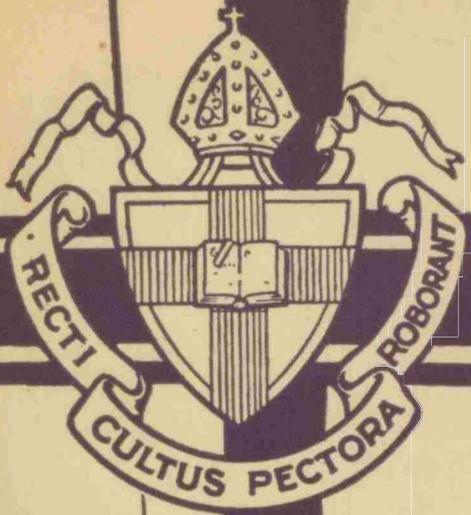


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The Mitre

VOL. 42 NO. 5

JUNE

1935

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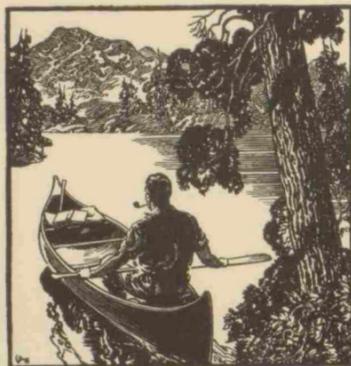
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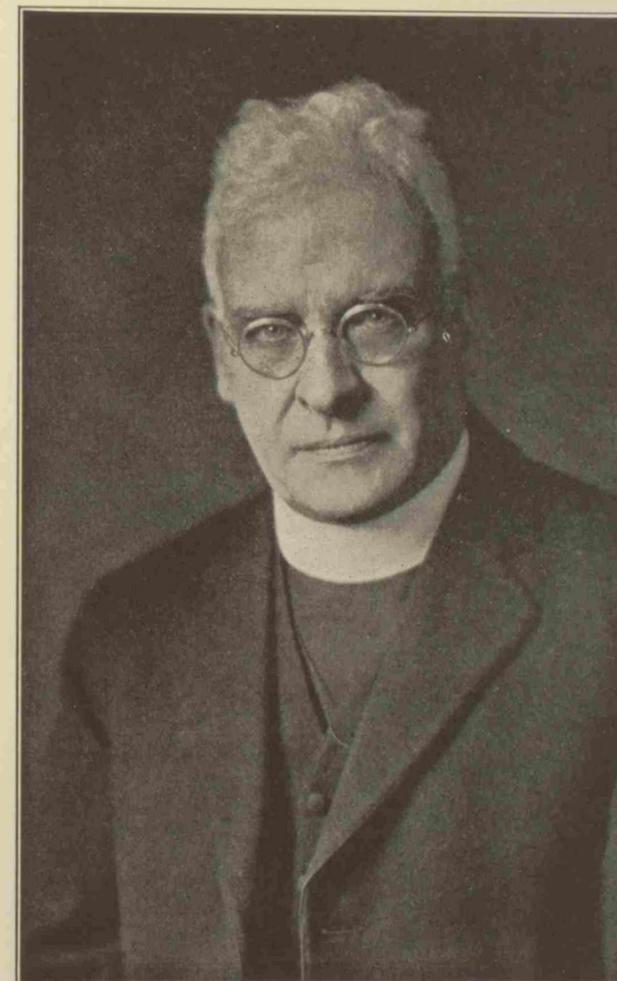
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TO THE REV. F. G. VIAL,
M.A., B.D., D.C.L.



THIS ISSUE IS
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

Established 1893
THE MITRE

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

**JUN
 1935**

VOLUME 42 NUMBER 5

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

It has been a season of Jubilees. We will not add to the already voluminous literature on the Jubilee of King George V, except to join in the universal congratulations. On the same day as the King celebrated his Jubilee Dr. Vial completed his jubilee of twenty-five years as Warden of Divinity House. One of the first editors of "The Mitre", he has been honorary president of the board for many years, and it is only fitting that this number should be dedicated to him. Dr. Vial has won the hearts and confidence of many successive generations of Divinity and Arts students, and his kindness and generous hospitality are remembered by many graduates of Bishop's College. During his recent illness his one anxiety has been for his unruly boys in the Shed, and we hope that he will yet enjoy many years in close connection with the College.

"The Editor-in-Chief.
 The Assistant Editor.
 The President.
 The Sports Editor.

Send a contribution to the first name and an S.O.S. to five of your friends!"

Yes, we seriously thought of descending to the vulgar to get something for the June "Mitre." Months ago we approached our friends, our bosom acquaintances. "An

article for 'The Mitre'? Why certainly, a pleasure." Time went by. We approached them again. "An article for 'The Mitre'? Oh, I'm sorry, I forgot." Another week or so. "Sorry, no time." "But..." "GO AWAY, didn't you see the 'Oak' sign on the door?" We were surprised at this reception. When it was repeated, not once but many times, we wondered what was up. "Surely Spring is here," we thought. "Is not this the time for poets and laughter? And yet gloom is in every countenance!" At last we found the solution: "Exams," said one. To hear him you would think that he was the only person who had to write any exams. The situation was getting desperate... a June "Mitre" to produce, not a single contribution... Of course what we should have done was put a notice on the board:

THE MITRE

The President and the Board regret that owing to total lack of contributions, with the exception of a dissertation on the foolishness of war by the Assistant Editor, no "Mitre" will be published this June.

WHEE! J. A. MacCallum.

Alas! We had not the courage. What would the students say? Not having helped out in any way, they would not have had any real right to say very much, but what difference would that have made? What would the advertisers have said? Plenty, and cancelled the contracts. We might have said that by refusing to publish a June issue "The Mitre" was merely being up to date with the McGeers and the Hepburns, but the excuse of hiding behind what we may think are the mistakes of others is always a feeble one. What would the printers have said? But all this does raise a point: Is the June "Mitre" worth while?

It is indeed a serious business when the demands of professors and the Principal begin to interfere with student activity. "Examinations" — a paltry excuse, but still no contributions. We tore our hair. Contributions? We remember a friend of ours who always said to those who had suggestions: "Fine, you do it." We've done it; once we started others caught the idea, and so you have the June "Mitre".

It is strange how a College Year just peters out, — the end of the hockey season, followed by the Major Play seems to be the conclusion of any serious student activity. A few enthusiasts try a game of softball or even cricket, but the threat of exams extinguishes all else; individuals finish their exams on different days and streak for home; perhaps they return for a few hours to Convocation, but more likely not. The Graduates are left, a borrowed hood to be returned, a piece of parchment and their memories...

Is a college education worth while? A hackneyed subject to some, but to those who are at the moment

graduating a serious question. After all, we had a good time at College, it was always a thrill (although we are not ready to confess it as such) when we drank one too many and, evading the regiment of night watchmen, climbed the fire escape, — but was it really worth three years? And what have we learnt? Some of the profs bored us, others amused us, but what did they teach us? And is it worth \$1,500?

We venture to disagree with one of the contributors to the last issue of "The Mitre". In discussing the aims of a college education he says: "...one's relation to a college... is rather that of a housewife to a store. The student, as a body, purchases the use of the time and brains of the faculty..." We do not say that this is incorrect, but the writer surely does not go far enough. We came to College, to learn, yes; to get a B.A., yes; but we came also to learn to live. And if we have not learnt to live at College, when will we learn to live? And learning to live is surely learning how to do things we do not like doing or do not want to do — perhaps (perish the thought!) even eat some of the things we do not like. Some of us had lived at home all our lives; it was real education to leave them. Some had pet ideas; it was real education to see them shattered and laughed at. We may graduate with the highest possible honours, but if we have not learnt to live with our fellows, get on with the person we feel we don't like, and help a fellow out when he has got into a hole, our education is of little value.

There is one thing that remains firmly implanted in the mind of every graduate, and that is the Chapel. The founders of this College wisely provided us with a chapel. They had firmly in the mind the conviction that College education must develop the whole man. In accordance with the custom of the time they felt that the best way of doing this was by copying the English custom of compulsory attendance in chapel.

"You can lead a horse to water, but you cannot make him drink" runs the old saw. Generations of students have bucked at the present system of compulsory chapels. In "The Mitre" of 1898 we find the following:

"Most certainly men are not compelled to come to a College where such rules (compulsory chapel attendance) exists. But neither were men who accepted positions under the Test Act... obliged to come forward and make themselves candidates... No one can fail to see that it strikes at the very root of the religious life of many individuals. Of course, it may be objected that Ancient Colleges have adopted the rule of compulsory attendance... Oxford has erred, Cambridge has been misled, we have been indiscreet."

Two years ago a petition signed by over 98% of the student body, requesting the removal of compulsory

chapels, was handed in. In this issue of "The Mitre" the old question is raised in a refreshing way by the author of "Behold this Dreamer". The arguments have been stated and restated. The authorities have been considerate, the required number of attendances has been reduced. But what is the graduate's memory of chapel? We have talked with some, they said: "Oh we had to do it to get our B.A."

It is one of the privileges of Bishop's that we have a chapel. We are anxious to see the wishes of our founders carried out. It is evident that the system as at present is not fulfilling their wishes. Cannot the other way be tried? Compulsory chapels have been abolished at Wycliffe College with success.

And while we are on the subject of Graduates we would direct the attention of all graduates to the full page advertisement of the Hold Tite Tombstone Corporation, which appears on page 24. The inspiration for this company was a circular relating to Mother's Day. We can highly recommend this corporation, and assure our readers that the terms are very reasonable.

The Academic Year 1934 - 1935 has been an undoubted success. The Rugby team brought great honours to the College, and our senior man another Rhodes Scholarship. The Dramatic Society has excelled itself, and the vote of thanks carried at a recent meeting of the Students' Association was well earned. The Officers of the O.T.C. have put a great deal of time and energy into their work, and the corps has been placed on a more voluntary system. We are wondering how the moving pictures turned out. Bishop's has at last produced a cricket team that has succeeded in beating B.C.S., and beating them soundly too! Other societies and activities have carried on much as usual.

There has been an unfortunate tendency on the part of a nearby fire escape to rise further and further from the ground. We fear that if someone really did have to use it in case of fire there would be broken limbs, — after all that fire escape is now higher than any freight car. We deeply regret the fact that that fire escape is getting shorter. Moreover, by the time a fellow comes to College he should be able to use his common sense; and excessively petty rules over coming in at nights are a great source of irritation. Remove all the fire escapes, multiply porters, putting one on every door, and the rules will still be broken. After all, the curse of sin is the law, and we are reminded of the society at Oxford University which exists solely for breaking all the puerile rules that are inherited from the Middle Ages. For instance, marbles are forbidden on the College steps, hoops must not be bowled in the quadrangles, and it is forbidden to row a boat on the town drain. This enterprising society has succeeded in doing all these things.

The recent wholesale gating has roused considerable resentment and some hard feeling. It is not our position to criticize the authorities because we do not know all the facts; besides, criticism is cheap and easy. It must be remembered that the same authorities are not only responsible for the student body, but also are always ready and willing to help the student. Extra funds are cheerfully forthcoming for sports, and much is done to assist anyone who has landed in serious difficulty. Stop and think two minutes and you will see that a great deal of the resentment is sheer nonsense. But the whole situation is best summed up by the following:

HYMN OF THE RENEGADES
Boys that come in through the window
All rules defied,
With the thought: "What can the Prin do?"
Are satisfied.
We are all for two weeks gated,
Then we may be reinstated,
Now each night our names are slated
By Porter Pryde.

This hymn, which should be sung to the tune of "All through the night", was composed by our old friend Un Animous.

There are jobs connected with every kind of organization that entail much hard work and little recognition.



THE MITRE BOARD

There are many students who serve the student body in various ways; when something goes wrong they hear about it, but when everything runs off smoothly no one says "thank you". The position of Secretary-Treasurer of the Students' Association is one of this nature. This year Larry Maven has filled the position in a very capable manner: we wish to congratulate him. Larry is the Senior Man elect, and we wish him every success in his new post.

We have reached the end of our task. What is the function of an editorial? We've written four of them now, but still do not seem to be able to answer that question. We have not hesitated to comment on what we thought was wrong, but that is an easy task. We hope we have indicated the positive side of things; after all a great deal depends upon our personal attitude to things.

It is a fine day, the sun is shining: "Going to be beastly hot," we say and climb unwillingly out of bed. Crossing to Pryde's office we ask for mail. He smiles benevolently but hopelessly. "D...the woman." The eggs are not cooked, we hurl them to the floor... "H... I have a lecture with Prof. Bore this morning."

It is a fine day, the sun is shining: "Good for a swim today," we leap from bed. Pryde hands us her letter. "Cheers!" The eggs are bad, we are intensely amused breaking them and tormenting our neighbours with the smell. A lecture with Prof. Bore this morning. Surely we'll get the old boy going on something interesting...

E. C. R.

THE NEW CANADA: IV - POETRY

"Vials of Wrath"

by Ajax

It is noteworthy that while many major aspects of Canadian life are fully of the time, Canadian poetry, i.e., poetry produced wholly in Canada by Canadians, is a good half aeon behind almost every other manifestation of the national consciousness. By major aspects, Canadian political life is suggested, which is as reactionarily embroiled as any other state hell-bent for Fascism; Canadian industrial life, which is as progressively ruthless as big business anywhere; Canadian artistic life, which is still making hay out of precedents set by the Group of Seven.

It is also noteworthy that, saving the attempts of a few striplings, and one or two isolated stalwarts who have remained young and experimental in spite of increased girth, encroaching baldness and jobs in conservative universities, no perceptible effort is being made by Canadian poets to infuse Canadian poetry with today's motifs, let alone emancipate it from the podgy sentiments and anachronisms of treatment which definitely label it as pseudo-and-quasi-Victorian.

There is a placid flatness to the general run of Canadian poetry whether of 1882 or 1935, which invokes a smile of tolerance from the uninvolved observer, and makes the concerned participant preoccupied with evaluations of content and treatment, to squirm and suffer under so much documented obeisance to the namby-pamby. There is a hushed and tremulous avoidance of any self-criticism and an unwavering adherence to ideals and tricks of expression which have come to be identified with an age long since relegated to dust and archives. Jingoistic utterances which would stick in the throat of a latterday Kipling, stereotyped descriptions of loons, lakes, pine trees, prairies and other natural Canadian phenomena, kindly and saccharine encomiums on fairies, elves and dreams, which might conceivably please children of tender and credulous years, apostrophied paeons in lame rhyming hexameters to Beauty, Life, Time, Love, Faith, Hope and Charity, smug and safe sonnets with a transparent moral in their concluding couplets, ill-phrased effusions on Rembrandt portraits or Beethoven sonatas which daub their original subjects with the treacle of sentimentality... blithe inelegancies such as these constitute a fair cross section of what is, by the grace of poppycock, Canadian poetry.

In the matter of treatment, of rhyme and metre, Canadian poetry remains the stamping ground of antediluvian formulae, of the second person singular, of e'er, o'er, yore, ye, of all the syllables clipped by the respected

dead for metre's sake, and of all the consciously 'poetical' words that enjoyed their day in Mrs. Hemans' youth. It is as though a colony of shoddy middle-Victorian poetasters had been miraculously preserved in all the drab bloom of their youth, right through the volatile years of Edward and George, cut off from all improving contact with the outer world, and reduced for the purpose of criticism and comparison to the glib encomiums of their own numbers.

That is the significant thing about Canadian poetry — it is an unhappy survival.

Canadian poetry has not at any time ever been of the first or even third water. No Walt Whitman ever sauntered on the Montreal Quays; no Poe ever ate his heart in a Toronto newspaper office. For generations Canadian poetry was the off-hour kill-care of Empire Loyalist clergymen, who pursued their halt iambics, and cornered their unresisting rhymes, with all the zest of professional soul sleuths. Subsequently the domestic muse became the loose paramour of a company of 'poets' who hailed from the east coast provinces, and whose verse was burthened with a prim Nordic consciousness, and a second-hand Imperialism. The poetry of these good people suffered from open road infantilism in its later stages, as the work of Bliss Carman, Lampman, the Scotts, and the several generations of Roberts, bears sad witness. And the current crop of Canadian rhymers, with woefully few exceptions, have been prevented by their innate conservatism and general imperviousness to the new, from swerving one iota from the precedents laid down by the generation now mouldering under grass or in academic chairs.

Changes have taken place in modern English poetry; the United States have experienced a sequence of upheavals since the first crusading days of Harriet Munroe. There is an Auden and a Spender afoot in England; there and in America a proletariat is becoming vocal. Yet no echo of change or revolt has seeped through the bolstered self-satisfaction of the gentry who are pleased to style themselves 'Canada's bards'.

That label should be self-explanatory to the sensitive and acute. It indicates a saddening and unrelieved provincialism of thought; it implies the clucking, fluttering groups of maiden ladies and maiden gentlemen who foregather in an atmosphere of fervid patriotism and mutual self-esteem to absorb tea out of fragile cups, and crunch hot muffins between talk of the late lamented Carman's laurel wreath.

With the publication of the *Poetry Year Book*, the official chapbook of the C.A.A.'s Poetry Group, the bandwagon of registered Canadian verse makes its annual trip, usually laden with three or four good poems, and almost forty examples of prosy emotionalism and flaccid sentiment. The volume of 1932-3, though not the last, is quite outstanding. Consider it. The preface by Mr. Warwick Chipman, poet, suggests in effect that poetry and the imagination that motivates poetry, may offer some palliative for, presumably, the economic depression. He begins, "In these anxious days when people the world over are asking the same grim questions and receiving the same bleak replies . . . when men have been betrayed in all their practical life; and, politically and economically, seem only to contrive their greater frustration . . . let imagination remind us of the immense reserves of the human soul.

"It is a hundred years since Goethe died, and Scott. The world they faced was as torn, as helpless, and as frightened as our own; and they replenished it and gave it strength. And today it may be that if we lack the will and vigour to follow the wisdom of a Salter or a Stamp, some genius of imagination is on his way to give us the tone, the temper, and the fulness from which wisdom and will are restored.

"Meanwhile our Seventh Year Book bears witness that the poets of this country continue undiminished and undismayed, remembering and reminding."

(My italics.) A further prefatory note explains that the volume contains prize winning and honourably mentioned poems, gleaned in four parallel poetry contests held by the Canadian Authors' Association.

"The total number of entries was 614, submitted by over 300 poets from all parts of Canada, from the Atlantic seaboard to the foothills of the Rockies."

Now for the contents. Thumbing through the book, one observes that of the thirty-seven English poems, eight are preoccupied with God and Heaven in wistful, anticipatory terms. Others are concerned with capitalized Beauty, Dawn, Optimism, Gypsies and Blindness. A third group sticks faithfully to the perennially popular fairies. There is nothing here to help those "men who have been betrayed in all their practical life", who "politically and economically, seem only to contrive their greater frustration". The poems have no bearing on actual experience. They approach no issues whatever. They are sterile.

An ecstatic example of the tenor of the volume is taken from *A Fantasy* by H. Howey.

I talked a while with Beauty
And though she spoke no word
Her presence touched the world with song
And melodies I heard.

An intimate glimpse of the pre-maternal conscious-

ness is afforded by the first and last stanzas of the poem *For My Unborn* by Mrs. Graham Gould:

New life has crowded out my fairy dreams,
To make a little niche for life unborn . . .
My feet that danced to greet the rising sun
Are still, at morn.

* * *

Dreams will return on naked flaming wings
When I have quaffed the cup my lips must take . . .
But now I go, with wide unclouded eyes . . .
And heart awake!

A chaste lyric to a *Barn Swallow* by Lily E. F. Barry, expresses these original and touching sentiments:

Skyward soaring, cleaving the blue
Whither aloft, thou happy swallow,
Give me the wings that I may too
Thy rare adventures follow.

Half on earth and half in heaven,
A prophet-bird thou seemest,
Leaving in my heart the leaven
Of all the joy thou dreamest.

This is the dictum of a recluse to a loose-foot friend in a poem called *Vision*:

Across the canvas of my wall . . .
Gay caravans of gypsies pass,
And all the sunset clouds of night.
If you could know the half I see,
I'm very sure you'd envy me!

A *Laurentian Lake* is apostrophied in nine stanzas by Alice M. S. Lighthall. The first is representative:

Lac Bleu is where the fairies dwell
With pagantry, and music sweet,
And bells that never mortal eye
Has seen at all, so hid they lie.

A commendable anti-war spirit is unfortunately expressed in *Excerpt from a War Book*:

Today they gave me the Victoria Cross—
Five times I silenced guns across no man's land—
But greater than gain was my loss
For the light for twelve men was put out by my hand.

Oh, the fighting was fair — if war doesn't lie,
And the purpose was good — so the world claims,
But twenty-four glaring eyes blindly gaze at the sky,
And ne'er again will twelve men walk green country lanes.

Quite a fuss there was — War's a great game!
The drum beat, and flags were unfurled;
But to-night, after tramping miles in the rain,
I've returned deadly tired and sick of the world.

You are having a Roman holiday, but the worst is over. For the male members of this mixed choir are not so naïvely bad. Leo Cox, veteran poet, trots out six over familiar rhymes:

Some winter night the moon will rise
And flood this lane with silver eyes.

And the Great Dipper will possess
The tall elms' bitter loveliness.

In search of dreams of long ago
The wind will stir the drifting snow.

Beauty, of course, is encountered a little further down the lane, and no doubt, the shade of a blushing de la Mare. Warwick Chipman throws back a little further. This stanza is culled from an oddish poem called *At the Sea*.

O mansions numberless! O secret House enfolding
All the dreams of myriad worlds in a single care!
Ever the ultimate dream, the last adventure beholding!
Ever from that bright wonder, that eager ineffable air
Shedding prophetic heaven! and with fond fingers moulding
Kingdoms and fellowships untold to greet Thee there!

There is little to relieve the tedium. Some poems are

superior to the ruck, *Remembrance Day* by Charles Bruce; *Auebagab* by Clara Hopper; *The Ploughman* by Michael Casey; and *Piano Recital* by N. W. Hainsworth.

The case against Canadian poetry of today is that it is insular to an unbelievable degree, and still browses in the Elysian fields which accommodated Wordsworth and Laureate Tennyson. Discounting the fact that most of it is very badly written, Canadian poetry is making little or no effort to reflect Canada today, and no attempt to grasp and cope with the problems of economic and social existence which are so viciously laying our culture and civilization by the heels. Canada is now experiencing the same transitions and upheavals which are being felt in every other capitalist country, as Mr. Chipman suggests in his preface, but you'd never know it.

This just won't do.

It may be pointed out that this paper concerns itself with minor fry. That it walks widdershins around the pressing need to peck a hole in A. M. Klein, Robert Finch, F. R. Scott, Dorothy Livesy, A. J. M. Smith, Leo Kennedy, Charles Bruce, E. J. Pratt and Audrey Brown — poets of a more intellectual cast who publish respectably in volume form under the aegis of Toronto publishers, whose technique is somewhat advanced, but who are still writing back in the early twenties. (Livesy with the Dialectical Materialism, Pratt with a certain civil liberties self-consciousness, and Scott heaping precious scorn on the times, are possible exceptions.)

(The next part of this article will attempt to analyze the work of the above named and to allot a recipe for the efficacious delousing of Canadian poetry).

DOOM

Like heavy shadows of impending storm,
Heralds of fierce and driving ruin,
Presaging dark and depthless woe —

As falls the gruesome twilight on the tropics,
Before the sudden night blots out
The brightness of the day —

As deadly rifles slowly come to shoulders,
Just as the captain gives the order "Fire!"
As fingers squeeze on triggers —

Thus do bowel-less lecturers announce,
Sudden and unexpected, of a sunny morn,
". . . the term's last lecture . . . we shall meet
ere long . . ."

Oh Death! Oh Devil!

"BEHOLD, THIS DREAMER . . ."

by
Divinitas

Arthur Cleric junior was very tired. He was a freshman at Deacon's University and had been carrying chairs all afternoon. He usually felt tired after carrying chairs, and even when he had not been so doing he slumbered at every possible opportunity. He was a Divinity Student.

This afternoon being no exception, Arthur donned a dressing gown, set his alarm clock, reclined, and slept. He had slept but the length of time it took for the chapel bell to summon the faithful, and had not yet commenced snoring, when two people entered his room without knocking. He stirred, opened one eye warily, surveyed his visitors and again lowered his tired eyelid.

One of the intruders was a large white-moustached gentleman, who had a pencil and a sheet of paper in his hand. Arthur recognized him. The other had what looked like a sheet of Deacon's University table-linen wrapped about him, and carried a large key. Arthur had seen him pictured in a stained glass window. "Peter," he thought foggily, "Yeah! It's Peter."

White moustaches spoke first:

"Yes, Reverend Sir," he said, "it's becoming serious. Only five times he attended last week; five times the week before; and just twice so far this week. And him a Divinity Student!"

"Hum!" said he of the key, reflectively. "Hum! Indeed! Yes! Hum!"

Moustaches again:

"I mean, Sir; Lor', these Arts students! They're a wild lot anyway and no one expects 'em to go more than they have to. But a Divinity Student!! And do you know? I've heard that that black-haired Arts student who sits in the back row once went to sleep."

Key spoke now:

"Oh! Hah! Yes! Yes indeed! Oh, that's no secret, you know. I knew that. Yes! Yes! But he isn't the first one! Oh bless you, no! Haw! Haw! Why, I remember one chap who fell right over sideways during the lesson. In 1875 that was. I opened the gates to him last year, and he was very apologetic about it. Nice chap! Became a bishop later on. Yes! Lots of others, too, I could mention if I wanted."

Moustaches:

"But aren't you shocked by it, Sir? It all seems very irreverent, don't you think?"

Key:

"Well, just between our two selves, I'm not any more shocked than I am surprised."

Moustaches:

"Sir!?!"

Key:

"Oh, I know, I know! When I was younger, more zealous, and not so Christian, and heard how little Eutyclus fell out of the window at Troas while my good friend Paul was preaching, I was shocked too. But not at this. Not at this. Dear me, no!"

Moustaches:

"Why, Sir?"

Key:

"Well! It's this way. In a parish church where people, of their own free will, go to worship, we expect 'em to do just that. They should, you know! I hope you and all the help do so every Sunday morning, here."

Moustaches:

"Well! Ah — yes — that is — ah — no!"

Key:

"You should! Why don't you?"

Moustaches:

"Ah — the — ah — the constitution, you know. It forbids us."

Key:

"Dear me! How distressing! I'd forgotten that. Dear, dear! To be sure. Yes! Hum! Yes! The constitution forbids you and compels them. How uncharitable of it!"

Moustaches:

"But what about the students?"

Key:

"Oh yes! Of course they *should* go too, you know. And they do. But I mean they should go to worship. Heh! heh! That little paper and pencil you have accounts for a great deal, doesn't it? Heh! Heh! Almost precludes worship — what?"

Moustaches:

"Sir, you embarrass me!"

Key:

"Tush! It's nothing. *You* didn't draw up the constitution. But, seriously, that's why I'm more amused than surprised. People think we in Heaven appreciate unwilling songs. Of course, people on earth can't read students' minds. Fortunately!"

Moustaches:

"But do you mean, Sir, that you wouldn't make them come to chapel?"

Key:

"No, I wouldn't. The people who really worship would attend anyway. Those who are forced to attend chapel services don't really worship. You watch 'em next time you're at service."

Moustaches:

"I, Sir? Oh, I don't go to service. The constitution, you know."

Key:

"D— Hump — kaff — kaff! Of course. I'd forgotten it again."

Moustaches:

"Pardon me, Sir! I'm very sorry to go so suddenly, but I really must leave. I'm half a minute behind with my doorkeeping now."

Key:

"Very well. But wait a minute! Listen to this. Don't you bring me the names of any more chapel absentees. You hear? It's about time we stopped trying to Christianize 'em with that little book and pencil. It can be done, but not that way."

Moustaches:

"Very good, Sir." (Exit quickly.)

Key (softly):

"This being patron saint to doorkeepers is no soft job. Only get a chance to visit once every generation. And that constitution! Hum! I know where I should like to send it. . . I know where all the Divinity students would like to send it. . . To —"

Arthur jumped violently — blinked — rubbed his eyes — stared about the room —

"Well! Blow me down!" he said. "Blow me down! How did he know?"

LOVE AND LIFE

A low hum in the distance, deepening to a muffled roar, disturbing a few light sleepers in the little inland village. A dark shape flashed over the hamlet, the roar died away as quickly as it had come, and quiet again descended on the country-side.

Nearly an hour later a lonely policeman on the streets of an Atlantic Coast town stopped in his walking and looked up. High up against the moon he saw a fleeting silhouette, and faintly to his ears came the steady droning of a powerful engine. The plane moved slowly out of his line of vision, and the policeman resumed his walk, wondering vaguely why anyone would want to fly out into the Atlantic at that time of night.

The pilot — just a youngster, really — glanced over the side. Miles below, it seemed, the eternally rocking Atlantic gleamed in the moonlight. It looked from that height like the undulating stretches of sand left by an ebbing tide, he thought. Behind the goggles his grey eyes were troubled, yet purposeful. He looked at his gas gauge.

Thirty gallons — it would be a long time before he ran out. Well, what if it was? It was pleasant in a way to fly on into the night like this, before the warning sputter and the abrupt dive put an end to things. There were no clouds — the half-moon sailed in a clear calm sky. He felt utterly alone up there, alone with the stars.

He wondered how Helen would take it — Helen, with her fascinating beauty and maddening calm. Nothing had ever upset Helen, but he thought this would. It might teach her to take love more seriously. She'd returned his ring that evening, with many explanations and assurances of affection. But she couldn't love him, she said. It was useless to pretend she did. And she'd given him his ring back. She said there was no one else, but he couldn't rid his mind of the mental picture he had of her, gazing into the eyes of that young author at the last Club dance.

So he'd mechanically taken the ring, mechanically mumbled words, and left. He hadn't a very clear recollection of driving to the port, climbing into his plane, and taking off; but now as the minutes passed he grew more conscious of his plan. Without Helen, life was nothing. All his ideals, all his ambitions, were centered on her. When she refused him the whole fabric of his existence was shattered.

"She gave me back my ring — she gave me back my ring." The vibrations of the engine took up the words and pounded them into his ears. He took the ring out of his pocket; what impulse prompted him to bring it with him, he couldn't say. But there it was, a little hard lump in the pocket of his leather jacket. He sent the plane down in a long dive, and as he flattened out near the water he dropped the ring over the side, and leaning out tried to see the splash. It gave him a queer satisfaction, that throwing away of the ring. It rather represented his love — she had refused it, so it was useless.

He climbed again, and regained his former altitude. Twenty-six gallons of gas were left. It was a romantic idea, this flying on and on till the gas gave out. It appealed to him as a rather noble and touching thing to do. No crude rope or gas oven — no dramatic note; he just disappeared into the night.

The lights of a liner appeared below, passed out of sight. The plane roared on . . .

About five o'clock in the morning he came back, and landed completely exhausted. He felt very foolish, and more than a little scared as he looked at the nearly empty gas tank.

WISE SAYINGS.

Cure for the heartburn: A mouthful of hair, an armful of girl and a moon.

The Grumbler.

NEIGHBOURS TO THE NORTH

by K. H. Annett

It is usually in the month of May that one glancing over the navigation items of the port of Montreal will see a short notice regarding the summer sailing of the S. S. "Nascopie". This stout steamship performs a unique service every year, carrying to the outposts of the Eastern Arctic, relief of personnel and provisions so very welcome to those who have experienced the hardships of the long Arctic winter. Besides the freight and staff of her owners' the Hudson's Bay Company, the "Nascopie" has had on board for the past few voyages a Government party of administrative, medical, and scientific representatives and a relieving party of Royal Canadian Mounted Police. This concern of our Government for the natives of that northern district makes us inquire into the conditions of life in the North and perhaps modify ideas that we still retain from our geography books of elementary school days.

The population of the Eastern Arctic is predominantly Eskimo. True it is that there are white people — missionaries, traders, and officials of the Government, the latter including the R.C.M.P. members — but they are very much in the minority. A census of the nomadic Eskimo bands can only be an approximate one but according to the 1931 figures we may place the population slightly in excess of 4,000. The population has decreased since the coming of the white man. However the extent of change is frequently exaggerated and vital statistics for the Franklin District during the five year period 1927-1931 inclusive show a substantially greater number of births than deaths. However no standard can be established from such a short observation for it does not provide for any epidemic and the true population trend will only be established by reports embracing a lengthier period.

The origin of the Eskimo remains a mystery despite half a century's research. Four distinct groups are recognized, the one inhabiting the Eastern Arctic having at one time lived inland on the Northern Plains west of Hudson's Bay and migrated eastward to the coast during the 14th century A.D. Some students believe from the similarity between bone and stone Eskimo weapons and those of primitive man found in France that they are descendants of a late Palaeolithic people who once lived in parts of Europe, but no link connecting them has ever been found. Then, too, traces of Indian characteristics add to the complexity of analyzing their racial evolution and dispelling the mystery that surrounds their past.

Great changes have taken place in the life of the Eskimo during the period of association with white men. At the time of the first Arctic explorers all the needs of these people were met by the resources available locally.

Seal, walrus, caribou, fish, birds and their eggs, berries and roots supplied their food. Their clothing was made of pelts of seal, caribou, and other fur-bearing animals. Their hunting implements were made of bone, ivory from the walrus or narwhal, horn, and whatever wood they could pick up; their seal-oil lamps and cooking pots were fashioned from soapstone or other easily worked stone; the open travelling boat, and the kayak were constructed of wood and sealskin. Dog harnesses, traces, harpoon lines, and floats were made out of sealskin. Winter fuel was obtained from the seal and walrus, being replaced by moss in the summer. This life was one which weeded out the weak or unfit, leaving a healthy and hardy people.

The coming of the white man has had both beneficial and harmful effects. Although basically the same, the Eskimo's diet has undergone a considerable change which is proving to be detrimental to his health. A taste for flour, ship's biscuits, tea, candy, and tobacco has been developed until now it is considered a hardship not to be able to obtain them. The only way in which these articles can be obtained is through trading in white fox skins. Obviously an Eskimo cannot be trapping foxes and at the same time hunting seals — at least not to more than a limited extent — with the result that trade goods make up the deficiency in seal meat. The bow and arrow and harpoon have been replaced by the rifle. Cotton and woollen clothing has been introduced, which is a boon in districts where caribou are scarce. Even the canvas tent and canoe have invaded the North and are gradually taking the place of the sealskin ones. In addition to the importation of manufactured goods the white man has introduced infectious diseases, as fatal to the Eskimo as to the Indian. However the Medical Service is now doing good work in preventing such outbreaks as carried off the whole population of Southampton Island some years ago. Infanticide and the abandoning of aged and helpless relatives is seldom if ever heard of now.

In appearance the Eskimos are rather short of stature, slightly dusky of complexion, and broad of face, with quite often a Mongolian cast to the eyes. They are sturdily built and very active, have straight black hair and brown eyes. Their domestic relations are usually happy. They are light-hearted, have a good sense of humour and get along well together. They are naturally fond of children, but large families are rare, and if a couple have no family of their own they will adopt the children of another, loving and caring for them as if they were their own. The children themselves act just the same as children all over the world. Little girls play with crude dolls and minia-

ture household utensils; the boys with bows and arrows, toy boats and so forth. Their play, in imitation of the work of their parents, unconsciously prepares them for their later life.

The Eskimo lives in a tent in summer and a snow house in winter, but there are many interesting variations of each type of shelter. Sealskin, canvas, sacking, pieces of board, stone, and even glazed sash may go to make up the home, which ranges in size from a small wedge shaped tent to a small house. The latter may be converted into a winter dwelling by covering it with moss and snow. The tent or tupik is pitched low and supported by poles or ribs. A wooden door keeps out the ever present dogs who are always ready to steal anything edible and whose notions of edibility are queer in the extreme. With the construction of the snow house or igloo everyone is familiar. If intended for a lengthy occupation the dome shaped structure of snow blocks is lined with canvas or skins to prevent drip. Fortunately, from the point of view of health and sanitation the Eskimo's dwelling is easy to move or rebuild, for when a camp site becomes too filthy it is abandoned and given a chance to purify through nature's cleansing agents. The white visitor finds the fishy smell of these encampments very disagreeable at first but one quickly gets used to it if stationed in the North.

The duties of the Eskimo women are arduous and varied. They must pitch the tents when a new camp site is occupied, cook the meals — though this does not call for much mental or physical effort as meats are eaten rare, or raw — scrape and dress skins for clothing, harness, lines, etc., make the clothing for the family and repair it. What cooking is done is by means of a seal-oil lamp or kudlik, that indispensable article of every Eskimo home. The kudlik is made of soapstone or, if that cannot be obtained, of some other easily worked stone, hollowed to about the depth of a saucer with one edge almost straight and the other side rounded, the whole being somewhat crescent shaped. A wick made out of pounded moss, cotton, grass, or a kind of Arctic pussy willow is spread along the straight edge which is also the deeper side of the lamp. The lamp when trimmed burns fairly free of smoke and with a white, pleasant flame. It furnishes light and heat for the dwelling and when fitted with a rack as a dryer for damp clothes. Portable sewing-machines of the kind turned by hand are commonly seen in the tupik or igloo and with them is made the family's clothing.

On the men falls the responsibility of keeping the family supplied with food and skins out of which clothing may be made. They must also secure the fox pelts so that goods may be obtained from the trading posts. They must show patience and ingenuity in hunting the wary seal, and the caribou hunts lasting probably one or two months mean exhausting trips far inland over rugged terrain.

Generally the Eastern Arctic Eskimo is a hard and willing worker, quite trustworthy, and an invaluable companion in Arctic travel. To him the average white man living in the North has about all in the way of worldly possessions that an Eskimo could hope for, and could share some of these possessions with him as the Eskimos do with one another. He is naturally law-abiding and crime is quite uncommon. In applying the white man's law full cognizance is taken of all the circumstances, and the case treated with sympathetic understanding of the workings of the native mind.

It is only possible in an article of this length to touch a few of the interesting points of Eskimo life. Their methods of hunting, fishing, and travel, both by dog sled in winter and boat in summer, all offer interesting avenues of study. Year by year we grow to know our neighbours to the north much better and knowing them to feel that they, no less than we, are an integral link in the chain of our national life.

ON GIVING UP SMOKING

At last I have decided to give up smoking. "Come, come — your reasons," you may ask. Well, there are really two considerations which prompted me to take this drastic step. In the first place it is rather demoralizing to get up in the morning and on walking down to breakfast to be accosted by such cheery remarks from helpful friends as "Gosh, you look pale! Say Hank, just look at the circles under his eyes! I bet he's been studying all night for two weeks!" This last sally is particularly annoying when one has not cracked a book for Lord knows how long. The net result was a distinct sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach, and before long I was feeling as ill as my friends assured me that I looked.

Immediately I endeavoured to determine the cause of my quite obviously weary condition. It couldn't have been the dance the night before from which I had staggered home at three o'clock in the morning, nor yet the odd assortment of so-called edibles daily placed before me and which the kitchen staff brightly affirmed was food — probably with their fingers crossed. Ah! I had it!

Cigarettes!

"Well," I decided with a sigh, "I shall have to put forth a noble effort to give them up." This course seemed doubly wise when I recollected that for some time my expenditure for this noxious weed had been something about twenty-five cents and upward per diem. To make matters worse, I had actually smoked less than half of each package, the remainder having been kindly consumed by thoughtful associates, who were afraid that my health would suffer should I smoke all my cigarettes.

Bless their little hearts!

A few days before, my money had run out; and as a result not having the wherewithal to procure a further supply of cigarettes, I was forced to depend on the charity of those who with great glee had been making good use of my supply since the beginning of the term. Now comes tragedy, stark and bitter!

Attracted by a number of manly voices raised in song I sheepishly slid open the door of a room and walked in. There reclined four or five of my pals in various stages of abandonment, smoking vigorously.

"Now," I thought, "now is the time to pop the question. Could I," I began timidly, "could I," a little louder this time, "borrow a cigarette?"

At these words everyone stiffened perceptibly. Two or three jaws dropped with an audible clang. Slightly discouraged by the ensuing silence, but not entirely without hope, I called on each of the fellows by name.

The answers:

- (1) I'm awfully sorry, but I'm down to my last ten.
- (2) Oh, this cigarette! Why, I borrowed it from so and so.
- (3) I'm afraid I'm going to need mine. I intend to stay up late to-night.
- (4) I've only got one left.
- (5) Ditto.

DUO POTAMO

Elton Scott, B.A. '16.

In Francis Vale there stands on well trimmed sod
A House of Learning, facing partly north,
From out whose walls a stream goes yearly forth
Of Thinkers, men of Arts, and men of God.
Two streams before the college blend their flow,
Called by the students "Duo Potamo".
One from the East Light's Source doth signify.
One from the West bespeaks its Destiny.

By chance one night across the quad I ran,
And saw the light through Chapel windows shine,
Revealing scenes from the Light of Life Divine.
On either side Science and Arts Halls stood;
Two streams of Learning blending for man's good.
Life's Source and End art Thou, O Son of Man.

Abashed, I slunk silently away, mouthing broken words, the tenor of which was:

Blow, blow, thou winter wind —
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude.

Fury and rage drove on my mind and the thought came to me that in some way I might have revenge.

Suddenly I recollected some words of wisdom which an old philosopher had drooled in one of his weaker moments. Snatches flew to my mind! One pound of tobacco contains poison enough to kill three hundred men if taken in a way to ensure its full effects. If young men consumed inwardly one half the tobacco they smoked they would be the recipients of sufficient poison to kill each one five thousand times annually. Once would be quite enough, I gloated. Oh what joy to see these monsters become gray before their time and fading day by day sink into kind oblivion! I, warned in time, would escape the horrible fate that inevitably bears off all cigarette fiends. At the same time I would not be leaving cigarette butts around on which the youngsters might suck themselves sick, and thus I would be fulfilling my highest obligation as a worthy citizen.

The die was cast. What my friends will do without my cigarettes, I shudder to contemplate. They may even have to buy some for themselves.

THEY WILL ALL MAKE US PROSPEROUS, IF . . .

by Tom
Carter (B.A. '34)

Anyone trying to find out what causes such things as unemployment, burned wheat and dumped coffee, idle factories and ships, is confronted with a great mass of opinions and propaganda emanating from umpteen different schools of economic thought and practice. Balance Budgets! Work and not Dole! Co-operation instead of Competition! Less Combines and Free Competition! Reduce Costs! Raise Wages and Lower Hours! Remove the Burden of Debt! Sanctity of contracts! No Government Interference! Reform and Supervision! More Trade and Less Barriers! "Canada First": Protect our Industries and Workers! Thus the battle of the catchwords ebbs and flows, and the election goes to the candidate with the silvery Scotch voice who quotes the Bible.

It is not the purpose of this article to advocate any one of these panaceas, but to classify the various theories and agitators into four main groups, namely Big Business & Laissez-Faire Liberals, New Dealers, Money Reformers & Social Creditors, and Socialists & Communists. Under each heading will be given: the type of supporters, their general ideas about industry and finance and government, their analysis of and remedy for the Depression, and their papers, writers and spokesmen. This classification will, of course, be an amateurish job, and must not be taken as more than one person's opinion. It may help to clear the air a little. At any rate, here goes, working from right to left (or from right to wrong, if you will).

BIG BUSINESS & LAISSEZ-FAIRE LIBERALS include nearly all large scale financiers — bankers, bondmen, trustmen, insurancemen — and many who hope to be, as well as quite a number who agree with them for intellectual reasons. The "liberal" is spelt with a small "l", and does not mean the Liberal party as in Canada, but subscribers to the nineteenth century conception of the relations of government to industry and commerce.

These people ascribe the enormous material progress of the past 100 years to the courage, industry and inventive ability of individuals working under the capitalistic system, with very little interference or regulation by the government. They maintain that when we have overcome certain obstacles there is nothing to prevent another great rise in the standard of living in the next 100 years, similarly under the capitalistic system and almost equally free from government interference. "Almost" is added

because they realize that modern conditions create great opportunities for stock watering, monopolistic price raising, mass buying and other little tricks used by some of the big fellows to cheat the public or the small fellows. Opposing dividing up present work among available workers and stabilizing material progress at its present stage, they claim that new industries will absorb the unemployed and progress will continue. In addition to lessening government intervention in business at home, they favour loosening the government shackles upon international trade. Generally speaking, therefore, they advocate lower tariffs, although in particular cases (textiles, motor cars) they demand protection. They are for increasing the total national income of Canada by trade rather than trying to divide it up at its present shrunken amount by taxes on high incomes and profits and extension of social service. They believe that in time the inefficient businesses will go to the wall without the aid of the government, and the efficient businesses will grow larger and more efficient. Government ownership or regulation sustains inefficient and non-progressive industry, say they. Efficiency in government as well as in business is one of their watchwords.

According to Big Business, the Depression in Canada is due to two things: the slowing down of the capital goods industries, and the decline of Canada's export trade. About half of the unemployed formerly worked in the capital goods industries, those which make goods not for consumption but to be rented or to produce other goods in turn — factories, railroads, office buildings, farm machinery, for instance. The main capital goods industries are steel, lumber, machinery and various branches of construction. To revive them a return of long term investment on new industrial processes, or improvements to existing industries, or other capital expenditure is needed, and this will not take place until the investor is assured that his investment will not be dissipated by inflation, or his profits grabbed by taxes. And the danger of inflation and high taxes remains as long as government budgets remain unbalanced, and the future of Canada's credit uncertain. So, say the business folk, balance your budgets and stabilize the currency and stop interfering with legitimate business operations and taxing us corporations to death, and everybody will start investing again to make all the improvements and capital expenditures that have been postponed

since 1929. And if you have to unite the C.N.R.* and C.P.R. to balance the budget and lower the interest rate on the national debt, do so, for the ultimate gain would be worth it. Any spending the government could do on public works would just be a drop in the bucket compared to this private spending, which it would hold up by causing uncertainty.

The two main export industries to suffer in the Depression are wheat and pulp & paper. This is due mainly to world conditions outside Canada's control — particularly the cloud of war hanging over Europe — but a reciprocal tariff policy is favoured by most business spokesmen. While they recognize that certain legislation of a reforming character is needed, businessmen want recovery first and reform after. (They should realize — perhaps they do — that once recovery definitely sets in reform agitation languishes). Therefore, resumption of profitable business is the first necessity, and if unemployment insurance and minimum wages prevent this by raising costs, they should be put to one side. For when (and not until) business is profitable and dividends paying everybody is prosperous. Says B. K. Sandwell, Editor of "Saturday Night" and best journalistic spokesman in Canada for this group, "What we want is not less profits, but more profits".

Mr. Cahan and the Montreal "Gazette" and the Toronto "Mail" represent the extreme big business viewpoint, along with the "Financial Post", the "Financial Times" and the business section of "Saturday Night". Mr. Mackenzie King and the Winnipeg "Free Press" are, as nineteenth century liberals, for freer trade and less government interference in business and agriculture. Two able American writers are Lippmann of the "Herald Tribune" and Ayers of the Cleveland Trust Co. Nearly all bank presidents, industrialists, etc., profess these views, but Macdonnell of the National Trust, Carlisle of the Dominion Bank and Goodyear's, and Bradshaw of the Toronto General Trusts and North American Life are more talkative than most. Campbell of Ford's is sympathetic to the pleas of the reformers.

NEW DEALERS include the great mass of people who have thought of economic questions only since the Depression started, have no knowledge of economics, and support the obvious remedies (shorter hours, more wages, public works). Many people support new dealism as the golden means between unrestrained capitalism and outright socialism. There is also a certain amount of soak-the-rich-and-prosperous sentiment to it.

* If the C.N.R. had been an ordinary private business it would have gone into receivership and been reorganized ere now, and not be a weight on the tax payer — which would have been a good thing according to Big Business.

New dealism is most powerful in the United States, where capitalism had developed its most flagrant faults and, at the time of President Roosevelt's accession, had proved most unable to give the necessary leadership in a financial crisis. They admit the achievements of capitalism in the past, but claim that unless it is reformed and controlled and capital becomes more aware of the claims of labour and the general public — "something pretty drastic is going to happen, maybe a (whispered) revolution". New dealers are suspicious of the unconditioned operation of the profit motive, think that human values should take precedence over profits. They aim to protect the farmer by co-operative marketing and debt revision, the worker by collective bargaining, minimum wages and unemployment insurance. They favour such humanitarian projects as old age pensions and slum clearance. They are strong on government regulation of stock exchanges and flotations, and the tightening up of company law. In investigations (Stevens Commission and American Senate inquiries) they tend to pillory the big corporations and their executives, and so to please the little man — who is probably losing out because he is less efficient. Of course, there are more small merchants on election day than there are chain store proprietors!

One section of the new dealers, led by Borah in the United States and by Stevens in Canada, makes a fetish of this big vs. little controversy. They claim that the big retailers, chain stores, manufacturers, etc., are not only less soulful than the old small units used to be when the owner was manager, but also that as it grows beyond a certain stage a big company becomes less efficient because its ramifications are beyond the comprehension of one man. They deplore the growth towards largeness and standardization in everything. They receive wild acclaims from the people who are still in business in a small way on their own, and also from those employees of the large firms who see no hope of becoming big shots themselves. (For until a man gives up hope of rising high up in the company he is not likely to become very interested in political agitators as a means of improving his position). It is from such "petty bourgeois" that Hitler and other fascist leaders received their initial support, big business only swinging in later when they had to choose between fascism and socialism.

The new dealers take a more superficial view of the Depression than Big Business, ascribing it to excessive profit taking and speculation in the boom, over-capitalization of industry, increase of debt charges all around, gypping of farmers and underpaying of workers, and generally the malevolence and inefficiency of bankers, industrialists, et al. One crude remedy is raising wages and shortening hours, despite the effect such action may have on such delicate things as costs and prices and the successful oper-

Continued on page 44.



"DADDY"

30 % persuasiveness
30 % nervousness
occasional dashes of admonition.
40 % reference



PROF. OWEN

30 % accent
20 % quotation
20 % interrogation
10 % assumption of omniscience.
10 % mild blasphemy



"POP"

1 Armchair
30 % monotone
30 % erudition
25 % digression
15 % humour

ADDED APOLOGIES

A few more "old favourites" in sleeping potions — with one recently added recipe.



CLAUDE *

30 % hesitation
20 % peregrination
20 % wit
15 % laboured approach
15 % anti-climax



THE PRIN

50 % emphasis
15 % hesitation
15 % repetition
20 % authority



PROF. ROTHNEY

35 % humour
35 % conversational style
30 % reminiscences
1 black note-book



"GIFFY"

40 % benevolence
20 % interrogation
40 % exposition



PROF. HOME

50 % nonchalance
30 % boredom
20 % abstruseness
(in mixing this potion, take care of sudden wise cracks)

* a pair of glasses are necessary for this potion; use one gown, judiciously, at intervals.

THE MYSTERY OF THE GULF

by A. E. W.
Godwin

It was my pleasure to discover the solution to this mystery last summer. Oft had I heard the name Magdalen Islands, and question after question has been asked me since I returned from there: "Where are these islands and what are they like?"

The Magdalen Islands lie in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, a hundred miles due east of Gaspé Peninsula. Roughly there are four large islands, Grosse Ile, where I stayed, Entry Island, Bryon and Grindstone. Bryon was the first place where Jacques Cartier landed on his voyage to Canada.

As my work was missionary I had ample opportunity of getting to know the people, their lives and customs. The inhabitants are fishermen and farmers, making their living from both these occupations. Their main recreation is going to church, of which the Anglican missions have four. The Roman Catholics are the only other denomination represented. The main source of the income of the inhabitants is lobster fishing, the lobsters being boiled and canned in small factories, and shipped to the mainland, mostly to Boston, U.S.A. Naturally a bad season in the lobster fishing means hard times for all those on the islands. But a good season brings a certain amount of pleasure and holiday. Holidays are spent mainly in the homes of neighbours or on neighbouring islands, to which they travel by their small motor fishing boats after the lobster season is over. They call upon their neighbours and hospitality is generously and freely given. The young people of the more wealthy families, however, go to Nova Scotia or New Brunswick; the young ladies mainly in search of a husband. The influence from the mainland which they bring back home with them tends to enlighten the ordinary routine of life on the islands. Education in its preliminary stage may be obtained on the islands — there are four or five primary schools, but for high school education the children must go to Nova Scotia. The School Boards are now bound to get their teachers from the province of Quebec.

One very interesting spot on Grindstone Island, near a small village called Old Harry, is the graveyard of the company of the immigration ship "Miracle", which, crossing from Ireland in the fifties, captained by Captain Elliott, was struck by an epidemic of ship fever. The captain was forced to run his ship aground on the east point of Grindstone. In the long stretch of sandy beach about two hundred victims of the disease are buried. The letter of thanks for hospitality and help written by the captain to

the inhabitants of the island is still carefully preserved by an old inhabitant.

At the same place the gradual drifting of the sand will one day force the people of the village of Old Harry to move up around the church, which the architect, with great foresight, placed at the top of a small hill, about a quarter of a mile from the present site of the village. The winds are so strong in the winter that a missionary friend told me that often when visiting a house the inmate of the house has to assist the visitor to enter the door.

Due to the shallowness of the water between the islands in the winter time ice bridges are formed between them. Moreover the strong winds pile up the snow in drifts as deep as twenty feet, and the tops of the trees are bent by the force of the wind so that they are quite flat. Conditions such as this make the obtaining of supplies during the winter months very difficult, and one winter an early freezeup caught the inhabitants without their winter stores completed and caused great shortage.

In the summer supplies are landed from the S.S. "Lovat", which travels from Pictou, N.S., but in the winter time a 'plane is used for the transportation of mail and emergency hospital cases, there being no hospital on the Islands.

Sanitary conditions are not entirely up to date to the mind of a city dweller, but perfectly satisfactory in their operation. The bath tub and the sea provide necessary cleanliness, but one morning I received an entirely unexpected bath. Approaching a small building which I took to be a shack, but was in reality a cooking camp, I was within a yard of the door when it suddenly flew open and an arm holding a pail of dish water appeared. Before I had time to move the arm flicked and I received the full benefit of its contents right in my face. After sundry apologies and rub downs I returned home to change.

One of the most impressive experiences I had during my stay was conducting a Magdalen funeral. It was characterized by the greatest simplicity, the plain coffin made by a resident carpenter and lined with white tissue paper, and covered on the outside with green paper and a small inscription "R.I.P." in the centre. A deep sense of sympathy of brotherly feeling pervades all the homes at a time like this.

The French population is very cheery and friendly. Carrying a visitor's baby for an airing along the wharf I was soon surrounded by a crowd of French fishermen full of enquiries as to my charge. The French for the most

part live on Grindstone and at Amhurst.

It is an unfair judgment to state that these people are behind the times. It must ever be borne in mind that environment has a good deal to do with the general living conditions of a people. To my mind these good people are to be congratulated for their moral, mental and spiritual life. The rum runner is the only bugbear, who often

drifts within the three mile limit when the lobster season is over and the pay has just come in. At nightfall he can be seen tacking back and forth out in the bay, but after sunset he comes within a quarter of a mile of the shore and lands his cargo. The government cutter always seems to have pressing business elsewhere. But what place on this earth is without the fly in the ointment?

HYMN TO THE MOON

by George
Whalley

O Moon, with tinted crown, sailing a sea of immeasurable blue,
Spasmodically obscured by tattered rags of cloud,
That bringest madness to the weak, as sure as death from yew,
Thou Potency mysterious, we hymn Thee with the croud.

Wail strings, wail,
With quavering note!
Hymn ye the frail

Barque of madness' mote,

Sailing the mackerel sky
With oft occulted eye,
Heaping leaping tides
While God alone abides,
Controller of the surge,
Inevitable Urge!

O Thou alone canst sway
The deep with unseen ray.

Show Thy baleful light
To mad-sane Man.
Stir with gruesome fright,
Ye devotees of Pan,

The steel-cold frosty blue
Of Mystery ever new,
The virgin huntress queen,
With shaft of silver beam,
Sovereign holding sway
O'er realms despised by day. . .

O Queen, O bastard light,
Shine grim, shine stark, shine bright!

And when with shadow deep
The sun doth cross Thy path,
When Thou dost bitter weep
That Lord of Day be wrath,

This grieves Thee not alone.
Thou also dost make moan
In pangs of virgin birth.
Thy throes are watched on Earth.
Dread seizes Man and tingles.
We beat the brassy cymbals.
We seek to fright the cloud
To blare of trumpet loud
That Sun on Thee doth rain.

O to our bronze refrain
Shine tearless forth again!

Thou glory of all lovers, fair yet corpse-like, pock-marked, cold,
What curse of Gods has marred Thy silvery face?
O Virgin, harbinger of madness, Thou, most infinitely old,
With token awful, exquisite, do Thou our worship grace.

THE APOCALYPSE OF CROYLITES

FURTHER SENSATIONAL DISCOVERIES AT ACADEMIA OF BISHOPS

Since the publication of a recent article by a colleague of mine the expedition to Lennoxville under the auspices of the Department of Antiquities, mightily fortified with Orange Cooler, has proceeded with excavations on the site of the Academia. The learned treatise of my erudite colleague on the wall inscriptions found in the first building has aroused unprecedented interest in academic circles. Not only have his anticipations that another building would be found been fulfilled; but traces of a third building to the south have been unearthed.

The evidence discovered in this building will probably revolutionize the whole of modern thought on early Christian origins. Until the announcement of the discoveries made on the site of the "Academia" no rational man would for one moment have doubted the conclusions of the great scholars Zumpht, Spitz and Willzendaft. It is hardly necessary to remind my readers that these men conclusively proved in their combined work of 793 volumes entitled: "The Quest of Truth in Christianity" that Christianity did not originate till the twenty-second century; and that the founders spent a large amount of time and money building fake ruins of churches, etc., to prove that it had existed before. Of course it only took them half a page to dismiss the so-called Bible as a forgery of the twenty-sixth century. But at the Academia, which has clearly been buried in the dust since the twenty-first century, certain symbols that seem to be Christian have come to light.

Among the most interesting are several papyri discovered in the third building. The text follows:

Fragment I.

V. "Let not the foot of pryde come against me"
R. "Amen"

Fragment II.

"And behold I was in the spirit of dewar on the Saturn's day. And a great door was opened before me, and peering through the glass darkly I saw one like unto the ancient of days, with hair as white as wool, and a voice like the sound of many mighty rushing waters. And the books were opened and my name written therein....."

Fragment III.

"And he opened the door of the sanctuary. And I saw a throne, and before the throne a sea of

glass, burnished and polished like crystal. And the books were opened and I saw the names written therein. And judgment was given, and out of the throne there proceeded lightnings and thunders and voices and a great earthquake..... and for three weeks they were consigned to the pit of fire and brimstone, being cast into the outer darkness, where there was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth."

These three fragments are of especial interest and in the order given seem to form part of a service.

Fragment IV.

"... and as I listened he waxed wrathful and indignant and said: 'Behold I met a man who told me all the things I ever did. Lo, I took a journey into a far city and modelled my behaviour with decency and decorum. By eleven of the clock I was in bed. But upon my return I was told by the Eye that Seeth all Things that I had lived riotously while in the city, and wasted my time with silly women. And I questioned him about the 'Eye that Seeth all Things'.

"And he said unto me: 'He is a great figure of might in this small place. His appearance is terrible: he hath the Eye that Seeth all Things, the Ear that Hearerth all Things; even the Things which are not. And out of his mouth there proceedeth a sharp two edged sword which cutteth the wheat with the tares. And the power of destruction is given unto him, and with the words and names of blasphemy he smiteth to the North and to the South, to the East and to the West. He whispereth in the secret places long tales about others, both the innocent and the guilty, and there is no avoiding him. His sting is in his tongue, and the destruction that he worketh is terrible. Let him that hearth understand'.

"And I was disturbed by this saying, and I prayed to the Spirit that he would show me the interpretations of this man's words. And he said unto me: 'The figure that was described to thee, has the name of blasphemy which is gossip; and his appearance...' And he led me to a mirror and said 'Look!'"

STEAK AND ONIONS

As I have frequently offended "The Mitre" by giving them verse to publish, which the literary board has as often refused * — a great pity indeed — this time I was advised to choose a popular subject.

To judge by Student Association meetings and undergraduate conversations, the most popular subject is food. The type of nourishment, the system of eating, and even the formality of grace after meals is greatly discussed; but generally in words of vehement disgust. In fact the Benedicto is often referred to in blasphemous terms, particularly by those unfortunates who must remain in Hall until its recital. This is a bad state of affairs.

The worst individual case is C. C. poor chap! He finds it necessary to walk to Badam's three times a day, and cannot bear the nauseating smell of Hall. Still, when one considers that such men as Julian Huxley and Jehu Doak have recently been seen toying with food at our tables, his prejudice can be dismissed as unreasonable.

"Unreasonable" too, are most of our complaints, as the Dogears inform us. But one matter is an exception.

The present noon meal should surely come in the evening, and vice versa. This fact is so very disturbing to me that I find it upsets my whole day. For after the former meal I have the greatest inclination to slight recreation and then sleep, whilst after the evening meal I have the greatest desire to go outdoors for sport. This is obviously wrong, and as can be seen, when the inclinations are followed there is no time whatever left for work. (Too many bells ring during the morning for proper concentration.)

Now in this connection hearty Epicurean instincts on the one hand, and on the other dainty ideas such as Lord George Bentinck's, who disdained food altogether on account of its lethargic influence, must both be ignored.

But on carefully considering the subject and after gaining much information from all quarters, it seems that the general consensus is that people who earn their living by the labour of the body eat heavy meals middleday, and those who live by mental effort dine in the evening. This principle when applied to our little university becomes extremely annoying. Reform please.

Of course before closing it must be pointed out that without doubt football is the *raison d'être* of Bishop's; but the team's diet should only be paramount during one term of the year.

* Editor's Note: An exception to this in December issue, 1932.

I do not look forward with relish, few of us do, to the time when bodily activities and exercise will have completely given place to mental agilities and practice, and all the physical necessities will be accomplished by medical science. Such an order will some day exist. As my family have attended Bishop's for four generations (during which time little of importance has changed), I have ample authority to guess that in forty generations, Bishop's undergraduates will hear a Benedicto pronounced after having swallowed a pill or two, before reclining on their couches to watch a television show from Benares! But it is to be hoped that sometime in the interval before this, and as soon as possible, lunch will be served at noon and students will dine in the evening. The above principle will then be applicable.

J.L.M.

COMMUNISM

by J. G. Withall

Note: Most of the material for this came from an article in "Fortune". There are so many fool notions current about Communism and Communists that a little (presumably) accurate information on the subject is worth putting before interested but as a rule misinformed individuals.

"Hickory dickory dock,
The boss tried to cheat in the shop,
The workers struck as one,
The boss thought it no fun,
Hickory dickory dock!"

Mother Goose communized, not modernized. This is a sample from the songbook of Communist youngsters. The book is entitled "Mother Goose on the Breadline". Clever people, these Communists; they believe in bringing their children up right, and in setting them on the road to truth early in life. It is not surprising to learn, therefore, that Communist children are a trial to their teachers, quoting Karl Marx at them, and arguing cleverly. Besides being brought up to revere Karl Marx they are put on their guard against the wiles of Santa Claus who, they are told, is a tool of the bosses.

In the United States the Communist Party numbers 26,000. The smallness of the number is hard to appreciate at first glance — 26,000. There are about one hundred and twenty million people in the States and out of that number only 26,000 are true blue, that is, true red Com-

munists — approximately one fiftieth of one per cent, or one out of every five thousand. It makes one wonder if such a tiny group can be responsible for all the ructions and eruptions that are credited to them. The Party can claim, however, between 300,000 and 500,000 sympathizers or non-active members, gleaned from the ranks of the so-called intelligentsia.

The Secretary of the Party is Earl Browder, from Kansas. His headquarters are on the ninth floor of No. 50, East 13th Street, New York — in case you want to drop in on him for tea some afternoon.

The Party is really a nucleus of devoted, trained lieutenants, ready to step in and take command of the proletariat, the breeders, when the class struggle bursts into open warfare. Lenin's Bolsheviks, let it be noted, numbered only 79,000 when they took over the government from Kerensky, but *each man was a leader*.

By the way, the Socialists, it appears, are bitter enemies of the Communists; perhaps now you'll cease to think of a Communist and a Socialist as one and the same thing.

The Communist Party of the United States is a member of the Third International which comprises the official Communist Party in every country, and which has for its openly avowed objective world revolution, followed by the establishment of world Communism. The official Party Organ in the U. S. is the "Daily Worker", and it has 45,000 subscribers.

Would you like to join the Communist Party? I understand it isn't a difficult task. Once a member though, you discover that life is a laborious if not a serious business. One evening a week there's a unit meeting (the whole Party is divided into innumerable small, distinct units or blocs) and two assignments are given each member — anything from selling the "Daily Worker" to speaking at or attending an Anti-Fascist demonstration.

The cell system, that is, the breaking up of the entire organization into small units, makes it impossible for a traitor to betray more than a limited number of comrades. (The Nazis have adopted the cell system of organization.) The only people you know as Party members are the comrades in your unit and the headquarters staff. (Incidentally, members really do call everyone "Comrade".) The two chief virtues required of a member of the Party are industry and obedience, admirable qualities in their way, but not all-sufficing. The Communist Party and all its members are pledged to work unceasingly for the overthrow of the present established government, and the substitution for it of a government modelled on the Union of the Soviet Socialist Republics.

Henry Ford has sanely said: "If Communism gets into the country it shows the country needs it." A congressman facetiously yet sagely declared: "The best way to fight Communistic propaganda is to put something in the soup besides statistics." Lytton Strachey recently

pointed out that all the propaganda in the world will never cause a revolution, but that suffering and starvation will rouse the most patient of peoples to turn on their oppressors in the end. That man hit the nail on the head who said: "Russia's revolution did not spring from propaganda. It sprang out of conditions of misery."

POEM

Did we peruse our passion heart to heart,
Or cast our souls upon the ark of shame,
Or grope in fervid darkness for a flame —

Then would I raise the poniard in the mart
And slay desire by the auction-block,
Where she stands chained to beauty and despair;

Then where time lingers, careless of the clock,
We lay our love among the yesteryears;
A child in slumber, innocent and fair,
Safe from the scourge of minutes, lust and tears:
Then heap red flowers to show that love lies there.

Neil Tracey, M.A. '29.

TO A DEAD BIRD

Too fair to die, or so it seemed
Until I found you 'neath a tree.
Alas! Alas! I must have dreamed
That Death was not for such as thee.
Hark how thy comrades chirp and sing,
And 'tis no melancholy strain
For this, the season of the spring,
With sorrows gone, no thought of pain.
What brought thee lifeless to the ground?
Was't cold or hunger that bleak morn?
Thy beak is closed; there is no sound
That leaves thy breast, cold and forlorn.
What sparkle in those eyes, now fled
Away in stream of watery blood.
Thy smooth brown feathers, mostly shed;
Yet who shall say, And to what good?
Nay, for it has served its end,
An earthly angel, Heaven sent
To cheer us weary as we bend
Beneath our work, and see life spent.

Cecil F. Meade.

When the windows are broken and bricks are loose,
And the moss has crept to the door,
When all that is left has been bereft
Of all that has gone before,
Then when I'm old, and my back is stooped,
And my days in this world are done,
I shall wander here, in the shade of my bier
Mid ruins and setting sun.

H. W. Gall.

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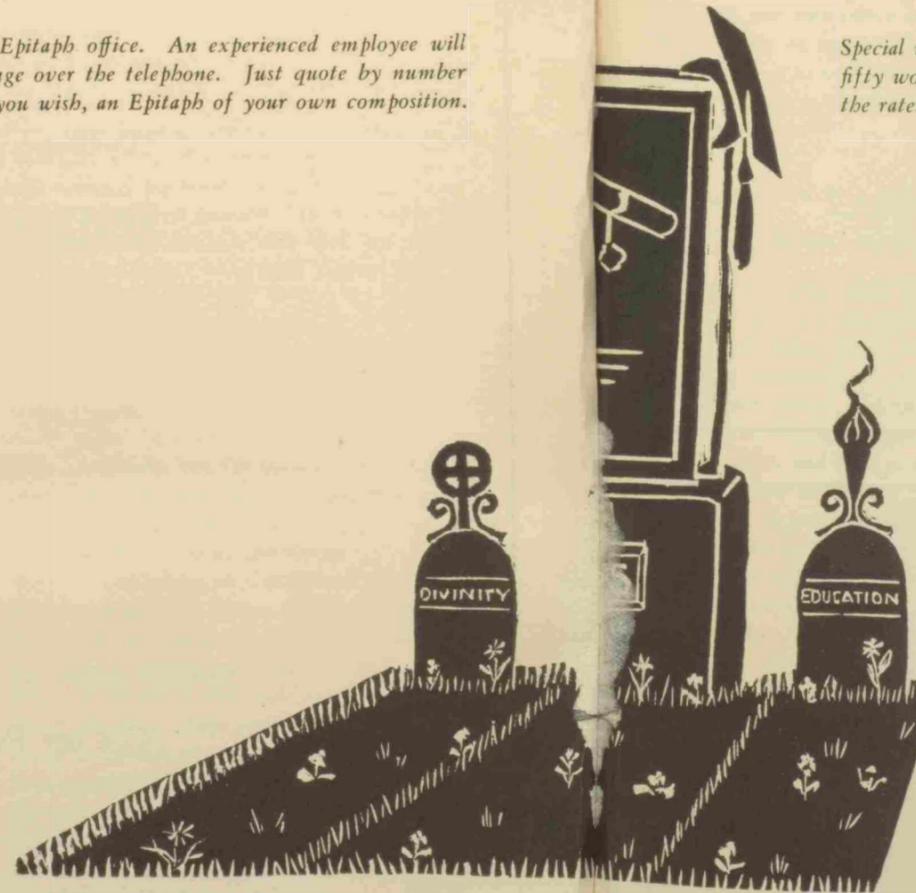
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- 54. Here lies the body of Peter Rollit
A healthy corpse is what we call it,
For how we loved to hear Dick rave
But now the beggar's in his grave.
- 64. Alas we mourn for Douglas Christie
He's left his collar and his robe
His worst expression was "Sapristi"
He'll be a comforter to Job.
- 57. Chic Carson's grave is with us here
Chic's gone above to get his crown,
For we are sure our "Satan" dear
Will find he can't hold Carson down.
- 65. We pile these sods on this grave here
And think of Howard's laughter
He liked the life around us here —
— God knows what he'll get after.
- 56. Eet is wit pleasure dat we say
Dat fellow Coop — he's gone away,
Just where he's go — nobody know
But people tink it's down below.
- 55. Another Doak — another joke
Now he's dead, enough is said.

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- 59. Satan's got him singing bass
To help make Hell a Hell for all
No better boy for such a place
Than our old friend H. W. Gall.
- 61. These adder-tongues you gaze at here
Their buds don't close up at the night
The reason really is quite clear
They're fertilized by Henry Wright.
- 63. If old St. Pete had need of man
To kick a point or throw a pass
He'll need not worry, for if any can
He's got the boy in Oggie Glass.
- 58. We dug this grave for Kenny Smith
Hoping to get him in a hole,
We can't find him to fill it with.
He's scared they'll make him shovel coal.
- 60. Here lies what's left of little "Les"
His soul waits near the pearly gates;
Just why he's there — the team can guess
He'll get them all excursion rates.
- 62. To open this grave no gold could bribe us
For never before were we sure of Pibus.

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FORTY YEARS AGO

from "The Mitre" for June, 1895

"While the examinations are in progress there is very little news which is likely to interest anybody but those immediately concerned. There is something very monotonous in the tone of conversation at a time like the present. Everyone is on the rack as it were and nothing is talked of but work. Now and then a little cricket is discussed and sometimes indulged in a desultory way. The boats are also used in a like manner and a dip in the refreshing waters of our two rivers is a matter of course. We are now speaking of the Arts students. Possibly the Divinity men's gossip is more about cricket and less about work — they may not be under such a heavy press of canvas at this time of year."

THIRTY YEARS AGO

from "The Mitre" for May, 1905

"On Thursday, 11th May, we had the honor of being visited by no less a distinguished person than the Rev. C. F. Checlzli, B.Sc., M.A., an active member of the Coptic Church of Abyssinia . . . After dinner he was ushered into the Common Room, and sang for us the national anthem of Abyssinia with alternate verses in English and his native tongue, and also some other songs in Abyssinian. He then joined in a small game of cricket (at which he is no mean player) having expressed the desire for some exercise. His train left sufficiently late at night for him to charm the audience at our Concert with his vocal repertoire and pianistic ability.

"The Rev. Checlzli has spent nine years at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, being the youngest son of a family whose youngest sons for many generations back have been educated there. He spent last winter in the States, finding the climate of Canada too vigorous during its coldest months."

"The excitement accompanying the election of our new Principal has now died away, though there was plenty of it during the critical days. The day before that great day of the election, when the Corporation arrived from all parts of the country, tremendous excitement was manifested, and the wishes of the students as a whole found a vent in numerous notices posted up in every conceivable spot, and written in many and various languages, catching the eye at every turn; some of them even going so far as to desecrate the pictures on the walls. No work was done in those days, at any rate lectures were suspended; and when the result was known, the disappointment of many led them out the same night, to show their feelings in a torchlight procession."

THE THING

by J. G. Withall

He could feel it coming on again.

Why did the accursed thing have to attack him just then — just when he was about to make his inaugural speech to that vast assemblage?

It was a silent, creeping, secret, insidious thing; it came upon him without warning, suddenly, silently, swiftly. It struck with the rapidity and shock of a hawk or a bolt of lightning.

"It's funny," he thought, "how it always gets me at moments like this. It got me as I was being married; it seized me as I was about to address the Senate; and it's going to strike once more."

It did seem to attack him on the most unpropitious occasions; on those occasions when he should be at his best, when he should be composed, dignified, impressive. Perhaps you're thinking it's fear, stage fright or some such trifling thing. No! It's a seizure of an entirely far more dreadful and different kind. Its visitations are fearful, swift, devastating.

The attacks are hard to describe; he couldn't have told you afterwards exactly what his sensations were during them. All he knew was that they were indescribable and inescapable; he could only wait in shuddering expectation for the blow.

Now the denouement, the catastrophe was at hand. He was conscious of the thousands of intent and expectant faces before him. He struggled vainly, foolishly, to fight the thing off. It was useless; — he knew that only too well. It was going to strike, to incapacitate, to humiliate him. He tensed himself for the shock — muscles taut, body braced; he drew in his breath sharply, in sobs, — once, twice; at each gasp his head snapped back, mouth agape. His lungs filled with air as if he were going to dive deep, deep, deep into the sea. Then — once, twice, thrice, spasms shook him. It was all over in a moment. He'd sneezed.

PROSPECT

Upon the sounding doors of my mind's hall
(Gray-hung with cobweb-lace) great angels pound;
Vague echoes throb from each receding wall,
To grow, and grow more vague, like such a round
As a smooth pebble, on a placid pool
Makes, when one drops it in. (Or, Luther-like,
Perhaps I'll find them devils — or me a fool,
Deluded by ear-throbbings.) Oh, this night
The future stands before me in a shroud —
Amorphous, without colour or a name,
Calling, with stumbling sounds, not clear, but loud —
Whether to build and prosper, or to shame
I know not: and, by heaven, I do not care!
I'll grasp the spear; Adventure's lurking there!

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"AS YOU LIKE IT"

Those of us who perused the advance notice of the major play in the last issue of "The Mitre" were expecting something out of the ordinary, and verily we were not disappointed.

The experiment of presenting a fast-moving "streamlined" version of one of the most fascinating of Shakespeare's comedies is now an accomplished fact, and the members of the Dramatic Society have justly earned the thanks and congratulations of the community for providing a first-rate entertainment.

An immense amount of time and trouble was put into the preparations by the producer, Dean Carrington, and his helpers. Those who beheld the Dean compiling, with the aid of tobacco and a typewriter, the acting version of the play, or directing rehearsals, or (armed with a pipe, and a frying-pan apparently full of liquid arsenic) putting bold brush strokes on what seemed acres of bare canvas, which presently resolved themselves into the Forest of Arden or the courtyard of a Duke's palace — those who beheld the stage and property managers (Messrs. Gall and Simms) at their never-ending tasks ("What shall he have that stuffed the deer?"), and the Mistress of the Robes (Mrs. Richardson) adding stitches in time, were prepared for a background and accessories in keeping with the elaborate costumes, an ensemble which the various lighting effects contrived by Mr. Arthur Speid and Henry Rugg showed up to great advantage.

The numerous cast (thirty by actual count, and giving the impression of a real crowd when massed on the stage for the musical finale) was well and carefully chosen. *Place aux dames* — the outstanding performance was that of Kay Speid as Rosalind. Both in the Palace scenes, and in her disguise as Ganymede in the Forest, she played her far from easy rôle with real vivacity and charm. In particular, her rendering of the Epilogue before the curtains was, to the writer, the "high-spot" of the evening, and showed her at her very best.

The part of Celia, intended to be a foil to her cousin Rosalind, was effectively played by Katherine Millman; one always has one's own conception of a Shakespearean character, and on beholding this Celia, one is not surprised that Oliver "fell for her" at short notice. Barbara Eardley-Wilmot (in a costume which seemed to claim the petit Trianon at Versailles as its spiritual home — but perhaps even Arden shepherdesses were of an 18th century exterior) brought the necessary blend of haughtiness and yearning to the part of Phoebe. The Audrey of Jean Macnab emphasized the rustic simplicity of the "poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own", and

her quick transitions from noisy grief to boisterous laughter were evidently appreciated by the audience. Even from the rear of the gallery, the clearness of enunciation of all the feminine members of the cast left little to be desired — a tribute to the care which Mrs. Carrington had given to the production and control of their voices. A notable feature, too, was the apparent absence of all prompting.

Orlando, the "Romantic Hero" was capably played by John Bassett; he was seen at best in the forest scenes where he and Rosalind — Ganymede — "just as high as his heart" — played out their little comedy of delusions; but we must not forget his prowess as wrestler — the resounding crash with which he downed the Duke's wrestler (Dick Rollit) still thrills us.

George Whalley departed from the usual conception of the melancholy Jaques — a character which it is easy to interpret in more ways than one. He gave us a picture of a sharp-tongued Court gentleman with a dash of the manners and intonation of the Elizabethan Euphuist, with no trace of mellowed cynicism or the irony of disillusion. His enunciation was admirably clear, especially in the famous "Seven Ages of Man" passage. The two Dukes (Oggie Glass and John Ford) both looked regal (or should it be ducal?); the former banished his niece with his eyes, and voice, duly full of anger, and the latter clearly saw the "good in everything", even in camp-fare, which his lines required. Oliver (Lyman Tomkins) provided the necessary contrast to his brother Orlando, — could two brothers be more unlike? His pious wish "I has as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger" was uttered with a Machiavellian relish; but then, how soon Celia's influence was to reform him!

The minor parts were all satisfactory — Le Beau, (Henry Harper) all French accent and gallantry; Adam, (Chris Wilson) faithful senility bent double; Sir Oliver Martext, (Bill Belford) — we know now what a hedge-priest looks like; Corin and Silvius, (Roy Berry and Kenneth Annett) — *Arcades ambo*, old and new style; William (S. Davies) — a stout yokel, i' faith; and the various attendants, foresters and pages (Messrs. Powell, Lamb, Simms, Gedye, Walker, Chappell, Baldwin, Carson, Gall, Davis, McClung, Prinn, and Everett) — all these fitted in well to the general scheme.

And there was always the inevitable Touchstone (Colin Cuttell) — his performance certainly "went over" with the audience, which highly appreciated his quips and foolery. He was at his best in the scenes with Audrey, even if some of his comic lines were spoken rather too fast for complete audibility. Mr. Cuttell also took the

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Sherbrooke, Que.

part of Amiens, and was heard to advantage in such well-known lyrics as "Under the Greenwood Tree" and "Blow, blow, thou winter wind". The musical arrangements were in the capable hands of Mr. Page, which fact alone was sufficient to ensure their success.

Four performances of this, the most ambitious venture ever undertaken by Bishop's Dramatic Society, were given. The matinée for school children was unfortunately poorly attended (they did not know what they were missing) but the three evening performances were given to capacity houses. To many, especially to those who had never seen a Shakespearean presentation, this carefully compiled "streamlined" acting version was a revelation as to the difference between reading a classic and seeing it actually performed. The efforts of the Dean and his co-workers have brought about the emphatic verdict — "Yes, we did like it."

"THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE"

"The Pirates of Penzance", recently produced by the newly formed Lennoxville Operatic Society, was not strictly a student activity, but the excellence of the production and the fact that several members of the faculty and student body took part deserves more than a mere reference in the columns of "The Mitre".

The operetta itself needs no introduction and most of us have the daily pleasure of meeting the cast. But to see them disguised variously as policemen and pirates was indeed a treat. R. J. Allen, of B.C.S., made an excellent sergeant of the police and also convinced the audience that he knew how to meet the approaches of the fair sex. His dramatic entrance with his followers at the beginning of the second act, followed by the famous "Tarantara" chorus and "ecclesiastical" chanting was perhaps the highlight of the evening. In fact the audience laughed so much that it was impossible to distinguish the words. Major-General Stanley was very capably played by F. R. Pattison of B. C.S. and his rendering of the patter song was highly appreciated. Mrs. C. R. Healy and Mrs. Boothroyd as Mabel and Ruth played and sang very well. The object of their rival affections, Frederic, was played by Roger McKergow, and observing his cherubic countenance and, in the second act, attractive costume, top half an inspector of English police, and bottom half evidently a constable of the R.C. M.P., we do not wonder he was so eagerly sought by the fair sex. Roger sang his part very well, but his voice was a little indistinct in the passages that called for plain conversation. The Pirate King, C. G. M. Grier, headmaster of B.C.S., presented a very fierce front and put the fear of death into all until the mention of "orphans". His tender heart was also appropriately stirred by the mention of Queen Victoria. His singing too was excellent.

The Glee Club provided the bevy of fair beauty that took the parts of General Stanley's daughters, and their appearance took our breath away and we resolved to look more closely around the library in future. Their chorus work was very good, and the combined efforts of Barbara Eardley-Wilmot and Elsa Burt softened even the hard countenance of the Pirate King. The Lieutenant of the Pirate King, Samuel, and leader of the Pirates' chorus was excellently portrayed by L. F. Page, in fact his was the outstanding performance among the minor characters. The Pirates too, proved, despite their awesome looks and heavy disguises that required several prolonged stares from the audience before identification became possible, they had soft hearts which soon melted at the sight of the General's daughter, and again your critic was amused to see which pirate got which daughter. We were reminded of "As You Like It" . . . "All the world's a stage".

The production was directed by Mr. A. T. Speid, and accompanied by Mrs. Browne. The musical direction was conducted by Mr. W. A. Page. Mrs. Browne's rendering was excellent, and she kept the needs of the performers well in mind, going straight into the encores without any difficulty.

The chorus of Pirates, Police, and General Stanley's Daughters comprised the Misses J. Macnab, B. Sutton, E. Titcomb, L. Moir, G. B. Lane, C. E. Griffin, V. M. Woodley, G. Conway, M. Doherty, E. Browne, and Messrs. W. D. Page, W. E. Walker, E. S. Davis, H. Harper, B. Baldwin, W. Gray, C. C. Love, A. Preston, C. Sauerbrei, S. J. Davies, J. E. Purdy, J. C. Chappell, R. Calder, and R. M. Turpin.

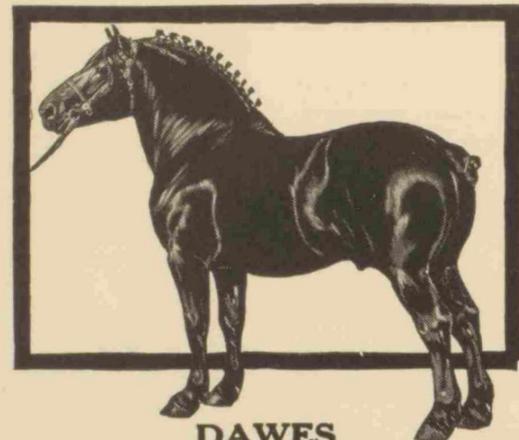
An excellent entertainment. We look forward to the next production of the Lennoxville Operatic Society.

E. C. R.

THOUGHTS OF A TRINITY GRADUATE

The persecutions of the chapel bell, sending its unwelcome summons to matins, interrupts my slumber no longer; the porter who rang it is dead and has ceased to disturb anybody; and I, with many others who suffered much from his tintinnabulous propensities, have now agreed to overlook his errors, and have forgiven him. Even with the bell I am now in charity; it rings, I suppose, as formerly, thrice a day, and cruelly annoys, I doubt not, many worthy gentlemen, and disturbs their peace of mind; but as to me, I regard its treacherous voice no longer; its tones have no longer, indeed, power to reach me, let the wind sit favourably as the malice of the bell itself could wish; for I am two hundred and fifty miles away from it.

Thomas De Quincey, in
The Trinity University Review.



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DEBATING
DIVINITY RETAIN SKINNER TROPHY

The final Inter-Faculty debate was held on Friday, May 10th, and drew a larger crowd than your pessimistic reporter had anticipated. Besides the three judges, Mr. Skinner, the donor of the trophy, Mr. Carson and Dr. Lennon, the forensic combat had drawn quite a few students and even some visitors from the comfort of their rooms and the warmth of their central heating systems to the draughts of the Convocation Hall.

Mr. Turpin, the President of the Debating Society, opened the evening with a snappy speech in which he stated the motion before the house was: "That this House would rather have written Gray's Elegy than taken Quebec."

John Bassett opened the case for the Arts faculty, taking the affirmative, with an excellent speech that was very well put together, contending that the greatest heritage from past empires was not their conquests, but their literature. John Ford, who has the happy gift of saying little and saying it very convincingly, opened his speech by cleverly undermining the main contention of the first speaker, pointing out that great empires were first built on conquest and then produced poetry. He claimed that the audience must consider the greatest good of the greatest number, and the taking of Quebec was a more worthy contribution to the Empire than the writing of Gray's Elegy. Edward Boothroyd, continuing the argument for the affirmative, accused the previous speaker of saying a lot about a little, and then proceeded to adopt the same tactics himself, unfortunately not quite as convincingly. He pointed out, however, that many of the lines and stanzas of Gray's Elegy had not only been of benefit to individuals but had influenced public opinion to press for reforms of an educational and social nature. He also maintained that the debate resolved itself fundamentally to the issue that the sword is mightier than the pen, and hinted that the members of the negative might read the Ten Commandments. Bud Miller, rising on behalf of the negative, gave a detailed history of the capture of Quebec by Wolfe, and dismissed the arguments of the affirmative as self-evident. Ruston Lamb, concluding the debate for Arts, was in the unfortunate position of being unable to use his ready wit, and also accused the negative of saying nothing. He concluded his speech with three excellent points which were totally overlooked by the negative and (apparently) the judges, and have indeed been forgotten by the present writer, whose notes just say "three good points". One felt sorry for George Mackey as he began his speech. He claimed he had nothing left to say, but we soon took back our sympathy as he launched into the



most brilliant and entertaining speech of the evening. Who wants to be a Gray? A gloomy, self-centered individual who spent all his life at Cambridge. (Oxford men, please note.) He was there for years and never got a degree, and when he had been there so long they decided they had better do something with him so they made him a lecturer in history. But he never gave a lecture. Wolfe too was subject to depression, and what could have been worse for him than to read that dreadful gloomy elegy just before the battle of the Plains of Abraham? No doubt it caused him to get in the way of a bullet and die! George's sepulchral tones as he restated his argument swept the house. Even the affirmative looked nonplussed. Yes! We would rather be wolves in sheep's clothing; but a Gray? Never!

Concluding the debate John Ford spent the first four and a half of his five minutes for rebuttal in defending himself, then, stealing an extra minute, clearly restated the case of the negative. Edward Boothroyd, leaping to his feet, made a very animated rebuttal of some of the lesser issues raised by the negative, claiming that the taking of Quebec had only caused Britain to gain one dominion to the ultimate loss of another — the United States.

There followed the usual ten minutes whispering while the judges completed their papers, and Mr. Turpin pulled a fast one by having their papers collected and announcing the result, before calling upon Mr. Skinner to present the trophy to Divinity.

It is desperately easy to sit in the body of the hall and criticize the speakers after the manner of this present writer; and the debaters of both sides are indeed to be congratulated for giving us a very entertaining discussion. On the whole the affirmative seemed to have built up a more connected and logical argument, but the negative, skilfully conceding one of their opponents' main points, carefully wriggling around the question of being forced into the position of arguing that the sword was mightier than the pen, and with only very casual reference to "the glorious British Empire" or "this great Dominion founded on the immortal achievements of Wolfe", left the contentions of the affirmative somewhat in the air, and thus earned their victory.

E. C. R.

GREETINGS !

■

To the Graduates, under Graduates and
Students of Bishop's University
we extend our best wishes
for your health and
prosperity

■

BECK PRESS REG'D.

Lennoxville, Que.

PAUL DE MARKY

Lovers of good music were treated to a varied programme at the capable hands of Mr. Paul de Marky when he visited Bishop's University on May 16th. Those who had heard him before knew what to expect; those who had not received a revelation in piano technique.

The first portion of the programme was devoted to Bach, Brahms and Chopin. The works of the immortal Johann Sebastian were represented by one of the 48 Preludes and Fuges of the "Well-tempered Clavichord", in which his superlative skill in structural form was brought out in masterly fashion, and by a Busoni piano-arrangement of the organ prelude on the Lutheran chorale "Nun komm der Heiden Heiland", a theme which Bach treated more than once, both vocally and instrumentally. The fact that the ideal setting for these organ-chorales must have been the Thomaskirche at Leipzig, and that Busoni has "adapted" the original score to a different instrument, did not however make Mr. de Marky's interpretation any the less delightful to hear.

Brahm's variations on a Paganini theme were indeed varied. Some were Brahms at his most characteristic — others might have been by any composer of the period — all demanded (and received) an exceptional command of technique.

The playing of Chopin's superb B minor Sonata, especially the matchless fourth movement, was the crux of the evening, and in it Mr. De Marky achieved a real triumph. Three études by Chopin were also given, and received so enthusiastically that a fourth, the famous "Butterfly" étude, was given as an encore.

The rest of the programme was given over to modern works by Debussy, Heyman, and Longas. All these, though different in tonality to the earlier works, (and one was well-named "eccentric"), gave Mr. de Marky ample opportunity to reveal his mastery of tone and phrasing.

The recitalist was tumultuously applauded by a large audience, and was generous in the matter of encores, which included Liszt's "Campanella" and his ever popular "Liebestraum". *L'appetit vient en écoutant*, and we hope that Mr. de Marky may delight us all again at no very distant date.

R.

ROVER SCOUTS

The Rover Crew finished the year in charge of Edward Boothroyd, elected Mate for the second time immediately after the Investiture in April. At this Investiture Sid Davies and Eldon Davis become Rovers, the same ceremony being used, complete with the "buffet" and hand-washing.

There have been several hikes this term, each lasting right into the evening; at one of these the Crew arranged to meet some Sherbrooke Rovers.

C.O.T.C.

Good morning, ladies and gentlemen, this is station C.O.T.C., Lennoxville, Quebec, your announcer Boots. Here we are on the guest platform, Depot Street, Sherbrooke, all set for the Jubilee Celebrations. The streets are thronged and guests are assembling on the platform. We will now hear from Mr. Christie at Portland Square, where the Parade is mustering. Carry her away Doug.

Well folks, we're right in Portland Square with a slight drizzle coming down, but that won't hurt this crowd, no sir. The time is 0943 hrs. The roads are bare save for one or two men standing about doing nothing. . . What's that Sah-Major? . . . Oh yes folks — they're markers and here right in front of us is our own Corporal Stevens — I guess he's marking something too. Here comes the band. These odd lads in front lift up their rifles, hit them and drop them again. The units march up beside them. Why here's Bishop's. . . The time is now 1002 hrs. The band strikes up and off they go, Bishop's leading the infantry. Carry her away Boots.

Hullo! This is Depot Street again, and the head of the procession is coming down King Hill and swinging into Depot Street. They halt — fix bayonets — Royal Salute — His Worship the Mayor — medals — Colonel Olivier decorates Major Sanders — Congratulations Sir, (I'll bet that costs something when this is over) — more medals — more hot air (speeches) — Units march off down Depot Street, they turn — here they come marching past the Brigadier — good work Bishop's. Some marching boys, yes sir, they're just like clockwork, smartest marching to-day.

Station C.O.T.C. signing off. This programme comes to you through the courtesy of "The Mitre", with the largest circulation of any publication at Bishop's. When you hear the musical note it will be exactly 1200 hrs.

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen — station C.O.T.C., Lennoxville, Quebec. This is "The Mitre" programme coming to you through the courtesy of Bishop's most popular publication, your announcer Dixon Rollit. To-night we bring to you enchanting dance masterpieces from the ballroom of the New Sherbrooke House, where Rollie Badger's orchestra is playing for the Corps dance. . .

Well ladies and gentlemen the O.C. has something to say. He's sitting at a side-table with Mrs. Sanders and the other hostesses, Mrs. Worthington and Mrs. Boothroyd. The Major announces the presentation of the following: to Lt. Whalley a "B" Certificate, to John Parker and Ken Norris "A" Certificates, to No. 1 Platoon the Platoon Trophy. Lt. Christie steps up for the Ross-McMurty Cup. The Corps are hosts to-night of the officers of the Sherbrooke Regiment. . . Here's the music again. . . Esther Coed will now describe to you just what the ladies are wearing. . . Esther Coed.

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STANDARD OF STRENGTH AND QUALITY

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EXCHANGES - W. H. King

There seems to be at this time an exceptionally attractive assortment of exchange issues. Practically all the college newspapers have ceased publication by now, but the magazines continue to pour in, many of them containing sound articles of topical interest.

The strikingly modern appearance of *The Northerner*, Armstrong College, Newcastle, is preserved in the March issue, which contains an abundance of pleasing wood-cuts, the one entitled "Durham" being particularly impressive.

From the above journal we have lifted the following, expressing as they do, the claims of many college students:

"Pome

Nothing ever happens
 In this College.
 We observe the proprieties
 Avoiding barbarity
 And hilarity
 Attending varieties
 Of College societies
 Hearing a lecture
 On architecture
 Or psychology, geology, biology or art
 Philology, theology, the lot or only part
 Or sneering
 At engineering
 Or the Victorians
 Or the historians
 Or the fanatics
 Or old English phonetics
 Or a med's diagnosis
 Of tuberculosis

But beyond the acquisition of a studied disposition which is really satisfying to those who desperately are trying and meeting and sighing and bleating for all sorts of knowledge

Nothing ever happens
 In this College."

and this:

"I sign for my books
 Though I keep them out ages.
 Alone, in a college of crooks
 I sign for my books.
 I may spoil their good looks
 And tear out the pages
 — But I sign for my books
 If I keep them out ages."

For those of our readers who are candidates for the High School Diploma, particularly if honouring in History, we recommend "The Teaching of the History of

Malta against a background of World History", in the *Journal of the Malta University Literary Society*. The whole history of their country, ideally, according to the article, would be taught children "to impress on them the fact that it is all a part of a wider and grander scheme of development". Such a history course sounds attractive. The article is in keeping with the rest of the magazine's contents — of a high standard.

Numbers of thoughtful writers remain wide awake to the increasing danger which Fascism in all its forms presents to University students and professional workers. A typical example is an article in the first issue of the Magazine of the Queen Mary College, London University, containing quotations from the report of the World Student Congress against War and Fascism, which was held in Brussels last December. Mainly concerned with the fact that: "... the reports to the Congress showed that where the war budget was highest and militarism most advanced, the conditions of unemployment and perverted studies were worst," the article trumpets the fact that: "we are still... dependent... on external developments to ensure that a university education is something more than a somewhat expensive mockery." It protests, also, against the increasing militarization of British Universities. One need not necessarily be a socialistic pacifist to sympathize with the tenor of the article. It is entitled, by the way, "Mars and the Student". At this point we may well congratulate the above mentioned college, the old East London College renamed, on its "Vol. 1, No. 1" of the magazine. May its black-blotted cover long continue to catch the eye of our reading room habitués. Its two pages of cartoons lamenting the decline of coffee drinking should also interest some Bishop's residents.

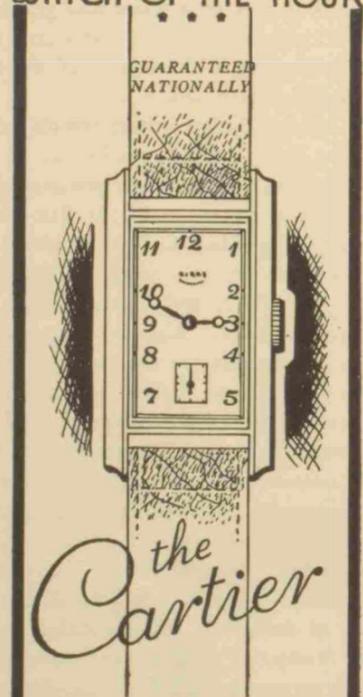
The *In Between Times* of Upper Canada College is particularly well endowed with humour writers, it seems. "Smulnch the Wart Hog", by W. G. Tobin is amusing, as also "Don Quixote of Ontario" by R. D. Hutchinson. The latter is a clever farce concerning the activities of a certain Hip-guard or Hepburn, Liberal Errant in Ontario. Anyone at all acquainted with political activity in that province could not fail to be amused. The following pieces of poetry (?) appear in the article itself:

There was a young man who said "See,
 There's Cecile, Emilie and Marie,
 Annette and Yvonne
 With three-fifths of each one

We could make of the five only three!"

The next was uttered by Quixote (Hip-guard) on his death bed in a delirious attack:

Birks WATCH OF THE HOUR



As mannish as a briar pipe — as smooth as a purring motor — as smart as the ticker quotation — any man, young or old, would count it an occasion should you present him with "The Cartier."

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"five
i see.
whence come they?
where do they go?

why!
could not
three do just
as well as five?"

O!
it must
have been that
last glass of beer!"

"With these pathetic words (says the author) he ruthlessly dismissed the Spirit and was buried... and let no one assert that he recovered his senses and became premier, or did the same without recovering his senses... Nor is it true that he went to Bermuda..."

The New Northman of Queen's University, Belfast, contains articles of a more 'substantial' nature than those of many magazines, erudition evidently being their objective. It is well worth careful reading, particularly an article on "The Rise of the Universities", which deals with the foundation of the Universities of Paris and Oxford, and another dealing with the pre-history of Northern Ireland.

A novel exchange is that of *The Grumbler*, Kitchener-Waterloo Collegiate, in that an attractive border has been made from facsimiles of various magazine covers. "The Mitre" occupies the top left corner of the page, and of us they say: "We like your smart and distinctive cover design."

May we suggest that while the *Cap and Gown* of Wycliffe College maintains a high literary standard, it is, nevertheless, a trifle too staid. An occasional humorous article, or perhaps some cuts other than those of students would materially brighten the magazine.

The Gong of University College, Nottingham, contains a number of very fine linoleum or wood cuts in this issue, and it also reports the World Student Congress in Brussels.

Other features worthy of attention are; "A Peaceful Revolution", in the *Trinity University Review* (a gem from this magazine will be found in the pages of "The Mitre"); an article about the production of "Macbeth", in *The Stonyhurst Magazine*, (this with its accompanying illustrations should interest all who took part in "As You Like It") and "Tea at Four" in the *Acadia Athenaeum* is an amusing little description of the Fine Art of Afternoon Tea Drinking.

Something fitting for the end of an article is provided by *The College Times*, of Upper Canada College in the following:

"It's five o'clock
By the College clock
I'm no shirker
But a Union Worker
And if the College clock
Says it's five o'clock — "

Before finally leaving the Exchange column, however, we may record the fact that in all, 110 different publications found their way to our Exchange table and shelf this year, while the total number of exchanges received (including newspapers) amounts to approximately 450. We have sent out, to date, (not including this issue) approximately 360 "Mitres", the largest number of any one issue being 99.

"The Mitre" acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following magazines: *Acadia Athenaeum* (Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.), *Acta Ridleiana* (Ridley College, Ont.), *Acta Victoriana*, women's issue, (Victoria College, University of Toronto), *The Algoma Missionary News*, *The College Times* and *In Between Times* (Upper Canada College, Toronto), *Cap and Gown* (Wycliffe College, Toronto), *College Echoes* (St. Andrew's University, St. Andrews, Scotland), *The Challenger* (St. John Vocational School, St. John, N.B.), *The Gong* (University College, Nottingham), *The Grumbler* (Kitchener-Waterloo Collegiate, Ont.), *Howler* (North Toronto Collegiate Institute), *The Instructor* (The Gardenvale Study Club, Gardenvale, P. Q.), *The Johnian* (St. John's College, Winnipeg), *Journal of the Malta University Literary Society*, *Junior Journal* (Princeton Country Day School, Princeton, N.J., U.S.A.), *The New Northman* (Queen's University, Belfast), *The Northerner* (Armstrong College, Newcastle Upon Tyne), *The O.A.C. Review* (Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph), *The Record* (Trinity College School), *The Rotunda* (Emmanuel College, Saskatoon), *Technique* (Ecole Technique, Montreal), *Tech Sparks* (Hamilton Technical Institute, Hamilton, Ont.), *The Trinity University Review* (Trinity College, Toronto), *The Booklet of the Cotton Institute of Canada*; and the following college newspapers:

Alma Mater (St. Jerome's College, Kitchener, Ont.), *The Argosy Weekly* (Mount Allison University, Sackville, N.B.), *The Bates Student* (Bates College, Lewiston, Me.), *The Brunswickian* (University of New Brunswick, Fredericton, N.B.), *Canta* (Canterbury University, Christchurch, N.Z.), *The College Cord* (Waterloo College, Waterloo, Ont.), *The Faint-Ye Times* (Macdonald College, Montreal), *L'Hebdo-Laval* (Laval University), *Honi Soit* (Sydney University, Sydney, Australia), *The Intercollegiate Digest* (New York), *McGill Daily*, *The Quill* (Brandon College, Brandon, Man.), and *The Xaverian Weekly* (St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, N. S.).

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SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

SAVE THE POKER HANDS

GRADUATES - John Ford, B.A.

Columbia University in New York City has an enrollment of 28,000 among whom is a graduate in Arts of our University — none other than our genial friend MICHAEL ORTENBURG. Ortie is pursuing a course in Journalism. He is in the Pulitzer School of Journalism and is residing in John Jay Hall. He has written the Editor an extremely interesting letter but due to its length it is only possible to quote a small portion. He says: "There are about seventy students in the school of Journalism. Our class rooms are equipped like the city room of any large newspaper. We each have our typewriter desk and typewriter. The instructor is to all intents and purposes a city editor. Class room work is very informal, and most delightful. Typewriters are pounding at a merry pace, smoking is allowed, waste paper is strewn over the floor, feet are perched on desks, and the instructor is probably in a corner swapping stories with a couple of the boys. We are sent all over New York on assignments ranging from a story about the Bronx Zoo, to an interview with the United States ambassador to Switzerland." Later in the letter he mentions that among his professors are Walter B. Pitkin and Alexander Woollcott. Aside from the academical work he mentions that life is not all work and that there is a dance every week-end, a tea dance every second Sunday afternoon, and a great deal of private entertaining in provided guest rooms. Apparently Columbia appeals to Ortie very much, and we wish him every success in his work.

There are two members of our Alumni of whom we are very proud, namely, WILLIAM G. BASSETT and GORDON O. ROTHNEY. Wednesday, May 8th was presentation Day at the University of London. On this occasion a public meeting of the Senate, presided over by the Chancellor, the Earl of Athlone, brother of the Queen, is held in the Albert Hall, when those persons who have been awarded degrees during the past year are presented. This year the list of graduates contains the names of our two graduates. William G. Bassett receives the degree of Ph.D., and Gordon O. Rothney the M.A. degree, with distinction. Both won Scholarships at London University. Our congratulations are extended to Dr. Bassett and Mr. Rothney.

Guests at Harrod Lodge during this term were the Rev. JAMES BARNETT, the Rev. HAROLD CHURCH, and the Rev. ROBERT TURLEY.

The Rev. A. E. CAULFIELD, priest in charge of St. Peter's Mission, has been appointed by His Grace the Archbishop of Ottawa, to the Rectorship of St. Margaret's, Eastview. The change is to take effect in the month of June.

The Rev. CECIL WARD, of Valcartier, made a few calls here during the month of May, as did GORDON TITCOMB, of Three Rivers.

A gathering of a number of our Alumni was held during the Easter vacation, in Montreal. It is suggested, as an aid to this column, that our graduates assemble in the various places where a number may be found, and that they elect one out of their midst who will take the responsibility of sending in news to "The Mitre" from time to time. This would be a great help and tend to make a better Graduates Section in our magazine.

At the Sherbrooke Hospital on May 9th, to Mr. and Mrs. H. Montgomery, née BERTHA E. COX of Lennoxville, was born a son — Roger Adams.

On Easter Tuesday afternoon at four o'clock, the Lennoxville Branch of the Bishop's University Alumnae held its annual meeting and tea at the residence of Mrs. M. Home, on the Waterville Road. There were fourteen members present. In the absence of the President, the Vice-President GRACE JACKSON, B.A., was in the chair. The major business consisted of reports from the Secretary and the Treasurer, and the election of officers for the coming year. GRETA FRIZZELL, B.A., was elected President, ELSA BURT, B.A., as Vice-President and "Mitre" representative; PHYLLIS HOME, M.A., as Sec'y, and GERALDINE SEALE, B.A., as Treasurer. At the tea hour which followed after the business meeting, Miss M. O. VAUDRY, M.A., poured tea and Miss MARION BURT cut the ices, while Mrs. Home was assisted in serving by Mrs. Pattison and Miss Jackson.

A prize of ten dollars has been awarded by the Lennoxville Branch of the Bishop's Alumnae to the girl in second year who obtains the highest marks in the Final Examinations.

Rev. ROBERT TURLEY, B.A., has been appointed to the parish of Russell, Ont. His new duties begin on the first of June. Bob was formerly the Curate at St. George's, Ottawa.

Rev. RUSSEL BROWN, B.A., Junior Curate at Christ's Church Cathedral, in Montreal, is spending his vacation in the Old Country.

Among the ladies of the Women's Auxiliary who visited the College and lectured to the Divinity Students, was Mrs. E. R. ROY of Levis. Mrs. Roy is a graduate in Arts of our University.

The Rev. J. C. A. COLE, B.A., of the Diocese of Qu'Appelle, has returned from a visit to New Zealand. He has joined the Rev. F. H. Syme of the Associate Mission at Milestone.

WILLIAM C. BISSON, B.A., who is teaching at Knowl-

ton, expects to leave for France early in the Fall. Bill intends to take up post graduate studies in that country.

Rev. MALCOLM TALBOT, L.S.T., and Mrs. Talbot, are leaving the parish of Gore Bay, in the Diocese of Algoma, and returning to Ireland. They are expected to leave during the coming Summer. Mr. Talbot has accepted a parish in his native country.

A distinguished Sherbrooke graduate who died on May 1st, at the age of 81, was John Leonard, K.C. Mr. Leonard was Protopothary of the St. Francis district, and was considered a dean of the local Bar Association. He had been Mayor of Sherbrooke in 1905.

We might also mention that Ralph Gustafson, B.A., had an article "A Holiday in Spain" in the London *Spectator*, and the Toronto *Saturday Night* recently published another poem of his.

THEY WILL ALL . . .

Continued from page 16.

ation of industry. They advocate huge government expenditures on public works, not only as morally preferable to the dole but also as a stimulus to the construction and other capital goods industries. Besides the general remedies mentioned above, they favour restriction of crop cultivation to raise agricultural prices, which seems to have worked fairly well with cotton in the U.S. New dealers are attacked from right and left by capitalists and socialists, both of whom claim that the result of their actions is to make capitalist industry less successful by loading it down with social services and taxes, and destroying business conditions. These attackers instance the "failure" of the 1929 English Labour government and the present Roosevelt government as vindication of their claims.

Because of their superficial logic and reasonableness and the fact that theirs is a more comfortable doctrine than capitalism or socialism, new dealers have by far the greatest popular support. Their ideals and methods are typified by those of Roosevelt and his boys. Lloyd George, seconded by Viscount Snowdon, is rousing interest by his New Deal in England (his proposals are more moderate and less experimental than most of Roosevelt's). In Canada, in addition to Stevens we have the Prime Minister, when under the influence of his brother-in-law Gerry McGeer of Vancouver leads the radical wing. The new dealers are more powerful on the front pages of the newspapers than on the editorial pages. They have few spokesmen outside the ranks of professional politicians.

MONEY REFORMERS & SOCIAL CREDITORS consist mostly of those who "have no stake in the community", and are most easily swayed by appeals to the emotions and by very simple arithmetic. A certain number of the intelligentsia are also found here.

The money reformers' alpha and omega is this: "On the one hand we have unlimited capacity for producing goods (factories, farms, skilled and unskilled workers), and on the other unlimited capacity for consumption (everybody's desire for cars, houses, all he can eat, etc.), yet our present iniquitous money and credit systems prevents the producer from producing and the consumer from consuming". After this, unanimity of opinion ceases. Some propose simple inflation of the currency by raising the price of gold and lowering the gold content in the unit of currency or issuing money against silver or just printing money anyway. Others propose forcing the banks to give more credit at cheaper rates to industry. Social Creditors would raise consuming power by granting credit to the consumer instead of to the producer.

All such schemes of inflation are anathema to the banker or industrialist, because they mean that he does not know what money will be worth in relation to goods a few months hence, and so cannot make contracts or loans; and probably after a year or so of it his investment or savings will be wiped out altogether, as they were in Germany after the War. As bankers and industrialists and financiers operate our economic life under capitalism, this should be a sufficient reason for rejecting inflationist schemes unless you are going to set somebody in charge who likes them.

Social Creditors are stronger intellectually than the other wings. Headed by Major Douglas in England, they attribute our manifold troubles to deficiency in purchasing power, as described in the A plus B theorem, which is a method for dividing producers' costs into two groups and is not to be confused with Culbertson's one-over-one system. A costs are wages, salaries and profits; B costs are debt charges and prices of raw materials. The price of the product equals A plus B, and A alone is available in purchasing power to buy it. The answer is that the manufacturer's B costs become A values through salaries of bankers and wages and profits of miners or farmers or other providers of raw materials; and eventually the whole price is turned into A values, except that which is added to the total amount of savings, and this is spent in time on capital goods. Despite this weakness of their argument and the fact that credit is only one of our problems, Social Credit has become very powerful in Alberta, where leader Aberhart — a bit of a heretic from the true faith — promises a "basic dividend" of \$25.00 per month to everybody to bring their consuming power up to the needed level. The Ottawa "Citizen" is currently a Social Credit organ.

Other monetary reformers flourish in the U. S., where demagogic Coughlin has an enormous following and the inflationists are quite powerful in the Senate. Huey Long is a money reformer, besides other things, Gerry McGeer, listed previously as a new dealer, is also in favour of

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national control of credit and lambastes the bankers from time to time. Because most papers are owned by capitalists and are directed by intelligent men, monetary extremists get little encouragement from the press. Because of their poverty of intellectual background, they have no very able writers. Nevertheless, they remain a formidable political force while conditions remain as uncomfortable as they are now for a large proportion of the population.

SOCIALISTS & COMMUNISTS comprise a large proportion of Trade Unionists, and an equally large section of the intelligentsia, centered around the universities. Socialists and communists are grouped together despite the fact that they advocate different methods for seizing power and different social policies in the Utopia they propose to set up, because they both would have state ownership and operation (not just regulation) of industry and finance. Labourites who are not for state operation of finance and industry should be classed as new dealers.

Unlike new dealers and most radicals, socialists have a tradition of persistent advocacy of similar policies for many years, recognize a common "Bible" — Marx's "Kapital" — and have the advantage of a country — Russia — where their economic policies are being thoroughly tried. They will not vanish at the first real sign of prosperity, as many new dealers and money reformers will. They contend that capitalism thrives on scarcity, languishes with the advent of abundance, as at present. This is so because under capitalism goods are produced to sell at a profit for a price, and when too many goods are produced and prices fall it ceases to be profitable to produce and production ceases. Therefore, say they, the wise capitalist restricts production and maintains prices. This slavery to prices means that the productive capacity of the nation is only half used, or less, whereas under socialism it would be used to the full — as it is indeed in Russia, though inefficiently. Moreover, ruthless competition makes it profitable for the capitalist to cut down wages, or replace workers with machines, and thus cut away the market for the product. (Socialists tend to forget that the market for capital goods depends only secondarily upon consumer purchasing power). And in addition, they charge that in a boom more and more of the national income is used for saving — investing, speculation — and less and less for consumption. Thus, while the productive capacity grows the effective demand for goods is constantly lessening, until eventually prices fall and the bubble bursts. This same tendency to save instead of spend constantly increases government and industrial debt, until the debt charges become insupportable and bankruptcy ensues. This is a very cursory outline of the socialist analysis of our woes.

They attribute the Depression to the weaknesses inherent in capitalism exaggerated by the rapid pace of the boom. Most socialist leaders have got over the stage of

talking about the naughty bankers and rich men, and they now talk about the naughty capitalistic system which makes it inevitable that men virtuous in their private lives should be so villainous in their business ones. They say that capitalism may survive this crisis, but that eventually it will collapse and then socialism will step in. They claim that either the industrialists and financiers or the socialist government must have the economic power as the former would sabotage any enactments the latter made if allowed to keep their power. Socialists hope that this transfer of power will be bloodless; communists claim it won't, and so preach forestalling the capitalists in the use of force by revolution. Once the banks and other sources of credit are in the government's hands, it proceeds to take over the main industries and services — such as coal, steel, textiles, transport and shipping. Some favour confiscation, others partial reimbursement of the stock holders, according to need and not size of holding. Then the luxury industries will be stopped until everybody is supplied by necessities, and the government would operate industry for the use of all and not to sell at a price to make profits for stockbrokers. And we'd all live happily ever after, except the capitalists. Further details of the plans of the English socialists may be found in "Problems of a Socialist Government", a symposium published by Gollancz.

Although the C. C. F. is professedly socialist — nationalization of the banks is one of their planks — most of their membership would probably shy at outright socialism. Not so, however, such academic reformers as F. R. Scott, King Gordon, F. H. Underhill, the C.C.F.'s intellectual ballast. Organs are "New Commonwealth", of Toronto, with Editor Graham Spry as one of the hopes of the party, and "C.C.F. Research Review" of Regina. The Toronto "Star" is the most friendly large newspaper. Most forceful socialists at large are Comrades Cripps of England, Blum of France and Stalin of Russia.

In describing these four main groups I have not outlined accurately where the various political parties, except the C.C.F. stand. The reason for this is that political parties generally stand where most votes fall, and shun a definite programme lest what is popular this month will not be next. Also, they never know how many of their opponents policies they may have to adopt if they prove particularly popular. He would be bold who would attempt to define the policy of either major party at this distance from election day. When they do take shape the policies will be two mixtures of proposals from all four groups. So, even if you did know all the subjects under discussion thoroughly, it would still be a problem to know who to vote for. But don't forget that the candidate in the Saville Row suit is probably a worse grafter than the one in the coarse tweed pants.

IN MEMORY OF

HON. WALTER G. MITCHELL, K.C.,
D.C.L., Chairman of the Protestant Board of
Education, former Provincial Treasurer, Trustee
and Member of the Corporation of Bishop's
University, who died recently.

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