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And let light perpetual shine upon him.
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THE MITRE

PRESIDENT, B. W. STEVENS
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, W. H. KING
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The Mitre Board declines to be held responsible for opinions expressed by contributors.

It is with sorrow that we of Bishop's University have heard of the death of his late Majesty. Full and eloquent tribute has been paid this beloved monarch by a whole Empire and we can but say, amid the general mourning, that we feel sure no ruler could have more completely won our hearts than did George V.

His son, our Sovereign Lord, King Edward, faces an exacting task. His duty it will be to pilot Britain through the Empire, by a growing sense of the great opportunities of British citizenship, with full realization that those of thought and speech, for which he stands.

The feature article this month, "Pursuit of Truth", by Dr. W. O. Raymond, bears directly on the question we have been discussing, in that it pleads for intellectual freedom for youth in the examination and analysis of present-day problems.

We are pleased to present, on page 9, an extremely interesting news letter from the Rev. C. Sauerbrei, a former Honorary Vice-President of the Mitre Board. Fr. Sauerbrei's contribution contains an account of his Mediterranean and Red Sea voyage, en route to Burma, and paints a picture of some rather startling climatic conditions in the vicinity of The Lion of Judah's domains.

Which last statement evokes the thought that we are not so unfortunate in our occasional below-zero weather as some would have us believe. Do not our sports of hockey and skiing more than compensate for any discomfort we may experience as a result of the cold? Could Basketball, essentially a cool-weather game, be played in a sub-tropical temperature? (But we trespass. See Sport page.)

Also, we can get warm, but picture the poor people on the shores of the Red Sea trying to get cool. Yes, we are rather fortunate!

And now, in closing, may we remind you that it has been the custom in past February issues of "The Mitre" to analyze the year just ended, outline a list of suggested improvements which we as students, activities and the college as an institution might carry out in the future, and then to wish one and all a Happy New Year. Apart from the fact that no one seems to pay serious attention to the existing economic causes of war do not exist? The Empire can do more for the peace and wellbeing of the world than can any other national or economic group. God grant we may avail ourselves of our great opportunity!

One of our opportunities, as Canadian University Students, is that of playing a part in the broadening of the minds and outlook of many apathetic and insular Canadians, and helping them to see the numerous international problems of the day in a clear light. This we can do by supporting those Student activities which pay particular attention to the study of international affairs. Such an activity is the Student Peace Movement of Canada, formed at the recently-held Student Peace Congress at the University of Toronto, and more fully dealt with on page 10 of this issue. Such also, and most decidedly worthy of support, is the Political Discussion Group, which is a corporate member of the League of Nations Society of Canada, and is affiliated with the Student Peace Movement.

Devotion to truth and freedom in the pursuit of it is in the very conception of a college of liberal arts, which is professedly non-utilitarian and humanistic in the broadest sense of the term. And truth is not a static and crystallized entity, but an ever growing spirit. The traditions, institutions, dogmas of the past — be they religious, political, social, or economic — are the necessary vehicles of truth in their day, but they are relative not absolute. To regard them as sacrosanct and above criticism is to freeze the life blood of human progress.

There is a vital and generous quality in youth that is innate touch with the spiritual nature of truth. A young man, if he is worth his salt, is instinctively an adventurer and explorer. He realizes that only in so far as he enters the paths of knowledge to find at times between the folds of a cloud rack. Charybdis of radicalism.

The plea for conservatism of thought and action in an era of crisis and transitions has a certain speciousness. It resolves itself into the familiar adage, "don't rock the boat." If the old economic, political, and social order is threatened, bolster up its defences and don't swap horses when crossing a stream. But history, teaching by example, warns us against the fallacy that a maintenance of the status quo is possible under conditions similar to ours. The most ardent champion of conservatism can hardly deny that grave maladjustments in our social and economic structure have been in part responsible for the distress and suffering that mankind has recently experienced. These in themselves are a challenge to constructive criticism, even as the skill and insight of a doctor are invoked by the existence of a disease. As an antidote to the dogmatism and blindness of standpatter conservatism at a time like this, we may cite the words of Edmund Burke, that far-sounding prophet of the British Empire, who said: "Every fear, every hope will forward it; and then they who persist in opposing this mighty current in human affairs, will appear rather to resist the decrees of Providence itself, than the more demigods of men. They will not be resolved and firm, but perverse and obstinate."

How then may we define the province and the functions of a University? First, it must be fearless and free in its search for truth. This statement should not be misconstrued. The University is no place for propaganda or for tempered, half-baked pronouncements of a demagogic and partisan character. It is not part of the business of a university to descend into the arena of the forum or the market place. Its pursuit of truth must be objective and

The Pursuit of Truth
In University Education

"People wish to be settled; only as far as they are unsettled is there any hope for them." Rightly understood, there is wisdom in these words of Emerson and they have a special application to University life. Cardinal Newman once defined the central aim of a University as intellectual culture rather than moral impression or mechanical production. A University, he declared, "educates the intellect to reason well in all matters, to reach out towards truth, and to grasp it."

Devotion to truth and freedom in the pursuit of it is the Magna Charta of University education. It is bound up in the very conception of a college of liberal arts, which is professedly non-utilitarian and humanistic in the broadest sense of the term. And truth is not a static and crystallized entity, but an ever growing spirit. The traditions, institutions, dogmas of the past — be they religious, political, social, or economic — are the necessary vehicles of truth in their day, but they are relative not absolute. To regard them as sacrosanct and above criticism is to freeze the life blood of human progress.

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and, in a sense, disinterested. Yet, within these limits, the
University professor should be free to discuss and uphold
any political, social or economic theory that lies in the
sphere of his particular chair. It is frequently said that
the first duty of a University is to make good citizens.
But often that phrase, on the lips of those who use it,
means good citizenship interpreted in terms of the party
in office or the past order of things.

In particular, men are apt to bandy names and party
bodges which they dislike, as if they were terrifying rattles
in the hands of a voodoo doctor or beggars in disguise.

Yet, if we contrast the present state of affairs in Great
Britain with the laissez-faire individualistic regime of mid-
Victorian parlour, much legislation has been incorporated
into the fabric of English government which our fore-

His was the vision of peoples torn with terror.

His steps are weary, weary, and his visage dreary, dreary.

Let him go, - and going, take his dole.

Birthday candles flicker in the sky.

Seeing mortal anguish rending souls.

Let him go, - and going, take his dole.

NEW YEAR

The winds are sighing, sighing for the year is dying, dying.

 Funeral torches dimly light the sky.

His steps are weary, weary, and his visage dreary, dreary.

Eternity shall gull him. Let him die!

His was the burden of his predecessors' errors.

Heating mortal anguish rending souls.

He was the vision of peoples torn with terror.

Let him go, - and going, take his dole.

The winds are sighing, sighing. - Time's a new year

bringing, bringing

Birthday candles flicker in the sky.

He is stepping lightly, lightly, - visage beaming

brightly, brightly.

Hope he gives the world; - despair must die.

— H. T. H.
adversary it occurred to me that a repetition of the attack might be expected, and I was entirely ignorant of how one went about the mollification of a goat. I would gladly have exchanged places with Daniel in the den of lions as, spiritually hillier, from my recumbent position on the floor I observed with horror the casual advance of that awful spectre through the door. Excessive salivation provided a tiny rivulet which trickled from the beast's mouth to saturate the ridiculous hirsute appendage on his chin, drawing it to a point at the end and creating a Svengalic appearance which terrified me to the point of petrification. Suddenly the thing stopped, deliberated for a moment, and then turning, disappeared from whence it had come.

Jack and Harry had witnessed the ignominious done person from the vantage point of a rafter, and to my extreme annoyance, manifested their amusement in vociferous explosions of hilarity. They informed me then that they had found some respectable hay, and invited me to come up to bed. Much to my distress, I discovered on the following morning that I was forced to navigate with a decided list to port.

It was not many nights after this that we once more found occasion to seek rest in a barn, and had become comfortably established in somebody's loft, when the sound of a dog barking, and the noise of footsteps came to us. For the poor man was sent back to his bed firmly convinced that at any time during the night an escaped murderer might steal into his room and kill him in his sleep.

If the sound of that force, and it occurred to me now, that if we could convince this farmer that we were officers of the law, searching for a criminal, all would be well.

To make a long story short, it took some convincing the greatest obstacle being to justify our presence in a hay loft, but once we had prevailed upon the farmer to believe our story, I am afraid we took advantage of our position, for the poor man was sent back to his bed firmly convinced that at any time during the night an escaped murderer might steal into his room and kill him in his sleep.

I have often wondered what this man's thoughts were at the moment he first saw Harry and me. In the quietness of the barn, and Red Sea. There is, I am afraid, nothing very exciting to ask us to join him as a game of tiddlewinks.

My Dear Editor:

You have suggested that I should write a description for "The Mitre" of my journey through the Mediterranean and Red Sea. This trip, I must confess, is very exciting for me. I cannot find a better place for me to tell you, but the journey is most interesting in and without reference to the present war, so I hope that an account of it may prove acceptable even though it contains few observations of warlike activity.

Our first port of call was Gibraltar where there were numerous warships and aeroplanes. The Rock is a fine sight, and from the old Moorish castle one can see the narrow spit of land that connects it with Spain. A road runs perfectly straight along through the neutral Zone, the boundaries of which on either side are plainly marked by lines of buildings. Towards the west can be seen the Spanish town of Algeciras and the mountains of the African coast are visible to the south.

On October 16th, in the morning, we passed the great cone of Stromboli; this volcano is in a state of constant but not violent eruption, when we saw it was sending out a slow streamer of smoke from a rift towards the southwest.

There are two villages on its coast. About noon of the same day we passed the famous Strait of Messina; a breeder had sprung up and by it the hazardous eddies of the Sicilian side were whipped into little boiling waves, the whole scene was very picturesque and it was easy to understand why the ancients had feared the rocks and eddies of this channel. For the rest of the day we coasted along the toe of Italy, beautiful but rather arid, then towards evening we bent towards the south and made out Mt. Artemis in the far distance; a gigantic cone, visible only as a blue shape in the haze and hiding its top in a shining cloud.

Our ship made a special call at Alexandria to discharge twenty four aeroplanes. Here also we saw a number of British warships of various kinds, aeroplanes were flying above the harbour; at night there were searchlights, and ships attacking by the aircraft on the battle-ships. Alexandria itself is an uninteresting place, in fact the only remarkable thing about it is the completeness of the disappearance of the ancient and renowned city.

The Canal begins at Port Said. We spent an afternoon and a night here, the ship being anchored in a basin very close to the mouth of the canal from which we could see the ships emerging in the darkness, each provided with a searchlight in the bows. The town, or at any rate the part of it seen by the ordinary visitor, does not justify the lurid repute which it used to have.

It is clean and rather pretty, and the sellers of trinkets, cabins and others who dog the footsteps of the visitor were neither very numerous nor inconveniently importunate. We walked along the jetty and saw the statue of de Lesseps, photographed some dhows and returned to do some shopping at Simon Arzt's. This shop is famous in the East; in it you can buy a bathing suit or a camera, a suit of clothes suitable for whichever climate your ship is headed for, a hat if you are going home, or a topee if you are going out, anything in short the traveller's heart desires. American youth pests, Egyptian men, German field-glasses, French perfumery, Japanese sandals, etc., etc.

We entered the canal after a noisy night of discharging cargo. The ship is all at once between the low concrete walls, there is on the Egyptian side a road bordered with casuarines, on the other side a desolation. The passage through the canal is made under the ship's own steam, and—as a general rule—ships sailing with the current have precedence over those sailing against it. The current flows through the canal alternately in either direction under the influence of the tides in the two seas. When two ships meet, the one that is steaming against the side has to be moored to the bank while the other passes it. This means that the time taken to pass through the canal may vary a good deal. Thirteen hours is a quick passage, but if the tide is against a ship she may take much longer. We made a very slow passage but I did not mind as it gave me more opportunity to see the scenery; the landscape is for the most part a featureless desert of sand, but the tree-lined road alongside relieves the desolation for the first few hours, after that there are no more trees; towards evening, near the Suez, we passed Ismailia a pleasant little settle- ment with trees and grass, a bathing beach and European houses. I think it is occupied by employees of the Canal company who are mostly French.

EVENING

Not any more disharmony; in place
A quiet content, pure symphony. I see the face
Not any more disharmony; in place
Of needless pain, fast vanish with their tears
As in my soul he grows and I decrease. C.C.
Port Suez lies on a flat of land at the Eastern mouth of the Canal. We made a wide distance away from the town under a shore that rose steeply in wind-eroded cliffs to a very considerable height. These hills were reddish in the full light of day but in the morning light they were full of subtle shades of rose and violet.

There is something wonderfully beautiful about the shores of the Red Sea. Bare, hot, dry and inhospitable though they are, there is about them a beauty that may arise from their loneliness and aloofness, a beauty of austerity and merciless hardness expressed in pale colours and grim wind-whipped forms. But I must not give the impression one is usually in sight of land in the Red Sea. There is a view of high wild mountains in the peninsula of Sinai and then again the open sea until Port Sudan is reached. Port Sudan is a town built out of nothing: a railway terminus, warehouses, barracks, hotels, post office, club, nothing of interest and all new and neat, British and efficient. Here we were boarded by the famous Fuzzy-Wuzzies whom Kipling has immortalized — men with incredible mops of wiry hair, all in tall men, very black but manifestly non-negro, each occasional stirring up of their abundant cranial epizoa.

So thus their work was all for nought,
About ideas that have been wrought
About a moustache, (sir, use tact),
But some keen wits observed the fact
They have no choice between the poems,
A sonnet or an allegory,
Or any composition.

On October 24th we passed through the straits into the Indian Ocean. Here is Perim, a tiny British possession that helps to hold the Mediterranean and its approaches, just as Gibralter does on the West. Next morning we saw far off the stupendous heights behind Aden, and on the horizon we coasted for a while beside the hills of Italian Somaliland — a country apparently without a personality, but one a leaf, a very furnace of a coast. Last of all Cape Garda-fi, the outpost of Africa — we left it and the sunset behind us, a leaf, a very furnace of a coast. Last of all Cape Garda-fi, the outpost of Africa — we left it and the sunset behind us, and began the last lap of the voyage to Rangoon, but grand in death, which is more than a good many people are when the undertaker's done with them. If Duncan Milne had to die, then, I'm glad he died as he did.

I thought of "The Mitre" and wanted a sketch to remember her by. So you have the little pen sketch which goes with this story. The sea was gentle enough now (The sea is a hypocrite) and I found I could climb up on to the roof of the stern wheel house from the farthest rock. When I have made a picture I said, I will climb up to the Fisherman Bouillet's cottage, where a fisher family cleans cods and boils lobsters, and I will tell you the story of the end of the "George Glascen". Presently I stood where Duncan Milne had watched over his ship; though truth to tell, the sea had left little of the bridge. Here everything about me breathed death. But I tried to think of her as she was in her days of roving communion, ALIVE — with the shouting of men, the echoing tramp of sea-boots on steel deck; alive with the scurrying of rats and the rhythmic beat of engines, the sound of steam pumps, steam escaping, and running bilge; everywhere alive with the warm moist smell of engine oil, allarkas, tarred rope and sailor's washing in the galley. The ship knew nothing of this present desolation, with seaweed and stagnant salt water lodging in every sacred part of her. Then back along the tilted deck to the memories of the stern where a single davit trailed its tackle. (Much good the boats did them!), and where through a gaping hole in the deck, lying full length I tried to make out objects far down in the dark hull. I saw nothing distinctly, but I did hear the sea protest its entombment, singing (as it might well do), a penitential dirge, for its numberless offences against the seafaring man.

If I had fallen into that hole the ducking would have served me right for cheap sentiment. Captain Milne, who after all had belonged to every plate, bulge and bolt of her, abhorred sentiment — in the mate said. He was a plain seafaring Englishman out of Newcastle.

And here's the story of Fisherman Bouillet. On a night in January when the ice and the snow and a gale of wind worked together with malicious intent, the Tribute light was blotted out and the driftwood fires of the Fort of Portuguese Cove seemed very desirable. The "George Glascen", six thousand tons register, bound for Halifax from Havana with rubber and a crew of twenty-nine, berthed on the Black Rock, door of port by one hour's sailing. And there she lay head-on, blowing her silver from ten o'clock until midnight, when the breaking sea effectively silenced her stentorian voice. At ten minutes short of twelve o'clock midnight Jimmy Bouillet sat up in bed and cried out to Papa Bouillet that there was a ship out there and it didn't seem she was liking the weather. Beyond the green curtain in yellow lantern-light Papa Bouillet was tapping out his last pipe. "Settle down, Jim boy," he said. He was uneasy, though. Getting up, he stretched, put down his pipe, moved towards the door, and held it open against a roar of wind which slammed the stave pipe, lifted ceiling-high the green hanging of the door. He was a plain seafaring Englishman out of Newcastle.

And now a lesson had been taught
To the Mitre sent a tract
It left the lads quite angry.

When the Campedown road, no better than the bed of some perennial mountain stream, drops steeply almost to the point of the vicious Black Rock itself, I first saw the "George Glascen". This sharp-toothed Nova Scotia coast has taken a heavy toll of splendid ships, steam and sail, down centuries of winters, and the "George Glascen" in all her twenty years of life, had been the legitimate pride of a North country skipper. Now I saw a rusting hull now down in grey water, the back of the ship broken and jugged ends of steel plate and girder standing out starkly against a grey winter sky; the stern parts already hardly distinguishable from the rust-coloured rock of the shore. In short, a ship with an identity, but an unnatural peninsula of naked, twisted steel, giving melancholy witness to the power of the pounding surf. "The George Glascen's dead all right," I said half aloud, "but grand in death, which is more than a good many people are when the undertaker's done with them. If Duncan Milne had to die, then, I'm glad he died as he did."

And so, if, every contribution
That's handed to the constitution
Is thus considered, may retribution
Wrong and ruin come.

And now a lesson had been taught
To the Mitre sent a tract
It left the lads quite angry.

flares burned, directing the crew’s attempts to shoot a line ashore. At present the fury of the wind made it impossible for the strongest voice to carry from ship to shore. Line after line fouled the point, white seas mounted higher than the bridge, and the smokestack toppled in a cloud of spray. Another flare revealed one figure remaining in the bridge. But Bouillet’s men had the rocket line, and he, braced against the wind, was shouting orders through cupped hands. The line that meant life for twenty-nine men was anchored not a hundred yards from the bow of the freighter.

“Someone had to go first,” said Bouillet, telling me the story afterwards: “and it was the mate, Benjamin Davis, who took the chance. I can tell you, I’ve seen a few wrecks in my time, but I’ve never met a man who acted pluckier than Davis. He was pretty well all in when he went over the side, but he knew the chance was slim in that sea, and he wasn’t going to order any of the crew to go and get drowned. Yer see, a second line has to be taken to shore for hauling the breeches buoy. I see him struggling hand over hand along that line coated thick with ice. The next thing we knew the sea had caught him, buried him, and thrown him back for dead. We brought him ashore unconscious, I guess he was about the tenth man off.”

It was Pat O’Leary of Belfast who brought the line ashore. The men of Portuguese Cove will not forget the Bo’sun of the “George Glascen” when in years to come, they recall the business of that wild night to their grandchildren. It was not the sagging line hitched to the base of a pine tree that carried Pat ashore, but Celtic stamina and grit. Irishmen, as the old song “Mush mush” records, are notorious scrappers. Another seaman, Jim Johnston, had lied about his age, or he would never have left Dublin. Afterwards it appeared he was barely fifteen when the voyage began. So it was a lie that hung him on that icy line half way between life and death, but he lived, and Jim, of the very salt of Ireland and the joy of his mother, is at sea again with a third engineer’s ticket — on the Pacific route.

At daybreak, Captain Milne was alone on the ship, and not all the pleading of Bouillet would bring him ashore. There was a breaking sea, but the wind had dropped and the force of the gale spent, making it possible for Bouillet’s bull voice to be heard. “You’d better come ashore, Skipper,” he yelled, “she’s going to break her back afore long.” All Milne did was to shake his head, he was too exhausted to make himself audible to the rescuers. “Come on ashore, Captain Milne” yelled Bouillet, “it’s yer last chance, this line ain’t going to hold out much longer.” Captain Milne had disappeared to starboard of the slanting bridge house. The men waited anxiously. When Milne reappeared, there was a small tin box slung by a rope round his shoulders. He made for the port bow where the breeches buoy was secured. The shore party cheered. Captain Milne had left his ship. Another cheer from the shore. He started to come too fast and splinters of ice could be seen sticking through his hands; the pain must have been intense. In despair the man began to pull back on the trolley line. Bouillet felt sick, strong and used as he was to the incidents of shipwreck, and averted his gaze for a moment. It was then that the Captain of the “George Glascen” slipped to his death into combers which Portuguese men swear ran fifty feet high that day. They will tell you, too, that Bouillet’s lips moved in prayer, and that he bared his head and made the sign of the cross.

All day long the sea ran high. Papa Bouillet’s Louise stood crying on the cliff side. Down below great steel plates rang the knell of the “George Glascen” as green seas forced their way into the hold, hissing through split seams, and strewing the rocks beyond with crude rubber, steel rigging, and remnants of shattered timber from deck, chart house and lifeboats. At noon the stern snapped off, the hull broke again beneath the bridge and barely held its sagging mass to the body of the dying ship. Louise turned towards the cottage on the headland and left the “George Glascen” to the company of crying seagulls — and the dead.

D. H. Lawrence, On the essential snakeness of a snake.

He reached down from a fissure in the earth-wall in the gloom
And trailed his yellow-brown slackness soft-bellied down, over the edge of the stone trough
And rested his throat upon the stone bottom,
And where the water had dripped from the tap, in a small clearness,
He sipped with his straight mouth,
Softly drank through his straight gums, into his slack long body,
Silently.

From a Review in Acta Victoriana.
This is Not Paper

by L. Gourley

Believe it or not, this is not paper but wood. The transformation of wood into this substance we call paper is one of the most fascinating processes of modern industry.

Newspaper, paper that is, is printed, is made entirely from wood and the wood generally used are white and black spruce and balsam. Some mills buy their wood from contractors, others have their own limits and cut the required wood on them. The wood is cut in four-foot lengths as a rule. It is brought to the mills where possible, by flumes, to the nearest large stream and then to the mill. In some cases it is possible to transport the wood in rafts, if the mill is near a large river or lake. If this is not possible it is transported by rail or truck.

The first step in the manufacture of a newspaper is to get the wood into the mill free of bark and dirt. This is done by means of a drum barker, which is nothing more than a slotted rotating cylinder through which the wood is passed at a speed such that the cylinder is generally half full of four-foot logs. As the cylinder revolves the logs knock against each other and loosen the bark which is then easily knocked off by the large showers of water which are constantly pouring into the drum. This water also washes off whatever dirt may be on the logs. In some cases however it is only necessary to wash the wood if it has already been barked by hand.

From the drum barking room the wood is conveyed either by cable or chain conveyors to the ground wood and sulphite departments where mechanical and chemical pulps are produced.

Mechanical pulp or ground wood pulp is produced by pressing logs of wood against grindstones revolving at a speed of about 880 r.p.m. Grindstones are either natural sandstones or artificial or manufactured grindstones. These stones, when installed, are 62 inches in diameter and 14 inches wide. There are as many as twenty-five of these stones in some mills, and each stone will grind about one cord of wood per hour. During the grinding water is sprayed on the face of the stones to prevent the wood from charring and at the same time to control the quality of the pulp made.

When the pulp leaves the grinders, it is made up of 15% bone dry wood fibre and 85% water. This is later thinned down to 99.5% water and 0.5% fibre for screening. In the screening coarse fibre unfit for the manufacture of paper is removed from the pulp and the accepted stock from the screen is thickened to about 5% consistency and put into storage from which it is later pumped to the paper machines.

The rejections are either refined for use in paper making or are lapped over for the manufacture of an oil filter for bread and wrapping.

The manufacture of chemical pulp is a much more complicated process. Chemical or sulphite pulp differs from the ground wood in that four-foot logs of wood are fed to chippers, which are large disc or rotary grinders, which is nothing more than a slotted rotating cylinder through which the wood is passed at a speed such that the cylinder is generally half full of four-foot logs. The logs or chips are fed to a large steel tank lined with acid resisting brick, which are called digester, and cooked in calcium bisulphite liquor. This liquor is made by taking the gas which is produced by burning sulphur in a rotating cylinder. This sulphur dioxide gas is blown into the bottom of towers filled with limestone while water is sprayed from the top. The water and sulphur dioxide form sulphurous acid which reacts with a calcium carbonate thereby producing calcium bisulphate. After approximately ten hours of cooking the process is finished. A valve at the bottom of the digester is opened and the pressure in the digester forces the contents out into a blow pit. Here the pulp is well in fresh water, screened, and the accepted stock stored in a large concrete chest ready for use on the paper machine. In the manufacture of newsprint 80% ground wood pulp and about 20% sulphite pulp are used. The purpose of the sulphite pulp is to give strength and pliability to the sheet. The better the sheet required, the more sulphite it is necessary to use. This mixture is made in a large concrete tank equipped with an agitator. The resultant of this mixture is stock ready for the paper machine.

The essential feature of the paper machine is the wire which is an endless copper or phosphor bronze wire mesh six or sixty-five wires to the inch. The stock is first thinned with water to a consistency of about 99.15% water and 0.85% fibre. This is then made to flow on the Fourdriner wire machine which is moving at a regulated speed. As the stock flows on, the water drains through the wire leaving small fibres interlaced, deposited on the wire like a mat. Vacuum boxes near the other end of the wire, and suction rolls further reduce the moisture content. Just before leaving the wire the sheets pass between two squeezing rolls which are generally suction rolls as well, known as the couch rolls. At this point the moisture content is brought to about 48% of the total weight of the sheet. The sheet is then passed on an endless woolen belt through three sets of squeezing rolls, generally suction rolls also, to further reduce the moisture content. After leaving the third set of squeezing rolls the moisture content is about 79% of the total weight.

The next operation is that of drying. The sheet is carried on cotton dryer felt, around iron cylinders about 5 feet in diameter, containing steam at 10 to 20 pounds pressure. When it leaves the dryer rolls, the moisture content is reduced to 8% of the total and the final process is to pass it through a calender stack consisting of a number of heavy steel rolls one close to the other, the bottom roll being driven. As the paper passes through these rolls it is smoothed by the rolls sufficiently to give it a good surface for printing. The paper is now completely manufactured. It passes to the roll and then to the binder where it is cut into commercial lengths and then to the finishing room where it is packed for shipping.

And so we have the miracle of paper. At one end of the machine nothing apparently but dirty water, at the other end paper coming out at the rate of 1300 feet per minute. Truly a fascinating sight to the uninitiated.

The Mill

by John Bassett

It was a beautiful summer’s day and Lapley and I were put on our very dirty working clothes. We sincerely wished that we were back in the picturesque country of Bishop’s to lazily lie in the sun or swim in the Salmon river. However dreams died as we came in sight of the great machine-driven mill with its smoke stacks and appearance of energy and power which seemed to make the dreams of two mere college students a very minor matter in the world of industry and commerce. Our dreams died just as the dreams of all who worked for any length of time within its forbidding walls died.

There was such a feeling of hopelessness among the men that it is hard to describe; instead of a cheery good morning there was merely a tense nod from a tired head.

The mill itself was the last word in modern machinery and its productive powers were very great. It was a perfect example of “concentrated industry”, because the mill’s own ships would bring the raw materials to the mill and after various processes of production the same ships would take the finished article to the different markets of the world. Due to this, problems such as the cost of transportation did not arise, and great was the profits to the manufacture.

The profit to men however was not so great. They were allowed only three holidays in the entire year; Christmas Day, Labor Day and Dominion Day. They worked Saturdays and Sundays the same as the rest of the week. Their hours were from 7 in the morning to 7 in the evening.

Lapley and I were there only for two months in the summer, but even in that time we could feel the despair of these workers. They had nothing in life to look forward to, not even a holiday to enjoy alone with their families away from the horrible stench that came forth from the mill. Everything that is truth and beauty and poetry in life is lost to them. All that they have is the pitiless drudgery of the machines by which they are forced to regulate their lives. The struggle for existence is all that fills their thoughts and the fear that they will lose the little they already have. This fear is the greatest weapon in the hands of the owners of the mill and by its power a few men are able to bend a great multitude to their will.

The problem before us today is not only to find jobs for the unemployed but to find them jobs in which all human impulses and chance for peace and beauty are not completely subordinated to the desire of a few for wealth and power.

I do not think that it is too Utopian to hope that a far greater majority of people will eventually come into contact with the finer things of life. At the moment these people are without leaders although more and more are the cedgels being taken up on their behalf. It is up to us who are in the fortunate position of having all the opportunities of education, culture and beauty to do whatever is in our power, now, or at any time, to bring into these people’s lives all that we can, of what Browning calls “Glad confidence Morning”.

Many clever people like you have trusted to civilization. Many clever Babylonians, many clever Egyptians, many clever Romans and Greeks, many clever people of all kinds have tried to build up the world one stone at a time, or one empire at a time, to build up the world on one idea or thought or dream. How many of them have succeeded? The dream of the dreamers and visionaries is a dream forever and always.

G. K. Chesterton.
The Empire and Raisins

1935 will go down in British Imperial history as a memorable year inasmuch as the loyalty of the peoples of the Empire to their Majesties, King George and Queen Mary, was clearly shown on the occasion of the celebration of their Silver Jubilee as Sovereigns of the British Empire. In fact the very evident display of the unity of the Empire, shown through the loyalty to the Crown, seems to have given several nations a shock, for some of these people were of the opinion that the British Empire as such was dying rapidly. This fond illusion is not new and since the leaders of these nations have substituted the law of force for the law of Reason, the members of the Empire must cooperate more than ever for their own good and for that of the whole world. No longer is it the Mother with a family of young children, but the Mother with a family of growing men and women, who, while acting and speaking for themselves, will use the accumulated experience of the Empire's past to go forward, and under ever-changing conditions attempt to find the solution to the new problems and make the bonds of Imperial unity inviolable.

One of the most important ways in which to foster better relations between the nations of the world in general and the members of the Empire in particular is by trade. For example, Australians and Canadians may be brought into much closer union if they would learn more about the other and about those products which one has to sell and the other has to buy. In 1935, a trade agreement was concluded between Australia and Canada, under which valuable concessions were granted reciprocally. In 1931 a new agreement was entered into in pursuance of the expressed desire of both governments to encourage trade between the two countries in commodities which either country is able to supply to the other without detrimental effect to local industry. The concessions under the agreement have proved distinctly advantageous to Canadian producers of lumber, paper, canned salmon, motor cars and other items. Australian exporters of raisins and currants, in particular, have been enabled to secure a substantial market in Canada under the preferences accorded in the agreement. Australia's annual production of dried fruit totals 70,000 tons of which 51,000 tons are exported principally to the United Kingdom, Canada and New Zealand.

For many centuries Europe obtained her supplies of dried fruits from the Near East. However, the ancient vineyards of Macedonia, Asia Minor and the islands of the Aegean Sea have no longer a monopoly of this trade. California became a competitor. Later ideal climatic conditions in Australia together with the most up-to-date methods have combined to produce dried vine fruits of unequalled excellence. Australia's vineyards have a total area of over 10,000 acres, the bulk of the raisins and currants is produced in the dry interior plains of Australia, the principal producing areas being situated in the Murray River Valley. In these regions the climate is dry and hot and the soil is rich in those qualities which produce the excellence and luxuriousness of the raisins, but the fertile soil cannot alone produce big crops without water, so Australian enterprise has inaugurated huge irrigation schemes to supply the needed moisture.

Great impetus to the production of raisins and currants in Australia was given after the Great War by the settlement on the Murray River of a large number of war veterans. This settlement proved to be one of the most successful soldier settlement schemes inaugurated anywhere.

After months of working, beginning with the early cultivation, passing through various stages of pruning, irrigation, more cultivation, picking, dipping, drying, bleaching, washing, and the final drying out, a grower is satisfied that his crop is ready for the market. The fruit is then packed in containers and sent to the local packing house, where it is inspected by factory and government experts. All fruit is graded under the supervision of Commonwealth government inspectors, and on their gradings are based the rates at which the grower will be paid for his crop.

Improvement is always the aim of the Australian vigneron. In the packing houses the fruit is first stemmed, graded, and cleaned by machine under the most hygienic conditions. Girls then pick out any small stalks which may have escaped the machine and finally the fruit is colour graded by hand. This the highest form of selection. The fruit is graded according to quality, size, and colour. Weighing machines weigh out 56 lbs. (one half hundredweight) of the choicest fruit into each box. The process is repeated, and the work is left un­done. The lectures, if you summon the energy to attend them on Monday morning, are interminably long, and insufferably boring, the prof. won't let you sleep so you have to sit up and pretend you're listening, in case he asks you a question. After the first zon is over, you try to borrow a cigarette before the next one; and everybody is simply prostrated with grief because they haven't one. And so it goes on till dinner, then, if the mood is passable, you may recover yourself; but the chances are that cold soup and doubtful-looking meat, topped by one of the famous bun-ranges of unknown origin, will be just enough to keep you in the mood till supper time.

The weather doesn't matter. If it's cloudy and rainy of course you feel in sympathy. If it's bright and fine, you feel worse because you're not in sympathy. There's no cure for these Blues; for the sake of peace and quiet you must just take care to avoid other people until they wear off.

Monday Morning Blues

SUNDAY night all was well. The quiet sure of the day of rest was around you, attendance at chapel brought you the commitment of having done your duty. You might have done a little reading, but the fourth commandment and the anticipation of hard weeks to come more than justified the easy way you spent the day. And you determined to go to bed at ten-thirty, rise at six, and settle down to some real plugging. At ten-twenty you set the alarm, opened the window, and did go to bed. Peaceful thoughts filled your mind, and you dropped to sleep with a faint smile on your lips.

And then Gabriel's trumpet blows a mighty blast in your ear; you automatically leave the bed and land on the clock with a single leap; (experience has taught that it's unwise to leave the clock within an arm's-length of the bed). Then you open your eyes on a bleak chilly morning outside a dismal darkness with everybody everywhere. Well, you switch on the light, and if you're a strong will you try to wake yourself with cold water; (I don't really think you take a cold bath). Then you dress, and then it dawns on you that you've got a cold; thirty seconds later a niggling headache develops, as if out of sympathy. You start shivering all over, and because the pipes are cold and the bed is still warm, you go back to bed.

The next time you get up the blues have really started. The cold and headache are still hanging around. You wander down to breakfast — there's no mail — the bacon is cold and you shiver all over, and because the pipes are cold and the bed is still warm, you go back to bed.

It is hard to realize the food value concentrated in Australian raisins and currants. One pound of Australian dried raisins is equal in energising value to — 1 1/2 lbs. of beef, 4 lbs. of milk, 6 lbs. of apples, or 4 1/2 lbs. of potatoes. It is claimed that Australian raisins and currants have more flavouring and are richer in natural grape sugar and iron salts than dried fruits from competing countries.

Canadian housewives can, therefore, purchase Austral­ian raisins and currants with the utmost confidence and at the same time know that they are assimilating substantially in encouraging trade between Australia and Canada and also helping the Australian war veterans, who are producers of dried fruits. Naturally it is hoped that the Australian people will use Canadian products as much as possible and in like manner trade within the Empire grow, encouraging confidence and co-operation among all the nations of the world, and resulting in a truer and more equal prosper­ity of all peoples.

R. M. Turpin.

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degree; and when I stifled my disappointment and went to cumbed; and I became content. Within another two weeks I had succeeded. I found that the Village had not cheated me, but that I slandered it.

Before a week had passed, I found out how wrong I had been in my conception of Village life. I was disappointed. Life was not one long party, or one long head-ache. Artists and poets and musicians and models and mistresses and pupils did not clutter up the streets and invade our home. For weeks I wandered around a maze of streets and over islets of squares, yet never once did I meet a person of whom I could say "You're an artist", or "You're a poet", or "You're a musician, or You're a model, a mistress or a pupil!"

I had been taken in. I was the victim of American ballyhoo. The Greenwich Village I had read about in novels and magazines, and seen in movies and pictures, did not exist. And I was annoyed.

But then I had lived in the Village for only a short two weeks. I was a mere transient. I could not be expected to have fallen under the strange, indefinable, elusive charm of the place. Within another two weeks I had succeeded; and I became content.

The Village won me as it wins nearly everyone who visit it. For years the dwellers in Greenwich lived their quiet, orderly lives, where strangers came and found some morsel of home-town friendliness; where living, for the permanent residents, the real Villagers, is not a continuous bustle of frantic subway rides, as it is for the resident of the Bronx or Brooklyn or the other boroughs, or where living is cold and formal as on Park Avenue, or seething and mean as on the turbulent East Side.

This quietness, or to be precise, comparative quietness, is a Village tradition. A century ago, the city of New York occupied the most southern part of the Island of Manhattan. Here the commerce and finance of the young republic was directed and carried on by mingled merchant princes, who lived close by, or across the East River in the suburb of Brooklyn. Then came a plague, cholera or typhoid, and the frightened merchants moved their homes and families to the pleasant village of Greenwich, a few miles north of the unhealthy city. Greenwich had been founded a half century before by a second English naval officer, who wished to live his remaining years as a country gentleman in the New World he had visited. His neighbors around Greenwich were other gentle- men farmers, the Rhinelanders, the Revevoets, founders of the tremendous real estate fortunes which control the bulk of Village property to-day.

For years the dwellers in Greenwich lived their quiet country-town existence. They were only a pleasant afternoon's drive from the heart of their new world, the bust- ling seaport New York. They had the rambling old La- fayette Inn, where the French General had stopped and hallowed with his presence; they had wide fields, and parks, and sedate, solid, red brick homes. So little did they worry, that with the pining years the city was sweeping past them, surrounding them, with factories to the east, slums to the south, and business to the north.

SHERBROOKE TRUST COMPANY
to the north could not find its way with speed and ease through publishers, doctors, lawyers, and every craft, trade and profession you could name. They like the Village, they can live easily, gracefully in it. They are its sky.

Then there are others who would like to live in the Square or on quiet Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, Twelfth Streets. They cannot. Their art won't sell, no one reads their writings, their music is harsh. These let their hair grow, read the easier pages of Karl Marx, or refer to their dishes, or listen to music, or console themselves in the Village Vanguard, or the Vagabonds, or at the Willow Cafeteria. Here they plan songs, bubble Utopias, plot never-to-be-written novels, and yearn for the days of the frantic twenties when it was in the Village meant something. Then, they sigh, art flourished, patrons paid. Art, at her gaudiest, most belles-lettres, was a mistress to Faust. To-day — Ah!

To-day they hold the exhibitions and exhibitions on the board fence of a vacant lot on Washington Square South. Here, too, twice a year they assemble for an outdoor art exhibit, when amateurs, professionals, and per se artists from all New York and Long Island, pay for fine weather, and a few promising visitors with money. At this exhibition, surprisingly enough, nudes are scarce. At the fall show, scarpeles predominated, although the internal two apples and a blue vase run them a close second. During the show you can have a pencil caricature done for seventy-five cents, or a faithful drawing executed for a quarter. The drawing is the better buy, because you get a caricature from a full belly, and comfortable living. Art had flirted with them, fooled them, and passed them by. But still they struggled and starved, and hoped that she would return.

The art exhibition is one of the few occasions when the Village sees the uptown New Yorker, and the courtes of the New York University, the great apartment hotels are fewer, and the converted private homes predominant. In these houses, which make up the bulk of the Village, live the substantial middle-class business men, who form nearly half of the Village's 200,000 population. There are the people who keep the hundred restaurants filled, who fill the historic churches on Sunday mornings, and who settle down to a long, cool drink in the sidewalk cafés in front of the venerable Brevoort, or at the upstart Fifth Avenue Hotel across the way. These people are actors, successful writers, editors, lawyers, teachers, of every craft, trade and profession you could name. They like the Village, they can live easily, gracefully in it. They are its sky.

But these excursions the Villagers overlook. Such places as the outlander attends are leftovers from the prohibition era, when the rush and hurry of the city is left outside when the firemen are attending are leftovers from the prohibition era, when the rush and hurry of the city is left outside when the firemen
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Quotations Gladly Given

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Murder Is In The Heart
by Ruston Lamb

Before little Joe Dakin had finished reading the note for the second time, the realization of what he intended to do swept upon him like a gust of scorching air. "For services rendered — Five hundred dollars". The words leaped at him from the white paper, and he shut his eyes to keep them out. For some time he had known that the end of the business was going to be something like this, that it would come very suddenly, and that there would be no question in his mind about what he should do. He had been afraid of the moment, but now that it had come his fear left him. He was numb, like a man badly smashed in an accident, but already he felt, with a queer detached interest, the first creeping sensation of hate and fury. The last thought that fled from his mind before the single terrible purpose engulfed it was that a new Joe Dakin was taking over the controls, a Joe that filled him with terror. This Joe Dakin was going to kill Pinky Crammond before sunrise.

For nearly eight years Pinky Crammond had burned in Joe's mind like a bulky furnace in a small cellar. It was that long ago when little Joe Dakin made his one regrettable digression from the straight and narrow, out in a small middle western town. By some miracle, probably invoked by a benevolent Deity who recognised the urgency of Joe's need, he escaped detection when he became involved in the misappropriation of certain company funds. Only his fellow townsman Pinky Crammond watched the hounds of the law following the wrong scent, and knew better. Crammond was a large shapeless man with red hair and pink shifty eyes. He was a member of the colony which lives barely inside the law. Honest labour was a sucker's game to Pinky, but he chose his calling without a careful consideration of its requirements. Pinky would never make a successful criminal. He didn't have the guts. He knew a good thing when he saw one, though, and he followed little Joe Dakin east in quest of lucrative occupation, keeping little Joe carefully on file against a rainy day. And with the passage of time Joe ensconced himself behind the counter of a modest grocery store, and Pinky became the proprietor of a small and dirty restaurant in the same neighborhood, with petty racketeering as a profitable sideline. As a useful tool of a number of more powerful members of the profession, he managed their affairs in his district with the correct amount of ruthlessness and brutality, and apparently succeeded very well. More than once he had cringed before the wrath of these men of might, and the knowledge that a single misstep on his part would mean execution at the hands of a practiced firing squad kept him carefully attentive to the strict accuracy of his account-books. But the bully in Pinky Crammond clamored for indulgence, and in the face of this need he turned to Joe Dakin and his struggling little grocery business.

Joe was, in effect, a criminal at large, still wanted by the law, though the pursuit had long since ceased to be a menace. But the haunting memory of his single crime raised barbed wire fences along his path to prevent any similar strayings. Joe had an honest business, and he was going to make a good thing out of it. And he very nearly did, in the strength of his enthusiasm, until the bulking form of Crammond sagged against his counter. The light of Joe's hope went out like a candle under a bucket of water, and as far back as that, though he was terrified even to admit it to himself, in his heart of hearts he knew what the end would be. Slowly and surely Crammond's blackmail notes drained the little reservoir of savings that Joe had been carefully saving against the eventual expansion of his business. Slowly and surely the little man watched his debts grow to a crushing load, his income dwindle almost to nothing. A word from Pinky to the police and Joe's world would be snatched away from him, everything he'd worked for, everything that his little future held. A word from Pinky to his henchmen and Joe's modest front window would collapse before a shower of stones, his apples would be sprinkled with rat poison, his customers would be insulted. To keep that word in Pinky's heart, to keep his grocery store with its shabby interior and scantily stocked shelves, Joe paid, once every month. "For services rendered". And Pinky Crammond filled his dreams, stood at the head of his bed at night, lurked in the shadows of the store, popped out at him from the weirdest places, made him start and jump and
trouble when he sat alone in his room, whispered his name from every corner until Joe fled sweating to the corner quick lunch, and gulped a cup of coffee that rattlecd a against his teeth.

For the last two months, Joe had won the end coming, the end he had long awaited, and the realization of its sur-
evitable arrival made him calmer than he had been, so that at night he could sit and consider it as he would a business deal. A vacancy now worked as a hired man on a Connecticut farm, and Joe had thought more than once of forsaking his state and seeking employment on some farm near his brother's. The idea of life on a farm appealed to Joe. The thought of the sun and air and hard work and freedom of the country, and his love of plants and animals had caused him more than once to waver in his resolve to remain with his state, but when he really thought seriously of leaving, he was more than vanquished. For Joe there could be nothing but his beloved store. Now, with his world's end but a bare few weeks away, this means of escape presented itself again. His brother was doing well at farming, and hoped soon to have a farm of his own. Only this morning Joe had received a letter from him with a newspaper clipping containing an account of Henry's triumph in the field of the vegetable marrow at the local fair. Henry's vegetable marrows had outdis-
tanced all competitors to gain the coveted blue ribbon for their proud owner. Joe read and reread the clipping and put it away in his pocket book. And then Pinky's last note had come, and the second Joe Dakin had risen to write the last paragraph of Joe Dakin, Book One.

Joe spent the rest of the afternoon tidying up the store. He took great pains with the job, putting every thing carefully in order, going over and over his books, holding his mind to the afternoon when he kept leaping ahead to the night. After supper he went upstairs and picked up his head. There was a musical hum in his head, and his fingers, as he went about his task, felt numb and clumsy. He did the packing automatically, not counting the hours. When his packing was finished he crossed the bridge over the dark water of the canal he had come to the other room and stood motionless in the centre of the room a nice homey touch, Dakin. They say you and your brother were good green thumb, and I'm sure you haven't been kind enough to leave your card. We found it under the sofa.

Little Joe stared down at the small newspaper clip-
ning. The printed words sounded over the confusion of his mind as if someone had shouted them in a vault.

"The unusually fine vegetable marrows exhibited by Henry Dakin won first prize, with special mention from the judge."
Student Peace Congress

To one who went as an interested but rather sceptical delegate, the first National Student Peace Congress held at the University of Toronto on December 29th, and 30th, was a startling revelation of the manner in which many Canadian students have made great efforts to grapple with modern political, economic and social problems. This is a fact of no mean significance that a group of prominent Canadians under the chairmanship of Sir Edward Beatty should for the third successive year single out the candidate of a countryside university for a scholarship of distinction. It is the strength of the tie which binds us very closely to the fine traditions of an historic university, a prototype and progenitor of universities the world over.

Bishop's students will always find themselves at home at Oxford, but George Whalley belongs there by instinct and antecedents, and will fit into its life and outlook with effortless ease. This fact of which his closest friends are aware, is perhaps of greater importance than the sum of his notable successes during three years of "all our life at Bishop's. He was a felt strength on the Students' Executive Council; the affairs of the Dramatic Society have rarely been handled with such definiteness, sound judgment, and good taste; C.O.T.C. has seldom found so single minded and conscientious an officer; the order of St. Mark's chapel, much in all its ways, will not again easily come by so adept and sympathetic a musician to lead the University in religious worship, and there are many Lennoxville Boy Scouts who will not forget this man who was for them the archetype of Scouting ideals.

Our Latest Rhodes Scholar

Arthur George Cuthbert Whalley, the third Bishop's man to win a Rhodes Scholarship in three consecutive years, prepares for "Greats" the honours Classics course at Oxford University, where he will register next September. Bishop's University received news of the Quebec Selection Committee's choice with creditable calm and with none of the disagreeable symptoms of collective melancholy. It is a fact of no mean significance that a group of prominent Canadians under the chairmanship of Sir Edward Beatty should for the third successive year single out the candidate of a countryside university for a scholarship of distinction. It is the strength of the tie which binds us very closely to the fine traditions of an historic university, a prototype and progenitor of universities the world over.

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Arthur George Cuthbert Whalley

Those who have doubted whether any good thing can come out of residential life at Bishop's did not "discover" the top floor crowd of the Old Lodge in Whalley's day. He took kindly to the mantle of John Macaulay and, after John, seemed the natural leader of a delightful quartette in all its finely conceived horse-play and serio-comic interludes between midnight coffee and bed time. All this and Plato's Phaedo was of the very stuff of life for George.

When he leaves Rothesay Collegiate School, to his sorrow and theirs, there will be another Whalley in the succession at Oxford and later a priest and scholar for the church.

Student Peace Congress

Bradley, a Bishop's Graduate, has said: "The Student Peace Movement does not advocate any hair-brained scheme to keep Canada out of war or to achieve peace. We are not, as some of you think, a group of cranks and fanatics. Our chief purpose is to get Canadian students thinking on these questions and to awaken student opinion to the dangers inherent in a policy of inaction and 'let George do it'".

Among the prominent speakers who addressed the delegates were Provost Congreve of Trinity College, Professor E. W. McLain and Professor D. J. McDougall of the Department of History at the University of Toronto and Professor Norman A. M. MacKenzie of the Department of International Law at the same University.

When the delegates were not listening to invited speakers they were speaking themselves, at the Discussion Group meetings, when the delegates of various Universities (eight in all) and High Schools made their reports, or during the discussions of Resolutions. A highlight of the Congress was the report, made by Kenneth Woodworth, of the Brussels World Student Peace Congress in 1934. Interesting also was the reading of a telegram from the Paris headquarters of the World Student Peace Movement extending good wishes to the Canadian Congress. Mr. Woodworth was later elected National Organizer for the Student Peace Movement of Canada.

In the closing hours of the second day the delegates elected a National Committee of seven, with headquarters in Montreal. As mentioned elsewhere, Waley H. Bradley was elected National Secretary of the Movement. Following the election of officers the following Resolutions were moved, discussed and passed:

"We students, gathered here together from all parts of Canada, realizing the imminence of a new world war unless every effort is exerted to prevent it, have determined to organize our forces in a united stand for peace. We declare that we consider war to be against the best interests of the vast majority of the people of all countries. Inasmuch as war destroys material and spiritual values built up through generations of progress, and destroys the creative aspirations of youth, it must be opposed. Therefore:

(1) This Congress resolves to use its best efforts to pool the forces of the groups which it represents in an effective investigation and publicization of the causes of movements leading to war.

(2) We resolve that it is the duty of each delegate to draw into the Student Peace Movement the bulk of the student bodies from which he or she comes, to enlist the support of members of the staff, religious leaders, etc.

(3) We resolve to work for the building of the Student Peace Movement on a national scale; to organize Canadian students in the struggle for peace.

(4) We support all sincere efforts on the part of governments to achieve peace by means of collective action on the part of the League of Nations.

(5) We resolve that the Student Peace Movement of Canada established at this Congress, be an independent national organization, and that it communicate with international peace organizations, and cooperate if it seems fit.

These Resolutions marked the conclusion of the Congress but a majority of visiting delegates extended two specially arranged house parties before leaving Toronto on January the 2nd.

News and Notes

by S. J. Davies

On the evening of Thursday, January 16th, the Debate Society introduced a new system of debating. The Parliamentary procedure was followed out with a great deal of success. After a short explanation by Professor Boothroyd concerning the rules of this type of debate, Lee Heath and Bob Mayhew upheld the resolution: "Resolved that the scientist is of more value to society than the business man."

Jack Ewing and Eldon Davis spoke for the negative side. Mr. Owen who acted as judge awarded the decision to the negative team. After the debate the floor was thrown open for discussion. When the audience had concluded their remarks, the debaters briefly summed up all the arguments presented.

The interesting and topical subject: "Resolved that euthanasia should be legalized," was the theme of a debate held in Convocation Hall on Friday 7th.

Roy Berry and Wm. Gedye successfully upheld the resolution against John Chappell and J. MacCallum. Parliamentary procedure was again observed and a very interesting discussion followed the debate.

Friday, February 21st, is the date set for the preliminary Inter-University debates. Bishop's will be represented by a team at Laurentian. The other team will oppose a team from Ottawa in Convocation Hall.

The topic will be: "Resolved that the use of approximately the present proportion of American capital employed in the development of natural resources in this country is in the best interests of Canada."

Trial debates are to be held on Thursday the 13th, when the Bishop's teams will be selected. In connection with the selection of representatives for the Inter-University debates, the Students Association passed an amendment to the Constitution on February 3rd. In future all Inter-University debates will be chosen by a Selection Committee consisting of the officers of the Debating Society, the President of the Students Council, and two members of the Faculty, with power to add to their numbers. Formerly debaters were chosen by the officers of the Debating Society only.

The annual Inter-University debates are sponsored by the Inter-University Debating League consisting of Loyola, Ottawa, St. Michael's, McGill, Western, and Bishop's. Ottawa, Loyola and Bishop's are in the Eastern section and the others in the Western.
On Thursday evening, January 16th, five members of the Faculty, Profes. Butt, Childs, Boothroyd, Raymond and Scott, had a difficult task confronting them. From twelve speakers they had to select a team to represent Bishop's in a Radio debate against Dalhousie University. The subject was “Resolved that sweepstakes should be legalized in Canada.”

The first four aspirants were J. C. Beatty and M. Rosenblatt against K. H. Annett and R. W. Berry. The second debate was between S. J. Davies and L. H. Roberts against G. T. Mackey and J. C. Chappell. The third between B. H. Miller and E. S. Davis opposed to R. B. Lamb and W. H. Baskerville. In each case the first-named team upheld the affirmative side.

The judges found four men equal and deemed a final trial necessary. On Tuesday, January 21st, G. T. Mackey and K. H. Annett opposed S. J. Davies and L. H. Roberts. At the conclusion of this debate the judges appointed Davies and Annett as the team with Roberts and Mackey as alternates.

The debate against Dalhousie was held on Friday, January 31st. The team from Bishop's spoke from Montreal and their opponents from Halifax. The decision was awarded to Dalhousie after a very interesting debate.

Exchanges

In reading the different exchanges, one thing which strikes us as worthy of note is that the college undergraduate of today is becoming more concerned with the condition of the world in which he is living, and with the problems which are facing humanity. No longer do we find him the carefree youth of the early twenties, or the cynical critic of the early years of the depression, but one who is fully conscious of a difficult problem, and is determined to master it.

The international crisis in Europe has awakened united action to safeguard the peace of the world. This action is not born of fear or sentiment, but is the fruit of patient thought, a factor which is vital if the thought is to have any lasting influence.

The McGill Daily of January 17th gives a vivid account of the Student Peace Movement Conference held at Toronto on December 30th and 31st. This Conference had representatives from many of the Canadian Universities, Colleges, and High Schools. Wesley Bradley, second year law student at McGill and graduate of Bishop's University, was elected National Secretary of the Student Peace Movement in Canada.

The objective of the Peace Movement is to educate the youth of today as to the meaning of war, so that when the responsibilities of government come to them the situation will be thoroughly understood, and there will be a real foundation laid for the establishment of peace. However the present problem is to unite all Canadian students in the Movement.

The Nusas, organ of the N.U.S.A.S. is an interesting magazine. Among others, it contains an article entitled “No Other Gods.” In a comparatively short survey the author gives an accurate outline of present day nationalism. He shows that it is the abuse of the same that accounts for perverted.

In “Democracy, Dogmatism, and Dictatorship” found in the same publication, we get a good survey of three vital questions of the day. In this article the author deals mainly with the misconceptions which arise in argument on these subjects. He stamps the uncompromising debater as either an ignorant person, or one who has reasons for not wishing to see the other side of the argument.

We wish to call to your attention the publication of the University of Adelaide, “PHOENIX”. This little magazine is of real literary merit. The numerous articles are well written and the wood cuts are excellent. “Nativity” is of special interest. With apologies to the author we reprint this gem:
TO A PIPE
You fool and dirty piece of ancient wood,
You reeking thing —
You trusty friend, physician, goli, god.
For you I sing.

Another of our better publications is the Aquitaine.
Two articles which appear in this last issue are "Canadian
Literature", and "Language or Slanguage"; the latter views
with dismay the growing use of slang in this country, and
the United States of America. The author appeals to the
college student to do all in his power to correct this un­
fortunate state, into which our language seems to be fall­
ing. We might also mention the articles on Cardinal
Richelieu and Louis Pasteur, as being of particular interest,
as well as this striking poem which we take the liberty
of printing.

The day is done. I seek repose.
I take my glasses off my nose.
Then snuggle in a cushioned chair,
And wonder what is "on the air".
I'm weary from the busy din.
'Twill soothe my nerves to "listen in".
I touch a swatch, then turn a dial,
And get this programme in a while:

"... will fit your feet."
"... a good cigar."
"... is made of what."
"... no other watch."
"... will stop decay."
"... do justice your teeth."
"... with beauty clay."
"... our motor oil."
"... will suit your taste."
"... this famous soap."
"... is nickel faced."
"... our kennel food."
"... will give you style."
And so it goes all round the dial,
I place my glasses on my nose,
And sit somewhere a night's repose.

The New Northman maintains its creditable literary
standard. The last issue is well balanced, and contains sev­
eral interesting items, among which are "Christians
a Wake," "Success is Like That," and a "Pacifist in
Queens". The latter is an apology for pacifism, and the
author is to be congratulated on his well written defence.
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all over the country.
With football behind us and the mercury hiding below the zero mark our thoughts naturally turn to hockey and basketball. Hockey gained the jump on basketball as the boys came back early to work the new year out of their system under the tutelage of Gerry Wiggett. We wouldn't be afraid to say that it will take more than one week before term opening to do this — yes, and a few weeks afterwards. The basketball players seem to be a more right-living crowd as they did not deem it necessary to start training until term opening. By the way, Charlie McCullough is coaching the basketball squad. Charlie is a graduate of Bishop's and a former star on the local basketball floor and has played for the Sherbrooke Y.M.C.A. since leaving Bishop's. As for Gerry Wiggett, he is by no means a stranger to the University and has coached several excellent teams. We are inclined to believe that failure to do well this year will not be the fault of the coaching staff — that leaves the inference that we will give en deux mots, lack of material. At this stage of the season we are not in a position to make such a statement as a certainty.

To be perfectly frank the practices have not shown any indication of our having a championship team here this year. Before the first game we are of the opinion that the greatest weakness will be in the rearguard — the defence and goaling situation up to the present is certainly something to inspire the most optimistic supporters with fear, if one becomes inspired with fear. Quite frankly we are not over-hopeful about the basketball angle either. Probably this is a little severe, so we will confine any further comment to what we see in actual games — there is a difference between a game and a practice — there is stiffer opposition in a game.

Practice games have been played with an aggregation which was composed of both Junior and Intermediate players from Sherbrooke. In the first game the University was successful to the tune of six to two. In the second game we were fortunate in coming out with a draw. To date we are in the dark as to what the line-ups will be when the season gets under way.

There seems to be some difficulty in selecting a Junior team that will be able to comply with the age regulations. However we are entered in the Sherbrooke County Junior League and will play exhibition games at least with all the teams of this league. We wouldn't be surprised if the officials in Sherbrooke were able to arrange the age limit situation — here's hoping they hold the meeting in the usual place.

The first Junior game was played in the Minto Rink against the Lennoxville Juniors, on Jan. 22. We were not surprised with the outcome as Lennoxville is one of the leading teams in the district and have had the advantage of several more weeks of practice. Again, these lads have been playing together for a number of years. To make a long story short the final score was six to two — you guessed it, Bishop's missed the boat — or should we say the net?

In the first period Lennoxville had the play very much to themselves and pushed four goals behind Bilkey. In the second period Harry Scott scored on a pass from Knox. Lennoxville added another point to their total and the period ended five to one. In the last period Norris scored on a pass from Knox and Lennoxville chalked up the final
THE MITRE, FEB., 1936

CAPORAL
CIGARETTES

"The purest
tobacco can
be smoked"

Lancet

SWEET
CAPORAL
CIGARETTES

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked"

THE MITRE, FEB., 1936

counter just as the game finished.

From the critical angle we will merely say that our opponents were too aggressive for us. Their passes clicked very nearly and Bishop's passes, such as they were, went wide of their mark. It would be unfair to pick out any individual for criticism either favourable or otherwise but we promise plenty in the next issue of "The Mitre".

Line-up

Bishop's: Goal, Bilkey; defence, Powell, Smith; centre, Knox; forwards, Norris, H. Scott; alternates Goff, Bean and Geggie.

Lennoursville: Goal, Hunting; defence, Bower, Mullins; forwards, Glass, Price; alternates, Rose, Hodge, Stewart, and Byrne.

The second Junior game was played in the Sherbrooke Arena against the league leading Champetre sextet. This game was much more closely contested and a definite improvement over Wednesday night's exhibition. Champetre scored after the first seven minutes of play and five minutes later the score was tied up by Fenton on an impressive solo rush. The second period ended two to one for Champetre. Bishop's led the attack in the third period and Goff again tied the score on a pass from Bean. Shortly after this Champetre garnered another point and the game ended three to two for Champetre. We are forced to be brief but we are unable to suppress a ray of hope. If the team continues to improve during the season as it did in two days we certainly will not end up in the cellar.
We give you:

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for your HEALTH
for your POCKET
for your SATISFACTION

Ansell's Drug Store
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

McKendsey's Drug Store
LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

hockey club will please take note. The More however de-
clinies to be held responsible for any complications that
might arise from such a courageous act. The scoring was
over and after a few more minutes the game was too-
incidentally we didn't bear the crowd clamouring for
goals (much).

The game was handled by Larry Pegues and we have
no notion coming in that direction. However we should
like to say that we are convinced that one man is not
enough to see all that is going on. One man can follow
the play and detect obvious evidences of rough play but he
certainly can't see all that could be seen. The moral —

two pairs of eyes are better than one.

to offer a few brief words of criticism — at the outset
we are forced to say that the whole Bishop's team
was just that much too slow. Whatever we may say —
in all justice to the team — nobody can lay the blame for
the defeat at Bilkey's door. In fact if he continues to
play as he did in this game your correspondent will scratch
one name off his list of worries. The defence was not
giving the goalie any protection and was being continu-
ously foiled. We might also say that we didn't see one
good body-check throughout the whole game, possibly
due to the fast skating of the U. of M. forwards but we
are not so sure. Mac Dunsmore has taken over the pos-
tions left open by Rod Johnston and seems to be fitting in
with McMahon and Hibbard quite well. The Philosophy
Line, composed of Al Scott, Basset and Bussnott seems
to have improved over last year. More practice will make
a difference in the forwards but the defence will have to
work together and use heads and bodies as well as hockey
sticks. With these unkind remarks we shall put away
this section until Wednesday, when the team goes to
Montreal to play McGill at the Forum.

Line-up

Bishop's: Goal, Bilkey; defence, Martin, Fenton; cen-
tre, Hibbard; wings, McMahon, Dunsmore; alternates,
Basset, Scott, Bussnott, Ni coer.

U. of M.: Goal Balsalou; defence, Boucher, Gouin;
centre, Huguet; wings, Desautels, Trahan; alternates,
Grignon, H. Barsalou, Dion, Fabien.

The second team made another unsuccessful invasion
of the Sherbrooke Arena and were driven back with two
casualties. The Canadians pushed a jolly little round disk
behind our goaler, a man turned on a red light twice and
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the ice. Unfortunately Pergau didn't like this brotherly spirit and chased Carl off the ice. Hibbard rushed in on Newman and missed what looked like a sure goal. Norris (Kem) tripped Fenton as he was about to shoot and Kem went off. Anton joined him in a few seconds and McGill were two men short. McGill iced the puck and stalled until they were again at full strength but MacDonald missed an open net in the meantime. In the last three minutes McGill played everyone up but were unable to score and the game ended five to four in favour of Bishop's. Bishop's showed improvement over their previous encounters but McGill was not as fast or in as good condition as U of M. Bilkey did very well and Fenton began to hand out a few body checks at the end of the game. Carl Norris played a fine game and we predict that he will be one of the regular defencemen before the end of the season. Martin is taking his game too easily and in the last three games has drawn too many penalties — we cannot see what kind of a player he is if he is not on the ice. The McMahon-Hibbard-Dunsmore line was working nicely but has not reached the peak attained last year. The men are not sure of their passing but a few more practices will do a lot. The so-called Philosophy line is a definite improvement over last year — by that we mean that the men on this line are playing better hockey than they did last year. Bassett is not fast but uses his head and Bissonnet and Al Scott are coming along quite well.

For the visitors, we pick MacDonald out immediately. He is a nice skater and a smooth stick-handler. Norris was the pick of their defence while Loftis, Byrne and McDuff were the pick of the forwards. In closing we feel that it is only fair to say that the McGill goaler was their weak position and although he had tough luck on a couple of shots yet on the whole he seemed a little uncertain of himself. And now we shall try to sleep until the next game if someone doesn't murder us in the meantime. The McMahon-Hibbard-Dunsmore line was working nicely but has not reached the peak attained last year. The men are not sure of their passing but a few more practices will do a lot. The so-called Philosophy line is a definite improvement over last year — by that we mean that the men on this line are playing better hockey than they did last year. Bassett is not fast but uses his head and Bissonnet and Al Scott are coming along quite well.

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he is impervious to their errors and faults. Of course blindness to the faults of the fair sex has proved the downfall of more than a few good men. Bas Stevens is playing good basketball again — maybe he wants to impress his brother. Mayhew is coming back to form and we hear that Cohen is taking his game very seriously — he is expected to have sworn off smoking for twenty-four hours.

It really is very difficult to reconstruct a game you didn’t see, especially when you can’t understand the hieroglyphics in the score book. Did we hear someone say something? Probably just our imagination but we thought we heard someone say “That’s O.K., you wouldn’t know a b— – of what you’ve seen.” And the funny part of all this is that this voice that lurks in some dark corner of a smoke-filled room is probably quite right.

And with the line-up we shall call it thirty and b ask in the heat of our own criticism until the next game comes around.

Here they are, the teams:

Bishop’s: Cohoon centre; Ross rt. forward; B. Stevens If. forward; Holden rt. guard; Mayhew If guard; alternates, Rosenthal, T. Stevens, Stock; Mayhew, rt. forward; Martin, If. forward.

Y.M.C.A.: S. Ball centre; Jovett If. forward; C. Stocks If. forward; L. Ball rt. guard; Chan If. guard; alternates: Vlahakis, Hellig, Leslie, A. Stocks, B. Cohen.

The basketball team encountered another defeat at the hands of the Y.M.C.A. Juniors on Sat. Feb. 1st. Probably also can be modified if we state that the game was played in Sherbrooke. The score, forty-two to twenty.

The team needs practice badly but I have hopes. Of course we are up against it, as we are in a league that has several experienced teams. We asked Mr. Ross if he meant these teams were experienced in basketball or in playing to the gallery. He shook his head sadly and with tears in his eyes whispered huskily “Both.” The interview was brought to an end here as your correspondent saw several of the basketball players coming in his direction and was suddenly reminded that he had to tell someone the joke he overheard Prof. Burt telling Prof. Richardson between classes. Sorry we can’t print it here — it wouldn’t be cricket. However by placing a dime in a letter and enclosing a self-addressed envelope and mailing it to the sports department of the Mitre you will receive a typed copy of a license permitting you to ask Prof. Burt what the joke was.

And now to get back to basketball —
Jan. 17th, at the Y.W.C.A. headquarters (is that what you call them?) in Sherbrooke, garden spot of the Eastern Colleges.

TO THE LADIES

Due to faulty maths somewhere in the dim and distant past, someone had one day left over when they made up the calendar and we have been paying for it for four years since. We recently saw a poster in the corridor of the New Arts Building reminding us that the women were about to assert themselves this year. We can assure you that nobody was any more pleased than your correspondent. He took on the duties of sports editor in the autumn when the ladies were merely spectators, they seem to admit that they can’t play football. At least that is something to be thankful for. Now that the winter has come the ladies have begun to make themselves noticeable by their presence on the basketball floor and on the ice.

Now this is where the Leap Year angle comes in — after consulting the President of “The Mitre” we came to the conclusion that the ladies should have their rights — conveniently there can’t be any more than one Leap Year every forty years. We have never set eyes on a more energetic set of gums chasers. The Whites very reluctantly and unenthusiastically surrendered their advice over the orange juice. To say the least we must say that we have never seen eyes on a more energetic set of gum chasers. The Whites very reluctantly and unenthusiastically surrendered their advice over the orange juice. To say the least we must say that we have never seen eyes on a more energetic set of gum chasers.


Presenting Miss McNab

After reading the above effusion, we were prepared to embark upon a series of excuses for the co-eds, but find that these are quite unnecessary, as they have rallied, and to date, having completed the first half of their League schedule, have won three out of the four games. As their defeat has already been pointed out, there remains only the pleasant task of relating their victories.

Bishop’s: Everett, Clark, forwards; Rohonye, centre; MacDougall, Brewer, guards; Martin, MacDonald, alternates.

Y.W.C.A. Whites: Gaffney, Bradley, forwards; Miller, centre; Vonberg, Roberts, guards; Pearson, carmen.

TO THE LADIES

The game second and first triumph of the season was with the Y.W.C.A. Blues. The score stood at 14-5 in our favour at the end of the first half, and in the last period we again scored over our opponents 9-4, giving a grand total of 23-15. Isabel Rothney topped the score with a total of ten.

On Feb. 1st, we played against the Y.W.C.A. Whites, and our team smashed the younger and less experienced team with a shut-out score of thirty-seven to nothing.

The third consecutive defeat of the Mitre took place on Friday evening, Feb. 7th, when we defeated Sherbrooke High, 20-13, with Edith Everett gaining a score of 10 points.

Team-work and shooting are improving with practice, and we are glad to see that Ken Ross has dried the tears from his eyes, and hope that he no longer finds it necessary to unbend his bleeding heart to our sports editors. We are also glad to see the return of Betty Beery, who was elected captain, while Isabel Rothney is managing the team.
The co-ed Hockey Team is celebrating Leap Year by the innovation of smart new flannel shorts! "No more skirting the goal!" is their new motto.

The season opened with an exhibition game with B.C.S. Prep. On Jan. 27th; this game has become an annual event, and though the co-eds tower head and shoulders above their masculine opponents, they seem always doomed to suffer defeat at their hands. We were seriously hampered by the absence of part of the backbone of the team, including the captain, and were defeated 1-3 by the Prep. lads, who gained 4 goals in the last period, and redeemed what seemed a lost game.

On Feb. 1st, we gained a 3-0 victory over Stanstead College. Katharine Millman netted the opening goal, while the "new blood" includes Nancy MacDougall, Barbara Greene, Gwen Nixon, Betty Clarke, Edith Everett and Millicent Marlin are old standbys of the team, and in retaining Clara Parsons and Betty Brewer as manager and captain, respectively. Kay Millman, Edith Titcomb and Millicent Marin are old standbys of the team, while the "new blood" includes Nancy MacDougall, Barbara Greene, Gwen Nixon, Betty Clarke, Edith Everett and Mary Platt.

MISCELLANEOUS

We cannot say that there is any indication that the students are working off any excess poundage through the medium of badminton. Probably they are labouring under the delusion that it is a so-called smart game or on the other hand they have found to their sorrow that it is not.

There is a ladder competition in progress which can only be made a success through the efforts of each individual to play when challenged. The competitive instinct seems to be overshadowed by a lethargy which we are sorry to say is becoming an outstanding characteristic of Bishop's; let's overcome the primitive god known as laziness -- o.k., we take it back, at least until we learn to practice what we preach. In this respect we adjure you not to be overshadowed by a lethargy which we are sorry to see the eminent divines to stop 'em.

A number of skiers have been brought to our notice which really comes under the heading of basketball. We understand that there are some day students who are playing for teams in Sherbrooke and who have never made any attempt to gain a position on the College team. This is not only poor sportsmanship and disloyalty but a breach of the C.I.A.U. constitution and we hope that the proper authorities will take the necessary steps.

College spirit is a topic which has been discussed in this column before in connection with sports but circumstances bring it to our attention once more. At the words "College Spirit" we are apt to see students raise their eyebrows and smile and for that reason we will deal with spirit itself as generally applied to athletics. If a player does not give his best in professional sports he is immediately dropped from the line-up. For years we have heard champions of amateur athletics claim that pro athletics are characterized by a lack of enthusiasm. If this is true then we can say that Bishop's has the nucleus of a pro hockey team and as far as that goes the same may be said for basketball.

At the first of the season the best players are awarded positions on the team and the cast-offs are neglected. We are sorry that this cannot be helped but what is very annoying is the fact that men lose their enthusiasm after they have won these positions and cease going to practices.

We are not going to appeal to honour as that is another topic that has become hackneyed. However we would like to say that if the players are not going to appreciate the efforts of the Council to sponsor these activities then we have no doubt that the Council could find other activities upon which to spend its revenue advantageously. If the students think enough of a sport to turn out at the beginning of the season and are good enough to make the team then it is their duty to justify the expenditure of money on them. This tendency has only become evident within the last two years and if it continues to grow we can rest assured that in the near future athletes at Bishop's will have become a farce. Let us remind the players that the time for practice is not a few minutes before the game.

FLASH --

The co-ed Hockey Team has begun with a bang. Just as we go to press we have a special message from M. W. Gall, that well known sporting figure, who is managing Third Year and Grads. Mr. Gall states quite definitely that his team will carry off the championship but is sorry that he is unable to draw from the ranks of the flashy Grads except on Saturday. Quoting Mr. Gall again, "By gum, sub, yuh ain't seen nothing yet. When mah boys get goin' real well it will take more than a host of junior students or developin' divines to stop 'em."

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Alumni

A former editor of this column, in disavowing the fact that it had too theological a tinge, suggested that the Arts Faculty form a society which might be called the Brotherhood of Bunwell to parallel the work of the Guild of the Venerable Body. The need for such a society is still pressing and your editor offers his sincere apology for the lack of items regarding graduates in that Faculty, and appeals to all graduates and former members of the University to take an interest in their column and to forward items of interest. Bishop's men are to be found in every province of Canada, in Newfoundland, in nineteen states of the American Union, in the British Isles, in Egypt, Tasmania, India, British Honduras, Burma, Hawaii, Jamaica, Bermuda, and South America. Surely with proper co-operation a great deal could be learnt of their activities.

A number of items of interest have come to the attention of the Alumni Editor. They are as follows:

Archdeacon C. W. Balfour, B.A. '97, M.A., has been appointed rector of St. Paul's Church, Fort William, Ont. A number of graduates were delegates to Provincial Synods held recently in Belleville for the Ecclesiastical Synods held recently in Belleville for the Ecclesiastical Province of Canada, and in Fredericton for the Ecclesiastical Province of New Brunswick.

Canon Waterman m'r88, L.S.T., has been taking part in the ceremony was performed by the Rev'd T. E. Nurse. Mr. and Mrs. Dickson are now living at Rouyn, Que.

The Rev'd J. F. S. Ford, B.A. '33 and a graduate of the Divinity Faculty. is now Vicar of the Parish of Westlock in the Diocese of Edmonton.

A number of items of interest have come to the attention of the Alumni Editor, they are as follows:

An interesting letter has been received from the Rev'd J. F. S. Ford, B.A. '33 and a graduate of the Divinity Faculty. John is now Vicar of the Parish of Westlock in the Diocese of Edmonton.

An article appears in this issue of the Mitre by the Rev'd Claude Sauvebren, B.A., L.S.T., '24.

Among recent visitors at the College was the Rev'd Arthur Ottwell, B.A. '34. Fr. Ottwell is at present working in the Diocese of Beawrapa.

The Rev'd A. F. Dowdell, B.A., L.S.T., '24, has been appointed rector of Lansdowne Front in the Diocese of Ontario.

E. C. Royl, L.S.T., '31, is to be ordained shortly to a curacy at St. Matthias Church, Westmount.

The Rev'd F. F. Clark, B.A., L.S.T., '24, has been appointed sub-Warden of St. Chad's College, Regina.

The Rev'd A. J. Anderson, B.A., L.S.T., '12, has been appointed incumbent of Marysburgh in the Diocese of Ontario.

Mr. G. H. Montgomery, K.C., M.A., D.C.L., is President of the Bar Association of Canada. Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery have recently spent a holiday in Bermuda.

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C. C. Eberts, B.A. '34 of Trinity College, Oxford, was a member of one of the crews invited to take part in the trials for the selection of a boat for the Varsity Boat Races.

C. L. O. Glass, B.A. '35 of St. John's College, Oxford, was a member of the College Rugby team and was also a member of the Varsity Hockey team which toured Europe during the Christmas vacation.

J. D. Jeffers, B.A. '27, M.A., Ph.D., spent part of the Christmas holiday in Sherbrooke. Dr. Jeffers is a member of the staff of Trinity College, School, Port Hope.

Miss Barbara R. Eerdy-Wilmot, B.A. '35, who entered the Training School for Nurses at the Montreal General Hospital in September, has now completed her probationary course and has won her cap.

Wesley H. Bradley, B.A. '32, was elected National Secretary of the Student Peace Movement of Canada, at the first National Congress of that body at the University of Toronto, last November. At the same Congress as a McGill representative was A. J. H. Richardson, B.A. '35.

Mr. C. C. Savage, B.A. '33, was London agent for the Toronto law firm of Slaghe & Gowes, who acted on behalf of the Premier in the London Supreme Court in connection with the slander action recently brought against the Premier by Henry M. Walker.

An examination was conducted by the Civil Service Commission in July last. A. J. H. Richardson, B.A. '35, stands first, and J. D. Campbell, B.A. '28, second in the list of those who wrote the examination in English. The purpose of the examination was to establish a list of candidates eligible for appointment to clerkships, Grade 4, with a view to training them for executive positions. The examination was confined to University graduates.

Over seventy-five graduates are members of the teaching staff of High Schools in the Province of Quebec. Amongst recent graduates we find that H. E. Wright, B.A. '34, is on the staff of Sherbrooke High School. Also on the staff are R. F. Callan, B.A. '32, C. T. Teakle, B.A. '24, M.A. and J. D. Campbell, B.A. '28, D. H. A. McMurray, B.A. '32, is a member of the teaching staff of Laurentide High School of which C. H. Sav- geth, B.A. '14 is the principal.

D. S. Rattray, B.A. '29, is principal of Asbestos High School and D. E. Dennis, B.A. '30 is on the staff. Miss Jacqueline Schwartz, B.A. '34, and F. A. Wil- liams, B.A. '33 are on the staff of Sutton High School.

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The marriage of Miss Roberta Hodgkins, B.A. '15 and Mr. C. Wayne Dickson, B.A. '32 took place at St. Paul's Church, Shawville, Que., on the 28th of December. The ceremony was performed by the Rev'd T. E. Nurse. Mr. and Mrs. Dickson are now living at Rouyn, Que.
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A BOOK TO READ

RANDALL DAVIDSON, Archbishop of Canterbury. By G. K. Bell, Bishop of Chichester. Two Vols. (Oxford University Press. Rs. 6.)

Randall Thomas Davidson will not go down in history as a great ecclesiastical leader, but as a wise and discerning statesman. Like Archbishop Laud, a less fortunate precursor, he played an influential part in English diplomatic life, but unlike Laud he had far more interest in things temporal than things spiritual, at least so far as matters of policy were concerned. He watched the growth of Ultramontanism with surprising detachment.

Actually he cared little for controversy and regarded the Church not so much as a Divine Society as the spiritual organ of the nation. It is necessary to appreciate this attitude to have a sympathetic understanding of many of the Archbishop's actions. The Bishop of Chichester has performed an undoubted service to both Church and Empire in his biography of one whom he knew so intimately, and has thrown new light on many important and outstanding events of the period when Davidson played a large part in the affairs of the nation.

A Bishop for thirty years and for twenty-five years Archbishop of Canterbury, Davidson was not only in direct touch with three sovereigns but was the friend and adviser of many of England's Prime Ministers. Charles Gore, a life-long friend, once referred to him as "one of the greatest living Englishmen." None who are privileged to read Dr. Bell's account of the Primate's extraordinary ecclesiastical policy will doubt his ability as a statesman. Few men could have handled the Enabling Act in the way he did. His interest in foreign affairs was enormous and he rarely missed an important debate in the House of Lords. During the war period he became not only a popular figure but was looked upon as "a very present help in time of trouble."

During his occupancy of the See of Canterbury, the Church of England gradually emerged from the doldrums of the nineteenth century to the full realization of her Catholic heritage. Himself a self-styled non-party man, Davidson has performed an undoubted service to both Church and Empire in his biography of one whom he knew so intimately, and has thrown new light on many important and outstanding events of the period when Davidson played a large part in the affairs of the nation.

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