminary handicap, that of visitors, by gently but firmly leading them to the door and expressing hopes that they sleep well. We may be well equipped with paper and pen, pencils and erasers, tobacco and matches. It is even possible that we may be brimming with potential wit, or, less likely, moral earnestness. But as we take up our pen we suddenly realize that we lack something. We've neglected to choose a subject! Shall we write the pros. and cons. of O.T.C.? — old stuff! The uselessness of OAK signs? — everyone knows it already! The problem of freshman emancipation? Too dangerous! (for a freshman). The technique of conducting a really warm "bull session"? They're usually uncondemned! Then what — in the name of long-suffering readers and editors — *what*, is there which might be used as a subject?

The problem in this case seems to have suggested its own solution. Why not an article on "The Impossibility of Writing an Article"? Who's to say it's illogical? In this case it worked!

DERELICT

The "Gloria" lies upon her side,
Her bulwarks 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's bleached and rotted too,
Her compass is gone, her mast sawn through;
She leaves no more food for the gull and the mew.
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 wheelman's pipe, while down below
The jolly crew sleep 'neath the foc's'le head
The sleep of the weary, the sleep of the dead. . . .
Her rigging creaks and her foremast head
Swings on through the stars till the morning sky's red.

No more does the foc's'le door swing as the light
Of a lantern flame blurs in a swirl of white. . . .
Watch enters blowing his fingers with all of his might,
"It's blowing like hell," he says, "God, what a night!"
And the snow swirls again and her waist is a seethe
When the watch goes out cursing, his pipe in his teeth.

The foc's'le deserted, the galley fire's dead,
Silent the chant of the man with the lead.
No more does the howling wind fall on her beam,
Or the loud-hissing wake-bubbles sparkle and gleam,
Or the broken waves slap in the rushing slipstream,
Or the clipper-bow churn the green waves into cream.

She who was once the proud queen of the deep
Lies in the mud in her last lonely sleep.
Her anchors are gone, they'll be catted no more,
She'll not slant to the breeze, for she lies there ashore.

George Whalley

POEMS

Old familiar faces
In a twilight room,
Shadowy remembrances
Peering from the gloom.

Smiling as they used to smile,
Years and years ago;
Bringing in the dusk awhile
Friends we used to know.

Closer, creeping closer
Then a shadowy form,
Rises to confront you,
A friend reborn.

When the very air is quiet
And the world outside is drear,
Many memories run riot
Old and sad, and close and dear.

H. W. Gall

SONNET

A woman, with her Phrygian cap awry,
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 pitiless sky.
"The granaries 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 heads fall, as Time's sharp blade swerves
Its downward way, to purge the land of sore.

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. Grub too, paddles, gun, sail, rod; and we were left with our clothing and blankets, but no boots, 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 cheerily 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 pig; now the body of that animal, in part, composes those cells of the brain with which you are conscious of having eaten it, and with which you remember it as living.

Monsieur Desjardins looked at me oddly, at his wife, and back at us. He hesitated. "Voyez! Ce pensées ça, c'est curieuse. C'est piquant, ça. C'est interessant. Attendez, 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, fight among themselves, then go to the factor for a grubstake. They buy more traps and ammunition, and grub, load 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 dollars. 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 Manuan. 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. Supplies were very low. The Indian set off down river for the post on Lake Tchitigama. He travelled on the ice 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 goes 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 was in the snow outside. No flesh 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 eaten his elder brother.

"Non. Ce chose là arrivait il y a cinq ans, puis il vive encore à Pointe Bleue. Les sauvages, ils sont encore barbares, et font souvent des choses terribles qui ne sont pas déclarées." And he spat accurately.

"O GOD, O MONTREAL"

(Canadiana . . . and others).

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

" . . . kicked for McGill and Dunsmore 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 . . ."

— *The Montreal Daily Star.*

"The embassy statement also denied that Japan was insisting on a 5-5-5 ratio to replace the existing 5-5-3 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 gracefully 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 thin volumes of highly distilled verse, and according to Rev. John Hayes 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.

Football have been traded for mothballs — two championships and the memories of our best season have been tucked away where "moth and rust doth not corrupt and where thieves cannot break through and steal".

Coming out of nowhere and seemingly out of nothing, but propelled by that invisible 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 oiled torch 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 Hutchison who showed every opposing player that 160 lbs. of Thetford 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.

"Olmy" Olmstead 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 line-men.

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

As to Dick Rollit we can easily 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 bucks.

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 squashing.

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 is 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 McCaig who not only was an economic genius but was one of the few managers that could satisfy all the players most of the time. Only a player or a manager can understand what that means.

Intermediate Awards were as follows:

Major "B" and Crest:

Glass (captain)	Johnson
Olmstead	Powell
Hutchison	Carson, C. F.
Dunsmore	Wigle
Whalley	Pibus
Rollit	Brooks
Royal	
Cooper	

Crest:

Bassett
Purdy
Knox
McMahon
Johnston
Symington
Lamb
Norris

THE JUNIOR TEAM



Manager McCaig, Mutton, Bennett, Nish, Seveigny, Carter, Coach Griffiths, Frederick, Lamb, Trenholme, Davis, Norris, Ass't Manager W. Gall, Timmons, Page, Symington, McMahon, Johnston, Willis, Capt. Bissonnet, Richardson, 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 untouched for many years. Even the "Montreal Standard", seemingly not expecting the youngsters to win, made a fumble and got the winners mixed. Piloted by Ted Bissonnet, the boys started with an impressive win against the B.C.S. squad and continued to hurl aside all comers. Their stand in Stanstead against the S.W.C. representatives deserves 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 loose ball and started the scoring bee with a touchdown. St. Pats. 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 McMahon, Knox, Jack Carson, Rus Lamb, Davis, Bennett and Bissonnet, and with a reserve like that we feel that we may look forward to next year's intermediate season with a great deal of hope.

In closing 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 scrimmaging.

Minor Letters were awarded as follows:

Symington, Johnston, Nish, Davis, McMahon, Bissonnet, Bennett, Willis, Mutton, Page, Richardson, Trenholme, Seveigny, Carter, Frederick, Carson, J., Knox, Lamb.

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INTERMEDIATE GAMES IN BRIEF

LOYOLA (3) at BISHOP'S (9)

October 13.

Throwing superstition and opposition to the wind, the team 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 learnt, 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 — louring 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 Dunsmore, Oddie Glass seized the ball on an end run, and dashed over for the only major tally. The touchdown was converted, and rouges by Glass accounted for the other points. Loyola's points were got by kicking.

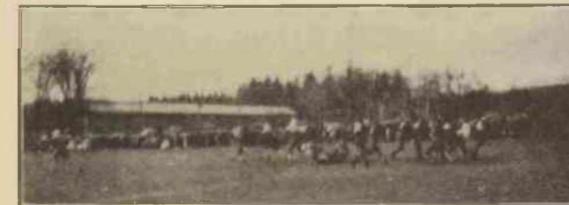


MAVEN

BISHOP'S (1) at QUEBEC (25)

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 into the lead by means of forward passing they allowed the opposition to amass 17 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 loss 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 pecuniary nature.



MACNUTT

BISHOP'S (9) at MCGILL (0)

October 17.

After opening their Intercollegiate schedule with a win over our ancient rivals, Loyola, Bishop's chalked up a second victory, this time white-washing McGill Freshmen. The game was played on a Wednesday, the Team going in and out the same day. A fair crowd witnessed the game at Molson Field, and the Montrealers were evidently favourably impressed with Bishop's, judging from the flattering remarks made in the daily papers the next day.

Captain Glass scored all the points, getting the only touchdown of the game on an end run. Unfortunately, Jack Carson and Everett Cooper were both injured in the game. Outside of these two no other casualties were reported as serious in spite of the rough nature of the game.



K. SMITH

BISHOP'S (20) at LOYOLA (3)

October 27.

When Les McCaig organised this year's Loyola excursion he left no stone unturned — even to 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

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made up for any mistakes they might have made in their visit there. Snuff Wigle scored two touches and McMahon came into prominence by intercepting a Loyola pass and scoring his first intermediate points. Mac Dunsmore 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 used 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 Q.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 see-sawed up and down.

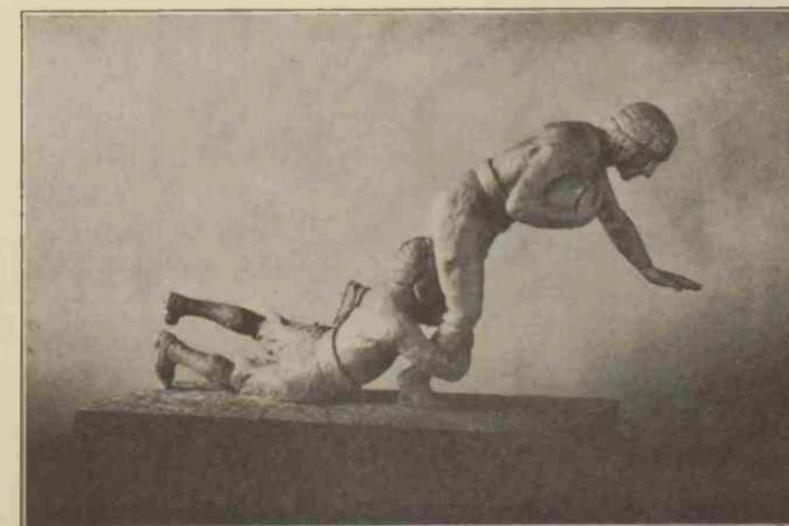
Last year Bishop's won this league and played Westward in Montreal. This year the College did not enter the playdowns, and the Eastern Section will not be represented, Sherbrooke and Quebec being tied for second place.

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 over 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 (10) 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 — Seeing Toronto on the run — How Les McCaig's telephone bill went up — What Chic Carson thought of being serenaded by Lyric sopranos — Why did the Bishop's boys cheer for Queen's? — Blinco scores the Maroons' only goal — Then

"Through the night of soil and sorrow
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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 - Grads 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 beat 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 Davies 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, eighteen 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 beat our entry.

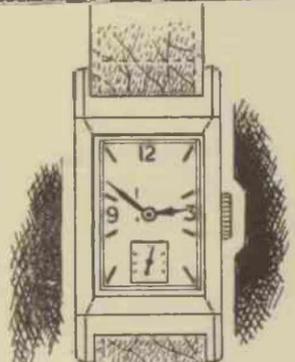
The team is sorry not to be able to welcome back Harry Griffiths who was last year's coach and player as well, but "Gerry" Wiggett of Sherbrooke, well known there and to most of the college chaps of the third year or more here, has again accepted the position of coach for the coming year. He will be 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 Reg. Turpin as freshman representative.

Some very good reinforcements were discovered among the freshmen and they are ably filling the vacant positions.

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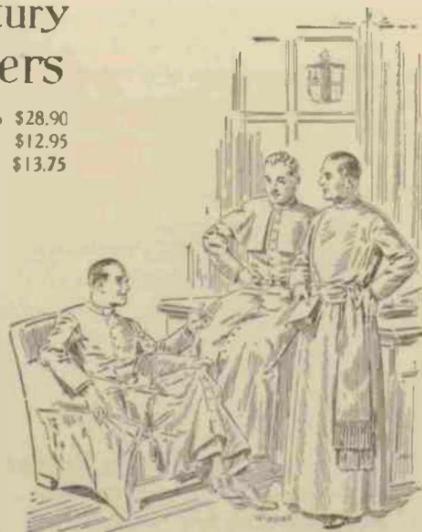
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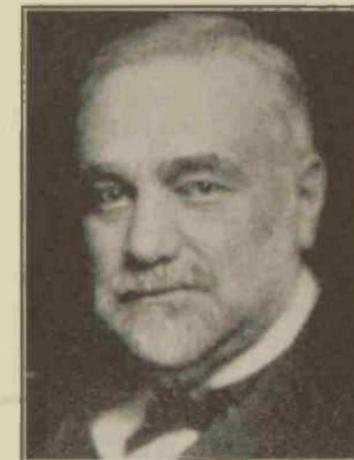


IN MEMORIAM — GRANT HALL, G. M. STEARNS

Since he took his Bachelor's degree from Bishop's University in 1883 and entered the shops 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 resolute 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 withal 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 poise in his confrères 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 29th August last, have earned for 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 on us.

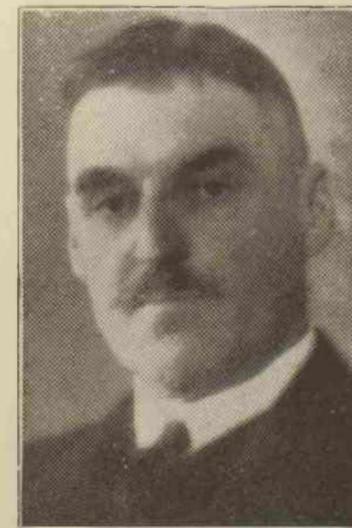
Mr. Stearns' life was one in which success was achieved because of his vision, his courage, and his integrity. His shyness and his quiet, unassuming manner, gave little indication of the eminent position he had attained in the pulp industry, and of the great administrative responsibilities he had borne, 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 Megantic 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.

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NEWS AND NOTES

N.F.C.U.S.

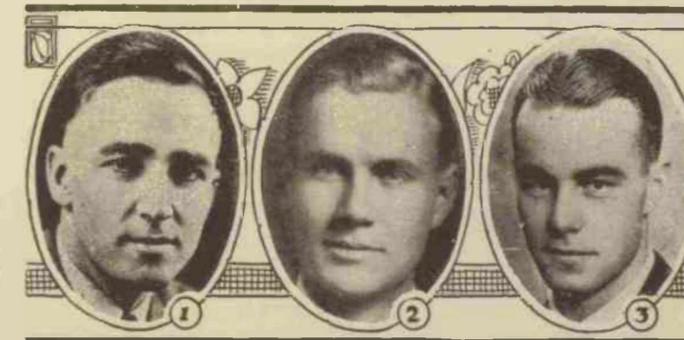
(An editorial in the Dalhousie Gazette)

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 es-

tablished 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 three 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 organised, 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 finished performance than is possible under the circumstances, and puts too great a strain on the inexperienced actor. Janet Kirkpatrick and William Gedye 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 Cuttell, 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 Cuttell, Kenneth Annett, and George Whalley; but a certain stiffness and jerkiness spoiled the action of the play. The sets, designed by Colin Cuttell, 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 Comes 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 profiteer. 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.

That there is a real interest locally in dramatics is obvious, and gives much encouragement to Bishop's University Dramatic Society.

The enjoyment of the audience was materially increased by the musical interludes between the plays, which the Schubert 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 Dens 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 panorama-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 Misses B. L. and M. F. Marlin and their family in the recent death of their father.

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LITERARY AND DEBATING

The activities of the Literary and Debating Society were auspiciously inaugurated in early October, when Mr. Sauerbrei, 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 discussion 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. Bassett and Mr. E. F. H. Boothroyd, who presented the negative case against the motion "Resolved: That This House Deplores 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 persuasiveness 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 Mackey, and opposed by Messrs. Boothroyd, Bissonnet and Richardson, for Arts. The judges decided in favour of Divinity.

On November 24th the annual meeting of the Inter-

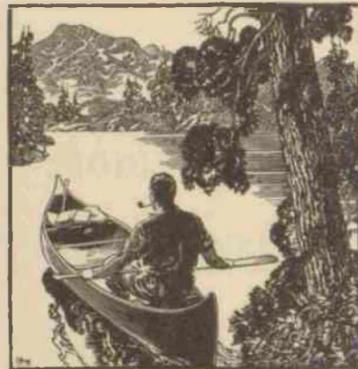
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LENNOXVILLE,

QUEBEC

University Debating League was held here at Bishop's. The officers present were: President — Ruston Lamb, Bishop's; Vice-President — Edmond Benoit, Ottawa; Secretary-Treasurer — C. James Gardiner, McMaster; Councillor — Eric W. Kierans, Loyola. The topic selected for the Inter-University Debates next term was — "That the League of Nations was justified in admitting Soviet Russia as one of its members." An encouraging position was found in the prospective support of 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 Eastern section will meet McMaster in Hamilton. The preliminary debates take place on February 14th, the finals on February 20th.

The Society was by no means satisfied with the small number of papers and Common Room debates during this last 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 15th, 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 were 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 "Muppim, Huppim and Ard", which was very popular with First Year Students because of its connection with Genesis.

Dr. McGreer 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.

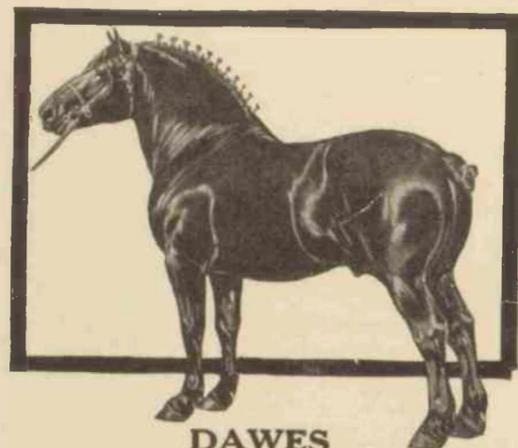
C.O.T.C.

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: the programme was a medley of speeches, music and choruses (which must on no account be confused with music), concluding with refreshments. Colonel A. H. McGreer, 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 organisation 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. AuClair 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 khaki 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 profess 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 this body that the C.O.T.C. is maintained.

To conclude in a social vein we must not forget to



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record the first of our dances which was held on the 20th of November in the gymnasium. This was decorated with firs, wigwags and a log cabin by Lt. Christie and No. 1 Platoon. Rollie Badger and his orchestra provided excellent dance music and the Coeds maintained this high standard with the supper they provided. Mrs. McGreer, Mrs. Sanders and Mrs. Boothroyd were the hostesses.

An appeal for pen friends in Canadian universities comes from the South African Students Association. The object of this is to promote between the sister dominions a better understanding of the life, institutions, and general conditions of each other.

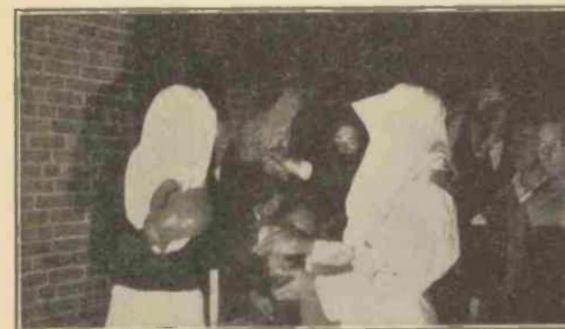
Correspondence will preferably be carried on in English, but if you wish to improve your writing knowledge of French or German mention the fact in your introductory letter.

The secretary of this Exchange Bureau is,
Miss W. E. Dobrowsky,
Huguenot University College,
Wellington, C. P.
South Africa.

To facilitate the selection of a pen friend for you, send the following particulars to the secretary:

1. Name and address (Miss, Mr.).
2. Faculty.
3. Sex and approximate age of correspondent desired.
4. Interests, Hobbies, etc.

It is an impossibility for many of us to visit South Africa; therefore an opportunity to form pleasant and beneficial relationships with students there should be of interest.



MAVEN

GRADUATES — James E. Purdy

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. McLERNON, Class of '33, received special mention as one of the outstanding "Redmen". W. STOCKWELL, 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. WISENTHAL, Class of '35, 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 "linesman" 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 some 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, née 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. LEM. 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.



Wishing Everyone a
Very Merry Christmas and
a Happy New Year

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Lennoxville

M. E. ARMSTRONG, B.A. '34, who is in attendance at Osgoode Hall, came to the Royal York Hotel to see "the boys". G. M. MORROW, Class of '36, came along to give us his lusty support at the game. From what he says he seems to be occupied with a very boring job — Dentistry. The REV. M. BRETT, B.A. '29, made himself known to several of the team. Mrs. Brett, née Miss N. R. WOOD, B.A. '30, seconds her husband's good wishes. They are at present living in the Rectory at Greenville, Ontario.

With hockey coming in as the outstanding sport now, we remember R. P. BLINCO, B.A. '30, who is again a member of the Maroons from Montreal. Russ had the privilege of scoring the only Maroon goal in their recent game with the Toronto Maple Leafs. In his days here Russ made a name for himself in rugby and hockey, and we hope that he will keep it up.

Turning to another form of sport — one for the "weaker sex" as well — Bridge — we find that W. J. HUSKE, a past member of the University, has been given the distinction of being "one of the best contract bridge players in America". Mr. Huske, born at Richmond, Quebec, on May 18th, 1879, has written numerous articles on Bridge, and how it should be played, and is now editor and chief writer for Ely Culbertson. In 1928, Mr. Huske was the Editor of the Auction Bridge Magazine, and now he edits the Bridge World.

D. M. MUIR, Class of '36, has departed for parts unknown on board an Italian tramp steamer. Mack, who was always ready for adventure, will enjoy this trip abroad, we are sure.

The REV. A. R. EAGLES, L.S.T. '34, has been appointed curate of All Saints' Church, Fulham, London, England, and has sailed in order to take up his work.

The REV. E. R. NORNABELL, L.S.T. '32, has been appointed to the parish of Huntsville, in the Diocese of Algoma. Another Alumnus, the REV. MARSHALL TALBOT, L.S.T. '31, has been placed in charge of the Mission of Gore Bay, in the same Diocese.

LEWIS R. MURRAY, Class of '36, has received a position in the C.P.R. Offices in Montreal.

The REV. CECIL WARD, L.S.T. '31, married Miss Doris LeGros, of Gaspé, in St. Matthew's Church, Quebec City, late in June. Mr. and Mrs. Ward are now occupying the Rectory at Valcartier, where he is in charge of Loretteville, Stoneham, and Valcartier.

We are pleased to congratulate the Rev. and Mrs. C. H. ROACH, B.A. '25, M.A., of Metcalfe, Ontario, upon the arrival of a baby daughter.

'Way out there in Viking, Alberta, an alumnus and an alumna are "in the throes of building a church". The REV. T. J. MATTHEWS, L.S.T. '32, and his wife, née EILEEN MONTGOMERY, B.A. '29, M.A. '30, are not satisfied with the present conditions, and so, as good graduates of Bishop's, are setting out with courage upon the arduous

task of erecting a church. Good luck to you both!

P. S. BROADHURST, Class of '34, has been teaching school on the other side of Canada — in British Columbia. Phil left us two years ago, and went to Queen's University, Kingston.

The REV. W. S. WEARY, Rector of St. Margaret's, Eastfield, Ottawa, has been superannuated, following his recent sickness.

We note with sympathy that RAYMOND MACDONALD, B. A. '32, underwent an operation in the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, about the middle of November. Mr. MacDonald has returned to his home in Sherbrooke.

While we are in the local vicinity, it might be well to rob the "news" column and state that the VENERABLE ARCHDEACON F. G. SCOTT, B.A. '81, M.A. '84, D.C.L. '01, LL.D., C.M.G., D.S.O., addressed the student bodies of both the University and of B.C.S., and the interested inhabitants of the vicinity, late in November in the Convocation Hall on the subject of Poetry.

The REV. A. E. E. LEGGE, B.A. '24, M.A. '25, of Coaticook, Quebec, addressed the members of the Divinity Faculty of the University, dealing with the subject Religious Education.

The REV. R. H. FLEMING, L.S.T. '14, is now Priest in Charge of St. John's Church, New Liskeard, Ontario.

The REV. JOHN MCCAUSLAND, B.A. '32, took over the Mission of White River in September. With winter coming on we hope that John doesn't freeze in this new charge, which is referred to as the "coldest spot in Canada."

Mr. W. B. SCOTT, B.A. '08, M.A. '30, has received the honour of being elected President of the Westmount Municipal Association for the year 1934-1935. His election took place at the Annual Meeting of the Association, which was held in Victoria Hall, Westmount, recently.

A. C. CHURCH, B.A. '32, who has gone to Cambridge University, England, has received recognition as taking first class honours in his examinations in the Science Course. Pat has transferred his interests from the Theological to the Scientific realms of thought for the present, but we understand that he still has Holy Orders in his mind. Good work, Pat! Keep it up.

The REV. J. BARNETT, L.S.T. '29, formerly Senior Priest of the Labrador, has been appointed to the office of Curate at Holy Trinity Cathedral, Quebec. Mr. Barnett succeeded the REV. JOHN DICKER, L.S.T. '32, who has gone to the Labrador.

The REV. JOHN COMFORT, L.S.T. '32, has been sick in bed with the 'flu. Correspondence from the Gaspé Coast, where the Comforts live, informs us that John will be free from the doctor's care by this time.

DR. S. MARTIN BANFILL, B.A. '28, is now the Resident Physician in Charge at the New Private Patient Pavilion of the Western General Hospital which was opened in Montreal in September by the Governor-General.

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The REV. W. H. M. CHURCH, B.A. '30, M.A. '32, was a recent guest at Harrold Lodge.

Turning again to the "Ex-Fair Coeds" we find that Miss ALISON EWING, B.A. '30, who is at present a teacher in the Waterloo High School, visited Miss GERALDINE SEALE, B.A. '30, at her home in Lennoxville, over the week-end 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 Bryson 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 MAIN, 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.

R. A. CARSON, B.A. '30, M.A. '31, 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 23rd.

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 page, called "News of the World in Brief", is an excellent idea; it should be copied by other college dailies. The editorials of such daily 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' far-famed book, "Cry Havoc!" It was published, says the *Queen's Journal*, by "644 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 questionnaire, 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' papers.

The questionnaire is divided into five sections, roughly

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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) What 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 occupies the centre of attention 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 activities 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 humorous department, such as "Frobisher's Frolics" in the *McGill Daily*, and "The Champus 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 jewel from "The Champus Cat" will be found elsewhere in "The Mitre". In the *Queen's Journal*, "Sam Pepys at Queen's" strikes us as a rather ordinary variation on "Mrs. Pepys 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 Johnian* (St. John's College, Winnipeg, Manitoba), *Dalhousie Gazette*, *Alma Mater* (St. Jerome's College, Kitchener, Ont.), *The Manitoban* (U. of Manitoba, Winnipeg), *The Ubyssy* (U. of British Columbia), *The Brunswickan* (University of New Brunswick), *The Wesleyan Pharos* (W. Virginia Wesleyan College, Buckhannon, West Virginia), *The Xaverian 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, N.B.), *The College Cord* (Waterloo College, Waterloo, Ont.), *The Quill* (Brandon College, Brandon, Man.), *Honi Soit* (Sidney University, Australia; week-

ly), *The Challenger* (St. John Vocation School, N.B.), *The Gilmorebill Globe* (Glasgow University, Scotland), *Fault- Ye Times* (Macdonald College), and the *Intercollegiate Digest* (published in New York).

As has been mentioned before, there has been a general scarcity during the fall months of those more pretentious publications, the college magazines. Of the few the Exchange Department has received, however, there are some which merit more than a little consideration.

The last two issues of *The Trinity University Review* are in our opinion among the best we have seen. *The Review*, indeed, is perhaps our best Canadian exchange. In the October number appears an article well worth reading because of its political and literary interest; "Coriolan" Master of France, 1934, deals with the influence of a French translation of Shakespeare's "Coriolanus" on the French political situation last winter. Robert Jaques, the author of this article, points out the remarkable similarity between the political situation of Coriolanus' Rome and the France of the Stavisky Scandal. There is the same atmosphere of corrupted democracy, of political graft and the private selfishness of public men. The fall of the Daladier Cabinet, says Mr. Jaques, coincided with the production of "Coriolan", and, as he sees it, the play had a vital part in causing the fall of the government. The government, indeed, realizing that the play was dangerous to its existence, tried to ban it, and "suppress this attempt, as it thought, to belittle parliamentary institutions"; but the popular tumult that ensued caused it to desist. A few days later the government fell. As the author says, "At this moment of French History "Coriolan" . . . turned out to be the master of destiny. Just as in every crisis a writer or a play is found to express the need of the French people, so, in 1934, Shakespeare served as an intellectual machine-gun throwing out bullets of reform at all parties."

In the same issue of *The Trinity University Review* is the following, which we think so good that it would be a crime not to reprint it verbatim:

"THE ART OF REJECTING MANUSCRIPTS
à la Chinoise"

"The following is said to have emanated from the desk of a Chinese editor in Hongkong:

"To Those Whose Divine Manuscripts We Have Rejected: We have read your manuscript with infinite delight. By the sacred ashes 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 one thousand 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 liars. 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 Tech 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 humour section be added to set off the more serious articles and add a sparkle to the paper."

We thank *The Tech Flash* for the compliment, and do not at all mind the criticism, "The Mitre's" lack of humorous element has been a subject of much conversation, both in the university at 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 risqué 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 analyse 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 realise 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 expresses high glee at the "revolt" of the 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 Jeanne d'Arc, Anatole France and Bernard Shaw, with Shakespeare and a very obnoxious character, the Psycho-Analyst, 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 an extremely good title-page and cover. The feature, however, which most aroused our admiration, was the linocut called "Presences in a Garden"; it is avowedly abstract, but excellently conveys the idea of gracefulness and sunlight, which its title leads us to believe is its purpose.

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Though the *Canterbury College Review* is mainly literary, it has a good activities section; this is printed in the back, in small type, where it does not interfere with the more artistic tone of the magazine.

The poetry in the *Review*, like that of another antipodean exchange we have received, *The Adelaide University Magazine*, is of a very high order. We quote the very skittish poem called "Metaphysics:"

O boy it was a thrill, she said,
I adore aeroplanes, she said;
the cosmos stood upon its head
at this incredible gyration
of the first lady of creation,
the apologetic Paraclete
was conscious of unwieldy feet . . .
It fell at 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

went mad and smashed a window-pane.
I stirred the fragments: one by one
they sparkled at the guileless sun.
This reminds us of " 'Twas brillig, and the slithy
tove ---"

From Japan comes the *Red and Grey*, of the Canadian Academy at Kobe, with its original cover, and its jokes department that is really funny; to prove this, the following:

"Squire: 'Didst call me, milord!'
Knight: 'Aye! Bring hither a tin opener with
all speed, I have a flea in my armour.'"

Besides the above-mentioned, we have received the following magazines since "The Mitre" last went to print: *Technique* (Ecole Technique de Montreal; 2 issues), *St. Mary's College Review* (St. Mary's College, Brockville, Ont.), *The O.A.C. Review* (Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph), *The Algoma Missionary News*, *Quebec Diocesan Gazette*, *The King's College Record* (Halifax), *College Echoes* (St. Andrew's University, Scotland), the *Journal of the Malta University Literary Society* (Malta), and the *White and Gold* (annual of the Siskiyou Union High School District, California).

BOOKS TO READ

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 souls 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 "Discoveries 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 "cramming" 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 "Coefficients" which flourished in the early 1900's, and where such contrasting men as Grey, Haldane, Milner, Henry Newbolt, Robert Cecil, Bertrand Russell and Wells himself, met and exchanged ideas.

Many will disagree 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 only 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 London under the title Why Nazi?).

Don't read this book. That's how I'd like to be able to start off this resumé. I'd like to be able to tell you to avoid it because it would corrupt your morals or some'ing. 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 tackle 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" — 30 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 op-

position 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 she 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 roused 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; how it proved a disastrous 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 with his wife was murdered in the "clean-up" of June 30th last, figures prominently in this chapter. An explanation for the General's "bumping-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 Naziism. (Nazi, by the way, 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 Houses 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 to-day and offers an explanation for it. You'll find it intensely interesting.

Chapter 8 — "The New Constitution" — 13 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 an Englishman had formulated the crazy theory of Nordic superiority, and like rot. The reasons for the persecution of the Jews are listed.

Chapter 10 — "Germans in Europe" — 15 pages.

Tells how Germany settled down after 1925 to a policy of trying to fulfil 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 dissipated by the domestic terror and persecution of the Jews.

Chapter 11 — "Germany's New Masters" — 28 pages.

The most interesting chapter in the book. It consists 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"), Goebbels, Frick, Ernst Roehm, Rudolph Hess, Alfred Rosenberg, Gregor Strasser (Hitler's potential rival) and other minor figures in the Nazi ranks.

Chapter 12 — "Twilight or New Dawn?" — 15 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 unbiassed 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 "hooy" and lies. I may be fooling you, "stringing you a line." Why not find out?)

J.G.W.

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SEA LEVEL, by Anne Parrish. New York, Harper, 1934. 373 pp. \$2.50.

"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 sordid, man's mental life, or his physical life. Miss Parrish shows disconcertingly how large a proportion of man's thought 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 maintained 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 Reade, then hearty Jim Mallory and his wife Mary, Mrs. Palmer, an elderly millionairess, accompanied by her niece Olive, Mr. and Mrs. Crowell, high-lights of New York society, Dr. Zeletti, a prying psycho-analyst, and last, but first in every crowd, the beautiful, excessively attractive Baby Weedon.

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-seers are, for the most part, ordinary people, not particularly well-read, nor trained in appreciation. Matter-of-fact, placid, unidealistic, 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.

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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 be-

W. A. BOWN

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lieve 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 paid to 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.

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Grannies are living in uninhabitable little crannies right here in our city. How can one of these poor Grannies buy toys out of her \$3.50 weekly cigarette money? Won't you help now?

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

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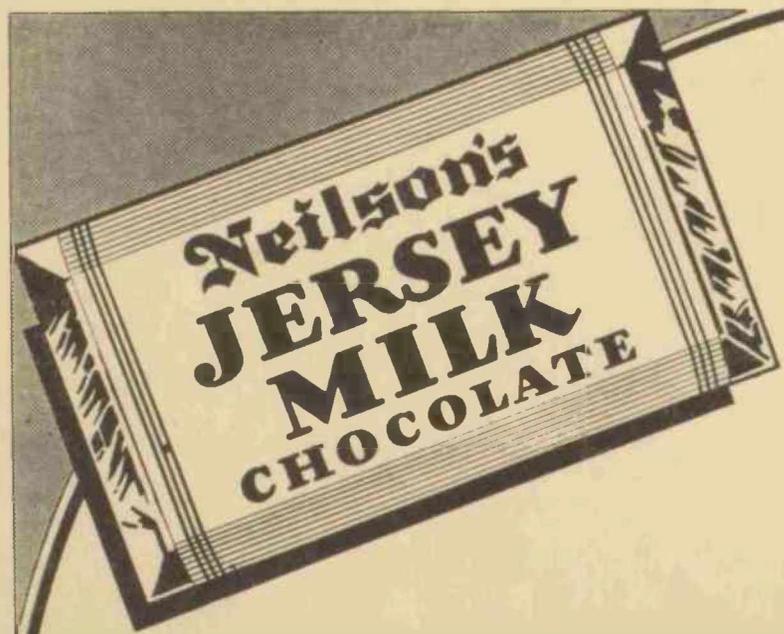
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