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Volume 44 Number 5

June 1937
University of Bishop's College
Lennoxville, P.Q.

Founded 1843 Royal Charter 1853

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Complete courses in Arts, Science in Arts and Divinity. Postgraduate courses in Education leading to High School Diploma. Residential College for men. Women admitted to lectures and degrees. Valuable Scholarships and Exhibitions. The College is beautifully situated at the junction of the St. Francis and Massawippi Rivers. Excellent buildings and equipment. All forms of recreation including tennis, badminton, and skiing. Private golf course. Lennoxville is within easy motoring distance of Quebec and Montreal, and has good railway connections.

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You don't need a slide rule to prove that money grows quickly if you save REGULARLY. Even small deposits soon grow to very useful sums; indeed, if you school yourself to add to them faithfully each month. Don't wait till you have a big deposit before opening a Savings Account. It is far better to start in a small way than not to start at all.

Students' accounts are always welcome at any branch of the Royal Bank.

THE ROYAL BANK
OF CANADA
Peacemakers In America

The Work of the International Joint Commission

SINCE the conclusion of the Great War probably more thought has been given to the devising of ways and means of preventing its repetition than to anything else. Plans have been brought forward and experiments tried in various parts of the world, but one can hardly escape the conclusion that, in spite of the almost universal desire for peace and friendship between the nations, the problem remains unsolved. This generation waits peace and dreads war; the average man, it is safe to say, wants nothing so much as neighbourly relations with the man on the other side of the international boundary; and yet the possibility of war hovers continually over the world. Without for a moment suggesting that the International Joint Commission is the long-sought solution of the question of how to transform misunderstanding into understanding and distrust into trust throughout the world, the fact remains that tribunal has been deciding questions along the frontier between Canada and the United States for a quarter of a century, and deciding them so simply and unostentatiously, as well as effectively, that most of the people in these two countries are unaware of its existence.

How did this remarkable body come into being? To answer this question, it would be necessary to go back to a resolution of the United States Senate introduced in 1892, and passed the following year, which recommended that an international board be appointed for the investigation of questions arising along the local boundary between the United States and Canada. This resolution was introduced by Senator James H. Goodale, and the bill authorizing the appointment of such a board was introduced in Congress by Senator J. S. Dennis of Massachusetts.

It is worthy of note that, in the first instance, the idea of setting up an international board for the settlement of disputes between the United States and Canada was not the brain-child of any great statesman or statesman of the past but was born and matured in the small mind of the average Member of Congress. The proposition of Senator Goodale was opposed by many. The Committee of the Whole House on Foreign Affairs denounced the idea of the resolution and its author. Senator Dennis was the only Senator who voted for the resolution that was finally adopted by the Senate.

These recommendations bore fruit. After protracted negotiations, in which a number of eminent Americans and Canadians took part, a treaty was signed at Washington on January 11, 1909, by James Bryce on behalf of Great Britain, and by Elihu Root on behalf of the United States. The treaty provided for the creation of a joint board of three members, three appointed by the President, and three by the Government of Canada.

The various recommendations were finally crystallized in a treaty, which still awaits the approval of the United States and the Canadian Parliament.
Under article VI of the 1909 treaty, the Commission was given jurisdiction and control over an unusual irrigation problem in the west. Two rivers, the St. Mary and the Milk, rise in Montana and flow across the boundary into Alberta. The former remains in Canada and finally sends its waters to the Saskatchewan. The Milk, after a course of a hundred miles or so in Canada, returns to the United States side of the boundary. These portions of Alberta and Montana are in what is known as the semiarid belt, where water is vitally necessary for irrigation. In such a region men will get more excited over a water-for-the-land problem, than they will over politics.

The treaty provides that the two rivers are to be treated as one for the purposes of irrigation, and their waters divided equally between the two countries. To make this practicable, the United States built a canal to connect the two rivers, and the Milk has been used for irrigation. Through this canal the American share of the water is carried from the St. Mary down the Milk to the irrigable lands in the Lower Milk River Valley.

When the matter first came before the Commission, it developed that counsel for the two Governments put different interpretations on the meaning of article VI of the treaty. The question was thrashed out from time to time, and precedent piled upon precedent by the lawyers to prove that one contention or the other was right. In the meantime, the farmers of Montana and Alberta were developing mutual grievances, that might at any time grow into sources of serious misunderstanding between the two countries.

The Commission, while an international tribunal of law, has its geographical extent. Cases have been dealt with in regions as far apart as the St. Croix River and the St. John River, between Maine and New Brunswick, in the far east, and the Kootenay River and the Trail Smelter in British Columbia. These North American problems were as varied in character as they were far apart geographically. The St. John River question has to do with water power, the St. Croix River case involved among other things the protection of international fisheries, the Kootenay River case concerned both water power and reclamation, and the Trail Smelter case had to do with a complaint by farmers in the northern part of the State of Washington that their property was being injured by sulphur fumes from this British Columbia smelter.

The Commission consists of six members, as already mentioned. The present American commissioners are Hon. A. O. Stanley, Hon. John H. Barlett and Mr. Eugene Lorton, and those representing Canada are Hon. Charles Stewart, Sir William Hearst and Mr. George W. Kyte. Mr. Stewart is Chairman of the Canadian Section and Mr. Stanley of the United States Section; the former presides when the Commission meets in Canada, and the latter when it meets in the United States.

In the last analysis the success of this commission, as a means of settling disputes and also of preventing them—and perhaps the latter is the more important service—must depend to a very large extent upon public understanding and support in the two countries. The people of Canada and the United States cannot be expected to give their wholehearted support to such a tribunal unless they thoroughly understand why it was created and how it carries on its very important work. We all feel that the relations between Canada and the United States are much closer, much more intimate, than between any two countries in Europe. We have to a very large extent the same political and social ideals, the same intellectual point of view, the same manners and customs, even the same prejudices. We have been good friends and neighbours for many generations, and we hope to remain good friends and neighbours for ever. But even the best on friends and neighbours are liable to have their moments of misunderstanding, and if these are not to develop into something more serious, it is important that nothing should stand in the way of their getting together and composing their differences. For a quarter of a century the International Joint Committee has functioned successfully as a means of settling problems and differences along the frontier between Canada and the United States, with the minimum of friction and red tape. With public understanding and support no limit need be put to either the period or the extent of its service.

A Day At College

There stands upon the Massawippi's shore
A group of buildings, all of which are dated;
Their corridors are squeaky, cold, and hoar,
While almost all the rooms look antiquated.

But there are many who would start to roar
If once they heard this musty place berated.
For though it's old and small, it's Bishop's College.

If once they heard this musty place berated.
For though it's old and small, it's Bishop's College.

All is not as it seems, for it serves the noble
Purpose of a means of settling disputes and differences along the frontier between Canada and the United States, with the minimum of friction and red tape. With public understanding and support no limit need be put to either the period or the extent of its service.
Springtime at Bishop’s

Anyone approaching the college on a typical spring day would be quite justified in wondering if he is not on the wrong street, or even in the wrong town. He sees a large red building beyond a covered bridge, but the queer activity surrounding the building leads him to believe that he is not on the wrong street, or even in the wrong town. He sees a railing, but which now very much resembles a worn-out black ribbon, wind-whipped around his neck. When asked if there is to be a game of any sort, he replies that he believes that the cricket team has a match with the School. But the visitor is curious as to why he is wearing black ribbons. He has always thought that Bishop’s colours were purple and white—but maybe the university is in the clutches of Sir Oswald Mosley’s influence. The young gentleman, visibly affronted, informs him that Bishop’s colours are purple and white, that he has not had the pleasure of making Sir Oswald’s acquaintance, and that the black ribbons to which he has so slurringly referred constitute his gown.

The visitor, quite shaken by this incident continues to the end of the bridge, hoping to find something that will help to obliterat e his untimely mistake. Instead, he stops short, gazing in amazement and unbelieft at the sight which confronts him. His gaze is drawn first to a high tower, on which is precariously perched an indescernible shape, balanced on the weather-vane, nonchalantly puffing on a cigarette. Great groanings and exhortations to desist are heard, then reach his ears from a second-floor window, and simultaneously one of the men stationed to prevent the ball from rolling down the building is seriously concerned with blowing the dry grass, to which he has recently applied a match, into flame. In the middle of the lawn, an exasperated photographer is attempting to arrange a group of uniformed gentlemen for a picture. There is a great scrambling to find the sticks for the bass drum, and naturally when they are found, a celebration is in order. Bedlam reigns, and the photographer, at the end of his patience, stalks off, mumbling that there will be no more pictures to-day.

Another glance to the roof of the building reveals several youths zealously guarding as many pails of water, awaiting the opportune moment. It would seem that the victim is to be the sun-bather browsing comfortably on his mattress which is rippling out between the bars of the fire-escape. But the water-boys are out for bigger game—perhaps even the visitor himself. He is not sure that he should attempt to enter the building, but upon second thought, decides he might attain the doorway in safety if he effects a wild dash through fire, water, cricket, and bass drum. He resigns himself to his fate and dashes into the midst of turmoil, resolved to enter the Old Arts building.

N.B. (The visitor might have been still more astounded had he visited the college on May the first, when the Communists staged their annual riot. Each window in the college was appropriately draped with a red blanket, and the party had run up their flag, which much resembled the drapes, on the flag-pole. The band’s pleasing renditions of several Communist songs, and the chanting of the same by the Communist choristers added greatly to the occasion and helped to make the riot one of the most impressive, awe-inspiring, and memorable events in the history of the University. Anyone who is intending to visit the college next year, should plan to do so when this magnificent spectacle is being displayed.)

Photography

What the beginner requires in photography is a good camera. He needs a camera that will satisfy every use, and yet will not be expensive to operate. I began my career in photography with a box camera made of cardboard, a camera which I bought for bits from the Fifteen-cent Store. Even so I was perfectly contented, and looked forward to the many pictures I was to take with it. After a very short career, however, it came to grief. One day when I was taking a picture in the rain, the cardboard dissolved. This misfortune dampened my enthusiasm considerably, and it was not until four years later that I had another camera. It was a vest pocket kodak given to me for my birthday. For the next few years most of my spare time was spent in taking pictures of every object and scene that took my fancy. The operation of the camera was simple, too simple in fact, for it was impossible to make proper adjustments for the weather, and I spoilt many pictures that I attempted to take in the rain. I became, however, so attached to it that I would not buy a new one. But circumstances forced the issue, as I dropped my vest pocket overboard while taking a picture of a seagull. This time I was determined to buy a really interesting camera; one that required skill to run. After considering my wealth, and spending hours talking to the salesman over the merits of various cameras, I bought a Welta-Freital with an anastigmatic lens. This has lasted me ever since, and has taken some exceptionally good pictures. Although it is probably good for another ten years, it has always been my burning ambition to own a Leica, but as their prices range around £89 my chances seem very small.

According to popular belief, any film fits any camera, but a camera is like a car that runs better on one type of gasoline than another; it must have the right film for best results. Strangely enough the new super-sensitive Verichrome does not suit my camera, and fails to produce good pictures. I found the Agfa, a British film that suits my camera perfectly, and what is better still, is five cents cheaper than the Verichrome. There is an art in loading a camera that few people seem to realize, for although it says on the box that it can be opened anywhere, I found that is better to hold it under my coat when I load it, otherwise the pictures will be found to be cloudy. Of course the most important, and perhaps the most difficult thing in photography is taking the picture. The field of photography can be divided into three main divisions: landscape, portrait, and moving objects; and in my opinion the last mentioned is the most fascinating. Snapping fish while they are in mid-air has been one of my greatest thrills. It requires a great deal of patience and skill to catch a fish at the top of his flight, but the result is worth all the patience in the world, and as for skill, well! I think on my part it has been mostly luck. It has always been my ambition to snap a salmon jumping falls, but although I have made several attempts, waiting for hours on end with my camera trained on the spot where they have been jumping, they always turn up in some other place. Only once did a salmon jump when I was prepared, and that time I was so excited that I only caught his tail. A much easier fish to picture is the dolphin; as he comes up in the same place time after time, all there is to do is to focus the camera on the frequentcd spot, arrange the lens, and wait. I have taken some of my best photographs in this way.

I find portrait pictures as a rule very dull, as I am not expert enough to take into consideration the artistic values of shades and contours, and so it is only on exceptional occasions that I take pictures of people. Of course it often becomes necessary out of courtesy, but I try to avoid as much as possible. In contrast to this are landscape pictures; a type that is almost as interesting as moving objects, and requires even more skill. Anybody can take a picture of a hill, but not everyone can incorporate the sun, the clouds, shadows, and other seemingly unimportant conditions into the picture, and it is these that make it. Scenes at sea are the most difficult to take, as it is essential to have your pictures on a level plain. You must allow for the roll of the ship, the reflection of the sun, and the spray clouding your lens, but I think however difficult it has been, I have gained more satisfaction from these pictures than any others. Although not the best pictures I have taken, I found the ones...
of storms the most exciting. There is a thrill in dodging a 
wave, and taking a picture from the deck, which a few 
seconds later will be tons of water. There is another branch 
of this art that I have not tried, and that is trick photog 
raphy. Considering that I have tried my hand at every 
other type, I think I shall take this up in the future.

A no less interesting side of photography is developing 
and printing, but as I am a beginner in this art, my dis 
cription will be very simple. When the film is taken from 
the camera, it is placed in a changing box to unwind the 
film from the spool on to a flat plate. A small metal tank 
is then filled with a solution of hydroquinone and methyl 
aramine, and the plate is then immersed in the solution 
until the picture appears on the negative. The art is to 
judge the time when it should be removed. If it is left too 
long it will turn black, and ruin the picture. Even in my 
short career I have spoilt film after film in this way. The 
plate is then placed in a solution of acetic acid, potassium 
water, and anhydrous sodium sulphate, a solution that is 
called a fixer. After the negative has been fixed or hard 
ened, it is taken out and dried. The next step is the print 
ing. The negative is held to a piece of bromide paper, and 
exposed to the light for a few seconds; it is then plunged 
into a silver cyanide solution, and held there until the pic 
ture appears. It now only remains to remove the picture, 
dry it, and cut it to the size required. Photography is one 
of the most interesting and enjoyable hobbies, as it provides 
work for the imagination of the poet, the art of the painter 
and the chemistry of the scientist.

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**GREETINGS**

To the Graduates, Under-Graduates and 
Students of Bishop’s University 
we extend our best wishes 
for their health and prosperity.

**BECK PRESS REG’D**

Lennoxville, Que.

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**Skyscraper**

O small undaunted man 
Who drew the plan, 
And patient little men who made, 
Each faithful to his chosen trade—
Rearing together and alone 
This miracle of steel and stone 
Above the city’s myriad voices, 
Amid the strident rivets’ noises. 
With measuring eye and easy grace 
Guiding the girders into place, 
Each balanced beam swaying girder 
Wearing the menace of a murder; 
And, hard upon and over these, 
Masons, as numerous as bees, 
And windowers fitting every casement 
With radiance from roof to basement, 
O little willing, thrilling men, 
Who lived and died and live again, 
Yours is the glory and the power 
Who built this tower! 

—Patty A. Wiggett.
YOUR WILL

... becomes effective not as of the date it was executed but as of the date it is probated... Between these two dates—execution and probate—many important events may have occurred.

Your Estate may have increased or decreased in value; births, deaths and marriages in the family; important changes may have been made in the tax and property laws; attesting witnesses may have died or moved away; there may have occurred changes in your own point of view as to the distribution of your Estate or you may have moved from one province to another.

If you named a friend or relative Executor—illness, death or removal will make it impossible for the individual to carry out his duties.

It is common sense and wisdom to find out, definitely, whether your Will should be revised to meet altered property values or other changes and varied conditions.

When doing this important task—be in mind the modern practice of appointing a Trust Company as Executor and Trustee.

SHERBROOKE TRUST COMPANY

Second Sight

The day was hot, with the dull, stifling, enervating heat that only the duney prairie knows. The brown grain in the fields beside the track bent stiffly with the wind of the train's passing, and disappeared behind the veil of smoke and dust. Now and again a few colourless houses flashed by the windows, but there was no sign of life or activity around them.

About half the passengers in the car next to the last were asleep, sprawled awkwardly across the seats, rolling against each other as the train swayed around a curve. Some were snoring softly, and others grunted in irritation as a bump jolted them out of position. Those who were not asleep either tried half-heartedly to read, or stared vacantly out the windows.

A fat man in a corner seat turned his newspaper over, patted it flat, and leaned back with a grunt to re-read the same page.

He was bound for Smithville Junction, and had been travelling since early morning. He had read the paper through from headlines to stock reports, slept for an hour or two, lunched in the diner, tried to write a letter, slept again, and started to re-read his paper. For perhaps fifteen minutes he studied the familiar details of the front-page murder story; then, impatiently, he threw it aside, and gazed at the dusty fields slapping by the window, drumming his fingers on the sill. This continued for another ten minutes. Then, with a sigh, he slowly got to his feet, and moved down the aisle towards the smoker.

As he neared the door, he heard a nasal voice raised in protest:

"But, dang it, I tell ye it is true!"

And another voice assured the speaker, "Why, sure it's true. Why, I believe every word of it!" And then there was a burst of laughter.

The fat man found an empty seat, eased himself into it, and drew a cigar from his breast pocket. He fumbled in his trousers for a match, and looked hopefully about him, but the other three were too busy with their argument to notice him. Finally he interrupted.

"Say, has anyone got a match?"

And another voice assured the speaker, "Why, sure it's true. Why, I believe every word of it!" And then there was a burst of laughter.

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"What the devil has this—"

The fat man, hoping for a champion, was listening eagerly, but the salesman was getting impatient.

"Tell what the devil has this—"

"Well, this old fellow," the fat man continued, "he could tell where gold was, so people said. He used to get strangers mad sometimes, they claimed. He'd look at a map, and tell him, 'You got a couple of gold-filled teeth, haven't you.' And the stranger would get mad. But the old boy was generally right. One day we got him talking about it, and he said yes, he could tell where gold was. So we asked him if he could tell us where to find some, and he shut up like a clam and said no. Well, we bought him beer, and gave him tobacco, and soon he said yes, he knew where there was some gold, but he couldn't tell us. He said there was a curse on it, or some such stuff, because it was the price of human lives. We bought him more beer and..."
better tobacco, and finally he told us the story. 'Pears there was a ship which was in the slave-trading business with the Gold Coast; used to cart over a cargo to the States and sell 'em to the land-owners. One day they brought over a good load of them, with a sizeable bunch of ivory for good tobacco, and finally he told us the story. 'Pears there again for another load, but a storm blew up suddenly, and they set sail again for another load, but a storm blew up suddenly, and they got wrecked just off this bit of the coast. On the island it was, somewhere out in the bay. "Well, that's what he told us, and we were pretty ex- excessed about it, because they had all the gold on board that they'd made on their little deal, and nobody had found it. Folks thought that the gold had been thrown overboard when they knew they were going to sink, but our old fish­erman said no. The kegs had broken out of the ship when she struck, and had got contents and all. He knew where, because he had this gift of sort of smelling out gold, and he'd figured it out. But he wouldn't tell us because he said we'd die or something if we dug it up. So we fed him some more beer, and he loosened up and told us.

"It was on the shore of Cod Island, sunk in the sand below high tide mark. The old bird got up on his feet and led us around the corner of the tavern to where we could about standin' on the stuff. I can't tell you closer than that, but if you go out there at low tide, and dig a trench a couple of hours, and dug a trench about three feet wide and two deep all the way up. But that wasn't deep enough. The old man said it was a long time ago when the ship was wrecked, and probably the kegs had sunk in pretty far. Well, we had more blisters on our hands then, and I guess we were tired, but we didn't seem to notice it, because we started right in to deepen and widen our trench. About four o'clock one of the other two passed out—the sun got him, I suppose. We just hauled him up into the shade, and left him there and hurried back to work. The tide was coming in now, you see, and we had to find the casks before the water covered them again, and filled in our trench."

The train whistled, a long, drawn-out hoot that seemed to come from miles away. A conductor put his head in at the door. "How much did you find?"

"Not a damn cent," he said.
H. T. H.

The New Bridge -- Impressions

At dusk everything seems cloaked with a mysterious personality. As though by some magical touch, living things become still, and inanimate things become imbued with life. The enchantment of hall-darkness transports me to a land of grotesque and strangely animated shadows, and one of these looms up before my eyes as though suddenly conjured out of the earth. It is the new bridge.

Standing at the head of the railed pathway leading down to the old wooden bridge, it looks like a giant caterpillar humped up in the act of taking a stride. Either end clings firmly to the ground, and the middle rises in silhouette against the opalescent sky, in a great bow. From this bow-like arch numerous legs stretch toward the level as if for added security. And in the half-light, coated lightly with hoar frost, the whole gleams softly as though covered with silk. Its rust-red back particularly gleams as though movement underneath is causing each hair to move into a different position. And as the misty air combines with night to shroud the form in a greyish haze, it is as though this huge caterpillar, in the mood of active life, desired to put on its winding sheet and retire within its cocoon.

Later in the night it seemed to have undergone a transformation, for as I approach the wooden bridge, from the town side this time, and look towards the spot where I had seen the great caterpillar, something quite different has replaced it.

A clear sky and a full moon make the night quite bright, and dampness settling low has created a sea of mist. The new bridge rises above it in quite a new aspect. For as I look at the new bridge again it is morning. It has the same aspect as at night, but is primarily a bridge. It is a simple, solid-looking structure made mostly of steel. The actual bridge is really one fairly-long span, but two short ones lead ashore on either side. It is supported by two wedge-shaped cement piers built in the water. The centre span is supported too by a curved arch reaching to the piers, which in turn is further strengthened by several upright steel pillars.

Its design, I believe, is quite new in Canada, there being only one other of its kind. When completed, it will no doubt blend harmoniously with its surroundings. Side by side with the old it stands now—but soon the old will go and Bishop's will be revealed in new perspective.

JUNE, 1937

The bridge at present looks like a barn full of old machinery that had been struck by lightning and blasted apart with dynamite, and then exposed to the destructive damp of six months of harsh winter winds. On both sides of the river are scattered heaps of junk. In the field, isolated and dismal, is a cement-mixer; too large to admit a passage through the old bridge to the one spot where it could be of any use, it has been left rusting and covered with snow. Haphazardly piled near this is a load of orange-coloured steel girders, now obscured to rust, destined for the other side of the river but accidentally deposited here.

A battered barrel three-quarters full of oily, orange paint tilts uncertainly on the slope of a mound of loose gravel a few feet from the girders; its cover, in two pieces, is some distance away, as if ripped off with a hammer and haphazardly flung away. Several stacks of grey, lime-covered laths, with a number of mortar-stills poised uneasily on top, adorn the side of the road. Girders about to be used lie along the side of the road. Girders and Bishop's will be revealed in new perspective.

The New Bridge -- Impressions

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Standing at the head of the railed pathway leading down to the old wooden bridge, it looks like a giant caterpillar humped up in the act of taking a stride. Either end clings firmly to the ground, and the middle rises in silhouette against the opalescent sky, in a great bow. From this bow-like arch numerous legs stretch toward the level as if for added security. And in the half-light, coated lightly with hoar frost, the whole gleams softly as though covered with silk. Its rust-red back particularly gleams as though movement underneath is causing each hair to move into a different position. And as the misty air combines with night to shroud the form in a greyish haze, it is as though this huge caterpillar, in the mood of active life, desired to put on its winding sheet and retire within its cocoon.

Later in the night it seemed to have undergone a transformation, for as I approach the wooden bridge, from the town side this time, and look towards the spot where I had seen the great caterpillar, something quite different has replaced it.

A clear sky and a full moon make the night quite bright, and dampness settling low has created a sea of mist. The new bridge rises above it in quite a new aspect. For as I look at the new bridge again it is morning. It has the same aspect as at night, but is primarily a bridge. It is a simple, solid-looking structure made mostly of steel. The actual bridge is really one fairly-long span, but two short ones lead ashore on either side. It is supported by two wedge-shaped cement piers built in the water. The centre span is supported too by a curved arch reaching to the piers, which in turn is further strengthened by several upright steel pillars.

Its design, I believe, is quite new in Canada, there being only one other of its kind. When completed, it will no doubt blend harmoniously with its surroundings. Side by side with the old it stands now—but soon the old will go and Bishop's will be revealed in new perspective.
My first impression of the new bridge was received when, returning from the village one evening this winter, I came upon a scene of intense inactivity; a handful of men lolled listlessly about, one reading the help-wanted advertisements in a local paper by the flickering of a stationary light, another engaged in deftly rolling a cigarette, while still another was blowing his nose with the one-ringer motion popular to the working classes. With the intention of crossing the bridge I cautiously skirted these preoccupied figures, and influenced by a lucrative offer, advanced boldly towards the bridge.

This feeling of security swiftly changed to one of extreme trepidation in carefully wending my way across a narrow trestle with my eyes magnetized by the muddy Massawippi below, and mentally occupied with the possibility of my floating down the river with the University sewage. Looming up on the right was the massive bulk of the old bridge, at once reminding me of the many times it had afforded me a safe passage, no matter in what condition I happened to be. A sit-down strike was undoubtedly the answer to the seeming insecurity of the new structure, but this was not acceptable to my prestige. The ascent of the orange-coated and semi-circular girder was justifiably hesitant, my sensations were probably comparable to those of a soldier going over the top for the first time, and my knees made a noise like the proverbial skeleton on the tin roof. The descent was quicker, even though I gripped the sides much in the manner of a person on a runaway horse, my motion being retarded only by the laws of friction, and my hobnailed boots emitting an ominous grating, sounding as though a number of files were being scratched against a blackboard. Safely over, the best I could do was to utter some choice epithets I had saved for a worthier occasion.

Being one of the first to traverse the mishapen structure before it is politically opened I felt that a closer study was necessary. The sight would hardly have been pleasant in any surroundings; but the bridge was doubly misplaced in its academic environment. If the contractor had any subtle idea that its colour would harmonize with the distinguished brick-red of this institution, he would do well to take up the art of exterior decoration; if he thought that its gaudy appearance would fit in with the generally antiquated and subdued countryside, he was once more wrong.

Then again, little did he realize that ninety-four-year-old tradition should not be aroused from its deep slumber by such a strikingly garish, and manifestly modern mass of metal.

The bridge itself is, on the whole, both ugly and glaring; little thought has been given to anything which would even distantly resemble the artistic, and the sole idea of the architect would seem to have been the desire to erect a structure to conquer any floods the river could offer, apart from the necessity of providing something comparatively sturdy at the cheapest possible price. The manner of its construction is a little strange to the average local layman; whether the fact that it is being bought on the installment plan accounts for the work being done in relays no one knows, and few care. Watching its tardy progress however is considered sordid by the aesthetically minded, and they feel that the material results are important.

It is the moral effect of the new bridge which is both the more prominent and more harmful. To witness feverish activity on such a hallowed and traditionally torpid site is but to realize the evils of an age of machinery. Too early to foresee the demoralizing effects of this tawdry embodiment of modernism, some say that it has already done irreparable damage, by rudely disturbing the rusticity of the district, and hope that it will be washed away in a potential flood, while others agree that at least it will stand out as something new in a countryside that is definitely out of date.

A. V. L. M.
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Pet Aversions

To this subject we all turn with relief; it is purely subjective, and consequently highly absorbing. One may be so uninterested in abstract problems as to pass over such a question as “What is Art?” with a sententious reply like: “the Good, the True, and the Beautiful,” and refuse to explain or enlarge. But when our personal idiosyncrasies come under discussion then we feel a positive urge to expand, to add detail to fascinating detail, and, in describing the foibles and habits which we find repellent in others, to expose the intricacies of our own characters (which are of course really unusual and complex; unfortunately at very few know us at all intimately). In high school annual magazines we find listed beside the picture of each student his favourite expression, his favourite sports, and his pet aversion; thus is he judged, and justly, too, for if we know a man’s aversions we know what he is like. For instance, if we read that J— L—’s pet aversion is short women, we can assume that he is at least not below average height; and if another dislikes above all things to be roused in French class, we can deduce not only that he finds French tedious, but also that he enjoys slumber.

Perhaps we should pursue the subject with less zeal if we reflected that aversions usually indicate some fault or lack in ourselves; on the other hand we also find our faults of prime interest. It is most elevating to hear the eagerness, the interest, the energy a man or woman puts into describing the foibles of others, and at the same time it is most revealing to them, for it shows the real nature of their awareness of the consciousness that I myself find nail-chewing an aid to meditation, is not all-enveloping. And so to my own particular pet aversion—people who nag. Those, who say, “Peggy, why can’t you . . . ?”; “Peggy, how often must I tell you . . . ” fan me to such towering rages (interesting failing!) that only persistent self-consciousness prevents me from shrieking like a virgin; so I take refuge in sullenness until I feel the absurdity of my position. But naturally I feel no kindlier to people who nag.

There are many other people whom it is difficult to suffer. People who appeal to one’s better nature, these surely are not to be borne. Pessimistic people, who excuse themselves with a laugh and ignore their chilly reception. Greedy people, who gobble their food and masticate audibly. Truck drivers who leer and sound their horns in passing, sing, “Who’s big baby are you?” or otherwise evince an unwelcome interest. People who think that a complete lack of ordinary consideration is a mark of a pleasing contempt for pettiness. People who are rude to increase their self-importance. These we all know and dislike.

But we have private aversions as well. Some cannot bear to hear anyone humming; sometimes they hate only a particular air, like “the Organ Grinder’s Swing.” Another becomes quite ill at sight of a fried egg or on sniffing barber’s hair lotion. It is difficult to feel that all is for the best of all possible worlds when a book is returned with corners of pages turned down, passages marked, and comments written in the margins, or when one sees a book lying open, face downward, with the inevitable crack in the binding. Would-be evangelists are rather a trial, too, but perhaps these are under the head of preenumptuous people. It is not only our fellows we find distressing. We have to come in contact with other and even more disagreeable things—eggs, unless effectively disguised, tapioca pudding, shrimps, liver, underdone beef, boiled meat, ginger ale, beets, spinach, pea soup, and oatmeal porridge; spiders, rats, snakes, caterpillars and worms; fox terriers, rat terriers, pugs, poodles and Mexican hairless dogs; acce­dions, concertinas, banjos, traps, and jazz-whistles; purple hats with yellow feathers, woolen stockings, and shoes with bows or short vamp toes.
completed the groundwork of his future philosophy. In the publication of the Franco-German Yearbooks and Germany too difficult he proceeded to Paris where under of the "Reinische Zeitung," but was soon involved with. He accepted the first work to offer itself, a position as editor of the "Reinische Zeitung," but was soon involved with "The Poverty of Philosophy" and "Das Kapital" he created a unifying force that knits all previous theories together and gave a direction and force to reform. How Marx was fitted by education and experience to advance the theories, their gist and influence on contemporary history, require consideration.

Marx was born of a middle class family. Under the supervision of his father a lawyer by profession and convert from the Jewish to the Christian faith, Karl absorbed the teachings of Locke, Diderot and Voltaire thus laying the foundation of his materialistic conception of history. As an undergraduate at the University of Berlin he was a disciple of Hegel, and though his incalculable was to History and English he took Jurisprudence as "a necessary evil," graduating with a doctor's degree from Jena in 1841. He accepted the first work to offer itself, a position as editor of the "Reinische Zeitung," but was soon involved with government officials over unorthodox statements and the paper suppressed. Finding the life of a propagandist in Brussels. There he elaborated his theory of communism and other writings are the driving force behind the makers of modern Soviet Russia. He organized the International Working Men's Association for the propagation of communist ideas in other lands—an organization better known to us by the common press terms of "Red menace or Red Terror." If the past few decades have witnessed a demand for social reorganization unparalleled in history it is in no small measure attributable to Marx's popularization of social science; his attack on the bourgeosie, exaltation of the proletariat and erudite literary work in justification of his radical views. Had he merely advanced another social theory his influence might have been negligible but in propounding a definite philosophy of revolution in such works as "The Poverty of Philosophy" and "Das Kapital" he revolutionized history, require consideration. Marx was born of a middle class family. Under the influence of Heine, Proudhon and Cabet he collaborated with the teachings of Locke, Diderot and Voltaire thus laying the foundation of his materialistic conception of history. As an undergraduate at the University of Berlin he was a disciple of Hegel, and though his incalculable was to History and English he took Jurisprudence as "a necessary evil," graduating with a doctor's degree from Jena in 1841. He accepted the first work to offer itself, a position as editor of the "Reinische Zeitung," but was soon involved with government officials over unorthodox statements and the paper suppressed. Finding the life of a propagandist in Brussels. There he elaborated his theory of communism and other writings are the driving force behind the makers of modern Soviet Russia. He organized the International Working Men's Association for the propagation of communist ideas in other lands—an organization better known to us by the common press terms of "Red menace or Red Terror." If the past few decades have witnessed a demand for social reorganization unparalleled in history it is in no small measure attributable to Marx's popularization of social science; his attack on the bourgeosie, exaltation of the proletariat and erudite literary work in justification of his radical views. Had he merely advanced another social theory his influence might have been negligible but in propounding a definite philosophy of revolution in such works as "The Poverty of Philosophy" and "Das Kapital" he created a unifying force that knits all previous theories together and gave a direction and force to reform. How Marx was fitted by education and experience to advance these theories, their gist and influence on contemporary history, require consideration.

Karl Marx

That Karl Marx has exerted a great social and political influence on world affairs is undeniable. "The Communist Manifesto," which he published in collaboration with Engels in 1848, as well as his masterpiece, "Das Kapital," and other writings are the driving force behind the makers of modern Soviet Russia. He organized the International Working Men's Association for the propagation of communist ideas in other lands—an organization better known to us by the common press terms of "Red menace or Red Terror." If the past few decades have witnessed a demand for social reorganization unparalleled in history it is in no small measure attributable to Marx's popularization of social science; his attack on the bourgeois, exaltation of the proletariat and erudite literary work in justification of his radical views. Had he merely advanced another social theory his influence might have been negligible but in propounding a definite philosophy of revolution in such works as "The Poverty of Philosophy" and "Das Kapital" he created a unifying force that knits all previous theories together and gave a direction and force to reform. How Marx was fitted by education and experience to advance these theories, their gist and influence on contemporary history, require consideration.

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"The Manifesto of the Communist Party" is a concise and forcible statement of the "raison d'être" of communism. Its central theme, the unreasonable and intolerable tyranny of the bourgeoisie is introduced by a skilful sketch of social gradations in earlier epochs dating from Roman time. Many and bitter are the accusations levelled against the capitalist class. They have "resolved personal worth into exchange value," destroyed the family relation, "concentrated property in a few hands," and, in a word, "have introduced naked, shameless, direct, brutal exploitation." But, continues the manifesto, the bourgeoisie in calling into existence the modern working class has forged the weapon that will cause its death. Workers must organize against their task-masters who regard them as so many appendages of machines. In this revolt the Communists aim to point the way, bringing to the front the common interests of the entire proletariat. They will point out the line of march.

Acceptance of the new system would entail the abolition of private property. This would affect the bourgeoisie alone, contended Marx, for they have appropriated the greater extent of the property of the petty artisan and small peasant, reducing those unfortunate to a state of absolute dependence. The new order would deprive no man of the power to appropriate the products of society: it would merely deprive him of the power to monopolize the labour of others by selfish exploitation. Community of women would be introduced to replace the present hypocritically concealed enjoyment of mistresses and prostitutes while education of the young would be in state hands so that equal opportunities might be open to all alike. All morality, religion and "eternal truths" are to be abolished for they are to blame for the class antagonisms that have troubled the world since the dawn of history. In general the plan will be to replace the oppressive bourgeois society by proletarian rule under which the free development of each is the condition for the free development of all. Theoretically such a vision is desirable but unfortunately great difficulties...
The MITRE

Take away private property and what incentive will be left no satisfactory reply. Furthermore the differences in pro­
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up on one New Year's Day, the next would see some men

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The Financial Appeal on Behalf of the University

Although it is always a source of some annoyance to a university body that it has to go a-begging, the fact is that we can only carry on if people offer of their wealth and service for the maintenance of university life. Such is the common truth.

In the April issue of the "Mitre" there appeared over the principal's initials an article expressing the thanks of the university and its friends to the people who were gen-

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The Athletic Crew

To see this veritable incarnation of health, strength, and vitality surging from one lecture to another or across the quad is enough to strike terror into any male heart. Her self-sufficient manner seems to defy anything to op­
pose her. She is particularly masculine in her gait as she strides along, swinging her arms and whistling cheerfully. In lectures she sprawls in her chair which is usually titled back, balancing on one leg. When a professor makes a humorous remark she laughs heartily from the depths of her chest, slaps her thighs or the desk, and shows other signs of approval. On a party she is an interesting figure: if her partner gives any signs of tiring during a dance, this amazon will take over the lead and swing the terrified crea-
ture round the floor with such abandon that the other couples retire to a respectful distance for fear of injury. When coming home late she is of inestimable value in push­ing her escort up to a handy window. She tries to entice men to compete with her in sports—particularly those in which there is an element of physical contact. Wise men avoid these invitations as she has been known to dislocate a man's knee during a friendly game of basketball.

The Athletic Co-ed

She may be distinguished by the complacent look of self-satisfaction on her face. The library becomes her domi­
cile where she sits serenely confident and happy. The vague and uncertain wanderings of the boi pollo move her to compassion and occasionally she makes Sybilian utterances which are lapped up by her satellites. In lectures she arouses the ire of her classmates by being imperturbable even when the professor sets seemingly impossible work. At the begin­
ing of the year she adopts a particularly receptive attitude the lecturer. With a nod of her head she commends his apothegms and with him she laughs at the slower mentality of her less brilliant fellow-students. Soon, however, she is carried away by her own erudition and she begins to be condescending to even the professor. Then his pithy re­
marks are met by a bored look which intimates that she knew it long ago. Her only male companions are of the book-worm type, although they must have some originality and not mere filling-cabinets for brains. To them she talks with pseudo-learning about this or that, and they laugh p Witingly, not sympathetically, at the blind gropings of their slower companions. Unlike her male prototype, how­
ever, she is not disconcerted by exams. It is true that she redoubles her efforts but she hastens to inform you that this is all outside reading. She is annoyed when asked to explain something, and after giving a lengthy answer she says, "Of course, that is only an outline, but it will act as a framework for you to build upon." After emerging with high marks she affects to be far from satisfied. On ques­tioning it would appear that only perfect plus would sat­
ify her.

JUNE, 1937

Co-ed Types

The Flirtatious Co-ed

Co-ed Type by H. J. Scott

This co-ed has come to college for the purpose of get­
moving married at any cost. For the sake of speed and effici­
yency she usually does her own pursuing as men are often a trif­fe too slow for her. To attract attention she endeavours to be striking in her dress although her taste is often rather question­able. She arrives late to her lectures and then chooses a seat so situated that several men must move as she enters.

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HIS name was John Molson. It was a brewery he established, and he located it on the outskirts of the city in a district then called the Quebec Suburbs. It is still where he built it. His direct descendants have continuously operated it. 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 disappeared (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.

The Beautiful Co-ed

There are thirty-one stained glass windows in St. Mark's Chapel of Bishop's University, which, taken as a whole, show a sequence of God's redemption of mankind, and present in pictures a summary of our religion. These pictures greatly enhance the beauty of our chapel, but their greater purpose is to inspire a more profound sense of worship. A Christian once said that by contemplation of the beautiful windows in his church, he was lifted in adoration. A Christian once said that by contemplation of the beautiful windows in his church, he was lifted in adoration. A Christian once said that by contemplation of the beautiful windows in his church, he was lifted in adoration.

There are four acts of worship: Adoration, confession, thanksgiving and supplication. A prayer of adoration is best when offered in silence and meditation. It is very difficult to concentrate always on the whole of matins and evensong in our daily services, but one who has become ecstatic over a beautiful sunset, and who has spoilt the effect by their incessant babblings. Any one who has become ecstatic over a beautiful sunset, and who has spoilt the effect by their incessant babblings.

The Power of the Highest shall overshadow thee.

JUNE, 1937

by A. L. Baldwin

There are three windows at the west-end over the heads of the dignitaries represent stories from the Old Testament. Extending along the north side to the altar are the principal events in chronological order of the Life of the Saviour.

1. The three windows at the west-end show Moses lifting up a serpent in the wilderness so that the children of Israel by looking thereon may save their lives from a scourge of snakes. This serpent is shown hanging from a cross. Fac­

cing this window and directly over the altar is Christ, also

sents the sin-bearer, and the death of the Sin-bearer meant

the life of the world. Perhaps Christ had this in mind when

He said, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness

so also must the Son of Man be lifted up."
days and found Him in the Temple among the doctors of twelve years old. His mother lost sight of Him for three days and found Him in the Temple among the doctors of the Law, whom He astounded by His questions and understanding. When His mother chided Him for the delay, He said, "Know you not that I must be about My Father's business?"

"This I have done for thee. What dost thou for Me?"

"This is My Beloved Son, hear Him!"

"Do this in remembrance of Me."

"Be still, and know that I am God."

"Thou art gone up on high."

"This is My House of Prayer, not a den of thieves."
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CLEANERS, DYERS AND CARPET CLEANERS
Tel. 169
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A Personal Loan

to finance further educational studies or a holiday which will be part of your education can be arranged at any branch of this bank. The rate is low—interest at 6 per cent payable in advance; and the terms easy—repayment provided by twelve equal monthly deposits in an interest-bearing savings account.

Thus, if you borrow $108, you pay advance interest of $6.48 and a service charge and stamp tax of 6 cents, leaving you $100.96 in cash. You deposit $9 each month for twelve months. At the end of that time the loan is automatically repaid, and there is something to your credit in a savings account.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

Canoeing

Canoe! What a magical word and what fascinating pictures it brings to the mind! What is more satisfying than the combination of water and canoe? Answer me that, you hobbyists, you collectors and craftsmen, you winter and summer sportmen. What can thrill the heart of man more than a pleasant paddle and well-liked canoe? A canoe—the ancestor of all crafts; and so, canoeing, the older and more honourable pastime. Tell me if you can of a more suitable method of summer enjoyment; find me another water sport (for water is the only element during warm weather) that provides such exhilarating exercise, brings one into such intimate contact with nature, allows one such freedom and the benefits of travel. You cannot tell me, so I must tell you of canoes and canoeing.

First you must know that there are many kinds of canoes, all descendants of the Indian bark or dugout canoe. Indeed you will find these still in use—the birch-bark canoe in the Canadian Northwoods, the dugout in South America and as the outrigger of the South Sea Islanders. Their descendants have grown to the six fathoms of a Hudson Bay Company freight canoe, with its civilized cousin the regatta war canoe. They have shrunk to the nine-foot canvas collapsible and the racing canoe, close relation to the Eskimo kayak. They have kept their original size and shape in the sixteen to eighteen foot wood strip and the canvas covered pleasure canoe. As might be expected this size, tested by long usage, is the most popular.

On the respective merits of strip or canvas covered, controversy has long raged. The former may be of basswood or cedar, and its chief characteristic seems to be longevity. It stands a good deal of knocking about, but is hard to mend when smashed. It is steady in the water, but very heavy to carry. The latter is, as the name implies, a light, ribbed shell of pine or other wood covered with canvas. Its life is timed by the treatment it receives. As long as the canvas remains whole, all is well. A slash is easy to mend with marine glue and a patch; cracked ribs, not so easy. The light weight makes it easy to handle and carry over portages, but it is often unsteady in the water. Incidentally—it costs about half as much as a cedar strip, I plump for the canvas covered every time.

Then there is the matter of propulsion. The accepted way is to use a single paddle, but we must not overlook double paddles and poles. Double paddles allow quick dips on alternate sides of the canoe, thus keeping the bow straight without the fishtail of the single paddle and consequent slight delay. Racing canoists prefer double paddles, but they are awkward for close quarters. You may use a pole in shallow waters, following the style of the Gaspe fishermen in their twenty-foot salmon canoes, but it is a tiskish business. Take it easy! You may fit a low bamboo mast and tail to your canoe and loll back in comfort (until you see a squall coming) but you will have trouble working up against the wind. You can lessen the craklike drift by using leeboards, but again I say—take it easy! The usual manner is undoubtedly the best, so practise with a single paddle on one side of the canoe. If you have someone paddling in the bow you will cancel each other's strokes and steering will be easy. When you are alone in the stern you must learn to dip the paddle with the blade at a considerable angle inward towards the canoe, and with a slightly spooning stroke to get motion both forward and in a straight line. It is harder than it sounds, but you will have to get onto it if you are to be a canoeist.

There are an infinite number of little tricks that characterize the expert canoeist. First it is essential that he be a good swimmer. You will see that his canoe is a part of him. Watch this chap coming straight into the wharf at full speed. At the last moment his paddle flashes out and over, and with a tremendous backhand sweep he swings the canoe around and drifts gently in. You ought to learn this backstroke. It is very useful in river work. Keep the paddle in the water just behind the stern and fish tail it back and forth this way. You see, I am going back wards in a straight line. You must learn to paddle from the middle in case a wind comes up. Be careful of your balance. Either kneel on both knees and rest back on the centre thwart, or kneel on one knee and stretch the other leg out in front. When paddling on the left, kneel on the left knee, and vice versa. It is important that you should be able to climb into your canoe in deep water. If there is any wind, jump out on the leeward side. An empty canoe drifts much faster than you can swim. Get down at the stern, put one hand on the near gunwale, the other on the far gunwale, heave yourself up carefully, and roll your legs in. Don't go out the other side! If you want a really neat stunt try emptying a swamped canoe in deep water. It's a hard job. Of course the canoe can't sink so you have all the time you want. This is one way of doing it. Put your weight on the stern of the canoe until it sinks down four
The House of Sighs

It was one of those solid, old-fashioned, wooden houses full of nooks and corners and dreary, rambling rooms. It was at 89 X street, Halifax.

We had spent the summer of 1919 at a small village on St. Margaret's Bay and about the first of September we arrived in Halifax to take up our residence there. It was the first I had seen of Halifax, as we had only arrived in Nova Scotia that July.

On entering the house I had a sensation which I had never had before. It was a gloomy place. I remember the great dark hall and the broad stairway with the massive oaken bannisters. I was particularly impressed by the stairway, because I had never seen such a massive one before. A close, stifling atmosphere seemed to pervade the whole house. There was something dismal about the place—something mournful and mysterious. I felt it from the very first. As I said before, the house was an old one. The original owner had absconded and later committed suicide. However, that was years before our time.

The first few months passed off without any incident. At times thick fogs rolled in from the ocean. Violent storms blew in from the Atlantic which made every shutter rattle and every window rattle. During these times—and there were many of them—the whole house was filled with strange noises: creaks, vague whisperings and gentle sighs. I will remember lying in bed and listening to the shriek of the wind and the eerie wailing of the lighthouse siren at the entrance of the harbour.

The first strange incident happened about Christmas time. The front door, which had been locked the night before, was found open the following morning. This hap—
morning were found lying in the middle of the room. The inside. Pictures tumbled from the walls and the next shouted out in my sleep. I dreamed of strange things. One My dreams were troubled. Many times I dreamed that I night as I lay awake in bed I distinctly heard soft footsteps moved up and down the hall by the open door. I crawl out of bed and tiptoe to the door. I listen, but hear no sound except the thick pounding of my heart. Suddenly I the street. I return to bed and listen for the next one to pass. I have a long wait, but it is a comforting and cheer ful sound.

About this time, or rather shortly before, matters were complicated by a nurse who came to us. I will call her D. I remember that she had red hair, reddish eyes, and a bluish white complexion. I took a strong dislike to her little ferret-like eyes which blinked at you like the eyes of a bird. Besides I didn't like the way she sneaked and glided about the house. I and my brother tried to make it as hard as possible for her, hoping that she would leave, but the more we tormented her and dis obeyed her, the more determined she was to stay. One day in desperation I hurled a fork at her. The only result of that was a sound thrashing from my father. In her lighter mood D would frighten us out of our wits with stories of imps, goblins and of the other. I jumped out of bed and rushed into the hall. I flashed on the light. There was nothing.

Shortly after this episode my grandmother was talking to a friend, a Mrs. Cameron, and in the course of the conversation mentioned some of the curious episodes which had happened to us. Mrs. Cameron asked where we lived and when my grandmother told her she replied, "Oh, that house... Everyone knows that house has been haunted for many years. It has had quite a history."

It happened one June night shortly before we went away to the country. School was over and I was in a particular joyous mood. My mother and father were out and would not be in until late. My brothers had long since been in bed. I got into bed and heard the distant boom of the cannon from the citadel which announced the hour of nine. Shortly after I was sound asleep. How long I slept I do not know, but I suddenly awakened and looking at the clock I noticed that it was near eleven o'clock. I got up and went to the window. It was a warm, still night, but rather oppressive and I noticed flashes of lightning in the east. I had no sooner got back into bed when there was a terrific crash in the hall. It sounded exactly as if a dozen step ladders had suddenly crashed down the one on top of the other. I jumped out of bed and rushed into the hall. I flashed on the light. There was nothing.

We are born (we are told) in a serious age. Life is very real and earnest and we have practically no conscience to guide us. Ours is a lost generation. It is very saddening to pass through the college halls of a Monday morning and listen to the debates of grave-eyed knots of students: the European situation, the Spanish situation, the Asiatic question, the Yellow peril, the Red menace, the green fresman, the purple and white—Ah Youth! whose fleeting moment of happiness has come to an all too premature end. But we must have courage to struggle on, and on, and up, and up and up. We must not lose hope—each of us must do his part to make the world a happier place to live in. And so I have decided that I owe it to humanity to press on to completion—may I refer to it in all humility?—my magazine opus.

It is not enough to serve Humanity with a will; one should strive to direct one's efforts along that path which shall be most productive—for mankind, that is. Therefore, when I cast my eyes about to find a subject for a novel worthy of my pen, I observed that the most successful authors chose subjects of a certain specificity. Thus many a starving journalist has fed on "The Great American Novel." But I do not feel advised to write another one. Similarly the "Great Historical Novel," "The Naked Truth" and "The Grand Passion" (to name a few) are none of them exactly virgin territory. After much casting about I have chosen my work, and I am proud to name it "The Proletarian Novel."

I am aware that I am not the first writer to persuade them to read my works. As a class the proletariat seems to be strangely unmoved by the beautiful and ennobling spectacle of the worker rising from his filthy toil, and throwing off his chains to embrace his rightful heritage. Nevertheless, a novel which embraces all history can never suffer from lack of action; and I am happy to say that such an heroic feat of writing is not likely to be repeated. And a good thing too.

I have taken the greatest pains to equip myself for this undertaking; and have acquired the Chaldean, Hindu, and Parsee languages, in order that appropriate sections of the book may be rendered in James Joyce's gibberish. At the same time, I shall combine the mysticism of Mr. Powys with the poetic style of Mrs. Woolf in her less lucid moments. In this way I hope in one magnificent sweep to gather all the best critics into my fold. Moreover, by lengthening my work to a million words I may fairly hope to double the success of certain recent novels, which shall remain unnamed here.

In a word, this great novel should be a publisher's dream: it will be a lusty, burning, fervent, keen, acid, spacious, romantic, sentimental, and beautiful story. Accordingly, I am glad to offer to someone the opportunity and honour of sharing in my work. I wish that the creative spirit needs to be stimulated by a sojourn at a suitable summer resort. If anyone wishes to be granted the opportunity and honour of sharing in my work, I will be glad to accede to his request. All contributions should be sent incognito to the editor, who will do no good use of them.
Scarlett O'Hara was not beautiful, but men seldom realized it when caught by her charm... In her face were too sharply blended the delicate features of her mother, a Coast aristocrat of French descent, and the heavy ones of her florid Irish father... But for all the modesty of her spreading skirts, the demureness of hair netted smoothly into a chignon and the quietness of small white hands folded in her lap, her true self was poorly concealed. The green eyes in the carefully sweet face were turbulent, willful, lusty with life, distinctly at variance with her decorous demeanour. Her manners had been imposed on her by her mother's gentle admonitions and the sterner discipline of her Mammy; her eyes were her own. So Scarlett, brought up in all the delicate traditions of a Southern belle, wages a losing fight against the peasant forthrightness and earthy instincts of her Irish father. Later on, when she has time, she will be a "great lady like Mamma"; in the meantime, she has an unshakable determination to have her own way.

In order to save her old home she is capable of such deeds as driving miles through the battle-torn countryside with only a child and her delicate sister-in-law as companions, working in the fields to wring a bare living from the ruined plantation, shooting a stray northern soldier who threatens the security of Tara, and marrying her sister's beau in order to get money to save Tara from the greed of the reconstructionists.

In fact, the only thing Scarlett can not get for herself is the beautiful (but dumb) Ashley Wilkes. She bludgeons him into accepting a position in the business she has built up with a most unladylike sagacity, when his every instinct is to leave the changing South where he is clearly destined to be a losing fight against the peasant forthrightness and earthy instincts of his Irish father. "Are you a speed-cop?" His Lordship, evidently in fear that the use of an Americanism by one of his exalted station would prejudice the bench against him, stoutly declared that "he was not sufficiently colloquial" to have used it. But the magistrates, taking a serious view of the case, fined him £10 and costs... (News of the World, July 24, 1932.)

It is only when we happen onto such little notes as the above that we are reminded that on certain glossy silk shirt fronts a cultural war is still raging. Why, I don't know; for in his "The American Language" Mr. Mencken has sounded a mighty call to arms, and it would be a bold grammarian indeed that would still criticize American English as the uncouth production of colonials who don't know better. It was easy in the first days of the colonies to feel an amused and tolerant superiority to the solecisms of the Americans; an air which the sting of defeat turned into an attitude of pious horror is unequal to the feat of maintaining it for more than a century; and after so long it be-
comes fair game for Mr. Mencken's trusty sword. And ride out against them he does, only with an amiable uncertainty of opponents and windmills. For although Major Brooke Hecckstall-Smith may raise a jehad against Americanisms in The Daily Telegraph; Colonel Bendell may occasionally in The London Times, continue to eschew—yet, in the Angl' American war, most of the running is done by citizens from Missouri and Iowa, and I think it is true that most Englishmen regard American English as a vigorous, enriching growth on an old stock.

When a language is carried from its homeland to a new country, the most important selective factors which soon differentiate the language are, as Mr. Mencken shows, the class of people found in the new country, and the physical environment of that country. The first American colonists (early xviii century, that is) were frugal and uncultured people, whose national literature was limited to the King James Bible. And so, as a result of the great changes in English which came about during the xviii century, early American obviously wore a somewhat antique appearance. Add to this the natural creative influence of an environment vastly more generous and hopeful for the common people than that of England, and we see why the differences of speech came thick and fast, Englishmen for years deplored a certain lack of restraint which they noted in Yanks. This sort of thing.

"This is me, and no mistake!" Baby Earthquake. Eq., commonly called little Billy, all the way from the No'lish Fork of Muddy Run . . . Whoop! won't nobody come out and fight me? Come out, some of you, and die decently, for I'm spiling for a fight . . . I'm a poor man, it's a fact, and smell like a wet dog, but I can't be run over . . ." And so on.

Well, English and American would still be but a single tongue, were it not for another force which was released on American life towards the end of the last century: when American society became a great melting-pot for the many folk of Europe.

The final half of Mencken's book deals with the many and great changes in American English which have come about as a result of this mixing. His lists of the words and expressions which have come into American from Sla- vic, Italian, German tongues, or are at present drifting uncer tainly on the border, is very full, and interesting. But he is so ridden by his anti-English thesis that he tends to neglect, if possible, this process of creating a language from the elements of many old tongues. What a language it will be—how rich, in words, phrases and expressions from many languages, simple and direct in grammar. Listen to the peoples of America—canucks, chinks, bubunks, cheskeys, limeys, krauts, grease-balls, hunkies, micks, wops, skibbles, kikes, yids, spigotties, greaseas, coons, polacks, scoovies—do you recognize them? Because they're changing your language for you, and what they say goes; for by sheer weight of numbers they will overpower you.

Well, here is contemporary history being made; and if you want to keep up with it Mencken's treatise will give you a start—after that it's up to you.

R. L. B.

**MATHEMATICS FOR THE MILLION**

— Lancelot Hogben

**MEN OF MATHEMATICS**

— E. T. Bell

The difference in outlook of the twentieth century from that of the nineteenth is strikingly shown both in the treatment of biography and in the popularization of scientific ideas. The fashion of "deblanking" the great ones of the past seems fortunately to be passing, but one has only to compare, for instance, the treatment of Lord Palmerston in a mid-Victorian biography with Guerry's estimate of him; to contrast Sir Theodore Martin with Lawrence Hous man in visualizing Victor's beloved Albert; to grasp the fact that in order to understand the life, work and influence of a prominent man, in whatever field, we need to know something of his environment, the background against which his part was played, and the current ideas and modes of thought which helped to form him.

The exposition of the major ideas of current scientific thought has been brilliantly done by Eddington, Jeans, and others, in the field of cosmogony and modern physics; and now, in the two volumes under review, Professor Hogben and Bell, each from a separate angle, have treated a far more ancient science, which is nevertheless one of the most vital and organic of all:

Both these books can be called "adventures in ideas"—details are of course subordinated, from exigencies of space, and emphasis is laid on the essential unity of mathematics, the "big ideas" of the subject, and the very human characters who have led the van of progress. Nothing more distinct from the methods and manner of a text-book can be imagined—we can see the wood, not because the trees have been cut down (they cannot be, if a detailed mastery is desired), but because an aerial view is taken, and the landscape and contours are seen in their just properties.

Two books which should be digested by everyone who doubts whether mathematics is worth attention for its own sake—"Ish halte dis Mathematik," said Gauss a century ago, "für die Königin der Wissenschaften . . . ich gebühre ihr unter allen Verhältnissen der erste Rang." These books will help us to see the reason why.

A. V. R.

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**JUNE, 1937**

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**RECENT ACQUISITIONS**

Brittain, Vera: Honourable estate.

Caro, H. W.: Philosophy of Croce.

Cairingwood, R. G.: Speculum mentalis.


Croce, Benedetto: Aesthetic as science of expression.


Hartien, P. P.: Elements of the spiritual life.

Jones, E. Stenley: Christ's alternative to communism.

League for social reconstruction:

Social planning for Canada.


Mitchell, Margaret: Gone with the wind.

Newman, Ernest: Stories of the great operas and their composers.

Nicholson, S.: Quirits and places where they sing.

Roberts, Charles G. D.: Selected poems.


Siegel, André, Canada.

Six plays: Heinemann, 1934, Noel Coward; Clemence Dane; G. S. Kaufman; Edna Ferber; Somerset Maugham; J. B. Priestley; Keith Winter.

Tchernavin, T.: Escape from the Soviets.

Van Druten, John: Flowers of the forest.


Woold, Virginia: The years.

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Sherbrooke
News and Notes

by D. Carmichael

The third Interfaculty debate was held on April 21, Geoff. Murray presiding in the chair. The subject was: "Resolved that a final victory for the Government forces in Spain would be in the best interests of civilization." T. B. O'Neill, the first speaker for the affirmative, questioned the benefits to civilization resulting from an insurgent victory in Spain. Peace, almost a necessity to civilization, is a direct contradiction of Fascist policy. Of all the varied governments that Spain has had, the present one is the best, working as it does towards the cause of democracy and peace. It is unique in the fact that it recognizes the authority of the League of Nations as being superior to itself. Why replace it with the old order which will do no good to Spain, France, or Europe in general?

Norman Pitcher, the first speaker for the negative, stressed the weaknesses of the present government — the diversity of its elements and political ideals. It cannot maintain order even in the capital. At the first hint of trouble, anarchy broke out and control was assumed by the Communists. A democratic government is not carried out by Communists. A democratic government does not murder the leader of the opposition as was done recently in Spain. A government victory will lead to the creation of another Communist state in Europe, a situation intolerable to Mussolini and Hitler. Besides this, the Spaniards could not adapt themselves to such a form of government. They are too individualistic. The best possible result would be the complete exhaustion of radicals on both sides and the assumption of control by the Moderates. Possibly it would be even better to divide Spain and separate the discordant elements.

R. L. Baglow, the second speaker for the affirmative, showed how the Spaniards have always been the prey of church and nobility. They have never possessed elementary human rights. Such conditions would not be rendered any more possible under rule by a Fascist dictatorship. The government is not entirely disorganized at present: liberty is their first objective; organization will follow. The Communists are only strong in the cities and do not represent the Spanish peasants.

S. J. Davies, the second speaker for the negative, stated that the present Spanish government is far too advanced for the state of progress now reached in Spain. The people are not ready for it and do not know how such an advanced work. A considerable portion of Spain voted for the Rightist party. After assuming office, the Liberals were pushed aside in favour of Anarchists, Communists, Syndicalists, having no common grounds for agreement. The Fascists will never submit to defeat. Compromise or a victory for the Conservative party would be the best alternative for the peace of civilization.

James Brenin, the last speaker for the affirmative, cited various weaknesses in the Fascist system. Spain is ready for democracy and desires peace in preference to the Fascist policy of aggression. It was little wonder that the government forces were losing, any trained army should be able to defeat untrained civilians. Events show that the majority of people in Spain are on the side of the government. George Mackey pointed out that the debate was not on the respective merits of Communist and Fascist, but on the desirability of the Spanish government winning the war. The world should be a happy family, not having one section predominant over the rest.

After a brief rebuttal by Davies and Baglow, the judges, H. Alkman, Rev. A. Jones of Lennoxville and Mr. A. C. Skinner of Sherbrooke awarded the decision to the Divinity team for the fourth consecutive year.

* * *

O.T.C.

Following the inspection on Thursday, the Platoon Competition on Friday, 16th May, was won by No. 1 Platoon, commanded by Lieut. G. B. Knox.

A dance was held in the College gym on the same Friday night. Music was provided by Ozzie Lewis and his orchestra.

The O.T.C. was represented by a detachment in Sherbrooke on Coronation Day.

* * *

On May 12 a Coronation dance was held in the gym. While the number present was not as great as expected, those who attended had a very enjoyable evening. The Blue Barons orchestra supplied the music.

* * *

On Saturday, 15th of May, the annual Athletic Dinner was held in the College dining hall. After the remuneration of an excellent meal had been cleared away several toasts were drunk with appropriate speeches. The presentations included the awards of Major and Minor B's for hockey, rugby and basketball; Ronnie Fyfe received the badminton cup; a consolation prize for runner-up in the badminton tournament was presented to J. I. Barnett. (This prize was donated by Mrs. W. Raymond.)

The McKinnon trophy for inter-year hockey went to 3rd year.

* * *

JUNE, 1937

Exchanges

With the list term drawing rapidly to a close we look back with some satisfaction over the events of a fairly successful year. We have received a number of new exchanges as well as those which we received and valued for years.

During the past year many schools and colleges have made important changes in their publications. Particularly interesting is the fact that many institutions have cut the number of their issues in order to make their publication fuller and more complete.

The McMaster Quarterly publication of McMaster University, Hamilton, Ontario, is a good example of the value of reform. The final issue of this publication contains several well-written and interesting articles. We would call your attention to "The Worm Turns," "Flight From Russia," and "Fascist-Communist Rivalry." The latter treats the subject in a very capable manner. To give the roots of the struggle the writer outlines the history of capitalism. There he points out that while the ideas of communism and capitalism are both very old as institutions, communism is in its infancy whereas capitalism is fully matured. In like manner the ideas of communism and fascism are outlined.

Today the world is faced with many pressing problems but none are more important than those created by the social relations among men, in a world made small by advance. We have received, and enjoyed, the following exchanges.

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

The Bronte Student (Bites College, Lewiston, Me.; weekly)

The McGill Daily

The Manitoba (University of Manitoba; twice weekly)

Varsity (University of Toronto; daily)

The Ubyssey (University of British Columbia; twice weekly)

The Bleeb—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:

The Red and White (University of British Columbia; twice weekly)

The Ubyssey (University of British Columbia; twice weekly)

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

Technique (Ecole Technical, Montreal; 2 issues)

Stanstead College Annual

The Magazine of Coteau College

The Arrows (University of Sheffield, England)

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

The Northerner (Armstrong College, Newcastle, Eng.)

Revue de L'Universite d'Ottawa (2 issues)

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

The Trinity University Review (2 issues)

The King's College Record

The Red and White (St. Dunstan's University, Charlottetown)

Loyola Review (O.A.C., Guelph, Ontario)

R.M.C. Review

The Gong (University College, Nottingham, Eng.)

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

The Gryphon (University of Leeds, England)

The Leopardess (Queen Mary College, London, England)

Chadonian (St. Chad's College, Regina)

The Algoma Missionary News (2 issues)

The Stonyhurst Magazine (Stonyhurst School, Blackburn, England)

Acta Riediana ( Ridley College, St. Catharines, Ont.)

The Heliconian ( Moulton College, Toronto)

The Albanian Journal (St. Alban's School, Brockville)

The Windsorian (King's Collegiate, Windsor, N.S.)

Westmount High School Annual

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

The Dornfordian (Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.)

The College Cord (Waterloo College, Ontario)

Alma Mater (St. Jerome's College, Kitchener, Ont.)

and the following are magazines:

Tamesis (University of Reading, England)

L'Hebdo—Laval (Laval University; weekly)

The College Cord (Waterloo College, Ontario)

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Alma Mater (St. Jerome's College, Kitchener, Ont.)

and the following are magazines:

Tamesis (University of Reading, England)
I wish to thank all who have in any way assisted in the compilation of this column during this past academic year, and I sincerely hope that they will not withdraw their support, which is so essential to the well-being of this column.

The Chancellor of the University and Mrs. Green shields were present in Westminster Abbey for the Coronation of the King and Queen. They attended a State Ball at Buckingham Palace.

S. H. Franch, M.C., '27, is in charge of all the Forestry work for Price Brothers between the Saguenay and Quebec. His headquarters is at Rimouski.

John Basset, R.A., '36, has completed a tour of the Continent of Europe, and has spent Coronation week in London.

L. L. Snodgrass, B.A., '31, has been teaching on the staff of West Hill High in Montreal.

J. A. McCullum, B.A., '35, has been teaching in Quebec.

F. Lyle Pattee, B.A. '31, has accepted a position with the Coca-Cola Company of Montreal, Ltd.

The Rev. L. I. Greene, M.A., '29, has been appointed rector of St. John's Church, North Bay, Ontario, and will take up his duties after the first of June.

Congratulations are extended to Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Church of Coaticook on the birth of a son on March 25.

The Rev. L. I. Greene, M.A., '29, has been appointed rector of St. John's Church, North Bay, Ontario, and will take up his duties after the first of June.

Mr. Justice C. G. Mackinnon has presented an excellent photograph of his father, the late James Mackinnon, B.A., to this University. Everyone associated with the University is pleased to have this reminder of one who did such great work for Bishop's during the thirty-four years of his membership of the governing body.

Mr. G. H. Montgomery, R.C., with Mrs. Montgomery and their two children, have been on a holiday in Europe, during which time they visited various countries around the Mediterranean.

C. Wayne Hall, B.A., M.A., '32, has been appointed Inspector of Schools for the Sherbrooke District. Mr. Hall has been principal of St. Francis College School in Richmond.

Graduates

James E. Purdy

The marriage of Dr. Thomas F. Donnelly, B.A., M.A., M.D., C.M., M.P., Liberal member for Wood Mountain, to Miss Ella Boehme, R.N., of Regina, took place quietly in Ottawa on the 8th of April. Miss Boehme is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Boehme of Regina. Dr. Donnelly's home is now in Meyonne, Sask.

The following excerpt speaks for itself. Dr. F. O. Call, B.A., '05, M.A., '08, B.C.L., was the raisin d'être for a pleasing interlude at the reception given by L'Alliance Francoise at the "Parthenon" in honour of the French Consul-General for Canada, Mr. Rene Turck and Mrs. Turck, when he was presented with the Society's bronze medal. The presentation was made by Mr. Turck, on behalf of the Society, of which he is a member, and was given in recognition of Dr. Call's literary ability and valuable contributions to modern literature.

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Secrets of History

Alfred the Great And The Burnt Cakes

Alfred was a martyr to indigestion. On the occasion of his taking shelter in a herdmans hut, he was almost as much alarmed at the coarse-looking cakes baking before the fire, as he was at his surrounding enemies. He knew well that all the rites of etiquette and hospitality demanded that he should partake heartily of the unappetising dish.

Fortunately the short absence of his worthy hostess presented to his mind an escape from his difficulty, and he saw to it that the cakes were burnt to a cinder or consumed unwillingly by the animals around. He incurred the good wifes wrath but his digestion remained unimpaired.

It was this wonderful pertility of resource in emergency that make Alfred the great man he became.

James E. Purdy

The Lord's Prayer

(The following beautiful composition was found in Charleston, S.C., during the war. It is printed on very heavy yellow satin, and is quite a literary curiosity.)

Thou to the mercy seat our souls dost gather,
To do our duty unto Thee.—OUR FATHER,
To whom all praise, all honour should be given;
For Thou art the great God—who art in heaven.

Thou by Thy wisdom rulest the world's whole frame,
Forever, therefore,—HALLOWED BE THY NAME;
Let nevermore delay divide us from
Thy glorious grace, but let—THY KINGDOM COME,
Let Thy commands opposed be by none,
But let our promptness to obey be even
The very same—IN EARTH AS 'TIS IN HEAVEN.

Then for our souls O Lord we also pray,
Thou wouldest be pleased to—GIVE US THIS DAY
The food of life, wherewith our souls are fed,
Sufficient rentment, and—OUR DAILY BREAD;
With every needful thing do Thou relieve us
And of Thy mercy, pity—and FORGIVE US
All our misdeeds, for Him whom Thou didst please
To make an offering for,—OUR TRESPASSES.
And forasmuch, O Lord, as we believe
That Thou wilt pardon us—as WE FORGIVE
Let that love teach, wherewith Thou dost acquaint us
To pardon all,—THOSE WHO TRESPASS AGAINST US;
And though sometimes, Thou findst we have forgot
This love for Thee, yet help—and LEAD US NOT,
Through soul or body's want to desperation,
Nor let earth's gain drive us—INTO TEMPTATION;
Let not the soul of any true believer
Fall in the time of trial,—BUT DELIVER,
Yes, save them from the malice of the devil,
And both in life and death, keep—US FROM EVIL.
Thus we pray, Lord, for that of Thee from whom
This may be had—for THINE IS THE KINGDOM,
This world is of Thy work; its wondrous story,
To Thee belongs—the POWER AND THE GLORY,
And all Thy wondrous works have ended never,
But will remain forever, and—FOREVER.
Thus we poor creatures would confess again,
And thus would say eternally—AMEN.

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