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The  
**Mitre**  
 VOL. 44 NO. 4  
 APRIL  
 1937

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# THE MITRE

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for opinions expressed by contributors.*

Well! . . . here we are again . . . back at Bishop's and on the last lap of another big year. 'Tis true that examinations are not far off, but let us not worry about them yet, but rather think of the good times we enjoyed last term and the many more we are going to have before June.

Just what did happen last term? . . . Immediately our minds turn to hockey. We remember how well our team played its first game and how we all looked forward to a successful season. Somehow or other things did not turn out as we expected, and, in fact, we were all disappointed. But cheer up—another year is coming and without promise. There are rumours being spread about that Bishop's is going to have a winning team to put on the ice. This year's efforts have not been in vain and next year is going to prove just that.

And so much for hockey—at least for boys' hockey. But what about the girls? Oh, yes! of course, the girls—we are all interested in the girls, or at any rate, we should be. The girls' team showed up our boys' team rather badly this year (let us not mention the Divines!). Although McGill was successful in winning a game on our own ice, the co-eds played a return match in Montreal which told a different story. They did not exactly win, but they came close to doing so with a tied score of one each (Bishop's scoring both goals—not bad eh?). So here's hoping the girls keep up the good work!

In speaking of sports it would not do to overlook skiing and badminton. Some of the boys have been successful in the ski meets which were held at North Hatley. As far

as badminton is concerned, the marked interest shown during the past season has by far exceeded that of previous years. In fact, badminton has always been considered as one of our minor sports, and of late years, a very minor one indeed. This year a revival has taken place and we look for big things in the future.

The News and Notes Column seems to have covered the subject of debating fairly well but we might just mention a word in passing. We were all disappointed when we did not win the radio debate, but all those who heard it seemed well pleased with our Bishop's team.

And now having looked at a few of last term's highlights (or did we forget the rivetting on the new bridge?), let us see what lies in store for us in the near future.

There is the Coronation of course—our first thought, but perhaps even that does not interest us as much as the production of the Admirable Crichton. This play is to be presented on the 26th, 27th, 28th of this month. Much time has been robbed from study in order that practices may continue. We all feel confident that the Dramatic Society is doing its best and that it has a really good performance in store for us.

But what other highlights are there to consider? Of course, there are always the eternal questions as to when the storm-windows will be taken off, and how long the June bugs will bother us, and when the tennis courts will be ready for use. But what else is there—oh, yes, of course—How about the road race? Surely somebody is interested this year. For the past while nothing seems to have been done about it. Let us talk the matter up, and get people interested once again.

And so we might go on talking about this and that. Perhaps discussing the probability about this and the reason for something else. But now let us stop and ask one question, just one—but the old eternal question which we should not need to mention. It is this: "How about an article for the next issue of the "Mitre?" We realize that there are plenty of excuses for not writing one, but why not forget them all and help to make the last issue of our magazine the best of the year? We certainly appreciate all cooperation which has been shown thus far, but we ask for it just—once again.

As concerns this issue, we are pleased to draw to your attention the somewhat different but yet excellent article which has been written by our new Dean of Divinity, the Rev. Basil Jones. We are not advising any of you students to drop your Latin or German in order that you may study the Welsh language, but are merely asking to cast a glance at this interesting article.

And so with these thoughts, we of the "Mitre" wish you all a successful term—the best of the year. And again don't let examinations worry you—gray hairs will come soon enough.

W. J. R.

## The Welsh Language

THE other day, speaking at a dinner in Montreal, I ventured the assertion that, after classical Greek, Welsh is amongst the most grammatically interesting and the most poetically effective of languages. And, though I was speaking to a company of Welshmen, who on the evening of St. David's Day, with the strains of *Hen Wlad fy Nbadau* echoing in their ears, were capable of swallowing much solider fare than this, I attempted to choose the words with some restraint and accuracy. It may be of some interest to some readers of a magazine which, apparently, regards nothing human as beyond its province to glance at a few remarks on a language which is today as vigorous as ever in its long history, and yet by some fatality is subject to more unintelligent criticism and misrepresentation from without than perhaps any other. One may be pardoned for thinking that for many people Welsh is not a language but a joke.

To say that a language is grammatically interesting is by no means the same as to say that it is easy to acquire and use, but rather the contrary. The general tendency of all language is towards simplification, the disappearance of inflection, the substitution of analytic modes of statement helped out with auxiliary verbs for more closely knit and richly significant synthetic forms, and the throwing overboard of distinctions, such as those of gender and mood or that between the dual and the plural numbers, which once were significant but now appear outworn and merely obstructive. The subjunctive has almost entirely vanished from current correct English, and even the distinction between the nominative and objective cases is fast disappearing. That, as many even educated people would say today, is perfectly clear to "you and I," and though we may writhe, nothing that you or I can do in the interests of grammatical purity is likely to be of much avail. But increase of ease means frequent loss of subtlety and a general flattening out of modes of expression. The older a language is—in a sense the more primitive it is—the more traces there are of what is sometimes termed grammatical lumber, but which really contributes in no small degree to concentration of meaning and picturesqueness of statement, to say nothing of historical interest. It may well be claimed, I think, that Welsh is rich in linguistic phenomena of this type.

Among them none is more striking than the set of changes covered by the term "initial mutation." Speakers of every language, including English, are well acquainted with the indication of relationships by means of inflectional changes, sometimes suffixed—walk, walking, walked, walker; sometimes affecting the root vowel—sing, sang, sung,

by  
Dean G. B. Jones

song. What is characteristic of Welsh, in addition to these familiar changes, is the alteration of initial consonants for a like purpose—for example, to take the radical *Tad*=father, my father=*fy Nhad*, his father=*ei Dad*, her father=*ei Thad*. Similarly, the radical *Ci*=dog, undergoes mutations into *Gi*, *Ngbi*, and *Cbi*; and the radical *Pen*=head, into *Ben*, *Mben*, and *Pben*. There are nine mutable consonants, and three types of mutation—soft, nasal, and aspirate; of which the soft affects all nine consonants, the nasal six of the nine, and the aspirate only the three foundation mutes C, T, P. The combinations which result are undoubtedly sometime rather terrifying to the unpractised eye, e.g., while *Caernarfon*=Carnarvon is readily intelligible, when one wishes to say "in Carnarvon" the Welsh becomes *yng Nghaernarfon*. Moreover, there are lexical difficulties, due to the fact that words in dictionaries are, of course, listed under their radical forms, and so, when one comes across an unfamiliar word in its grammatical context, one may look for the word quite unavailingly in a dictionary through not having realised that, in that context, it has undergone one of the mutations, and has therefore to be translated back into its radical form before one knows exactly what one has to look up. But, as against this, it should be emphasized that these changes are a fixed system, and proceed according to invariable rules; and in the jungle of language it is no small thing to be provided with rules which are not perpetually letting one down because one has not mastered the exceptions, or manifold sets of exceptions, in which they do not apply. At any rate, just as an Englishman's mastery of his native tongue can still in a large measure be determined by his nice discrimination, and judicious use, of the various shades of meaning covered by "shall" and "will," so, and even more obviously, skill in Welsh can be measured by the degree of ease and accuracy in the employment of the necessary mutations.

This, with others like it, is no doubt a real difficulty in the language. The supposed difficulty of Welsh pronunciation, once one or two troublesome sounds have been mastered, is, I think, more apparent than real. A friend said to me the other day, "It strikes me that Welsh is extraordinarily prodigal in its use of the alphabet, and it has always surprised me that Welshmen are content to spell Wales with one 'l.'" The obvious retort courteous was, of course, that Welshmen do not spell Wales at all; but his meaning was clear enough. The intimidating character of Welsh script is partly due to the fact that the letters w and y are not consonants. Nor are they, indeed, in English, though that fact is not usually appreciated owing to the almost entire absence in English of words containing only w or y as

vowels. But "why," say, is quite clearly "oohy" pronounced quickly (the w being as its very name indicates double-u), just as clearly as Welsh "hwy" is "hooy."

But, more importantly, the supposed difficulty is due to the fact that Welsh is a consistently phonetic language, and that there are more sounds to be expressed than there are single letters to symbolise them. English is in this respect infinitely unreliable, as foreigners are perpetually discovering to their confusion. Many symbols can indicate the same sound, and one symbol often does duty for a whole range of different sounds, as witness the termination 'ough' in cough, dough, enough, through, sough, and other words. If you are to be perfectly consistent with an alphabet of only 26 letters at your disposal, you have either to curtail the number of sounds to be expressed, or you have to use definite combinations of letters to express the additional sounds. English, of course, does neither: with complete insouciance it lets a sound get written as it likes, and in as many ways as it likes. The virtues of the wonderful English tongue, like the virtues of the wonderful English character, have to be sought elsewhere than in consistency. But Welsh prefers to extend its alphabet by double or even on occasion triple letters. This gives the appearance of a forest of consonants with shy little vowels hiding here and there among the trees. But the difficulty is more in the script than in what the script consistently represents. To take one of the simplest of instances, "th" in English represents two related, but nevertheless distinct, sounds—the sounds contained in "this" and "thin," let us say. Welsh prefers to indicate this difference of sound by different double letters, maintaining "th" for the hard sound in "thin," and changing the soft "th" of "this" into "dd."

The Welsh "ll" sound is, however, if not peculiar to Welsh—for Spanish, I believe, has an almost identical one—admittedly difficult for a tongue not taught to curl in the right way in childhood. It is related that, in the 18th century, when conscienceless Prime Ministers inflicted monoglot English bishops on Welsh dioceses, one prelate rather more conscientious than his brethren thought that he ought to make some effort to speak to his flock in a language they could understand. He made good progress until he ran up against the "ll" sound. In despair he appealed to his Welsh valet, "How in Hades (or the episcopal equivalent) am I to pronounce this appalling double 'l'?" "It's quite easy, my Lorrdd, you have only to put your Lorrddship's tongue to the top of your Lorrddship's mouth and hiss like a gander." As a matter of fact the valet was not quite right—you have to put the tongue, not to the top, but to the side of the mouth, and let the breath stream round it. It does not

seem to matter which side—some Welshmen pronounce "ll" with their tongue to the left, others to the right; but it is perhaps as well to make the choice before the age of two.

Poetical effectiveness is not capable of demonstration from without. It is the spirit of a language, in which actual words, and still more their significant combinations, are charged with all manner of associations, tones and overtones of sensibility and imagination, which have been wrought into their very structure. The only result of attempted analysis is the evaporation of the essence one is trying to isolate. The spirit can only be felt—and felt from within. All one can do is to assert, quite dogmatically, that Welsh is rich in highly expressive and emotionally charged poetic material, a copious, flexible, and musical vocabulary, which the genius of the language allows to be moulded into metres and rhythms of extraordinary complexity and subtlety—and beauty. Assonance, alliteration, rhyme, and metre have, moreover, cooperated to produce a system of verse types which, as regards its formal elements, is, in the strictest sense of the word, unique in the literatures of the world. In the system known as "The Twenty-four Measures of Poetry," in which the bulk of Welsh verse between the 14th and 18th centuries was written, the mechanics of prosody have reached the highest pitch of development known to language; and, though it might be thought that the severity of this formal control would act to the detriment of full poetic expression, actually a large proportion of the results of this discipline are triumphs of conciseness and brilliance, rivalling the finest Greek epigrams.

One such form is the "englyn"—a four-line stanza in which the first line *must* have 10 syllables (neither more nor less), the second 6, and the third and fourth 7 each; in which the accentuation *must* be after an iron pattern; and in which, in addition, certain elaborated requirements of assonance and rhyme *must* be fulfilled. As a tailpiece to this article, I give one example—the truth of whose sentiment will, I imagine, be readily appreciated, even though the concentrated effectiveness of the original be incommunicable:

### Y Gwely (the Bed)

Nid hawdd yw myned iddo-ar nos ocr;  
Er cael cryn swm arno;  
Wir, mae hi'n dasg drom: ond O!  
Hanes y dod ohono!

(It's not easy to get into - on a cold night—though one sets great store by it—indeed, it's a heavy task: but O!—what a tale the getting out of it!)

## The Financial Appeal on Behalf of the University

In the month of February an appeal was made to the graduates and former students of the University, and to the people of the Province generally, for \$300,000 for the Endowment Fund of the University.

During the previous three months an organization was created with the headquarters in Montreal. Committees were formed in Montreal, Quebec, the Eastern Townships and Ottawa. Lists of names were compiled, and pamphlets containing information about the University were mailed to prospective contributors. The response to the appeal was generous. The total amount subscribed was \$347,466. Approximately \$150,000 was contributed in cash. The balance will be paid in four annual instalments.

Few appeals have had a more distinguished patronage, or received the support of a more representative body of citizens of this Province than the University's appeal. A complete record of all who were identified with it, and of all who subscribed to the fund, was published in the principal daily papers of the Province, and is now on file at the University.

Heartily congratulations are due to the Chancellor of the University, to the President, the Vice-President, and all the members of the Governing Body, on the remarkable success which has been achieved. To all who have the privilege of claiming Bishop's as their Alma Mater, the achievement must ever remain a source of deep gratification.

A. H. M.

## Impressions of A Man About College

Good manners and tradition are fine things but they sometimes annoy us with the result that the behaviour in Chapel and in Hall is often undignified and unworthy of intelligent men. It is especially deplorable that men going to Chapel who are indifferent to religion should disturb the worship of those to whom it is a vital matter.

We have a fine tradition of wearing gowns. Such a tradition may, however, be a nuisance even if student bodies of other universities wish they too possessed the same privilege. If men wear gowns over sweaters or sporting clothes, surely the spirit of the law which insists on academic dress is being broken. Far better, it would seem, to discard the gown when it is not possible to wear appropriate garb beneath it. The King's uniform and the cassock, on the other hand, seem really to be in keeping with the dignity of the gown. Peculiarly enough, we find our officers and our divines entering Hall "academically naked."

Really unhealthy is that slothful habit which leads men to walk about the buildings, or outside for that matter, in slippers with scarves tied about their necks in order, it appears, to save the labour involved in tying shoe-laces and ties. The wearing of dark shirts, such as worn by labourers, and the wearing of rags for gowns are similar manifestations of a certain carelessness in dress and behaviour. This sort of thing may well be pardoned on occasion but it is all too general to be treated lightly. The disorder of our outward appearance may well spread into our inner selves with sad results. Our isolation far from a large city may be considered the cause of our carelessness. It is time for us to

apply a little self-discipline and get ourselves dressed, even if we have not a wife or mother by our side to prompt us.

There are not many things more unpleasant to behold than a man in a ragged gown draped over a windbreaker with a bright scarf tied about his throat while he shuffles along in slippers which have been dragged through the mud or snow as the case may be. We would not appreciate sartorial splendour but we would like less sloth.

Now all these faults of ours, the talk in Chapel, the occasional uproar in Hall and our sloppy dress might be easily remedied if we were in boarding-school. The masters would tell us what to wear and when to speak and so forth. We would be disciplined. Such a procedure is, of course, quite impossible in a university. The fact of the matter is that we are no longer in boarding-school. We are men. We have reached the age of discretion even if it is hard to believe sometimes. We have to govern ourselves as we would outside the shelter of the college. The only way to uphold the proprieties is to develop an enlightened public opinion which would deal with breaches of manners and tradition rather leave them to the arbitrary methods of a school-master. The application of pressure from above only tends to aggravate an unpleasant situation. Even if noise and uproar is in bad taste at times it must be tolerated as a generally harmless way of "letting off steam." This is not a school but a university.

Let us have a public opinion which will insist upon good manners and tradition but let us beware of discipline. A university, to exist, must breathe the pure air of freedom even if that freedom is abused.

## Sudden Death

by  
G. Murray

"Do you ever think as the days roll by  
That someday soon you are going to die."

Although these two lines sound very much like John Donne or Henry Vaughan, they are not taken from any seventeenth century lyric. On the contrary I believe they originated in a twentieth century ballad that goes on to explain how the worms crawl in and out, or something to do with the decomposition of a corpse. Nevertheless these two lines serve as an admirable introduction to this article on death, especially sudden death. I don't pretend to be the first person that has chosen this subject. I understand that de Quincey wrote a short sketch on the same idea, and that an article in the *Literary Digest* discussed the subject with great delicacy. Although I am not a dope fiend (not yet anyway) allow me to exhibit my impression of sudden death by the following examples.

On Sunday Miss Black was standing in front of a shop window admiring a very expensive fur coat. It was a good day for window-shopping and the lady was enjoying herself immensely. She might have heard the screech of brakes; she might have seen the reflection of the approaching car; she might have jumped aside and saved herself—but Death jumped first. The car smashed upon the curb, and drove Miss Black through the plate window, cutting off her head.

On Monday morning Mr. Jones was seated in the last car of the business-man's special train, which was stopped on a trestle bridge in the city of London. He was reading the *London Times* very intently and consequently he didn't notice the blast from a whistle behind the car. There was a mighty crash and later Mr. Jones' brains were found on page five of the *London Times*. Apparently a broken signal caused the *London Express* to crash into the stationary local train.

Tuesday evening around dusk Madame Bucheron was returning to her home in Sous-le-Pont via the Victoria Bridge. Thanks to the obstinacy of the provincial government her cart was not equipped with a lamp. The good Madame, well bundled up with innumerable blankets, was sitting on the high seat and patiently waiting for her horse to get a move on. She was so bundled up that she didn't hear the automobile, which came up behind the cart, smashed into it, and flung the woman over the railing into



the St. Lawrence, fifty feet below. Madame Bucheron came up for air a few miles down the river, but her long voyage underwater had somewhat altered her appearance.

On Wednesday afternoon Johnnie was sitting in school in Texas. He was reading *Treasure Island*. There was a mighty explosion and the school caved in. Later the firemen found the book, but all that was left of Johnnie was his finger prints on page ten, and his name on the cover.

Around midnight on Thursday Monsieur Leblanc was returning from an election rally near Louisville. He was riding on a truck with about thirty other prospective voters. As they were about to cross the Canadian Pacific tracks they heard a great screaming of brakes, and for a moment they glimpsed the blinding flash of a headlight. The next instant the remains of the truck were thrown fifty yards along the track. The rescuers gathered together a number of smouldering piles of rags. One of those burning bundles had been Monsieur Leblanc — one vote that wouldn't be counted.

On Friday evening Pat and Mike were tearing along Taschereau Boulevard on their motorcycle. As they dashed by a roadhouse, they both turned their heads to look at a wrestling match. Neither ever turned his head back or any other way, because the next moment the motorcycle struck the back-end of a truck, which was protruding into the highway. Pat was killed instantly, and Mike died a few minutes later in the ambulance.

Here is what I consider the prize example. On Saturday afternoon about four o'clock, Jake and his sons were sawing wood in Verdun. For no reason at all the great flywheel broke into four pieces and went whirling in all directions. A quarter of a mile away Mr. Brown was sitting in his house reading the *Star*. He might have heard the crash on the roof, but he didn't get up to see what was the matter for the simple reason that his skull was crashed by a fifty-pound piece of flywheel.

I didn't intend to prove anything by this article, but since I used so many striking examples I might as well point

out that the chances for sudden death are about nine to one against us. I am not an alarmist at heart but I would advise my readers to be careful. With these thoughts off my mind I shall return to my bed in the hopes that I have pleasant

## Canada's Foreign Policy

CANADA as yet does not seem to have a definite foreign policy, but with the other members of the British Empire follows the lead of Great Britain, insofar as this is compatible with her national interests. It is only seventy years since Confederation, but a number of changes have taken place in Canada's status as a member of the Empire, the latest one, the Statute of Westminster, 1931, giving her complete political independence while maintaining her allegiance to the Crown. At the same time for over one hundred years her relations with the United States of America have been peaceful, and much Canadian development has been due to the impetus supplied by Americans, while their Monroe Doctrine is supposed to guarantee the Americas against foreign intervention, which implies that Canada would also be protected. Besides these relationships Canada has now to play her part in the League of Nations, in which organization lie the hopes of peace-lovers all over the world. Great Britain's foreign policy favours the League's policy, and one cannot at this time visualize the adoption of any other line, but Canada should always uphold the League principles, even to the extent of disagreeing with other members of the Empire.

There are many other matters which affect Canada's foreign policy but the chief of these is trade. Trade is of immense importance to Canada, in fact, Canadian export trade is more essential for Canadian welfare than American export trade is for American welfare. Although manufacturing and industry are of growing importance, farming is still the backbone of our economic life; for instance, Canada is the chief wheat exporting nation in the world, and the sale of this one commodity vitally affects our whole economic fabric for good or evil. The federal government legally has charge of all matters relating to trade and commerce, but the provinces practically control their respective economic interests, with the result that it is almost impossible to satisfy them all when formulating a trade policy with other nations. Such agreements as the Ottawa Trade Pacts, the recent trade agreement with the U.S.A., and our participation in the quota system for wheat sales pleased some and disappointed others, making it difficult to tell whether any redivision of political powers would make the

dreams.

(These words were written by Mr. Murray in one of his lighter moods between the hours of two and three on Monday morning, April 6, 1937.)

by R. Turpin

formulation of a trade policy any easier; nevertheless it does seem that federal and provincial governments could cooperate more and try to formulate trade policies which would benefit Canada as a whole.

A consideration of trade leads naturally to the question of defence, which is of such great importance today with so much disquietude in the international sphere. Trade is Britain's chief reason for strengthening the defences of the Empire, and if Canada's export trade is of such great importance, she will have to play her part in bolstering these defences. Her forces are negligible, and it is only fair that she should increase them or help to pay for Britain's, for even if the U. S. A. are ready to protect this continent, Canada will have to pay her share whenever her interests are concerned. Then there is the League of Nations of which we are a member and must therefore support in all actions approved by the Assembly and the Council, if we wish to preserve world peace. It is only through education that Canadians will realize what collective security means, both for themselves and for the whole world.

Then in Canada there is the problem of having a nation made up of different races, which still cling to their respective traits and have not yet developed sufficiently to have common interests in a united Canada, as the different races of Britain to-day make up a united Britain. In time it is to be hoped that all the inhabitants of Canada will have developed a common outlook in their relations with the people of other lands, yet it must not be forgotten that Canada is a young country, which has a long way to go culturally and materially, and for the present she does well to follow, not blindly but wisely, the more experienced nations, which honestly seem to be trying to make peace with prosperity take the place of war with depression.

This view of Canadian foreign policy is both crude and brief, but as such a policy appears to be in an embryonic state of development it is difficult to form a compact view of it from a purely Canadian point of view. Nevertheless the present trend of affairs suggests that Canada has a great future in world affairs through her trade, her partnership in the British Empire, her geographical position, and her place in the League of Nations.

## Our Northern Towns

In the issue of two months past, I wrote a commentary on the north country, and the mining districts of Quebec and Ontario. The Noranda boys question that the remarks were justified: the description dealt hardly with their civic pride. But their towns are not lovely; and while I credit the high endeavour that makes people live there at all, I feel there was no intent to make them beautiful, and I describe them as they appeared to me.

G. D.

North Bay is quintuplet conscious. There is no escape from it. The people stop you on the street, and they buttonhole you in telephone booths, and they talk of them (of the quints, that is), and they are proud that persons have come from Florida to see them. And you hear the women. Oh, Golly do you hear them:

"Upsy, tupsy, little apple dumplings. O! Aren't they swee-yeat!" And the men who brought them can only squirm, and they grind their teeth and look ashamed. One of them did speak up, once: "For goodness sake, Edna, do be quiet." I never learned what happened to him. There was a woman carrying it on when I arrived, and I must have cocked an eyebrow, or something, for she asked me whether I had seen them, and whether I did not think them the dearest little dears.

"Lady, a woman asked me once what I thought of her little boy. I told her the brat was a month old, and that it looked like two stewed prunes in a rice pudding.

But woman, think of it: five of them, and all on one shelf—it would look like a blooming cafeteria."

I went away and hid, and a husband got the withering. But he looked happy just the same.

Ten miles from Noranda the truck was ditched, and we had to stay the night. Chum was drinking white Scotch and he offered me a pint of it. I tried a bit, and I'd prefer wire barbs, and a yard of horseshoe nails. We slept in his truck on a tent, and my feet were cold. I took my boots off, and I stuck my feet in the suit case, and wrapped them in my pyjamas in the bottom of it. This was very good, and I slept.

But I left Kirkland in a fog, and I went to Swastika, and North, and across to Timmins. And ever as I went there were the miles and lanes of telephone wires, and the great pylons of the power line striding rampant over the land, and stepping into the world and the sky. And the towers are ninety feet clear from the base, and butted into cement solid as a rock, and each column is big as a house. They cost a lot of money.

The stately homes of Timmins don't line the broad



avenues. There are no broad avenues. Nor do they stand like gentlemen at ease, who dispose themselves naturally while conversing. There are no gentlemen: anyway, the houses are all in a line, and they are ugly. They are soot and dark outside and dirty grey inside, and they smell like a dark-brown board in the cupboard under the sink. They are disgustingly uninspired in design, and the result is repellent. They enjoy the promiscuous propinquity of prunes in a stew, and they are too weary and downtrodden to resent it or to care. The houses of Timmins, they huddle and they grobble; and in cold weather they would not even shudder: they haven't the spirit. On a fine day they are so inspiring they remind you of a dirty boiled cloth. But they don't cost much.

Cochrane is a dump. Even at night I could tell that. The place is a barn, and it is built like a warehouse, and it is all a flat tin colour. The tone of it is neutral, in a cold industrial light, like the glitter on grey ice in the dawn. What of it is not flat colour, is flat naked brick: and so expressionless and new it is in its toneless good paint, and so uninteresting and cold it is in its still-born cold rectangles that on a mild day you can hear the dismal wind shivering at the corners in the brick. There is an extreme newness, as if it had been prepared to be lived in by some one of no taste, and then no one had ever come, nor ever would. It had an air like the taste of wet plaster. I got a room at 35c the night, and I shivered into bed and slept very well indeed. And so I woke up in Cochrane.

Cochrane is dying, and so is Porquis Junction. So are Macamic and Taschereau, and Swastika and Timagami and all the rest of them. They are lumber towns, and their day is past. The money is gone, and the people are going. In the beginning there was timber here, and so companies were founded, and they came and cut it all. They brought their engines, and burnt slabs in fuel; and they cut wood to make the town, which also used wood as fuel, and so they were self-contained. They imported food, and shipped out the wood, and sold it and kept the profits. They were not farming the land. They were mining it. But after a time



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there was no more wood, so they had nothing to get food with, and they all went away. And the dogs and the tramps live here in the houses that they have not burned for sport, and the rusted bellies of steam engines stick out of the crazy charred posts like the petrified insides of some long-dead giant.

At any rate Cochrane was dying, and I was glad to leave it. I left for Kapuskasing at nine o'clock, and I had no luck at all. So I marched along in the sun, and I sang, and I composed foolish rhymes, like this one:

If I had oodles of Oof. Tra, la;  
Would I buy poodles? O Pouf! Tra la.  
Why sure I'd buy poodles  
Because I'd have oodles,  
O! Simply oo-oo-oo-dles of Oof! Tra, la.

A tobacco-picker drove South with me, and we learned about rooming houses on the way. There is always the railroad station, but you feel an intruder and a lawbreaker, even if they don't mind; so, usually we try the regular places. If they are run by a Swede or a Finn, they are clean; and if they are run by a Pole, they are dirty. The French ones are crawling with bugs, and the Chinese ones have bugs, and skin disease too. I exaggerate here, and I'm generalizing always, but I sketch a trend very fairly.

We tried one place with foul plaster walls, and a dirty grey smell, and he showed us to the upstairs boiler-room of

a second-hand laundry. There were some beds and no boiler, and two of the beds had one space each. I had my choice of sleeping with a drunken Swede who snored like a sink, or of sleeping with a Chinaman. I tried to bear no prejudice, but he was drunk and he was sick and he was green. He had no collar on, and that made it easy for him, because he was sick all over down inside his shirt, and he turned over and went on sleeping on it.

"Yes, mister. Good beds; look, springs. Only 15c.

I noticed a pair of boots sticking from under the bed. Just what were they, I inquired.

"But, no: the mister was a gentleman. He would not want that. Those men sleep under the bed. This is only ten cents." But we got a place later at 25c apiece, and we slept very well indeed.

I was in Cobalt in October, and there were two feet of snow in the fields. The oats were not cut, and some of the hay was not in, and the streams were over the road, and the gullies were all canals, and it was freezing-in for the year. We drove South now, and we only slid in the ditch four times, and people were stopping to help us, to ask us if they could. It was already snowing in North Bay, and far away North the terrible white silence settled over the land. And if persons come to the land, and they mine it and leave it; why shouldn't they? There is no use for it else. And the people there make it a country worth living in.

## His Requiem

Nobody cared at all, they said,  
When that wicked old man at the farm lay dead.  
He had no kith and he had no kin—  
And nobody cared his love to win.  
Nobody thought of him kindly—none,  
For many a cruel harsh thing he'd done;  
And many a bitter and angry word  
From those thin, hard lips had the neighbours heard.  
He had lived alone—he had died alone,  
With never a friend he could call his own;  
Or so they thought.  
And the cortege grim,  
With never a mourner mourning him,  
Passed through the gate of the garden-ground!  
But hush, a requiem's softened sound  
Stole over the silence.  
And someone said:  
" 'Tis the little brown thrush the old man fed!"  
Patty A. Wiggett.

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THE ENTERTAINMENT HIGHLIGHT OF THE YEAR

## The Influence of Aeronautics On Social Life

by A. D. Bryce



For many years man walked, carrying with him his possessions. Then, progressing as the years went by, he subjugated animals, and made some of them serve by bearing him and his effects in both peace and war. After many years of faithful service, the animal was replaced by mechanical products of man's growing ingenuity, and man traversed the land and sea in trains, automobiles and boats. No, man has begun to penetrate the air; to fly over the earth in aircraft. These air machines are used to transport man's movable goods, to take him where he wills, and to bear aid to the distressed. They have been used to carry man into battle, and are expected to continue to be so used. Although a very recent servant of man, the airplane has already begun to exert a great influence on human life, and gives promise of being a preponderant factor in future development.

Men have always wished to fly, and, down through the ages, have built many strange contrivances with which they hoped to bring their dreams to fruition. Today, in the 20th century, the art of travelling in the air is firmly established, and commercial flying is a popular and lucrative business. Large American and European companies own many planes used to carry mail and freight from city to city. Every precaution is being taken to convince people that air transportation is both swift and dependable. The continued growth of air service will result in bitter competition between automobile, rail and air companies, and the accompanying drop in prices and improvement in equipment of all three should be of great benefit to everyone. No doubt the air companies will triumph in the near future and come to handle the bulk of the mail and freight shipments.

"Travel cheaply, swiftly, and safely by air" is the slogan of the air-passenger services. In spite of advice of pessimists who said their scheme was impracticable and impossible, groups of far-sighted men pooled their resources and set up several inter-city passenger lines. They met with frequent misfortunes and set-backs, but would not give up,

and today their courage and initiative are admired and their achievement praised. Far-flung air routes today link continent to continent and ocean to ocean, and swift, powerful aircraft carry hundreds of people on journeys varying from hundreds to thousands of miles. This great development is a far cry from the experimental stages of flying, in which crude little craft struggled valiantly to fly very short distances. Efficient systems, such as the Pan-American Airways, with their big triplanes flying over all North and South America, and their China Clippers speeding over the Pacific Ocean, and the Graf Dirigible Company, uniting Europe and America, are firmly established and rapidly growing. These aircraft are easy-riding and comfortable, staffed with courteous stewards and stewardesses. As yet the great bulk of people is loath to leave terra firma and risk travel in the air, and, in truth, there is still some risk connected with flying.

Technicians labour endlessly to reduce this risk by making airplanes impervious to wind and storm, and replace old planes by new, improved models. Pilots are required to take courses of instruction and to learn their air routes perfectly. Landing fields are so marked as to be visible both at night and in the daytime, and communication is maintained at all times between the pilots and headquarters by means of radio. Soon, fear, the only enemy of aircraft, will be removed, and public opinion will accept and approve of air travel. Then, perhaps, Canadian parents will fly over to visit their son who is taking a post-graduate course at Oxford or Cambridge. If the speed of air travel continues to increase as it has, Americans will be able to drop over to London to see the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace, to do a little shopping in wool at Glasgow, and to return home the same day in time for the evening meal. This may seem but an impossible dream, yet it becomes quite possible and likely in view of the fact that the latest crossing of the Atlantic by air was accomplished in 16 hours. People of different countries will be able to mingle, to learn and understand each other's viewpoints,

and to decide that, after all, they have much in common and should not quarrel over differences which are really slight and immaterial, resulting from narrow-mindedness and over-stressed nationalism, and that man should live at peace with man and not seek to dominate or coerce others.

There is another branch of aeronautics which is doing mankind a great service today. Airplane patrols are used to protect vessels at sea, and to rush to their aid in case of shipwreck near or on coastlines. In times of flood or famine, planes rush to the stricken areas bearing aid in the form of money, supplies and Red Cross workers, and carry away many sufferers to hospitals and places of refuge. Airplanes were of inestimable value in helping the unfortunates during the recent hurricanes and floods which ravaged the United States. When trappers, hunters and explorers lose their bearings in the north of this continent, aerial search parties are sent out to find them and bring them back to civilization. Airmen often save many lives by rushing precious serum and anti-toxin to hospitals which have exhausted their supply at a very critical moment. Thus, the aircraft today is a great lifesaving instrument in time of peace.

Unfortunately, the airplane, in time of war, is a death-dealing instrument, leaving havoc and destruction in its path. In the struggle of 1914-18, the airplane and balloon played a large part. Scouting planes were used by both sides to determine the position and action of armies, and also to carry spies behind each other's lines. The Germans sent zeppelins and planes to bomb Paris and London and to attack the allied land forces, while their enemies sent squadrons of bombers into their territory to kill and destroy. Ships at sea, helpless to defend themselves adequately with non-effective anti-aircraft guns, were sunk by aerial bombs. Royal squadrons met in mid-air in fierce combat, scores of pilots being killed instantly by a bullet, or gradually as their burning planes hurtled to the earth, leaving a twisting column of smoke to mark the meteoric descent.

World governments today, remembering the part played by aircraft in that great "war to end all wars," have built up huge air forces. Swift, powerful planes are being built hourly as nation vies with nation to produce the fastest ship. Vast seaplanes and carrier ships are counted upon to play a very important part in future warfare. In the last few years, planes have flown all over the world—a complete Italian squadron flew recently to America suc-

cessfully, and intrepid airmen, undaunted by fears of disaster, make seemingly impossible flights appear easy—and these facts are extremely significant if surveyed sanely amid the yapping of the dogs-of-war. In the next war, distances will mean nothing; England, until recently impregnable, protected as she was by water and her magnificent fleet, is now startlingly vulnerable to attack by air; even America, protected by thousands of miles of sea, will have to devise some defence against air raids if she becomes entangled in a future war. By imagining the Eastern Townships being riddled with bombs and bullets and sprayed with poisonous gases from the air we can form some conception of the possible horrors of future war. No longer will the man in the trenches alone bear the sole brunt of every attack; the people at home, mothers, fathers and children will not escape these hurtling agents of cruelty and ruin. European citizens today are purchasing gas masks, fully expecting that soon they will be forced to don them to save themselves from poison which has been dropped around them by air machines. The airplane, then, is the most modern chariot of the angel of death.

Certainly the invention and perfection of aircraft added a new rung to the long ladder of progressive civilization, and has done much to aid man in his march towards perfection of life. Men can go from place to place very swiftly by air, they can transfer mail and freight with celerity, cheapness and increasing dependability, and can bring relief and rescue to those of their fellows who are in distress. Without doubt, aeronautics are definitely beneficial to mankind in time of peace. They are valuable in numberless ways in wartime, but I believe that they can be used as a focus for new arguments against war. War has always been horrible, but with aircraft—as they are developed today—playing a large part, the next war would be violently cataclysmal and fatal to both modern and future civilization. If all men could realize how awful the influence of aircraft on war would be, they would abolish conflict as a means to an end, would stop striving to improve their will on others by force of arms, and adopt arbitration as a peaceful, more effective way to accomplish constructive aims.

Beneficial in peace, fatal in war, aeronautics can be the central force in progress and development, or the cause of a disastrous plunge into decadence and degeneration.

## Opprobriousness

by W. L. Delaney

In case your room has begun to pall on you, and you are getting sick of the same old furniture and the same old window day after day, just tell the family that you wish that they would visit you, and you will get to love the room just out of spite.

When parents visit their son's rooms, a mean critical streak seems to appear as if from nowhere. They pass judgment on the room that you have lived in for the past two years, and in spite of the fact that they are your parents, it is rather insulting.

In the first place they will arrive just before you are ready to meet them. You will be half dressed and your face will be covered with lather. You had felt that the room was fairly tidy before they came, but now that you look at it you wouldn't feel at all surprised if they were to find a tramp sleeping in the corner.

They begin to look the place over. You try to let on that you are not paying any attention to them and giving them the run of the room, but out of the corner of your eye you are watching mother so that she won't sit in that old chair, because after that bull session last night—well, one never can tell. They look at each other once or twice, say something under their voices and exchange amused glances, while you straighten the pictures that you straightened fifteen minutes ago with the utmost nonchalance.

Mother first surveys the room. Her eyes light on the curtains. "Did I make these for you?" she asks; you reply in the affirmative. Then she goes on to tell you that they don't match the rest of the room and that they cut off the light for your study. (As if you needed any light from outside when you studied.) "And is that your light?" she asks. (Well it doesn't look like an ash tray, but you might as well be polite.) "Yes." Now father has located your class album, better get over there and explain to him the humour of the lads when they quoted your future occupation and highest ambition.

Mother has now started on an examination of the pictures on the wall and seems to be particularly interested in the inscription on one of the pictures. Jean should have known better than to have autographed it that way. Mother is now carefully steered past the pictures from "Esquire" and is left looking for you amongst your classmates in the class picture. Father is still inspecting books, but if he isn't stopped soon he will find those poker chips that you hid



there a few minutes ago. Ah! here is what he wants to see, a write-up of the alumni of the University. Yes, his name is here, Law '98.

Mother is now at the dresser and is inspecting the drawers. She has found that suit of underwear that you had intended to send to the laundry to be mended. Yes, and that shirt that had the buttons torn off, and she has already noticed that your socks are in terrible condition. Father is again aiming towards the bookcase, something catches his eye. He is looking at that "5 Minute Parking" sign. Yes, you know that there is a \$500 fine for stealing those signs, but you didn't steal it, no, of course not, why as a matter of fact the boys had put it in your room as a sort of a joke and it had covered the spot on the wall so nicely that you had left it there. That "No Spitting" sign, well that was acquired in a similar way, you know that the boys have a funny sense of humour. But here is a picture of the football team, no they aren't as husky as '98, but they aren't too bad. Yes, that is Mike Peterson's boy, yes, he is here.

Mother is now approaching your trunk. All she has to do is to look behind it and see those empty bottles and your allowance is cut in two. She would think that it would look better on the other side of the room. Yes, that is a good idea, and you will carry it out just as soon as you have a few minutes to spare, tomorrow maybe.

Father has now cast a critical eye about the room, and he is looking over your magazines and is registering disapproval. Why can't he see the humor in "College Humor"? He is now looking at your desk, Mother joins him. "You haven't much light here," he says. (No you haven't much light, but it has been good enough for you for two years, and it will do you for one more.) Mother is rearranging the papers on the desk, she thinks that it will be impossible to work if the desk is so untidy. She should see it around exam time.

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At last they both sit down, and then comes the discouraging part. They tell you that they wish that they had visited you before. Your room is by no means the best in the University. (What did they expect you to get, the Dean's apartment?) That they don't like the way you have placed your furniture, and that that rug over there should be discarded. You are informed that a little more taste should be shown in the decoration of the walls. Father then makes some remark that the boys should wipe off the bottom of the glasses before they place them on your table, because *ginger ale* marks the surface of the table.

At this point you tell them of the meals you have been having of late, and that the quality is not as good as it was when you first came to the University. Father will consult his watch and remark that it is time for supper. Thank him very much for the invitation, and prevent any

further conversation by helping mother into her coat.

When you return from dinner, and the family has been disposed of for the night, light up your room, and take a look around it. The curtains really match the rest of the room quite well, and the furniture is not at all badly placed, and considering the amount of money that they gave you to furnish it with it was rather well done. Sloppy? Well it certainly is neater than dad's study. Anyway was all that criticism necessary? You asked them to come to see you and not the room that you lived in.

The family leaves for home on the next day, and as they leave they make several remarks about the nice way you fixed your room, but these remarks don't fool you a bit. After they have departed you go back to your room, the room that you will occupy for the next year, and for some unaccountable reason it seems to be neater and more efficiently arranged than any other that you have ever seen.

## Spirit of the Heights

Departing Day had sheathed her sun-bright tresses  
In hood of richer gold, and—treas'ring still  
The rose left, pledge-like, by a vagrant cloudlet  
To speak his love—was dreaming by the hill.

I'd wandered far, with no intent or purpose,  
Led only by some force within me strong—  
Some restless, nameless need for consolation  
Beyond the pow'r of human speech or song.

How purposeless this life! how vain ambition!  
All effort must result but in defeat  
At last, and all our aspirations falter  
Before the common End which all must meet

So out into the sweetness of the evening  
Was poured the bitter longing of my soul.  
But still the fragrant air retained its perfume,  
As o'er my mind expectant quiet stole.

Then close upon the shadow-haunted ledges  
Where elfin voices, joined in phantom choirs,  
Crooned softly to the Night, I sensed the Spirit  
Of far-off, misted heights and vague desires.

Beyond the frosty veil of growing darkness,  
With noiseless footstep in amid the brush  
She passed, a formless Being. In that moment  
The world stood list'ning in the reverent hush.

Swift up the wind-swept path toward far horizons  
Where, dying slow, the eve's last sunbeam bled.  
Scattering from her gown's hem shafts of starlight,  
The mystic Vision moved with silent tread.

While yet the myriad noises of the twilight  
Re-echoed in the stillness of the place  
A haunting whisper floated on the wind-breath  
That fanned consoling coolness o'er my face.

The whisper's volume grew until in measures  
Of strange, deep-stirring music it became  
The symphony of all my heart's wild throbbings  
In anxious hope and fear, in joy and pain.

The pulsing beat of every storming passion  
That vexed my troubled soul, and all the strife  
For dreams whose airy promises are fickle  
Were in that song's disturbing chorus rife.

Out where the folds of darkness met the glimmer  
Of evening's last farewell, the mighty Shade  
Of things Immortal passed beyond the compass  
Of human sight. In peace at last, I prayed.

I recognized her now, the unknown Spirit  
Whose ghostly Presence through the woods had trod:  
The Spirit of that World yet undiscovered,  
The sanctum of Divine Success—and God.

V. D. Parr.

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## Canadian Student Peace Petition

by N. D. Pilcher

ALMOST daily we are becoming more conscious of the dangers which threaten civilization, as we know it, as the result of the chaotic position of world politics. For a long time Canadians were able to feel secure in the belief that they could remain isolated from any future war. We know now that modern science makes it possible for us to know the horrors of war in our own country, indeed in our own cities and homes. This fact has become clear especially to the minds of university people.

Having all this in mind, representatives of the Universities of McGill, Montreal, Queen's and Toronto drew up a petition which they considered represented the views of the majority of Canadian students and which was presented to the Federal Cabinet on March 15 drawing its attention to the fact that Canadian students are opposed to war. Such a statement needs amplification. There may be justifiable cases and those of us who are Christian are bound to agree with the Archbishop of York that "in some cases it may be the duty of a Christian to kill."

Approaching the problem from one angle the committee which drew up the petition has seen fit to make two proposals which are considered likely to safeguard Canada from the dangers of war. Here is the petition which has brought the whole question to the fore in Canadian universities.

Whereas the present international situation confronts us with the imminent danger of war,

Therefore, we the undersigned Canadian students resolutely affirm our stand for peace and hereby submit the following petition to the Canadian Parliament.

1. Whereas the Militia Act is part of the revised statutes of Canada c. 132, 1927; and

Whereas certain sections of this act make it possible for Canadians to be conscripted for active service abroad by order-in-council,

Therefore we hereby register our opposition to conscription for active service abroad and petition Parliament to amend the aforesaid act so as to remove this present power;

2. Whereas many rumors are being circulated in Canada today concerning the possible commitments of Canada to Great Britain in the event of Great Britain being at war; and,

Whereas the relationship of Canada to Great Britain in this event is not clearly defined,

Therefore we petition the Canadian Parliament to

enact legislation necessary to establish and make clear that Canada is not automatically at war when Great Britain declares war, and that only the Canadian Government has authority to declare war and peace for Canada.

No sane person can disagree with the preamble for we all are aware of the danger and do stand for peace.

The wording of the first section is misleading. In the first two sentences the objection is to the power of the Cabinet at Ottawa being able to conscript by order-in-council, that is, even without the acquiescence of Parliament. Such a power is not possessed by the government of the United Kingdom. It is a dangerous thing that a few men in the heat of the moment without any reflection of public opinion outside their number should be able to conscript the manpower of the nation. The only argument in favour of retaining this clause in the Militia Act is that the government ought to have authority to act, even so boldly as to conscript, in an emergency. It may be observed, however, that in actual practice Parliament would have to be called very shortly in order to vote supplies. In answer to this it is argued that by the time Parliament is called we will be at war and conscripted, and in no position to argue the point. It would be too late to take any other course or rather to change our course.

The last sentence of section 1 of the petition gives the impression that the objection is to the principle of conscription under any circumstances. Such a clause is much less likely to be accepted by thinking people than the first part of the section. We can visualize the willing acceptance by the Canadian people of the principle of conscription as a democratic principle necessary for us if, for example, we should be threatened by a Fascist or Communist state.

At a recent debate at Bishop's, section 1 was rejected by a vote of 15-13. There are two possible interpretations of this section. It seems fair to say that if the first interpretation is accepted then the students of Bishop's are ready to accept that section but we could not accept the rejection of "conscription under any circumstances," although recognizing the inalienable right of a British subject to be a conscientious objector.

The tendency of resigning powers of Parliament into the hands of the executive is unfortunate in that it tends towards the setting up of a totalitarian state but, on the other hand, it seems advisable to strengthen democratic government in this way rather than weaken it, and so

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leave it a prey to totalitarianism. That is a point which we must bear in mind in dealing with both sections of the petition for the first is an objection to the powers of the Canadian cabinet and the second is an objection to the powers of the cabinet of Great Britain. We must remember that it is a fundamental conception of democratic government which allows the executive a good deal of authority in a crisis and which expects support for the executive in the course of action it pursues.

When Great Britain is at war, we in Canada are at war. Although we are under no obligation to support Great Britain nevertheless we can not claim neutrality and would be subject to invasion of the enemy. Such a position is objected to in the student petition. At a recent meeting at Bishop's this clause was accepted 21-7. It seems clear that opinion in Lennoxville favours the final authority to declare war and peace for Canada being in the hands of the Canadian government.

This section of the petition suggests a method by which Canada could save itself from war by a policy of isolation. Judging from the experience of the United States in 1917 it is hardly likely that we could maintain ourselves in isolation in a possible future war. In short, avoiding commitments to Great Britain will not save us. It appears that the petition might have suggested some new Imperial relationship which would draw the nations of the British Commonwealth closer together in the matter of a common policy for war and peace since it is hardly possible to develop any more certain power for peace to-day than that of the general policy of the Empire. The unfortunate part of the matter is that our policy is too vague. We are definitely not out to get more but we have not yet evolved a policy which will tend towards a solution of world economic and colonial problems. And as Canadians we have almost no voice in determining Imperial foreign policy. It is this situation which the petition seeks to remedy and it appears that a better method of safeguarding peace might be evolved than that of tending to break down what unity of Empire remains.

It is plain that we are in an unpleasant position, as legislation stands, with regard to conscription and with regard to being involved in a war. It is true we might be conscripted by the British government and we might be conscripted by the Canadian government. And all this in a few hours. But is it likely? We know, of course, that the discretion of Cabinet Ministers does count for something and that is most unlikely that either contingency envisaged by the student petition would ever arise.

Plainly, the reason for the petition is that we want continuous peace and we don't want to be "railroaded" into war or conscription by any government. If we have

made this clear to the government at Ottawa the petition will have been of some considerable value.

The opinion of Bishop's men and women was summed up when a recent meeting accepted the preamble of the petition and the second section by a vote of 18-10. As in all universities only a minority take an active part in political discussions. The petition has circulated amongst the students at Lennoxville but has not been very enthusiastically received. Nevertheless, a fair number of people have signed the petition. Some, no doubt, are against any form of conscription and any war. Theirs is the extreme pacifist position. On the other hand, many more have signed with the intention of making a stand for peace without rejecting the principles of conscription in certain circumstances and of the unity of the Empire.

The petition, no doubt, will be widely interpreted as being a movement of the Left, an activity engineered by Reds. Such an interpretation is obviously wrong and unworthy of intelligent people. Even if it has taken a mistaken course, the petition is primarily motivated by a desire for peace on the part of Canadian students.

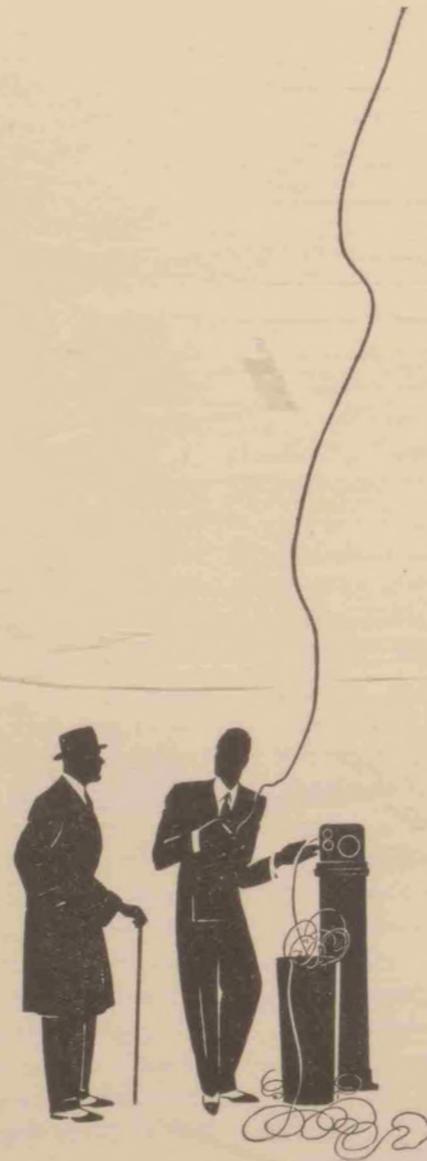
At its presentation to the Cabinet the petition had the support of 13,386 signatures. The total number of university students is approximately 30,000. Bearing in mind the fact that only a small percentage of university people take an interest in such movements as that for peace, the number of signatures supporting the petition is significant. Hon. Fernand Rinfret in replying to the student delegation assured them that the present government would never apply the clause of the Militia Act to which objection was taken. Hon. Ian Mackenzie was under the impression that Parliament already possessed the necessary powers to establish rights of neutrality if we should not care to join Great Britain in case of war. It remains for the members of the government to maintain their pledges and never relent their efforts to keep Canada free from war.

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## News and Notes

by D. Carmichael

On Friday, March 18, in the second Inter-Faculty debate the Divinity Faculty, represented by W. King, A. Perkins and E. Davis, successfully opposed the resolution: "Resolved that manners and etiquette are detrimental to efficiency." Arts was represented by P. Greenwood, J. Bredin and M. Gibeau. G. Murray, the new president of the Literary and Debating Society was in the chair.

Greenwood opened the debate by pointing out the inconvenience of removing gloves to shake hands, standing when a lady enters a room, removing hats in elevators and other such trivialities. The idea of dressing up in starched shirts to attend functions appeared to him to be extremely ridiculous when contrasted with the convenience and comfort of a soft shirt and collar.

King criticised the attitude of his opponent as narrow and superficial. The debate was concerned with manners in general, not certain bizarre features of etiquette. He maintained that properly used manners and etiquette serve to clarify the social system rather than to complicate it.

Bredin responded by citing a number of cases where efficiency was sacrificed for etiquette, particularly the case of a banquet at the White House some years ago when it took the attendants a great deal of time to sort out the guests in order of precedence; a fine example for a country which professes to be democratic. He compared this with the simple manners of Abraham Lincoln, one of the most efficient Presidents in American history. He concluded by regarding manners in the same light as May flowers, beautiful but useless.

The next speaker for the negative, Perkins, claimed that anything facilitating human relations was not detrimental to efficiency and therefore manners were certainly no drawback to efficiency since they rendered social relations easier. Manners are one of the distinguishing features between men and animals.

Gibeau dwelt on etiquette in sport, mentioning a badminton match which was lost due to a concession made to an injured player. Etiquette should not be allowed to interfere with sports or any other activity was his final contention.

Closing the discussion for the negative Davis endeavoured to prove that organized etiquette was essential for the well-being of society. An example of this could be found in the highway rule of keeping to the right side of a road, which could not be described as detrimental to efficiency. The bargain basement was given as a typical example of society without manners, the resulting chaos being familiar to all.

The judges, Rev. G. B. Jones, Prof. A. L. Kuehner and Rev. S. Childs, gave the decision in favour of the negative.

The new amplifying system recently purchased by the Students' Association has proved a great success, being freely used in skating periods and at hockey matches. Part of the cost of this machine has been met by the receipts from the St. Patrick's Day sports party. It is expected that the machine may provide a source of revenue in the future from rentals to outside interests.

\* \* \*

On Friday, February 26, a debating team from Loyola College, composed of Jean Langlois and Paul Brennan, defeated a Bishop's team on the resolution that: "Radio in Canada should be privately, rather than state controlled." N. D. Pilcher and D. F. McQuat debated for Bishop's.

This debate, one of a series of intercollegiate contests, was held under the auspices of the Inter-University Debating League, Prof. E. E. Boothroyd presiding. The judges, W. Patterson, C. Skinner, and C. H. Aikman, were unanimous in their decision.

\* \* \*

The St. Patrick's Sports Party was a complete success socially, but rather disappointing financially. The object of the party was to help pay for the new sound system, which indeed has proved itself to be most satisfactory.

Skating began at 7.00 p.m. and continued until 8.30. From 8.30 until 9.30 the various races were run off, the winners being as follows: Gentlemen's straight, "Tiny" Timmons; ladies' straight, Miss Staples; gentlemen's relay, Carter, Knox, Martin; gentlemen's potato race, Timmons.

After this, refreshments were served in the gymnasium and dancing followed. Mrs. A. Preston and Mrs. B. Jones were patronesses.

The committee in charge of the evening wishes to thank the following business men of Lennoxville who so kindly donated prizes: Messrs. Montgomery, Gervais, Loach, Nichols, McKindsey, McFadden, Chaddock, Clark and the A. & P. Store.

\* \* \*

### Radio Debate

Bishop's was again a participant in the Inter-University radio debates series this year, a team of S. J. Davies and K. H. Annett travelling to Montreal on February 19 to meet a McGill team of Alfred Pick and Neil Morrison. The debate, held in one of the St. Catherine Street studios of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation was heard over CRCM and affiliated stations from 9.00-9.30 p.m. This year's topic was: "Resolved that under present world conditions dictatorship is preferable to the parliamentary system." The judges: A. Joly de Lotbiniere, Montreal, Leslie R. Thomson, Montreal, E. P. Flintoft, Montreal, Archdeacon Gower-Rees, Montreal, W. K. Tibert, Fredericton, F.




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## CORN-FED KID FROM THE WEST

He joined up in '17. Didn't quite know what it was all about, but it seemed the thing to do at the time.

Then the front — and suddenly War lost every vestige of its glamour. He was scared. He was bewildered.

He and another kid, who had become his best friend on earth, were out on a patrol. Something hit them. His friend was instantly transformed into a filthy mass of blood and bones and slime. He himself was too weak to move, or call for help, or groan.

He looked into the sinister eyes of a rat that was sitting on his chest, waiting. He managed to squirm enough to make the rat go away. This happened again . . . then, again. Then he moved no more, ever.

\* \* \* \*

Poor kid? Of course. But perhaps he's lucky after all. He didn't live to see the beautiful ideals he fought for—"To make the World Safe for Democracy" . . . "To Protect the Rights of Little Nations" . . . "A War to End Wars" — proven to be the empty notes with which the Pious Pipers had lured so many kids like him to their deaths.

He didn't live to learn that millions of dollars had been spent by various interests to "educate" our people to the necessity of entering the war on the "right side."

And he didn't live to see the whole world ready to be at each other's throats again—with ordinary citizens like us sitting by stupidly, whining "Isn't it terrible—but what can we do about it?"

Well we can try to do something! . . . Write to World Peaceways, 103 Park Avenue, New York City.

---

1786 ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF  
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The city has expanded and surrounded the brewery. The road is no longer merely The Quebec Post Road; it has changed its name twice, and is now known as Notre Dame Street. The old brewery has almost disap-

peared (only its vaulted stone cellars are still in existence and use) but great modern buildings, filled with the most up-to-date equipment, have replaced it.

Through one hundred and fifty years the brewery has had only five heads; John Molson, the Founder, Thomas Molson, John H. R. Molson, John Thomas Molson and Herbert Molson. All have been outstanding citizens of their day; all have carried on the fine traditions so firmly established by the Founder.

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H. Copp, Port Elgin, N.B., gave the decision in favour of the negative, ably upheld by the team from McGill. It is to be hoped that the series may be continued in the future and that a greater measure of success may yet fall to Bishop's representatives.

\* \* \*

#### *Visit of the Bishop of Caledonia*

Friday evening, March 19, the Right Rev. G. A. Rix, third and present Bishop of Caledonia, gave an address in the college chapel at the regular evensong. Bishop Rix came East to appeal for financial support for his diocese, a vast area some 800 miles east and west and 500 miles north and south, in the British Columbian district. Caledonia is purely missionary, there being only one church which be called self-supporting. Money is urgently needed if missionaries are to be maintained in the field, and the work of the Church continued. Bishop Rix's address was of great interest and our best wishes go with him in his difficult yet vital mission.

\* \* \*

#### C. O. T. C.

The following members of the local unit passed the practical examinations for Certificate A held February 26: J. C. Bredin, B. E. Cragg, P. G. Edgell, C. W. Lunderville, F. N. Lyster, O. B. Millar, G. S. Murray, M. C. Pharo, T. C. Stevens, K. R. Willis and Joseph de Pencier Wright.

Word has not yet been received from the written exams which were held later in the month. The annual inspection is scheduled for April 16 which event will mark the official end of the corps work this year.

\* \* \*

#### *The Political Discussion Group*

Owing to the lamentable state of indifference on the part of the student body to things political the Group has

## Exchanges

The subject of war seems to have claimed the first place in almost every university publication. It is interesting to note the change in opinion which has gradually taken place in our universities during the past four years with regard to this subject. During the latter part of 1933 ardent pacifists wrote long and fiery articles on "Why I will not fight for King and Country." At that time the theory of Beverly Nichols seemed highly plausible. For months conscientious men tried to convert the world to active pacifism. Since that time the swift rise of fascism with its ruthless tactics of government, its extermination of freedom and its open desire for war, has completely crippled the hopes of these.

hardly functioned during the Lent term. We had a joint meeting with the Literary and Debating Society which took the form of a debate under Parliamentary rules when we considered the National Student Peace Petition. Although the Speaker of the House became confused in the procedure of considering the petition the meeting was exceedingly valuable in showing us the superiority of the parliamentary system over the old system of two teams debating before three judges who give the decision and an audience who do not have to vote. We also learned that only some thirty people at Bishop's are interested as to whether they endure the horrors of war or not. Well, judging from the numbers at the debate! The said petition is discussed elsewhere. The new executive was elected at this meeting.

Just at the end of term we had a further discussion on the problem of peace and war which Principal Morgan of McGill has said is the most vital problem facing our generation. On this latter occasion our Honorary President, the Principal, led the discussion. We came to the conclusion that there was indeed a gloomy prospect for our civilization, that any remedy lay in a policy of collective action on the part of democratic states and that this depended on the policy of the United States which at the moment was far from helpful. We agreed that any future war will probably be caused by a Fascist state. Under these circumstances conscription of manpower and of profits from war industries would seem necessary if the democratic states are to survive.

The executive of the Group has decided to hold a series of weekly meetings during April. On these occasions the discussion will be led by members of the Faculty or visitors from outside the University. We will be glad to have with us men and women who are interested in the current events of the world around us.

by E. S. Davis

The National Student published by the students of University College, Dublin, contains two interesting war articles. The first is a translation of "An appeal from Spanish Catholics to Catholics of the entire world." We cannot help feeling after reading this appeal that it represents the Spanish people. By this I mean that it does not smatter in any way of propaganda, as do many of the appeals and stories coming from Spain every day; it is a cry of desperate people who feel that their country is being torn to pieces by foreign powers: ruthless foreign powers, who are ready to destroy Spain utterly rather than allow her to remain democratic.

"War Preparation's" deals with the subject of Ireland's position in event of a European war. The writer denounces the pro-fascist sentiment in the British Government, and deplores the proposed agreements between de Valera and MacDonald in regard to defence. He sees no possibility of a defence alliance with England so long as the pro-fascist element holds the balance of power in that country.

We have received, and enjoyed, the following exchanges.

Canta, (Canterbury College, Christchurch, N.Z.; weekly)

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:

Argosy of Commerce (High School of Commerce, Ottawa, Ont.)

Acadia Athenaeum (Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.)

The Felstedian (Felsted School, Essex)

Cap and Gown (Wycliffe College, Toronto)

The Tech Flash (Nova Scotia Technical College)

L'Hebdo—Laval (Laval University; weekly)

The Challenger (Vocational School, St. John, N.B.)

The College Cord (Waterloo College, Ontario)

The Arrows (University of Sheffield, England)

College Echoes (St. Andrew's University, Scotland; 2 issues)

The Gryphon (University of Leeds, England)

The King's College Record

The Gong (University College, Nottingham, Eng.)

The Record (Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.)

The College Times (Upper Canada College, Toronto)

The Stonyhurst Magazine (Stonyhurst School, Blackburn, England)

The Howardian (Howard Gardens High School, Cardiff, Wales)

Technique (Ecole Technical, Montreal; 2 issues)

Blue and White (Rothsay Collegiate, Rothsay, N.B.)

The Diocesan Gazette (Diocesan College, Montreal)

The Grove Chronicle

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## LOOKS DOWN

### RECENT ACQUISITIONS

Bell, E. T.: Men of mathematics

Bishop, Morris: Life of Pascal

Chesterton, G. K.: Autobiography

Encyclopedia of Canada, ed. by Wm. Stewart Wallace.

v. 1, 2, 3, 4

Holtby, Winifred: South Riding

Hone, Joseph: Life of George Moore

Huxley, Aldous: Eyeless in Gaza

Kagawa, Toyohiko: The religion of Jesus

Lang, L. Wyatt: Christ's psychology of the Kingdom

Lucas, F. L.: Decline and Fall of the Romantic Ideal

Mallet, C. E.: A History of the University of Oxford. 3 v.

Muriac, François: Life of Jesus. Tr. by Julie Kernan

Moore, George: Esther Waters

Pickthall, Marjorie: Complete Poems

Powys, J. C.: Maiden Castle

### FANNY BURNEY . . . by Christopher Lloyd

It is as a diarist, not merely as the author of "Evelina" that Fanny Burney has earned fame and it is this fact which Mr. Lloyd proves in his compilation of a fascinatingly readable narrative of copious extracts from the Burney Diaries; together with much hitherto unpublished correspondence. As Mr. Lloyd points out in his introduction, Fanny Burney wrote from the standpoint of an objective commentator, consequently, he has taken upon himself the function of adding the subjective touch so necessary to her remarks. He has created a living Fanny Burney from the "dark-skinned little girl with mouse-coloured hair and a sharp nose," who belonged to the Eighteenth Century, to the "prosy, dignified, early Victorian Mme. D'Arblay, so sadly out of place in the Nineteenth, and has thus given redoubled interest and meaning to the contents of her diaries.

In bringing to life the shadowy and negative Burney of the diaries, Mr. Lloyd first describes the little girl scribbling furtively in notebooks under her stepmother's disapproving eye. Then there is the whole entertaining household

of Dr. Burney, the musician, who lived on St. Martin's street in the house formerly occupied by Sir Isaac Newton, with David Garrick and Joshua Reynolds as neighbours and friends. Two of Fanny Burney's most intimate friends were Samuel Crisp and Dr. Johnson, each of whom influenced her literary style. "Dash away whatever comes uppermost," writes Daddy Crisp, "the sudden sallies of imagination, clapped down on paper, just as they arise, are worth folios—never think of being correct when you write to me." It was not until after Crisp's death, after the publication of "Cecilia," that her style became a "morass of Johnsonese."

In describing Fanny Burney's friendship with Dr. Johnson, who was an enthusiastic upholder of her work, we wish that Mr. Lloyd had made even more lavish use of those extracts from her diary concerning which he writes "if we wish to see the drawing room side of Johnson—and that side only—the early volumes of Fanny Burney's 'Diary' give by far the fullest and most vivacious account," and thus have expanded this phase of her life in his vividly descriptive style.

The book is filled with sketches of English society before the French Revolution. Fanny was mistress of the wardrobe to Queen Charlotte throughout that trying period of the insanity and illness of George III, and was then forced to retire from the strain of her duties to the quietness of her father's home. In her forties, Fanny married a French refugee, General D'Arblay, with whom she spent a year of exile in France, and eventually returned to spend her last pathetic years of partial obscurity in retirement at Bath, where she outlived, not only all her friends, but the spirit of her times. There is an amusing sketch of General D'Arblay learning about the cultivation of cabbages from the Royal gardener, while his wife is engaged in prescribing for each of their majesties a five-volume edition of "Camilla," the burden of which she had borne to the palace.

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#### POSTMAN'S HORN . . . by Arthur Bryant

"Long ago dwellers near the highway, in remote houses and hamlets, would sometimes hear borne to them from afar the sound of the postman's horn. A day later, perhaps, the boy from the manor house, riding back with brass-bound satchel from the nearest posting town, would bring a letter."

Postman's Horn is an anthology of domestic correspondence collected over the period of forty years from the Restoration to the end of the 17th century.

The letters in the collection are letters uncovered in recent times in the garrets and attics of old houses, where they have lain for the last three hundred years. They are letters written by ordinary men and women concerning the everyday affairs of their lives. Letters relating to public affairs have been excluded from the volume. The texts of most of the letters are prosaic in the extreme—recipes for puddings, how the children are getting on at school, what to do for a cold in the head. Nor is the volume lacking its quatum of love letters.

The object of the author in compiling this miscellany has been to help us recapture the spirit of a social epoch which is now long past. The history of a period may be studied, but if we are to understand the thoughts and actions of men of an age now past we must first catch something of the background against which their existence was passed. The best way to do this is to read samples of their daily correspondence. In this way we may learn to share the thoughts and feelings and the very prejudices of those who are now long dead. The letters in this collection are typical of the time, and those who read them cannot help but, to a certain extent relive in spirit life as it was lived in Restoration England.

Mr. Bryant has not grouped the letters in any chronological order, but according to their subject matter. Each group is preceded by a preface in which the author gives us the information requisite for a better understanding of the text of the letters. These prefaces, though usually brief, will be found to make nearly as interesting reading as the letters themselves.

**LEVEL CROSSING.** by Phyllis Bottome, the author of *Private Worlds*. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York, 1936. 314 pp. \$2.25.

This novel, as its predecessor *Private Worlds*, is designed to appeal to the popular taste; and will, no doubt, find itself in movie form eventually. Jim Lane, the son of a much-too-wealthy American business man, is in revolt against the iron-bound cycle of Park Avenue society. All his interests are centered in auto-racing; an insatiable craving for speed and more speed. Deidre Conry is the daughter

of an impoverished Scottish nobleman, Lord Conry. In accordance with most of her race, Deidre had a passionate attachment to the soil of her forefathers.

Cyrus P. Lane, Jim's father, asks his son to cross the Atlantic to arrange the renting of Lonach Castle in Scotland from Lord Conry. Jim acquiesces to his father's proposal in a desire to free himself from an ambitious program designed by his step-mother to introduce the rebellious Jim to New York society. In this manner, the novelist contrives the meeting and subsequent marriage of the hero and heroine.

The author, at this point, gives the reader an interesting insight of the emotions felt by a newly-married woman as she leaves the land of her birth and up-bringing to enter into the life of a strange, new, and terrifyingly vast country. At first, the young bride is spared the introduction to her domineering mother-in-law, and the dizzy pace that is the life of New York. For two months Deidre and Jim, in company with two Indians, lead a camping life through the desert stretches of California; a life for which Deidre was well-fitted by her Scottish upbringing. During this time Jim Lane tries desperately to reveal to Deidre what America is and what it means. She, in turn, does her utmost to understand and accept the discrepancies between her land and his.

Inevitably, and somewhat reluctantly, the two arrive in New York, and the meeting of Deidre and her mother-in-law is effected. Deidre bears with Mrs. Lane and her extravagant wishes up to that extreme point where her and Jim's relations are jeopardized; here she rebels. Deidre and her husband make preparations to move from the Park Avenue mansion of his father. It is during a brief visit by Deidre to oversee the preparations for their new home that the central action of the novel began. Deidre is kidnapped!

In the vivid unfolding of the events that follow this most agonizing of crisis the descriptive powers and insight of the novelist are at their best. A unique representation is given of the workings of the criminal mind. Here at last, the criminal type is stripped of its shroud of dark mystery, and stands forth as an understandable being; one who, through the machinations of fate, has been deprived of that most precious element of humanity—normal sensibility.

It may be noticed that, with few exceptions, the interest of the reviewer has centered in the events of the novel, rather than in the characterization. The characters, themselves, do not stand out, because, speaking generally, they are subordinated to the action of the narrative. It is true that the thoughts of the characters contain an interesting psychology; but they emanate not from the characters themselves, but rather from the mind of the novelist, utilizing them as vehicles of expression for her own ideas.

J. R. M.

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## Graduates

by J. E. Purdy

The following account of the Campaign Dinner has been written by Dr. E. E. BOOTHROYD, M.A., D.C.L., who attended it. As he shows, there were a large number of graduates present, and it was a fine reunion.

"The dinner at which the Maintenance Fund Campaign was formally opened took place in the Prince of Wales Salon of the Windsor Hotel in Montreal on February 15. Mr. D. C. Coleman, the chairman of the General Campaign Committee, presided and over a hundred members of the corporation, graduates and friends of the university were present. The guests were seated at circular tables accommodating eight persons, so that little groups of college contemporaries were able to dine together and renew memories of college days.

A number of distinguished guests whose interest in the university had led them, though not members of the corporation or graduates, to associate themselves with the movement and render invaluable assistance during the campaign, were seated at the high tables, among them Sir Charles Lindsay, Mr. Bassett, Mr. Jellett, Major Fraser, Mr. Robertson and others.

After dinner the campaign was formally opened in a number of brief speeches by the chairman, the chancellor, the Bishop of Montreal (president of corporation), the principal, Mr. G. H. Montgomery (chairman of the Special Names Committee), who announced that subscriptions of over \$100,000 had already been promised, and Mr. Douglas Abbott (chairman of the Graduates Committee). After which Ven. Archdeacon Gower-Rees gave a very inspiring "Pep Talk" to the graduates who had agreed to act as canvassers during the campaign.

Among the alumni present were representatives of nearly all the graduating classes of the last half century, from Mr. F. E. Meredith, former chancellor, and Mr. G. H. Montgomery who graduated some fifty years ago, to members of the class of 1936. The list of names is far too long to give in extenso, but if that were possible it would afford a striking illustration of the contribution made by Bishop's, not merely to the Church and the law, but to the business life of Canada; while the enthusiasm of those present showed the hold the university retains on the affections of its alumni."

WILLIAM B. SCOTT, B.A. '08, M.A. '30, K.C., has been elected alderman of the City of Westmount.

Miss MAUDE E. ABBOTT, M.D. '94, B.A., LL.D., of Montreal, has been nominated for honorary membership in

the New York Academy of Medicine.

GEORGE H. MONTGOMERY, B.A. '93, M.A., K.C., D. C.L., was the winner of the Silver Medal in 1936 in the annual Agricultural Merit Competition of the Quebec Government, for his farm at Philipsburg, Quebec.

CHARLES A. WHITE, B.A. '27, has opened a law office in the Sherbrooke Trust Company building in Sherbrooke.

W. ERNEST FOSTER, M. '27, is with the Hemphill Diesel Schools, Montreal, acting as Provincial Supervisor for the schools.

Among the members of the Honorary Committee of Ex-Mayors of Sherbrooke, in connection with the celebration of Sherbrooke's Centennial in 1937 are ex-Mayor COLONEL E. B. WORTHINGTON, LL.B. '83, C.M.G., and ex-Mayor Mr. JUSTICE WHITE, D.C.L.

Dr. JESSIE H. MACDONALD of Montreal died recently in her 77th year. Dr. Macdonald attended the Medical Faculty of Bishop's receiving M.D. in 1897, having procured a B.A. degree from McGill prior to entering Bishop's. Dr. Macdonald was one of the pioneer medical women of Montreal, where she has lived since an early age, except for the time she spent at Bishop's.

THOMAS LEMESURIER CARTER, B.A. '34, who is residing in Toronto, has been awarded the Parkin Scholarship. The Parkin Scholarship, named after the late Sir George Parkin, enables the winner to attend any university in Great Britain for a year, with the option of the second year. The purpose of this scholarship is to strengthen the intellectual bonds between the British Dominions. Tom is the first student of Bishop's to win this award, and we convey to him our best wishes and congratulations.

A mission of evangelization was conducted at St. George's, Lennoxville, from the 5th to the 16th of March, by the Lord Bishop of Quebec, who was assisted by the Rev. WILLIAM W. DAVIS, B.A. '31.

The Rev. W. H. M. CHURCH, B.A. '30, L.S.T. '32, of Port Elmsley, Ont., has been appointed Domestic Chaplain to the Bishop, and unattached missionary under the Diocesan Board.

The Rev. ALBERT EAGLES, L.S.T. '34, who has been acting as a curate at All Saint's Church, Fulham, London, England, has returned to Canada, where he will take charge of a parish in the district of Lake Kootenay, British Columbia. Bert visited the college on the 15th of February in the company of his fiancée, Miss Patricia Henly-Lewis of Lacombe, Alberta.

The Rev. CLARENCE S. WRIGHT, L.S.T. '34, has re-

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turned from Surrey, England, to take charge of Kaslo in Lake Kootenay district, British Columbia. Clarence and Bert were very good friends while here, and it seems that they are to be together always, for they have been within 15 miles of each other in England, during the past two years, and will be within 50 miles of each other in their new charges. The engagement of Clarence to Miss Helen Daisy Valentine, of Woodside, Caterham, Surrey, was announced prior to his return to Canada.

The Rev. A. DIXON ROLLITT, L.S.T. '35, has been given charge of the Anglican Church at Noranda, Quebec. Dick has been a curate at Trinity Memorial Church, Montreal.

The Rev. R. S. R. STURGEON, L.S.T. '31, has announced his intentions of becoming a priest in the Roman Catholic Church, and has left S. S. J. E. at Bracebridge, Ont., and is now at St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto.

The Rev. JOHN F. S. FORD, B.A. '33, who has been priest in charge of Westlock, Alberta, for the past two years, leaves in May to come East. John has accepted the appointment to be missionary in the Lower St. Lawrence region at Comeau Bay, which position he will take early in July.

The Rev. W. T. ELKIN, L.S.T. '34, who has been travelling missionary for the Bishop of Edmonton, plans to visit his home in Dundas, Ontario, during the month of April. This will be his first trip East since 1934.

SIDNEY MEADE, M. '35, is in the head offices of the Brandram-Henderson Co., Montreal.

Miss LOIS M. WIGGETT, M. '34, is teaching at Coaticook.

Dame Rumour has it that Miss HELEN ACHESON, M. '35, and HARRY H. PIBUS, B.A. '34, H.S.D., have been engaged.

Miss MARGARET EARLE, B.A. '35, is in training at the Montreal General Hospital.

Dr. C. J. PATTEE, B.A. '31, M.D., is interning at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal.

Mrs. P. V. Aitchison (nee Miss IRENE ALDRICH, B.A. '26), is now principal of the Intermediate School at Hemmingford, Quebec.

A. G. C. WHALLEY, B.A. '35, one of our Rhodes Scholars, who is at Oriel College, Oxford, is rowing in the Oriel 1st VIII.

R. R. MCLERNON, M. '33, is now studying at Cambridge University, England.

Dr. M. M. MEDINE, B.A. '31, M.D., is interning at the Kings County Hospital, New York.

J. C. PUDDINGTON, B.A. '31, is in Montreal working with Crabtree and Company.

DOUGLAS N. ARGUE, B.A. '29, and his wife the former Miss H. BRIGHT, M. '30, are in Toronto, where Doug is taking his Teacher's Diploma following extensive study at Queen's University, Kingston.

Rev. R. R. BUCHANAN, B.A. '29, M.A. '30, has a very good position with the St. John's Ambulance Society, Toronto. Mr. Buchanan was married last year.

H. H. CALDER, B.A. '29, is principal of the High School at Riverbend, Quebec.

It is reported that J. W. JOHNSTON, B.A. '29, who is teaching at Montreal West High School, is to be married this summer.

O. WHEELER, B.A. '27, is making a name for himself in the world of Art. He is at present doing a bust of Sir Edward Beatty.

Mr. A. M. WEST, B.A. '24, is well established in a law firm to which he has given his name: Pender and West, Montreal.

E. T. HENRY, B.A. '31, was married in December and is now working in the Patent Department of Canadian Industries Limited, Montreal.

IVAN M. STOCKWELL, B.A. '31, has been appointed Inspector for Schools in the Point Claire District.

The Rev. A. J. ANDERSON, B.A. '32, who is rector of Milford, Ontario, was married last spring to the daughter of Bishop Lyons, of Kingston.

J. W. MCGIFFIN, B.A. '31, is working in the Canadian Steamship Company, and is taking a trip to Florida this month.

Dr. GORDON H. FINDLAY, B.A. '30, M.Sc., Ph.D., who was recently married, has been spending his honeymoon in England. While abroad, Dr. Findlay has been studying the production of Titanium Oxide. Upon his return he will be given charge of the Titanium plant in Hamilton, Ont. This plant is owned and operated by the Canadian Industries Limited.

Another Bishop's graduate is in another of the C.I.L. plants. DOUGLAS COOPER, B.A. '29, has recently been put in charge of the plant at Shawinigan Falls, Quebec, where he will supervise the Trichlorethylene and the Hydrogen Peroxide departments. Douglas was married recently.

The Rev. ROBERT T. WALKER, B.A. '99, who was a retired priest in the diocese of Long Island, formerly rector of a Brooklyn church, was buried in Christ Church, Elizabeth, New Jersey, on February 13.

The Rev. GEORGE P. PYE, B.A. '95, the late rector of Waterville, Que., died the 8th of February. Rt. Rev. P. Carrington, Lord Bishop of Quebec, and many of the clergy of the diocese attended the funeral services which were held at Waterville and Bury on the 11th.

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## Highlights of Sport

by J. D. Bilkey

Though the last game with R. M. C., which marked the close of hockey for the academic year, proved to be a rather disastrous ending to a season which had surpassed the expectations of even the most ardent enthusiasts, when taken as a whole the season was hardly as disappointing as the results of many of the games might indicate. As in football so in hockey the graduation of most of last year's players made it necessary to build up practically a new team this winter. The mild weather which prevented the team from coming back early and the lack of ice which prevented them from practising for a week after they did return, added much to Jerry Wiggett's difficulties. To pick a team from raw material scarcely more than a week before the opening game is a harassing position for any coach to be placed in. Jerry succeeded in surmounting these difficulties and engineered a most astonishing and glorious victory over Loyola in his opening engagement.

It is encouraging to note that only three of this year's team will be leaving this June, and it is to be expected that with one intercollegiate campaign behind them, and with the hope of new strength from incoming freshmen, next year's team will enter the league with more experience and more confidence. There are three very distinct shadows, however, on this bright horizon for which graduation will be responsible; we shall lose Johnny Hibbard, Carl Norris and Harry Scott. Johnny has played for the college for the past three years and captained the last two teams. He has earned the reputation of one of the finest stick-handlers and headiest playmakers that Bishop's has ever produced, and has left no room for complaint in his role as captain. Carl Norris will also be sorely missed next season. Carl spent his first winter at college playing with the juniors and moved up to the intermediates the year following. He turned in his best performance this year and his wild antics and reliable checking will be hard to replace. Small but not least, Harry Scott will leave a gap in the Bishop's first line which will be hard to fill. Though this was Harry's first season in intercollegiate hockey he acquitted himself nobly and finished the campaign at the top of the Bishop's scoring column.

The college also entered a junior team in the Sherbrooke City League which, owing to the necessity of using players over age, was obliged to play only exhibition games. The juniors started the season dubbed as orphans but they soon won the support of a handful of faithful followers who were attracted by their effective "kitty-bar-the-door" tactics. This method of play was made possible by the close-checking forwards, the excellent defensive work of "Sgt."

Martin and "Pete" Greenwood, and sensational goaltending, the honours of which were shared by Ian MacLean and Dick Wright. The team won two of their seven engagements, (and several moral victories). Their strategy put the Boston Bruins to shame even though they were held in check by strict officials.

With the sudden increase in interest in skiing among the students, and the prospects of it becoming a major activity at Bishop's, it is surprising that none of those most interested have not devoted a little time to its discussion at association meetings. On two separate occasions students have retired to North Hatley this winter to participate in the ski-meets there. John Starnes shattered the down-hill record one of those week-ends, and Bishop's was placed third in the team standing. This was done purely on the students' own initiative and lacked any semblance of organization. During the Easter vacations the supposed "Bishop's Ski team" was invited to compete against Loyola, north of Montreal, but as those interested were scattered over various districts the invitation was unable to be accepted. It is to be hoped that it will be possible to arrange meets with other colleges in future years, but it can not be done without organization.

In the football elections after Christmas "Dago" Knox was elected captain of next year's team. The position could not have been placed in more capable or more experienced hands, and we feel confident that "Dago" will uphold any responsibilities attached to this position. Blatchford was appointed assistant-manager of football and will act as understudy to "the Count" Baskerville, who is presiding over the managerial duties next fall.

Before closing space must be donated to thanking Jim Wilson, Doug. Carmichael, and "Nort" Francis for the undaunted perseverance and patience with which they managed the hockey affairs this season. The team owes a great deal to them, and all their work has not gone unnoticed, nor shall it go unlauded.

*U. of M. at Bishop's*

Although the score of this game hardly indicates the play it is interesting to note that on the previous Saturday Bishop's had beaten Loyola 2-1; on the Wednesday following that Loyola trimmed U. of M. 5-0. Whether these scores had any effect on the team's morale is a debatable question. The fact remains, however, that the determination which had carried the team through to a brilliant victory the previous week-end failed to show itself against U. of M. It is true that the number of goals which were so narrowly missed, and which seemed certain to end up

in the Montrealers' net, were uncountable, but still the spirited attack which Bishop's had shown in their last game was decidedly lacking.

The absence of "Dago" Knox from the line-up had a noticeable effect, for although Harry Scott and Johnny Hibbard were credited with Bishop's only goals, it was quite evident that they missed the assistance which Dago usually provides. The combination displayed by the visitors, on the other hand was uncanny. Frigon, the Montrealers' tricky centre, made the feat of goal-getting look ridiculously easy, netting three of his teams six goals; sharing the evening's honours with him is Bourgoiuin, U. of M.'s diminutive net-minder, who never once faltered in his steady performance which won the applause of both teams' supporters.

The game opened, to the crowd's disappointment, with slow and rather unorthodox hockey. U. of M. were obviously effected by the strange ice, while Bishop's made vain attempts to organize their sadly disarranged lines. Eleven minutes after the start of the game Harry Scott netted a difficult corner shot, having received a pass from Johnny Hibbard, to put the college in the lead. The visitors soon retaliated when Richardson rounded the Bishop's defence to tie the score. Frigon ended the scoring for this period with a beautiful shot which caught high in the corner of the net.

The second period opened with a far more impressive display as the college tried hard to cut down their opponent's lead, but the strong defence and Bourgoiuin's spectacular saves kept them from their objective. Bishop's missed opportunity after opportunity around the Montrealers' nets, as Harry Scott hit both posts and the crossbar; and not to be outdone, Norm Goff flipped the puck wildly over an open net. Two minutes before the end Frigon kept the period from going scoreless, staging the most scintillating play of the game by breaking away alone, swinging around the Bishop's defence and pulling Bennett out of his goal to tally.

Shortly after the start of the third frame "Dizz" Dawes incurred his third penalty of the game when he chose to cross-check Richardson. Verret seized this opportunity to perform a beautiful solo effort making the score 4-1 for U. of M. Three minutes later he repeated this feat putting his team four goals in front. Johnny Hibbard netted the college's last goal when U. of M. were suffering from Richardson's fourth dismissal; this was wiped out just before the final whistle when Frigon scored his third and final goal. Final score: U. of M. 6, Bishop's 2.

#### *McGill at Bishop's*

Smarting under the six to two defeat of the previous week-end, and with Dago Knox back on the line-up, the team made a valiant effort to regain their lost prestige, and though the victory went to the invaders it proved to be

the hardest game which McGill encountered during the entire season, and at least convinced local reporters that Bishop's spirit has not become altogether extinct. The game was a fast one considering the adverse weather conditions, which made the ice surface sticky and caused several pools of water to collect in the rink. Bill O'Brien led the McGill attack scoring two of the three goals, while "Sonny" Paterson starred for the college getting both Bishop's counters.

The excitement ran high from the opening whistle as for six minutes the play see-sawed from end to end with neither team appearing to have an advantage over their opponents. At the six-minute mark O'Brien sent a burning shot from outside the college defence which Don Bennett failed to touch, and gave McGill a one-point lead. Bishop's strove hard to diminish the narrow margin which separated the two teams and although their chances of doing so looked most promising when McGill became two men short towards the close of the period, the visitors' defensive system remained air-tight and the period ended with the score still one to nothing for McGill.

The second period had scarcely got under way when O'Brien again scored, putting his team two in front. Andy Anton nearly added his name to the scoring column soon after this when he started one of his mad dashes down the boards and then "switched his course" (as this burly defenceman has an uncanny habit of doing) to centre ice where he drilled a shot at the college goal which Bennett kicked into the corner. Towards the end of the frame John Paterson netted the first point for the college on a pass from brother Don, which seemed to give new heart to the team. Only Newman's sensational work in the McGill nets kept Bishop's from tying up the score before the whistle ended the period.

The third period had barely started when Norris was penalized for tripping and Bennett was given several anxious moments, but fulfilled his duties most creditably. The play became slow at this period as the players had all they could do to control the rolling puck. With two minutes left to play Calder broke away and lifted the puck high into the back of the Bishop's net. One minute later the college added another goal to their total when John Paterson's shot deflected off Anton's stick into the McGill goal. Newman narrowly missed saving this shot, but arrived across the net just too late, pinning the puck in behind the post. Shortly after the face-off following this goal the final whistle put an end to all hope of tying the score. Final score McGill 3, Bishop's 2.

#### *Bishop's at McGill*

Those who expected a game full of the spirit and speed, and the thrills and spills which provided so much spice to the battle against McGill at Lennoxville, were doomed to sad disappointment. Johnny Hibbard's contract-



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ing the flu shortly before the team entrained for Montreal proved a great loss, for Johnny's brilliant stick-handling and heady play-making were sorely missed. The ice which the two teams were forced to use did much towards slowing up the play. It was so badly cut-up and inadequately swept before the game began that it seemed insulting to inter-collegiate play.

Doheny and Kerrigan shared the evening's honours for McGill each capturing four points, while their team-mate Bill O'Brien, who played such an important part in their victory at Bishop's, added two points to his total on assists. For the college Don Bennett was the best player of the game, and although weak on a couple of the goals, Don made up for these by robbing McGill of several sure tallies.

In spite of the sluggish condition of the ice McGill adopted the offensive from the outset and held a wide command of territorial play, a supremacy which they continued to maintain throughout the entire period. The first line of O'Brien, Kerrigan and Doheny gave a most impressive display as they drove in on the college goal several times, and had it not been for the sensational work which Bennett performed in the college nets the score might have assumed even greater proportions. As it was Doheny succeeded in rapping in three goals before the bell ended the period.

In the second frame the college defensive system tightened up considerably and they succeeded in holding McGill scoreless, aided by the fact that the period was only of fifteen minutes duration. An explanation for the irregularity of the time-keeping has been offered in that the game did not start on time. Why it did not, and why it could not have continued on past the scheduled time has not yet been accounted for. It may have been regarded as a technical knockout, or it may have been just another poorly arranged game, but one thing is certain and that is it was not to make allowance for cleaning operations.

During the twelve minutes of the third period the game developed some real action and excitement for the first time. Bishop's began to assert themselves and the combined efforts of Harry Scott and Dago Knox gave the McGill goaler many anxious moments. Newman rose to the occasion, however, and handled all the work provided for him most efficiently. In the dying moments of the game Doheny and Kerrigan eluded the close-checking Bishop's forwards for the first time in the closing frame, and Kerrigan received Doheny's rebound to score the final counter.

Final score—McGill 4, Bishop's 0.

*Bishop's at U. of M.*

From a hockey enthusiast's point of view this game may have been considered rather unorthodox, but for excitement it will always remain unrivalled. It contained all the characteristics of the Harmsworth trophy, the Golden

Gloves tournament and the Ryder Cup tournament with even an occasional spattering of hockey thrown in. At approximately nine-thirty the two contesting teams dived on to the ice through water which in places reached a depth of four inches to take part in one of the most pugilistic, amusing, exciting, and farcical games in hockey history.

As it took practically the entire first period for the players to become acclimatized to the aqueous weather conditions the opening twenty minutes provided rather drab entertainment for both spectators and players. U. of M. had a slight edge in the play, but were held in check both by the Bishop's forwards and the expansive wastes of water which inundated practically the whole centre area. Neither of the goalers had more than they could handle in the way of shots and seemed perfectly content to tread water till the bell summoned them back to land.

After four minutes of play in the second period Richardson successfully navigated his way to the Bishop's blue line and provided a camouflage of spray while his team-mate Duranceau batted his pass in behind Bennet's prostrate and blinded form. Bishop's tried hard to tie the score for the remainder of the period but although Dawes narrowly missed this objective when his slam-shot barely missed the Montrealers' net, they were unable to do so.

The third period was the scene of the greatest action as both teams seemed to become influenced by the equality and futility of the struggle. For the first few minutes of the period play consisted of a slashing and splashy hunt for the elusive puck which sought to submerge from time to time in the pool at centre ice. Growing tired of this Starnes and Richardson decided to try their hands at golf the former emerging victorious by one stroke. Shortly after Richardson made his second crossing of the game and, after narrowly missing the Bishop's goal, became entangled with Dawes and a brief skirmish ensued. Goal-judges, coaches and spectators alike answered the impulse to join their respective champions, and the skirmish turned into a battle. While Dawes and Richardson were serving time for their major dismissal Scott and Knox executed the most beautiful play of the game when Scott received the latter's pass and tricked Bourgouin to tie the score. Soon after this Scott and Figon took time to settle a few racial differences which once again met the hearty support of the crowd. With two minutes to play Grenier scored an alleged goal which appeared to hit the crossbar and rebound almost half way out to the blue line. The referee seemed undecided as to his verdict and met with a negative reply from the goal-judge, he then approached the Bishop's supporters who appeared to have little doubt that the puck had not entered the net, finally he was seen to join in conversation with what is assumed to have been an impartial eye-witness whereupon he arrived at the decision that the point was

indisputably valid. Thus dispensing with the necessity of goal-judges in the future, the custom may be resumed in the form of some serviceable cigar-store Indian, or any other representative but mute figure. Bishop's were unable to tie the score in the two minutes which were left to play and the score remained unchanged.

Final score—U. of M. 2, Bishop's 1.

#### *Bishop's at Loyola*

Just what came over the team in this game is still a matter of controversy. Don Bennett suffered a relapse, which can be expected of any goal-keeper no matter how good he might be, and the defence, it is said, failed to give their custodian the support he required or anticipated. One fact is certain that Loyola executed a very successful retaliation, and thoroughly avenged the defeat which they suffered at the hands of the college here at Lennoxville. It would be difficult to pick any individual star performer out of the Loyola ranks as the goal-getting was very evenly divided. Sherridan perhaps deserves the honours for although he failed to actually score he paved the way to three of Loyola's goals. The first line of Knox, Hibbard, and Scott were outstanding for the college for, although, only one of the three goals they scored was not overruled by the referee, the number of tallies which they so barely missed are themselves worthy of credit.

After twelve minutes of play in the first period Dago Knox opened the scoring, ably assisted by Scott and Hibbard, to put the college one in front. This lead was soon obliterated by Thomas, who snared Shaughnessy's pass to flick it pass Bennett's outstretched hand. One minute later the Kane, Newton, Porteous line combined in a beautiful passing play making the score 2-1 for Loyola.

For the first nine minutes of the second frame Bishop's gave a hard offensive display in an effort to diminish their opponents one-point lead, this ended when Sherridan broke away and flipped a pass to Veilleux who slapped it into the back of the college net. Thomas, Sherridan and Veilleux dashed from the face-off immediately following this goal to add another point to the Loyola total, just eight seconds later. For the remainder of the period the play was enacted mainly around the centre zone, neither team showing any decided edge.

The college once again tried offensive tactics at the opening of the third stanza and showed a decided superiority over their opponents until well on towards the end of the game. At the fifteen minute mark Tyler attempted a shot from the Bishop's blue line which stuck just inside the post making the score 5-1 for the Montrealers. Ver-dichio added one more to this just before the end of the

game, when he received a pass from Sherridan, drew Bennett out of the net and scored.

Final score—Loyola 6, Bishop's 1.

#### *R. M. C. at Bishop's*

This game proved to be a rather disastrous ending to a season which had surpassed the expectations of even the most optimistic supporters. It was not the fact that the team suffered such a crushing defeat but rather the attitude taken by some of the players which aroused so much criticism among the students. It appears that the attraction shown by the offenders towards spirit during the game was secondary to that shown in the small hours of the morning before the game. The Students Council, along with trusting friends who had kindly financed the trip, would have preferred to have seen the names of their team appear in the sports columns rather than in the society notes. It is evident, however, that a lesson has been learned, and it is to be hoped that a repetition of this behaviour will not occur when, and if, these players represent the college in the future.

The cadets adopted an overwhelming offensive from the outset and seemingly inspired by Brooks' early goal rapped in four before the first rest-period. The college were at a loss to stem the wild attack of their opponents though they strove desperately to diminish the rapidly increasing margin which separated them. In the closing minutes they began to give a much better account of themselves but were unable to find the R. M. C. net.

Dizz Dawes ended any hope of a shutout when he snared a loose puck just outside the army blue-line, split the defence and drove a shot over Carpenter's prostrate form. Dago Knox brought the college total up to two points when a few minutes later he stickhandled his way through the whole team to score. The cadets once again rolled up their heavy artillery at this point and continued to command the situation till they had strengthened their lead with seven more goals. Carl Norris saved Bishop's from a even worse defeat when in the dying minutes of the second frame he dashed down the ice for their last counter.

The college seemed to throw discretion to the winds in the final stanza and Carpenter was called upon to make several sensational saves. Though the offensive which Bishop's adopted was a stinging one, and much more representative of the play which they had lead the spectators to expect from them through previous engagements. Carpenter's excellent work in the R. M. C. nets held them scoreless while his team-mates managed to score one more goal before the end of the game.

Final score—R. M. C. 3, Plumber's Ball 9, Bishop's 3.

## Basketball

Jim Davidson

In our last issue, published before the basketball season was really under way, small hint was given as to the success of the team. At that time only one game out of three had been won, but now, with the schedule completed, it is quite a different story. The team finished third in the City and District League, winning six games out of ten, which is considerably more than the football and both hockey teams put together.

Following the 24-18 defeat of Lennoxville, Bishop's took on the league champion Y Blues at Sherbrooke. We lost out, 44-37, but only after showing that we were able to find the basket, after all. Captain Cohoon and Allan Bryce led Bishop's scorers with eleven and nine points, respectively.

The next game, played at home against the S. H. S. Grads, showed what a plucky squad could do against difficulties. Without the services of Bryce, "Tib" Stevens and "Soup" Blatchford, Bishop's squeezed out a narrow 29-28 decision over the strong Sherbrooke team. Cohoon and Bud Visser netted thirteen and eight points to lead the home forces.

After the heartening victory over Grads, who were league leaders at the time, we encountered Sherbrooke High School on their own floor. The Cohoon-Visser-Bryce line was working like a charm, and chalked up thirty points in the 44-35 rout of the younger students.

At this stage we suffered a severe setback in the loss of Doug Cohoon with a broken shoulder sustained in an Inter-Year hockey match. Still shaken after this minor disaster, and with a new forward combination, we were unfortunate enough to meet the league's two strongest teams in successive games.

The Y Reds, the only aggregation to beat us twice, trounced us 53-15, following which the Grads, anxious to atone for their previous loss at Bishop's, beat us 61-38 in the highest scoring contest of the year.

On February 27 we were hosts to the Quebec Y Intermediates, who came down and gave us a basketball lesson to the extent of 58-23. The game was fast and exciting, and productive of the best ball handling to be seen in the college gym for some time. Bryce, with thirteen, and Visser, with five points, were our best performers.

In the next week we ripped off our three remaining league games in great style, winning them all. In a dull encounter Lennoxville High was taken into camp, 24-13, and on the next day we trimmed Sherbrooke High 25-22 in a closely fought match. The inevitable Bryce led the scoring in both games.

In the last game with the Y Blues third position in the standings was at stake, and a bitter struggle was antici-

pated. A pleasant surprise was forthcoming though, for our Bishop's boys all but played the Blues into the floor and walked off with a 46-30 win. The latest forward line of Bryce, Visser, and Pharo collected 36 points, while "Blindy" Stevens played a wonderful game at guard.

Just previous to the final league win the boys, using but one hand, took on the co-eds in a challenge match. The girls, unsatisfied with the advantage given them, insisted on using six players during the all the quarters but the last, when they put on ten. The outcome was 25-24 for the fair sex, but crooked scorekeeping is suspected.

On the week-end of March 13 the return trip to Quebec was made. There we took on the Y Juniors on a huge floor, and were beaten handily by 50-26. When the game with Sir George Williams College on March 20 was postponed we played a team made up of players from three other league teams and came out with a 35-28 victory.

All things considered, it has been the best basketball season in years, and it gives great promise for a successful '38 campaign with almost the whole squad back again.

## WORK

Until you find what gift it brings  
To you and to your brothers—  
Success and Power and all such things,  
With strength for serving others;  
Until you reach Truth's hidden springs  
Through mists that loom and lurk,  
You dream not how divine a thing,  
You never guess how fine a thing,  
How grand a thing, is Work.

The way of sloth is smooth, no doubt,  
And pleasant; not like labour's,  
With thorns and high rocks fenced about,  
Daunting your timid neighbours.  
To climb the bars and thence come out  
To light, through mud and murk,  
How hard! And yet, how great a thing  
To meet and master fate—a thing  
You only do by Work.

There is no other gift bestowed  
To make life strong and stable;  
No other road, no royal road,  
Though apt you be and able.  
Then, bend your back and lift the load;  
No longer slack or shirk,  
And you shall learn how right a thing—  
And even, at last, how bright a thing  
And goodly fair—is Work!

Patty A. Wiggett.

## Co-eds' Sports

### Co-eds' Hockey

The co-eds hockey season started out with Millicent Marlin as manager, Nancy McDougall, captain, and Carl Norris as coach. We regret that after the first two games against B.C.S. and Divinity Nancy found hockey and basketball too much for her and was forced to drop out. Barbara Greene was elected captain in her place.

The first game of the season found the girls against the Ross School boys. The youngsters skated circles around our team and in spite of the strong defence, consisting of Nancy McDougall and Rosamond Staples, the final score was 4-0 for B.C.S. Edythe Everett played very well in goal. Millicent Marlin was centre, Mary Platt and Barbara Greene played wings and Olga Reid and Edith Titcomb were subs.

On the first day of February the girls went out on the ice against a team from Divinity House. We received quite a shock when Professor Scott got a penalty. The Divinity team spent a great deal of time in the penalty box but managed in spite of this to beat the co-eds with a score of 5-2.

Goal, Edythe Everett; defence, N. McDougall, Rosamond Staples; wings, Mary Platt, Barbara Greene; centre, Millie Marlin; subs: Dot Martin, J. Montgomery, J. Standish, E. Titcomb and B. Clarke.

The first real game was against McGill, played on home ice February thirteenth. The date was unlucky for our girls who went down to a crushing defeat of 4-0. In this game Mary Platt took Nancy's place on defence and Edith Titcomb moved up to regular wing.

On February 20 Clara Parsons, our manager of last year, brought a team from Scotstown to play the Bishop's girls. The score was 4-0 for Bishop's. Millicent Marlin, Barbara Greene, Mary Platt and Jean Montgomery were the scorers.

Scotstown line-up was: M. McLeod in goal; defence, B. Ladd and E. Scarth; wings, A. McLennan and B. Robins; centre, R. Parsons; subs: H. Scott, L. McLeod, R. Menzie and C. Parsons.

March 3 saw Bishop's in Montreal playing McGill at the Mount Royal Arena. For the first time in history the co-eds of Bishop's held McGill with a score of one-one. In the second period Barbara Greene scored for us. McGill got their goal in by accident when Edythe Everett, surrounded by both teams attempted to push them and the puck off. At the end of the second period Bishop's feared that McGill would score again but managed to hold them.

Friday, March 5, the co-eds played the last game of the season at Scotstown against the High School girls. Neither side scored. Our girls failed to lift the puck suf-

by Betty Clarke

ficiently and get past their goaler. Our defence proved too much for them and Edythe Everett didn't get a single shot.

The team wishes to take advantage of this opportunity to thank all those who gave their time to us in games and practices, especially our coach and those who were kind enough to referee.

### Co-eds' Basketball

With Edith Titcomb as manager, Edythe Everett as captain and Arthur Perkins as coach, the Bishop's co-eds started the basketball season.

Our first game against Sherbrooke High was the night after the Formal, February 9. Sherbrooke High girls with superior energy won the game with a score of 37-18. Playing for the High were Ella Mullins with a score of 19, Irene Bachelder, 12; Pat Taylor, Elsie Walsh, Marg. Sinclair, 2; Noreen Lothrop, Marie Ulahakis, 4; Clair Brown and Mary Donahue.

Bishop's line: Dot Martin, 12; Edythe Everett, 2; Frances Baker, Pat Wiggett, Frances Crook, 2; Betty Clarke, 2; Joyce Standish, Edith Titcomb and Peggy Richardson.

"Moon" Mullin refereed.

February 17 we played Lennoxville High in the college gym. The college fell down again with a final score of 25-11 for the village team.

Lennoxville High: E. Raycroft, 6; A. Everett, M. Stewart, 2; P. Watson, J. Findlay, 15; M. Parent, 2; D. Draper, M. Wentworth, N. Beatty.

Dot Martin, 8, and J. Speid, 3, were Bishop's scorers.

February 24—Bishop's met the Y. W. C. A. at the Y. Against the best team in the league. Bishop's lost 24-13.

Y. W. C. A.—M. MacIntyre; V. Hall, 5; M. Auray, D. Millar, 10; E. Vonberg, 7, M. McCabe, 2, M. Bilodeau, G. Clarke, G. Allsop, M. Bicoche.

Bishop's scorers were D. Martin, 8, J. Speid, 1, P. Wiggett, 2, F. Baker, 2.

Divinity put a team on the floor against Bishop's on February 25 for a scrimmage. We regret that the Divines found the girls too rough.

February 27 a game against Quebec was scheduled which was cancelled at the last minute.

March 4 saw the co-eds again against Sherbrooke High at the college. Determined not to be beaten our girls worked up a score of 20-9.

Sherbrooke—I. Bachelder, 2, E. Mullin, 4, K. Brown, 2, E. Walsh, 1.

Bishop's—D. Martin, 7, J. Speid, 7, P. Wiggett, 2, E. Everett, 4.

Averill Mutton officiated as referee.

March the ninth the co-eds played the men who were allowed only one hand on the ball. In spite of the height and weight of the boys the girls managed to win 25-24. P. Wiggett, 2, J. Speid, 4, D. Martin, 13, F. Baker, 2, and E. Everett, 4, scored for the co-eds.

Men's team—A. Bryce, 8, Pharo, 4, Davidson, Wood, 2, Stevens, 6, Rosenthal, Visser, 2, Evans, Blatchford, 2.

Jim Purdy refereed.

March 11—The girls played the return game at Lennoxville High. In spite of the strange floor they managed to win by 22-11.

Bishop's scorers were: Martin, 4, Speid, 9, Everett, 9.

Lennoxville: M. Stewart, 2, P. Watson, 1, J. Findlay, 8, Harry Gray was referee.

March 13 saw Bishop's girls at Quebec against a strong defensive team. With a lot of hard work Bishop's won the game with a score of 29-20.

March 16 — Bishop's went to Coaticook to beat the

## The Mitre - Its Future ?

The time has come when we must have a show-down about this "Mitre" business. At the best it is a thankless task for those in charge of a college magazine to satisfy everybody, in fact we have long discovered that is impossible, but what are we to do when there is no opportunity either to satisfy or annoy?

The policy of the "Mitre" in the past has been to publish five issues a year, filling between 34 and 52 pages with articles from students, graduates and items of news. Editors in the past have pleaded with students and graduates for articles, this year has been no exception; in fact when students see the editor approaching with that "What-about-an-article?" look, they do one of two things: flee, which is at least honest, or make fulsome promises which never amount to anything. The results are that the "Mitre" is often late, the president and the editor get very bad tempers and feel like throwing in the towel. There are some fellows who have been very generous with their time and ability and we thank them very much. There are others who could write now and again, but who are either too lazy or too indifferent to do so.

Several questions may be asked. Is it fair to those who are interested in the "Mitre" to make them feel so discouraged that they get to dislike intensely the very sound of

High School girls 14-4.

Martin, 6, Speid, 6, and Wiggett, 2, scored for Bishop's

Coaticook—E. Brumuller, 2, B. Brenmand, 2, D. Parsons, D. Campbell, A. Ackermank, L. Edson, B. Meade, D. Johnson.

Perkins refereed.

March 20—Coaticook played their return game losing 45-8.

Bishop's—Martin, 17, Speid, 16, Wiggett, 1, Everett, 6, Clarke, 5.

Coaticook — E. Brumuller, 2, B. Brenmand, 4, D. Johnson, 2.

T. Stevens refereed.

The last game of the season was played on March 24 against the Y. W. at the college. Unfortunately Bishop's lost retaining the position of third in the league.

Our thanks to Perkins and those who refereed and kept time. Here's hoping for a good season again next year.

that word?

Is it advisable to publish five "Mitres" a year?

Is it advisable to publish the "Mitre" at all?

Surely we have enough people in the college to supply us with enough material for an issue every two months? Or have we? If we have not then we had better abolish the magazine altogether.

It is so easy to criticize (easier in the generally accepted way of finding fault), and we can always hear those who make no contributions to the "Mitre" remarking what a rotten magazine it is and how bad certain articles are. To say the least this is showing very poor spirit!

It is about time something was done, the occasion for simply saying, "Next Issue," is past and we have to decide quite definitely what the future of the "Mitre" is going to be. Are the students going to support it? Will you please help us to continue this publication so that we can have a magazine worthy of the best traditions of the college? If so, will you help us to put out a really good June issue—we dislike asking for old essays. If you are not going to help will you please stop criticising?

Above all will you seriously consider this statement: If we do not get *student* support for the magazine all further issues will be discontinued.

## Badminton

It is with justification that the Badminton committee can look back over the season's activities and adjudge it the best in years. Badminton was taken seriously at Bishop's this year and the result was a definite improvement in the style of play, apart from numerous victories over outside clubs. The freshman class furnished a group of skilled and enthusiastic players, the senior years, the organizers, while the faculty had a large proportion of members among regular frequenters of the court. A great spirit of unselfish co-operation prevailed. The co-eds played regularly and furnished refreshments on numerous occasions. The faculty helped solve transportation problems by driving players to outside points.

With inches of water over the mingled patches of ice and ashes of what would normally be the smooth surface of the college rink and dead grass waving in the wind on the golf-course slopes and Haskell's hill, haunts of our skiing enthusiasts, many turned to the badminton court on their return from Christmas vacations as an outlet for potential energy. With a return to seasonable weather conditions and the start of hockey, skiing and dramatics, the number of players resumed normal proportions. The promise of tournaments with clubs of the surrounding district had a stimulating effect on the regular players, an encouraging note being the grouping of suitable matched players into teams for regular competition. The consistent playing of the co-eds, enabling the formation of several teams of mixed doubles, denoted increased interest in the game. While acknowledging the lack of playing facilities a maximum of time was allotted the game by the new gymnasium schedule which had to consider men and women's basketball, besides a weekly afternoon for the C. O. T. C.

Nine games were played with outside clubs. Of these Bishop's won six, drew one and lost two. The games were as follows:

Saturday, February 6. Three cars took eighteen players, twelve men and six women to Coaticook where a tournament was held on the three excellent courts of the local club. The result was a draw, each side winning ten games. Our players were treated to delicious refreshments by the Coaticook ladies following which several informal matches were played before departure for Lennoxville at eleven p.m.

The first home game was held on Thursday evening, February 11 when Bishop's entertained the Lennoxville club in the gymnasium here. Each club entered eight players. The games were closely contested but the visitors had the edge with a result that the evening's score was 6-4 in their favour. Through the kindness of Professor and Mrs. Pres-

ton the players adjourned to their apartment following the tournament and had refreshments.

Eager for new worlds to conquer some ten players travelled to Windsor Mills on Saturday, February 13, where the local club gave them a hearty reception. The afternoon's play saw many excellent and exciting matches, our team emerging from the contest with the creditable victory of 11-2. On their return our players were quite enthusiastic about the hospitality of the Windsor members, the enjoyable showers following play and the food served by their hosts.

The following Thursday afternoon five Bishop's men played with a team from the Sherbrooke Y. M. C. A. at the latter's court. Any feeling of superiority from the two previous victories was somewhat dampened by a 6-1 defeat at the hands of the stronger Y team. Our men had a refreshing swim in the Y pool after which the club's physical instructor entertained them to tea.

The first return match was held on Thursday evening, February 25, when Windsor Mills club sent ten members to Bishop's. By this time considerable interest in badminton had been aroused among the student body with the result that a sizeable gallery followed the tournament. The score was 9-3 in favour of Bishop's. The co-eds supplied food to end the evening in a pleasant social manner.

The Lennoxville club secured the courts of Bishop's College School for their return match which enabled Bishop's to send six men and six women against them on Thursday evening, March 2. If our team won by the score of 9-3, the hosts "won" by the reception they tendered following the play at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Pattison. Eats and dancing were enjoyed very much.

That these matches had definitely improved our players was evidenced in the return game with Coaticook held in the Bishop's gym, Saturday evening, March 6, when the score was 12-3 in our favour. Many of the games were very closely contested and won only by a point or so. It is to be hoped that next year will find this friendly competition between Bishop's and the Coaticook club renewed and extended over a longer period so that several matches may be played.

On March 11 four Bishop's men redeemed themselves by defeating a Y. M. C. A. team 5-2. Tea was served.

The last outside game was played against the Lennoxville club on Thursday evening, March 11, each side entering eight players. The score after a variety of good, bad and indifferent matches was 9-4 in Bishop's favour. Again the co-eds furnished delicious biscuits and cake to accompany the 'tea by Dewhurst.'

The annual tournament for the decision of supremacy in the following events: 1. Men's Singles; 2. Men's Doubles; 3. Women's Singles; 4. Women's Doubles; 5. Mixed Doubles, was held March 19, 29 and 22. A sub-committee of Miss Frances Baker and Messrs. Fyfe and Delaney handled all the details very efficiently so that the elimination series was run off without a hitch.

The highlight of the tournament was the finals in the men's singles between Fyfe and Barnett for the Mrs. Meredith Cup. Fyfe won 15-11, 16-18, 15-8.

The men's doubles came down to finals between Barnett and McNeillie vs. Fyfe and Gibeau. The latter team won 9-15, 15-5, 15-7.

Miss N. McDougall emerged as winner of the ladies' singles by defeating Miss M. Platt 6-11, 11-4, 11-3.

The women's doubles finals was a contest between the Misses F. Brillhart and J. Speid and Misses C. Speid and M.

Platt. The latter team won 15-12, 15-7.

Ten teams entered the mixed doubles so that the elimination process was well contested and very interesting. Mrs. Preston and Fyfe and Miss M. Richardson and Barnett reached the finals which was won by the former team 15-12, 15-7.

A large gallery followed the finals with keen interest and were treated to refreshments following the tournament, bringing the official season to a pleasant close.

The badminton committee of Miss McDougall, Professor Scott and Reginald Turpin is to be congratulated on the success of the season. Besides the recreation provided, badminton has helped develop social life within the university and between students and club members in nearby towns. With such a season behind them next year's players have every right to be optimistic for next year's badminton.

K.H.A. and R.M.T.

## LIFE'S WHIRL TOO MUCH WITH US

An Apology to Wordsworth

Life's whirl is too much with us: late and soon,  
Smoking and drinking we lay waste our powers:  
Little we see in College that is ours;  
We have given our souls away, much, much too soon!

This Hall, where students fret and groan each June,  
When study-lamps burn thro' the quiet hours—  
And students look like faded frost-nipped flowers;  
For this, and more, you'd think we'd change our tune;

We are unmoved—Great God! I'd rather be  
A Moslem living with my beard unshorn.  
I'd rather burn on desert sands, and see  
A hundred men by cut-throats slashed and torn,—  
Even fight great monsters rising from the Sea;  
—Than go to Chapel every Sunday morn!

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