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The Mitre

Established 1895

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The Mitre is published on the 10th of October, December, February, April and June by the Students of Bishop's University, Lennoxville, Quebec, Canada. Subscriptions: One year, ten dollars; two years, fifteen dollars; three years, thirty-five dollars.

FEBRUARY, 1938

IN MEMORIAM

This truly remarkable proposition the principal fought tooth-and-nail; the War could not last for ever, the University would recover lost ground, the old established seat of higher learning in these Eastern Townships would still have its mission to fulfil.

It was Dr. Parrock's courageous stand that alone saved this institution not merely from humiliation, but from utter extinction. All the development that has taken place, or that may in the future take place under the present principal would have been quite impossible of fulfilment if our good friend had shirked his duty at this crisis, had given away one step. As it was, with all that he could do, to glumly was the outlook, and so discouraged were the members of the governing body, that the offer he had outlined was rejected by the precautions but all-important margin of a single vote. How much depended on that vote the author- ity of neither school nor University had more than a vague idea. Within twenty-four hours of this seemingly adverse vote the site of the present splendid buildings on the other side of the St. Francis had quite definitely been selected. And in April 1916 the first sod was turned. Moreover, and this is especially noteworthy, while the common traditions and all points of friendly contact remained unchanged, all possible conflicts between these two sister institutions were re- moved at once stroke. Bishop's College School, then, as the University has every reason to honour the memory of Richard Arthur Parrock. Were this the only great success he ever achieved in his whole career of forty-two years as professor in Canada and the United States, it would have sufficed to have conferred distinction. As members of this University we gladly recognize the greatness of his endeavours to Dr. Parrock, and offer our personal tribute of respect and affection.

To his widow, Mrs. Anne Parrock, and their three daughters, we offer our sincerest condolences in this their hour of bereavement.
1938, another term—and this little world of Bishop's is still going strong in its 95th year. Even as the great world outside has had its wars and rumours of war, its constitutional and economical crises, we too have had our feuds, our families and our droughts, our ultimatums, our explosions and configurations, our strikes—walkout and stay-in—our political prisoners, our dictatorial purges, our exiles, our defeats and our victories. But let us not carry this simile too far. Though the great world outside "drive on to destruction," let Bishop's break away from the spirit of secret and discontent that made real honest-to-goodness work an impossibility last term.

Banish superstition! Away with those who look askance at the precarious state of the new bridge, those who saw ill omens in the tragic Ste. Hyacinthe fire. Already the doubtful student opinion of the hockey team as evidenced in this month's Student Poll, has been triumphantly squelched by the magnificent fight with the U. of M. It is un­deniable, our defeats and our victories. But let us not carry our explosions and conflagrations, our strikes—walkout and ''game'' classification. We feel that here is that we find ourselves anticipating the next April. P. G. E.

Additional content...

To the Editor of the Mitre.

Dear Sir:

As individuals we students are usually very careful about matters financial but as a group we are often oblivious of the financial condition of our corporately operated institutions. Nevertheless sometimes we do become interested and, frankly, I am wondering what the financial account of the Mitre would look like. I am told that it is a wealthy lady who has her own account from year to year apart from the activities of poorer institutions. I would humbly suggest that at least one edition each year should carry a financial statement. Perhaps pages 24 and 25 may interest some of our readers. And if you have any choice snaps in your possession, don't forget to submit them to the Year Book committee. We refer their uninspired sistern to the splendid work on our explosions and conflagrations, our strikes—walkout and "game" classification. We feel that here...
more desperate. But it was child's play compared with the multiplicity of trails, not by the lack of them; and by the driving rain. At least I was never off a trail. I have been able to ski for three weeks now. It has been snowing on and off since November the ninth. Last Thurs­
day, with the thermometer registering 25° below, my car froze up and I was forced back by a bad drift. Next time I shall pack my skis.

Last week I married a couple. Before I could stop myself I had exhorted the man "to leave his wife and cleave to his father and mother"; a boner worthy of the best traditions of "1666 and All That". It was my first wedding, you understand and I was perhaps a little flustered. The "Holy Rollers" have been evangelizing a certain district called Holly Springs, remarkable in that it possesses neither holly nor springs.

I came upon a farmer, reputed Anglican, stacking hay. I vaunted light-heartedly over the fence, and announced myself in friendly fashion as the Anglican missioner from Wabamun. His reflex was startling. He bared his teeth (such teeth!), raised his pitchfork in a very threatening manner, and snarled: "I - have - seen - the - Light!" strange conduct for one who had seen the light.

We have to contend with much of this. The "Church of God" is far more exclusive and intolerant than the Roman Church, whose priests have been very friendly towards the Anglican mission.

The question is: "Am I worth a contributor's copy of the Mitre?" It is worth trying. Mean time I withhold my subscription hopefully.

Yours sincerely,

Colin Cuttell.

THE MITRE

THE STACK-ROOM

How easy it is to exemplify the melancholy platitude that the light reading of yesterday becomes the heavy reading of today. How impossible it is for us at this date to recapture those delicious, ineffable sensations aroused in the bosoms of our great-grandparents by The Hero of Redclyffe or Lady Audley's Secret. Even King Solomon's Mines is known to the schoolboys of today merely as the name of a movie, and college students have the effrontery to ex­pect some sort of recognition when they have ploughed their way through The History of Mr. Polly. Such being the fate that befalls the light reading of the days that are gone—of only just gone—how fatuous, one would suppose, must be the attempt to work up any enthusiasm over books that were intended in the first instance to provide our all too goodible forefathers with instruction and edification rather than with mere entertainment. And yet it must be obvious that this is precisely the kind of material that the serious student of the culture of any particular period must be concerned to investigate. To reconstruct the mentality of a bygone age it is not enough—often it is disastrous—to become familiar merely with its literary masterpieces or with its philosophical classics. The educated man of the days of Charles II no doubt found much to ponder over in The Leviathan, but so do we all; he could guffaw over Hudibras, snigger over The Country Wife, be dazzled by the brilliance of MacFlecknoe, and be intoxicated by the homely words of the lord bishop of Down and Connor. But Wycherley and Butler and Dryden and Jeremy Taylor had nothing exclusive in their appeal. That they flourished in a certain period is indeed of great significance, but we react to them today in much the same way as their contemporaries did. To learn about the idiosyncrasies of those contemporaries we must turn to the kind of reading that they did because they felt that they had to or because they wanted the latest information on some much-discussed topic or for some other reason not necessarily in the least connected with the book's literary character.

But where are we to find these vestiges of dead ideas? Is there in our vicinity any repository of long-forgotten literary lumber where we can conveniently study the strange tastes and obscure fancies of far-off epochs? The answer to such a question is provided by the theme of this article. I doubt whether many of our college politicians have felt much of an urge to throw open the very commonplace looking door directly opposite the entrance of the Student's Council's sanctum. That very ordinary door, you may be surprised to learn, will admit you to the literature stack-room, a gloomy chamber where the light never penetrates into the corner you happen to be interested in and where the moody aroma of disintegrating folios combined with the pulverized vellum in the atmosphere has a peculiar effect upon your respiration and metabolism. But let us boldly advance into this Olfa ovaria and expose ourselves to its strange exhilarations.

Among the very first volumes on the shelf next the door we find the Works of Dr. Thomas Sydenham, the great court physician of Restoration days, whose writings for many years after his death remained the most authori­tative pronouncements on medical science. What a pleas­ant feeling of superiority it gives us to glance through Dr. Sydenham's prescriptions. And yet surely life has lost something of its poetry now that pearl julep is no longer indicated as a specific. To make pearl julep you took the distilled waters of black cherries and milk, each three ounces; small cinnamon, water, an ounce; prepared pearl, a dram and a half; fine sugar, enough to sweeten it; and rose water, half an ounce. "Mix all together," Dr. Sydenham continues, "for a julep, of which let the patient take four or five spoonfuls when he is faint." But if faintness in the seventeenth century had its compensations, hysteria was more crudely dealt with by the following procedure: Take of galbanum (dissolved in tincture of cane and straited

Thoughts on the Completion of the "dummy"

And now to bed to rest my wearied limbs
And soothe my eressile brain in tempted slumber,
And though the body slacks, the spirit brims
And spells its teeming thoughts in countless number.

FEBRUARY, 1938
of theological students, tome upon tome of homilies and common error to divide mid-seventeenth century England ordinary for that age, nor even in the days of his disillu­

The average royalist's concern for the favourite reading of the parliamentarians were altogether human becomes evident to who will avoid inconveniences of state by acts of so high

Basilikc, the Portrait of His Sacred Majesty in His

RE RIDICULE

The best thing that a good satirist produces is satire, the worst, more satirists. Since the days of Pope and Dryden, Swifts and Defoe, the histories of literature have not

human weaknesses such as affection, fluctuation and the like, as practiced by his contemporaries, are inevitably flattering at. Rarely are they worth such a compliment, but the fear of being thought to have a guilty conscience will make people do wonders in their appreciation of vituperative wit.

I do not mean to uphold a status quo in society nor do I consider that our twentieth century version of civilized and intelligent conduct should be free from criticism, but would like to ask, as a matter of principle, that if we are going to have satirists then for heaven's sake let us have good ones. Satire is a weapon of destruction and as such can be very valuable. But when used improperly, as is usually the case, it cripples without killing and defeats its own alleged purpose by offering no chance for reform. This argument is, of course, of little value since it is an appeal to a man's finer instincts, but looking at it from a more practical angle—if one wants to be ridiculous in the worst way possible, that is, obviously. Clever ridicule neverembarrasses for its sting is not felt immediately nor is its significance ever realized by two or more persons at the same time.
the time. A subtle slam is tact with spice, and its value is enhanced by its scarcity. There are few people who have tact; there are fewer who can ridicule well; there are many who think themselves masters at both. It is upon those that the few should direct their rare talent and make thus a concerted effort not against ignorance alone but also against vanity. No one but a fool would try to be funny if he didn't think that he could be, therefore anyone who tries to be amusing and isn't can lay claim to at least one of two optional traits, idiocy or conceit. Please do not think I am directing these remarks against those who poke fun at institutions and customs and the like, for no matter how dull the humour may be in such cases it can do little harm since the objects of the derision are not liable to be as sensitive as human beings; it is solely against the growing prevalence of unnecessary embarrassment of their associates that I am trying to protest.

This article should have little bearing upon the average university student beyond suggesting to him the responsibility of politely squelching the budding biting wit of his younger and directing such cleverness as they may have along a more constructive path. When mental maturity has been reached his wit will have improved sufficiently so as to make his remarks at least valuable if not clever, and should be prove to have a natural wit then the remembrance of what he was taught as a youth will prevent it from degenerating into mere sophomorics and will give it an opportunity to be a real force in the improvement of world society in one or many of its different phases.

This is the second of a series of four questionnaires to be held this year in an effort to test the thinking pulse of the present crop of Bishop's students. As was the case before, there were some very cautious remarks about the point of some of the questions, but when it came to a matter of submitting their own ideas, the critics fell down badly. There was not quite as large a response to this poll as to the December one but at least 100 students were heard from, as that figure represents the greatest response to any one question. But there was a marked improvement in the quantity and quality of the comments, and some of the answers were short, short stories in themselves; the males outgipped the girls by a considerable margin, and if the following transcription of the printed comment seems unfavourable to the female element this factor should be kept in mind. The questions and answers follow.

1. In your opinion should the majority of the girls at the formal dance be co-eds?

The males did not see eye to eye with the co-eds on this issue. "Why spoil a good dance?" queries one of the form-er. "Not this year," says another; while a third opinionated that "This question is so damned silly, pointless and puerile that I refuse to answer it," while still another felt that it "might shock some." One of them, however, held that "it is a praiseworthy ideal but impossible." Among the fe-males the opinion was that the affirmative should be up-held. Sample remarks: "Yes, but we can't do anything about that!"; "I hope we all get the chance!"; "Only some co-eds!" and one Cinderella, "I wish I could go."

Males—Yes, 42; No, 22. Females—Yes, 8; No, 19.

2. Should minor sports receive more attention and support at Bishop's?

Both sexes were of one mind in regard to this question, and voted very firmly that minor sports should be lifted from their position of comparative obscurity at Bishop's "as long as this would not devalue from the support owing to the major activities" as a member of both the rugby and hockey teams expressed it.

Males—Yes, 17; No, 41. Females—Yes, 27; No, 3.

3. Is intelligence the quality of the Bishop's student on a par with that of the average Canadian college student?

Well the answer to this question of relative intelligence was an emphatic "Yes!"; "not that it's particularly high", but because "it would be pretty hard not to", as it was put. A knowing coed felt that this was the case "intellectually, but not morally"; while a couple of discerning men, who must have looked over each other's shoulders, answered "no, if one should judge from this question."

Males—Yes, 15; No, 11. Females—Yes, 23; No, 5.

4. Would it be a good idea to have a special college course on marriage and what it involves?

It was the male element who approved of this plan and the approbation was in sharp contrast to a collective "thumbs down" from the fair sex. But a considerable number of the former felt that it would be a good thing "if it would enlighten the co-eds", and as one philosophically put it "girls are so stupid". There was nothing in the way of parley from the girls since not one bothered to comment.

Males—Yes, 42; No, 22. Females—Yes, 8; No, 19.

5. Should the poster sell sundries at his office for the convenience of students?

It looks as though Mr. Pryde is going to have his hands full if anything comes from response to this question. One student felt that he should convert his office into a tavern, but most of those who answered were satisfied with the idea of him selling those essentials which come before beer. But it is pretty hard to visualize the porter as a storekeeper, with bargain agré patterns over his windows, and the resultant expression of the students. As was to be expected the girls greatly favoured the B. A. but the main body of the students polled almost equally. It would seem that this topic might prove suitable for a debate, and it might in that manner be decided which course is the more valuable, if such a question can in any way be conclusively answered in favour of either one or the other.

Males—Yes, 34; No, 36. Females—Yes, 27; No, 21.

6. Should there be more informal dances and mixed gatherings at Bishop's?

The question of social diversion has long been a pressing one in this college. It is the female element which feels the more strongly on this subject as may be seen from their vote. From these males who polled in the negative came
the comment "We see enough of them already", while the sole one against more informal gatherings despairingly wrote, "No—what's the use." One male felt that "it might sole co-ed against more informal gatherings despairingly question one student says "no, but if they had some way of the comment "We see enough of them already", while the there is any better method, and again if there is any way at all of satisfyingly judging human knowledge. To the question one student says "no, but if they had some way of continually testing my knowledge I would not be in my shorts anymore." He feels that and another that what one learns for examinations, is learnt exclusively for them, and is not remembered afterwards; this is largely true.

Males—Yes, 7; No, 17. Females—Yes, 6; No, 21.

(10) Do you feel that a Purple and White Returns, sponsored by the Bishop's Big Theatre, is feasible?

The results of student opinion on this issue are encouraging for those who have such a project in mind, because Bishop's is notoriously unenterprising and pessimistic about new ideas. "The talent for a farce is unlimited at Bishop's; Bishop's is notoriously unenterprising and pessimistic about aging for those who have such a project in mind, because feasible" are the pick of the comments.

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The Mitre

THE MITRE

ion, politics, social problems, economics, and college affairs; a group in one section trying to formulate a foreign policy for Canada, and another debating the practicability of date bureaus. Another group wasWhose Who knows? Miracles do happen" cracks one critic, while "not quite, but almost; they certainly won't end up in the hockey attic." And there arc a surprising number of potentially coaches among the co-eds who seem to have studied the situation from all angles, and make their comments accordingly. A brilliant student of the game remarked that Bishop's will not end up at the bottom of the hockey ladder "if they win most of their games"; perhaps that's the best answer.

Males—Yes, 21; No, 19. Females—Yes; 13; No, 7.

(12) Should Bishop's men enlist in an European war, if Canada were called upon to fight?

Evidences of the issue had a field day when they came to this topic but they were no more energetic than the numerous verbal brick-by-brick throwaways, who scored several direct hits on the author of the question, which fortunately enough was not the writer. The females were firm in their contention that Bishop's men should fight in such a case, although those most directly involved did not, on the whole, share their sentiments.

Males—Yes, 20; No, 35. Females—Yes, 11; No, 9.

We apologize for this and any other question which failed to appeal, but hope that in the next few personal criticisms will submit their own topics and thus eliminate them from the verbal blast that accompanies any suggestions or ideas poorly received by this offensive element. If any of the Mitre's readers are interested in any aspect of these polls, and have suggestions or comments to offer we should be very glad to hear from them.

Should Bishop's men enlist in an European war, if Canada were called upon to fight?

It's the co-eds who are the pessimists on this timely question, as the males seem to like the prospects of the hockey team quite well in comparison with their inferiors.

"Who knows? Miracles do happen" cracks one critic, while another reflects the attitude of the majority in answering "not quite, but almost; they certainly won't end up in the hockey attic." And there are a surprising number of potential coaches among the co-eds who seem to have studied the situation from all angles, and make their comments accordingly. A brilliant student of the game remarked that Bishop's will not end up at the bottom of the hockey ladder "if they win most of their games"; perhaps that's the best answer.

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The N.F.C.U.S. at The Crossroads — Winnipeg

Christmas night found me on my way to Winnipeg to attend the 1937 executive meeting of the National Federation of Canadian University Students. On the same train were several other delegates to the same meeting, as well as a number of other students bound for a National Conference of Canadian University Students also to be held at Winnipeg. From these few facts it is not hard to deduce the further fact that the air was charged with brain vibrations day and night—every inch of the way to Winnipeg. And when it is divulged that as many students again, boarded our train en route—well! Altogether it was a most interesting journey, but when Winnipeg was reached, I must confess that I had had enough theoretical discussion to last me for a long time. And the conference delegates still had a whole week of it ahead of them! Throughout the train, typewriters clicked away, tongues rattled on in French and English or a mixture of both, in animated discussion about practically everything under the sun—relig...
The golden walls of the darkened hall gave back in dull reverberation the grumbling murmur emanating from the dimmest corner. It was a strange, eerie noise—almost imperceptible by its very constancy—an under-current, more felt than heard. Yet at irregular intervals there would occur perceptible by its very constancy—an under-current, more felt than heard. Yet at irregular intervals there would occur a gradual crescendo, rising from the low growl of distant thunder to the shattering impact of the storm-centre, causing the heavy jewels of the cornices to rattle in their settings. The dim shape of Belial, the Viceroy's personal servant, crossed the hall towards the corner, only to stop each time, as a squadron of cherubs in the blue and gold vaulted roof—the massive pillars creaked and bent under the impact of a last jarring sforzando—Lucifer choked, and vomited. The thunder to the shattering impact of the storm-centre, the impact of a last jarring sforzando—Lucifer choked, and vomited.

"He lowered his voice to a stage whisper, "—and if they don't like it a little bit. What it really means is a complete advancement," snapped Lucifer. "I'm not conceited, but I don't like it—honest! I've never been questioned—" He started towards the origin of the sound, but stopped each time, as a squadron of cherubs in the blue and gold of the Household Guard swirled through the high arch at the end of the hall. As they flew, they were chanting in a high tenor voice—"Know all angels by these presents, WHEREAS we have been accustomed to a period of test..." The cherub leader, ignoring this, began to chant in a high tenor voice—"Now all angels by these presents..." The cherub leader, ignoring this, began to chant in a high tenor voice—"Know all angels by these presents..." The cherub leader, ignoring this, began to chant in a high tenor voice—"Know all angels by these presents..." The cherub leader, ignoring this, began to chant in a high tenor voice—"Know all angels by these presents..." The cherub leader, ignoring this, began to chant in a high tenor voice—"Know all angels by these presents..."

"Oh, hullo, B," said Lucifer, "I don't see what heaven's going to do with it." Belial laughed sardonically. "Think again," he replied, "for now the cherubs, reappeared, swooped down from their hiding-places, and drew up in arrowhead formation before Lucifer.

"Hah," said Lucifer, "perhaps you're right. I suppose this is to tell me not to而去—" as if I did it on purpose?"

The cherubic squadron leader, ignoring this, began to chant in a high tenor voice—"Know all angels by these presents..." The cherub leader, ignoring this, began to chant in a high tenor voice—"Know all angels by these presents..." The cherub leader, ignoring this, began to chant in a high tenor voice—"Know all angels by these presents..." The cherub leader, ignoring this, began to chant in a high tenor voice—"Know all angels by these presents..." The cherub leader, ignoring this, began to chant in a high tenor voice—"Know all angels by these presents..."

"And then this morning I get news that they're using poison gas on Mars—and what am I supposed to do about that? I only took the usual four centuries at the University of Elysium, is that supposed to teach me anything?"

"Well, it looks as if you may lose all your troubles soon, if this new scheme goes through. Do you know exactly what it's all about? I've only heard vague rumours that we're all going to have a period of test, or something of the sort."

"Lucifer stretched his wings, and started to play idly with one of their tips. "Yes," he sighed, "I know what it's all about. Each of us, starting with the highest, has to go halfway in hesitation; with a gesture of doubt, he began to feel than heard. Yet at irregular intervals there would occur a gradual crescendo, rising from the low growl of distant thunder to the shattering impact of the storm-centre, causing the heavy jewels of the cornices to rattle in their settings. The dim shape of Belial, the Viceroy's personal servant, crossed the hall towards the corner, only to stop each time, as a squadron of cherubs in the blue and gold vaulted roof—the massive pillars creaked and bent under the impact of a last jarring sforzando—Lucifer choked, and vomited.

"Oh, shut up! Everything's wrong today— they tell me blocks of gold are being stolen from between the streetcar tracks; then the palace orchestra, they're changing from gold strings to copper for their harps, so they get better tone; what do I care about tone—this is Heaven, isn't it? —and Heaven uses gold or nothing—it's the principle of the thing that matters."

"Oh, well, and I shouldn't worry about it—"

"And then this morning I get news that they're using a new kind of poison gas on Mars—and what am I supposed to do about that? I only took the usual four centuries at the University of Elysium, that is supposed to teach me how to deal with a lot of congenital idiots on an insignificant planet?"

"I only take my own motor car and drive about, and I'm pretty certain a good many of the others would come in if we really got something going. Now, here's my plan: We'll make a deputation, about six of us, with one of their tips. "Yes," he sighed, "I know what it's all about. Each of us, starting with the highest, has to go halfway in hesitation; with a gesture of doubt, he began to feel than heard. Yet at irregular intervals there would occur a gradual crescendo, rising from the low growl of distant thunder to the shattering impact of the storm-centre, causing the heavy jewels of the cornices to rattle in their settings. The dim shape of Belial, the Viceroy's personal servant, crossed the hall towards the corner, only to stop each time, as a squadron of cherubs in the blue and gold vaulted roof—the massive pillars creaked and bent under the impact of a last jarring sforzando—Lucifer choked, and vomited.

"Well, I'll do it, if I knew what to do!" Belial began to polish the golden bowl of his pipe. "Well," he said, slowly, "today, Lord Lucifer was shouting about things of which it were well to whisper. I think perhaps a word in the right quarter..."

"Some days later, Belial entered the Viceregal palace. He was looking tired and worried, and his wings were restless, as if at any moment he might have to take off. On enquiring for Lucifer, he was informed that the Viceroy would receive him in the bathroom."

"Lucifer greeted his friend wearily, and both retired into a gloomy silence. Belial walked to the window, where he stood disconsolately watching the crack squadron of the Household Guard practising manoeuvres. "What's new?" he asked at last. Lucifer splashed round in a vain search for the soup. "Nothing!" he said, "I've just come in from an inspection of the V-R Bodyguard. Bodyguard! I'd rather take care of myself than trust in them—their flaming swords look like tallow-candles, and half of them have their wing-tips trailing on the ground." Belial nodded sympathetically. "It's a pity—"

"—how's that going?" Lucifer looked round slyly. "Oh, Belial!" he called. "Yes, my lord," came nervous from the adjoining bedroom. "You may go," said Lucifer. "You know, B., he went on, "I don't know that I'd trust that chap any further than I could kick him. However, Chemos is with us, and Mammon too, if there's enough in it for him and I'm pretty sure many of the others would come in if we really got something going. Now, here's my plan: We'll make a deputation, about six of us, and go and ask that I be made master of Earth, wish others as my assistants. We'll all take on earthly form, and all that, but we'll be there from beginning to end. Of course, it wouldn't be quite the same thing as being Viceregal here, but—"

"Excuse me, my Lord," broke in an agitated voice, "but this young cherub would come in—"

"Lucifer—er—that is, my Lord, you've got to do that—er—I'm sent to tell you—"

"Possibly it wouldn't be too much to ask that you render yourself reasonably coherent, before continuing," said Lucifer, with a cold smile.
At the commencement of this, Lucifer had drawn himself up in his bark, trembling with rage, and at the end he leaped out with all the vigour of a victorious scientist, and, clutching Belial's son by the throat, began to shake him as the terrier shakes the rat. "You ugly—little—whipsnapper," he shouted, "it's you and your wretched father that've upset the applecart. I'll deal with you, when I have time. Come on, B, we've got to get our forces together before I'm due at the palace—" and, twitching a multi-coloured bathrobe from a chair, he rushed from the room.

Belial and his son were smiling at each other in triumph, when the smiles were frozen on their faces, and their chins paled, for the sky suddenly grew black, and, as the ground gave way beneath them, they saw a great white fork of lightning flash down through space—.

Shaking with excitement, or fear, and gasping for breath, the cherub leaned against the doorpost, and fanned his dignity, drew himself up stiffly, and curtly delivered his message: "I am requested to inform you that your late message: "I am requested to inform you that your late
amount of hay required and consequently as to the amount of shaking necessary it might be observed, when the latter
were not at hand, that several bales were mysteriously dis­
appearing overboard. 11.30 a.m.—Dinner, preceded by a short
nap. Like so many dinners in communal gatherings
amount of hay required and consequently as to the amount
digestible and more likely than not curry and rice or fish
nearly unendurable, and it was not unusual for two or
three pails of water to disappear before one steer in the
holds were free for the evening.

and chips. Shortly after supper we had the final clean-up
and were free for the evening.

The trip across had several incidents of a nature to
break the general monotony of a sea-voyage in a slow ves­
sel. About the third night out, while still in sight of dis­

tant land in the gulf, a fire broke out in the lower hold.
The holds were full of smoke and a stampede among the
cattle not at all unlikely. However, the crew responded
well to the firebell and with the aid of some castlemen soon
had the fire under control. Many burning bales of hay
were tossed overboard. I confess that a deep devotion to
sleep and a dislike of the chilly atmosphere which pervades
these tender hours of the morning kept me in my bunk
dering when one gentleman, named The Russian for his com­
munications, accosted the man across the table from him
of harbouring an excess number of buns. That gentle­
man promptly called him a liar (etc.), and received a blow
on the lips for his words. Not unnaturally he retaliated
with a blow to the nose. Blood was flowing freely by now
and plates, etc., also began to take to wings. At this junc­
ture it was thought proper to terminate the proceedings
and soon all were good friends again, as so often happens
after bad blood has been removed from the system.

Ten days after leaving Montreal we tied up at Glasgow.
Ten days without seeing a woman proved somewhat of a
tonic in itself. I went abroad at Glasgow, sampled Scotch
beer, and returned to the ship. Several of the boys had the
captain's permission to stay on until we reached Bristol
which being nearer to London, proved a far from negligible
approach for a very lean purse. Between Glasgow and Bristol
and we went by train to Bristol, wondering how I got in and
then in great anxiety as to how to get out of my private
compartment. One lets down the window and opens the
door from the outside. From Bristol I went by bus to Berk­
hampstead in Hertfordshire where I made my headquarters,
living in the native district of my paternal grandparents.

About this time I lost my diary while shaking hay.
It contained all my English addresses and so left me in rather
an isolated position. It is estimated that it added a not­
usual and valuable ingredient to the menu of some fortunate bear.

One of my favourite companions was a little cat, Don­
ald, a friend of all the crew and cattlemen. Donald did
not molest the huge rats that dwelt in the hold but chased
him of harbouring an excess number of buns. That gentle­
man promptly called him a liar (etc.), and received a blow
on the lips for his words. Not unnaturally he retaliated
with a blow to the nose. Blood was flowing freely by now
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and soon all were good friends again, as so often happens
after bad blood has been removed from the system.

III

Shortly after settling in Berkhamstead I visited Lon­
don, which is only some thirty miles away. Pages might
be written about this great city by any new visitor, but I will
confine myself to the mention of a few things which im­
pressed me deeply. Among these things was Madame Tus­
saud's Wax-works where I spoke to one of the dummy
policemen. I understand that my father committed the
same error some years ago by speaking to a dumb, i.e., a
 Waxgirl. This was some consolation to me and gives one
a clear idea of the reality of these works.

Every afternoon in London I made it my custom to
visit some new church and spent an hour or two in quiet
prayer and meditation. Of peculiar significance to me was
the vastness of St. Paul's Cathedral and the mosaic gran­
deur of the unfinished Westminster Cathedral. I also made
a habit of eating lunch in a different park every day. I was
saddled somewhat with indigence on having to pay a
penny every time I sat down.

Very touching are the pathetic figures one sees on the
streets of any great city. In London I took particular
notice of the artists who draw scenes in chalk on the Vic­
toria Embankment along the Thames River, and the many
musicians who play in various public squares. I listened
a long while to a blind old fiddler and spent some time in
penitent gaze upon a young woman who sported a monkey
on a chain.

It is the present aim of my life to diversified and diverse
ambitions to devote my energies in music. Thus it was a
source of the greatest pleasure and enchantment for me to
attend the opening night of Col. de Ball's Ballet Russe at
Coln Garden Opera House.

I must not forget to mention the Zoological Gardens
in Regent's Park where I spent my first three hours in Lon­
don meditating and observing the resemblances of man (and
woman) in looks and acts to various beasts.

IV

Another sudden decision proceeding from a momentary
impulse found me at Croydon about to take off for Paris.
The flight was full of interest for me being my first ride of any great length.
The clouds seem to mock by and one emerges from something like a snow­
to gaze on the countryside below. An hour and a
half from Croydon found me at Le Bourget, the airport of
Paris. I had a pleasant companion in Mrs. M—, a New
York society woman now resident in Paris, who gave me
some idea of the dazzling city we were approaching.

The first thing that strikes one in nearing Paris by air is the
magnificent Eiffel tower.

In Paris and alone I had a queer sensation of being some­
what lost. I lit my last cigarette, wandered around the
square of the Place de l'Opera, had a glass of French wine,
then used my uncertain knowledge of French, and found a
suitable hotel and went to bed. I arose about 7:30 p.m. to
attend the famous Folies Bergères. This show is sup­
posed to have particular appeal for foreigners, but local people
seek to prefer the Casino. I will not enlarge upon the
nature of the show presented. It is enough to say that it
may be regarded from two distinct aspects, the artistic and
the abnormal. I was somewhat amused to observe several
French gentlemen (with their wives) armed with opera

glasses and using these weapons to advantage. In the space
of this work I feel that I cannot go into detail on such a
vast and interesting subject as might be in Paris. Hence
it is to say that I made the rounds in the company of a genial
Japanese business man. The type of show floor in the higher

class cabarets, such as the Moulin Rouge and the Tabarin,
seem to prefer the Casino. I will not enlarge upon the

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Japanese business man. The type of show floor in the higher

It being 1937 I did not leave the World Fair out of my programme. On the whole I found it disappointing. It is too vast with huge buildings and comparatively little inside. The lights at night are perhaps the most wonderful part of the exposition. I might add that some buildings were still under construction as at the late date of my visit. A visit to the Arc de Triomphe and the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier is a thing that tinged the memory with indelible impressions of the grandeur of peace and the hell of war.

My last few days in England were spent in Berkhamstead, with occasional radiations thence. I spent two days in Sussex in the south of England near the sea, visiting historic Rye and Hastings. In Rye, the hangout of many famous painters, I visited the famous Dormer House Club and the Mermaid Inn. I shall always remember the former for the mellow and enchanting quality of the best of English beer.

A day at Windsor Castle and a visit to Eton College, both unforgettable, can not be more than mentioned here. Many poets found their inspiration here and a glass of cider, with the Thames and its white swans flowing by helps us to sympathize with their creative energy. Another point included an exploration of the historic abbey of St. Albans and the Roman ruins of Verulam. Significant among the latter is the theatre with its one column still standing erect like some invincible centurion.

My ship was to sail from Swansea in South Wales, so I went there by bus from London passing through Oxford, Cheltenham, Gloucester, Newport and Cardiff.

The vessel was loading tin-plate which cannot be taken on during wet weather. It rained for two days so we were delayed that amount of time. We finally sailed without our full cargo.

I found it rather a problem to kill time during those two days. I had spent my little remaining money the night before I expected to sail in a liquid farewell to the old country at the Old Swan. However I spent one morning in philosophical meditation in the old cemetery at Port Tennant, with the rugged hills behind and the sea and the busy docks in the foreground. I even exercised a long neglected passion for poetry and composed a poem which I have not seen fit to include in this narrative. The last afternoon I gathered pretty shells and stones along the seashore in restful, child-like fashion.

Several sailors, having celebrated unduly, caught the ship at the last minute, bringing with them a fine collection of flower pots and a black cat. The outstanding feature of my return voyage was the continual heavy sea encountered which lengthened our voyage to fully two weeks. At one time the vessel was rolling to such an extent that the crew were ordered to prepare for the worst. At this time we were making only one-half a mile in four hours as against ten miles an hour, our ordinary speed. Many amusing incidents arose out of this condition. Of particular fascination for me was the clashing and clanging of numerous pots and pans in the galley which shifted position every time a very large roll came. I arose hastily for breakfast one morning, without thinking about my equilibrium, and thus fell nearly over backwards into the nearby steward's cabin. My meals were in the habit of taking a shortcut to my stomach by plunging suddenly at me. I entertain unpleasant memories of several dinners leaping across the room at unexpected moments. It was not an unusual thing to step out of the cabin into a swirling stream of water. I took advantage of my opportunity to enter into conversation with most of the sailors, and I was somewhat surprised at the existence of a deep Christian faith in their lives despite the uncertain, rough and wild life most of them lead.

The sight of Belle Isle thus proved to be very gratifying after the long tossing more or less aimlessly on the deep. The voyage up the St. Lawrence in the fall is an experience that would warm the heart of any artist, with the woods on either side dressed in brilliant autumn colours. Two days before reaching port we had life-boat drill, rather an ironical time in my opinion considering the ordeal just passed. I landed in Montreal and proceeded directly to that rustic lodge which is the geographical embodiment of my ideals and the scene of deepest rest for me, there to meditate, with my friends, my piano, my pipe and the blazing fireplace on the experiences undergone on this sudden and extended stroll.

Spirit of Ages

Spirit of ages! Power of endless years! 
Giver of joy and guide to vale of tears! 
For what did'st thou plan this universe of thou? 
And why is this life? This seeking soul of mine? 
This search unending?

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Noises on a Cold Winter’s Night

A cold, clear night seems so unbelievably and impersonal in its static intensity. Tonight it is very cold, very clear, and as I pause on College Street just beyond the bridge, it seems as though some mighty tyrannical power has his box of creation gripped within his hand; crushing it until everything cries out in agony.

A deep, dull cracking noise reaches me. It must be for an ax struck into a large and very old tree to be such a full sound—a sound much like that of a bone being disintegrated, but considerably magnified; or like two great blocks of ice meeting and apparently striving to break apart. The hard-packed snow on the road below gives vent to a more muffled crack, as though the very earth beneath the pavement were suffering the tortures of the damned. Then suddenly a train-whistle shrieks as a crossing is neared. Nervous terror is in its sound, as if it were escaping the clenching hand of frozen death which shadows it. And yet, as I look towards the sky, the air seems full of sound. The very stars seem to scream as they spin about space, like ungreased wheels upon dry axles. And through it all, the moon looks down with an icewear star upon a world of exquisite frozen beauty.

I move away, the squeaking creak of my footsteps brings me back to myself, and I become conscious only of my own little noise in a creation infinite and inscrutable.

Impression

The little rustic bridge seemed to convey a sudden delicious pensiveness of the beauty beyond it; it was as though the spirit of the garden were put out a breath of holy exquisite perfume to enclose its sanctuary like a veil of transparent mist. For a moment I rested my hand on the rough, tumbled-slated railing and motionless, looking down at the stream, while my companions, a middle-aged gentleman and his too-young wife, passed by, absorbed in careless chatter. The bare Hawthorn hemmed me in, and the cool green framework of its banks made me envy the tiny forget-me-nots that nestled there among the ferns. I moistened my throat and closed my eyes. The strange feeling passed, more quickly than it had come, and left me to feel clear and calm and alert. A lilac blossom hung so close within my reach that my fingers clasped it instinctively, and I pressed it to my mouth. The grove was cool, for the sun cast but an indirect warmth through the curtain-lace of leaves. I had climbed a hill in approaching, and discovered now that this particular spot overlooked a lake which lay perhaps a mile distant. The lake sparkled with the early moon, and there beyond the woods and a dreamy heaven smiled down at its own face in the silent, peaceful stillness.

The Retreat

So many people have asked what a retreat is that I feel called upon to explain briefly. A retreat is simply a concentrated spiritual effort. No one denies the need of physical exercise or even mental exercise. It is to meet a similar need of the soul that we have retreats. They are periods of prayer on a large scale. A retreat usually consists of several services, meditations, and other spiritual exercises. It may even include a conference or a discussion group and may last only a few hours or as long as a week or more.

The retreat in the shed lasted from Wednesday evening until the following Friday morning when lectures for the Lent term began. The conductor was the Rev’d Canon Divisional Moderator of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Montreal.

Most of the divines have been studying the problem of the reunion of Christendom which is so appropriate in this year of the beginning of another century. The obvious advantages stated by the committee are easily realized. There seems however to be one flaw at the present time. It is the impossibility of the Pope and the Church of Rome to unite at this time without a complete renunciation of theDuals and the Counter Reformation.

The Shed and the Sheddites

Faith, Hope and Charity,

The shed and the sheddites, considered during Lent.

The Church Union

It may be of some interest to learn of a meeting held at Trinity College, Toronto, a few weeks ago. It was an open meeting of the Trinity Theological Society which was presided over at different times by the president of that society and by the Rev’d Richard Roberts, former Moderator of the United Church of Canada. Theological students from Wycliffe (Anglican), Emmanuel (United Church), and Knox (Presbyterian) attended in large numbers. It was a most encouraging, as well as exceedingly hopeful, meeting, that the present and future leaders in different branches of Christianity should stand so close together on so many points. To think of ordinations in the Church of the future, whether episcopal or presbyterian, was the main point of controversy. But it was greatly overshadowed by the points in agreement. The main conclusion reached was that we should think occumenically. One is moved to say: "How little divides us!"

Faith, Hope and Charity,

Temporary Celibacy of the Clergy

Everyone has heard of the proposal of Lord Halifax and his committee that ordains accept voluntary celibacy for a period of five years after ordination. It is a good thing for the Church and therefore, on the face of it, for her ministers. The obvious advantages stated by the committee are easily realized. There seems however to be one flaw at least. If the Church accepts the married clergyman as the general rule, and if married life is likely to be most successful if both parties are young at marriage, an opinion which we are told is generally accepted, then it would seem inadvisable for the Church to restrict the marriage of her ministers until they are at least thirty-two years old and in most cases still younger. Anyway it is a problem only for the divines, and there will be controversy in the Shed if the five-year plan is adopted in Canada.
"-- And then there was one."

Affairs of the heart between married women and gentle
men with the degree of E. B. (Eligible Bachelor) are not
frowned upon so vigorously in this day and age as they
were a half-century ago. Consequently, no one said very
much, at first, when they saw Margaret Sloane being at­
tended quite solicitously by a Mr. Teddie Fowler, a new­
come to their set. But as time went on and the state of
affairs became more and more obvious, the gossips got their
heads together, and the grapevine telegraph began to func­
tion. Probably Margaret Sloane thought that this little in­
fatuation was quite harmless—something like the puppy­
love that plays such an important part in school and col­
lege—but there was one thing that she forgot to take into
consideration.

Jeremy Sloane, her husband, was not exactly a Casper
Milquetoast. He lorded his six-foot-two over the other
males of his set, and spoke in bull-like voice. Sometimes
his attempts at this were not exactly successful, much to
his embarrassment and chagrin. But in spite of the con­
stant shower of jokes about his likeness to Andy Devine,
Mr. Sloane seemed to live a comfortable life with his beau­
tiful wife in their apartment downtown. However, as they
must, to all men whose wives stray from the straight and
narrow path, vague rumours came to Jeremy about Mar­
garet and Teddie. Still, no one ever expected a jovial fellow
like Jeremy to have in his heart a hate for his wife so great
that he would do murder for it. That was the one thing
that Margaret Sloane had not considered.

Margaret Sloane herself was one of those women who
never seem to grow old, whose age no one can ever tell,
and who live accordingly. She had all the requirements of
an attractive woman, complexion, form, and personality.
No one knew exactly how this little partnership with Teddie
Fowler had started. They took for granted the story that
he was an old rival of Jeremy’s who had gone to Africa,
or some such place, and had not been at hand when Mar­
garet had arrived at a marriageable age. Now he had come
back to marry her, and Margaret, true to the tradition of
the story-book heroine, realized that she loved him, had
loved him all her life, and would go on loving him for
ever and ever.

Many people have certain secret habits, complexes, char­
acteristics, or ailments that they wish to keep hidden. These
peculiarities, if discovered, sometimes cause the person a
great deal of humiliation. Margaret was among this class
of people, for she was afflicted by asthma. It was not seri­
oneous for since she lived in the city, it did not often bother
her. Like the girl in the toothpaste advertisement who was
always afraid to smile, so one knew about Margaret’s af­
fiction until, at one time or another, the came in contact
with something to which she was allergic. And like the
girl in the toothpaste ad, she never gave herself away by
goin to the country, or by going for a ride on horseback.
But the ever-observant Jeremy noticed that she always asked
for certain kinds of flowers, and perhaps it was this fact
that gave him his idea. He had never given much thought
before to the many little bottles of nose drops which lined
the shelf of the medicine cabinet in the bathroom. But he
gave much thought to the several boxes of flowers and
candy that Margaret received every week from what she
termed “a good friend of ours”, a certain Teddie Fowler.
Even the idea that she preferred Fowler to him was like an
auger, which turned and twisted and bored its way into
his innersmost being.

It is often said that when a man makes up his mind to
commit murder, he becomes diabolically clever. No doubt
the police inspector was thinking about this, as he looked
over the room in which Margaret Sloane had been found.
She was quite dead when they got there. There wasn’t a
single clue; the inspector could not be absolutely sure that
Jeremy Sloane who had found her had not touched any
thing. Sloane had said that he had found her on the floor,
just by the stool of the dressing-table. It looked at first
sight as though she had fallen off the bench backwards, in
a sudden faint. The coroner had said that she had died from
inhaling the pollen of a flower to which she was allergic.
"It frequently happens that way," he had said, "for,
as far as I know, though I haven’t had much experience in
that line, as soon as they get a good-sized whiff of that
pollen, they go out like a light."

The inspector found a powder-puff lying at one side of
of the table and on it were a number of little yellow grains.
These, the coroner said, were the pollen grains which had
caused Mrs. Sloane's death. He said it did something to her heart, upset it up, at something of that nature. A glance at the powder container showed that a considerable quantity of the stuff still remained there. That, along with the presence of the pollen, caused the inspector to come to the conclusion that he had a murder on his hands.

A few days later, the inspector was not surprised to hear that the coroner's jury had decided that Mrs. Jerome Sloan had been murdered by a person or persons unknown. What he was surprised to find out was that he was assigned to the case with orders to get the murderer or someone else would get his job.

The police inspector wasn't a bright man. He was just average, plugging along and doing his best to catch up with the smart crooks. Like all good cops, he read the paper every night on the train going home, and tried to solve the five-minute mysteries printed on page seven. (With answers on page 9.)

However, he didn't have to read the paper to know that he might be out of a job if he failed to solve the murder of Mrs. Jerome Sloan. If he didn't solve it, it would probably spell his doom with a capital D. He knew in his own mind that the husband, Jeremy Sloan was guilty as hell, but they didn't have a scrap of evidence to hang the case on. The motive was clear: the man was insanely jealous, but he had only succeeded in getting her thoroughly mad. She probably told him to scram out of there as fast as she could, and he also came to the conclusion that he might be in for a little promotion or, at least, a little raise.

Jeremy Sloan wondered what the row was all about in the inspector's outer office. He gazed thoughtfully at his close-clipped nails and wondered what the inspector's big idea had been in asking him to cut them very short and to give him the clippings. But he could hardly refuse the inspector such a minor request if it would help any in solving such a puzzling murder. At any rate, he wasn't suspected. What was there to worry about anyway? As the crooks said, they hadn't got a thing on him. Suddenly the door was flung open, and in marched the inspector and the district attorney, followed by Jeremy's own lawyer who looked close-clipped nails and wondered what the inspector's big idea had been in asking him to cut them very short and to give him the clippings. But he could hardly refuse the inspector such a minor request if it would help any in solving such a puzzling murder. At any rate, he wasn't suspected. What was there to worry about anyway? As the crooks said, they hadn't got a thing on him. Suddenly the door was flung open, and in marched the inspector and the district attorney, followed by Jeremy's own lawyer who looked very dejected.

"I arrest you, Jeremy Sloan, for the murder of your wife, Margaret Sloan, on the 25th of September, 1937." A long, raoping gap came from the only man who really knew the truth. He regained some measure of composure.

"Arrest me? That's ridiculous, inspector, you haven't got a shred of evidence against me."

"Very well, Sloan; I suppose you might as well be told now as later. When you murdered your wife, you didn't leave any fingerprints. Oh no, you were too clever. You didn't leave any torn pieces of suit on the edges of the furniture. You were too smart. You picked a time when there wouldn't be any witnesses. You were smart enough for that. But like all crooks, you slipped. There isn't any such thing as a perfect crime, Mr. Sloan, and I don't think you'd be the one to establish a precedent. If you remember, you pleaded that you were overcome with grief on the night of Mrs. Sloan's death, and consequently, you were on the scene of the murder only once. At that time, you weren't near the dressing-table or the body on the floor. Neither have you been in the pent-house garden since the night of the murder, for the doors were locked as soon as we found the body and the keys have been in my pocket ever since. Also, you have been under constant surveillance and I've made sure that you haven't been in a place where you could come in contact with more pollen. So when we had your fingernail clippings examined at the laboratory today, the chemist reported that there was pollen in them which matches to a T the stuff that killed your wife. I think we have you just where we want you. There's no more need of beating about the bush. Funny thing, you three people involved in this case remind me of that little rhyme that I used to hear as a boy about the ten little Indians. And here's a parody on it:

"Three little Indians sitting in the sun,
Two had a fight, and then there was one."

BALLE MARIE

Says Accasain to Nicolette,
"The year is old, the night is wet;
My door is fast with bar and chain,
Some one or other against the rain;
With song the feast and fire are set:
The spring will fetch brave days again:
I pray you, do not leave me yet..."  

Says Nicolette to Accasain,
"I sought the little leaded pane;
Says Accasain to Nicolette,
I pray you, do not leave me yet..."

A goodly youth, who swept the plain:
A-gleam with silver and with jet,
While you, with paunch and jowl beset,
Relive dead deeds within the brain."

Says Accasain to Nicolette,
"Let us walk in the parapet;
I spied a maid amid the grain,
Singing an old Provencal strain;
In me the fallies of a swain:
L'envoi.

Says Nicolette to Accasain,
"Let us walk in the parapet;
I spied a maid amid the grain,
Singing an old Provencal strain;
In me the fallies of a swain:"

J. WIPPELL & Co., Ltd.
55/56, High Street, EXETER
ENGLAND
AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

During the past year books of outstanding merit were published in almost every field. In biography Victoria Sackville-West's "Pepita" aroused more interest and more controversy than the average run of reminiscences. In the wider sphere of fiction Kenneth Roberts produced in "Northwest Passage" a worthy rival to "Gone with the Wind."

"Pepita" is one of those biographies which dispense with reticence. It lies somewhere between Lady Astor's Autobiography and Vera Brittain's "Testament of Youth." Miss Sackville-West is less egotistical than Lady Astor and less self-conscious than Vera Brittain. From a mass of forgotten letters and musty legal documents she has extracted the romance of an English peerage. The story covers three generations and embraces three countries. The reader passes from the nomadic existence of Pepita and her parents in Spain, to the career of her daughter in Washington. There follows the life at Knole and the tragic ending in Brighton.

Pepita, the Spanish dancer, was the mistress of Lionel Sackville-West and grandmother of the authoress. Her antecedents were humble in the extreme, and both she and her daughter retained to the last many of the characteristics of the Andalusian peasantry and the underworld of nineteenth century Madrid. But they had also great personal charm and vivacity.

This union of a scion of the English nobility with the star of Andalusia was to have momentous consequences. An almost incredible chain of circumstances made Pepita's daughter hostess to her father in the British Embassy at Washington and finally the undisputed Mistress of Knole. It required only her marriage to her cousin, the heir, to confirm her position for the rest of her natural life. This bald statement of the facts does little to indicate the fantastic part which fortune played in the lives of the Sackville-West.

The foreign office is proverbially sensitive to the slightest breath of scandal. It is almost unbelievable that Lionel Sackville-West should have had a career in the diplomatic service and also maintained an illicit ménage. It is almost incredible that a little Spanish girl, offspring of such an irregular union, trained to be a governess in a French convent, should have arrived in England to find herself niece to Lady Derby and the Duchess of Bedford. The reader is left wondering how Lady Derby got round Lord Granville and what Lord Granville said to Queen Victoria. Presentation at Court was a sine qua non for the future hostess in Washington, but this, of course, was out of the question. Yet pressure was brought to bear and Mrs. Garfield was ready to accept Pepita's daughter at the White House. The murder of her husband raised further complications but the other hostesses were ready to usher the ambassador's daughter into the straight-laced drawing rooms of the capital. Only Mrs. Russell Selden refused to receive her and she was in a minority of one when President Arthur himself proposed to Victoria.

There followed several years of unqualified social success during which Pepita's daughter had the whole of Washington at her feet. Then came the Murchison Letter Case and the British Ambassador was forced to resign. But a kindly fortune was always at hand to assist the Sackville-Wests. The diplomat who was under a cloud suddenly found himself heir to the estate of Knole.
one of the most beautiful and most historic houses in Eng­
land cast its spell on father and daughter. So much so that
it became a deciding factor in Victoria's marriage to her
father and thus she was to reign as one of England's
great ladies until after the World War. There was little to
disturb this serene existence and Victoria added to her other
blessings her lifelong friendship with Sir John Murray Scott.
His career had been almost as romantic as her own and he
was probably the only man who really understood her. All
the world knows how he besoughted to the nation the priceless treasures of Hertford House. But, until the publi­
cation of "Pepita", all the world did not know what a
singularly charming man he was. It remained for Miss
Sackville-West to depict this grotesque figure caressing the
keys of the piano with his pudgy hands, soothing her
mother and shedding the light of his benevolence on all
and sundry. Never was there a man whose personal ap­
pearance so belied his sensitive nature. When he died some­
thing passed out of Lady Sackville's life and the war came
to upset her settled existence.
Lord Sackville was away for four years, commanding his
beloved Yeomanry; Lady Sackville tried to carry on by
herself. But the War confused her, she could not realize
its problems nor tolerate its inconveniences. She hated to
see the men servants leave, she wrote to Lord Kitchener
his courteous reply that he could make no excep­
tions did little to relieve her feelings. War did not bring
out the best in Lady Sackville and it revealed that hopeless
incompatibility between her husband and herself. She could
cannot really understand his feeling for Knole and his sense of
public duty. She was incapable of Knole because it absorbed
so much of him. During the war she had run it herself,
when the war was over he insisted on doing so. The break
was inevitable and the end both bitter and disillusioning.
The last phase in the life of Pepita's daughter does not
make pleasant reading. She drifted from one futile extra­
tions did little to relieve her feelings. War did not bring
out the best in Lady Sackville and it revealed that hopeless
incompatibility between her husband and herself. She could
cannot really understand his feeling for Knole and his sense of
public duty. She was incapable of Knole because it absorbed
so much of him. During the war she had run it herself,
when the war was over he insisted on doing so. The break
was inevitable and the end both bitter and disillusioning.

"Northwest Passage" will appeal to those who enjoy
their history served up in novel form. Mr. Kenneth Roberts
has told a great story and if some of it is historically inaccu­
currate and some of it heavily biased that only makes the
reader's enjoyment the greater. The book deals in the most
romantic and adventurous way with the career of Major
Robert Rogers. It should be of special interest to those who
live in these parts because Rogers and his Rangers passed
between Lake Memphramagog and Lake Massawippi on their
historic retreat from St. Francis. Mr. Roberts has an almost
Dickensian faculty for introducing numerous characters.
But it is Rogers and Rogers alone who holds the reader's
interest throughout. Brave, magnetic, a born leader en­
dowed with almost superhuman powers of endurance, he
was also dissolute and sometimes dishonest. A very human
character at times a very tragic one, Rogers is the more
vivid in contrast with the British regular of his day. He
has none of the rigid ceremony of the English generals, not
for him the scarlet coat, the white breeches and the pipe­
clayed belt, even in the wilds. English generals as a whole
do not receive kindly treatment at Mr. Roberts' hands.
Amherst alone is shown in a favourable light. Governor
Wentworth, Daniel Claus, and General Gage are treated
with laudation and contempt. Historically Mr. Roberts is
probably right, but is he right in painting Sir William John­
sor in such sinister colours? Admittedly Johnson controlled
the Mohawks, admittedly he was a land grabber but was he
really such an unmitigated blackguard? A man who could
control the Mohawks must have been something better
than the gross unprincipled scoundrel who darkens Mr.
Roberts' pages.

The story opens at Harvard when Langdon Towne, who
is the narrator throughout, is taking his arts course. He is
a promising young artist struggling against his family's dis­
approval of his chosen profession. A chain of circum­
cumstances leads him to join with Rogers and the famous Rangers. The most interesting parts of the book are the march to St.
Francis and Rogers' sojourns in London. The march across
the marshes with本身的 ceremoniousness shows that there was at
Francis must be read to be fully appreciated, no second
hand account of it can do it justice. Mr. Roberts knows
the North American woods and only a man who does not know
them could have brought out the fact that skilled hunters
could wander in game infested country and yet find nothing
for days on end.
Mr. Roberts has also made a notable advance in his
treatment of Indians. Too many authors have been satis­
ied with portraying them as tamed or untamed savages.
Mr. Roberts' picture of Pontiac shows that there was at
least one Red genius among the inhabitants of the contin­
ent. Pontiac's ideas compare favourably with those of most
of the French or English leaders of his time.

Architects, carpenters and painters have been making
some startling changes. Soon the work will be finished, and Rosenbloom's will be one of the very smartest and most attractive Men's Stores in the Province of Quebec.
We invite you to call in and see the new store.
ROSENBLOOM'S
THE STORE FOR MEN AND BOYS
Opposite City Hall
SHERBROOKE
FEBRUARY, 1938
The abortive efforts of Rogers, as governor in the West, to find a northwest passage make good reading. But there is a sorrowful futility about the fall of this man. He could have achieved so much, but scheming officials, a listless government and a nagging wife all combined to hasten his downfall. There is a Roman splendor about Rogers in iron and a tragic magnificence about his sufferings as he is brought to Montreal for court martial. Nothing it would seem would kill him, neither wounds, hunger, exposure or the treachery of his friends.

But it is the London scenes that are particularly engaging. Rogers is in London trying to arouse interest in his scheme and to obtain the King’s ear. It is a fascinating picture of the times. Pitt is nursing his gout at Bath, Edmund Burke is abusing the Stamp Act, Hogarth is painting the demi-monde. Well-known figures cross the stage, Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Charles Townshend and Benjamin Franklin. Rogers goes hell-raking through Vauxhall Gardens, gaming at White’s and ends his dissolute London career as an inmate of the debtors’ prison, the Fleet. Mr. Roberts’ description of the debtors’ prison is a masterpiece of pictorial writing. It is the London of six bottle men, of Fleet marriages and gin-sodden slums. It is all there in the greatest detail, the London of John Gay and the Beggar’s Opera, the London of Boswell and Johnson, the London of Berkeley Square.

“Northwest Passage” is a long book but few will find it so. There is humour, pathos, love interest and high endeavour in its ever changing scenes.

—Prof. A. W. Preston.

RECENT ACQUISITIONS

Bennett, R. F.: The Early Dominicans.
Brewster, Dorothy, ed.: A Book of Contemporary Short Stories.
Bridge, Ann: Enchancer’s Nightshade.
Briffault, Robert: Europe in Limbo.
Brondfield, Louis: The Rain’s Came.
Buchan, John: Augustus.
Carroll, Lewis: The Looking Glass.
Chamberlain, C. J.: Marriage in Quebec.
Ellis, S. M.: The Solitary Horseman (Life of G. P. R. James)
Fosdick, H. E.: The Modern Use of the Bible.
Freeman, E. J.: Schools of Hells.
Goodyear, Susan: College Square.
Gorer, Geoffrey: Bali and Angkor.
Green, Peter: The Christian Man.
Green, Peter: The Problem of Right Conduct.

"Reading maketh a full man; Conference a ready man; And writing an exact man."

Hegner, Robert W.: College Zoology.
Johnwicz, H. F.: Historical Introduction to Roman Law.
Lacelles, ed.: Life of Charles James Fox.
Lodge, R. C.: Philosophy of Education.
Ludwig, Emil: The New.
Lynne, Eugene: Assignment in Utopia.
Pilgrim, David: So Great a Man.
Rogers, Kenneth: Northwest Passage.
Royde-Smith, Naomi: For Us in the Dark.
Rugg, H. O.: American Life and School Curriculum.
Storrs, Sir Ronald: Orientations.
Summers, Montague: The Playhouse of Pops.
Summers, Montague: The Restoration Theatre.
Thompson, Francis: Collected Poems.
Walpole, Hugh: John Corneille.
Ward, J. W. C.: History of the Modern Church, 1500 to the Present.
Wight, Fred: Youth in Trust.
Notes and Comments

As we contemplate the Lent term we undoubtedly ar­rive at the conclusion that this is the term to enjoy ourselves, and to see how well the plans of the different activities cover this term we suggest that one asks any member of an executive who has tried to fit in his program with those of the others. Yes, this is undoubtedly the term to enjoy oneself. In the first term we have the problem of read­justing ourselves to the university life, and the problem of welcoming the freshmen. In the last term we have to worry about, besides the regular matters of preparing to attend to, so this is the term to enjoy ourselves.

An interview with the senior man makes it apparent that this will not be all difficult, for he tells us that there will be more informal get-togethers, several informal dances, and the regular activities as debating, dramatics, the Arts Club, Maths and Science, and O.T.C.

However, let us not forget that the primary purpose of our stay at the University is to pass the exams leading to a degree and that much as we may disapprove of this way of determining our comparative knowledge, it still remains the determinant of whether or not our names are included on that list published in the Montreal papers on or about June 17.

CLUBS

The executives of the Clubs have been so busy in reor­ganization, drawing up a constitution, getting larger com­mittees and making themselves more democratic in that yet they have little time to meet. However, we are told by the secretary of the Maths and Science Club that he expects that it will shape up in one form or another within the next few weeks.

Last minute flash ... we have just seen Roger Booth­royd and he tells us that the Maths and Science Club intends to have an excursion to Thetford Mines and to go through one of the mines. The proposed date for this trip is March fifth. The duration of the stay will be left to the discretion of the students themselves and their Deans of Residence.

O.T.C.

The O.T.C. dance was held in the gymnasium of the University on Friday night, February fourth. The only complaint heard was that it did not last long enough, the hour of 11.30 hardly seeming a fit one at which to end a dance. The evening was highly successful and most mem­bers of the University were present, many non-members of the corps taking advantage of their privilege of attending upon paying an admission charge. Music was supplied by Badger’s band. Features of the evening were — Our little lieutenant-Colonel’s uniform; the other lads truckin’ in their uniforms, and the hockey team leaving at 10.30 or thereabouts.

The Student Get-together of January Twenty-sixth

A most successful meeting was held in Convocation Hall, with Henry Holden in the chair. The meeting was opened by the chairman, Mr. Holden, who gave a short report on the meeting of the executive of the N.F.C.U.S. (National Federation of Canadian University Students to you). He told us of the leading part played by Bishop’s on the organization of this Federation which was founded by a former Bishop’s student by the name of Greene. We were told that Bishop’s stands high in the estimation of the other universities as an example of student self-government, and we have been told since this meeting that Henry contrib­uted a great deal to the plan of reorganization that was carried at this meeting held in Winnipeg.

Our Senior Man gave us a short résumé of the advan­tages of the Federation, telling us that it was through them that we have obtained the discount on sporting goods, and that reduced railway fares are also largely due to the efforts of this organization. Several new departments have been established, amongst which are a University Press to be run on the lines of the Canadian Press; and a Central bureau for plays where the dramatic societies of the universities will give reports of plays produced, cost of production and the degree of success, and this information will be available to other universities for their guidance in future pro­ductions.

The meeting was then thrown open to discussion and the first matter mentioned was the problem of debates. It seems the majority of those present were in favour of a repetition of the notorious debate of two years ago when two teams of co-eds debated over the ultimate aims of women. However, the important issue of the evening seemed to be the Purple and White review. The question was raised by Miss Crook who told us of the talent that there is in the University and that all that was required was a little co-operation. She proposed staging a review either at the University Little Theatre (the gym) or going to the theatre in Sherbrooke. The motion moved that the major play be done away with, and the review be pro­duced in its place. Much discussion went on and the con­clusion was reached that for this year the promoters would satisfy themselves with producing a floor show at one of the informal dances.

Miss Nancy MacDougall then arose and pleaded that the girls be given some sort of award for their competi­tive sports, something after the fashion of the "B" awards given the boys’ teams. This was immediately accepted. We were told that such an award system had formerly been prac­ticed but that in recent years it had been forgotten.

Sid Davin then arose and on a plaintive note expressed the hope that the number of issues of the Mitre be cut down from five to three issues per year, but it seems that the students take pleasure in reading the magazine despite their lack of interest in contributing.

The meeting ended with an air of satisfaction which expressed itself in an overwhelming vote in favour of more meetings of this type being held in the near future.

Highlights of the entertainments were Gibson’s red eve­ning wrap, and Power’s persistent attempt to introduce the problem of whether the co-eds would make desirable part­ners at the Formal, over the protests of Miss Parr who finally pulled out.

.......

At the foot of a pile of correspondence, including a copy of the libel law and a cub reporter’s handbook, gen­erously donated to Notes and Comments by the resident reporter of the Gazette, we find the following communica­tion received from the Bishop:

"Under proposed amendments to the Constitution of the Students’ Association the Literary and Debating Soci­ety will be abolished. The meetings of the present joint meetings are being arranged by the joint executive of the two bodies to include inter-faculty debates, parlia­mentary debates and discussions. Ordinarily there will be a meeting every Wednesday evening at 7 o’clock until April 6. Everyone is invited to come and to sit or remain in silence. Disturb your companions and ours.

There’s still far too little respect for the Holy of Holies, the library. There are still a few students who attempt to study there in spite of the unhealthy air that they are forced to breathe because of the intense heat and the lack of proper ventilation and humidifiers. Would it be too much to ask the members of the faculty as well as other members of the University to regard the notice SILENCE MUST BE OBSERVED?"

FEBRUARY, 1938

Last issue an Alma Mater song was published, now it is felt that a drinking song would be in order, so the phi­losophy option have taken it upon themselves to encourage the writing of such a song by offering as a prize the mate­rial for testing such a song. In case of a tie duplicate prizes are too expensive, indeed the judges couldn’t consider more than one case. All contestants must agree that the de­cision of the judges, the Philosophy option of course, will be final; and that no entry can be returned, all manuscripts becoming the property of the judges. All entries should be in the hands of the judges on or before March 5 and if in the opinion of the judges a sufficiently rich charity is submitted the successful contestant or contestants will be rewarded at such a time and place as the judges see fit. (This is our show and we intend to run it. Phil. Option.)

And we see that a commercial greenhouse tomato that is immune to brown rust, has been developed in the Uni­versity of Toronto. The work was done by Genetics, and we also hear that most of the development work carried on was by our own Dr. Langford.

FORMAL

It looks as though the Formal has come at the right time this year for on February twenty-fifth the basketball team will play its last game against the Y reds and on the twenty-sixth comes the last hockey game against Loyola, so all will be able to let joy be unconfined and attend the Formal on the twenty-eighth. Let hope for a true Bishop’s atmosphere and that every member of the College will be there.

Flash! stop the press! Another communication has been received and this time it’s about the consideration of the Group meeting held on the morning of the thirteenth of January. It reads as follows:

"Seven alum­nae of Bishop’s have inaugurated the group’s activities for the Lent term on Sunday, January thirteenth. It was not, perhaps, such a brilliant beginning but we hope what was lacking in quantity of numbers was made up for by the quality of the discussion. The Sino-Japanese con­flict was the topic and the discussion ranged far and wide. The withdrawal of all European nationals and the abandon­ment of all capitalistic interests in China was an interesting suggestion as one means to avoid conflict with Japan. The American withdrawal from the Philippines, the ineffectual club of Italian and German interests and the defence of British Columbia were not omitted from the discussion."

Page 38
Sport from the Sidelines

HOCKEY

Although some reason arrangements could not be made for the boys to come back early to work the holidays out of their systems, they have been making up for lost time in hard and long practice periods under the watchful eye of Gerry Wiggers, whom they are fortunate enough to have again as coach this winter. But those few who have been looking forward to a championship team this year will have to wait for some other time, unless indications are deceiver, since the practices have given little promise of this, although they seem to be of a considerably higher caliber than would be expected of a cellar outfit. The Juniors are developing as well as can be expected and in practice games have shown themselves to be almost on a par with the Intermediates. The latter are at present composed largely of players from last year’s squads, but it is probable that a few changes will be made as the season develops. The first game of the year was played against St. Pat’s Juniors on the college rink, and the 1-2 trimming they handed the Intermediates in this exhibition contest was not a true indication of their superiority, since they might have rolled up a more impressive score if they had capitalized fully on their opportunities. The clean, fast hockey of this game showed up a lack of condition on the part of the losers, making for an inability to backcheck as much as necessary, and a certain weakness on defense, all of which combined to account for the loss. It was Bishop’s who opened the scoring, however, when Knox passed at the blue line to Westgate, who scored on a long shot that fairly sizzled into the net. Then St. Pat’s started making the defence look foolish with a series of rushes that resulted in no less than five goals, while Bishop’s retaliated early in the third period with a tally by Martin on a pass from John Paterson, the other by Cooper with an assist by Knox. But at least the Intermediates were greatly improved over their earlier form, and their persevering efforts signified that they will be a hard team to beat when they set their hearts on winning. Meanwhile the Juniors have entered the Eastern Townships Junior Hockey League and are scheduled to run up against St. Pat’s, Sherbrooke, Magog, and Richmond, with each game a four-point one on account of a decision that there would not be sufficient time to play a full schedule. Since their first game against Magog was cancelled at the last moment, they met St. Pat’s in their second scheduled start, and lost a heartbreaking 2-1 thriller that had a house crowd shrieking such noisy encouragement, as to discredit completely any notion that Bishop’s would not give their full support to hockey this year. The Juniors held on to a precarious 1-0 lead, gained in the first five minutes of the first period on a backhanded tally by Ace Dempster, until approximately three minutes before the game was over, when with eleven men gathered inside the Bishop’s blue line, Smith in goal, his vision partially blocked, let in the two-winning counters, yet throughout the game he had turned back repeated scoring efforts with ease. That the game nearly resulted in a purple and white victory was due almost entirely to the spirited defence work of Greenwood and Schach, backed up by Smith’s grand goal-tending, although the French backchecking of the forwards must not be forgotten. While St. Pat’s outrushed Bishop’s by a ratio of at least two to one yet their attacks were almost always disrupted when they reached the defence; this occurred so often that the Irish team, in a last desperate effort to tie the score, started five-man attacks with a few minutes remaining. And with eleven players crowded inside Bishop’s blue line, each fighting for the puck, St. Pat’s managed to dribble one past Smith for the tying counter, and in the same way scored the winning goal, to rob the Juniors of what for some fifty-seven minutes seemed destined to be Bishop’s first hockey victory of the season. But by no means was it a moral defeat, because after the Intermediates had gone down twice before practically the same team, the Juniors were expected to take a bad trouncing; and the result of the game had several members of the first team wondering how the seconds, who did not appear half as impressive as they were effective, managed to give the St. Pat’s outfit a real battle that had Bishop’s supporters wild with excitement throughout. And the game also served to put specta-
THE MITRE

FEBRUARY, 1938

Interesting to those who were not regular followers of the game as what went on among the spectators, was pretty much Bishop's all the way, with Al Bryce high scorer for the team and a large percentage of the crowd had had time to get slightly mad. Then the Frenchmen also did well up on the list, and the following week Geoff Scott detested his music to come in second in a combined slalom-downhill event. Bishop's coach Tovey seemed to lose to Sherbrooke and lost a close decision to the local Y.M.C.A. by a 40-35 count. We did not see the game but apparently, with the exception of Harry Gray, most of the players were below their usual form, but in characteristic Bishop's manner were confident of winning the return match. There is not much more news of interest to basketball fans except that an unsportsman like Frenchmen goaled magnificently, while Richardson scored his second and Prevost on defence, checking very effectively, also did so there were no complaints of penalties on the penalty bench. As a result practically all of the third period was played with five-man teams. The Monetary sideglances at the game went well up on the list, and it will be interesting to those who were not regular followers of the game as what went on among the spectators, was pretty much Bishop's all the way, with Al Bryce high scorer for the team. There is not much more news of interest to basketball fans except that an unsportsman like Frenchmen goaled magnificently, while Richardson scored his second and Prevost on defence, checking very effectively, also did so there were no complaints of penalties on the penalty bench.

BADMINTON

Towards the end of January a long-winded session of the badminton season was held at which Ronnie Fyfe was made chairman and Miss Frances Baker secretary. Proposed schedules were drawn up, the sale of birds was taken over the committee and a large percentage of the students start taking a number of the girls out with them on their skiing excursions.

TABLE TENNIS

The leading exponents of ping-pong at Bishop's have long contemplated challenging a team from B.C.S. to establish once and for all our definite athletic superiority over our arch-rivals. This event was to take place between periods of sub-zero weather, not only put an end to our normal Kontinental form, but in characteristic Bishop's manner were confident of winning the return match. There is not much more news of interest to basketball fans except that an unsportsmanlike Frenchmen goaled magnificently, while Richardson scored his second and Prevost on defence, checking very effectively, also did so there were no complaints of penalties on the penalty bench. As a result practically all of the third period was played with five-man teams...

BASKETBALL

So far this season the basketball team is hitting a .594 clip, having lost two out of their first three games, although they have to credit the 34-12 win over the Sherbrooke Grads, coming after a loss in their initial encounter of the season, played last term, to a combination of the Y.M.C.A. Blues and Reds. The game against the Grads, staged in the college gymnasium was attended by a large and enthusiastic audience who witnessed a thrilling game between Maurice Phero and Trevor Stevens, two unspectacular members of the team. The contest itself, although not as

tore on edge for the Intermediate Intercollegiate opener which followed a few days afterwards. The line-up of the game followed:

Bishop's: St. Pat's: Smith, goal; Hunting Greenwood, defence; Ruas Schoch, Allan Bradle, forward; Christian Voisard, Barlow Bill Lunderville, Gingues Alternates—Bishop's: Dempster, Wiggert, Flintoft, Murray and Chadsey. St. Pat's: Ross, Denault, Roy. The University of Montreal Game—

Getting off to a flying start by scoring two goals in the first few minutes of play, Bishop's chalked up their first win in Intermediate Intercollegiate hockey since their victory over Loyola last winter by subduing a scrappy U. of M. team 3-1. Shortly after the opening whistle had sounded Westgate drilled a blue line shot into the corner and the whistle sounded shortly afterwards to signify that victory over Loyola early last winter by subduing a scrappy U. of M. team. The second period Bishop's held a decided edge due to grand defensive work as the game developed into a hard bumping contest in which and getting away with it. And so it went for the rest of the game follow:

The line-up for the evening were the following: Bishop's U. of Montreal Fyfe goal Bourgoin St. Pat's: Smith; Hunting Greenwood, defence; Ruas Schoch, Allan Bradle, forward; Christian Voisard, Barlow Bill Lunderville, Gingues Alternates—Bishop's: Dempster, Wiggert, Flintoft, Murray and Chadsey. St. Pat's: Ross, Denault, Roy.


Sidelights at the Game—

A number of pools based on probable scores were run in connection with the match and a large percentage of the spectators had a monetary interest in them—perhaps that would explain the rather spasmatic cheering throughout the game—great bursts of enthusiasm from individuals when the score of the game tallied with that on their tickets, and then a sudden wakening of vocal when another goal was scored. Referee Eddie Wolfe, very leniently thumbed out nine minors and four majors, and another goal was scored. Referee Eddie Wolfe, very leniently thumbed out nine minors and four majors, and so there were no complaints of penalties on the penalty bench. As a result practically all of the third period was played with five-man teams. The Monetary sideglances at the game went well up on the list, and it will be interesting to those who were not regular followers of the game as what went on among the spectators, was pretty much Bishop's all the way, with Al Bryce high scorer for the team. There is not much more news of interest to basketball fans except that an unsportsman like Frenchmen goaled magnificently, while Richardson scored his second and Prevost on defence, checking very effectively, also did so there were no complaints of penalties on the penalty bench. As a result practically all of the third period was played with five-man teams...
next formed, an organization which promises to be the most exclusive in Bishop's history. The committee now proceeded to elect themselves co-captains of the table tennis team but remained undecided as to who should fill the remaining positions. A motion that the session adjourned was decisively passed after the chairman had unsuccessfully called upon Mr. Mills to furnish the cost of a phone call to the school. At the time of writing negotiations are still under way, and resident students can sense the approach of an important event in the annals of local ping-pong history. Indications point to a brisk demand for tickets to the matches when and if they take place, admission will of course be by invitation only, although at the suggestion of Mr. Stevens a slight nominal charge will be made. And a stroke by stroke description of what promises to be Bishop's greatest athletic victory of the year will be published in the April issue of the Mitre.

Exchanges

There seems to be at this time an exceptionally large assortment of attractive exchange issues. Christmas numbers of various magazines have been pouring in as well as the early January issues.

Exceptionally good articles are to be found in the McMaster Quarterly, two issues of which have been received since the last publication of the Mitre. This is one of our best exchanges, and Bishop's students might be interested in its fine literary efforts. "Painter of Northern Winter, Peter Breughel", and "The Modern Sculptor's Point of View" should attract those interested in art; "Invitation to Dance" is rather amusing, while "The Adventure Story", and "Quality and Quantity" by Lord Tweedsmuir make it a most substantial publication.

About the O. A. C. Review. It is a very fine magazine but its cover should be greatly improved. Most of the articles are based on the students' studies in agriculture so are not of exceptional interest to us, however, there are always some very fine cartoons and drawings which are well worth glancing at.

The magazines from the Maritimes are keeping up to the standards of former issues. In nearly all these magazines there is a department solely for the purpose of wit and humour. This is something which the Mitre lacks; look over these magazines and see for yourself that a page or two of humour makes a much more balanced publication. Acadia Athenaum has a good science section and plenty of fiction. The last issue lacked the usual one act play which is a characteristic of this monthly production.

We enjoyed the short stories and the letter by D. Isley. We were surprised to see in the Red and White a discussion on the use of crystal sets by students. It appears that at this university radios are prohibited, so the students have gone the next best by trying the boarding school stunt of smuggling in crystal sets and practically hiding them under their pillows.

O. T. C. enthusiasts should give joy to their hearts by looking at some fine pictures of a very fine O. T. C. in the Stonyhurst Magazine. The Leopardess of Queen Mary College, London, has a simple but excellent cover which is rather original in design. "Europe Today," a traveller's impression of conditions in various European countries, is well worth reading. The author feels that only in France, Scandinavia, and Czechoslovakia has democracy survived. Britain is not civilized because the laziness of the people allows capitalism, disguised as democracy, to govern against their real wishes. Italian Fascism will probably die with Mussolini, Italy is not a danger in herself for she will never be a great power. The greatest threat to European civilization comes from Germany, and by supporting Germany, Italy has made the enemy of civilization stronger.

The B. C. S. and other school magazines are keeping up the pace set by former issues. From "way down under" at Canterbury College, New Zealand, The Review is published. Most noticeable in this magazine are the fine lino cuts which accompany every article; the frontispiece is a work of art.

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In the Gryphon appears "Is it True what they say About Canada", in which a Canadian student answers the numerous stupid questions which the inhabitants of the British Isles ask about our country. Some of the questions he is asked really make us open our eyes in wonder and surprise.
ENTRÉE

Cruking ... clacking to the feast they flock.

Vulture-like perch by the carrion
Croaking . . . clacking to the feast they flock.

“Qui hodie sumpturi sumus benedicat dens per Jesum dominum nostrum . . .”

and they all sat down.
Meredith, Holden, Heward & Holden
Barristers & Solicitors

215 ST. JAMES STREET WEST

MONTREAL

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Montezuma's Day
Chocolate was a favoured beverage

LONG before Cortez set out on his first voyage of discovery, chocolate or chocolate—as it was called—was the national drink of the Aztecs, their Emperor, Montezuma is said to have taken no other beverage. So highly did the Aztecs esteem chocolate that they valued the cocoa bean above gold.

Introduced by Hernando Cortez to Spain in 1526, by the end of the 17th century chocolate was the aristocratic beverage of Europe. It was then that chocolate houses were first established.

The best cocoa beans are grown in the equatorial zones in the West Indies, West Africa, Ceylon and other countries. Many are the processes of refinement that have been discovered since chocolate was first introduced. Because Neilson's employ the most modern machinery and use only the finest cocoa beans, Neilson's chocolate is so smooth, so rich, so delightful in flavour and matchless perfection that it is indeed the best chocolate made.

Get a bar of Neilson's Jersey Milk Chocolate, bite into it and let it melt in your mouth—truly it is—"the food of the Gods."

Neilson's
THE BEST MILK CHOCOLATE MADE

BECK PRESS REG'D, Lennoxville, Que.