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The
Mitre

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1936

University of Bishop's College Lennoxville, P.Q.

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The present system, by rendering *more* stubborn those who are already inclined to be "mulish," defeats its own end—despite the fact that many conform, after rebellion, to the inevitable, it is often but a physical surrender, while their minds are still bitter.

The reform or some such scheme as suggested would do away with all the undesirable features of initiation, would make for a better spirit among the freshmen, would take care of those who needed the correcting hand of second year, and would enable Bishop's to take her place among the universities who have abolished a tradition which serves no purpose.

It is interesting to note that we were informed by one of the debaters from Vermont University that four years ago, after much controversy, initiation was abolished there.

As our correspondent of the Arts Faculty reminds us, "there is no need to hurry," we are content to sow the seed which we hope will bring forth the right fruits in future years. It has been wisely said that this is a matter of education and nothing should be done in a rush.

All we ask for in connection with any further contribution on this subject is fair play, no personalities, no bitterness, and a fair hearing for both sides.

May we take this opportunity of thanking all those who have contributed to this issue and the October issue of the "Mitre."

We hope the Professors had the necessary "charity" marking our papers.

A very happy Christmas and a successful New Year to all the students and graduates of Bishop's.

Bishop's University Plans Campaign for \$300,000

Appeal to be made to Graduates, the General Public and Friends of the University during the month of February, 1937

Second Appeal Since the Founding of the University
Ninety-three Years Ago

At the last annual meeting of the Corporation of the University of Bishop's College plans were approved for an appeal to be made to the general public for a maintenance fund of \$300,000 with which to meet the immediate needs of the University.

The appeal will be made to graduates, former students, the general public of the Province of Quebec, and friends of the University throughout Canada. Headquarters have been established at Room 32 of the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, from where the campaign will be directed.

It is worthy of note that the present campaign and that held in 1924 are the only two occasions upon which the University has appealed to the public for funds since it was incorporated in 1843. The Corporation made this

decision only after careful consideration both of general economic conditions and of the University's urgent needs.

Many encouraging comments have already been received on their decision. The record of the University and its influence in the cultural life of Quebec have won for it a sympathetic following which augurs well for the success of the campaign.

While the main appeal will be made in Montreal from the headquarters in the Windsor Hotel, divisional committees will be set up in Ottawa, Quebec, and Sherbrooke for the Eastern Townships.

All members of the University, with the graduates and former students, will be asked to help in this effort.

For Initiation

Dear Mr. Editor:

Should initiation be abolished? Certainly not. Let me settle this question of childishness concerning initiation once and for all.

It seems that the Seniors at Bishop's have been terribly brutal this year. In fact so brutal that we seem to have developed "a complex that now manifests itself in a certain viciousness towards fellow-students." I've never heard of such drivel, and I am quite amazed that a graduate of Bishop's has kidded himself into believing such nonsense. This is a university, not a high school. It has been suggested that a guiding hand should be placed on freshmen on their arrival here. In other words we are to continue spoon-feeding them and treat them like high school youngsters. What a stupid idea! Lads come here to act like real men, Bishop's men, not like children. Let the high-schools take care of their primitive intellectual development!

I can think of no better test of a boy's character than to submit him to a severe initiation. The real lads will come through smiling and will have pleasant memories (yes, I mean that) of the day they were admitted "in." And the idea that we foster a rigid system of initiation is quite absurd. Chaps who show that they can take it are seldom bothered. But the lad who can't bear with us, he must be taught how to. And in nearly every case of stubbornness, he learns eventually. What is so childish about this.

I think it is necessary for a freshman to feel lonely and out of place when he arrives at college. If he doesn't pass through this period of floundering around, when he can't quite gain his footing, I am convinced that he won't enjoy to the full his later life here. And freshmen actually look forward to initiation. If they don't get initiated they inwardly feel they have missed the fun and cherished memory of "boy, in my first year . . ." is quite meaningless to them. And is it unfair to have freshmen do a few duties for a few months (at the most) when in turn they will be able to enjoy seniority for two or even three years? Now I ask you—

The essential idea underlying initiation is greatly misconstrued. Besides a small amount of harsh treatment, and a general awakening to the fact that this is a university and not a high school, the essential driving power behind initiation is a demand for a certain amount of respect. This may seem unreasonable but is never the less true that every first-year student should pay a certain amount of respect for seniors, whether they think this is necessary or not, because when they become seniors they will certainly expect the same things from the first year class.

Against

Dear Mr. Editor:

This is but one more effusion on a much discussed subject. You may think that a newcomer should reserve his pen for a subject less connected with Bishop's traditions, and not dare to comment on what is new to him. Let me point out that I am not unfamiliar with initiations, for they used to be traditional at Trinity, as I found out in my first year. But let us seek the reason for the controversy at Bishop's

Perhaps the most obvious objection to initiation lies in its possibilities. No one could say that the recent initiation, with which most of us are familiar either as participants or spectators, was violent or extreme. With reference to the chief event we can only say that, at most, it was an attempt to terrify, and it was carried out almost entirely by means of blindfolding as many pairs of eyes as there were freshmen. It was a mild business. The freshmen rules were mostly inane, hardly amusing and perfectly harmless. Initiations here, as indeed everywhere, have of late diminished in their severity. The reason of course, is that public opinion in Canadian universities has reacted unfavourably, partly no doubt, because the University of Alberta was sued for several thousands of dollars when a freshman became insane as a result of his initiation. Such an incident, although rare, was bound to make future initiations become the milk and water variety, for no university could indulge in such expensive amusement, even if a man's life and usefulness was not highly regarded. The fact that initiations in Bishop's are to some extent subject to control beyond the student body, does not insure that reasonable limits may not on occasion be exceeded, with possibly tragic effects. A potential source of such trouble ought to be abolished.

Many men of any second year would prefer to abolish initiations rather than to bluff the freshmen, for to bluff is a first essential of current initiations. The whole business is usually undignified and completely unworthy of an institution of higher learning. It gives the impression that universities and their members are not to be taken seriously. The outside world may well be amused when we behave so foolishly. As long as we appear to be frivolous, we will be lightly regarded by the general public. A university should be leading the public, not amusing it. And one of our greatest frivolities is initiation!

It will be objected that to abolish initiations is to abolish a tradition, and traditions are valuable to a university, and ought to be retained. The initiation which we regard as traditional has never been so in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, where we so often look for leader-

For . . .

I've noticed that the highest tribute that is ever paid to a senior is that he was a "good head." This means that the person referred to could "take it," that he was a decent chap (probably very popular), that he was not devoid of intelligence, and although easy-going at times, at least he used his head when required to do so. In short, he learned to take other people's opinions, to put up with a good deal, and to take everything in his stride. So, if anybody in first year is seeking a formula for success here, he can acquire it by simply proving to the boys that he is a "good-head."

We often hear the quotation, "We must advance." Once more I must say, that I have never heard such pure piffle. The world is becoming obsessed with this idea of advancement and hellish modernism (they signify the same thing). Won't it ever cease? You say break away from tradition. Well—why? Especially since tradition in many cases is far saner than modernism. This is so in the case of initiation. If we did discontinue it, something far worse would probably take its place, and I'd hate to think what that something would be in an age like this. And if we are to be subjected to tradition to the extent that examinations *always* start on a Wednesday, that the chapel bell is *always* rung for five minutes, that Convocation is *always* on a Thursday, and that Faculty night is *always* on a Monday—why not enter into the real spirit of things and say initiation is always a necessity? Because, it is!

So, when we catch up with ourselves, there will be plenty of time left for advancement—plenty of time. Don't be in a hurry. Just because the rest of the world is hurrying—that doesn't say we must hurry too. And I can't even see why we must advance, for even though we are living in a great "modern" age, it would be well to remember the words of Father Ronald Knox, when he said:

"O God, for as much as without Thee
"We are not able to please Thee,
Teach us all by Thy grace
To convince the whole race
That we really know nothing about Thee!"

With this in mind then, I would suggest sticking to tradition. We have been misguided enough as it is. Instead of rushing about—it might be a good plan to stop and think a little.

O. Horace Seveigny.

Dear Mr. Editor:

Every year the question of initiation faces the second year students of the University. There are always a few who decide that they do not believe in it, but a closer ac-

Against . . .

ship, nor indeed has it become customary in any British institution of higher learning. At any rate, a tradition must justify its existence if it is to be maintained, but I believe that the tradition of initiation in this University cannot justify itself. If we are to be a great university, we must put away the things of our youth.

If we do not progress, we become stagnant and perish. The recent trend everywhere in this country has been towards the abolition of initiation, at least of the traditional type. No such initiation is permitted in the universities of Ontario. Such a policy was agreed upon at a students' conference which represented all the universities. Bishop's cannot lag behind. Those of us who love our Alma Mater must see that her progress is maintained.

It is a case of mob psychology when many men, as a group, do what they severally would never do, as individuals. The most objectional feature of an initiation at Bishop's is not the form it takes, but the principle which would appear to lie behind it. The principle seems to be the getting of a large number of men to take another group, large or small, at a very distinct disadvantage, to laugh at them in their predicament, and to treat them as neither party would like to be treated. Not a healthy procedure, you will agree. If judged by any sort of ethical standard, such a principle is rotten. Coming at a time when a freshman is trying to adjust himself to a new environment, it is scarcely fair to make the job harder for him. And all we can say to the freshmen, by way of encouragement, is that they can avenge themselves on next year's new men. This university is of a Christian foundation, and is composed of nominal Christians, with, we hope, a large percentage of Christians by conviction. It ill behoves such an institution to tolerate what has been described as a barbarous practice. Any man who claims to be a Christian, or even to have decent principles, cannot compromise on the matter of initiation. It ought to be abolished.

When a man is initiated he is almost certain to feel a good deal of resentment towards those who have initiated him. Here is an obvious source of bad feeling amongst the student body. I know of a group of men who, when they composed the Sophomore year, became detested in the eyes of freshmen and of seniors, and they remained apart from the rest of the college for the duration of their academic career. That, of course, did not happen here, but anything is possible, and such a development is likely if any group of men acts unwisely. Inevitably, the worst elements of those who initiate are brought out by the performance. And no man's weaknesses are to be encouraged! There can be little "esprit de corps" in an institution where the tra-

For . . .

quaintance with the "freshies" seems to change everything. It appears they need taking down.

As a co-ed of Bishop's, I think that it would be a mistake to abolish initiation. As far as the girls are concerned no harm is done. Care is taken to encourage the shy and to make the fresh ones feel the superiority of the seniors. If initiation were abolished, college would lack something. Every freshette on entering college looks forward to initiation with a certain amount of fear and thrill. It is really lots of fun and it gives the seniors an opportunity to determine which of the incoming class are good sports. We discover the shy ones, and attempt to find ways of helping them out of their difficulties. Above all, initiation is one of the first and best means of introduction in a college; without it several months would elapse before everyone became acquainted.

Therefore I recommend—let initiation stand. It has its advantages and its disadvantages, but it belongs in college life.

M. E. C.

More Against!

To the Editor of the Mitre.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN

Dear Sir:

When I was twelve, one chilly November night I was carried, apprehensive and trembling, to a certain horse trough where four or five Senior Choir-school boys held me down in its scum until the water slopped over the brink. Thus was I introduced by water into a new state of society. The object of this select group of youthful baptists was to excite in the breast of the probationer a proper feeling of abject self-abasement consistent with his lowly invertebrate status. The story has no moral. Only that the water-trough initiation, the prelude to other bloodcurdling rites which the genus boy is peculiarly apt in devising, left me with a decided bias in favour of the status quo. So much will explain a psychological predisposition to view with disfavour and even perturbation the nocturnal activities of Bishop's baptists.

My mind went back 18 years to all that innocent ritual; to Bimkin and other domineering senior choristers, when I heard a second year student asserting himself the other day before a group of green-tied, pink-finger-nailed freshers; and I smiled quite tolerantly when I heard of another fresher, going to his parish church on the Sabbath for early Communion without the bonnie wee bit of green ribbon, being caught by a roving Philistine spy, and slain,

Against . . .

ditional form of initiation is tolerated.

It may be asked how we propose to discipline any unruly members of the first year. That, it seems, could best be managed by a student court. Freshman rules should certainly be maintained, but they should be such as will lead the new men to make their full contribution to the life of the university as soon as possible. The whole matter should be handled in a spirit of helpfulness to the newcomers. If such a change is to be made in the future, the freshmen of this year will have to make a decision which, it is true, will deprive them of a certain amount of doubtful amusement, for the sake of introducing a better spirit into college life. Surely the end is worth the sacrifice.

The Arts' team for the Inter-Faculty debate declined to oppose the resolution, "That initiation as conducted in this University ought to be abolished." They declined because they could find no case for its retention. What more is there to be said?

N. D. Pilcher, B.A.

metaphorically speaking, between the porch and the altar. At least, the chief baptist slew him the next day and felt much better and stronger for it.

Sir, the ritual of initiation is all quite innocent and jolly. Let those whose university career is one glorious extension of halcyon "school days, school days, dear old golden rule days" have their fun. But let the freshman decide whether he would not rather enter into man's estate right away. Some there are who no longer wish to be "taught to the tune of a hickory stick"; they come up to university resolutely bent on learning to become sane, balanced, thoughtful, responsible, self-disciplined men; they are dragged in, bedecked with green ribbon and red paint, to provide the annual carnival for the benefit of a few, who might, for all we know, be the victims of psychosis, sadism, thwarted self-expression, or other symptom of arrested development.

All I ask is that we carry the democratic principle of our constitution into the playground of Initiation and forthwith establish the new principle of voluntary participation in all the quaint ritual identified with the wearing of the green. But of course, let us go on laughing at ourselves.

Yours quite sincerely,

Colin Cuttell.

The Werewolf

AMONG all the superstitious beliefs of man perhaps none is more terrible than that connected with the Werewolf. This ghastly creature, with its human eyes and its bestial form, has terrified the peoples of every country and baffled the intellects of every century. Catholic theologians and Protestant doctors have alike tried to account for it, great demonologists have striven to explain it, eminent writers have been glad to exploit it. It has been the subject of learned disputations, it has provided us with stories of extremest horror. It was known to the author of the Homeric poems, it has captured the imagination of "Saki" Munro.

The actual word Werewolf means man-wolf, as Vestergan or, to give him his proper name, Richard Rowlands, tells us in his "A Restitution of Decayed Intelligence," published in 1605. Professor Ernest Weekley in his authoritative work, "More Words Ancient and Modern," agrees with this definition of Vestergan and explains that "were" is cognate with the Latin "vir," the Gaelic "fear" and the Sanskrit "vitra." It appears that "were," which was far more widely diffused in the Aryan languages than man, dropped out in Early Middle English except in this particular usage. Thus we are able to refute the mistaken and over facile explanation of George Tubeville in his "The Noble Art of Venerie," which was published in 1575. He says, "Some wolves kill children and men sometimes; and they then never feed nor prey upon anything afterwards, such wolves are called Warwolves because a man has need to beware of them."

In what may be perhaps described as the philosophy of Werewolfism there are three main theses which have generally been maintained. The first is; that real men are transformed into real wolves; the second is, that the devil throws a Satanic glamour round certain of his satellites that they may appear to be wolves; the third, that the victims of werewolfery appear to be wolves only to themselves.

The first thesis is that usually adopted by peasants and ignorant persons situated in backward countries and remote hamlets. This interpretation of the phenomenon raises the whole question of the nature and possibility of the metamorphosis of men into beasts. To the vulgar this seemed possible and various traditional methods are recorded. Of these the most important is the donning of a belt made from the pelt of the animal whose shape it is desired to assume. This was the method which Peter Stump

by Prof. A. Preston

declared that he employed when he was tried and executed for werewolfery at Bredburg near Cologne in 1590. He said that, when he was about to be arrested, he cast his girdle into a valley. All search for this belt proved fruitless and we are told in the official account that the search party "at their coming found nothing at all for it may be supposed that it was gone to the devil from whence it came."

Theologians and inquisitors of the period saw in this assumption of a belt a blasphemy on the vision of St. Monica in which she received a black leather belt from Our Lady. This belt is like the similar belts of St. Augustine and St. Nicholas of Tolentino and was a part of the habit of the Augustinian Eremites and also of the Archconfraternity of Our Lady of Consolation.

Another very common method of becoming a werewolf was to rub the naked body with an ointment or salve. Henri Boguet tells us in his famous "Examen of Witches" that the Lycanthropes who were tried before him admitted that they rubbed their bodies with ointment before receiving the wolf skin from their master the Devil. Here too would seem to be a blasphemy of the ritual of the Church and De Lancre, in his *Tableau de L'Меonstance des Mauvais Anges et Demons*, considers this to be a perversion of Holy Chrism at baptism.

Among other less scientific and more simple methods were drinking the water in a wolf's footprint, eating the brain of a wolf, drinking from the haunted streams and plucking the mandrake. This last has always been a potent herb in witchcraft and we have, from the pen of the great physician, philosopher and Cabbalist, Gianbattista della Porta, who lived in the later half of the 16th century, a special discussion on "How to make men mad with Mandrake."

The return to normal was a simple matter. The Lycanthrope would remove his belt or, as in the case of those tried before Jean Bodin, would roll in dew or wash in water. In some countries it was maintained that the werewolf recovered his shape if maimed or if some member were cut off from his lupine body.

As to the appearance of the werewolf when he had returned to his human shape, most of the demonologists emphasize the same unpleasant traits. Both De Lancre and Boguet describe his sharp teeth, his long nails, especially the one on his left thumb, "que le Diable lui avait prohibé de rogner." The eyes were particularly fierce and savage, "les yeux hagands, enfoncés et noirs tout egarés." Out of them

peered his bestial soul. In Scotland certain shepherds, who were reputed werewolves, were noticed to have bushy eyebrows which met and formed a bar across their foreheads.

But it is the evil eyes that are the most important and infallible characteristic of the werewolf. It was a tradition in more than one country that the look of the wolf would take away the power of speech. Theocritus has in his 14th Idyll: "Won't you speak? Has a wolf seen you? as the wise man said." Virgil in his 9th Eclogue has a classic instance of this superstition. "Vox quoque Moerim jam fugit ipsa; Lupi Moerim videre priores."

Dr. George Hakewell in his "Apologie," which was published at Oxford in 1627 says, "That a wolfe, if he see a man, first suddenly strikes him dumb whence comes the proverb 'Lupus est in fabula'."

It now becomes necessary to consider the second thesis: that the Devil throws a Satanic glamour over his satellites so that they appear, both to themselves and to others, to be wolves. This explanation commended itself to the subtle and tortuous theology of the Middle Ages. Orthodox opinion in the church would seem to support this, and Bodin quotes The Angelic Doctor of Aquinum to the effect that "omnes angeli bino et male ex virtute naturali, habent potestatem transmuntandi corpora nostra." In the *Summa Theologia* it is maintained that God alone can work miracles, but that demons are permitted to perform lying wonders, extraordinary to us and they employ certain seeds that exist in the elements of the world by which operations they seem to effect transformations.

The Seraphic Doctor, St. Boneventura, discusses the ability of the devil to cheat and mystify in his *De Potestate Daemonum*. He comes to the conclusion, one, that the devil cheats us by exhibiting as present what is not; two, by exhibiting what is present as other than it is; three, by concealing what is present so that it appears as if it were not. Now the devil has been described as "singe de dieu en tout" and so he has his miracles too. But these miracles are not real miracles, only illusions which he can teach his disciples. Such, according to scholastic theology, are the rods of Jannes and Mambres which feigned the appearance of serpents.

We come now to the third thesis: that the victims of werewolfery appear to be wolves only to themselves. This is Lycanthropy proper, a disease of the mind. It is a recognised form of insanity, and has been termed by a recent authority "endormic insanity." The recognised mediaeval name for it was *Daemonium Lupinum* and it was regarded as a form of demoniac possession. Paulus Aegineta discusses the symptoms and the appropriate cure, and he considers it to be a species of melancholy. Most of the older physicians follow his account almost word for word and recommend the same remedies, such as bloodletting and baths. Robert

Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy* says of Lycanthropy, "Some make doubt that there be any such disease" and he goes on to say "that the malady, saith Avicenna, troubleth men most in February and is nowadays frequent in Bohemia and Hungary according to Heurnius." Heurnius is, of course, the eminent Dutch physician who died at Leyden in 1601. His medical works were for many years regarded as practically standard and his influence during his lifetime and after his death was very considerable. Arculanus, of Verona, in his account of the disease says, "videntur enim non homines sed daemones et lupi, qui patiuntur hanc insaniam." Castelli says that people so afflicted run about the town imitating wolves until dawn. Salius, who also gives an account of the symptoms, does so in a language which recalls St. Luke's description of the possessed son of the man who begged Christ's aid on the day following the Transfiguration. St. Luke, too, was a physician.

A comparatively recent example of Lycanthropy is reported by Dr. Hack Tuke in the *Dictionary of Psychological Medicine*. A lunatic of this species who was under observation would cry, "See this mouth, it is the mouth of a wolf: these are the teeth of a wolf, I have cloven feet: see the long hairs which cover my body: let me run into the woods and you shall shoot me."

In historical times the werewolf has made his appearance wherever the wolf has been known. In Greek story, Herodotus attributes Lycanthropic tendencies to the Neuri and is later corroborated by Pamponius Mela. Pausanias discusses the Lupine nature of the worship on Mt. Lycaeos in Arcadia. Apollo of Delphi was probably connected with the wolfgod from the steppes of Russia. Baianus prince of Bulgaria was thought to be a werewolf. In Spain the werewolf was rare, but in the neighbouring Pyrennees were said to be grown the flowers and herbs which turned men into wolves. France was always a werewolf country and all men dreaded the "loup-garou." Here originated the tale of William of Palermo, which was translated into English by order of Sir Humphrey de Bohun as William the Werewolf. In Normandy it was thought that anyone who had been excommunicated from the High Altar would become a werewolf for periods varying from three to seven years. The "loup-garou" of France became the Varou of the Channel Islands and reappears as the "loup-garou" of French Canada. From France comes the epic tale of the famous werewolf Gilles Garnier, The Hermit of Dole, who was executed on January 18, 1573, for his hideous sorceries in the guise of a wolf. In 1763 appeared the Wild Beast of the Gévandans, which was mentioned in the *London Magazine*, June 1765. Most of the peasants believed that it was a werewolf. In 1925 there was a case in Alsace when the village policeman shot a practical joker whom he thought was a werewolf. Most of the villagers agreed with him.

In the British Isles werewolfery has had its place but not a very large one. This is in the main due to the fact that wolves were early exterminated and never particularly numerous. Tradition has it that the last wolf was killed near Buxton in Derbyshire and it is certain that after the reign of Henry VII wolves were unknown in the country. The case in Scotland was very different, for the last wolf was hunted down in 1743 on the estate of the MacIntosh. In Ireland it is recorded that a wolf was killed in the Wicklow Mountains as late as the year 1770, although this is, of course, not certain. However, even if wolves were not so numerous as elsewhere, the Middle Ages feared their werewolf. Among historical characters werewolfery was attributed to King John. Oddly enough this reputation did not fasten itself on to him until after his death. The story got abroad that he could not sleep in his tomb in Worcester Cathedral and that the shrieks and groans which came from his sepulchre were such that the canons were obliged to have his body exhumed and cast upon unconsecrated ground. One suspects political machination in this story, but it is odd that he should have been regarded as a werewolf after his death. He might have become a vampire in the popular imagination, but that is a very different thing. There is no general tradition that the dead could become werewolves for werewolfery was preminently a transformation of the living man.

In Elizabethan times considerable interest was taken in werewolf stories and animal metamorphosis generally. The

subject crops up in the literature of the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries and was given considerable stimulus by the tale of Peter Stump. This story, to which reference has already been made, was recorded at the time of Stump's execution and translated into English in pamphlet form. The pamphlet is extremely rare and we are indebted to Father Montague Summers for reproducing it in his study of the subject.

The literature of the werewolf is scattered and sometimes confusing. There were many treatises on the subject and the demonologists devote sections of their work to the werewolf. Particularly instructive are chapters XLVII in Boguet's *Examen of Witches*; chapters XIII and XIV in Francesco Guazzo's *Corpendium Maleficarum*, Book V chapters I-VII in Reginald Scot's *Discourse of Witchcraft*. There is also the interesting treatment of this subject by Montague Summers. To all these sources I am heavily in debt for much of the information in this sketch. The Rev. S. Baring Gould produced in 1865 a study of the whole question in his, "The Book of Werewolves." In the realm of fiction there are some good stories but perhaps fewer than one would expect. Niceros' tale in Petronius' *Cena Trimalchionis* is the best in antiquity. In more modern times we have Eden Philpott's *Loup Garou*, Marryatt's *Carmilla* and, best of all Saki's *Gabriel Ernest*. It remains for someone to write a novel about the werewolf comparable to Brum Stoker's "Dracula," to do for the werewolf what he did for the vampire.

Brown River

The land you channel is still your own,
Brown river,
Though men and shore line have come and gone
(You flowing ever),
And your silt which builds for a day and a day,
And the banks your gnawing has cut away,
Are made and destroyed, as a child at play
Will mould and scatter his blobs of clay,
Brown river.

You have seen the savage pushed back and back,
Brown river,
By the ceaseless press of a wagon track
(You flowing ever),
And the rails that were laid in pain,
Then the beetle-buzz of a wide-winged plane—
And you know, as they come, they will pass again,
And nothing matters but sun and rain,
Brown river.

Patty A. Wiggett

I Came, I Saw, I Stooped To Conquer

by Geoff. Murray

ON LOOKING over my present situation, I find that I am nearly on a par with Caesar, except that he did not have to lower himself in order to conquer. Like Caesar I was a big shot in my own home town, which wasn't Gaul but St. Lambert. By the term "big shot" I mean that I was one of the lucky persons, who managed to graduate last June. As in most cases, the Grade Eleven of our school was the privileged class; we saw all, heard all, told all, and knew nothing. We wandered around with halos about our heads, and gave the rest of the school the low-down on life in general. In June we wrote our examinations, and everybody immediately announced that he or she had failed, but when the results came out in August, and it was found that all but three had passed, nobody was bashful about stepping up to be congratulated and patted on the back. Everywhere we went we received handshakes, and were asked what we intended to do. This was where I starred. I would stick my thumbs in my vest pockets, throw out my chest, toss back my head, and proudly exclaim, "I'm going to Bishop's." When the deafening applause had died down, I would proceed to tell the audience where Bishop's was and why I was going there—as if I knew!

So the summer was spent, and then came the autumn, bringing with it September 22, registration day at Bishop's. Accompanied by the local brass band, (two mouth organs, a portable gramophone, and a gazoo) I marched in triumph to the station, and boarded the train for Lennoxville. You must realize that my head was swollen so much by this time that I was forced to go bareheaded. My size seven and a half hat gave me a terrible headache.

In this condition I stepped off the train at Lennoxville. Proceeding up College Street, I came to my Rubicon—the Massawippi to you—and on the opposite bank I saw the University of Bishop's College. Awed by the sight, I contemplated a hasty retreat to St. Lambert on the afternoon train, but seizing my Gladstone firmly I pushed across the bridge and thence into the college. There I spent the first hours interviewing first the Bursar, then the Principal, and lastly my Dean of Residence. After that formality was done with I proceeded to take stock of my surroundings. Then I saw the students; large, middle-sized, and small; some dark, some fair; some fat, some thin; just like the rats in the *Pied Piper of Hamelin*. However, as they all



seemed friendly, and were trying to make me feel at home, I decided to stay. That was where I made my big mistake—as I shall proceed to demonstrate.

The very next night I was dumped unceremoniously from my bed and dragged from my room for house initiation. There I underwent several tests and ended up with a blob of iodine on my nose—very embarrassing. But that was only the beginning. Although I spent the next week in comparative comfort, visiting professors and meeting my fellow-students, there came the night of the college initiation.

On that night I underwent some more tests—or shall I call them experiments—which ended up with the breaking of an egg over my head (which incidentally did my hair a world of good). But whereas the house initiation was embarrassing, this one was positively degrading. Added to this was the regalia, which was, to say the least, belittling. However, the thing that completely broke my morale was the liming of the football field. Time and time again I cursed myself for ever coming to this place, but every time some kind-hearted senior talked me out of going home. Various other chores included decorating the gymnasium, carrying chairs, and selling programs at the football game with McGill. After two weeks of it I was case-hardened and resigned to my fate. I may add that by then I had no trouble with my hat; in fact it was too big for me.

So the world moved on until the Loyola week-end. During this time, I had only one promotion; instead of selling programs at the rugby games, I sold tickets—truly an achievement. On the night of the twenty-third of October, I, along with most of the freshmen, removed my regalia for ever, and the next morning at seven-thirty I set out for a week-end at home. There I complained bitterly of my persecution but, believe it or not, I was glad when I boarded the train for Lennoxville on Sunday night—this is a reaction which I cannot explain.

Although we freshmen were relieved of the regalia, we still had to do the chores, but I seemed to have renewed energy, and I didn't mind it at all—indeed I took an interest in my work. I set up posters for the rugby games in the Sherbrooke stores; I sold tickets for the Dramatic Society; I made scenery for the plays; and last, but by no means least, I helped to prepare the field for the Macdon-

ald game, a job which Nature provided for freshmen. But football was over, and believe me, that was something. Since then the situation has improved by leaps and bounds. Nowadays the most I have to do is to run messages or to carry chairs—which seems to be a mania at this college.

The whole situation is summed up in a few words. Due to the traditional process, I underwent a deflation—much worse than the crash in 1929—and in all sincerity I may say that I am indebted to the gentlemen of the second

From Jim's Diary

AS I grow older I am coming to the conclusion that the human race has gone mad. I suppose I am old-fashioned, but really—the things they do!

There was the most frightful uproar one night about a month ago. A crowd of noisy boys were playing blind man's buff. Some of them were wearing these new-fangled pyjama things. They were the blind men. They had daubed themselves up with paint and were doing a war-dance and pretending to be worms. Of course worms don't dance, but perhaps they didn't realize that. They tried to balance chickens on their chests. They tried to stick them on with porridge and feathers but that wouldn't work. One chap had the right idea. He was using glue, but of course he put it in all the wrong places. It was a funny game.

I see the same boys every few days now. They wear scratchy brown clothes and little caps with a white ribbon, and pretend to be soldiers. They carry guns and bang them around and shout at each other. They are a very nervous bunch. When someone shouts they jump quite noticeably.

They had two of those affairs they call dances recently. I don't call it a dance, if no one dances. They had a band to beat time and everyone scuffled around in circles just like children in dry leaves and looked very foolish.

Hammering and sawing makes an unpleasant noise so



year. For as the title suggests I was lowered in order that I might conquer, not my material adversaries, but a far more bitter enemy, myself. . . . Besides, I can hardly overlook the fact that there will be a further conquest next year, when I again cross the Massawippi (perhaps by the new bridge?) and take up my duties as a member of the second year with the tiresome task of aiding the freshmen on the royal road to success.

by Peter G. Edgell

I didn't enjoy myself for several weeks last month. First some men put up a platform, then they hung curtains all around and in front to hide what they were doing. They draped electric wires all over the place and hung two great sausage affairs up in the air. I didn't know what they were for but they turned out to be a new kind of light bulb. When these things were all arranged a lot of people came and sat on chairs in the dark while some boys and girls in funny clothes sneaked in by a window and went on to the platform. They made faces and shouted at each other and walked around, while the boys in the gallery talked to each other, and then they went away and everyone was glad and clapped their hands with relief. It seemed an awful waste of time.

The latest foolishness is a game they play with a big ball. The idea is to throw the ball at a white board on the wall and knock it down. If the ball falls through a little ring they go back to centre and start over again. There is another funny game they play with a poor dead bird and a racket. They have developed a new form of swearing too. When they miss the bird completely and hit their partner instead they say "shot." But no one seems to mind, except the partner, so it must be a very mild word.

Altogether these human beings are very ridiculous.

The North Country

by
G. W. Doak, B.A., '32

Mister Langlais:

I return from the North. I am just back. Do you know what I think of it? Well, you asked me, so I tell you now.

We are very happy in Canada that we have mines in the North. Those mines are saving the industrial South, and the farms of it. Lewis Brothers of Montreal are a firm of wholesale hardware dealers. Lewis Brothers sold over three and a quarter million pounds of hardware since 1936—that is, they sold this in the Quebec northern goldfields. It takes no account of what they sold to Ontario mining.

This hardware is made in the South: it is manufactured in Toronto, Ottawa, Hull and in Montreal, Three Rivers, Quebec. The demands from the mines provide us with employment, and we buy raw materials abroad, and we get a trade preference from that. And we have money to spend, and so we buy from the farms. The countryside can sell its food, and they have cash to use, and they buy tools from us, and they grow more food, and they sell it for less, and their trade has given us means to buy it. But all of it starts in the mine, and our prosperity is founded in the ore deposits of the North. For mark you, we are rich.

I know this because I have lived with them up there, though I personally was poor; and I saw the way of it at first hand. I travelled from North Bay to Cobalt, to Noranda, and northeast to Senneterre. I went to Kirkland Lake and to Timmins, and on to Cochrane and Kapuskasing in the north. This was the end of my road, and of the highway too. I came back to Ottawa, and down through Montreal to Lennoxville, and my factory in Sherbrooke. It is dull to be home. I wish I were travelling, for all that it was hard.

I tell you Langlais, these northern lands of ours are the grace and saving of our industry and the farms. Canada is very lucky. Outwardly the north country is desolate. It is frightening, it is terrible. God spare me the fear of it away from the curve signs and telephone wires of the road. It is not a country to live in. It is a country to twist money from with the strength and hurt of your heart, and to escape from. People will not pause to think, for there is fear at your elbow. Mining up there is like robbing a house. You take what you may and you try to escape when you can. And it is up here that a provincial government has settled its grateful colonists. Everywhere along the road are the buildings of them—tar-paper shacks made of



shingles and board, in the shape and strength of a match-box. They are very cold in winter.

A colonist is provided a house and his land, he is given tools and a year's feeding. It is in his own interest to raise a family. He gets his farm help for nothing. All of them are married. They do their best. In three years they will pay their tax, and the interest on it and then begin to pay for the land. A colonist will raise a cow and he will drink the milk. He will make butter and eat the butter; then he'll eat the cow and use the skin of it. He'll raise hens, and he'll eat the eggs and eat the hens and keep the feathers to stuff a pillow. It is this way with all that they do: they consume what they produce. They have no cash crops and nothing to sell for ready money. In the winter they run a trap line. In this way they obtain cash in hand to buy more traps and a saw, or a plough or a stove—and they keep on producing something to consume. They are chained to the land. They will not get away until they are prepared to lose all they put into it, and to go somewhere else: older and poorer than when they came.

I saw a lot of this from North Bay to Noranda, and up to Amos. I drove with a clothing salesman. He was a Jew and he was selling neckties—of all things. He is very kind. He is vain, childish, likes to be praised, shrewd, not conceited in business (which means that he is very good at it, and difficult to deceive) and he was very good to me. He was talking of the feeling among the French, for he knows how the French people feel that we have no claim to belong here. We employ the French, which is good, but we are birds of passage. We have no right to the soil—the square inches of "terre" and solid rock. It is not France. It is not Canada. It is to "Les Canadiens." It is their destiny. Perhaps they are right. We protest that we are pushed out, and that yet they have need of us. But we do not come here to live and to stay, and to make a home from it and become a part with it in our hearts, like the trees and the bush and the hills. Certainly if they come here and live because they choose to, they have more claim to belong here than we do. Thus my friend the Jew.

But the North is a hard country. They cut hay on the tenth of October. It has not grown until then. At Montreal they cut in July. The oats up here are not fully

ripened. They are let grow until the frost kills them, and they are cut and threshed after that. I saw the crops in the fields at Kirkland Lake, and they were standing in two feet of snow. This was October the 22nd. They were cutting oats at Montreal in the middle of August. But the next day would be hot as June, and they would have a flood, and the pools would freeze in the ditch, and the cars off the road would freeze in the ground for the year. It is a fine variable country with rocks, and hills that are flat, and the rivers flow north into the Arctic, or to the shrill and silent shores of James Bay.

But the people are grand. I like them, all of them. Everyone will speak to you. They are friendly, and they take time to be genial; and the children are interested, and they are content. You see it in the youngsters. They are hugely pleased with living, and they thoroughly enjoy what they have. Give them a toy and they will play with it all day and all week and the next. The children of the city are not content. They are not pleased, nor happy to be alive. They have excitements, and they find pleasure, but they have no abounding joy. They are mean, because they are afraid. They do not accept living, and they will throw aside what is given them in case they should be missing what someone else is getting. We all remarked it: that we missed the exasperation and petulance and the fear that is shadowing the unpleasant countenances of our own brats. But the people in the North are fine.

And they do throw their money about. They are fools. They are children. They make it easily and they sprinkle it around. It explodes away from them. Shovelling sludge will bring you \$5.40 a day. You buy a \$90 suit and stay in a 50-cent lodging. You win a bet and trade the suit for a hat, and buy a Packard. Then you put on your oilers and go back to shovelling sludge—until next pay night. It is the story-book living of the gold-rush days.

Timmins is a dismal hole. There are shops on the Main Street where you buy better quality goods than are sold in Birks or Mappin & Webb; Henry Morgan Co. is surpassed. And there is their "Empire Hotel," with a service like that of the Mount Royal and rates twice as high. They sell a Finlander newspaper that is published in Sudbury, and a Swedish one from Kirkland. There is no miners union. They don't want it. The union won't let the men go on working and the miners gang the men who start it.

But I did not stay at the Empire. I lived in a Finlander boarding-hole at 25 cents the night—and glad to. Poor old mother who had brought me to consider myself well-dressed, and deserving of good things. And I was a-sitting on the bed learning from a Scotch tramp how to jump a freight, and a-pickin' bed-bugs off my neck. And the next day I was selling tents, and better dressed than the man on whom I was calling. Isn't it fun?

But most things cost very dear in the North. A meal that would stand you thirty cents at Murray's would set you 65 cents in Rouyn, and eighty cents in Kapuskasing. And in Senneterre it is just as bad. The town has three hotels. Luncheon is 75 cents. There are four restaurants. The average cost is 55 cents. I call on each until I find the cheapest, and they laugh at me, and they sneer. I am a cheapskate. It is humiliating, though I know that it is not. I asked one of them (he was a Chinaman, with a half-breed for a servant): "Why do you laugh at me? Do you think it funny that I am poor?" Perhaps I should not have done it, but I was curious, and puzzled as to why they would find it amusing. But the bread and the butter and the vegetables and the canned goods come most of them from Toronto and the South.

The boarding place for a mining crew is very reasonable, for they house seventy or eighty men. I'd a happy time in Rouyn, where I stayed for 50 cents the night. It was a family-run affair, and the daughters were cheeky, which suited us, and the gang were all French, like a first-rate woods crew. I spoke their own language and told them stories in it, and sang pat-a-tan with my feet, and had a genial evening generally. And the meals were only 25 cents.

The roads in the North are terrible. I have never seen worse. They are very new, and they are provisional: they do not warrant expense. But this is how they do it. When a road is being built there come first the engineers. These mark out a straight line over the trees and the swamp. A crew of men cut a lane, and peel back the sod, like stripping a pie. They pile gravel on it. There is your road. Before wearing it, they ditch it—a great basin four deep and twenty feet broad, and on either side of the road. The road heaves and settles and sludges into the land like a stone into apple sauce. But the country will not flow over it from the sides. It sinks only to the level of the basin. Then you have a canal. And so the roads are made.

We drove from Cobalt to North Bay, a tobacco picker and I. North Bay is civilization again: you are back in the White Man's country. (French, Swedes, Poles, Ukrainians, Irish, Scots and Chinese). Sleeping in a rooming-house cellar with four others in the bed, sleeping under a truck with my feet in a suitcase, the melancholy empty mines, like old zinc ash-cans, and the busy life of the live ones, it all seems fantastic now. They ask me everywhere: "What was it like?" "What do you think of the North?" and like the rest of them, I can say that it is a wonderful country. But it is an impression only. I can't remember what it was like. I know what occurred, but it seems none of it is true, and as if it happened to someone who was telling me of it. I have left with me only an impression of the people in the North, and the land.

The naked ugly rocks, and the trees like broken teeth,

and the swamps, and the glow and colour of the hills, and the warmness, this will mind to you the play and stretch and the space of Canada. We ignore, most of us, or we never learn that Canada lives on the edge of a road—for the good reason that if you step off it, you've nothing to support an existence. That is the philosophy of geography, and it is a digression. We do not seem desolate—and everywhere there are people; that is because we never leave the roads. But I drove in Pembroke with a gentleman from Philadelphia. He took me to North Bay. He thought that we had many people. I told him this: "Do you know that you are on the oldest road in Canada?" It follows the great canoe route from Montreal to the lakes. Yet a path to the Northeast would lead over the terrible desert of the Laurentians, and stretch away in desolate pools and dreary, sad ponds and swamps and mounds and trees to the lands north of Chicoutimi and the Chibougamou to Baffin Land and

A Reform

THIS IS not an article condemning the first year, but we wish to make a genuine attempt to face the problems of the freshmen at Bishop's. Last month extracts of a letter from a graduate, dealing with the abolition of initiation, were published in the "Mitre." This month I received a letter from an individual who is even more qualified to write on subjects pertaining to abuse of the freshmen. He was never a day student at Bishop's in fact he was never at Bishop's, and to tell the truth he has never seen Bishop's; confidentially he told me that he had seen the interior of a University but once, and on that occasion he was immediately ejected, because they already had a copy of the Encyclopedia Britannica.

His letter starts similarly to the one published last issue: "You have in your student body youngsters"; and he continues:

"I admit there are always one or two freshmen." Having cleared up these two matters he continues: "It is not easy to discover any humor in the spectacle of sensitive youth trying to find his feet in a strange environment." Later he says:

"Although I have not been to Bishop's I believe implicitly all that I am told about initiation and hazing, even if the freshmen are telling. I also read the "Mitre" and believe implicitly the statements put forth within it. I am convinced that the freshmen have a hard time. Not only are they called upon to fulfil freshmen duties, but I understand that even after they have gained admission to the university, some professors are sufficiently narrowminded

the Frozen straits, and out over the sea to Greenland. Then you come to a road; sure it is a fine vacant country we live in. And from the Parliament in Ottawa, except for the rails at Hull, there is one railway line between you and the North Pole—and driving now, there is one line between you and the pole, and *only one road.*"

The people in the North are extroverts. They are friendly and they live hugely and casually, and not voraciously. They are good-natured and powerful in their deeds, and they act on a large scale, and when they play, they have huge rough tumbling fun. Business activity in a roaring, glorious hurly-burly, and you plunge into it and dig and fight and curse and think with the rest of them; but the living of it is an adventure to endure for what you can get out of it. It is not a life to be selected. It is rough and it is tough, and it is fun, but it is all to secure the means to go and live somewhere else.

. . . I wish I were back.

to ask them to do some studies. This is wrong. I do not doubt but that you will agree with me.

My idea is that first year should be done away with entirely. This may sound radical but think of the advantages. First year is usually a large class, second year is much smaller, hence an abolition of those who will not continue, before they start. There would no longer be any need of hazing, for all would be seniors. We are informed that the first year is the hardest, thus the hardest year would be eliminated. The university would not have the sensitive youth trying to find his way about, all would be in second year. There would be no necessity to fail a student for that was done in first year which has been eliminated."

I think that there is strong undercurrent of feeling in this College that first year should be abolished, and I am writing this to sound out student opinion. If this movement is successful, I shall immediately start a movement to abolish second year, then finally third year, and let the university student be let off with all the hardships that today face the college student. If my movement is successful the applicant will come to the college building, present his cheque for \$3000 and in return he will be given an engraved diploma. Thus the student will be saved the hardships of leaving his home, being practically driven to study, and last but not least he would be spared the inhuman barbarity of initiation.

"Endorse my movement."

What is your opinion on the matter? Shall we abolish first year?

W. L. D.

Why I Like Teas

by
L. H. Roberts



I REMEMBER well an awful moment of my life—my first tea party. This really was not my first tea, but my first appearance at a mixed afternoon siesta. By mixed, I mean, girls and boys, lads and lassies, or squaws and fellas—anyway, you know what I mean.

It all started this way . . . Some of the boys decided we were missing a lot of fun by not mixin' in with the fair sex. So we all go to a dance one night—but that's another story of human suffering. Anyway, we all got asked to a tea the next Sunday and we agreed to go.

Sunday morning the situation didn't look so good. One of the boys figured he'd better not go. But we all cheer him up and by the afternoon we are all worked up to a fighting peak. In fact, such a high peak that we could peek over it lying on the ground.

Four-thirty p. m. finds us all gathered together about the front of the doorstep of the house (yeah, where the tea is to be). We ring the bell, go in, and take off our coats. At this point, my knees were beating a jungle tattoo; one of the other boys has already used three handkerchiefs wiping his now nearly extinct brow. Someone yells, "I gotta have water." But it's only for his hair, so we all decide to brush our hair. It's a good idea, and it wastes time. Somehow it don't though, because we're being ushered into the chamber of horrors.

Inside are four babes—for the four of us. We all look like sick bujiks, and they greet us like old friends. This in a way is a setback for us. We'd figured on absolute formality to get us by, and here's our plans nipped in the bud. Our next thought was to grab a gasper, which we do.

"Nice day," some of the boys remark. Then one woman starts talking about the party last night, and what a good time she'd had. This makes one of the boys peeved, 'cause he'd kinda fallen for this girl. So he starts talking about nothing, and someone pulls a joke that was told in Noah's Ark (no, no, no relation to Joan). This clears the way and paves the way for tea. Here we figured was a life-saver, but this was all wrong.

The girl who was giving the affair pours the tea (as per Emily Post, pp. 156-157). I plan to pass the steaming

cups about—you see, I'm supposed to be in the know about these things. The first cup jiggled so much I spilt some of it on the saucer. I blushed like a fiend and no one helps me. So I mutter something about breaking the ice (although it doesn't come until after the sandwiches) and a Brazilian custom or something, and returned to my post. By this time I'm more than nervous. The next cup I passed starts to jiggle too, and by the time I get it to the girl it's playing about like the storm scene in William Tell.

Finally, all is well again, and I sip tea. About this time I see the boys hedging about, two of us jump up to pass some scones about. Unfortunately, we both hit the spot at the same time. "Let me pass," I yell. He returns, "Ho, ho, old boy, you sit and I'll pass." We manage to upset the plate and one of the girls remarks, "kicking the scone around, eh?" After a while I give in and return to my chair feeling as sheepish as any man ever did.

At my second cup of tea, I achieve the highlight of the party; I am balancing my cup and saucer on my knee. In the saucer is an extra lump of sugar. Now when I picked up the cup to drink, the sugar rolled down into the bottom of the saucer. I hadn't seen this, so of course, I flopped the cup down on top of the sugar. I let go for a second, and before I knew it the cup, saucer, and tea were all in my lap. This is good, because it causes a mild sort of bedlam.

Eventually all is well again. But the party never really resumes normal proportions. Oh, the tea was good, and the girls were all A.K.—no kick there. In fact, one of the girls was a darb—Grant would have taken Bunker Hill a lot easier, if he'd ever seen her. Yeah, I know, maybe it wasn't Grant, but it doesn't make any difference.

About six o'clock the boys all leave, and I certainly was glad to get out of that death trap. To me it was an afternoon tease (quite feeble, but subtle). As time wore on, I grew to appreciate the merits of an afternoon tea, but that first one—wahoo, I shudder every time I think of it.

Hands Off!

by M. Rosenthal

"Can't you see that sign? It says no trespassing."

"I don't care what it says, and you can't keep me off," answered the obstinate tramp to the squire who addressed him.

"This land belongs to me and I can have you arrested for trespassing," replied the persistent owner.

"Oh, so it belongs to you! And where did you get it?"

"I inherited it."

"And where did your father get it?" asked the tramp.

"From his father."

"But how did your family originally get possession?"

To this question the squire replied that his great-great grandfather fought his enemies and thus won it.

"Well," suggested the tramp, "In that case put up your fists and I'll fight you for it, too."

The purpose of this story is to show the fallacy under which those people labor when they cry against the suppression of any individual liberty—when they boldly call for freedom and equality irrespective of the consequences. If the squire had accepted the tramp's proposition he would probably have been beaten. Very well, says the Nietzschean philosopher, the best man wins. Ah! But does the best man win here? Maybe the tramp is stronger physically but what about mental powers, character and personality?

To return to our story—the tramp was at perfect liberty now to do as he pleased. He would cross the field, enter the squire's house with his dirty shoes, approach the frigidaire and help himself to a piece of chicken, go to the squire's armchair, sit down, fill the other's pipe with tobacco, take a magazine and turn on the radio. Yes, we can imagine such conditions—in a tramp's Utopia; but surely nowhere else.

It is imperative to realize that laws should be regarded not as limitations to liberty, but as guarantees and defenders. We must understand that laws are made by authorities who receive their power from the majority who believe the former are most capable of making the laws. In other words we give up liberty in order that we may gain further security and freedom of action. What a world this would be if we should "laissez-faire" the robber, the fanatic, the law-breaker, and others in this class. We must see clearly that individual liberty does not mean no suppression whatever, but rather that such restrictions must be applied to acts or deeds that would do others evil. No man can op-

press you, can bid you fetch or carry, come or go, without showing reason. But if you intend to do a thing which directly or indirectly will be harmful or lead to the unhappiness of another, you can well expect to feel a hand coming to restrain you—and rightly so. If we desire liberty we must be willing to pay for it, for, as we well know, nothing can be had for nothing. Why a cow doesn't even give milk for nothing—you have to take it from her.

This non-laissez-faire doctrine which I am upholding can be applied in practically every field. Its application is extensive in politics, economics and social life. In the political world see what happens when Mussolini, Hitler or General Franco can do as they please. There results oppression, war, murder, and chaos. In economics we have but to think of 1929 and immediately realize into what disaster the unrestricted speculative and competitive conditions led us. In social life—well let's look at Bishop's University.

Can you imagine what the floor of the dining hall would look like if there were no professors to keep naughty boys from throwing doughnuts at each other? What havoc the dogs of war would play. Of course, the dietitian would have to wear a suit of armor, if there were no restraint, and she served us that—what-do-you-call-it. Suppose there were no overseers in chapel and after entering one door you decided to lose your pride and calmly walked out the side door. Oh, you poor freshmen, what a predicament you would be in if there were no one to protect you from the big bad wolf. Wouldn't we love to do away with Muster parade? Someone in the arts building was seriously intending to get a piano in his room. Thank you, Mr. Principal.

There must be some restriction. Hands must always be at work and sometimes they must hit hard. Carlyle wisely claims that the problem yet to solve is:

"To find government by your Real-Superiors. Alas! how shall we ever learn the solution of that, benighted, bewildered, sneering, Godforgetting, unfortunates as we are? . . . We will either learn to reverence our heroes, and discriminate them from Sham-heroes and Valets and gaslighted Histrios; and to prize them as the audible God's-voice amid all inane jargons and temporary market-cries, and say to them with heart-loyalty: "Be ye King and Priest, Gospel and Guidance for us: or else continue to worship new and ever-new forms of Quackhood."

No More Money

TODAY one sees in increasing numbers various articles by some of the world's most intelligent men about our monetary system, its problems and its cures.

Though I can't class myself amongst these specialists, I feel that as a citizen of this world, I am entitled to express my own views, no matter how absurd they may seem. Naturally I am unable to discuss with any degree of ease, such involved questions as the gold standard, and stabilization of the world's markets, whatever that may mean, but, in a fairly elementary way, I am able to express what seems to be a good idea, at any rate in principle.

Though this will draw many snorts of derision from the more enlightened members of the student body, I would suggest that there be no such thing as money. Despite their snorts, they will, I think, agree that in some ways we should be much better off.

It would be a bit too risky to venture into the unknown of the big cities and describe the enacting of this theory, but I think that you will all support me when I say that we could describe it, here at Bishop's, with a great deal of safety.

Before we start it must be understood that it is only in theory that we are applying this. At first it seems rather difficult to imagine anything in these times without money, but we must thrust ourselves fearlessly into the new conditions, and to do this we might take a visit to the college, supposing of course, that we had all been here under the old regime.

Arriving by means of our separate planes (we all have planes now, as there is "plenty" in the world since the money curse was suppressed), we met at a place two miles outside the city (Lennoxville is now one of our smaller cities) so that we would be able to obtain a better idea of the new buildings on our approach.

Upon leaving the aerodrome we walked through the state park until about a mile away from the college, we came upon one of the main highways that lead up to it. From this highway we were able to obtain a very good view of the mile high "tower of faith" with its surrounding buildings of varying importance and size.

by J. Starnes

As we drew closer we were able to see the marvellous carving that had been done by skilled workmen on the enormous gate that towered above us, depicting the founding of the college and the construction of the first building in the year 1843.

After passing through the first line of guards (automatic), we were met by the demonstrator who took charge of us and showed us through some of the two million rooms. There were none of the former things that we knew so well, the old floors with their creaking boards that never seemed to be clean (though heaven knows, they were cleaned often enough), the queer fire hoses were gone too, replaced by an invisible system we were told. One missed also the peculiar musty odour that always seemed to pervade the old buildings, in its place was a new kind of smell—like that of a hospital.

The rooms were one of the greatest changes that we noted. Instead of the small cosy rooms that they used to be, they now had three- and four-room suites with a bathroom. Another curious fact was that the windows seemed to fit, and one rather missed the familiar sight of an old nightshirt stuffed into the cracks to keep the cool winds from blowing in.

Towards one o'clock we had a note from the head-waiter asking us if we would prefer our lunch in the main dining hall or in one of the private dining rooms.

We decided that it would be nice to have our lunch with the rest of the student body, with the idea in the back of our minds, I think, that there at any rate we might see some of the former Bishop's spirit.

We were doomed to be sadly disappointed, our meal was served in a small sort of alcove, literally surrounded by attendants, who waited on us while we reclined on couches. We missed too the meals that we used to love so much. Instead of the soup that we used to get they now gave us some kind of a hors d'oeuvre and some common species of bird, duck or maybe it was partridge. The desert too was a great disappointment, no longer the famous dish of tapioca, but some rare kind of fruit from an unheard-of island in the Pacific.

We left this place of gourmets trying our best to conceal our disgust, and turned as a last resource, to the chapel where we expected to find as of old, a large attendance. It was here that we received the final shock, when we found that there was no longer a compulsory system of chapel attendance; naturally, there being no more money the student was able to ignore this former rule concerning the endowment.

Now we made no disguise of our feelings, and walked everywhere with a glum and disapproving countenance, and it was not until the afternoon that we were able to show any signs of approval; when we were shown the new English-rugger field, and the stadium seating some million fans

Ha! I Like Not That.

Time: About 2 a.m.

Place: A room in the Old Arts.

Dramatis Personae (Cast):

Barwise—A pub-conscious lad.

Hooker—Not of rugs.

Ballou—The mighty atom.

(Shoes by I. Miller)

"Say what's the difference between the Queen's football team and Joe's brain?"

"I dunno."

"Well, Queen's has a football team."

"Say, how about writing an article for the 'Mitre'?"

"No."

"Look, the editor said they were short of articles, and I for one am going to do my part and write something, even if it is only on initiation."

Cheers.

Song: "For he's a jolly good fellow."

"What are you going to write on, and don't say paper?"

"I dunno."

"You could tell about the girl who was afraid to go to the tea dance with the Noranda lad, because she was afraid of being arrested for picking up a miner. Ha, ha, ha . . ."

Chorus: "It's rotten."

"Why don't you say something about those idiots who write on notices?"

(shortly after the disappearance of money they introduced this game as the national sport of Canada).

That evening as we took our several ways in the sky, we each thought over the terrible changes that had come over our former alma mater, and which, with the exception of the English rugby, were bound to lead it to certain destruction.

Give me that wind-swept building with its old red brick and the lazy Massawippi running by; give me the cold bitter nights with the wind whistling through the crack that I forgot to stuff; give me floods, tapioca, chapels and even ten-thirty "gates," but above all give me learning . . . so what!

"I must say that I see nothing funny in nominating Demosthenes, Alf Landon, Dewhurst, or Carter for the Arts debating team."

"I put up those names. Whaddaya got to say about them?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Why not write an article on suicide?"

"Don't rub it in."

"How about a cigarette?"

"No."

"Why don't you ask Frank to write on a night in a station?"

"And Soup on how to be a trainsman."

"Shaver could tell about short engagements."

"No, the Loyola week-end is gone and buried."

"Say look, here's something. I say to a guy, 'Didya hear Nort died'; an' he says, 'It isn't true, he wrote an exam this morning,' An' I say, 'Why split hairs?'"

"Don't descend to personalities."

"I was at that debate too."

"Yeah and you have halitosis of the brain."

"Oh yeah."

"Criticize the plays."

"Sure they were produced with a new speed, and the second was up to Parr."

"Ouch!"

"Wait, I have an idea."

"Beginner's luck!"

Yuletide Greetings

We extend to our Friends the Compliments of the Season, and in doing so express our appreciation of the confidence placed in us during the year now closing

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"Bring in the old crack that you can lead a college man to water but why disappoint him."
 "Cut it out."
 "Do you know what good, clean humor is?"
 "No, what good is it?"
 "I kicked the slats out of my cradle on that one."
 "It should have been vice versa."
 "Did anyone hear Eddie Cantor last night?"
 "No."
 "Well I have a new joke; what did Mae West say when Clarke Gable 'phoned her?"
 "No dirty jokes, just clean humor."
 "Let's get the title, an' next month we'll write the story."
 "How about writing about 'Little Lord Fauntelroy'?"
 "I can't, I don't know how to spell Fauntelroy."
 "Anyway someone has already written it. In fact it's a movie."
 "The chiselers."
 "Hey, what did Jean Harlow say . . . ?"
 "Shut up!"
 "Write about Equals divided by equals equal equals."
 "Why?"
 "I dunno, but it sounds good."
 "Say, what did Alice Faye say . . . ?"
 "Cut it out."
 "Say, didya hear the story of the guy who was in a

hotel, so he calls the bell boy and asks him to get him a bottle of whiskey, a medium done steak, and a bulldog. So the bell boy says why the bulldog, and the guy says to eat the steak you fool."
 "Shut up!"
 "Yeah, an article for the 'Mitre'."
 "Hey, lemme tell my story, What did Simone Simon (pronounced See-moan See-moan) say when Clark . . . ?"
 "Didn't you hear us?—no dirty stories!"
 "Hey, write about the Esquimaux, after all, they are God's frozen people."
 "Is that necessary?"
 "No, but I thought it was good."
 "Look, here's a title: A freshman's Saturday night, or For Gutter or for worse."
 "I wish my Grandfahter was here, he'd get a great kick out of these old jokes."
 "O.K., funnyman."
 "Thanks."
 "Well, it's three a.m. and we've done nothing, I move we adjourn."
 "I second the motion."
 "Carried."
 "Hey, fellows, do you know what Shirley Temple said when Clark Gable 'phoned her?"
 "Go on, wise guy, what did she say?"
 "Hello!"

STARS

"Though wise men come not, nor angels sing,
 Still the stars shine for comforting.
 Heavy hearts we shall lift again,
 There is an ending to every pain:
 Still are shadows, but still is light—
 Look from your window to stars at night.
 The sky is steady to lean upon
 As if just now God had come and gone,
 Leaving His quiet along the night,
 And somewhere all has been always right.
 Still are weariness, griefs, and wars—
 But here is the sky. And here are the stars.
 Patty A. Wiggett



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Lawyer
Teacher
Clergyman?

WHATEVER your calling in the years to come, your banking connection will play an important part in your daily life.

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The branches listed below give particular attention to the accounts of students at Bishop's.

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The Little Theatre

For several years it has been the custom of the College Dramatic Society to present during the Michaelmas term three short plays in the Little Theatre. The supporting public has generally gone to see these plays in an uncritical frame of mind, recognizing the fact that the primary purpose of the production was to give inexperienced players a chance to try out their talents before an audience, and thus reveal their fitness to take part in a longer and more ambitious play later in the year. Most of the members of the audience went to look for promise rather than for accomplishment and did not expect to find much of what is known in contemporary stage criticism as "good theatre." The productions of this year, however, furnished a surprise, for not only was real talent revealed in the case of several newcomers to the theatre, but delightful entertainment was furnished as well, making, to the writer at least, the whole evening seem surprisingly short, and the hard straight chairs almost comfortable. The smoothness with which the plays were presented, the almost professional tempo of each performance, and the cleverness of the management and the stage hands in overcoming technical difficulties contributed largely to this feeling. The wisdom, too, of providing music during the intervals was amply proved. Not that the audience listened to it, for audiences seldom do, but it gave a chance for relaxation and conversation, and covered with a veil of pleasant sound the mysterious but necessary noises of scene shifting.

The plays, on the whole, were well chosen and suited to the various talents of the players. Possibly the first scene of Act 1 of Shaw's Saint Joan contains scarcely enough dramatic situations to give the actors scope for real acting. Nevertheless the producer, Jean Macnab, and the actors drew all possible dramatic value from the material with which they worked, while the setting, with its Gothic windows and church tower and roofs behind it, made a effective background for a red-clad Joan, and presented a picture which it is a pleasure to recall. As Captain Robert de Baudricourt, Peter Edgell, in spite of a rather youthful appearance for such a valiant warrior, played convincingly and made use of a clear and well modulated voice. The Steward, played by Peter Greenwood in an effective manner, was ably assisted by Horace Seveigny as Bertrand de Poulengy. In the central character of Joan, Roberta Richardson gave a pleasing performance which gained in poise and finish as the play proceeded.

Wayside War by Margaret Napier and produced by L. H. Roberts, was the second play on the bill. This is a complete one-act play, and as such comes to a logical conclusion, which is probably the reason why the audience responded to it more heartily than to the plays which were incomplete. The period being the year 1685, there was ample scope for picturesque costumes and make-up, and those responsible for this part of the production made good use of their opportunities. The Colonel, played with spirit by G. Blake Knox, afforded an opportunity to paint a good portrait of "an officer and an English gentleman." Douglas Rowe as the sodden ostler and Patricia Wigget as the landlady gave good character sketches, while William Gedye was most amusing as the sergeant, never for once forgetting his cockney accent. As Alicia Pemberton, the heroine of the play, Vivian Parr gave a well-balanced performance, delivering her lines with poise and sureness, and showing admirable restraint in every situation. Miss Parr is a new student at Bishop's and should prove a valuable addition to the Dramatic Society.

The last presentation and by far the most ambitious and difficult was the first act of Sutton Vane's well-known play "Outward Bound," produced by Norman Pilcher. While the setting was difficult to design successfully on a small stage, and while the play called for present-day dress, always a handicap for amateur actors, the players performed the difficult task of making the audience take the play seriously. Only once did some of the younger members of the audience laugh in the wrong place—the love scene—which, however, did not seem to discontent the players, Hugh Mortimer as Henry and Janet Speid as Ann, but who played the whole scene with the pathetic fatalism that it demands. The sepulchral Scrubby was well played by George Mackey, Mr. Lingley by Sidney Davies, and the Reverend William Duke by Eldon Davis. Jim Wilson gave a fine performance as the drunken and disillusioned Mr. Prior and did not once overplay a role that was full of pitfalls. The character part of the charwoman was well performed by Fleda Brillhart, although there was a tendency to turn the pathetic figure into the comedy, and the snobbish Mrs. Cliveden-Banks found an able interpreter in Helen Legge.

The players and producers are to be congratulated on the success of the entire bill.

F. O. C.

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--oo0oo--

Has your financial status changed materially since your Will was drawn? Can increased Estate taxes and other necessary cash expenses be met easily, without sacrificing assets? Are your wife and children provided for as adequately as your financial condition today permits?

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Library Column

I have been asked to write a few words by way of introduction to a library column in "The Mitre."

It is hardly possible to over-emphasize the importance of the library in connection with university education. If universities were not actually cradled in libraries, it is certain that from the very beginning they have been an essential part of their equipment. Books are the working tools of a student and without them he would be as helpless as the proverbial fish out of water.

Nor can class notes and texts be regarded as an adequate substitute for a library. They provide rudimentary education, yet without wider reading they are apt to stop with the passive reception of facts stored up in the memory and regurgitated at the time of the December or June examinations. But the moment a student begins to read round a subject, he digs with his own spade, brings his judgment into play, and is on the way to acquire that enlightenment or enlargement of mind which Newman regarded as the central aim of a university.

Our library cannot compare in size with that of some of the larger Canadian universities. In 1933, McGill had a library of 411,000 volumes. However, as 102,048 of these books are in the Gest Chinese Research Library, it is evident that a quarter of this total will remain a cabalistic mystery to the average undergraduate.

The library of Bishop's University, though small in size, has certain decided advantages. It is readily accessible. This is one of the privileges we enjoy through being a residential college. Instead of muffling himself up for a mile walk in subzero weather, a student may slip into our library in the evenings in that care-free unconventional attire that he sports in his own private sanctum. Again the books are not entombed in the recesses of stacks, but are in plain view. We are fortunate in the possession of an attractive room for purposes of library reading and study. It is a place where one may realize "the friendship of books," and the

zest of intellectual interest and adventure which transforms a mere task into one of the keenest pleasures that life can offer.

W. O. Raymond.

* * *

Gazing down over the library from his perch above the door the bust of Bishop Mountain has seen startling changes take place below during the last four or five years. The first intimation he had that something new was afoot in the library was when someone climbed up a ladder and dusted him off. An unprecedented affair. Dust, the accumulation of years, swept away at one fell swoop. But this was only an indication of what was to follow.

For years the library had been furnished with two long tables, their tops gouged out and pitted with various names, dates and initials, the diligent carving of generations of Bishop's students. It was not possible to write on them without the pencil or pen plunging through the paper into some cavity below. These old tables were now carried away (to be burnt, it is hoped) and replaced by the present ones of good solid oak.

Then began the long and arduous work of recataloguing and indexing the books. Until this time the library had been, for all practical purposes, a mere stack room. The arrangement of the books on the shelves and the manner in which they were catalogued was most unsatisfactory. To find what books were in the library, the best method was to spend a year reading titles and familiarizing yourself with as many books as possible and their location in the library. Now, if one has the slightest idea of the type of book wanted, it can be found by merely consulting the files. If one has not the least idea of what one wants, something suitable can usually be found after consulting the librarian. All that is required in order to find a book is a head for figures or else a scrap of paper and a pencil borrowed from the librarian.



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So are we known by the merchandise we sell.

The hours during which the library was open were also changed. No longer can the bishop complain of loneliness during the long afternoon and evening. Heretofore the library had been open only during the morning. To get in at any other time one had to borrow a key. But, as the usefulness of the library increased, so the number of those using it was augmented. As the library became more frequented, the hours were naturally extended.

One change the bishop must deeply deplore. The library has become silent. No longer do students tap out sweet melodies on the green lamp-shades. Every where in the library are notices bearing the legend in large black letters that SILENCE MUST BE OBSERVED. If any attempt is made to speak above a whisper, it is almost certain to result in a reprimand from the librarian. The bishop must realize, however, that this has been done for the benefit of all. He must recognize the truth of the statements that "Silence is the perfectest herald of joy" and that "Silence is the safeguard of the soul." And he must remember those who retire to the library with the thought of comfort uppermost in their minds. "Le silence de chacun assure le repos de tous." For these reasons the bishop must be more than willing to forego his little musicales.

For the future, it is to be hoped that the bishop will soon see the addition of a few armchairs and reading lamps to the library. Think how it would please him to see the contented expressions of students reposing blissfully in overstuffed chairs. The library could also be improved by the addition of a few good pictures. However, if the library continues to progress as rapidly in the future as it has in the past few years, we do not consider these hopes to be vain ones.

Eyeless in Gaza

"You can do everything with bayonets, except sit on them," says Mr. Huxley. I say, you can do everything with Huxley's books except read them for pleasure.

There may be readers whose minds do not react to that richly revolting paragraph on Proust with chilled and fascinated horror. There may be readers who lightheartedly follow Mr. Huxley's laborious delvings into Biology, Philology, and Sociology. Perhaps you enjoy the spectacle of a painfully self-conscious hero with a notebook, of human beings vainly fighting for a place in a society which does not want them, a story of frustration, of defeat. These are materials for Aldous Huxley: a mind powerful and original, frankly concerned with the problems of contemporary society.

When the cynical wit of our successors comes to laugh at the literary formulae of our writers, they will surely not miss the one which goes: "Man-subjected-to-the-History-of-our-Times." Heavens! The Cavalcade of sad and puz-

zled heroes we have watched led through the Victorian era, the Edwardian, the War, and the Post-War, to stop in the year A.D. 1936 only because there the author ran out of material.

"Time is passing." But Huxley is aware that such a theme is only ironical today. Anthony Beavis, the hero of "Eyeless in Gaza" is not a four-dimensional worm. His life is presented as a whole, whose parts are shown in meaningful relation to one another by means of the cinema effect of the cut-back. Approximately, therefore, this book is a fugue on four themes from the life of the hero: first, in his youth, when without his intention his actions lead to a tragedy; second, his refusal to surrender himself to either of the women who enter his life; third, an escape endeavour which takes him through a Mexican revolution; and fourth, his thought, as it is revealed gradually in his diary, and which finally leads him to join the cause of a Social party.

Do not allow this brief mutilation of "Eyeless in Gaza" to lead you to think it is entirely concerned with one character. The story of Anthony is the clue to the meaning of the other characters, and is revealed in relation to them.

Two things seem to distinguish Aldous Huxley from a movement among our writers of fiction, if it is possible to judge something so close at hand: he distrusts eroticism, and he distrusts religiosity. Fate is the unseen hero of all his books: a Fate which says that effects spring inevitably from causes, and that the logical reason can understand those causes. In a society which believes in escape, he shows bitter and inescapable facts. For men who want only rest he exposes the futility and failure of metaphysical nostrums. To the unreasoning optimist he shows the other side of life, which is the death of the individual: to the unreasoning cynic he shows the other side of death, which is the life of the species, of all creation.

Men of science—men of Science fight today a battle which they cannot win with the hearts of men. When freedom is an intolerable burden, and the exercise of the intelligence is an uncomfortable restriction.

But I must add that the last half of the antithesis of the optimist and the cynic above distinguishes this latest book of Huxley's from his previous works—those at least which this reviewer has read.

It is clear that in some way Mr. Huxley has advanced from his previous position. It is not clear just what this advance is and accordingly many puzzled critics have written of mysticism, and so forth. I will tell you what I suspect the mystery is: Mr. Huxley has simply decided how a reasonable man may act, where before he was only sure what a reasonable man might think. This is such a notable achievement in an insane world that I recommend it to your attention.

R. L. B.

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G. Davidson

D. R. McMaster

W. R. Eakin, Jr.

What can you make of the following jumbled words? Each line of mixed letters contains the title of a well-known book of fiction, and as several of the books are also known as films, there should be little difficulty for puzzle fans to straighten out the words. Don't turn to the last page for solutions, because just to be provocative like all producers of contests of this sort, we are withholding the answers till our next issue. Neither the idea nor the titles used are original, but we feel sure that the puzzle loses nothing by that. Perhaps you can think of some better jumbles than these, or perhaps you may have some original ideas or opinions about this column. If so do let us hear from you after Christmas. Here are the words:

1. Reystoamw.
2. Tobbaaccgggrmssiwfpheetha.
3. Tillytolltaruneferdo.
4. Sasoolgginggthghthkoure.
5. Restunderacoollhhfssvokeem.
6. Boornosenusric.
7. Hionave.
8. Ttttaaeewwnnddyhhouulssrg.
9. Kimbodcy.
10. Desertsanluari.
11. Italicstotweef.
12. Danceithpeurnearpp.
13. Footootesminrtnucc.
14. Qiuteddrruwann.
15. Dogesthinenrar.

The New Bridge

The old bridge which spans the Massawippi river and which has been a familiar sight to Bishop's students for many years, received its death blow last spring when unusually high waters caused it considerable damage. The girders were weakened to such an extent that the bridge has been condemned by government officials. It is to be torn down next spring. Good-bye, old bridge, we hate to see you go.

About four hundred feet farther down the river a new bridge is under construction. Through the kindness of Mr. A. Tremblay, contractor in charge of the construction, the major details of the new structure were obtained.

So far, two buttments and one pier have been completed, the second pier being under construction. Each one of these foundations contains 475 cubic feet of cement. Mr. Tremblay says that the piers will not be able to receive the steel girders before the first week in January. The distance between piers is 140 feet, with a 50-foot gap between pier and buttment, making a total length of 240 feet of steel structure. With the gravel approaches included the total length from road to road will be 600 feet. The bridge crosses the river at an angle which forms a direct line with the Cookshire road. The floor of the bridge is to be made of cement containing 40 tons of reinforcing steel. It will be 42 feet wide including both sidewalks, and 23 feet above the low water mark. An overhead reinforcement arch will be erected over the central span. The cen-

tre of the bridge itself will have an arch of three feet above the buttment. This system of arching the steel work gives added strength to the structure. The 140 tons of structural steel required for the bridge is furnished by the McKinnon Steel Company of Sherbrooke. The total capacity of the completed bridge will be 30 tons.

When asked if he had any difficulties as yet, Mr. Tremblay replied: "We ran into quicksand while digging the foundations of both piers and buttments. The sand reached a depth of seven feet in one place; under the quicksand, however a hard gravel bottom was found sufficiently hard to run the cement on. At only one place was a rock bottom found, and that was on the Lennoxville side of the river. We have also been delayed by high water and unfavourable weather conditions."

The contractor further stated that this job was a \$54,400 contract, and that he will use 100,000 feet of lumber, 12,000 bags of cement, 40 tons of reinforcing steel and 140 tons of structural steel. He has 50 men in his employ, and has been running three shifts in an endeavour to complete the cement foundations before the river freezes over.

Since the operations have been held up for so long by high water and miserable weather the bridge will not be completed before June of next year. The official opening will take place shortly after the construction has been completed.

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Highlights of Sport

by J. D. Bilkey

Though the College gridiron's battle-scarred surface is now nestled beneath a soothing blanket of snow, and though peace once again reigns on the banks of the St. Francis River, football has by no means vanished from the thoughts of many of us. The gruelling season through which the team has just passed has given little in the way of actual victories, yet if it is regarded in the correct perspective we should be by no means discouraged. One glance through some of the old "Mitres" will confirm this statement, and prove that Bishop's has not been without her lean years in the past, and it is also encouraging to note that these lean years have almost inevitably been followed by years of plenty.

The graduation of most of our seasoned players left only two major letter men in our line-up, and only five who had any previous experience in the Intermediate league. Around these five men Len was compelled to build a new and inexperienced team, and he is to be congratulated for the undaunted perseverance, and patience which he put into their training. The improvement which this team showed towards the end of the season is enough in itself to make the future football prospects look most promising. Very few of this year's team will be lost through graduation and we may be certain that next year Bishop's will field a team with a greater knowledge of the game, plenty of fighting spirit and determined to avenge the defeats which we have suffered this season.

Among those whom we will sorely miss next year is Owen Frederick. "Fred" has represented the college for the past three years, and left little to be desired in his role as snap and captain of the team this fall. Though many of the points scored against us this season were caused through fumbles, very few, if any, were the result of poor snaps. The positions left vacant by Paul McMahon and Johnny Hibbard will also be hard to fill. Paul's sensational dashes, and his exceptionally brilliant work on the secondary defense for the past three seasons has added spice to the games for both his team-mates and the spectators. Though this was Johnny's first year on the College football team, his services were indispensable, and it will be with a great deal of regret when we lose both Johnny's kicking and his fine handling of the team next June. The two fighting divines, "Tarz" Davis and Arthur Perkins, also wound up very praiseworthy College football careers this fall, and we will find great difficulty in filling the gaps left in the line, through their graduation.

Sherbrooke at Bishop's

The Sherbrooke Athletics came out of their year of

retirement with a strong team, which accomplished a feat that no Sherbrooke team has been able to do in the past. Three years ago the Athletics managed to tie the College, but this is the first year that they have been able to defeat us. Though the score of eighteen to nothing is rather inclined to indicate that the game was a one-sided affair, in reality it was far from this.

During the first quarter the play see-sawed around centrefield, with the Athletics showing a slight edge. Before the close of the period Sherbrooke's crushing line attack began to take effect, and they worked themselves into position for a successfully attempted rouge. This point was doubled early in the second quarter when the Athletics obtained another single. Trailing behind a two-nothing score Bishop's began to take new heart and pressed on the offensive. A beautiful end-run by Lyster advanced the ball to the fifty-yard line, and for a minute it looked like a touchdown for the College, but a costly fumble was recovered by a Sherbrooke player who ran it well back into our territory. Syd. Echenberg then carried the ball for the Athletics and succeeded in "crawling" over the Bishop's line for a major score, which was converted, leaving the score eight to nothing at half time.

In spite of several beautiful runs by "Dago" Knox, and Pete Greenwood's piercing line plunges, an intercepted forward brought the ball back into the College territory early in the second half. A series of line plays by our opponents finally ended in another touchdown, with Larry Brooks crossing the Bishop's line. Shortly before the close of the last quarter another fumble gave Sherbrooke possession of the ball on our ten-yard line, and captain "Izzie" Echenberg ploughed his way across the College line for an additional five points. Neither of the last two touchdowns were converted and the final score remained at eighteen to nothing for the Athletics.

Bishop's at Loyola

The fact that Brennan received the Bishop's kick-off and dashed through the whole team for a touchdown, which Tyler successfully converted, might partially explain the disheartening defeat which we suffered at the hands of our traditional rivals. It was certainly no disgrace for any team to lose to Loyola this year for they had one of the finest and best coached teams in the history of their college. "Dago" Knox caught consistently in the Bishop's backfield, and made several long gains running back the Loyola kicks, but the superior weight of our opponents, and the machine-like efficiency with which they carried



Back row: Baskerville (Asst. Manager), Perkins, Carter, Pharo, Codere, Davis, Bennett, L. O'Donnell (Coach), J. P. Paterson, Visser, Morrison, McLean, Knox, Lyster, Scott (Manager).
Front row: Norris, Willis, Cragg, McMahan, Frederick, Hibbard, Carmichael, Rogers Starnes.

out their plays, soon showed to advantage against our young and inexperienced team.

Soon after Brennan's sensational touchdown in the opening minutes of the game, Loyola worked themselves into another favourable position, Bishop's held fast on the line however, and the Montrealers had to be content with a single point. In the second quarter Bishop's put up a more determined fight, and narrowly missed a major score when a forward was ruled incomplete with no one between our receiver and the Loyola goal-line. A touchdown by Brennan and Tyler's convert closed the scoring for the first half.

In the second half Loyola unleashed an even more vicious attack which crumpled the Bishop's defense. In the third quarter Brennan made another spectacular dash which resulted in a touchdown. Moore and Hammond followed their fleet-footed team-mate over the Bishop's goal-line for major scores. All three of these touchdowns were converted by Morely. At the beginning of the last quarter the Fighting Irish, not content with the thirty-seven to nothing score, pressed their crushing offensive with renewed vigour, and before the final whistle Shaughnessy twice covered the distance to the Bishop's posts, and Tyler once, for a total of three more converted touchdowns making the score fifty-five to nothing for Loyola.

Bishop's at Macdonald

Smarting under the severe defeat of the previous weekend the team journeyed to St Anne's for their first game with Macdonald College, determined to do or die and they did. Although the whole team showed an entirely different spirit in this encounter to the games which preceded it, some deserve special mention: "Pete" Greenwood for his excellent work both offensively and defensively, and for his initial touchdown for the college, Paul McMahan for his fine work in the backfield, and "Hogey" Carmichael for his splendid shoe-string tackles, reaped the laurels in this game.

Though the College showed a decided edge throughout the greater part of the game they could not seem to throw off the jinx which had haunted them all season, when they got within scoring distance of the "Aggies" touchline. The first quarter went scoreless, with the College plunging through the Macdonald line time after time for yards, but any efforts to cross our opponents' touchline seemed futile. In the second quarter Macdonald moved into position to score a rouge and soon repeated this feat, to give them a two to nothing lead over the College. It was not until five minutes before the final whistle that Pete Greenwood completed a desperate and successful drive towards the "Aggies" goal with a major try, which he himself converted. The score Bishop's 6, Macdonald 2.

Bishop's at McGill

Fred led the team out of the shanty provided on the outskirts of the McGill campus grounds, for what had already proven to be the most poorly arranged game on the schedule, and was later to prove one of the most disheartening defeats. Fired with enthusiasm after their win against Macdonald the team played good and spirited football, and surprised McGill with a punishing offensive from the opening whistle, but fumbles again proved costly and resulted in the first two touchdowns for our opponents. Early in the second quarter Carl Norris intercepted a McGill forward pass and advanced the ball to their thirty-yard line. Paul McMahan displaying a brilliant basketball technique succeeded in carrying the ball to the five-yard line, after an early fumble had almost halted this most unorthodox end-run, and Johnny Hibbard plunged over the McGill line on the next play for touchdown, which was then converted.

In the second half McGill with a fine display of forward passing scored two more touchdowns. Denis Jotcham's two single points brought the final score to twenty-five to six for McGill.

Macdonald at Bishop's

In the final game of the season the "Aggies" avenged the defeat they had met at our hands the week before. In the first quarter Bishop's had a decided edge on the play, although they only succeeded in getting one point on Johnny Hibbard's rouge. The second period was much the same as the first as far as the play was concerned, but neither team succeeded in scoring a point. The College commenced the third quarter with renewed vigour and continued to push Macdonald down the field. They were finally rewarded with a touchdown when Pharo gathered in a loose ball that resulted through a blocked kick. The "Aggies" saved their surprise until the final quarter, when on a beautiful passing play from Eastman to Dunn the latter sprinted to the Bishop's goal-line for five points; these were soon followed by two singles, which gave Macdonald a seven to six lead. The College tried hard to overcome this slight margin but the final whistle gave the game to the "Aggies."

Before we definitely write the last word on this year's rugby activities it is quite in order that we pay tribute to the manager and his assistant for their valuable efforts. Some do not fully realize the horrors of managing a team, the drawing up of schedules, the shipping of equipment, the trouble of attending practices and seeing that everything is in order. Harry Scott and "The Count," Bill Baskerville, carried out their thousand and one duties with the acme of efficiency, and we take this opportunity of thanking them for tireless and valuable services.

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The following players have been awarded major B's and Crests:

McMahon, Lyster, Knox, Bennett, Hibbard,
Frederick, Davis, Perkins, Carter,
Greenwood, Rogers, Carmichael.

These have been awarded minor B's and Crests:
Paterson, D., Pharo, Norris, Willis, Codere,
McLean, Paterson, J. P.
Cragg and Morrison have obtained minor Bs.

* * *

BADMINTON

An earlier and larger turnout for Badminton this year gives fair promise of a successful season. Over fifty players, consisting of members of the faculty, women students, and men students, have signified their intentions of playing and a committee made up of Prof. Scott, Nancy McDougall, and Reg. Turpin was chosen by the Council to look after all arrangements and details necessary to ensure favourable results. Two Ladder Competitions, one for the women students and one for the men students, have begun, and a friendly match, in which members of the faculty and students participated, marked the beginning of this season's play. The Committee hopes to arrange games with outside clubs and will endeavour to give all players at the University an opportunity to take part in these matches. Despite the handicap of possessing but one badminton court it is hoped that not only will the experienced players have an enjoyable season but also that those who are playing for the first time will benefit from the game as much as possible.

* * *

Owing to lack of space the account of the Soccer team's activities is being held over for the February issue.

* * *

NOT MUSIC

"And have you music at your church?"
I asked the rural squire.
"Well, no," said he, "can't say we have,
—Just singin' by the choir!"

O. H. S.

Notes and Comments

by J. D. Carmichael

On Friday, October 23, the Reverend Gilbert Basil Jones, M.A., was formally installed as Dean of the Faculty of Divinity. Officiating in the usual chapel service were the Lord Bishops of Montreal and Quebec. After the installation service a reception was held in the Convocation Hall. The guests were received by the Bishop of Montreal, the Bishop of Quebec, the Chancellor and Mrs. Greenshields, the Principal and Mrs. McGreer, the Dean of Divinity, and Mrs. Jones. Bishop Farthing, Bishop Carrington, Chancellor Greenshields and Dr. McGreer made short speeches of welcome. The Dean in a very pleasing manner thanked those who had made him and his wife so welcome at Bishop's

* * *

A team from the British Universities consisting of Bernard Ungerson, of the University of London, and Malcolm McEwen of the University of Edinburgh, successfully upheld the affirmative of the resolution that: This House would rather live in Moscow than in Berlin. The negative was upheld by L. H. Roberts and S. J. Davies. The debate was held in Convocation Hall on November 3, 1936.

The visitors were welcomed and introduced by Dr. Boothroyd who presided.

Mr. Ungerson pointed out that the political issue was the only one worth considering. Moscow, and Russia in general, is a sort of democracy, while Germany is a dictatorship. Russia's one great desire is for peace. Germany's policy is obviously not one of peace but of eventual war. Mr. Ungerson quoted from his own experiences in Germany to prove his point.

Mr. Roberts, though admitting the political factor to be of importance, was not prepared to consider it as the only point under discussion. He went on to show that the Germans as a whole are much more desirable neighbours than the Russians. Moreover their customs and culture are very similar to our own. There is no comparison between Russian and German music, literature and educational systems. Germany is far superior to Russia in these very human respects. Moreover Russia had been regarded as a menace a few years ago; might not Germany undergo the same transformation?

Mr. MacEwen, the second speaker of the affirmative, stated that while Germany was standing still in the realms of education and art, Russia was forging ahead. One can have freedom of action in Russia, in choosing one's particular career, but such is not the case in Germany. He also

used quotations from Stalin and Goering to prove that Russia's policy is peace and Germany's is war.

Mr. Davies, the second speaker for the negative, stated that the Germans were sacrificing their personal affairs for a short time so that their country might come out of its slough, while the Russians, a very illiterate race, were following their leaders blindly. He drew a very vivid picture of the slovenly, inefficient Russia as opposed to the intelligent, highly efficient Germany.

The judges, Mr. R. L. Young, of Bishop's College School, Rev. F. A. C. Doxsee, Sherbrooke, and Mr. J. L. Peters, of Montreal, awarded the decision to the affirmative.

* * *

We very much regret that in the first issue of the "Mitre" we omitted a word of welcome to Mrs. A. Preston. May we take this opportunity of saying how pleased we are to have her with us. Mrs. Preston has already proved herself to be very popular, and we hope that her stay will be a long and happy one.

* * *

The second freshmen debate held dealt with the resolution that: Divorce should be made easier in Canada. The members of the affirmative were Messrs. Murray and Bredin. Those of the negative were Messrs. Malard and Gibeau. The decision was awarded to the affirmative.

* * *

A freshmen-freshette debate was held November 11, the subject being: Resolved that our Present Civilization is a Failure. The freshettes, Miss Martin and Miss Staples, upheld the affirmative. Mr. Murray and Mr. Gibeau represented the freshmen as supporters of the negative side. The decision was awarded to the negative. A criticism of the debate, on behalf of the amateur debaters was delivered by Prof. Boothroyd.

* * *

In the past few weeks the silence of the tomb has descended over the New Arts Building. The probable explanation is the near approach of the exams. It is rumoured that several gentlemen are even afraid to wear "loud" ties.

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C. Russell McKenzie, K.C.	Eldridge Cate
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On Wednesday, November 25, two debaters from the University of Vermont, Mr. Caldwell and Mr. B. Lisman, defeated a Bishop's team composed of Mr. Beatty and Mr. Mackey on the motion: Resolved that the Emergence of Women from the Home is to be Deplored. Mr. Caldwell the leader of the affirmative stated that the emergence of women from the homes is not to be confused with emancipation. He further stated that woman has always excelled in the home. However, from the time of James Watt more and more women every year work for their living outside of the home. The result has been that woman has neglected her natural duties and caused a decrease in the birth rate and a great increase in juvenile delinquency. Work reacts on a woman herself, her family and society in general unfavourably. In the upper classes the birth decline has been particularly great, where it does the greatest harm. Woman is not suited for the work done by men. Her brain is smaller, she is more easily tired and more susceptible to industrial diseases.

Mr. Beatty the first speaker for the affirmative thought it to be a very good thing for women to get away from the home and take part in outside pursuits. The birth rate is due to economic conditions and economic conditions alone. Why shouldn't woman be at liberty to be independent and to better herself if she saw fit? Especially when she has to support a family. Woman's deficiencies are due primarily to man's treatment of her. Women are really equal to man and the marriage founded on a basis of equality has been found to be generally successful.

The second speaker for the affirmative, Mr. Lisman stated that the discussion was not on women's emancipation but on woman's emergence from the homes into an industrial sphere. He showed that of the women employed in industry 63% were married and had children, to whom they could not give the proper care.

Family life, so important to a nation is not possible when the mother is working. Of the women in professions, very few were geniuses. But among them the marriage rate and birth rate was lowest and the divorce rate highest. It is the intelligent people who bear the brunt of civilization, when they decay the nation falls. Women can work for lower wages than men, consequently they are given the preference. Women are needed at home, man can take care of the industrial side of life much better than can the women. Any expression woman needs can find an outlet at the various women's organizations.

Mr. Mackey the last speaker for the negative, pointed out that if there were no emergence there would have been no emancipation. If a woman has a considerable amount of spare time, resulting from modern conveniences, why shouldn't she employ her time profitably? Delinquency is due not to the absence of the mother but to the low mo-

rality of the mothers. There is no reason why half the brain power of the world should be rusticated in the home, women are quite as well qualified as men to handle the everyday situations of life. Deplore, moreover means to bewail or bemoan, the affirmative had done neither of these things.

The judges, Rev. J. Allen of B.C.S., Mr. Wright Gibson and Mr. A. Reid of Sherbrooke, awarded the decision to the affirmative.

* * *

POLITICAL DISCUSSION GROUP

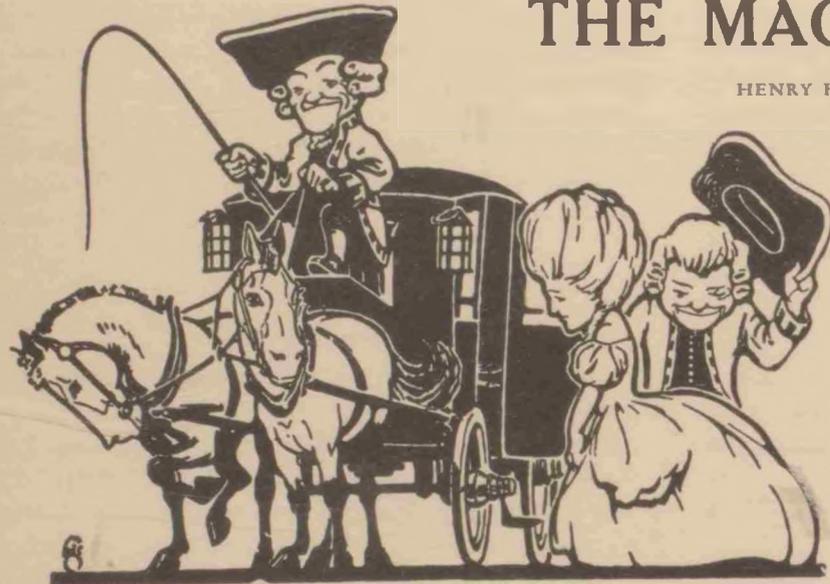
On Tuesday, October 20, the Group held their first meeting of the Michaelmas term. Prof. Childs led the discussion by basing his remarks upon quotations from Prof. Barker's article, "Romantic Facts in Modern Politics." This was a discussion of the basis upon which modern dictatorships, especially as in Italy and in Germany, are built; a rather full view of the history and philosophy which have provided some of the inspiration for these recent political developments. After Prof. Childs' address there followed a really spirited discussion of many of the pressing problems of the day, connected with the rise of Communism and Fascism. One felt that this enthusiastic meeting of over twenty people was extremely worthwhile.

The meeting of November 5, although the number present was considerably less, was equally enthusiastic. That evening we discussed the extent to which ties of sympathy and sentiment with Great Britain and the Empire, with certain foreign powers and with the Roman Catholic Church tend to draw Canada into conflict with foreign powers. This was a subject suggested by the League of Nations' Society. We agreed that Canada is closely bound to the Empire and to the United States and, although there is a risk of war involved in such bonds, there is no less risk in a policy of isolation if we did decide to abandon our present relationship with the Empire and the United States. A good deal of discussion centred about the presence of the French population in this province, but no conclusion was reached as to the possible effect on Canadian foreign policy.

The last meeting of term was on November 25 before the debate with Vermont. The editor of the "Mitre" was anxious to gauge student opinion on a number of questions advanced by the editor of the McGill Daily. The answers from this and sixteen other Canadian universities will form the theme of a composite editorial which will appear in the Canadian University Press on and after December 7. The discussion centred about the attitude of Bishop's men in the event of a European war. We were asked to define the conditions of a war in which we would be willing to participate. Generally speaking, those present were willing to sup-

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port the League of Nations' policy, or that of the United Kingdom, the first as a matter of obligation, in the latter case, with reservations. All but one or two were in favour of universal conscription if Canada were actually involved in war. The general opinion was also that we should be willing to support stronger armed forces especially in the case of air power and artillery. We would also favour increased measures of co-ordination on the part of the Canadian General Staff with the Imperial Army and also with the U. S. Army. The latter an entirely new suggestion, and one arising out of the possibility of an attack on the Canadian Pacific coast.

We would like to point out that since we are now able to meet in the Reception Room, the women of the University would be welcome guests. We hope for increased interest on a wider number of topics for the remainder of the year.

N. D. P.

The Maths and Science Club

With the combined encouragement of recognition by the Student's Association, a grant of \$25.00 from that body, the numerous first year of the new B.Sc. course, and the enthusiasm and interest already shown, the Maths and Science Club is looking forward to a year of increasingly interesting activity.

A word of explanation to the freshmen is in order as there seems to be some uncertainty about who are members of the club and what activities it offers. It was started as an informal gathering of maths and science students to discuss questions of interest with the professors. This idea has been expanded and we now have informal talks by both professors and students on various subjects, trips of inspection over local factories and industries, and we are hoping this year to invite some outside lecturers here to give us talks on interesting branches of science in industry; to provide more illustrated lectures, and to pay more visits to factories.

The Club's activities got away to a good start on Saturday, October 31, when, with the kind permission of Mr. Tomlinson, and thanks to the providers of transportation, about twenty members "embussed" for a tour of inspection of the pulp and paper mills at Windsor, which was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone in spite of the rather odiferous atmosphere and we feel sure it wasn't only the paper in the packing room that was so interesting?

During the winter term we are planning to hold meetings every fortnight at least, including talks by one or more guest speakers, illustrated discussions on subjects of

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interest to everyone such as: "Radio and Visible Sound," "Luminol and Phosphorescence," "Soya Beans, Our Diet in the Next Ten Years," "The Behaviour of the Stomach" (of topical interest?). We also hope to organize a week-end excursion to tour the asbestos mines at Thetford.

We wish to point out to all students that there are no membership restrictions, if you are at all interested, we cordially invite you to come to the meetings.

* * *

FIRE!

Studies were interrupted here during the first period on Tuesday morning, December 1, by an unfortunate outbreak of fire in the duplex residence of Prof. Vial and Mr. Owen.

Exchanges

Wars are raging in three great nations of the world, wars which may well be the concern of every serious-minded citizen of this and other countries. Any one of these wars may at any time develop into a world conflict. During the past few months, publications of all kinds have been filled with the advice and warnings of many would-be sociologists. We have the reformers who urge drastic changes in the whole social system, the conservative group who blame "the Communists" for everything, and last of all we have the great majority who do not know nor care, what it is all about. This latter group has learned by experience to distrust both of the others. The question remains that the present social system seems inadequate to meet the needs of the present, while as yet no really practical plan has been put forward by the those who would call themselves reformers. The Soviet worker feels sorry for the American labourer, whom he says is the tool of great industrial concerns. The American on the other hand, deploring the position of his Soviet brother, clutches more closely to his emblems of liberty, and so on.

The McGill Daily gave an interesting account of trouble which occurred in Montreal during the visit of the Spanish Delegation. For several days feeling ran high between two of the city's prominent universities. The incident is over now and new understandings have been reached by the two bodies, but the question which was the cause of the trouble has not been answered. Does "freedom of speech" include the expression of alien political opinions. This is a question which we would like to see discussed more fully.

We were pleased to note that the Daily reprinted an

The fire started in the basement of that part of the house occupied by Mr. Owen and quickly spread through the partition to the attic. Fortunately the fire was extinguished before it could do much damage. Smoke and water caused most of the loss.

The Faculty and most of the students assisted in removing all the furniture from both sections of the house. The Lennoxville Fire Brigade also rendered valuable assistance.

Dr. Vial was removed to Dr. Raymond's house, and he is now at the Principal's Lodge. His friends will be glad to learn that he does not seem to have suffered any ill effects from this catastrophe.

We of the "Mitre" extend our sympathy to all those who dwelt in the house, with the hope that they will soon be able to return there, none the worse for this experience.

E. S. Davis

article from the "Mitre," "The Private Life of a Streptococcus."

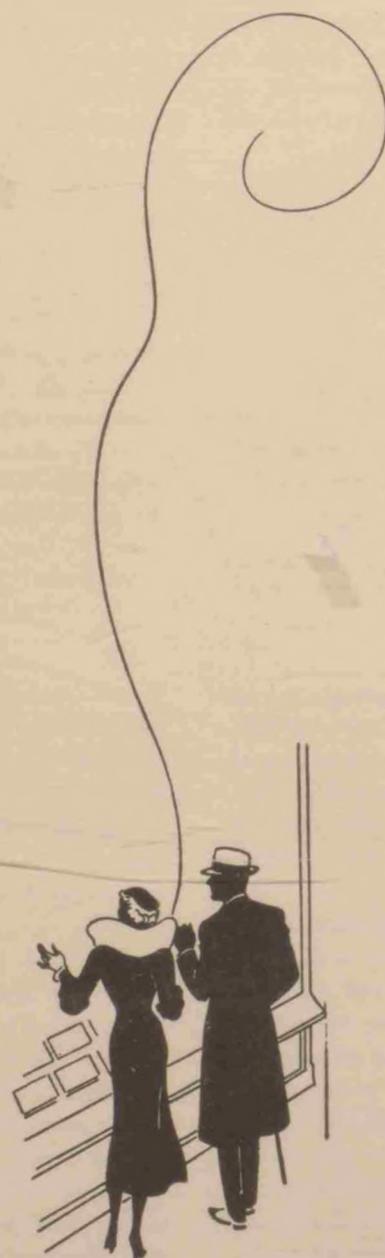
The Lantern, published by the students of Bedford Road Collegiate Institute is an interesting publication. "Two Talks with Myself" and "Rudyard Kipling" are of particular interest, but the whole magazine is well written and arranged in a suitably balanced order.

The "Gryphon," published by the University of Leeds is one of our best exchanges. "Le Croix de Feu," and an article on "Jews and Palestine" are most interesting. The latter deals with the Arab trouble which has been of particular interest during the past few years. Too often we are prone to lay the cause of trouble to the unruly nature of this desert people. The fact remains that this people believe that they are being wronged, and the least we can do is to study their side of the situation. The Arab sees the land which he won by the sword more than thirteen hundred years ago being given to outcasts of other lands. In the article in question several possible reasons for the trouble are suggested.

To those students of our own University who are interested in these important questions mentioned above, I would say you will find a wealth of material in the different exchanges. Read, and criticise, if need be; this is the purpose of the exchange system.

Before listing the exchanges we wish to take this opportunity of thanking our contemporaries and of extending to you our best wishes for a happy Christmas.

We have received, and enjoyed, the following exchanges: Canta (Canterbury College, Christchurch, N.Z.; weekly)



"What are you giving the men at the office?"
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The Bate Student (Bates College, Lewiston, Me.; weekly)
 The McGill Daily
 The Manitoban (University of Manitoba; twice weekly)
 Varsity (University of Toronto; daily)
 The Ubysey (University of British Columbia; twice weekly)
 L'Hebdo—Laval (Laval University; weekly)
 The Challenger (Vocational School, St. John, N.B.)
 The College Cord (Waterloo College, Ontario)
 Alma Mater (St. Jerome's College, Kitchener, Ont.)
 and the following are magazines:
 Tamesis (University of Reading, England)
 The Arrows (University of Sheffield, England)
 College Echoes (St. Andrew's University, Scotland; 2 issues)
 The Northerner (Armstrong College, Newcastle, Eng.)
 The King's College Record
 The Red and White (St. Dunstan's University, Charlottetown)
 The O.A.C. Review (O.A.C., Guelph, Ontario)
 The Gong (University College, Nottingham, Eng.)
 King's Hall Magazine (King's Hall, Compton)
 The Record (Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.)
 The College Times (Upper Canada College, Toronto)
 The Gryphon (University of Leeds, England)
 Chadonian (St. Chad's College, Regina)
 The Stonyhurst Magazine (Stonihurst School, Blackburn, England)
 Acta Ridleiana (Ridley College, St. Catharines, Ont.)

The Heliconian (Moulton College, Toronto)
 The Voyageurs (Pickering College, Newmarket, Ont.)
 The Albanian (St. Alban's School, Brockville)
 Westmount High School Annual
 The Howardian (Howard Gardens High School, Cardiff, Wales)
 Technique (Ecole Technical, Montreal; 2 issues)
 The Year Book of Kelvin Technical High School, Winnipeg
 The Magazine of Codrington College, Barbados, British West Indies; 2 issues
 Blue and White (Rothsay Collegiate, Rothsay, N.B.)
 The Diocesan Gazette (Diocesan College, Montreal)
 West Saxon (University College, Southampton, Eng.)
 MacDougall College Annual
 Hatfield Hall Magazine
 The Grobe Chronicle
 St. Andrew's College Review (St. Andrew's College, Aurora, Ont.)
 Lower Canada College Magazine
 St. Francois Xavier University Annual
 Lampadion (Delta Collegiate Institute Hamilton, Ont.)
 Lantern (Bedford Road Collegiate Institute, Saskatoon, Sask.)
 Argosy of Commerce (High School of Commerce, Ottawa, Ont.)
 Commissioners High School Year Book (Commissioners High School, Quebec, Que.)
 The Black and White Review (The Catholic High School of Montreal)

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Graduates

by James E. Purdy, B.A.

Once again cold winds and snow flurries bring our thoughts to winter. However, these thoughts are pleasant; we think of Christmas, and its merrie cheer; we think of New Year's celebrations; we think of moonlit-nights and skiing parties; of hockey; of winter carnivals; of the regions to the south of our latitude and dream of basking in the sun; yes, pleasant thoughts indeed! But, we seldom think of the Alumni section of the "Mitre," which has to maintain a certain standard; or of the Editor of the "Mitre" nagging the various department heads to "hurry up and get that in, we go to press Thursday." Not until the "Mitre" is a day or a week late do we begin to think about it, and then we remember that we were going to send in our bit of news, or our article, or our letter. But then it is too late for that issue, so we promptly stop thinking of it until the same procedure is repeated the next time. . . .

May I draw the attention of the readers to the note published with every issue: "The Mitre is published on the 10th of October, December, February, April and June . . ." That means that all contributions should be in at least three weeks prior to the date of publication. Please, readers, help us make the "Mitre" a magazine which you will be proud of! Give us news, letters, articles, anything; but send them in, *on time!*

I mentioned that in December our thoughts turn toward Christmas. May we, of the "Mitre," take this opportunity to send Season's Greetings to all Graduates and former students of the University of Bishop's College, and wish them all a very Merrie Christmas and a prosperous and happy New Year.

* * *

An interesting letter has been received from RUSSELL BROWN, B.A. '33, in which he describes some of the work which he is doing in the far West. He is with the Fellowship of the West, and at the date of this letter, was in the region of Fort St. John, B.C. He speaks of "Hudson Hope" as an old settlement, as far as age goes in this western country. A Northwest Company Fur Post was established there early in the nineteenth century—one of the results of the exploration work of Alexander Mackenzie and Simon Fraser—but the population there is still very small. "There are to-day at the Hope about seventy souls including the children; the main activity is what it was a hundred years ago—fur trapping and trading—the Hudson Bay Post re-

placing the Northwest Company Post. There are, of course, throughout this whole area a number of men, chiefly bachelors, who leave their homesteads and go off to their trap-lines in the autumn; but at the Hope there are no homesteaders, so the majority of men there divide their time between their trap-lines and gold-washing on the river. The trap-lines are often a hundred to a hundred and fifty miles long; the trappers have little log cabins every eight or ten miles on their territory—these constitute their lines. The cabins are stocked with rations in the early autumn and the traps are set between cabins; and all winter long the trappers plod in the deep snow from cabin to cabin examining the traps as they go, and trying to secure their catches before the traps have been robbed by the wolves and the grizzlies—though more often the latter attack unoccupied cabins, hoping to secure some of the stores. Marten, fisher, and fox are the furs most eagerly sought after, and beaver in the spring, but usually a fair number of coyote, wolf, and some lynx skins are brought in. The chief revenue of the people at the Hope comes from these trap-lines. Gold-washing is not always profitable because of the cost of gasoline (60c a gal.) which is required to operate the little washing outfits, though some have made fairly good money prospecting; in any case there is very little other summer activity for the men.

"The women at the Hope have rather a lonely time because of the absence of the men for so long, either on the trap-lines or on the river; but the summer is a busy time for them, for they all have gardens, and very good ones, too, and a great deal of their time is spent picking and preserving berries for the winter. Wild berries grow in great profusion—saskatoons, cranberries, blueberries, strawberries, and raspberries—and these, with the vegetables, have to be canned during the summer for use during the winter at home and on the trap-lines. As one woman said to me, 'We spend all our summers getting ready for the winter.' That presents a vivid picture of the lives of the various people with whom Russell is in contact. Now a note about his private existence: "I have been carrying on now for two months, and I am feeling quite settled and happy in the work. As you know, I haven't a car, but the church owns two good horses, and I am now quite used to riding or driving on my rounds." May we add our greetings and best wishes to Russell in his work.

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GERALD CAMERON, B.A. '34, writes to the University telling of a mistake in an article which was published in the last "Mitre." He notes that he wishes this corrected in the Alumni column. He is a director of dramatics at Riverside Church, New York. He has a class of 125 students from 14 to 18 years, and has written and produced a dramatic narrative, "Now Thank We All Our God," for the Thanksgiving service at Riverside Church on the 29th of November. Gerald is also continuing his studies with the New York Troupe, 45 East 25th Street, New York.

It is reported that D. F. MASSON, Class of '33, who is at the University of Alberta, was the captain of the football team there this past season. Still playing the noble game, eh, Don? Did the field echo with the cry, "Look out for the Horse?"

K. D. ROSS, B.A. '34, is now enrolled in the Princeton University, where he is pursuing his studies for the Presbyterian ministry.

J. LEE HEATH, B.A. '35, M.A. '36, is at the present teaching in the Boys' High at Quebec.

The Rev. J. G. HOLMES, L.S.T. '25, has been appointed Rector of St. Saviour's Pro-Cathedral at Nelson, B.C., in succession to the Ven. Archdeacon Graham.

Again we find that the philosophy of Empedocles (love bringing things together), still supplies us with news. Dr. E. M. BLAKE, B.A. '29, and Miss Edra Rice of London, Ontario, were united in marriage on the 23rd of May, 1936. Dr. and Mrs. Blake are now living in Vancouver, where he has a senior position on the medical staff of the Vancouver General Hospital.

Dr. G. B. LOOMIS, B.A. '28, M.A. '29, whom we mentioned in last issue, was married in December, 1935, to Miss Mary Carvell, B.C.L., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. W.

Carvell of Amherst, N.S. Dr. and Mrs. Loomis are residing in Sherbrooke, where he has his practice.

Rev. JAMES BARNETT, L.S.T. '29, was married to Miss Elizabeth Hay Stephens on the 27th of June, 1936, at the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, Quebec, where he is the Curate. Mr. and Mrs. Barnett went to England for their honeymoon.

We are pleased to congratulate Rev. C. E. and Mrs. Ward on an addition to their family in August. CECIL WARD, L.S.T. '31, is Rector of Valcartier, Quebec.

We are pleased to announce that J. D. JEFFERIES, B.A. '27, M.A., PH.D., will be married to Miss Elizabeth Spooner of Toronto on December 28th in that city. Dr. Jefferies is now Vice-principal and teacher of Classics at Crescent School in Toronto, and will continue to reside there.

Rev. DOUGLAS CHRISTIE, Class of '35, was ordained priest by Bishop Lyons, Bishop of Ontario, for the Archbishop of Ottawa in St. George's Church, Ottawa, June 29, 1936. "Doug" is now stationed at Franktown, Ont.

Rev. CROMPTON SOWERBUTTS, who came to Bishop's for a while back in '03-'06, is to be in charge of St. Barnabas' Mission, Dunsmuir; and St. John's Mission, McCloud. Mr. Sowerbutts has been the General Missionary in the Diocese of Louisiana since 1928. He now lives in Dunsmuir, California.

ALAN SCOTT, B.A. '36, who is studying Medicine at McGill, was a recent visitor at the University.

The Rev. R. H. WATERMAN, B.A. '14, L.S.T. '20, B.D., rector of Smith's Falls, Ontario, was conducting a Mission of Evangelism in Trinity Cathedral, Quebec, the latter part of November. He is being assisted with this work by the Rev. A. S. LEMOIGNAN, L.S.T. '28, of New Carlisle, Quebec. Smith's Falls seems to be adequately under the supervision of Lennoxville men, as Mr. Waterman's assistant priest is Rev. R. ERIC OSBORNE, B.A. '34, whose con-

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nection with the "Mitre" was a very close one. Eric has won himself quite a place in the hearts of the boys of the town by his interest in Scouting, which no doubt is some of the "fruit" from "seed sown" here. He is stepping high at the moment over his recent attainment to the status of uncle. Rev. A. S. LEMOIGNAN, L.S.T. '28, has completed an addition to his church in New Carlisle. Under his supervision a chapel was built this summer.

This may be somewhat belated news, but the prominence of Bishop's graduates at the very successful Summer Conference held for the Diocese of Ottawa at Norway Bay in July was very noticeable. The Dean was Rev. R. H. WATERMAN, B.D., while the staff of officers and lecturers included Rev. H. H. BEDFORD-JONES, who was a former principal of Bishop's, Rev. Prof. ELTON SCOTT, B.A. '15, M.A., Rev. A. E. L. CAULFIELD, B.A. '27, L.S.T. '29, Rev. W. W. DAVIS, B.A. '31, B.D., Rev. W. R. CRUMMER, B.A. '33. Among the graduates who were enrolled at this conference we find Rev. HOWARD SADLER, B.A., L.S.T. '23, Rev. J. S. K. TYRELL, L.S.T. '28, Rev. H. C. VAUGHAN, B.A. '29, L.S.T. '31, Rev. R. J. H. TURLEY, B.A. '33, Rev.

R. E. OSBORNE, B.A. '34, Rev. C. C. PHILLIPS, B.A. '12, L.S.T. '14, Rev. LINLEY MACMORINE, L.S.T. '32, Rev. FRASER WEEGAR, B.A. '24, L.S.T. '26, Mr. HOWARD B. MILLER, B.A. '36. This next part is a direct quotation from the report: "The boys declared that it was just like college days except that there were a number of Trinity grads around as well. The enrollment at the conference was over 270, which compares favourably with any Anglican summer conference ever held in the Canadian Church."

The Rev. A. E. CAUFIELD, B.A. '27, L.S.T. '29, priest-in-charge of St. Margaret's Church, Eastview, continues his active association with the A.Y.P.A. He was camp leader again this summer at the Ontario Provincial Camp at Whitehouse, and has just completed a very happy year as chaplain to the Ontario Provincial Council.

H. M. PORRITT, B.A., M.A. '32, continues his active association with the Ottawa Drama League. He recently appeared in an important role in the production of G. Bernard Shaw's St. Joan, which (strange coincidence) was held in the Little Theatre, Ottawa (also U.B.C.). Mr. Porritt is still on the staff of Ashbury College, Ottawa.

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The following rather amusing extracts have been culled from a contemporary Ontario weekly paper.

Rear End Collision on Highway Tuesday Evening

Mr. — of — received injuries to his face and nose on Tuesday evening when the car he was driving from — crashed into a parked car on the highway. . .

Mr. —'s car struck them on the rear left side and Mr. — received injuries to his nose.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. — entertained the neighbours on Thursday evening to a husking bee. After the corn was husked Mr. — and Lizzie served refreshments.

* * *

Last week Coach — had a bunch of boys who are eligible for junior hockey up at the rink and put them through a period of calisthenics guaranteed to reduce the waistline and put wind into the lungs that will carry them up and down the ice without turning a hair. At present the big hole in the season's team appears to be between the goal-posts, as —, goal-keeper for the past three years is now over age.

* * *

Then in connection with a reply to a correspondent concerning the danger of using an electric heating pad we found this gem: "The argument you offer that you have not had any trouble for the past few months does not excuse anything, because it is an explanation that does not guarantee the future. *Many persons are dying this year that did not die before.* Do not use the electric heating pad while asleep in bed."



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