

The Librarian

The Mitre

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... Rest eternal grant to him, O Lord!
 And let light perpetual shine upon him

Established 1893

THE MITRE

PRESIDENT, B. W. STEVENS
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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 certain inevitable and difficult changes, many of which, at the present time, are not even within sight. It will be our duty, during the trying years ahead, loyally to support him and the principles of good government, with freedom of thought and speech, for which he stands. (We Canadians should take care lest we lag too far behind other members of the British Commonwealth of Nations in putting these principles into practice.) Let us pray that King Edward's reign may be marked, in Canada as elsewhere in the Empire, by a growing sense of the great opportunities of British citizenship, with full realization that those opportunities entail even greater responsibilities.

Is it too much to hope that his reign will see Britain and her Dominions in the van of those who are working to establish a new and better social order, and to bring about a world in which the underlying 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 30 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.

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 torrid 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 40-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 individuals 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 exhortations and that February 20th, is rather late to be expressing New Year wishes we can see nothing against the practice.

So, sparing our readers the analysis and exhortation, may we say — Happy New Year.

The Pursuit of Truth In University Education

by

Dr. W. O. Raymond

"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.

There is a vital and generous quality in youth that is in 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 quarries in the mine of knowledge and human experience with his own spade does the gold of truth become his personal possession. Youth is often unformed and callow, but its fluidity, open-mindedness, courage to champion new vistas of truth, are precious endowments. Even the quixotic idealism which leads youth at times to throw in its lot with "lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names, and impossible loyalties", is a flair that the world would be poorer and more drab without.

The University student who deserves the name has accepted the responsibility of a seeker after truth, and never has that search been more arduous than at present. For, as General Smuts has put it, "humanity has folded its tents and is on the march", and we live in the crucible of an age of vast and far reaching transitions. The dykes of the old order of the past have been rudely broken down by the shocks of a world war, a universal economic depression, acute racial and class rivalries, the clash between dictatorships and democratic institutions. "Tis a mad world my masters!" the pessimist might exclaim, and even the sober judgment of the Prime Minister of Great Britain, in his

recent radio address to the Empire, echoes this point of view. "The world has been what a great man in the sixteenth century called it, 'a raving world'."

Facing the difficulty and confusion of the present time, the temper and attitude of the University man's mind are of the utmost importance. He must search for truth that does not shine like a star in a clear sky, but is glimpsed at intervals between the folds of a cloud rack. And in his quest for truth, the bark of his mental life is often tossed between the Scylla of conservatism and the 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-seeing prophet of the British Empire who saturated politics with thought. "If a great change is to be made in human affairs, the minds of men will be fitted to it; the general opinions and feelings will draw that way. 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 mere designs of men. They will not be resolute 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 misinterpreted. The University is no place for propaganda or for distempered, 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, 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 badges which they dislike, as if they were terrifying rattles in the hands of a voodoo doctor or bogies to frighten children in the nursery. Socialism! It is anathema. Cry 'Havoc' and let slip the dogs of war, lest the unwelcome intruder be a Bolshevik in disguise.

Yet, if we contrast the present state of affairs in Great Britain with the laissez-faire individualistic regime of mid-Victorian days, how much legislation has been incorporated into the fabric of English government which our forefathers would have labelled socialistic. And if such drastic changes have taken place through a process of evolution rather than revolution, is it not in large part due to the fact that freedom of thought and a love of the truth have not been stifled. In particular, the Labour party of Great Britain has always had the benefit of being in touch with some of the best minds in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. In this way it has had an intellectual comradeship and a sanity of council which have prevented it from stranding on the rocks of radicalism and communism. If the vast but delicate readjustments between the past and present order of things

in England have been successfully made, this has been in large measure due to the preservation of that liberty of thought and ideas which is the basis of a true democracy. Bigotry and intolerance do not quench but fan the fires of class discord.

Canadian life, judging by its past evolution, is not likely to be lacking in solidity and the practice of elemental virtues. But that solidity may be in danger of ossifying into stolidity and inaccessibility to new ideas, if our Universities are not free channels for the pursuit and expression of truth. Youth should be a time of vision and originality and, consequently, — tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon — it is not a bad thing for a University to have a few radicals amongst its constituency. We need gadflies to sting us out of the dogmatic slumber of ultra-conservatism. This should extend all along the line and be applicable to judgments of goodness and beauty as well as those of truth. Therefore, as a final fling, if you feel that T. S. Eliot has written some of the finest poetry of the Georgian epoch, if you believe that the School of Seven has made a valuable contribution to Canadian landscape painting through its originality and daring use of colour, if you regard Epstein's bust of The Tiger King as a masterpiece of modern sculpture, if you sympathize with Bernard Shaw's struggle with Sir Henry Irving in order to give modern drama a place in the sun when it was being crushed by the dead hand of mid-Victorian Shakespearian tradition, do not be ashamed of your convictions — proclaim them from the housetop if need be.

William O. Raymond.

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 gulf him. Let him die!

His was the burden of his predecessors' errors,
Seeing mortal anguish rending souls.
His was the vision of peoples torn with terror.
Let him go, - and going, take his dole.

The winds are singing, singing, - 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.

Barns I Have Known

by
M. W. Gall

This, my initial venture into the field of creative literature, is the result of a remark to the effect that the prolix descriptiveness of my speech, and fondness for polly-syllabification, would be prohibitive to the creation of a comprehensive and intelligible story. To present my case more clearly, I may say that it was implied that any literary effort on my part would resemble nothing more than a cross, (were such a thing genetically possible) between the Quebec Civil Code, and the annual report of the Anthropological society.

Many obstacles presented themselves when I first undertook the consideration of writing something; the first of which was, not illogically, the matter of a beginning. With intense application, however, I entered upon a scientific research of literary embryology, and emerged with the startling information that there is a very definite technique in undertaking the discussion of a subject. For instance: if one wishes to write a treatise upon the decadence in popularity of zithers in Bavaria, one begins with the gradual annihilation of side-hill gougers in Czechoslovakia, or the salt condition in India. On first consideration the relation between these subjects may appear vague; on second consideration it may seem even more vague, however, this fact is not pertinent. The salient feature about beginnings is their insignificance. Thus, having acquired this information, I propose to dispense with any formal beginning, and enter upon the discussion of barns.

My experience with barns is not as extensive as that of a true native of the soil, and is confined to that species of barn which one finds in New Brunswick. My association with any one barn has been transitory, yet I have known barns to assume definite personalities — to acquire individualities all their own. It is remarkable how one's attitude towards a barn can undergo a complete metamorphosis. I had occasion last summer to sleep in several barns, and it is my experience that when one ceases to regard a barn as a building invariably associated with farms, in a remote sort of way, and consider it as a temporary home, that the change occurs.

In my peregrinations through the Maritimes I was accompanied by two undergraduates of the University of Southern California, whose names were Jack and Harry. These ordinary enough names were attached to two of the most extraordinary persons I have ever had the good fortune to know. Jack's ambition was to be a poet, and Harry's, to be ambitionless. Ambition, he claimed, re-

stricted one's range of activities. We had agreed to pool our resources and genius towards the end of travelling over as much territory as possible, with the least expenditure of energy and coin of the realm manageable. In short, we were knights of the road, and if one night we slept in an hotel, it was fairly certain that the succeeding night would find us lulled to sleep by the stamping of horses or lowing of cattle, with hay for a mattress.

I recall one night early in the summer, when we found ourselves at least ten miles from the nearest town, and the moon was well up in the sky. We were walking along the highway, Jack delivering an address upon the aesthetic appeal of the moonlight upon the Bay of Chaleur and Harry, with Demosthenic eloquence, convincing me that the integrity of his physical condition was being jeopardized by a blister to which his heel was giving birth. His remarks were by no means confined to a depreciation of his own particular blister; he soon enlarged his territory to include ailments of any description affecting the feet in general and his in particular. He was on the subject of bunions, I think, when on rounding a corner, we observed a fairly educated looking barn situated a short distance from the road. Here at last was our haven of rest. We approached the barn with great care, having first judiciously circumnavigated a herd of cattle, lest some member of the male of the species lurked in their midst. My two companions having elected themselves as an advance party to reconnoitre, and assess the accommodations provided by the barn, had disappeared, leaving me at the half open door assisting the building maintain an upright position. It had not occurred to me that possibly some unknown danger lurked in the shadows of the yard, or even if I had noticed a male goat, bewhiskered in the approved Old Testament fashion, and behorned, I would scarcely have given credence to the fact that he entertained a violent antithesis to the southern exposure of a one time white pair of flannels. However, he hurled himself with an unparalleled exuberance at the dorsal section of my anatomy exposed to the moonlight, and my position at the moment being particularly well adapted to the receipt of such an attack, I was precipitated with great violence into the interior of the barn. I registered several varied impressions, all fleeting in their nature except the one upon the assaulted part of my anatomy.

Never have I been seized with such a passionate desire to be somewhere else, when upon the identification of my

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 filleted, 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 ignominy done my 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.

"There's going to be trouble" said Harry, and applied his eye to one of the chasm-like cracks that separated the boards of the barn wall. I did likewise, and observed to my horror that a ferocious looking farmer was stealthily approaching the barn. He carried under his arm a sort of vest pocket edition of the dominion arsenal, and it required no strenuous exertion of our powers of deduction to arrive at the conclusion that he had not come out

to ask us to join him at a game of tiddlewinks.

"If that archaic specimen of fire arm is discharged", observed Harry, "there is going to be a pyrotechnical display in this neighborhood the like of which I never have seen."

"I have no doubt," I replied, trying to sound nonchalant, "but the distressing part of it is that we will not be in a position to appreciate it."

There was not much doubt that the worthy farmer had seen us enter his emporium, and mistaking us for the ordinary run of tramps, had organized an expedition to rout us out. In a burst of inspiration a plan suddenly presented itself to me, which, if were successful, would deliver us from the situation unscathed. I was in the habit of wearing a brilliant red blazer, and to many of the lesser educated people, a red coat meant only one thing; the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. On one previous occasion I had overheard someone remark that I was a member 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 on the following morning, when three officers of the law, with very obvious marks of having slept in the hay, strolled forth from his barn; wished him a very hearty good day; and proceeded on their journey down the road on foot.

EVENING

Not any more disharmony; in place
A quiet content, pure symphony. I see the face
Of God in the now thick-jewelled space
About my head; new strength I lease,
And once again it seems poor hopes and fears
And all the anxious striving, and the years
Of needless pain, fast vanish with their tears
As in my soul he grows and I decrease.

C.C.

News from the Red Sea

My Dear Editor:

You have suggested that I should write a description for "The Mitre" of my journey through the Mediterranean and Red Sea. There is, I am afraid, nothing very exciting for me to tell you, but the journey is most interesting in itself 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 on its flank can be seen 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 Algeçiras and the mountains of the African coast are visible to the south.

On October 14th, 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 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 breeze had sprung up and by it the dangerous 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. Aetna 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 sham attacks by the aircraft on the battleships. 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, cabmen and others who dog the footsteps of the visitor were neither very numerous nor inconveniently importunate. I 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 tooth paste, Egyptian cigarettes, German field-glasses, French perfumery, Japanese sandals, etc., etc. We entered the canal after a noisy night of discharging cargo. The ship is all of a sudden 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 tide 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 more opportunity to see the canal. 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 Bitter Lakes, we passed Ismailya a pleasant little settlement 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. Further on was the Anzac memorial, a great obelisk standing alone in a waste of sand. The night overtook us here and next morning we were anchored off Port Suez.

We did not see much in the way of war transports during the passage of the canal. As we were going eastward all transports would be going in the same direction and therefore we did not see them. But there were numerous Italian ships returning empty; and we passed some that seemed to be hospital ships aboard which there was a fair number of sick or wounded men. These Italians did not exhibit any signs of hostility. On the contrary they seemed to wish to appear friendly, they lined the bulkheads and waved and smiled at us. Some made the Fascist salute.

Port Suez lies on a flat of land at the Eastern mouth of the Canal. We were anchored some distance away from the town under a shore that rose steeply in wind-eroded cliffs to a very considerable height. These hills were red-dish 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-chiselled 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 greased hair in which they keep a little ivory stick for the occasional stirring up of their abundant cranial epizoa. Tall men, very black but manifestly non-negro, each

AN ATTEMPT

I hear the Mitre wants a story

On any theme, from shame to glory,
A sonnet or an allegory,
Or any composition.

They have no choice between the poems,
The frames are weak, just skin and bones,
The lines sound only semi-tones,
Oh, all is wrong! (they tell us).

But some keen wits observed the fact
And to the Mitre sent a tract
About a moustache, (sir, use tact),
Which promptly was rejected.

Now when this happened to the poem
The writers' voices dropped a tone,
And grumbled gruffly, with a groan,
It left the lads quite angry.

So thus their work was all for nought,
And now a lesson had been taught
About ideas that have been wrought
From such things as moustaches.

dressed in a dirty shirt, and singing rhythmically as they worked. The Sudanese seem more negroid, they have long heads very closely cropped and a reputation for honesty which comes as a surprise on this littoral. At Port Sudan one may go out in a boat over the coral reefs and see the fish through glass-bottomed boxes. This is a fascinating experience, no aquarium can begin to rival the lavish variety, the quickly changing surprises of a coral garden where both scenery and its inhabitants seem to have been imported straight from the storehouse of fancy to amaze the eye but scarcely to convince it that what it sees is real.

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 Gibraltar does on the West. Next morning we saw far off the stupendous heights behind Aden, and on the 26th, we coasted for a while beside the hills of Italian Somaliland — a country apparently without a spring or a leaf, a very furnace of a coast. Last of all Cape Gardafui, the outpost of Africa — we left it and the sunset behind and began the last lap of the voyage to Rangoon, but that must be another story.

C. Sauerbrei.

by O. H. Seveigny

And so, if, every contribution
That's handed to the constitution
Is thus considered, may retribution
Wrongs soon rectify.

But that is not the proper spirit,
This may rejected be, (I fear it);
But one thing more (if you will hear it)
Concerning composition:

I cannot write a poem or story
On thoughtful things like shame or glory,
A sonnet, or an allegory,
Or any composition;

The words I write (*perhaps* they're poems)
Weak frames construct, just skin and bones,
The lines sound only semi-tones,
A truly sad affair.

But since I think it is my duty
At least to try, — and not act snooty,
My dark attempt (*perhaps* too sooty),
I humbly offer. Spare me.

The Wrecks Are All Thy Deed

by
Colin Cuttall

Where the Camperdown 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 Glasgen". This sharp-toothed Nova Scotian coast has taken a heavy toll of splendid ships, steam and sail, down centuries of winters, and the "George Glasgen" in all her twenty years of life, had been the legitimate pride of a North country skipper. Now I saw a rusting hull nose down in grey water, the back of the ship broken and jagged 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 foreshore. In short, no longer a ship with a personality, but an unnatural peninsula of naked, twisted steel, giving melancholy witness to the power of the pounding surf. "The George Glasgen'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."

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 he will tell me the story of the end of the "George Glasgen". 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 commission, 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, oilskins, tarred rope and salt pork simmering 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 remnants 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 protesting 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 — so 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 Tribune light was blotted out and the driftwood fires of the fishers of Portuguese Cove seemed very desirable. The "George Glasgen", six thousand tons register, bound for Halifax from Havana with rubber and a crew of twenty-nine, berthed on the Black Rock, short of port by one hour's sailing. And there she lay head-on, blowing her siren from ten o'clock until midnight, when the breaking sea effectively silenced her strident 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 gale of wind which slanted the stove pipe, lifted ceiling-high the green hanging of the only bedroom, and rattled Pope Pius XI on the far wall. Just then the tinny kitchen clock struck out the last of the day. "Son, you're right", said Bouillet after listening awhile. The door slammed to, and in slamming miraculously produced a family of six in a variety of night shirts from behind that green curtain. Papa turned a grim blue eye upon them. "You children stay abed. I'll be back pretty soon. "Louise, you can make up the fire and put a kettle on. We'll be needing some hot water bye an' bye." The family disappeared incredulously and reluctantly, the man reached for his thigh boots and oilskins, and was gone. The wind viciously slammed the door and Louise poked the fire — viciously, but only to hide her fear.

The dozen or so able-bodied men of the Cove who followed Bouillet with lanterns, lines and blankets, stood in deep snow above where the teeth of the Black Rock held the "George Glasgen". White seas swept along the ship, dousing the flares put out from the bridge. At intervals two men, Captain and mate, could be seen so long as the



"Jagged ends of steel plate and girder standing out starkly against a grey winter sky"

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 Glasen" 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 agoing 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 Glasen" slipped to his death into combes 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 Glasen" 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 Glasen" to the company of crying seagulls — and the dead.

D. H. Lawrence, On the essential snakesness 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

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.

Newsprint paper, that is paper on which newspapers are printed, is made entirely from wood and the woods 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 newsprint is to see that the wood comes 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 300 r.p.m. Grindstones are either natural sandstones or artificial or manufactured grindstones. These stones, when installed, are 62 inches in diameter and 54 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.

As the pulp leaves the grinders, it is made up of 5% bone dry wood fibre and 95% water. This is later thinned down to 99½% water and ½% 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 lapped and sold for the manufacture of insulating board and wrapper.

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 discs on which are set three knives, and here the logs are cut up into chips of wood about ¾" long and ⅛" thick. These chips are fed to a large steel tank lined with acid resisting bricks, which are called digesters, 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 bisulphite. 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 washed well in fresh water, screened, and the accepted stock stored in a large concrete chest ready for use on the paper machines.

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 screen sixty or sixty-five wires to the inch. The stock is first thinned with water to a consistency of about 99.55% water and .45% fibre. This is then made to flow on to the fourdrinier wire 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 sheet passes between two squeezing rolls which are generally suction rolls as well, known as the couch rolls. At this point the moisture content is about 88% of the total weight of the sheet. The sheet is carried on an endless woollen belt through three sets of squeezing rolls, generally suction rolls also, to further reduce the moisture content. After leaving the third set of

by
L. Gourley

squeezing rolls the moisture content is about 70% 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 has been reduced to 8% of the total weight. The sheet is rough on the surface 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

THE MILL

It was a beautiful summer's day and Lapsley and I wearily put on our very dirty working clothes. We sincerely wished that we were back in the comparative luxury 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 those 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 profit to the manufacturer.

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 5 in the even-

ing. Lapsley 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. Everthing 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 cudgels 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 confident Morning".

Many clever people like you have trusted to civilization. Many clever Babylonians, many clever Egyptians, many clever men at the end of Rome. Can you tell me, in a world that is flagrant with the failures of civilization, what there is particularly immortal about yours?

G. K. Chesterton.

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 winder 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.

by
John Bassett

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 everchanging conditions attempt to find the solution to the new problems and make the bonds of Imperial unity inalienable.

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 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 55,000 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 50,000 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 excellent and luscious fruits, 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 nailing process is also performed by machinery. Finally the boxes are wired by another implement which is the invention of a clever Australian.

Raisins formed one of the earliest foods used by civilized man. Their health giving qualities have insured their continuing popularity throughout the whole world. As an all purpose fruit food they are of prime importance.

by
R. M. Turpin

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 — 1½ lbs. of beef, 4 lbs. of milk, 6 lbs. of apples, or 4½ lbs. of potatoes. It is claimed that Australian raisins and currants are meatier, 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 assisting 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 may 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.

Reginald Turpin.

Monday Morning Blues

Sunday night all was well. The quiet aura of the day of rest was around you; attendance at chapel brought you the complacent thought 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 room; outside a dismal darkness still enshrouds everything. Well, you switch on the light, and if you've a strong will 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 muggy 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 greasy — and someone's sitting in your place. After

breakfast you find you have no cigarettes left. There's no one around who can or will give you one; so naturally you're off to a bad start.

Having two spares, you think unhappily that you might as well prepare for the next two lectures. So you pick up a book, tilt back your chair, and start in. First the light gets in your eyes, then the janitor comes in and produces a young sandstorm, then the chair slips, you lose your place and finally throw the book aside and try another. The process is repeated, and the work is left undone.

The lectures, if you summon the energy to attend them on Monday morning, are intolerably 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 æon is over, you try to borrow a cigarette before the next one; and again everybody is simply prostrated with grief because they haven't one.

And so it goes on till dinner, then, if the meal is passable, you may recover yourself; but the chances are that cold soup and doubtful-looking meat, topped by one of the famous blanc-manges 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.

WHY BOTHER?

Could I express my many thoughts in verse
As Shakespeare did, or Coleridge, or worse,
I would not do it, for 'tis often said
The greatest poets are not loved till dead.

A. R. P.

WHAT OF THE FUTURE?



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Music Hath Power



A repulsive brute of a man was Roderic, thought Paula his wife. The robust strength which in war-time made him such a fearsome foe had degenerated into unhealthy flabbiness, as a result of the intemperate living with which he celebrated his return to a peaceful manor. And daily she prayed that his over-strained heart would burst, and set her free.

Together they sat at meat in the great hall. Roderic swallowed his food with disgusting relish, but his young wife sat sullenly without touching the vessels before her. He eyed her warily over the capon he clutched in his fist, little knowing when the knife with which she was toying would sink into his side; and he mumbled an oath that he would yet break her spirit. A man would think that because he had forcibly kidnapped her from her tribe she was not his lawful wedded wife! By Beelzebub, but he'd tame the shrew!

A commotion at the end of the hall distracted Roderic's attention from his meal, and he looked up with an oath. The hinds at the lower tables were abusing an old gipsy who had apparently come in to claim feudal hospitality for the night.

"Ho there!" roared the lord. "Let the dog be!" Then as he noticed the violin slung on the new-comer's back, "You, you vagrant son of Satan, you shall have your feed, if so be you'll earn it. Play us a tune before you gorge yourself!" And he bent again to his food.

The girl Paula sat tense as a spring as she watched the gipsy tune his instrument. There was a striking likeness between them, in spite of the difference in sex and age; the same restrained fierceness gleamed in their faces. Then she saw with a sob that the old gipsy's eyes were sightless. But surely — ! The same black hair as she had, the same dark hue!

Slowly old Zagan felt his way along past the tables to the dais where sat the lord and his lady; and, putting the violin to his shoulder, he began to play — a slow, hushed air which stole softly to the ears, like a low wind among autumn leaves. And as the bow moved over the strings, the tenseness went out of Paula. Roderic, hardly noting

the sound, unconsciously ate with less hurry. Weird minors crept into the strain — the quiet air changed subtly, became breathless, confused, as though the dry leaves were whirling madly about. Paula leaned forward, fascinated. Roderic looked up with a puzzled expression and dropped the food from his hands. The blind eyes were fixed on his, and a queer, disturbing chill shot through him. He found his breath coming faster as the tempo increased; he could hear his heart beating.

Now the music rose in throbbing waves, like the wail of a lost soul struggling against an inexorable fate; a wild, weird, despairing cry, subsiding into a hopeless, haunting murmur; rising again — falling. The hall was deathly quiet. The animal noises of rough men feasting were stilled. Roderic sat motionless, bent forward, his eyes held by the awful stare of the blind gipsy's.

Suddenly the motif changed. As if the lost soul had become imbued with a desperate courage, a fierce, war-like burst of sound rose from the strings. Zagan's sure fingers flashed more quickly — the bow rose and fell with an ever increasing tempo. Roderic's ears were deafened by a resonant bass booming, then pierced by shrill discords, till his brain reeled. He was breathing hard — his face flushed with an unnatural redness — his heart thumped till he thought it would burst the walls of his chest. His heart! The leech had warned him it was weak! Why didn't someone cry out? Why didn't someone stop that devil of a fiddler? Why didn't — Oh God! He half rose, tried to lift a hand against the thunder of sound crashing into his ears, tottered, and fell across the table.

For an instant there was dead silence. Then a volume of confused cries burst from the terrified hinds. There were sounds of oaths, of frightened shouts, of overturned tables, and the noise of pounding feet.

Zagan took the violin from his chin, and turned his blank eyes toward Paula. With a single glance at the still form of her husband, she came down from the dais and grasped her father's arm; together they stumbled through the confusion toward the door, and, no man stopping them, went out into the night.

ARE *Your* HEIRS PROPERLY SAFEGUARDED?

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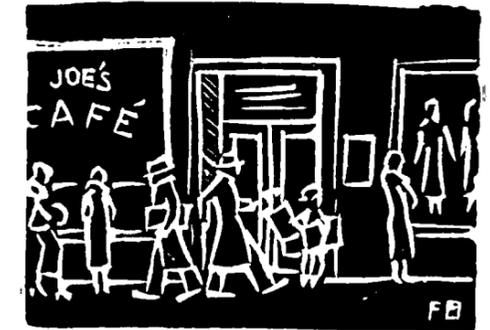
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Village Tale

by
Gerald Cameron



On the first of March we packed our clothes, tied the books together, bought a frying pan and a tea kettle, and moved into a small apartment in Greenwich Village. We made the move with some hesitation and uncertainty in our hearts, because I, at least, was sure that no sooner should we be settled, with our names on the letter box, and steins on the buffet, than our lives would become a storm of unending revelries, limitless discussions, fevered arguments. Perhaps, too, some of that vice which has incarnadined the name of the Village, would creep in. But that was not to be considered. We were in the Village where anything goes.

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 headache. 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 succumbed; and I became content.

The Village won me as it wins nearly everyone who comes to it. It has everything to offer, in large or small degree; and when I stifled my disappointment and went to search for some compensation for what I had lost, I found that the Village had not cheated me, but that I slandered it.

I found that the Village is not the Montparnasse of the New World, although hundreds of artists paint and draw and etch and sculpt, within its borders. I found that it is not the Soho of New York, although scores of tiny Italian restaurants thrive along its straggling side

streets. I found, instead, that it is a pocket hidden away in the centre of the bustling, sprawling metropolis, where men and women live quiet, orderly lives, where strangers can come and find 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 minor 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 retired 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 gentleman farmers, the Rhinelanders, the Brevoorts, 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-seat existence. They were only a pleasant afternoon's drive from the heart of their new world, the bustling seaport New York. They had the rambling old Lafayette 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 passing years the city was sweeping past them, surrounding them, with factories to the east, slums to the south, and business to the north.

The village of Greenwich had been quite arbitrary and independent in laying out its streets and parks. The new city which was engulfing them, was orderly and geometrical in its development. Traffic from the new city

to the north could not find its way with speed and ease through the narrow residential streets. In desperation it passed them by. Later, in indignation it forced elevated tracks past the windows of its quiet homes, condemning the houses it passed to a lingering, miserable life as sweat shops, or cheap furnished rooms. Later still, it blasted holes underneath it for subways. But the final blow, the crowning insult, came in 1917, when two avenues, Sixth and Seventh, which had ended at Fourteenth Street, the northern boundary of the Village, were forced through to connect with the lower city, with Wall Street and the financial district which still dominated the lower part of the Island.

Old residents of the Village, or sentimental newcomers, still bemoan the ravages this extension in the cause of speed and convenience inflicted on the Village. Several old landmarks were wrecked. Stately homes, libraries, churches, the house in which Thomas Paine lived, all went down. But still, to-day, behind the gimcrack facades of the new buildings which line these avenues, quaint little by-pockets of courts, and lanes, lie hidden away, to remind the historian of another way of living, and to intrigue the real estate agent and apartment hunter. Three of them I know — Grove Court, Milligan Place and Patchin Place — tiny corners where trees grow, and window boxes bloom, and flowers flourish in real earth, and where the rush and hurry of the city is left outside when once the iron gate is closed.

Fifth Avenue was never extended. It was too grand and noble and historic. It ended, not at Fourteenth Street, but at Washington Square, at the splendid Washington Arch of Stanford White. It ended at holy ground — for the square had been the Potters Field. And then, too, the patricians of the day lived in regal style along the borders. Of course the slums to the south spewed out hordes of screaming Italian children to swirl over the park walks, and tons of mamas and old men to weigh down the benches. But the Square was The Square and gave prestige.

To-day it still gives prestige. So does the whole of lower Fifth Avenue, and especially the Mews and MacDougal Alley, the converted stables of the great houses on the Square. To-day the houses are empty, and the stables are renting for four hundred a month for three rooms.

Away from the Square and the towering office buildings on the east that house a section of New York University, the great apartment hotels are fewer, and the converted private homes predominate. In these houses, which make up the bulk of the Village, live the substantial middle-class business or professional people, who form nearly half of the Village's 200,000 population. These 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, publishers, doctors, 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 body.

Then there are others who would like to live on the Square or on quiet Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, Twelfth Street. They cannot. Their art won't sell, no one reads their writings, their music is harsh. These let their hair grow, read the easier passages of Karl Marx, foregather to damn each other and 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 to be in the Village meant something. Then, they sigh, art flourished, patrons paid. Art, at her gaudiest, most bedizening, was a mistress to flaunt. To-day — Ah!

To-day they hold poetry auctions 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 persistent tyros from all New York and Long Island, pray for fine weather, and a few promenading visitors with money. At this exhibition, surprisingly enough, nudes are scarce. At the fall show, seascapes predominate, although the eternal 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 and save fifty cents. But the shows do promote an interest in art, and in a few cases bring an artist to recognition which he could not have received otherwise.

It was at the spring show, in May, that I realized how strong and demanding a mistress Art must be, for in the line of artists who squatted on camp stools in front of their sketches and canvasses, only an occasional face showed the glow that comes 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 flirt again.

The art exhibition is one of the few occasions when the Village sees the uptown New Yorker, and the tourist from Brooklyn on good behaviour. Usually the uptowners come to the Village to play. They flock to the night clubs at Sheridan Square, where no Villager ever goes except to give a visiting cousin an evening out. They dance and drink and go mildly bacchanalian in the phoney interiors of the Pepper Pot, or the Nut Club, or the Show Boat. But these excursions the Villagers overlook. Such places as the outlander attends are leftovers from the prohibition period, when the large Italian and Sicilian population of the Village turned their cellars into speak-easys, and sold red wine and bootleg liquor.

To-day there are no speaks. To-day the fat and unctuous Tonys and Angelos and Guiseppes are licensed restaurateurs, and the lean young men who drove the trucks and hi-jacked, are left mooning listlessly around street corners, playing the policy game, or making books on races. These young men are a Village problem. They have resisted the efforts of Community Houses and settlement workers with their crafts and trade instructions. They cannot find work; but if mama can feed them, why worry? They live to themselves, and pay no attention to the emigrant from out of town who has crowded in upon them, and who fancies himself an artist or an actor or a writer. Their parents run the thriving small shops along Bleeker Street, or sell the finest vegetables in the city from their crowded pushcarts at the market. Their young brothers and sisters who crowd the streets, screaming scarifying oaths as they play weird intricate games before, behind and under racing taxis, will be just as they; but they can look out for themselves. That's mama's worry, and mama, leaning from the sixth floor window of her tenement, has learned not to worry. And so has papa, as he smokes and argues quietly on the stoop down below.

Jones Street is filled by day with these lounging young men, screaming children, shouting mamas. It is only one block long, and perhaps a bit off the beaten track of Village activity. Yet in its one block, it holds a variety of ways of living, of apparently contradictory relationships, which is typical of New York and the Village in particular. Its one block contains two factories, a stable, a vocational school, a baby clinic, laundries, cleaners, tenements, studio apartments, and a row of chaste Victorian houses in which ladies live, who drive out behind liveried chauffeurs, and in which a Columbia professor of Russian lives in oriental splendor, and sleeps on a canopied bed. I've seen the bed when the shades were up. But don't think that these variations run in orderly progression from stable to canopy. They stand hodge-podge; ruled by no design but the whim of the owner. In some streets, for instance, a bleak, forbidding doorway leads through a tunnel into a court, where in summer flowers sprout, birds flutter in baths, and fish laze in artificial pools. Some courts, but not ours, are large enough for tea tables and awnings and deck chairs, and then life is pleasant, and the summer heat seems not so melting. And what does it matter if the peace and quiet of a summer's evening is broken by the guitar music of El Patio, the next door restaurant, or the strident noise of a dance band playing for the Saturday dance at Greenwich Settlement House? The afternoons have been really rural with the tinkling of the blacksmith's hammer in the shoeing shop behind the Professor's bedroom.

But the Village has other charms besides its variegated pattern of living, and its attractions as a residential community. These two features of the Village are played up by the local Chamber of Commerce, and the district news-

paper, The Villager. The one which they stress most frequently is the historical tradition of the place. Here, they point out, in that house on Fifth Avenue and Ninth Street, Washington Irving lived, and in more recent times, Mark Twain. Or here, in that converted carriage shed, which is now the Provincetown Playhouse, Eugene O'Neill, Susan Glaspell, George Cram Cook, and Cleon Throckmorton got their start in the theatre. And there, on the outskirts of the Village at Stuyvesant Place and Second Avenue, is the Church of St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie, where Pieter Stuyvesant, the last Dutch Governor of New York, was buried in 1682.

All the great figures of the Village are not from remote past, however. Maurice Maeterlinck once lived in a cottage which still stands, huddled beside a towering apartment block. And for a while I marvelled at the activity of Edna St. Vincent Millay, who apparently moved day in and day out during her stay in the Village. Every third house was described as "Edna St. Vincent Millay lived here", until in resentment we determinedly chose a place in which we were assured that Edna had *never* lived.

These, with all the Millay houses, are only a few of the places to which the Villager would point. There are scores of others; yet even when we had noted them, and rummaged in the old jewelry shops, or browsed through the book stalls, or chatted with the flower vendors, and stopped at last, breathless and tired, for tea by the fire in some Emma Jane's Kitchen or Alice McCollister's, we should have seen merely a portion of what the Villager has to offer. And if we had been very sympathetic, and properly appreciative, we might have sensed much more. We might have heard—some say you can hear—the clop-clop of horses' hoofs, the swish of carriage wheels over wet pavements, the tinkling laughter of some lady of fashion of Jane Austen's day, or the guffaw of a naval captain or a Yankee officer riding his mare home from the tavern at Amen Corner. Some say they have heard these sounds. But they are daft folk who never roister home from the night spots with the Borden's man, but who still believe that the Village is the best place to live which New York has to offer.

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LENNOXVILLE, QUE.



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 strays. 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 hulking 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

tremble 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 rattled against his teeth.

For the last few months, Joe had seen the end coming, the end he had long awaited, and the realization of its inevitable arrival made him calmer than he had been, so that at night he could sit and consider it as he would a business deal or a vacation trip. Joe's brother worked as a hired man on a Connecticut farm, and Joe had thought more than once of forsaking his store 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 store, but when he really thought seriously of leaving, his indecision vanished. 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 outdistanced all competitors to gain the coveted blue ribbon for their proud owner. Joe read and reread the clipping and put it carefully 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 everything carefully in order, going over and over his books, holding his mind to the afternoon when it kept leaping ahead to the night. After supper he went upstairs and packed his bag. 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 and recounting the articles as he usually did before closing his bag. Yet he included everything. He felt as if his brain was closed around his purpose to the exclusion of every other thought, that he had but to give his head a quick shake to feel the full blast of realization. He didn't shake it. He moved carefully in order to leave it undisturbed until the last minute, packing his bag by habit rather than thought. When his packing was finished he opened the drawer of his bureau and took out an automatic and a box of bullets. He loaded the gun and laid it on the white pillow of his bed. Then he sat down on the bed and read the note twice more. The full force of his hate shook him, and left him trembling violently, his face dead-white, his eyes burning. The crumpled slip of paper dropped from his hand to the floor. He glanced at his

watch. It was just ten thirty. Two more hours little Joe must wait. He went to a cupboard in the back of the store and took down a dusty bottle half full of whiskey, out of which he poured himself two stiff drinks. Then for two and a half hours little Joe Dakin sat hunched in his chair, the bottle and glass on the table before him, one dim light burning beside his bed, his heart a little fiery coal of vengeance.

At the end of that time he put on his hat and coat, dropped the automatic into his pocket, and went out into the street. He hurried along, a little grim figure of a man. His shadow scurried anxiously in front of him and behind him as he passed the street lights. The tap-tap of his heels was like the ticking of a time bomb. Joe's brain was stretched tight as a drumhead. The feel of the cold steel in his pocket sent his heart into great thudding jumps. His eyes were hot and dry. His throat was clutched from time to time by some unseen hand. No one saw him enter the apartment house and climb to Pinky Crammond's door. Outside the door he paused. Strangely enough his heart was quiet, he felt no fear. Only his brain was stretched intolerably with the strength of his resolve. And his whole body was electric with hate. He could hear Pinky's radio going. That meant that Pinky was in, that he was probably sitting in his armchair lolled over in semistupor with a glass spilling liquor on the floor beneath his dangling listless fingers. Little Joe drew his gun. In a flash he was inside the apartment, the door closed noiselessly behind him, his eyes moving swiftly about the room. It was empty. The radio poured the melody of a popular dance tune over its disorder. All the lights were on, not only in the front room but in Pinky's bedroom. Newspapers littered the floor, and a bottle of liquor stood opened on the table, beside it a half empty glass. Joe moved silently into the bedroom. Clothes were scattered on the bed and on a chair. The bed had not been slept in. A magazine lay open on the foot of the bed. Joe glanced at the title — "True Gang Stories". Joe walked slowly back to the other room and stood motionless in the centre of the floor, scarcely breathing, his unseeing eyes staring at a picture of some cows and an unconvincing farmer which was hanging on one wall. Then the tight drumhead snapped with a throb of pain, and little Joe Dakin the first sank onto the chesterfield in a paroxysm of trembling, his breath coming in sobbing gasps, his face gleaming with perspiration. Pinky was out, thank God Pinky was out. If Pinky had been there he would have shot him, more than once to make sure. He would have been a murderer. They would have strapped him into the electric chair. Little Joe was seized with a terrible nausea. He thought he was going to be sick. With a shaking hand he poured himself a drink and swallowed it. His hate had gone, his terrible resolve had gone with it, and had left an abject, trembling

pitiful little man horrified at what he had so very nearly done. That other Joe Dakin had not been constructed to run on after the moment when Pinky Crammond should die. That Joe Dakin had grown for the moment alone, and whether Crammond was there or not, the murderer had no prolonged lease of life. He died with the moment, and left just little Joe, sick with fear.

Pinky might be coming back at any moment. He must get out, he must get far beyond Pinky's reach, where he could never touch him again. Where such a thing could never happen. With fumbling fingers he took out his worn leather wallet, and feverishly took stock of his finances. He found he had enough, enough at any rate to be far far away by dawn. The wallet slipped from his fingers and he groped blindly for it, his eyes blurred. Thrusting it back into his pocket he stumbled to the door, closed it softly behind him and went down the stairs, his knees sagging and hardly able to bear his weight. In the fresh night air his brain cleared, and he half ran in his anxiety to get away from the apartment house. As he crossed the bridge over the dark water of the canal he flung the automatic from him, and heard it splash below with a feeling of intense relief. Little Joe seized the railing and was violently ill. A few minutes later, his fear subsided to a great weakness, he fell onto his bed, and sank into immediate and complete unconsciousness.

Hours later he awoke to find himself being roughly shaken by a burly individual in a grey tweed suit. For a moment or two his little room seemed to be filled with men, but as his blurred eyes cleared he was able to reduce the number to a mere four. Startled, Joe saw that one of them wore a policeman's uniform. His room was in a state of wild disorder, his clothes and belongings strewn all over the floor. As he sat up, two of the men who had been bending over his desk straightened up and looked at him. He was jerked roughly to his feet and his box of bullets was thrust before his face. "Them yours?" Joe nodded, his bewilderment so great that he couldn't speak. The men crowded round him. They were all big men, and little Joe felt an unpleasant smothered feeling. "Why 'd'ja kill him?" An ugly jowl pushed down towards Joe's face. "Kill him?" repeated little Joe in a small voice. He was shaken violently. "Don't give us that stuff Dakin. You went into Pinky Crammond's apartment last night some time between ten o'clock and midnight and shot him while he was havin' a bath. They found him this mornin'. Your fingerprints all over the door handles sort of gave the room a nice homey touch, Dakin. They say you and Pinky wasn't much for friendship." The policeman's voice suddenly rasped harshly, "This why ya did it?" A crumpled paper was held before him, and again he saw the danc-

ing letters — "For services rendered — Five hundred Dollars". One of the giants snapped a pair of handcuffs on Joe's wrists. They were all staring at him, their eyes burning into his face. Joe's brain was reeling. Their voices seemed to mingle into waves of unintelligible sound that swept up to his mind and then sank away again. He felt a familiar sensation, one that had been part of him for a long time. It rose in him, his brain cleared, he straightened up. "I did it because I hated him!" little Joe shouted into the heavy faces around him. "I hated him, I hated him! That's why I did it!" The voices surged round him again like a flood, unintelligibly. His head sank down, he felt terribly tired. Then one sentence came across the tumult to him, cold and clear.

"Too bad Henry didn't try growing lilies instead of vegetable marrows." Joe's head snapped up. "Henry —" he said, and stopped.

"Yeah, Henry, your brother. We'd still be lookin' for the guy who put those prints on the doorhandle if you hadn't been kind enough to leave your card. We found it under the sofa."

Little Joe stared down at the small newspaper clipping. 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 judges.

THOUGHTS --- IN A CITY SHOPPING CROWD

Pushing, pressing, plodding, pulsing pack, -
Behind, before, beside, — this maddening herd,
That passes by me now to come not back,
Unceasingly moves on — without a word.
I hate it! Yes, and I could scream my hate
At these remorseless trampling feet of men
That crush and care not, kill and are not sate,
Mill 'round and 'round like cattle in a pen!
And yet I love this crowd, these moving feet,
For they are mine, belong to my own kind.
This mighty heart in its full rhythmic beat
Is one with mine, — its very pulse I mind.
For all creation, every flower and star
Moves in the self-same tempo from afar.

H.T.H.

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 collegiate megalomania. 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 means the strengthening of the ties which bind us very closely to the fine traditions of an historic university, a prototype and progenitor of universities the world over. Bishop's sons 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-out" 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 organ of St. Mark's chapel, mulish in all its ways, will not again easily come by so adept and sympathetic a musician to lead the University in reverent worship; and there are many Lennoxville Boy Scouts who will not forget this man who was for them the archetype of Scouting ideals.

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 30th, and 31st, 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. The theme upon which many speakers dwelt at length was the duty of students in this country to awaken in their fellows a feeling of interest in and responsibility for Canada's foreign policy, particularly with regard to the ever-important question of peace and war. As the newly-elected National Secretary of the Student Peace Movement, W. H.



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 Macauley 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.

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 Cosgrave of Trinity College, Professor E. W. McInnis 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 Woodsworth, of the Brussels World Student Peace Congress in 1934. Interesting also was his reading of a telegram from the Paris headquarters of the World Student Peace Movement extending good wishes to the Canadian Congress. Mr. Woodsworth 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, Wesley 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 organization, and cooperate if it sees fit.

These Resolutions marked the conclusion of the Congress but a majority of visiting delegates attended 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 30th, the Debating 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 leaders 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 Loyola and another 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 debaters 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, McMaster, Western and Bishop's. Ottawa, Loyola and Bishop's are in the Eastern section and the others in the Western.

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Political Discussion Group

This latest addition to Bishop's activities came into existence on Thursday night, January 30th, after the first of this year's "Parliamentary Debates". It is a corporate member of the League of Nations Society and a perfectly autonomous affiliated member of the Student Peace Movement of Canada. Its officers are: Honorary President, Rev. A. H. McGreer; President, Reginald Turpin; Vice-President, K. H. Annett; Secretary-Treasurer, C. C. Campbell. Notices of its meetings will be posted.

Dr. Raymond Attends Convention

Professor W. O. Raymond attended the Annual Convention of the Modern Language Association of America in Cincinnati in January. By request, and in association with Professor DeVane, he led the discussion on a paper on Browning read at a general meeting of the Convention by Professor Snyder of Haverford College.

by
E. S. Davis

On Thursday evening, January 16th, five members of the Faculty, Profs. Burt, 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. Rosenthal 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 situ-

ation 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 most of our international troubles. Germany and Russia are pointed out as nations in which nationalism has been 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:



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TO A PIPE

You foul and dirty piece of ancient wood,
You reeking thing —
You trusty friend, physician, geni, god,
For you I sing.

Another of our better publications is the Aquinian. 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 unfortunate state, into which our language seems to be falling. 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 switch, then turn a dial,
And get this programme in a while:
"..... this make of car."
"..... will fit your feet."
"..... a good cigar."
"..... is made of wheat."
"..... no other watch."
"..... will stop decay."
"..... so brush 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 seek elsewhere a night's repose.

The New Northman maintains its creditable literary standard. The last issue is well balanced, and contains several 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. His indignation concerning the misrepresentation of Remembrance Day, is shared by many University Students throughout the civilized world. There is something grossly out of place with a remembrance day which glows with the flash of polished bayonets and bright uniforms, and

reels to the blare of bugles and the roll of drums. This day is supposed to be one on which we pay tribute to the memory of men who were asked to enter a "War to end war". We unite with the author in asking, is it then such an honour to our Glorious Dead to have a crowd of people do them honour in the way in which most remembrance days are carried out? Honoured by a crowd who are drunk with the sight of new uniforms, and the blare of bugles, reeking of skindeep patriotism. Is this to be their reward for giving their very life blood? Was it for this that they endured the unspeakable tortures of trench warfare? We ask you?

Before listing all our exchanges, we wish to take this opportunity of thanking the different Universities and Schools for their productions.

Since last going to press "The Mitre" has received the following newspapers:

- The Brunswickan (University of N.B.)
- The Queen's Journal (Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.)
- The Dalhousie Gazette (Dalhousie University, Halifax)
- The Argosy Weekly, (Mount Allison University, Sackville, N.B.)
- The Quill (Brandon University, Brandon, Man.)
- The Xaverian.
- Canta (Canterbury College, Christchurch, N.Z.)
- The Bates Student (Bates College, Lewiston, Me.)
- The McGill Daily.
- The Manitoban (University of Manitoba.)
- Varsity (University of Toronto.)
- The Ubysey (University of Br. Columbia)
- L'Hebdo-Laval (Laval University)
- The Challenger (Vocational School, St. Johns, N.B.)
- Honi Soit (University of Sydney, Australia)
- Failt-Ye Times (MacDonald College, Que.)

and magazines:

- The Quarterly (McMaster University, Hamilton, Ont.)
- The New Northman (Queen's University, Belfast, Ireland)
- The Northerner (Armstrong College, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England.)
- The O. A. C. Review (Ont. Agricultural College, Guelph, Ont.)
- The Record (Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.)
- Revue de L'Universite D'Ottawa, (Ottawa University, Ottawa, Ont.)
- The Stoneyhurst Magazine (Stoneyhurst School, Blackburn Lincs., Eng.)
- The Edwardian (King Edward VII School, Taiping)
- Tamesis (The University, Reading, England)
- Technique (Ecole Technique, Montreal, Que.)
- The Tech Flash (Nova Scotia Technical College, Halifax, N.B.)
- The Trinity University Review (Un. of Trinity College,

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The Intercollegiate Digest, (New York, U.S.A.)
The Johnian (St. John's College, Winnipeg, Man.)
The King's College Record (Un. of King's College, Halifax, N.S.)
Acadia Athenaeum (Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.)
Acta Rideiana (Ridley College, St. Catherines, Ont.)
Acta Victoriana (Victoria College, Toronto, Ont.)

The Albanian (St. Alban's School, Brockville, Ont.)
The Arrows (U. R. C. The University, Sheffield, Eng.)
The Ashburian (Ashbury College, Ottawa, Ont.)
B. C. S. (Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Que.)
Cap and Gown (Wycliffe College, Toronto, Ont.)
The College Cord (Waterloo College, Waterloo, Ont.)
College Echoes (The University, St. Andrews, Scotland)
The College Times (Upper Canada College, Toronto, Ont.)
The Winsorian (King's Collegiate School, Windsor, N.S.)
The Nusas (Huguenot University College, S. Africa)
The Howardian (Howard Gardens High School, Cardiff, Wales.)

What's Happening In Sports

by
Les McCaig



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 systems 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





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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 neatly 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; forward Norris, H. Scott.; alternates Goff, Bean and Geggie.

Lennoxville: Goal, Hunting; defence, Bowser, Mullins; centre, Christison; forwards, Glass, Price; alternates, Ross, 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. In brief the boys covered their opponents and kept into the fight from start to finish — neither could the goaler be blamed for this defeat, the shots that beat Bennett were not entirely his fault. One goal can be attributed to the defence and another to luck — the third was a goal.

Line-up

Bishop's: Goal, Bennett, D.; defence, Powell, Fenton; forwards, Goff, Scott, A., Bean; alternates, Norris, Geggie, Trenholme.

The Intermediates opened the season in the University rink in a regular fixture with the fast skating University of Montreal outfit. The game had its thrills we are told but then the person who said this is a staunch admirer of players who wear green pants (hockey, of course). The game certainly held a number of very terrifying moments, especially when Bilkey was being peppered from all angles in the first fifteen minutes. At this point we would like to say that the game was Bilkey's although U. of M. had nine goals and Bishop's had four. Now very briefly we shall attempt to give a few of the highlights of each period.

First Period:

The game got away to a fast start, in fact so fast that Bishop's didn't seem to know what was happening. For the first fifteen minutes the play was continually in the Bishop's defensive area and had it not been for Bilkey,

who was nothing short of sensational, U. of M. would have piled up a big score at the first. Trahan drew a penalty for tripping Martin and Bishop's began to get some idea of the seriousness of the situation. Desautels broke through and burned a shot at Bilkey, he saved and nearly cleared the puck through a window. Trahan came back and Martin drew a penalty for a very deliberate and crude bit of charging. Bishop's iced the puck continually while U. of M. kept coming in and Bilkey had some very uneasy moments. Gouin shot from the blue line, the puck hit the post and glanced into the net. Martin led a rush with Dunsmore and Hibbard but the shot went wide of the net. Martin received his second penalty for holding. Fenton worked his way through the whole U. of M. team but shot into Barsalou's pads. By the end of the period the "Flying Frenchmen" (they literally flew) showed no signs of slowing up and the period ended one to zero.

Second Period.

The second period began in much the same manner as the first. It soon became evident that Martin was heading for the cooler again — we were not disappointed but he took Desautels along with him for company. Bishop's got within scoring range several times but the shots went wide of the net or were smothered by Barsalou. Huguet followed the puck behind Bilkey's net and pushed it around the post for another point. Another U. of M. rush resulted in a score — Desautels dented the upper right hand corner of the nets — a shot that gave Bilkey no chance. A four man rush for Bishop's resulted in a score when Fenton fooled Barsalou. The 'Philosophy Line' now came on and Bassett made Barsalou see red (behind his net) for the second time in three minutes. This proved to be annoying to the Frenchmen and Grignon gave Bilkey a tough shot — it was a little too tough and Bilkey fished the puck out from behind himself. The period ended four to two for the visitors.

Third Period.

Desautels wasted no time in getting another point to increase the lead. Bassett went through with his fellow philosophers but this time Barsalou didn't see the light. McMahon broke loose and passed to Hibbard who took care that his shot was labelled for the right corner. The score was now five to three for U. of M. but was not to remain there long. The Montrealers came back strong with two more counters by Grignon and Trahan. Even this did not satisfy them and Huguet whizzed around the defence for the eighth goal. Almost from the face-off Fabien rushed and put the final dent in the Bishop's twine. The Philosophy Line rushed and Al Scott fed Bassett a pass which was immediately converted into a goal. Gerry Wiggett now tried some master-minding and chased four forwards on the ice but even this wasn't enough. We think it would have been more effective if he had dulled the skates of the opposition — the management of the

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hockey club will please take note. The Mitre however declines 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 hear the crowd clamouring for goals (much).

The game was handled by Larry Pergau and we have no kick 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 goaler any protection and was being continually fooled. 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 position left open by Rud Johnston and seems to be fitting in with McMahon and Hibbard quite well. The Philosophy Line, composed of Al Scott, Bassett and Bissonnet 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 the typewriter until Wednesday, when the team goes to Montreal to play McGill at the Forum.

Line-up

Bishop's: Goal, Bilkey; defence, Martin, Fenton; centre, Hibbard; wings, McMahon, Dunsmore; alternates, Bassett, Scott, Bissonnet, Norris.

U. of M.: Goal Barsalou; defence, Boucher, Gouin; centre, Huguette; 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 Canadiens pushed a jolly little round disk behind our goaler, a man turned on a red light twice and the Canadien aggregation were declared the champeens of the encounter. Sorry we can't say any more about the game as space will not permit. Probably we are following the Oxford and Cambridge plan in more than name — we understand that those Universities are just learning to play hockey too.

This is not meant to be a criticism of the game — its another that we did not see. In future all reports of

games played on foreign territory will not have any more information about the actual play than this has. As an afterthought we might add that the game was played on January 31st.

The second team decided that they would not attempt to win a game until the Intermediates had come through with a victory. The worm has turned. The Interms came through — but that is ahead of our story.

On Wed. Jan. 29th, the Interms took the day off from lectures and CPRred to Montreal. On the afternoon of the same day they met a delegation from McGill University at the Forum. The gladiators had taken the day off but we understand that the attendants had not cleared the gore of battle from the arena — in short the ice was in very bad condition. (Not at all unusual). Now that we have prepared you for practically anything or nothing we shall not prolong the suspense (suspense nothing, you read it in the Gazette) — nevertheless the score was McGill 4, Bishop's 0. We are promised a different result when McGill plays here; sorry we are from Missouri, the O.T.C. was going to have new uniforms too.

We have again returned to -----'s Emporium. (The blank space is not a misprint: the copyright owners will not permit the use of the name we would put in that space.) Wilson and Roberts rush about with oranges and gum, Chaplain Belford distributed new sweaters and hockey pants. We should like to compliment the management on the purchase of these pants — they are purple with white stripe — they add a dash of colour to the team besides presenting a homogeneous appearance. The hockey team has not always been very carefully considered in the matter of equipment before and we are glad to see that they are coming into their own at last. The Second team will now be forced to come through — the Inter's surprised McGill (and several unpatriotic bettors) by emerging at the big end of a five to four score. We are pleased to say that the team showed improvement over the last game on home ice but despite this the game was a little ragged — but we grant you it was interesting and exciting. And now for a few facts about the periods.

First Period.

The players seemed to be having some difficulty in getting used to the ice, it was quite hard and afforded very little "grip". The play was ragged, passes were missed by both teams and scrambles were the order of the hour. McGill started out strong but Bishop's was not noticeably outclassed. Dunsmore shot from the McGill blue line and followed in to take a swing at his own rebound but shot into Newman's pads. Bassett and Martin broke away but Bassett waited too long before shooting. MacDonald went through the entire Bishop's team and tricked Bilkey for the initial tally. Shorty after this Hibbard flipped a shot from about the McGill blue line and fooled Newman.

Norris (now of McGill, late of Bishop's) drew a penalty for lack of courtesy to his former team-mates. The Philosophy line broke away and got in on the goaler but Bissonnet failed to lift the puck over Newman who was lying across the front of his nets. Fenton took the puck at his own blue line and started into McGill territory, passed the puck to Dunsmore near the net, Dunsmore passed back and Fenton garnered Bishop's second counter. Crawford drew a penalty for hooking. Bilkey came out of his crease to rob Byrne of what looked like a sure goal. Bassett drew a penalty for tripping just as the bell rang for the end of the period.

Second Period.

Each team was one man short to begin the period as both Bassett and Crawford had to complete the penalties they had received in the previous frame. McMahon and Bassett broke away and Bassett passed to McMahon who flicked the puck past Newman. Dunsmore came through the McGill defence and luck alone was against him. Lady Luck then snarled at him as he charged MacDonald and went to the cooler. Martin and Loftis mixed up a little and both went off for an enforced rest. Bassett and Scott came in on the McGill goal but Scott shot into the goaler's pads. MacDonald took the puck at his own blue line, turned back, circled his nets and went through the whole Bishop's team for a score. It was one of the neatest individual plays of the evening. A few minutes later he scored again on a pass from Crawford. Martin very foolishly relied upon the referee rather than Gerry Wiggett for his rests, a little of this goes a long way and it is never very profitable. McMahon got his second goal of the game on a pass from Hibbard. Newman had a few anxious moments as the play remained dangerously near his nets and he made several nice saves. Bassett and Anton had a small disagreement and both were given two minutes to think it over. MacDonald again made his presence felt by a solo rush that netted another goal for the red team. The period ended with score tied at four goals.

Third Period.

As this period began it was quite evident that both teams were tiring but at the same time anxious to get the winning point. Bilkey had a few close calls in the first few minutes; it was little wonder as there was a McGill man floating around uncovered in front of his nets with the puck in the corner. Fenton then began using his body and this slowed the McGill forwards noticeably — a good clean body check is something that we would like to see more often. Kerrigan came right in on Bilkey but his shot was smothered as Bilkey came out of his crease. Bissonnet was in a position to score when Anton tripped him — needless to say he received a penalty. One of the highlights of the game was the Norris-Norris contest. The brothers bumped each other and Ken dropped his stick, Carl saw his big opportunity and batted the stick along

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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 (Ken) tripped Fenton as he was about to shoot and Ken 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 every man 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.

Line-up

Bishop's: Bilkey, goal; Fenton, Martin, defence; Hibbard, centre; McMahon, Dunsmore, forward; alternates, Bassett, Bissonnet, A. Scott, C. Norris.

McGill: Newman, goal; Norris, Anton, defence; MacDonald, centre; MacDuff, Loftis, forward; alternates, Kerrigan, Byrne, Crawford, Dohney.

The Second Team set out to make good their threat to win a game as soon as the Intermediates, but fell down on the job against Champetre and on local ice at that—the date, Feb. 5th, the score — six to one. Henry Trenholme scored our one counter. We were unable to take notes of the game as we did not know how to spell the names of the Champetre aggregation and most of the play involved spelling these names. Bishop's played five men up most of the game but were unable to do any serious damage. The highlight of the game was the last goal scored by

Champetre, the play was offside by at least five feet — Al Scott was referee. Of course we are not casting any reflections on the referee but then

Bromptonville played the second team on Fri. Feb. 7th, and the second team won. Incidentally the referee was Jack Powers and Al Scott was playing. The first period ended without a score and the play was up and down the ice. The second period saw Leblanc work his way through for a goal after eight minutes and fifty seconds of play. Bishop's tried hard to even the score but without any luck and the period ended one to nothing. Bishop's put on the pressure in the last frame and Goff got a counter on a pass from Knox after one minute and thirty seconds of play. This was one of the finest passing plays we have seen this year on the local ice. Both teams worked hard for the telling point and after seven minutes Bissonnet passed out from behind the nets to A. Scott and he slammed it into the twine.

Line-up

Bishop's: Bennett, goal; Smith, Carter, defence; Knox, centre; H. Scott, Goff, wings; subs., A. Scott, Bissonnet, Trenholme, Geggie.

Bromptonville: St. Laurent, goal; Leblanc, Quinn, defence; Bourgault, centre; E. Leblanc, L. Quinn, wings; subs., Parr, St. Cyr, Poulette, Riddoch.

One experience with University of Montreal was not enough and the boys came out on the short end of the score of six to two. They again CPRred to the metropolis on Feb. 5th, for this experience which we have already related. In anticipation of refreshment we must needs cut these remarks short. Probably that will explain the disjointedness. Just by the way, we understand that a guy by the name of Dunsmore scored Bishop's two goals.

BASKETBALL

The Basketball team got into action in the Sherbrooke City League on Jan 25th, in the Y.M.C.A. gym in Sherbrooke. Since we did not see this game, being unable to be two places at once, we will not vouch for the justice of this account. The boys are about three weeks behind their opponents with regard to practice but despite this we think they acquitted themselves creditably. The final score was fifty-three to thirty-five in favour of the Y.M.C.A. Blues. At this point we will draw your attention to the fact that the Blues are considered the best team in the league.

According to reports (and the score book) it was Sid Ball who beat the University athletes. That man just can't miss the basket — there should be a law against it. Ball is the mainstay of the 'Y' team and when he was off the floor Bishop's had a definite edge on the play.

We were afraid that Kenny Ross would learn some new what-not-to-do's in coaching the girls but apparently

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 one good man. Bas Stevens is playing good basketball again — maybe he wants to impress his brother. Mayhew is coming back to form and we hear that Cohoon is taking his game very seriously — he is reported 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 h--- of a lot more if you had seen it." And the funny part of it all 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 bask in the heat of our own criticism until the next game comes along.

Here they are, the teams:

Bishop's: Cohoon centre; Ross rt. forward; B. Stevens lf. forward; Holden rt. guard; Mayhew lf. guard; alternates, Rosenthal, T. Stevens, Perkins, Mutton.

Y.M.C.A.: S. Ball centre; Jowett rt. forward; C. Stocks lf. forward; L. Ball rt. guard; Chan lf. guard; alternates: Vlahakis, Heilig, Leslie, A. Stocks, B. Cohoon.

The basketball team encountered another defeat at the hands of the Y.M.C.A. Juniors on Sat. Feb. 1st. Probably this can be mollified if we state that the game was played in Sherbrooke. The score, forty-two to twenty. Mayhew was the high scorer for Bishop's and Grey was the threat of the Y.M.C.A. team.

On Feb. 7th, the first home game was played with no more success than the others. In the first half Sherbrooke High raced through Bishop's team for thirty points or rather we should say that Hammond raced through for twenty-eight points. Bishop's was able to hang on with fifteen. The second half was closer and Hammond was not able to do nearly so much damage. The final score was thirty-nine to twenty-six. Bishop's missed a number of baskets by poor shooting and we would like to add through hard luck. The ball persisted in rolling around the rim of the basket and then falling outside much to the annoyance of Bishop's. The team work of S.H.S. was much superior and they worked like a very efficient machine. Bishop's did not seem to know where their men were and the passing was haphazard. Ross took a number of long shots which succeeded in doing nothing but give the ball to S.H.S. Stevens worked hard to get plays to function and in our estimation was one of the hardest workers on the floor. Perkins got six out of nine free shots and

these baskets were really beautiful — 'they soared through the air with the greatest of ease' and dropped through the net without touching the rim of the basket. It is too bad that the whole game could not be played in this manner as Bishop's average was quite good in these penalty shots.

One of the highlights of the game was Mickey Rosenthal's shot at his own basket — we gasped, Mickey looked scared as the ball rolled around the rim and then fell over the side. It was very amusing but we are not going to be harsh on Mickey. He was so wrapped up in his game that as soon as he got the ball he shot. If everyone were as sincere and enthusiastic as Mickey we would not have the heart to criticize anyone. However we do not recommend shooting at our own basket.

Taking the game all through we cannot say that any player was conspicuous in lack of efficiency. We attribute the defeat to lack of teamwork and poor shooting — the cure is naturally practice. It would seem necessary from this point of view for every man to turn out for practice regularly if we are to get anywhere this season.

Bishop's: Ross rt. forward; Rosenthal, rt. forward; B. Stevens, lf. forward; T. Stevens, lf. forward; Perkins, centre; Holden, rt. guard; Mutton, rt. guard; Mayhew, lf. guard; Harper.

S.H.S.: Jowett, rt. forward; Robbins, rt. forward; Hammond, lf. forward; Sinclair, lf. forward; Mullin, centre; Cathcart,; Fuller, rt. guard; Bell, rt. guard; Nutbrown, lf. guard.

Referee — Benny Grimes. Timekeeper — L. Maven.

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 suffering every four years since. We recently saw a poster in the corridor of the New Arts Building reminding us that the women were going 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 — consequently the ladies will have one of their own sex to cover their sporting activities (certain indoor sports excepted). Ladies, it gives us pleasure to introduce Miss Jean McNab, your very own correspondent.

Cheers! We have always felt that that extra day in the year might come in handy some day; probably we are a little lazy. We hope that the ladies will appreciate this special effort as it is generally known that we are not a very sympathetic critic of girls' athletics. However you have not completely escaped this misfortune as Miss McNab was not appointed until after the first basketball game was played. We will now show you what you are escaping.

This year we certainly have enthusiasm and plenty of argumentation but to be perfectly frank the talent is lacking. A number of the girls have had no experience but we hope that Ken Ross will be able to do something about it. In case you don't know, Ken is coaching basketball. Your correspondent had a special interview with Mr. Ross whom we now quote: "In a moment of weakness I consented to attempt coaching the girls' basketball team. 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 that 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 he suddenly remembered 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 Townships. Bishop's vs. Y.W.C.A. Whites.

Bishop's got off to a better start than their opponents and were leading by the score of seven to two at the end of the first half. "Clancy" MacDougall scored six of these points and "Red" Rothney garnered the other point on a free shot. At half-time Coach Ross could be seen talking very seriously to his charges and warned them about becoming overconfident. However with typical feminine obstinacy the girls entirely disregarded his advice over the orange juice. To say the least we must say that we have never set eyes on a more energetic set of gum chewers. The Whites very unfairly took advantage of this and scored nine points — result, a headache for us. We respectfully submit that the baskets be made larger and that no player be allowed to approach the ball carrier when she is in a position to shoot.

Now for a few serious remarks — it really wasn't

as bad as all that. However we can truthfully say that the shooting and team-work were very poor. This is not so surprising when we consider that the girls have only been able to have two practices before this game. The College authorities made it impossible to practice last term by inflicting a plague known as examinations — most inconsiderate. The team will be built around three players who have had considerable experience — "Cy" Brewer, "Clancy" MacDougall and "Red" Rothney. If you other girls want to get nice names like these, then practice diligently, listen to Uncle Ken, and who knows, maybe some day Something tells us that we will have met a violent death before then. Some people are definitely hostile to "Plural Personalities", from the motion picture "Top Hat".

To save wear and tear on the type-writer we will not use first names nor the prefix 'Miss' in future. Not quite sure whether you haven't realized that already.

The line-up

Bishop's: Everett, Clark, forwards; Rothney, centre; MacDougall, Brewer, guards; Marlin, MacDonald, alternates.

Y.W.C.A. Whites: Gaffney, Bradley, forwards; Millar, centre; Vonberg, Robbins, guards; Pearson, alternate.

And now aren't you glad you are going to have a lady in the sports dept. That's fine, so are we.....

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 dealt with, there remains only the pleasant task of relating their victories.

The second game 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 9-8, giving a grand total of 23-13. Isabel Rothney topped the score with a total of ten.

On Feb. 5th, 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 success of the season 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 hear that Ken Ross has dried the tears from his eyes, and hope that he no longer finds it necessary to unburden his bleeding heart to our sports editor, Mr. McCaig. Betty Brewer was re-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 5-3 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 other two were scored by Betty Brewer and Barbara Green in the second period.

On Feb. 7th, the team earned its second victory of the season when it defeated Lennoxville High 5-1.

The team is fortunate in having Carl Norris as coach, and in retaining Clara Parsons and Betty Brewer as manager and captain, respectively. Kay Millman, Edith Titcomb and Millicent Marlin 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 sissy 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 look to the eminent divines for an example. Another remark that isn't going to make us any more popular but then what is popularity worth? We can answer that question — popularity is conditioned by the possession of a large room, a radio, lack of ash trays and manifests itself by the presence of loungers, tobacco smoke, cards and feeble witticisms in the aforementioned room. This, you will realize has nothing to do with badminton — probably it is because we write in the atmosphere we have described.

The Students' Council has been working overtime and has managed to procure a ping-pong table. The re-

sult has been a renewed interest in the common room. This is a good move — we heartily endorse any movement which will bring any other forms of "indoor sport" to the common room which to date has only merited its name on the grounds that it was extremely common.

As we ramble along we think of skiing. We trace the connection here — we don't know where we are going with this article and neither do a number of skiers. We have been blessed with plenty of snow (and sub-zero weather) for the ancient barrel-stave sport so a number of people have been able to exercise more with fewer serious mishaps.

Skating is becoming more popular this year. The faculty has decided to shake the cobwebs from its brains and several scholarly gentlemen are matching their wits with a demon known as Down-we-go. If these men continue to improve with age we will probably have a hockey team composed of them within the next decade.

The coaching racket is probably contagious (warning to all married coaches). We learn that a member of the divinity faculty is coaching or has some official connection with the Sherbrooke High School basketball team. This is not the whole story — it is the girls' team. We are not kind enough to think that the motive of this work is merely a desire to improve the brand of basketball.

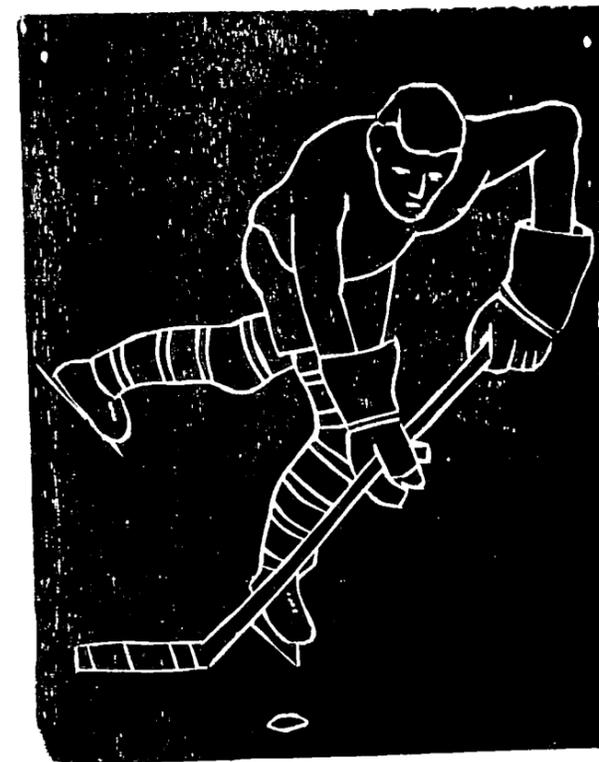
Another item has been brought to our notice which really comes under the heading of basketball. We understand that there are some day students who are playing for teams in Sherbrooke and who have never made any attempt to gain a position on the College team. This is not only poor sportsmanship and disloyalty 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 athletics 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 — —
Inter-year hockey 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, suh, yuh ain't seen nothin' 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 deploring the fact that it had too theological a tinge, suggested that the Arts Faculty form a society which might be called the Brotherhood of Beowulf to parallel the work of the Guild of the Venerable Bede. 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 Province of Ontario, and in Fredericton for the Ecclesiastical Province of Canada.

Canon Waterman m'88, L.S.T., has been taking part in a controversy raging in the columns of the Canadian Churchman, on the vexing subject of Requiem Masses.



The marriage of Miss Roberta Hodgins, B.A. '35 and Mr. C. Wynne 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.

by C. C. Campbell

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 Sauerbrei, B.A., L.S.T., '24.

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

The Rev'd A. F. Dowdell, B.A., L.S.T. '27, has been appointed rector of Lansdowne Front in the Diocese of Ontario.

E. C. Royle, L.S.T. '35, is to be ordained shortly to a curacy at St. Matthias Church, Westmount.

The Rev'd F. P. Clark, B.A., L.S.T. '32., has been appointed sub-Warden of St. Chad's College, Regina.

The Rev'd A. J. Anderson, B.A., L.S.T. '32, has been appointed incumbent of Marysburg 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.

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

Miss Barbara R. Eardley-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. '23, was London agent for the Toronto law firm of Slight & Cowan, who acted on behalf of Premier Hepburn in the London Supreme Court in connection with the slander action recently brought against the Premier by Henry M. Walker.

In the examination conducted by the Civil Service Commission in July last, A. J. H. Richardson, B.A. '35, stands sixth, and E. F. H. Boothroyd, B.A. '34 ninth 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. Among recent graduates we find that H. E. Wright, B.A. '34, is on the staff of Montreal High School. Also on the staff are R. F. Callan, B.A. '32, C. T. Teakle, B.A. '26, M.A. and J. D. Campbell, B.A. '28.

G. A. McMurray, B.A. '32, is a member of the teaching staff of Laurentide High School of which C. H. Savage, B.A. '11 is the principal.

D. S. Rattray, B.A. '29, is principal of Asbestos High School and E. Denison, B.A. '30 is on the staff.

Miss Jacqueline Schwartz, B.A. '34, and F. A. Williams, B.A. '33 are on the staff of Sutton High School.



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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. 36s.)

Randall Thomas Davidson will not go down in history as a great ecclesiastic but rather as a wise and discerning statesman. Like Archbishop Laud, a less fortunate predecessor, 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 ultramontane influence with surprisingly detached interest. 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 friendship with Queen Victoria and the valuable advice he often gave that erudite monarch on secular as well as ecclesiastical questions 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 not infrequently drew upon himself the wrath of both Protestant and Catholic groups in the Church. Fearful of taking sides, unfamiliar and often unsympathetic with the needs of the parochial clergy he committed inexcusable errors. His judgments were particularly severe on the Anglo-Catholics and, while he refused to support ultra-Protestant elements, his sympathies were not with the High Church party. In a Charge to the Diocese of Winchester in 1899, in speaking on the subject of Con-

fession, the Bishop said, "After quiet and anxious thought and prayer, I feel it is my solemn duty as your Bishop to exhort you to beware of the insidious growth of a usage, fraught I believe, with much that is perilous to healthy and robust development of the Christian life."

An outstanding instance of his ecclesiastical policy was his treatment of the famous Fr. Dolling. Dolling was the Winchester College Missioner at Landport. A great man and a gigantic worker he has been called the greatest soul-saver in the Church of England. Davidson had succeeded Dr. Thorold as Bishop of Winchester and could not, or would not judge of the circumstances in the light of Dolling's special gifts and amazing work. Trouble arose over the question of requiem Masses and despite the undisputed fact that Fr. Dolling had transformed one of the worst slums in Portsmouth and brought hundreds into the Church, he was forced to resign.

Randall Davidson's name will always be associated with the Prayer Book controversy of 1927 and 1928, and he gained a great deal of sympathy when the measure was defeated. Actually, according to the author, Davidson could not bring himself to believe that it was a matter of crucial importance and refused to lead the party desiring revision or threaten the opponents. In treating this controversial subject Dr. Bell has not been entirely fair nor entirely accurate. The policy of Anglo Catholics toward the 1928 book has been misjudged.

In spite of several limitations Dr. Bell has presented us with a work which should prove of inestimable value as the years pass by. The whole biography is delightful reading and is greatly enhanced by well-chosen quotations as chapter headings.

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